

Sorcerer's Handbook

Chapter 181: Eternal Calamity and the Apocalypse Observer

“O great Eternal Calamity, Selina Bright! Goodness follows you, evil admires you! Light yearns for you, and darkness also hopes for you! You are the being that transcends all, the hue that God has plated onto everything!”

As Ashe crawled out of the Body Bag, he saw countless Black Robe Cultists kneeling on the ground, their foreheads touching the earth, singing praises with fanatic voices. This familiar hymn almost triggered Ashe's post-traumatic stress disorder.

Could it be that this hymn is the unified standard Version across the world?!

“I'm seriously starting to wonder if we're all in this mess because of you, Ashe...”
Harvey's lamenting voice came from the side. He soon grunted in pain as a Black Robe Cultist stepped on his left arm, flattening it—not because the cultist was particularly forceful, but because Harvey's left arm was missing a bone.

Last night, when they were ambushed by Gersas, the situation was desperate: Ashe had to halt, Langna and Ronald covered each other, and Igor lost a large chunk of flesh that still hadn't healed. Harvey, however, seemed to have it easy; he threw a bone into the air, and the Shot Bullets aimed at his body, for some reason, veered off towards the bone as if the Necromancer was unaffected.

But during the lengthy car ride of the past several hours, Ashe had already noticed that Harvey's left hand was almost completely useless, unable to even lift. Now it was clear that Harvey was probably the most severely injured among them—after all, Igor could regrow his flesh, but Harvey couldn't regenerate his own bones.

It was likely that the Necromancy Faction had some Miracle for bone recovery, but as soon as Harvey transmigrated through the portal, he was fitted with a Collar, leaving him no chance to grow a new bone for his arm. It was like going to the Restroom only to find there's no toilet paper and having to use one's fingers, then coming out to realize the water's been shut off.

The chains of the Black Robe figures entwined around the three of them like tentacles once again, lifting them up. Now, Ashe could finally observe their surroundings—the all too familiar underground hall!

In a grand underground hall, twice the size of a soccer field with a ceiling stretching up some ten meters high, the space was bright yet ancient under the glow of densely

packed hanging fires. The walls were smooth and covered in bizarre, colorful murals that depicted scenes of brutality and debauchery: lines of people waiting for slaughter, six pairs of men and women engaged in a twisted, communal mating posture, hundreds spilling their blood to fill a swimming pool, and various Races in states of decay.

The vibrant colors combined with the utterly transgressive content should have been enough to shock and offend anyone. However, Ashe merely glanced at them without a hint of disgust, nor pleasure, simply considering them as regular pieces of art.

“Don’t look, it’s toxic,” Igor whispered softly. Ashe snapped back to reality—realizing that the moment he began to accept these strange aesthetics as normal art, he had been silently corrupted.

Only Igor, with his genuine set of professional aesthetics, recognized this abnormality. His refined eye for beauty was not something that Harvey and Ashe, with their lack of artistic culture—capable of admiring the shape of their own excrement post-evacuation—could comprehend.

The chains on the trio were tugged, and the Black Robe Man signaled for them to walk forward. Before Ashe was a narrow stone path over the water. Remarkably, this underground hall had a pond, and on either side of the stone path, there were four statues representing a valiant general, a refined middle-aged Scholar, a benevolent elder, and a pure young girl.

They obediently traversed the stone path. The believers, who had been singing hymns just moments before, suddenly fell silent, kneeling on the ground. Now, only the sound of their footsteps echoed in the hall.

As they approached the towering Silver Throne, the chains behind them jerked, forcing them to kneel as well.

“Are you the People from the Exotic Lands?”

A charming and naive voice floated from the Silver Throne, which had been facing away from them. The throne smoothly rotated to face them, and upon seeing who was seated upon it, Ashe and his companions’ faces registered shock.

Seated on the Silver Throne was a petite girl who appeared to be no older than ten, her silver-white hair highlighted with a tinge of wine-red, adding depth to the color. She was dressed in an adorable black dress with white frills, a gothic style that made her resemble a delicate doll.

However, the girl lacked both arms and legs.

She was like a doll dressed in an outfit yet to have its limbs attached, placed decoratively upon the Silver Throne. Search* The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The Silver Throne was equipped with two mechanical arms extending from it: the right arm held a steaming cup of beverage, and the left arm held a thin comic book. She seemed to be enjoying her afternoon tea while reading the comic.

“Yes, Eternal Calamity,” the Black Robe Man said, kneeling. “They have been confirmed as the People from the Exotic Lands through the Gospel.”

“Thank you for your hard work,” the little girl replied. “Then bring the other Sacrifices as well. The ritual is to commence immediately; the Four Pillars are growing impatient!”

“Yes!”

A fervent atmosphere quickly swept through the entire underground hall, even the hanging fires burned more fiercely. Ashe and his companions were tightly bound by chains, unable to break free, watching helplessly as the butcher sharpens his knife for the fish on the chopping board!

“Ashe!”

“Ashe...”

Harvey and Igor sent strong, clear signals, and Ashe’s face contorted with frustration, fully aware they saw him as their last hope for salvation.

After all, in their eyes, Heath might indeed be the Cult Leader of the Four Pillars Cult, and this place was also the domain of the Four Pillars. Surely, there couldn’t be two sets of Four Pillars Cult?

It was like mistaking a flood for a dragon king’s temple or Moonshadow for a desecrated grave of Blood Saint – not recognizing one’s own kin! Shouldn’t you, Ashe, hurry up to acknowledge your heritage, return gloriously as a Scholar studying abroad to the local branch of the Four Pillars Cult, and then quickly save us? If necessary, we’ll also believe in the Four Pillars Cult and commit some atrocious acts, as long as we survive first.

But Ashe knew his own circumstances; Heath might be the Cult Leader, but he certainly was not!

The Four Pillars might recognize him, but he did not recognize the Four Pillars!

Ashe’s knowledge of the Four Pillars Cult came solely from news reports; the Sin Hunter’s Hall knew more about the Four Pillars Cult than he ever did. Ashe had never

spent a day as a Cult Leader; he couldn't even pass for a counterfeit one. At best, he could be considered a Cult Leader in spirit.

Ashe did have thoughts of forging a closer connection with the Cult Leader here, but he didn't understand the doctrines of the Four Pillars Cult, nor did he know any secret signals. Could he really convince the other party he was a fellow Cultist with just his words? Not everyone is as naive as Freya!

And there was another point. Although Ashe couldn't quite remember the scene when he first transmigrated, he was certain that the Blood Moon division, whether in terms of the number of Followers, the size of the base, or the aura of the Leader, couldn't hold a candle to this branch.

Even as branches of the same Four Pillars Cult, it was uncertain whether Eternal Calamity would be willing to accept a poor relative from the countryside. It was possible that the reaction would be more along the lines of, "You're a branch Leader? Then we must treat you seriously," followed by an array of torture devices to show the Four Pillars Cult that they indeed honored a visiting Leader, sending Ashe off properly.

But to simply wait for death was undoubtedly foolish. So, Ashe summoned his courage and raised his head to say, "Um, hello."

"Hello," Eternal Calamity replied politely, looking down at Ashe. "Is there something you need?"

Ashe decided to declare his Cult reputation and title: "I am the apocalypse observer, Ashe Heath."

"I am Eternal Calamity, Selina Bright," she responded, turning to Igor and Harvey, "Do you also wish to introduce yourselves?"

"No, what I mean is, I am also a Follower of the Four Pillars Cult," Ashe said carefully. "I am the Leader of the Blood Moon Kingdom branch of the Four Pillars Cult. The Blood Moon Kingdom is the Exotic Land we come from."

"Oh, is that so?" She seemed a bit surprised, giving Ashe a few glances. "But you seem like a nice person."

Ashe's face turned red with frustration — in everyone else's eyes, he was an irredeemable Cult Leader, and no matter how many times he explained, no one believed he was a good person. Yet, when he told a Cult Leader that he was a fellow Cultist, she actually thought he seemed like a good person.

Jeez, can't the world cut me a break? When a Cult Leader does something bad, he's seen as a Cult Leader, but when a good person does something bad, they're still seen as good. Even my company's CEO isn't this hypocritical!

Ashe tried to speak in a calm tone: “No, I really am a Leader of a Four Pillars Cult branch. I’m a bad person. I’ve been accused by the authorities of involvement in multiple kidnapping cases, murder cases, robbery cases, and other serious crimes. I was sentenced to the maximum penalty and only managed to escape from prison. Blood Moon has no place for me anymore, so I left to come here.”

Eternal Calamity cocked her head, a cute curve forming on her brow: “Then prove it to me.”

“Prove it?”

A mechanical arm withdrew a dagger from the folds of her skirt and threw it to the ground in front of Ashe. The chains around him suddenly vanished, and although still collared, he could move freely.

“I don’t know what they mean to you, but if you are a favored kin of the Four Pillars Cult, then to you, they should be considered suitable Sacrifices to offer to the Four Pillars,” Eternal Calamity said calmly. “Torture them as much as you can, break them down, fill them with despair, and delight them with pain, but do not kill them.”

“This should be as simple for you as getting dressed or eating, right, apocalypse observer?”

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

Chapter 182: You Are Not an Apocalypse Observer

Igor stared at the dagger planted in front of Ashe, his parched lips trembling slightly, a long-absent sense of fear gnawing at his heart like a wolf.

Am I afraid of death? Am I just an ordinary man after all? Am I just an unqualified Con Artist? he pondered.

Fear is a calm Bewitcher, and composure is the lifeblood of a Con Artist. When composure is drained by fear, it signifies the end of a Con Artist’s life.

Igor had forgotten when he last felt fear. When he deceitfully obtained his first lollipop from the children in the Nursery, when he preemptively accused other children to the director of the Nursery, it was as if he had lost the sensation of fear altogether.

After diligently studying the Mind Faction, Igor deemed himself a natural antisocial personality. Not being a Con Artist would be a waste of a trip to this world. For him, manipulating human nature wasn't just for profit, but survival—he was someone who could only thrive in darkness, unable to live without deceit and schemes.

The unique social environment and strategic location of the Blood Moon Kingdom made his Occupation a breeze. Even being caught by the Sin Hunter's Hall was not a cause for fear in Igor; he saw it as vocational training. Although the Prisoners in Shattered Lake Prison were tougher to deceive, it only increased Igor's enthusiasm for the challenge.

Igor had never feared the vagaries of Destiny; he had been in far more perilous situations in the past. Encircled by hitmen from the organization, held at gunpoint, and even threatened with mutilation, he had experienced it all, yet he felt no fear in his heart.

Because the first person a Con Artist deceives is himself.

If a Con Artist doesn't believe in his own immortality, how can he dare to deceive others? If a Con Artist doesn't believe that his next words can turn the situation around, how can he deceive others?

So it was incomprehensible to Igor why he should feel fear now.

Clearly, his life was not in danger.

Clearly, he still had a hold on Ashe's wish.

With just one command, Ashe would be unable to harm him in the slightest.

Ashe would probably target Harvey first, Igor thought.

As for the possibility of Ashe rejecting the invitation, Igor hadn't even considered it – Ashe had no reason not to strike at them, just as a Bewitcher would not refuse an Orc delivered right to her doorstep.

For this group of Prison Escapees from Shattered Lake Prison, slaying each other was a form of greeting; they would create opportunities for betrayal even where none existed, and if given the chance, they would exploit it to the fullest.

Among them, there was only a pure relationship of mutual exploitation, with no room for mercy.

It was strange to think that, after successfully escaping the prison, they had no conflicts of interest, yet Igor felt a profound vigilance towards the others, trusting strangers more than his fellow escapees.

They were of the same kind, incapable of peaceful coexistence. If they had to act together, it was inevitably punctuated with death.

Igor had pondered why he harbored Killing Intent towards his fellow escapees.

To erase the past? The Sin Hunter's Hall still held his extensive criminal record.

To guard secrets? Having left Blood Moon behind, the secrets of Harvey and Igor held no significance.

To protect himself?

Yes, that was it – to protect himself. Because Igor realized that, no matter how distrustful or vigilant he was, when the time came, he would still choose to cooperate with Harvey and Ashe. And they were familiar with his Battle style; they had become... dependents on each other.

Dependence is the most dangerous blade, handed to the one behind you by your own hand. — “Ansu Fable Companions Conclusion”

To expose oneself is foolish, to depend on others is shameful, and to have companions is to enter a countdown to betrayal. If it were another time, another place, Igor might have been willing to risk getting to know these companions, but they were Death row inmates met in prison – would you dare to keep companions picked from the trash can?

Igor wouldn't dare, and he knew Harvey and Ashe wouldn't dare either.

Since they couldn't become companions, yet were forced into an unspoken alliance of companionship, they could only become enemies.

This was the way of the Blood Moon people in treating others – others were always just that, others, never one of their own.

As long as you betray others first, you won't be betrayed; such is the selfish Rule.

So when Igor saw Ashe draw the small knife without hesitation, he felt no surprise. Unexpectedly, Ashe didn't move towards Harvey but turned to look at him instead.

A thought flashed through Igor's mind, and he instantly grasped Ashe's intention—he wanted to force Igor to exhaust his wishes, and then deal with Harvey. By doing so, the Con Artist would lose his leverage over the former Cult Leader.

It's just like you... like the detestable enemy who has suppressed me from the beginning to the end...

You truly are the Cult Leader who brings misfortune to others, and I am just one of your many victims.

All of this was within Igor's expectations; he did not feel anger.

But for some reason, he felt a slight sense of loss.

Ashe crouched in front of him, lifted his chin, and pressed the dagger against his dust-covered face. Looking at Ashe, a new thought suddenly emerged in Igor's mind—since he was going to die anyway, instead of using his wishes to protect his last shred of dignity before death, why not drag Ashe down with him? Why not be buried together in the Virtual Realm and become phantoms of the past?

If I can't survive, I need not be concerned with your life or death.

Or perhaps... use a wish to have you kill me, to end my suffering and facilitate your rebirth?

While Igor's emotions were in turmoil, Ashe stopped and looked towards Eternal Calamity, asking, "Can you guarantee that you'll let me go after I do this?"

"If you can truly prove your loyalty to the Four Pillars," Eternal Calamity replied, "you will naturally receive the treatment you deserve."

"You're evading the question with empty words," Ashe said. "Since that's the case, let's make it official. I brought a Miracle Contract paper; with the assurance of the Virtual Realm, I'll believe you."

Eternal Calamity looked at him with a strange smile, as a breeze seemed to stir around the Silver Throne, slightly lifting her skirt.

Snap!

Suddenly, a loud noise rang out as the chains of the hovering disk above Ashe's head broke. Although Ashe immediately threw the dagger at Eternal Calamity, he was struck hard on the back by the falling disk, convulsing on the ground in pain like a curled shrimp.

The dagger was deflected by an invisible force, narrowly missing Eternal Calamity's round, cherubic cheek by a hair's breadth.

A mechanical arm tucked the dagger back into her skirt, and she signaled the Black Robe Man to tie up Ashe with a Miracle, saying leisurely, "As I thought, my judgment was correct. You are neither a Follower of the Four Pillars nor an apocalypse observer."

"You are just Ashe Heath."

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

Chapter 183: Sacrifice All Cultists!

“You’re just Ashe Heath.”

Why does that name feel like it’s turned into a curse?

Name: Ashe Heath. Gender: Ashe Heath. Crimes: Ashe Heath?

Ashe lay bound and disheveled on the ground, his back pain flooding in like the tide, so intense he could only whimper and moan, without the slightest intention to rebut the words of Eternal Calamity.

The Necromancer beside him said with sympathy, “So it was true, Ashe, when you said you were wronged. And here I thought it was your signature dry humor. Back then I even thought the Leader of the Four Pillars Cult had a sense of humor.”

“I think he’s simply foolish.” Igor commented coldly, “Still can’t see the situation for what it is, even when your life is in their hands, and you still dare to haggle. Would a lumberjack be wary of a tree just because the axe handle is made of wood?”

“You can only try to ingratiate yourself, to become their axe, yet you act like a cockroach trying to jump on a face, as if they should be grateful not to squash you on the spot. Love it or leave it; they don’t lack for laborers like you. Even the little brats in the Nursery know to bow their heads and take the job at a time like this, but you’re the only one asking about salary, benefits, and contracts...”

Harvey had intended to argue on Ashe’s behalf, but noticing that Ashe was just sorrowfully glaring at Igor, muttering profanities that only he could hear, Harvey wisely kept silent. Ashe was hurt and needed a distraction; Igor’s taunting was perfectly timed to stir up his emotions, making him forget the pain in his body.

However, Harvey felt that Igor’s berating was oddly off the mark—knowing that if Ashe had really followed through with Eternal Calamity’s demand, it would now be him and Igor who were wailing. Why did Igor still speak with a tone of frustrated mockery, as if he wished Ashe to survive stepping over their corpses?

“Oooh.....”

“Let me go, Mom, Dad—”

“Wah, wah, waaaah! I want my Mommy, Mommy!”

The shrill and noisy voices of children filled the hall, with both Harvey and Igor showing expressions of disgust. It wasn't the Four Pillars Cult's treatment of the children that they despised, but rather the children's clamor—the Blood Moon people had very low tolerance for the whining of young ones.

However, after listening for a while, Igor asked in a low voice, “Why are they all shouting for mommy and daddy? Are mommy and daddy heroes here?”

Ashe couldn't help but feel a bit amused at the sight of Harvey and Igor, who seemed as illiterate as one could be, asking such a question.

Although it was also his first time hearing the parental titles of this Kingdom, Ashe knew from the tone who they were calling for. After all, parental titles are usually made up of the most common syllables.

“Yes, as long as you call out that phrase, mommy and daddy will give their all for you.”

Harvey became serious, “We're not from this Kingdom, would mommy and daddy protect us too?”

Ashe wanted to continue teasing them, but for some reason, he suddenly felt dispirited and did not answer. The crying children were brought around them, also bound by Miracle chains, their cries piercing the air, some sobbing quietly, others wailing loudly. Each one was a delicately carved young child, not taller than a wheel, almost the same size as Eternal Calamity on the Silver Throne.

“Do young children have value as sacrifices...?” Igor asked softly.

“In the Four Pillars Cult, children symbolize ‘purity.’ Only those who have not yet been tainted by society can harbor pure evil, pure goodness, pure hatred, pure joy, like flawless gems,” Ashe recalled Heath's criminal record, his face also turning pale: “They're not the best sacrifices, but they are the easiest to find.”

“Hey, look at that girl,” Harvey suddenly said.

Ashe looked over and saw a very cute and delicate white-haired little girl, thinking to himself that Harvey was finally showing a bit of normalcy, albeit still quite perverse, but at least his attention was on something alive.

But he quickly understood what Harvey meant—the little white-haired girl was too calm.

She wasn't crying, nor was she petrified with fear; instead, she was calmly observing her surroundings. Noticing the gaze of the three notorious villains, she blinked her eyes

and suddenly put on a pitifully adorable expression that aroused a protective instinct in onlookers, as though she was hoping for a hero to rescue her from danger.

“Drama Queen,” Igor commented disdainfully. Harvey and Ashe were somewhat let down—they had thought this little girl had some trump card, which was why she was so composed. They hadn’t expected her only tactic to be acting cute.

As they spoke, the Black Robe Cultist made way for a large open area in the center, and the hovering disk above them suddenly roared, releasing four rivers of flame that spiraled into concentric circles around the group of Sacrifices. The blazing rings of fire isolated them from the outside world.

Ancient and bizarre chants echoed in the underground hall:

“Countless glories, countless incarnations, countless possibilities...”

“Messenger of snowstorms, the clear azure, suppressing the strange...” Search the novelFire.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

“Everlasting heat, eternal life, forever wandering...”

“Dream of freedom...”

“Let this be our sincere prayer, in the hope that the Four Pillars, in their holy mercy, shall bestow their scrutiny.”

After the Followers finished their prayers, the sweet and naive voice of Eternal Calamity slowly resounded: “The Sacrifices indicated by the Oracle have been assembled.”

“In the name of Selina Bright, we offer to the Four Pillars the Sacrifices within the ring of fire—three People from the Exotic Lands, sixteen pure souls!”

It was over.

Igor sighed inwardly; he hadn’t expected to survive escaping from prison, evade the pursuit of the Sin Hunter’s Hall, only to die in a Cult sacrifice to the Four Pillars.

Rounded up, it was almost like dying at the hands of Ashe.

If only I hadn’t struck up a conversation with that newcomer in prison... If only I hadn’t seen him as prey...

Suddenly, Igor laughed, extinguishing the flicker of regret that had surfaced in his heart—compared to rotting away in Shattered Lake Prison, he preferred to play a part in the grand spectacle of the Blood Moon Tribunal and the glorious prison escape, and then to die.

He owed his thanks to Ashe Heath; it was he who had freed him from the tedium of prison life and set him on this brilliant path to death.

It is said that after evildoers die, their Souls must pass through six hells, enduring torment before they can rest in the Virtual Realm. All the spiteful spirits harmed by the evildoers await this perfect opportunity for revenge, eager to repay the calamities they suffered tenfold, a hundredfold, to the wicked.

Dear Cult Leader, with your great ‘achievements,’ there must be many looking forward to ‘playing games’ with you in hell. But no worries, I’m a bad guy too, and I’ll be there to back you up against them.

Igor turned to look at Ashe, but saw no fear on the face of the Cult Leader. It seemed he had something to rely on; trembling, he straightened his back, lifted his head proudly, and called out loudly to the heavens:

“In the name of Ashe Heath, I offer to the Four Pillars the Sacrifices outside the ring of fire—all the Cultists in the underground hall!”

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

Chapter 184: Internal Strife Within the Four Pillars Cult?

The underground hall was so quiet that only the sound of flames licking the air remained.

The children stopped crying and stared blankly at Igor, who in that moment seemed to shed a decade, looking as bewildered and adorably clueless as the children beside him. Only Harvey maintained a comical expression, wanting to laugh but daring not to, and with his bound right hand, he gave Ashe an enthusiastic thumbs-up.

Everyone seemed to hold their breath, silently awaiting the outcome of this sacrificial showdown.

One second passed, then two, then three, and nothing happened.

Disappointment spread across the children’s faces, and Igor let out a quiet sigh.

The Black Robe Men around them, however, began to grow restless.

“How is this possible...”

“Have we been abandoned?”

“Why is this happening? Four Pillars, are you punishing us?!”

Even Eternal Calamity, whose face could easily shift from charmingly petulant to delightfully cheerful, now furrowed her brows slightly, like a child who sees her toy being snatched away.

Yes, nothing happened.

But the absence of an event was the greatest issue of all!

The Four Pillars’ response to Sacrifices had always been swift, never showing aloofness or delay. In terms of accessibility, the Four Pillars truly excelled at the top of their field, adeptly capturing the pain points of their Followers, strategically laying out new tracks for growth, and forming a self-sustaining ecosystem of Sacrifice and Oracle, thereby increasing the people’s awareness, ensuring a streamlined, end-to-end, rapid-processing of Sacrifices to the Four Pillars. The Religion advocated for a flat, decentralized structure, achieving simplicity and speed in the replication and response of Rituals—the sturdiest moat of the Four Pillars Cult...

Yet this time, the Four Pillars had failed to respond to the call of their Followers, to come and claim their Sacrifice. This was akin to netizens discovering a webpage unresponsive, and the panic of the Black Robe Men was understandable—they feared the link to their deity had been severed!

Who wouldn’t fear being cut off from their connection?

Thud!

Suddenly, a strange noise came from above, and the Black Robe Men looked up in surprise, only to see a crack forming on the ceiling of the great hall.

Boom!

With a loud explosion, the ceiling burst open!

Ashe watched this scene unfold, feeling as though he had seen this plot develop somewhere before.

“Finally found you, Selina Bright.”

From the settling dust and debris, a Tall Elf with grey hair and long ears descended lightly in front of Ashe and the others. She was cloaked in a red hooded cape, her grey

ponytail held high, and in each hand, she wielded a Handgun engraved with runic circuits.

As she landed, the rings of fire around them extinguished instantly, and layers of earthen walls emerged from the fractured ground, perfectly encircling the children for protection!

With the sound of surging electricity, over a dozen rescuers clad in red capes burst through the ceiling, mercilessly firing at the Black Robe Men in the underground hall without any regard for human rights.

These Cultists, however, were far more formidable than Ashe's cheerleading squad, unafraid of the surprise attack. They even drew weapons to Cast Miracle in retaliation, attempting to overwhelm the numerically inferior rescuers!

Suddenly, a young rescuer let out a surprised and furious roar, "Job, thank goodness you're okay—die, Cult Leader!"

The Tall Elf's expression changed dramatically: "Kuso, don't—"

Whoosh!

The young man fired an electromagnetic Shot Bullet at Eternal Calamity, but it collided with another rescuer's Shot Bullet. The bullets clinked crisply in the air, their trajectory forcibly twisted, and then—

Crack!

Ashe heard a sound like a watermelon splitting from behind him, followed by a warmth on his back as if splashed with some warm liquid, and then the children's hysterical screams of panic.

He didn't dare look back.

"Job...Job!?" The young man bellowed in a panic, "Impossible, this can't be—"

The Tall Elf, eyes still locked onto Eternal Calamity, shouted, "Kuso, you are on the battlefield now!"

The Elf's concerns quickly materialized. The young man named Kuso screamed in agony as if he had been counter-killed by a Black Robe Man seizing the opportunity.

Throughout the ordeal, the Tall Elf never once looked back, standing guard in front of Ashe and the other Sacrifices, her gaze firmly on Eternal Calamity, leaving others to deal with the rest of the Black Robe Cultists.

“Cleos Baimu.”

Despite their lair being raided, Eternal Calamity seemed indifferent, with not a trace of worry on their face. They looked at the Tall Elf with interest and said, “The Watcher ‘Crysand’ Cleos, number one in the Red Cap Azura Sub-Ranking and tenth in the Red Cap Total Ranking, has come personally to arrest me, a cripple. Selina must be flattered.”

“You’re not just crippled, you’re also cruel.”

The Elf named Cleos replied coldly, “Number one in the Sinners Ranking Azura Sub-Ranking, sixth in the Slaughter Ranking Azura Sub-Ranking, and eighth in the Disaster Messenger Ranking. In recent years, the crime rate in Azura has been climbing annually. Serial killings, kidnappings, drug smuggling, and the resurgence of cult activities—all are linked to you.”

“Eternal Calamity, I’ve been wronged,” suddenly, they began to whimper. “Look at me, I can’t even move without a wheelchair, I’d starve without someone to serve me. I’m just a puppet on display, and at times, a plaything for those behind the scenes... Cleos, can I trust you? Can you free me from the control of the Four Pillars Cult?”

Harvey and Igor turned to look at Ashe, skepticism flaring in their eyes once again—Brother, do all you Cult Leaders have the same script for whitewashing yourselves? Did you all attend the same training class before taking office?

Ashe, fully aware of their doubts, whispered in defense, “I’ve truly been wronged! Replace her subject with me, and it’s all true!”

“So, you’ve also been played with by the powers behind the scenes?” Harvey asked.

Cleos remained unmoved by Eternal Calamity’s defense, even feeling an urge to laugh, “Selina, you can’t escape tonight. Whatever you say is futile, the Gospel is never wrong.”

Eternal Calamity’s demeanor changed rapidly, with a cold huff, “Blind faith is a road to nowhere, and the most foolish thing is to be selfish enough to believe that gods are selfless. Cleos, your blindness will eventually bring you despair.”

“Do you, a Cult Leader, have any right to say such things?”

“Because I know that God loves all people,” Eternal Calamity said with a smile, “but God loves Himself more.”

Cleos fell silent, seemingly uninterested in further indulging Eternal Calamity’s ramblings.

Leaning lazily against the Silver Throne, Eternal Calamity said, “So, Cleos, if you’re so convinced I’m the criminal, why not come and arrest me? You surely don’t expect a disabled little girl to walk down and surrender, do you?”

“I’m waiting.”

The female Elf said coldly, “Waiting for all the Cultists to be dealt with, for all external factors to be eliminated, for your Destiny Miracle to have no exploitable targets. I will personally sound your death knell then.”

Destiny Miracle!

On hearing the name of this most mysterious of Magical Factions, the three migrant workers couldn’t help but prick up their ears.

Destiny, Truth, Prophecy—these three factions are coveted by all Sorcerers, yet no Sorcerer knows how to learn them. Even the most accessible Prophecy Faction has no systematic method of study in the Blood Moon Kingdom. Every Professor at Kaimon Comprehensive College who claims to study the Prophecy Faction is simply embezzling funds.

Although the Prophecy Faction is seen as a Phantasmal Mirage, Sorcerers still consider it a legitimate faction. However, the Truth and Destiny Factions have been denounced by many as feudal superstitions—without even a shadow of a faction spirit, tales of Truth and Destiny Sorcerers only exist in ancient myths, no different from the settings of fantasy novels!

A Magical Faction deemed a feudal superstition even by those who believe in miracles, manifesting right before their eyes?

“Before acting, I exhausted all my Points and the Gospel, and from the Gospel, I found a way to defeat you—‘cannot harm you,’” said Cleos. “If I’m not mistaken, your Destiny Miracle works by twisting any attack against you through various accidents, even turning it back on those who harbor Killing Intent towards you.”

“Just now, Kuso tried to shoot you, but the Shot Bullets coincidentally hit his own brother, and in his distraught state, he was killed by your followers... A truly terrifying Destiny Miracle.”

“So my plan of action is to first eliminate your underlings, clear all the unstable factors that could aid you, and then deal with you slowly.” The female Elf sneered. “What’s it like to watch yourself walk into a dead end? Is there fear brewing beneath that lovely human skin of yours?”

“You deserve the respect you command, Crysand of the Red Cap Cleos, but there’s one thing you got wrong.”

Eternal Calamity smiled and said, “The ability you describe is not the Destiny Miracle, and I am not proficient in that legendary Magical Faction.”

“It’s not a miracle, not a spirit, not a Secret Poison, not a blessing.”

“It is my... ‘Tactile sense.’”

“Nonsense!” Cleos looked around and realized that the Black Robe Men had mostly been subdued. She waited no longer and aimed her gun at—

The ceiling!

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

Cleos’ Shot Bullets seemed to carry a miracle of their own, a few shots rapidly dissolving the rock of the ceiling. As the rumbling grew louder, a massive layer of rock was about to fall, aiming to smash Eternal Calamity sitting on the Silver Throne into a pulp!

Ashe immediately understood Cleos’ idea—if I cannot attack you directly, but I attack the rock and let it fall on you, wouldn’t that circumvent your strange Destiny Miracle?

It seemed like a smart move, and Ashe couldn’t see any flaws. The Black Robe Cultists were subdued and couldn’t save Eternal Calamity, who also had no ability to move. If she wanted to leave the Silver Throne, she would have to rely on a spirit or a miracle.

But for some reason, Ashe had a strong premonition—Selina was not a Sorcerer!

Apart from her so-called ‘Tactile sense,’ she had not mastered any spirit or miracle!

Just like Heath at the beginning!

Crack.

Amidst the rumbling noise, a strange cracking sound captured everyone’s attention. They looked up to see a bizarre crack in the middle of the ceiling, with a few drops of water seeping through.

Cleos’ pupils shrank sharply, and she fired a shot behind her, the ground surging quickly into a fortress to protect the children.

Smash!

The rock completely crumbled, but with it came a torrential flow of water!

Ceilings elsewhere also began to rapidly crumble, and the roar of an underground river gushed into the subterranean hall like a waterfall!

“How could there possibly be an underground river right there—”

Cleos watched, her eyes nearly popping out of their sockets. The Red Cap had burst through the ceiling to enter, and it was sheer luck they hadn’t hit the underground river?

Frustration brought moisture to her eyes, and she bit her lip while rapidly firing at the floor. Layers of Earth Magic walls rose with a rumble in an attempt to hold back the river.

However, it wasn’t just the front; the walls to the sides began to crack as well, and the raging river water surged in like an army. It was as if the entire underground hall was built over a subterranean sea, and the slightest breach would result in immediate inundation!

Both the Red Cap and the Black Robe Man were swept away by the river, tumbling in disarray. Cleos could only rely on her Earth Magic Miracle to protect herself for the moment, unable to care for others—thus Ashe was also swept away.

Perhaps Ashe and the others were too close to Cleos, or perhaps she felt adults didn’t need special protection, so her Earth Magic Miracle only covered the children, leaving Ashe and two others exposed.

Ashe’s hands and feet were still bound by Miracle chains; unless he could spin his tongue like a propeller, he had no way to swim, so he could only hold his breath and go with the flow until he bumped into a soft body and stopped.

“You bumped into me.”

“Heh, sorry about that.”

Ashe hurriedly took deep breaths and looked down, realizing he was lying on the armrest of the Silver Throne.

The former Cult Leader turned slightly, only to see his small, drenched companion looking like a drowned rat.

He now resembled a perverted adult lying on the lap of a little girl—if the latter had legs, that is.

“You just said, you’re the apocalypse observer?” she whispered to Ashe conspiratorially.

Ashe nodded and then shook his head, squirming to get away from the current Cult Leader: “Actually, I’ve turned over a new leaf...”

“Let me reintroduce myself. I am Eternal Calamity, Eternal Entanglement, Ultimate Everlasting.” Eternal Calamity smiled. “Pleased to meet you, apocalypse observer. You can call me Everlasting.”

Ashe was somewhat stunned: “(◉◉◉)... You can call me Observer.”

“Well then, Observer, please go die.”

Selina lifted her head high and then slammed it down—

Banging her forehead against Ashe’s!

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

Selina didn’t care that Red Cap had eradicated her stronghold.

As ‘Tactile,’ the word ‘failure’ did not exist in her dictionary, only ‘delayed success.’

All resistance would become welcoming, all distancing would become approaching, and all death would become reunion.

It was like a story whose ending had been written long ago; no matter how the plot twisted and turned, the final chapter would inevitably arrive on schedule.

The only thing that mattered to her was Ashe Heath.

The lack of response from the Four Pillars Cult to her sacrifice was enough to indicate the significance of this man.

Interestingly, the Four Pillars Cult also failed to respond to his sacrifice.

To others, the sight of Ashe sacrificing the followers of the Four Pillars Cult may have seemed like a ludicrous and desperate last act, but Selina didn’t see it that way.

If she had not been presiding over the ritual, if she had not been in the underground hall, if she had not been part of the declaration of sacrifice made by Ashe, perhaps he would have succeeded—if only one of these had been different.

The Four Pillars Cult’s reluctance to sacrifice Ashe meant that his words were significant enough to garner their attention. Based on her experience, the Four Pillars Cult rarely took notice of beings in this world, with the sole exception being ‘Tactile.’

Although she didn't know how Ashe, as 'Tactile,' had ended up in such dire straits, his status meant that the Four Pillars Cult would likely satisfy some of his reasonable requests, such as conducting a sacrifice. Therefore, during the recent ritual, it was highly possible that the Four Pillars Cult would respond to his sacrifice.

But the result was that the Four Pillars Cult responded neither to him nor to Selina, not even making the slightest disturbance.

The Four Pillars Cult seldom 'neglected' Tactile in this manner, and Selina believed there was only one possible explanation for this situation: a lack of consensus within the Four Pillars Cult.

If they had all decided to support either Ashe or Selina, then surely one side's sacrifice would have been successful. However, since both had survived, it meant that there was a divide within the Four Pillars Cult regarding their value: some believed Selina was of greater worth, while others saw more potential in Ashe.

Selina wasn't sure whether the support she and Ashe had from the Four Pillars was split 3:1, 1:3, or an even 2:2.

She also recalled that a few days ago, the Four Pillars had unusually issued an Oracle demanding the next Sacrifice include 'People from the Exotic Lands.'

It was quite rare for the Four Pillars to express such a craving, and at the time, Selina didn't think much of it; she simply tasked the Funeral Firm with finding someone from the Exotic Lands, and that's how Ashe Heath was brought to her.

In hindsight, the Oracle seemed to be a deliberate arrangement for Ashe to come to her stronghold and replace her—within the same Kingdom, there was no need for a second Tactile.

When the Oracle was issued, it was predetermined that Selina would make way for Ashe.

Although Tactile was important, when there were two, the Four Pillars would start to pick and choose, keeping only the best one, discarding all others.

For some reason, the Four Pillars had suddenly changed their minds, neither allowing Ashe to replace Selina nor considering Selina more important than Ashe, hesitating and unable to come to a unanimous decision.

So, the task before Selina was simple—to alleviate the Four Pillars' dilemma by eliminating the wrong option.

Ashe was momentarily stunned by the unexpected charge, but soon realized it wasn't as painful as he had imagined.

He looked at Selina with a bewildered gaze, her forehead bleeding from a cut, “Why did you do that?”

Ashe’s thick-skinned forehead was fine, but Selina’s delicate one had been injured.

Selina stuck out her small tongue, seemingly trying to lick the blood that had reached the corner of her mouth, but her tongue was too short, barely managing to taste a bit of it, and said with a grin, “See, I’m bleeding.”

“Yeah, so what?” he asked.

“I may not respect those who only rely on the Gospel,” Selina stated, “but I must admit, everything it says is true. ‘You cannot harm me’ is an admonition you must heed.”

“You hurt me, and for that, you must pay with your life.”

Ashe looked at the fresh blood on Selina’s forehead, his face etched with an expression that seemed to say, “Why is this happening to me?” He said, “But you’re the one who bumped into it, causing your own injury! You can’t possibly blame me for that. I haven’t even held you accountable for intentionally hurting someone—that’s already showing respect for elders and love for the young! You’re clearly pulling a Bumping Scam!”

“Are you angry? Annoyed? Come hit me then.”

Selina stuck out her tongue, barely managing to lick the blood, and with a smile said, “The moment you injured me, my Tactile had already touched you. Perhaps if my Tactile absorbed your death, it would become even stronger, right?”

Ashe had a bad feeling, “What exactly is Tactile? A Miracle? Or some special ability?”

He had heard the term from Professor Sylin, but had never found any relevant information. Now, after transmigrating to a new Kingdom, he was still entangled with the Four Pillars Cult—it was like switching jobs only to find out that the new company was already under the control of the previous shady business.

“Tactile is just Tactile,” Selina said, looking at Ashe with a puzzled expression. “If you’re asking what my Tactile is, didn’t I tell you just now?”

“Uh? Could you repeat that?”

Selina tilted her head, revealing a sweet smile:

“Eternal Entanglement, Ultimate Everlasting.”

“Selina!”

At that moment, Cleos and the other Red Caps had finally managed to temporarily seal all the breaches with their Earth Magic and Water Art. With tears blurring her vision, she glared at Selina and raised her Gun towards the half-submerged Silver Throne!

If the Silver Throne were to crumble and explode, Selina would naturally fall into the water and drown!

The Elves' marksmanship was precise, hitting the base of the throne underwater perfectly, causing the Silver Throne to emit electrical sounds as it disintegrated. Selina, soaked through, unable to even make a swimming motion like a doll, sank into the water like a child's toy.

Yet Selina remained calm, showing no sign of fear of being submerged.

Gurgle, gurgle—

Strange noises came from beneath the Silver Throne, and whirlpools began to form around Selina. The water level rapidly decreased, visible to the naked eye. Cleos bit her lip in anger, but as she raised her hand, she stopped herself—she couldn't directly harm the monster disguised as a girl, for it would be she who would die!

Selina lay comfortably in the water, allowing herself to be pulled into the whirlpool that had appeared below.

"But what you're actually afraid of is not me, but the Gospel of God."

"How can a gun with the safety on kill anyone?"

After leaving these words behind, Selina was sucked into a small cave that had appeared after the collapse of the Silver Throne. Fortunately, the cave was too small, or else Ashe would have been swept into the whirlpool as well.

Cleos ran over and immediately her ears pricked up in anger—the cave below was precisely above a fading Virtual Realm Passage!

Moreover, it was a Virtual Realm Passage that was about to dissipate. Virtual Realm Turbulence was rapidly spreading and just as Ashe leaned in to look, the turbulence had vanished into nothingness, making it impossible now to rush in and pursue.

"Damn it, damn it all!" Cleos shot into the cave a few times in fury, then suddenly slumped to the ground, biting her lip in frustration and wiping her eyes with the back of her hand. "She got away... and it was by my own hand..."

Ashe had not expected that Selina could escape like this, and not by using a spirit, or relying on a Miracle, nor by summoning the Four Pillars Cult to come down and beat up

the children. It was because Cleos had lifted the floor, leading to the vile Eternal Calamity being sucked into the fading Virtual Realm Passage below.

Her physical body had done nothing, not even moved. If Cleos had done nothing, they might have caught her by now. But that was impossible—just like the underground hall being surrounded by a subterranean river is a natural rule, Cleos’s fear of Eternal Calamity was also predestined.

This is... Eternal Entanglement, Ultimate Everlasting.

She is the Rule of Calamity.

Although the pain on his forehead had almost faded, Ashe felt a chill in his heart—Selina’s forehead bump was definitely not a prank, but a deliberate move to cause him trouble! With Selina’s favor and Ashe having left without resigning, causing the Four Pillars Cult to lose the Blood Moon Kingdom market, the Directors of the Four Pillars Cult would surely have a big problem with Ashe!

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

Chapter 186: Sorry to Interrupt

“This is absolutely preposterous; every attack meant to take her down somehow turns into an aid for her escape.”

Ashe backed away quietly into his camp of outsiders, grumbling, “This has gone beyond ‘coincidence.’ Could she be a maiden beloved by Destiny itself?”

“If that’s the case, wouldn’t you be a child of Destiny too?” Harvey chuckled.

“What?”

“Indeed,” Igor couldn’t help but interject, “I wanted to deal with you, yet I ended up being framed and had no choice but to join the Escape Plan; Valcas wanted to deal with you, but ended up protecting you during the Blood Moon Tribunal; and we just happened to come across a Necromancer capable of controlling the Chip Processor... An Escape Plan that should have taken years to devise, but because you could gather all the key players, we broke out in less than a month.”

“If you think about it, Cult Leader, your prison break story is actually more bizarre than that puppet girl’s.”

“That’s not the same!” Ashe protested, “Isn’t it normal for a Prison to house many skilled in various escape arts? It’s like asking people on a train if they have tickets; of course, everyone does!”

“Plus, the escape was all thanks to my remarkable willpower, relentless effort, tenacity, and the crucial flashes of brilliance at the right moments—pure personal endeavor, not a hint of luck!”

Even Harvey couldn’t help but let out a ‘yeah right, I won’t argue with a fool’ amiable smile.

“Double standards much,” Igor spat, “Your achievements are personal effort, while others are favored by Destiny? Is it that hard to admit you’re a slacker?”

“What I do is properly allocate human resources, allowing everyone to play to their strengths, ensuring the right people do the right jobs—”

Igor sneered, “As expected, slackers never admit they’re slackers, and those with good fortune never acknowledge luck’s part in it.”

“I see the light,” Ashe said with an epiphany, a punchable expression on his face, “You’re trying to suppress me again, aren’t you? You must think I’m important, that’s why you’re verbally bullying me, right?”

Igor’s mouth twisted with irritation, “You double-standard dog...”

“Alright, alright,” Harvey quickly smoothed things over, shifting the conversation, “If we had also jumped in just now, we would have only faced that puppet girl who doesn’t have much attacking power. But now...”

“And who knows, the other side might be the stronghold of the Four Pillars Cult,” Igor said with annoyance, “And we already know that our dear Cult Leader doesn’t have much standing within his own faction.”

Ashe, looking at the bubbling cave, couldn’t help but become slightly lost in thought.

He suddenly remembered a report in the collection of observation points that Professor Sylin had gathered, one of which stated ‘across the Virtual Realm Passage is an underground river’...

Could it be that Eternal Calamity went to the Blood Moon Kingdom?

What’s this? A tactical switcher?

Click.

The three Trespassers looked up to see Cleos approach, her beautiful eyes swollen from crying, her nose twitching, “You three, you’re People from the Exotic Lands?”

“According to the laws of the Gospel Kingdom, any People from the Exotic Lands must be executed immediately.”

Without giving them a chance to explain, she raised her Gun and aimed at Ashe’s forehead, “May the Gospel guide your path.”

Staring into the dark muzzle of the Gun, Ashe realized he was still in danger—they were not under the protection of the local security forces but were regarded as invasive species, akin to American cockroaches, and casually killing them was a basic moral duty that good citizens were expected to adhere to!

To them, the Four Pillars Cult was indeed a savage beast, but the locals were even more ferocious natives!

But compared to the Four Pillars Cult, the local security forces were even more despairing—against villains, there might still be good people to fight them, but if good people were after them, who could stir up trouble?

Just then, a pleasant voice came from above.

“Wait a minute, Cleos, didn’t we agree that the spoils of war were mine?”

Someone had come to their rescue!

The three Trespassers turned around in surprise, thinking that whoever saved them, they would be eternally grateful—

But the next moment, all their gratitude turned into annoyance.

“Long time no see, gentlemen.”

The Purple-clad Girl descended from the hole in the ceiling, landing gently like a butterfly: “Although we just met an hour ago.”

The Butler boy followed closely behind, pointing to the waterlogged ground, a frosty path extended, allowing the Purple-clad Girl’s boots to step on the clean ice surface.

These two were the ambushers outside the Virtual Realm Passage, the culprits who would sell the body of the smuggled trio to the Four Pillars Cult, members of the Funeral Firm!

“Annan.” Cleos took out a handkerchief and wiped her nose. “You want to keep these People from the Exotic Lands?”

“Not keep, retrieve what’s mine,” the Purple-clad Girl, Annan, said with a smile: “As we agreed before, as a reward for reporting the Four Pillars Cult’s base to Red Cap, they belong to me as spoils of war, and you can’t just dispose of them.”

Sold us, then sold out the Four Pillars Cult, played both sides, now wants to recycle us for more gain?

Ashe gave Igor a look—see, one of your kind.

Igor shook his head—it’s one of your kind.

“They are People from the Exotic Lands,” Cleos enunciated. “They are like Selina, pests that endanger the world and blaspheme the Gospel, and they must be executed promptly. Otherwise, once the Gospel behind their ears fades, they will go back and inform the Dark God of the Exotic Lands, leading demons to trample our fields, cities, and innocent citizens.”

The Gospel behind the ears?

“Ashe, turn your head to the right.”

“Why can’t I look at you instead...”

While grumbling, Ashe obediently turned his head, and Igor took a glance, whispering, “There’s a pale yellow countdown behind your ear, probably started from 72 hours, likely preventing us from spatial movement.”

“That is the divine punishment from the Omniscient Weaver for you demons who dare to invade the Gospel Kingdom,” Cleos pressed the barrel of her Gun against Ashe’s forehead. “Before the countdown ends, we who listen to the Gospel will slay all of you blind and foolish demons.”

Ashe and his companions exchanged glances, all thinking the same thing—it seemed the Kingdom’s invasion defense mechanism wasn’t very robust. They were aware that someone had successfully returned to the Blood Moon alive through the Virtual Realm Passage three days ago, which was why the Hunting Festival was scheduled for May 1st.

“They won’t be able to anymore,” the Purple-clad Girl said with a smile. “After they arrived at the Gospel, the Virtual Realm Passage they transmigrated through was closed. They can’t return now. If you don’t believe me, you could use the Gospel to check if I’m lying.”

Cleos hesitated for a moment. “You’re not deceiving me?”

“Isn’t it cheap to verify if I’m lying? You’re not willing to spend even that few Points? I’ll cover the cost if it’s too much.”

“No need.” Cleos’s eyes reddened again. “But they are still People from the Exotic Lands...”

“People from the Exotic Lands who won’t earn you any Points even if you kill them,” the Purple-clad Girl stated. “I just checked; there are no bounties for these three in the Gospel. Killing them won’t improve your ranking in the Red Cap. On the other hand, our contract clearly states that I get the spoils of war. If you insist on breaching the contract, it could significantly impact your credit record and might even result in you dropping out of the Red Cap Total Ranking.”

“But they’re not spoils of war...”

“So you admit they’re natural persons? Right now, they have no criminal record, and for a Red Cap to kill a natural person with no criminal record is a Taboo.”

Cleos sniffled, “Your Firm always has such twisted logic... But they are still People from the Exotic Lands, with a high tendency towards crime. If you want to take them, you need a way to control them.”

“It’s already prepared.”

The Purple-clad Girl produced three gold-edged contracts on white Contract Fabric. “Directly exchanged from the Gospel, bound by both the Virtual Realm and the Omniscient Weaver, not even a legend with Quadruple wings could break these contracts. As long as they sign these three, accepting my terms, they absolutely cannot harm the Gospel. Are you satisfied now?”

“By the name of Dolan, under my command, they will only become a strength for the Gospel.”

Cleos raised her Gun, seemingly persuaded. “If that’s the case...”

The three sat on the ground, looking pitiful, weak, and helpless. Normally, Trespassers would be wailing and begging to sign a Contract to save their lives at this point.

Yet, none of them spoke; they just calmly watched.

“It seems they’re not willing to be bound,” Cleos said, pressing the Gun once more to Ashe’s forehead. “Since we’re burying Cultists anyway, a few more won’t matter—”

“Hold on, Cleos,” the Purple-clad Girl said as she crouched down to look at them. “Don’t you want to live? Why aren’t you speaking?”

The three exchanged glances, and finally, Ashe spoke, “I would like to speak, actually. But seeing how engrossed you both were in your performance, it seemed rude to interrupt.”

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

Chapter 187: Bewitcher and Eternal Calamity

“Although a good-cop, bad-cop negotiation tactic is indeed very practical, your performance was simply too poor, a bit too restrained.”

The seasoned Con Artist commented, “If that Elf could make a few holes in my companion, we might feel a bit of tension. But your conversation is so stiff, not daring to properly spice things up with my companion, it just ends up being an awkward chat, which actually reassures me.”

“I’m not your companion, am I?” Ashe inquired.

“Definitely not mine,” Harvey said somberly. “My companions don’t breathe.”

Not to mention Igor, the scammer thriving on the tax of stupidity, and the Necromancer who’d been immersed in the underworld since childhood, even Ashe, a naive young man new to the world, could see through their act. How could he possibly be fooled?

Cleos burst into tears, “Not catching Selina is bad enough... to be mocked by People from the Exotic Lands... sob...”

Ashe was dumbfounded, “Come on, sister, it’s not that bad. And could you please raise the gun a bit when you cry? I’m afraid you might lose control...”

The Purple-clad Girl laughed, “You’re quite brave. But if it were me, I’d feign ignorance and gratefully sign the Contract—your lives are in my hands, do you think you have any bargaining power?”

“We do.”

Igor spoke calmly, “While I’m not sure of the specific value, there’s no doubt you need us ‘People from the Exotic Lands’. If I’m not mistaken, we are quite rare here, and we three might just be the only bargaining chips you can catch.”

“That means we’re priceless. If you want to make use of us, you’ll have to consider our opinions, otherwise, you’ll find no substitutes.”

“Forget about that kind of Slave Contract, state your real needs.”

“You’re not wrong,” the Purple-clad Girl smiled. “People like you who can quickly grasp the situation but haven’t been indoctrinated with the Gospel from a young age will inevitably become a serious threat.”

“Thanks for the exaggeration.”

“But it seems you’ve forgotten one thing,” the Purple-clad Girl said with a wicked smile. “I do need People from the Exotic Lands, but now I have three to choose from—I still have a choice.”

She pulled out a piece of Contract Fabric and tore it in half: “I think I should only need one not-so-smart new Slave. Pretty girl, you’re out.”

Igor’s mouth twitched with anger: “I’m a man!” [Search* The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

“So,” the Purple-clad Girl pulled out a second piece of Contract Fabric, making a gesture as if to tear it, “while I only need one new Slave, I wouldn’t mind having two—should someone be wise enough to understand.”

Still, no one responded.

Ashe and Harvey calmly watched her, their faces devoid of fear, as if they were watching a poorly staged play. Even the Purple-clad Girl couldn’t maintain her composure and gritted her teeth: “Are you some sort of die-hard brothers?”

“They just see through your bluster,” Igor said softly. “If you really only need one Person from the Exotic Lands, why not let that Elf open my skull with Shot Bullets to see what’s inside?”

“Setting everything else aside, I agree with that statement,” Ashe said. “I’m curious if his brain is dark enough to ooze juice.”

The Purple-clad Girl looked at them coldly, her stunning face filled with a chill, and the atmosphere grew heavier. Just when Ashe thought she was about to lose her temper and lash out to save face, the cries of children being rescued broke the silence.

She sighed, “What kind of corrupt Kingdom cultivates such cunning devils as you?”

“I’d rather call it wisdom,” Igor said indifferently.

The Purple-clad Girl took out another intact piece of Contract Fabric from her bosom, gave it a light pat, and immediately lines of text appeared.

“This is my bottom line,” she said. “Sign it, or die here.”

Cleos fired three shots, releasing the Miracle chains from around Ashe and his companions without harming them in the slightest.

Trespassers showed no intent to resist; not only were they surrounded by a dozen Red Caps, but they still wore Arcane Lock Collars around their necks. Moreover, the weeping female Elf alone was enough to dissuade them from any bold ideas—they might not have captured Selina, but it was highly likely that the Elf was also a Sorcerer from the Tri-wing Sanctuary!

With a Cult Leader of Ashe’s caliber having Gerard at his service, it was obvious that Selina was of a higher rank in every aspect compared to Ashe. Cleos, responsible for capturing Selina, couldn’t possibly be inferior to Gerard. Besides, Cleos was ranked tenth on the Red Cap Total Ranking, and it was odd that she didn’t have Rainbow Wings.

As for why a Tri-wing Sorcerer couldn’t capture a seemingly weak Cult Leader... with Ashe as a clear example, Igor and Harvey considered it a normal occurrence.

They obediently picked up the Contract to read it and immediately showed puzzled expressions, exchanging glances without a word.

This time, the Purple-clad Girl was really angry, and her green pupils almost turned into vertical slits filled with Killing Intent: “Are you trying to push your luck?”

Ashe raised his hand and said, “No, we just have a small request.”

“What is it?”

“Could you give us a dictionary?” he lifted the Contract: “There are some words here we don’t understand.”

In truth, not understanding some words was an understatement for Ashe—almost half of the text was completely incomprehensible to them, with a difference not like that between simplified and traditional characters, but more like that between modern text and Martian script!

Interestingly, the other half of the text was identical to the language of the Blood Moon Kingdom.

After all, for different kingdoms with almost no contact, even if their languages and scripts shared the same origin, they would inevitably evolve into two entirely different systems over time. The fact that Ashe and his companions could barely understand the language here was already quite lucky; it was perfectly reasonable that they could only comprehend half of the written text.

Ashe suddenly remembered that the Swordswoman's accent was a bit odd, but then he heard she came from the countryside, and he thought it was just a charming quirk of her character...

"Ah, my apologies, that was my oversight."

With a snap of her fingers, the Purple-clad Girl summoned a book bound in exquisite purple amethyst, which materialized in front of her. Perhaps due to the frequency of its mention today or the book's own peculiar allure, Ashe and his companions instantly recognized its name—the "Gospel."

"One Point each, my treat," declared the Purple-clad Girl as she tossed three golden seeds to them. Igor rubbed one between his fingers, finding its texture gelatinous, "What is this?"

"The Gospel for mortals, the medium of knowledge, the foundation of omniscience, the bane of ignorance, the seeds of wisdom," the Purple-clad Girl said with a smile. "These are the Seeds of Wisdom. Eat them, and you'll immediately master our language."

In the suburbs of Kaimon City, Blood Moon Kingdom.

"It's a shame we can't go up to the waterfall..." Adra sat on a small stool, gazing at the crimson waterfall bathed in the blood moon's light, her face etched with regret.

"Camping here is just as good," Freya was more easy-going. She lifted the pot lid with tongs and declared, "The river delicacy pot is ready! I'm starving, didn't think we'd only get to eat when the sky turned red, all because Adra can't fish..."

"It's your fault for not being able to start a fire!"

Despite their bickering, the two were efficient in scooping up the food, blowing on it to cool before satisfyingly munching away.

Clearly, they were camping—albeit not in the traditional sense. The proper way to camp, according to Sorcerer training, would be to camp alone since it's a preliminary part of a Sorcerer's regimen.

Upon entering the Virtual Realm, a Sorcerer must journey through the Sea of Knowledge alone, facing challenges such as loneliness, fear, and silence. For humans, who are social creatures, new Sorcerers often need considerable time to adapt to the adventures of the Virtual Realm. Therefore, to forge the will of Sorcerers, Apprentices can engage in various activities in reality to simulate the experience of Virtual Realm Adventure.

Camping, for instance, serves as an excellent means of experience. Wilderness survival is quite similar to Virtual Realm Adventure, and most college students go camping to get

a taste of independent living, which also means a not-so-low probability of encountering bad elements and untimely demise.

But this is precisely one of the necessary elements of camping: without the risk to life, there would be no experiential value!

So, the way Freya and Adra were camping was incorrect—they couldn't possibly travel in pairs in the Virtual Realm, and camping together held no value for training!

After eating her fill, Adra's gaze still longingly drifted toward the upstream of the waterfall: "What happened there, why is it sealed off as a restricted Area?"

They had originally planned to camp upstream of the waterfall, an Area rumored to be frequented by bears, wolves, and dogs, brimming with danger. Adra, who loved the thrill of gambling, had prepared her Handgun and various weapons, ready for a night vigil to play a game of 'who's the Hunter' with the animals. However, upon arrival, they discovered that the entire Area had been sealed by the Sin Hunter's Hall, with no entry allowed for non-authorized individuals.

"Maybe there's a Virtual Realm Passage," Freya suggested while stripping off her clothes.

"...You're in the mood just after eating?"

"No, I'm going to bathe." The Bewitcher pointed towards the nearby river and said, "Don't worry, I can hold off for a night or two."

"And what about three nights?"

"Can you go three days without gambling?"

"Wow, you're strong." Adra admired: "I can only abstain from gambling for one day."

Watching the Bewitcher playfully jump into the crimson river, Adra secretly let out a sigh.

The last time, Adra had intended to invite Freya to relax, but it turned out to be a relaxation trip for herself. She felt a bit guilty, but seeing that even beauty couldn't tempt the Bewitcher, Adra became even more convinced that Freya must have a serious problem.

After much thought, Adra decided to take her camping to experience nature, and the reasoning was perfectly legitimate. Camping, along with the risks of being harassed or even murdered by vagrants, was an essential part of college life that had to be experienced.

Wait, she's gone to bathe, then who's going to wash the dishes and the pot?

Muttering to herself, Adra still obediently picked up the utensils and headed to the river slightly upstream from Freya to clean them, trying to annoy the Bewitcher with the greasy mess. Freya, seeing from afar that her plot was uncovered, swam over in an appeasing manner: "Oops, let me help you wash a dish—"

Splash!

Both turned their gaze toward the waterfall as Adra asked, "Did you hear that?"

"I did," Freya nodded: "It sounded like something fell into the waterfall. A rock?"

"I don't think so..."

Under their anxious scrutiny, a pitiable figure in a black dress, petite and doll-like, appeared before them, carried by the current like a discarded child.

"Kind big sister, considerate big sister," the drenched puppet girl said pitifully: "Can you save Selina?"

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

Chapter 188: Daddy!

"Employment Contract"

"Party A: Annan Dolan"

"Party B: Ashe Heath/Igor Bukin/Archibald Harvey"

"Clause 1: Party A is required to ensure the personal safety of Party B."

"Clause 2: Party A must guarantee Party B eight hours of Rest daily."

"Clause 3: Party B has the right to autonomously decide their course of action when injured."

" "

"Clause 39: Party B has the right to refuse unreasonable mating demands."

“Subject to the above clauses, Party A may command Party B to do anything, but such commands must not violate the aforementioned clauses.”

“Contract duration: 101 days, start time: May 2, 1668, 19:15, end time: August 10, 1668, 19:15.”

As the three contracts dissolved into golden light and vanished into the air, the Purple-clad Girl Annan pressed a button, and the Arcane Lock Collars of the three individuals named Ashe were simultaneously released.

“Welcome to the team. Let us get along well for the next 101 days.”

Annan spread her arms as if to welcome them: “I am the head of the Funeral Firm, Annan Dolan. You can call me Director, Miss, or Boss, but I prefer another title—Purple Moth. This is my Butler, Banjeet Mikalis, also the second member of the firm.”

The young Butler politely nodded to them and handed them each a handkerchief.

Igor accepted the handkerchief with a cold demeanor, feeling somewhat reluctant—time was indeed tight, and they were under someone else’s roof and had to bow their heads. The other party was adamant about not modifying the ‘absolute control’ clause, so Igor could only add clauses to protect their rights.

Besides, Annan’s reasoning was sound: she needed them for some very secretive tasks, and without having been granted control, there was no basis for mutual trust. How could she possibly reveal her true needs?

Ashe, staring at the handkerchief, suddenly asked a strange question: “Is it also 1668 here?”

“Hmm?” Annan accurately captured the keyword: “Also?”

“We come from the Blood Moon Kingdom,” Igor’s eyes flickered, “according to the Blood Moon calendar, today is also May 2, 1688.”

The fact that different nations shared the same calendar was intriguing, hinting at secrets from ancient times, so everyone silently agreed to drop the topic.

“Actually, there’s something I’ve been wanting to ask for a long time,” Ashe said. “Despite being from different nations, why do we share the same language and have similar writing systems?”

As soon as these words were spoken, everyone looked at Ashe with subtle expressions. Annan, with high emotional intelligence, directly posed the question, “It seems the Blood Moon Kingdom is quite a barbaric place, haven’t they popularized basic education yet?”

"I won't refute the first part of your statement, but he really did fall through the cracks of basic education," Igor sighed. "Please don't generalize his individual behavior to all of the Blood Moon people."

Ashe still looked confused, but at that moment, Red Cap Cleos approached and clarified his doubts, "The original written language came from the names of spirits. Once a Sorcerer fully masters a spirit, they learn the true name and pronunciation of that spirit. Hence, in any nation ruled by Sorcerers, the languages and pronunciations are largely similar."

Annan also commented, "The characters you didn't recognize just now are mostly 'extended characters' that have never become the names of spirits. If I'm not mistaken, the number of 'extended characters' is decreasing every year, gradually being replaced by the 'root characters' of new spirits."

"So, there is a set of root characters in this world?" Ashe had a moment of realization. "Then who created these root characters...?"

"That's an excellent question. Every generation of Sorcerers tries to unveil the mysteries of the spirits. When you become interested, it means you're also contributing to this great cause," Annan encouraged. "As long as you follow my commands for these 101 days, afterward, you'll not only gain your freedom but perhaps also the power to know the Truth. I won't let you down."

Adapting on the fly is crucial when it comes to offering incentives, and on this front, the Firm's director indeed had a Talent for exploiting people—though her heart didn't seem hard enough. It appeared that 'touching fish' under her leadership would be quite an easy task... Ashe quickly assessed the new boss's various attributes.

At that moment, Cleos looked at Annan and asked, "Annan, you said before that you only picked up three people from the exotic lands through the 'Gospel'?"

"Yes, what about it?"

"Besides the three of them, we found another person from the exotic lands."

While everyone was still in shock, a Red Cap led a little girl with white hair over to them. Ashe and the others recognized her immediately—she was the calm and collected little Drama Queen from the ritual.

The Drama Queen hung her head low, clutching the hem of her dress nervously, and then timidly glanced up at Annan. Her large eyes were filled with fear, like a trembling little lamb, eliciting a sense of pity from those around her.

Annan's tone instantly became as sweet as melting ice cream: "There, there, let sister check if your ears are hurt."

She examined the back of the little girl's ears and found no countdown, but since Cleos mentioned it, it couldn't be false. Annan quickly confirmed through the 'Gospel' that the little girl was indeed from the exotic lands.

Because she could not find any past for the little girl!

Only those who had not lived in the Gospel Kingdom would have no past records in the 'Gospel'!

"There, there, can you tell sister why you are here? Where do your parents live? I can take you back to them."

The white-haired little girl looked at her timidly and shook her head: "I... I don't know... I was caught by the bad guys..."

"Where were you before you were caught by the bad guys, what were you doing?"

"I don't know... I forgot..." She shook her head in distress: "I don't remember anything."

Annan didn't show whether she believed or disbelieved the girl, instead, she opened the 'Gospel' and spent points to conduct a search.

The conclusion from the Gospel was that the little girl was not lying.

She had truly lost her memory!

"It could be due to an accident while transmigrating through the Virtual Realm Passage or when caught by Cultists, leading to amnesia," Annan turned to look at Ashe and the others: "Answer me, did you see her before coming to the Gospel Kingdom?"

"No," the three of them responded in unison.

Before Ashe could process the situation, his mouth had already reacted.

Igor's expression shifted slightly—it was an easily discernible shock, but indeed very effective. Annan's control over them was more direct and thorough than imagined.

"Have you checked her body?"

"There are no traces of Miracle or spirit." Cleos stated, "Theoretically, she should pose no threat, but..."

Annan understood Cleos' concerns. Trespassers like Ashe and his companions, who had burned their bridges, were one thing, but a white-haired little girl of unknown origin was indeed a very dangerous bomb. If it were any other time, Annan would also

suggest letting the little girl sleep eternally in her dreams, for after all, what family would be willing to take in a child from the Exotic Lands?

But as it happened, Annan needed People from the Exotic Lands, and children were more suitable candidates for her needs than adults.

She thought for a moment and asked, “Do you remember your name?”

After a moment of silence, the white-haired little girl said, “Lise, my name is Lise.”

“Annan.” Cleos couldn’t help but interject, “A contract signed by a minor has no legal force.”

“Only Fabric does not recognize the contractual power of minors, but the basic Virtual Realm Contract does not care about the age of the parties.” Annan extended her hand to the little girl, “Shake hands.”

However, the little girl stepped back in fear, as if Annan’s palm concealed needles.

The beautiful Purple Moth slightly narrowed her eyes, her smile becoming even more radiant, “What’s the matter, don’t you like shaking hands with sister? If you shake hands with sister, she will be willing to take care of you, buy you pretty clothes, tasty snacks, and even tell you fairy tales to lull you to sleep at night~”

Igor watched from the sidelines with a cold gaze. Although this woman named Annan seemed somewhat naïve in her methods, her heart was definitely decisive and cunning. First, she sold them to the Four Pillars Cult, then she colluded with the Red Caps to attack the Cult and rescue them, and after that, she let the Red Caps threaten them, only to appear herself as their savior... It was a roller coaster of emotions and events.

The minds of the People from the Exotic Lands, already groggy, were turned into a muddle of Lala Fatty sauce after such a rapid succession of bewildering events, leaving them utterly incapable of making any accurate judgments.

Upon seeing Annan, who had trafficked them, actually willing to rescue them in their hour of need, it was easy to trigger a ‘victim mentality’ where they could be so moved by the perpetrator’s kindness that they would lose their reason and naturally sign a humiliating slave Contract.

Fortunately, all three of them were hardened villains who had clawed their way out of the manure pit; even if not at their best, it was almost a survival instinct for them to see through such basic deceit—Ashe wouldn’t be fooled either.

Although the plan failed, this did not mean Annan was incompetent.

Her ability to quickly regain composure and negotiate with Igor, even willing to make certain concessions to expedite the signing of the contract, was enough for Igor to take a second look at her—greedy but not avaricious, indifferent to sunk costs, not coveting the best outcome, always able to make the optimal decision, she had the makings of a ‘perfectly rational person.’

Therefore, Igor knew that if they did not sign the contract, Annan would definitely not let them go—putting oneself in another’s shoes, if Igor could not secure a ‘scarce resource,’ he would rather destroy it than let it slip away.

Similarly, if the girl named Lise refused Annan’s invitation, then Annan would no longer treat her as a cute little girl but would purely see her as a ‘scarce resource.’

One can be gentle and kind to a little girl, but when dealing with a scarce resource, one only needs to make the optimal decision.

Perhaps sensing danger, the white-haired little girl retreated even more, her lips pouting in distress, tears nearly spilling over.

She looked around, then suddenly burst into tears and lunged toward one of them—
“Daddy!”

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

Chapter 189: The Concentration of Wicked Women and Wicked Men

Ashe stared dumbfounded at the little girl clinging to his leg, responding to everyone with a bewildered gaze.

“Hey, she’s calling you daddy, does that make you the hero who’s going to save her?”

Harvey actually remembered the joke Ashe had used to fob them off earlier.

It was Igor who vaguely started to catch on and immediately scoffed: “Ashe, I didn’t expect you to have such a big kid... But this isn’t the Blood Moon, so I can sincerely congratulate the two of you on your reunion.”

"That's not it!" Ashe protested, "Look, I have black hair, she has white hair, how could we possibly be related by blood?"

"That just shows your genetic material was defeated," Igor said languidly.

The little girl was crying so hard that her snot was all over the place, sticking to his trousers, she looked up pitifully at Ashe: "Daddy, don't you want me anymore?"

"I'm not your daddy!"

"No, you are my daddy! Waaah, daddy doesn't want me!"

If it were his nephew back home, Ashe would have long since disciplined the brat with a serving of Braised Pork with Rattan

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. But looking at this face, which was a mess from crying yet still endearingly cute, the fist he had clenched softened again.

If I had been this cute when I was little, I probably wouldn't have gotten a spanking for stealing money, during spring outings everyone would have fought to be on my team, and girls would have tried to get my attention by deliberately pulling down my pants...

"This will do."

Ashe looked towards Annan, noticing that Annan was examining their 'father and daughter' interaction with an amused look.

"Considering Heath is now my vassal, if she wishes to be your vassal, she naturally counts as mine too," Annan commanded, "Shake hands with her."

"From now on, please address me as Ashe."

After correcting the form of address, Ashe looked down at Lise, extending his hand towards her, "Come on, be good. Life is like this, you always get bullied by bad women out of the blue."

This time Lise did not resist, instead, she grasped Ashe's index and middle finger with her palm.

Annan pulled out a purple handgun from his embrace, aiming it at the spot where their hands were clasped tight.

“Ashe, make her two offers. First, she must obey you for 101 days; second, she is not to leave your side for 101 days.” She looked at Lise: “Lise, you can also make two offers to him, whatever you want, so that the Contract can be established.”

Ashe could only honestly say, “For the next 101 days, you must obey me.”

Lise’s crystal-clear eyes gleamed with a hint of slyness: “But Daddy, you have to listen to me too.”

Whoosh!

Annan shot out a stream of purple light, which turned into a chain binding both of their hands tightly, the shining purple marks spreading all the way to their hearts.

Great, you listen to me, and I listen to you; won’t this turn into an infinite recursive loop?

Ashe continued, “For 101 days, you are not to leave me.”

“I won’t leave Daddy,” Lise said with tears turning to laughter, “But Daddy, you have to protect me well!”

Purple Shot Bullets surged out again, inscribing the second vow on the backs of Lise and Ashe’s hands.

“Good,” Annan looked at Cleos: “Now that all People from the Exotic Lands are under my control, there are no problems, right?”

“There’s nothing left owing between us.” Cleos crossed her arms, her tone serious, though her swollen eyes detracted from her authority: “Hurry up and go, we still need to take photos.”

“By the name of Dolan, I will not fail your trust,” Annan said with a laugh, his hands on his hips: “I hope you achieve your desired ranking in the Weaving Festival.”

Butler Banjeet snapped his fingers, and a staircase of frost quietly formed, extending to the ceiling. Annan said to them, “From this moment on, you are no longer People from the Exotic Lands, but Temporary Operators for the Funeral Firm.”

“Come along, I have already prepared clothes and food for you.”

“Yes!”

Lise suddenly rubbed her face against Ashe’s clothes, smearing her snot and tears all over, then dashed over to grab Annan’s hand, following behind the young lady like a little shadow. Ashe watched, jaw dropping, as the little Drama Queen clung to their boss, “She, she’s not very scared...”

Harvey patted his shoulder and said, "Why didn't you let her speak first when signing the Contract just now? That way, even if she made an unreasonable demand, you could have refused. Now, with those two vows just taken, you might really have to devote your life to her."

Igor walked past him, sighing deeply: "Even a little girl we've just met can see at a glance that you're the easiest one among us to deal with."

At that moment, Lise, leading Annan by the hand at the front, turned her head to look back. The corners of her mouth curved slightly upward, her large eyes squinting into a crafty arc as she winked at Ashe and beckoned, "Daddy, come here quickly!"

There was no doubt that her pitiful plea had been a ruse, merely to lower Ashe's guard!

"First, it's the Eternal Calamity with luck beyond reason, followed by the Elves archer who cries while firing arrows, then the Purple Moth, the Leader of the criminal organization we sold and then took back, and now even a little girl is trying to extract whatever value is left of me..."

Ashe couldn't help but hold his forehead: "Is the concentration of bad women tonight a bit too high?"

On the outskirts of Kaimon City in the Blood Moon Kingdom.

By now, Freya had dressed herself, and she had changed Selina into clean clothes. She looked at this thin, doll-like girl with eyes full of compassion. A circle of blood-light-forged shackles was tightly placed around Selina's neck, declaring her status as a foreigner.

"Do you still feel cold? Would you like another layer of clothing?"

"Thank you, sister," Selina said with a pleasing, humble smile. "It's much better now, no need to trouble you."

"It's no trouble at all..."

"Freya, come out for a moment," Adra's voice came from outside.

Freya looked at Selina, only to find the doll girl's eyes moist with tears, her gaze conveying fear and longing. Yet her crystal lips trembled slightly, and she said not a word.

Bewitcher's heart nearly melted. She adjusted the position of the lamp and arranged Selina into a more comfortable position, "I'll step out for a moment, I'll be right outside, don't worry."

“Mm,” the doll girl nodded vigorously: “I’ll wait for you.”

Freya left the tent and walked with Adra to the riverbank a little further away and asked, “What’s wrong?”

“It’s time to notify the Church,” Adra said, crossing her arms. “You’ve seen the collar of blood-light, too. She’s one of the People from the Exotic Lands, just like the Invaders who caused the 422 Incident. She’s a source of calamity!”

“She’s just a poor person who fell into the Virtual Realm Passage while escaping!” Freya retorted with passion. “She couldn’t possibly be a spy from another kingdom. Who would send a girl who can’t move without help, devoid of her limbs, to explore the Outer Realm?”

“Who knows if what she says is true or not...”

“But the state of her body doesn’t lie; you’ve seen it, too. There definitely exists a country that’s barbaric and ignorant enough to treat limbless girls as sacred and to see dolls meant for manipulation as statues... She’s escaped from that hell, how can we just send her back there?”

“The Church might send her to a Nursery—”

“Adra, have you ever seen even one child with a physical or intellectual disability in a Nursery?”

Adra fell silent. In the Blood Moon Kingdom, infants born with disabilities had no right to breathe. Children who became disabled later could have their limbs restored with the help of a Medic, but Selina’s limb wounds had become round and smooth like jade, beyond what a Medic could address.

“So, what do you plan to do? Fit her with mechanical prosthetics?”

“Not now, she’s too young. Mechanical prosthetics would greatly restrict her growth...”

“What do you mean?”

Adra suddenly grabbed Freya’s shoulders. “You’re not thinking of raising her, are you?”

Freya averted her gaze. “But she needs to be cared for...”

“She’s a person, a minor, not a cat or dog!” Adra hissed, pressing her voice through clenched teeth. “We’ve encountered People from the Exotic Lands and kept silent, that’s one thing; citizens aren’t obliged to pursue them. But raising a minor is different, even raising a minor from the Exotic Lands, it would violate the Bloodline Prohibition Act. Only Nurseries under the Church have the right to raise minors!”

“And have you passed the certification for fostering? Have you interned at a Nursery? Ordinary people who want to work at a Nursery have to go through a series of training and examinations to get certified. Not just anyone can raise a child! What makes you think you can raise a minor when you can’t even take care of yourself?”

“I will learn.”

“Why can’t you see reason!” Adra was on the verge of insanity. “You’re a Bewitcher, you’re only supposed to entice men. How come I never knew Bewitchers could be drawn to girls too?!”

“This is Destiny.”

Adra was taken aback.

Freya said earnestly, “It just so happens we came across her, it just so happens Selina is a person from the Exotic Lands who needs care, it just so happens that most people in the Blood Moon Kingdom are unfriendly toward her... It’s not that I’m being overly kind, but here in the Blood Moon, only I can save her.”

“If I do nothing, she will die.” The Bewitcher spoke softly. “My heart is so fragile that I can’t bear even a bit of guilt.”

Adra sighed. She felt like she had sighed more in these days than she had in the past decade.

“But if someone reports you, you will be breaking the law.”

“What’s there to fear, it’s not my first time breaking the law—”

“I can’t pretend I didn’t hear that, young ladies.”

A weathered voice suddenly came from nearby. They shuddered and slowly turned their heads.

With the moon dim, all they could see was a tall man in a Blood Mad Hunter uniform appearing on the opposite riverbank.

“What else have you done against the law?” the Hunter asked amiably. “If you confess voluntarily now, Sin Hunter’s Hall has a discount. With a 30-day detention, you get 15 days off.”

“I... does downloading pirated videos count?” Freya said as she backed away, then suddenly rushed into the tent to pick up Selina. But as she came out, she saw the Hunter standing in front of the tent.

Under the dim Moonshadow, he looked like a king who ruled the night, a demon trampling on life, his crimson eyes the brightest light. A strong sense of oppression came over them; Freya could barely resist, but Adra had already collapsed in fear on the river pebble road.

"I received a notice from the Church," said the Hunter, looking at the doll-like girl in the Bewitcher's arms wearing a Blood Moon Collar, "saying that People from the Exotic Lands have come through the Virtual Realm Passage to the Blood Moon Kingdom... She does seem quite pitiable..."

"She's not a spy from the Exotic Lands!" Freya's voice trembled, tightly protecting Selina. "There's no need—"

"Of course, there's no need."

The Hunter smiled and said, "Just a moment ago, the Virtual Realm Passage upstream dissipated. Even if there were any contingencies set by a Sorcerer from the Exotic Lands on her, they're now rendered useless."

Freya's eyes lit up. "Then—"

"But according to the law, People from the Exotic Lands should die."

The Hunter's hand rested on the hilt of his sword, and his voice suddenly turned cold. Selina seemed to sense the dire threat and fearfully snuggled closer within Freya's embrace.

Freya thought of running, but her legs were so weak they wouldn't move; not collapsing was already a testament to the courage left behind by some Cult Leader.

"Is this cycle of the Blood Moon... really so barbaric and cruel?" Freya closed her eyes. "Maybe I should have left back then too..."

"Interesting," the Hunter laughed. "Even if I don't kill her, she won't survive on her own. The Nursery won't accept someone from the Exotic Lands without a Chip implanted, and it's illegal for ordinary people to foster a minor. She has no means to live independently, and within the vast Blood Moon Kingdom, there's no place for her."

"I will take care of her."

"Even if I don't arrest you, can you guarantee you'll hide her well? Won't your neighbors, your landlord notice anything? Your kindness is commendable, but your good deed is just an impulse."

"So we should just watch her die?" Search the NôveFire.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

“There’s another way.”

Suddenly the Hunter reached out, snatching the doll-like girl from the Bewitcher’s arms.

“That is for me to take care of her.”

Freya was stunned. She exchanged a glance with Adra, and both of the well-informed college women had the same thought—pedophilia!

“Don’t misunderstand,” the Hunter seemed to know what they were thinking. “My work keeps me away from home most of the time; I’ll likely hire someone to take care of her. If you’re willing, you can also come and look after her, and at the same time ensure that I’m not mistreating her.”

“Aren’t you afraid of being reported?”

“I’m not afraid,” the Hunter chuckled. “Because I am the Blood Mad Hunter, not a powerless college student.”

Bewitcher wanted to say more, but at this moment, her friend softly called out, “Freya.”

Freya looked at Adra and saw fear and pleading in her eyes. She was struck by a realization that she could no longer be willful; she couldn’t drag Adra into the Whirlpool because of her own stubbornness.

Freya sighed and asked, “But I still don’t understand. You’re not only the Blood Mad Hunter but also likely of the sacred bloodline, right? Adopting a minor from the Exotic Lands violates multiple laws... Why would you do this?”

It was common knowledge within the Blood Moon Kingdom that the sacred bloodline was the most law-abiding and the Moonshadow the kindest. However, the Blood Mad Hunter before Freya completely shattered this perception—he dared to actively trample the rules set by the Blood Moon Sovereign.

“Why indeed... I’m also searching for the answer.”

The Hunter’s tone was somewhat elusive: “Perhaps it’s because I know the sacred bloodline has its limits, so I need to surpass it. Or maybe... I’ve been influenced by that man too.”

He looked at the doll-like girl he was holding: “Kid, I’m your Guardian now, how about introducing yourself?”

Selina’s expression was quite grim. She had managed to charm that foolish woman with difficulty, and once settled, manipulating her to rebuild the Four Pillars Cult here would not be a hard task. But this man was much more difficult to deal with, and Selina

vaguely felt that although he was looking at her, his gaze seemed to be chasing an illusion she knew nothing about.

Damn it, first there was Ashe Heath and now this Hunter. The concentration of bad men tonight is just too high, isn't it?

"Selina Bright," she said, trembling.

Just then, the Blood Moon broke through the clouds, and the crimson moonlight illuminated the Hunter's weathered face and his gray-white hair.

"I am Gerard Wessminster, Hunter Number 307791," the Hunter said. "Pleased to meet you, Selina. I have a feeling we'll get along just fine."

Footnote:

1. Braised Pork with Rattan(藤条焖猪肉):

This is a colloquial metaphor in Chinese culture, referring to the act of spanking children's buttocks with a rattan cane.

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

Chapter 191: Calamity Walker

"I'm not fond of adorning my speech with words like 'revenge,' 'grudges,' or 'hatred.' Cowards use literary embellishments to mask their incompetence, linguistically deconstructing their own fury... But now, as a Necromancer in the Exotic Lands, I have neither past nor future. Corpses are not just my medium; they are also my destiny."

The Necromancer spoke with a chill in his voice, "I care nothing for long-term benefits. My mood is the sole standard for my actions."

"It's quite clear, considering your daily indulgence in Moon Sugar, that you're intent on living a short life," Igor raised an eyebrow. "Are you plotting revenge against Annan?"

"Perhaps," Harvey smacked his lips, biting on his knuckle. "It mostly depends on how I feel at the moment. If I run out of sugar, just a touch of resentment might be enough to ignite my icy stream of fire... By the way, the night I left Shattered Lake Prison, I vowed to turn all those who aspired to be my superiors into adorable subordinates of my liking."

"I'm not telling you this to invite you to join my plans for vengeance a hundred days in advance, just hoping that when the time comes, you'll at least stand aside. I don't want to engage with you. You're not only troublesome but... I genuinely don't want to."

Ashe blinked, "Honestly, I'm a bit touched. After all, the first time we met, you discussed how my livor mortis could be made to look prettier..."

At this, Harvey was no longer sleepy. "If you let me prepare, I promise that no matter when you die, your body will bloom with beautiful black roses..."

"Worry not, Necromancer," Igor replied coldly. "I won't oppose you, nor will I join your foolish quest for revenge. I won't deny that I still harbor resentment, but if Annan can make amends in the coming days, I might be able to let go of this 'minor discord'."

"After all, emotions are the least reliable thing. Even sworn enemies can turn into..." Igor paused, then abruptly changed the subject, "Speaking of which, Harvey, aren't you worried that this room might be bugged? Your declaration of revenge could have already been overheard by Annan."

"Ah, that's right, I'm done for," Harvey smacked his head, "It seems I really have had too much Moon Sugar..."

"What about you?" Igor turned to Ashe, "Do you want revenge on Annan?"

"You're asking me to speak ill of someone behind their back, fully aware we could be listened in on?" Ashe retorted, but then tilted his head, pondering, "To be honest, I'm more curious than vengeful."

"Curious?"

"Curious about how she will use us," Ashe said. "Being a chess player allows one to control their own Destiny, but even as a mere pawn, can't one still admire the grandeur of the player's strategies up close?"

"But she first sold you to the Four Pillars Cult and then used trickery to force you into a Slave Contract. Do you not hold any resentment?"

"There might be some resentment, but it dissipated quite a bit when the Butler bought me boxers," Ashe sighed, "I admit I'm a man of weak will, easily swayed by small kindnesses. Frankly, I'm now worried that Annan might try to seduce me with beauty tricks..."

Igor snickered at that, "If Fernand Snow heard you calling yourself an honest man, he'd be livid enough to crawl out of the sixth layer of hell."

"So, you're not planning on taking revenge?" Harvey asked.

"If I were to seek revenge, it wouldn't be for the grievances of the first day," Ashe said, looking out at the neon-lit night scene, "but for the disappointments accumulated over the following 101 days."

"As for that Contract, I never cared much about it."

Ashe turned his head to look at them, "Do you really think a mere Contract can bind me?"

Hearing such a brazen statement, Igor instinctively wanted to scoff, but as he looked at Ashe's face, somehow bright, somehow shadowed, he found himself at a loss for words, as if overpowered.

Was it because of the persuasive power that came with the Cult Leader's notorious past?

Was it because this Prison Escapee possessed a power that couldn't be ignored?

Or was it because... he had come to deeply understand that this man named Ashe Heath was the most terrifying among them?

The malice wrapped under that human skin could become a wind that sweeps everything before it, turning the windmill of calamity—

"I am indeed a national-level master of backing out, a professional touch fish, an annual subscriber to the company Restroom, a platinum salary thief. I'm no good at working, but I'm the best at taking a break," Ashe said languidly. "To think a mere Contract would make me work, you're really underestimating me."

"..." Igor lightly slapped himself.

"But Ashe, besides the 101-day Contract, you also have a lifetime Contract with that little girl," Harvey reminded. "Are you ready to be a dad?"

At this, Ashe's face darkened—by now he knew all too well why the little girl Lise had sought him out; she had targeted him because of his soft heart, boldly making those two outrageous vows.

Someone like Annan or Igor, who grew up eating the bread of sorrows, would never Sign such an absurdly tyrannical Contract with her. It was only Ashe, already accustomed to being squeezed by unscrupulous corporate Contracts, who was taken in by her cuteness and didn't react in time, ending up thoroughly trapped.

Annan was willing to let Ashe Sign a Contract with Lise because she didn't want to shoulder two extra burdens. Although she could have Lise not make excessive demands, naturally, the fewer Contract promises, the better.

Igor looked at Harvey strangely, “You still don’t know the meaning of being a dad?”

“I do,” Harvey shrugged. “But isn’t it fun to tease Ashe about it?”

Watching Ashe’s frustrated expression, Igor coughed and said nonchalantly, “The Contract system here is different from the one under the Blood Moon, but Annan wouldn’t use any particularly grand Ritual for it. At most, it might bind a Two Wings Sorcerer. If you give me some time to study, perhaps I could—”

Knock knock.

The Butler boy opened the door and said politely, “Miss invites you to discuss in the hall. If you’d like to Rest for the evening, it can be postponed until tomorrow.”

“I don’t know if I have to sell my body or my Soul next, but I certainly can’t sleep,” Igor said coldly. “Lead the way.”

He thought for a moment and decided not to make any light promises to Ashe just yet—Rule Six for a Con Artist: don’t reveal your hand before the deal is done.

Unless it’s a client you want to deceive, don’t give away hope too lightly.

Following the Butler, Ashe wasn’t thinking about the Destiny that lay ahead.

The reason he so quickly accepted his new identity and was willing to accept Annan’s temporary leadership was not just because of the traditional adaptation skill of ‘in for a penny, in for a pound,’ but also because he suddenly acquired a strange new Occupational Trait—

“Occupation: Calamity Walker/Social Idler”

“Occupational Traits: Normal state Luck Check +5, critical moments Luck Check -50, more likely to trigger mysterious events, more likely to encounter complications, more likely to be observed by Destiny, more likely to trigger major failures. The appetite of the spirit is reduced, feeding requirements decreased by 50%.”

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

Chapter 190: Outsiders Among Us

“Have we transmigrated to some formidable Kingdom?”

Ashe pressed himself against the floor-to-ceiling glass, overlooking the city that never slept below. A dim moon hung in the night sky like a dulled jade plate, powerfully asserting that they had lost their chance to participate in the live-action adventure of the Blood Moon Tribunal.

Skyscrapers towered, neon lights dangled high above, and the self-driving cars on the highways—forgive Ashe’s limited science fiction vocabulary—were like a tightly programmed collective. The distance between each vehicle was consistent, their speeds nearly identical. When one car veered off into a branch road, another swiftly took its place. There were no traffic lights or pedestrian crossings on the roads, yet the vehicles seemed to possess a superior ability to self-manage.

Moreover, countless drones shuttled through the night. They, too, were meticulously planned, navigating the skies with efficiency and speed, even capable of point-to-point services—as they had just witnessed when a drone suddenly zipped into their room, dropped off a few pairs of underwear, and left just as quickly.

Because Harvey preferred briefs, Ashe liked boxer shorts, and Igor preferred to go commando, but only briefs were provided here.

Upon hearing their needs, the young Butler Banjeet said, “I will fulfill your requirements as soon as possible.” They hadn’t expected, however, that ‘as soon as possible’ would mean new underwear delivered right after their shower.

It was then that Ashe and his companions discovered a delivery hatch in the room reserved for drone entry, just the right size to allow a drone to pass through but too narrow to stick an arm into.

Compared to the grandeur of the cityscape, it was precisely these inconspicuous architectural features and integrated services, these heartwarming little designs, that filled the three foreign workers with trepidation—had the productivity here flourished to the point where one could save even the last minute of receiving a delivery?

If Ashe had to choose one word to describe the city, it would be ‘alive.’

This city was like a living machine, operating with precision and efficiency, everything fast yet orderly, like a skilled conductor leading an orchestra, where every note fits perfectly, without any superfluous noise, everything so pleasing to the ear.

Ashe initially thought Blood Moon Kaimon City was impressive, but compared to the city beneath his feet, Kaimon City might as well have been dubbed ‘death metal’, not just connected to the earth, but to hell itself.

Indeed, Ashe wasn't surveying the city from a high-rise building; quite the contrary, he was looking out from Level -51, the lowest level of the structure.

Below the floor he stood on was not a foundation, but a Terrace.

And beneath that Terrace was a city on ground level. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

A skyscraper that reached up to 80 stories tall faced Ashe's Level -51 spot with less than 100 meters of clear space between them. Ashe had observed this scene from the car earlier, feeling as if stalactites were staring back at him, or as if the sky and earth were locked in a kiss.

This was a fantasy city so mad it made one tremble; the ground level was a regular city, but the second level was an inverted city—with all buildings constructed facing downward, the ground of the second level was actually at the highest point.

"Hopefully, the corpse management system here is a bit more relaxed..." Harvey, swinging his recently healed left arm and sucking on Moon Sugar, lazily said from his seat: "Civilizations that know how to utilize corpses are the good ones."

"No wonder those Red Caps, who seemed like the security forces, let us off so easily."

Igor, watching the drones traverse the night sky, said, "Just mount guns and cannons on those machines, and they would be sufficient to encircle and slaughter a common Sorcerer legion. The automated aerial security system, still under research in Blood Moon Kingdom, is already a reality here."

"Unless a Level 3 or higher Virtual Realm Passage is opened by Sorcerers from the Sanctuary leading a Hunting Festival, it's impossible to create any ripples in this Civilized Kingdom."

"To them, we who come from a Level 2 Virtual Realm Passage are but lowly pawns. Though considered evil outsiders that must be eradicated, we're at most seen as cockroaches, not even worthy of being called centipedes."

At this point, Igor couldn't help but feel a bit resentful: "In such a well-regulated Civilized Kingdom, if we manage to hide for three days until the countdown disappears, we'll definitely find a way to become official citizens here, enjoying social benefits, instead of being forced to become that woman's hundred-day Slaves—"

"The social welfare system in Blood Moon Kingdom is actually quite comprehensive," Ashe suddenly said. "The only requirement is the implantation of a neck chip. If Blood Moon were willing to waive your punishments, but on the condition that you get the chip implanted again, would you be willing?"

“No,” Harvey spread his hands. “The Research Institute has a monopoly on the corpse industry. Small operators like me can’t survive. Even if it wasn’t for escaping from prison, I’d definitely leave the internally competitive Red Ocean of Blood Moon... Ah, where exactly is the Blue Ocean of corpses that belongs to me?”

“I don’t like to answer hypothetical questions,” Igor said calmly.

“Although there’s no evidence, I feel that this Civilized Kingdom may not be as great as it seems to our eyes,” Ashe picked up a cream-filled cookie from the snack plate. “If everyone here really lived and worked in peace and contentment, why would the Four Pillars Cult here be more prosperous than the one in Kaimon City?”

“Have you not considered that this could be due to a significant gap in the capabilities between the leaders of the two organizations?” Igor replied disdainfully.

“Moreover, being employed by Annan isn’t entirely bad,” Ashe continued. “Being used isn’t scary; what’s scary is not being of use. Even if we, as you say, Bewitcher, could slowly assimilate into this world from the bottom up, how long would that take? Would the risk cost be high? Can a group of penniless outsiders really find their footing in a well-organized Civilized Kingdom? I’m afraid even sleeping under a bridge would get us chased away for ‘affecting the city’s appearance.’”

“Annan knows the advantages of our Race, advantages even we’re not aware of. She doesn’t just know them; she’s even willing to pay a price to utilize those advantages... Igor, if I were to discover a Talent you have in a certain Magical Faction, and the price was for you to lick me thoroughly without dead angles for the next hundred days, would you be willing?”

“As I said, I don’t like answering hypothetical questions,” Igor replied coldly. “Besides, I couldn’t pay that price. At most, after three minutes I’d probably die from severe dehydration due to vomiting caused by intense nausea.”

While Ashe said that, everyone understood the subtext—these hundred days weren’t just about Annan using them; they could also use Annan.

With the help of Annan, a native, not only could Ashe and the others quickly integrate into this world, but Annan would also help them uncover unknown values they were not even aware of.

Even if Annan took a large share or even all of the value they provided, at least they would know their unique Talents. It was akin to receiving vocational training, though at the cost of selling themselves into servitude.

“But don’t forget who sold us to the Four Pillars Cult as Sacrifices.”

Harvey abruptly stretched his left arm, his bones making a crisp sound, clearly healed. The habitual laziness on his face was gone. Narrowing his eyes slightly, his dark visage took on the coldness befitting Kaimon City's premier killer and a Controller.

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

Chapter 192: Is It Only Ashe? Only Ashe? Only Ashe?

Calamity Walker!

Though the name carries an aura of sinister madness, its effect was almost like Ashe challenging Freya—exhilarating, followed by certain death. A mere +5 to luck isn't much, but at critical moments, it's as if luck plummets to -50.

Winning is like gaining a tiny piece of candy, losing is like losing an entire factory, akin to the losses one can suffer in the stock market.

In addition to that, 'more likely to trigger mysterious events, more likely to encounter complications, more likely to be observed by Destiny, more likely to trigger major failures.' In short, it means being more prone to misfortune, and once misfortune strikes, a -50 to luck, a perfect combo as if Bewitcher had launched an attack with both hand and mouth.

If Ashe had a stable life, even just a normal family, he could somewhat counterbalance the disadvantages brought by his Occupational Traits.

After all, a -50 to luck seems daunting, but it actually requires triggering a 'critical moment' as a prerequisite. Therefore, the method to avoid it is simple—just as moral blackmail requires a target with morals, if Ashe lived a calm and uneventful life, even the lowest luck would merely affect his Probability of Eating Wallace's Spray.

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However, Ashe doesn't have a stable life, not even a home.

He even doubts if sleeping under a bridge would, due to his Occupational Traits, lead to non-stop encounters with robberies/gang wars/serial killers/Bewitcher hunts/Sorcerer invasions from Exotic Lands and other such events throughout the night.

Hence, for Ashe, the option of 'blending in from the bottom of this Kingdom' carries an exceedingly high risk. Finding a place to live, looking for a job, even searching for Sorcerer resources—all these tasks are extremely troublesome to begin with. Add to

that a -50 to luck, and Ashe feels like everyone he meets is bound to be a shady middleman.

Annan's hundred-day Contract, while restricting Ashe's freedom, also ensures his safety—the very first clause stipulates that the master must protect the Slave.

With Annan acting as a mediator, Ashe could at least safely navigate the perilous 'newbie phase.' He didn't believe that bad luck was like lightning specifically targeting him; rather, it must be akin to a fifty-meter radius event-level Map blast centered on him. This would inevitably drag others, such as Igor and Annan, into the fray, at least allowing him to share the misfortune. Should anything happen, he wouldn't be the only one facing the consequences.

It seemed likely that the negative status of Calamity Walker was planted when Selina bumped into him, followed by two severe incidents: Annan taking advantage of a crisis and the young girl Lise's cute but deceitful scam. The '+5 to luck' hadn't shown its face yet, but the '-50 to luck' was indeed exceptionally potent.

As these thoughts crossed his mind, they arrived in the living room.

Annan's place appeared to be a large flat design, with the entire 51st level below ground constituting her home. The living room alone was easily over a hundred square meters. As Ashe and the others arrived, they spotted several mechanical spiders returning to their web nests to recharge.

As soon as he entered, Ashe noticed these mechanical spiders cleaning. There was no need for further description; the advantages of such spider machines were evident to the naked eye: extremely flexible, not missing any cleaning dead spots, and offering three-dimensional thoroughness.

There were no signs of other servants, suggesting that the daily cleaning was managed entirely by these mechanical spiders.

Considering the unmanned drone delivery systems and the advanced network of automatic vehicles outside, it seemed that manual labor had lost its exploitative value in this place.

Although it was a Sorcerer-led nation, the level of development here, both macro and micro, seemed to comprehensively outshine the Blood Moon Kingdom. Ashe couldn't help but consider the possibility—was the Blood Moon truly the most barbaric and underdeveloped Sorcerer civilization?

Could his transmigration have started him off in hell?

"Please, take a seat," Annan, already waiting for them at the end of a long table, invited. She had changed into a set of purple silk pajamas—Ashe felt he could already guess

the color of this woman's underwear. The white-haired young girl Lise sat next to her, holding a cup of milk and wearing cute bunny pajamas, her eyes bright and lively.

That was to be expected; during the one-hour car journey from the outskirts, where the Four Pillars Cult was located, to the downtown area, only Lise had enjoyed a sound sleep. Ashe and the other two had merely taken turns resting their eyes.

Butler Banjeet stood by, serving with a demeanor that belied his youthful appearance; he exuded the steadiness of a seasoned butler well over sixty.

On the table lay four aluminum rings with a metallic luster, each engraved with numbers from 1 to 12, exuding a high-tech vibe—three large and one small.

"You can wear it on any finger, the method is to put it on and then give it a twist," Annan said while filing her nails. "These are the latest Gospel Rings from Salome, available in starry gray, matte black, and sparkling blue. If you have a preferred color, you can mention it now and switch within seven days. The numbers on the rings are just to indicate time, they're decorative."

"Gospel Ring?" Igor examined the ring closely with interest.

"That's right, just as you are thinking," Annan confirmed. "Once you put it on, you'll be able to open the 'Gospel.' Most of your questions can be answered through the 'Gospel.'"

An eager Lise had already put on her ring and decisively gave it a twist upon hearing this. Ashe and the others exchanged glances and followed suit.

The next moment, four distinct books appeared before them: Lise's was a crystal cover emitting a rainbow luster; Harvey's seemed to be bound in white bone, emitting a misty gray vapor; Igor's was dazzling with golden light...

Ashe's book was the most peculiar—while the others had covers of solid colors or various runes, his showed an inverted hooded figure holding a book to cover their face, shrouded in mystery.

Annan couldn't help but take a second glance at Ashe's book, but quickly lost interest. "Look at your Gospel and mentally say 'mine.'"

Ashe did as instructed, and the Gospel immediately unfolded, listing rows of information:

"Ashe Heath"

"Current Points: 0"

“Points available this month: 0”

“Current Ranking: None”

“Eh?”

Ashe turned to look and saw Igor and Harvey with expressions of shock. Ashe felt a bit odd; the design wasn't much different from a Chip Holographic Screen—was it really that surprising?

“Annan, I'm number 10 on the 'Azura Beauty Ranking'!” Lise exclaimed excitedly.

Ashe blinked in surprise.

“Two Wings Necromancy Ranking Azura Sub-Ranking” first place.” Harvey spoke somberly: “It seems that the Necromancy Faction isn't that developed here, for me to be in first place...”

“Wait, Harvey, when did you become Two Wings?” Ashe suddenly noticed a detail: “You were still a One Wing sorcerer during the Blood Moon Tribunal!” S~earch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

“My accumulation was actually enough a while ago. During the days of escaping from prison in the Virtual Realm, I absorbed enough arcane energy and successfully made a Breakthrough to the Gold Tier in the Necromancy Faction Realm. Then, by promoting my Lifeline Spirit to Two Wings, I smoothly entered the Time Continent.” Harvey shrugged: “Even a Necromancer who has just been promoted to Two Wings like me is ranked first here... Sigh, I feel like I've arrived in a cultural desert.”

“Isn't being first a good thing?” Igor raised his eyebrows: “Two Wings Mind Ranking Azura Sub-Ranking second place, Azura Beauty Ranking fifth place... The beauty ranking aside, but to think that there's a Mind Sorcerer at the Two Wings level with a higher Faction Realm than me here. If this were at the Blood Moon, I might already be thinking about hiring you to assassinate that colleague.”

“How strange you are. If someone is stronger than you, shouldn't you be thinking about how to surpass him with real strength?”

“Isn't spending money to assassinate him also real strength? Resources, connections, power, intelligence, these are the real strengths of a Mind Sorcerer; arcane energy is just a trivial part of it.”

After some thought, Harvey actually agreed with Igor's twisted logic: “That's also true, after all, corpses count as my strength too, arcane energy alone is not enough to summarize everything about me...”

As they were talking, they suddenly realized they were missing a noisy voice.

Both turned to look at Ashe: “Ashe, what is your ranking?”

“Me, oh me,” Ashe said dismissively: “This is very important confidential information, how can I just reveal it carelessly like you two—”

“Turn your ‘my’ pages here and let me see.” Annan said.

In an instant, Ashe, along with the others, did so. Lise also obediently turned her book around, and Annan, after a glance, confirmed that the name on it was indeed “Lise” and that the account had zero Points, thus dispelling the last shred of doubt he had about this mysterious little girl.

At that moment, Ashe’s page was also fully exposed to Igor and Harvey’s view.

Igor feigned surprise and bellowed loudly:

“Ah, my dear Ashe, do you not have a ranking at all?”

“Can it be that only Ashe has no ranking? Only Ashe? Only Ashe!?”

“It’s just like Ashe to have something so embarrassing to hide, definitely can’t let everyone find out how shameful this is—”

Ashe’s mouth twitched with irritation. That damn Bewitcher Igor is one thing, but even Harvey, who usually has the expression of a dead fish, was laughing as if high on Moon Sugar, his shoulders shaking so hard he was nearly flinging his pajamas off.

“Harvey, during our escape from prison, it’s clear who was dragging their feet, who was slacking off. The conclusion is pretty obvious now.”

“Indeed, indeed, hahaha. Sorry, Ashe, I really can’t help you, it’s just too hilarious hahaha—”

“Hmph, laugh it up,” Ashe resigned himself: “As long as I work hard, I can definitely make it to the top!”

““As long as I work hard, I can definitely get into college!”” Igor’s mouth was almost grinning to the heavens, “Ah, the nostalgia. That classmate who said those words seems to have become the ace ‘Silver Fire Dragon’ at the Mud Café.”

“Ashe, don’t be like that.” Harvey chuckled: “I assure you, if there was a Corpse Ranking, I’d do everything in my power to get you to the top!”

“Daddy, don’t be sad!” Lise clenched her little fists and said: “I won’t despise you!”

“Do you really have to keep calling me daddy?” Ashe couldn’t help but say.

“Eh? But who else will promise to always protect Lise, to always listen to Lise?” Lise earnestly said: “I believe that even a daddy who’s powerless can still protect Lise well!”

“When did the duration of the Contract extend to forever—”

Harvey reminded: “When she made her vow, there was no mention of a time Restriction; theoretically, even after you die and are turned into a undead by me, you’d still have to continue protecting her.”

“Stop, stop.” Annan gently tapped the table, “Now that you roughly understand the significance of the Gospel, we should move on to the main topic.”

“Points?” Igor guessed: “The higher the ranking, the more Points you get. Do you want us to give all our Points to you?”

“Since I was sixteen, I have been on three or more Ranking Lists, the same number as Banjeet,” Annan said languidly. “Those Points of yours don’t catch my eye.”

“But your job is indeed related to the Ranking List, related to the Gospel.”

Annan blew on his nails: “I need you to become the future number one.”

Footnote:

1. Probability of Eating Wallace’s Spray(吃华莱士喷射的概率):

Wallace is a famous fast-food brand in China. It is rumored online that eating at Wallace can cause diarrhea, turning one into a “spray warrior.” (Personal experience seems to confirm this.)

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

Chapter 193: Blasphemy of the Gospel

The future number one?

The crowd was taken aback, but Annan did not elaborate further. Instead, he turned to introduce the Gospel.

“The Gospel is a Boon from the Omniscient Weaver and the foundation of the Gospel civilization. The all-knowing Gospel has not been stingy with its glory, allowing us to hear the most authentic gospel, to confirm our talents, and to find our place.”

“The Ranking List is the Weaver’s way of spurring and rewarding the world.”

“According to statistics, there are currently a total of 3,788 Ranking Lists, including the General Ranking, Regional Sub-Rankings, Individual Rankings, and Organizational Rankings. They cover all Magical Factions and include various common Occupations and special deeds,” Annan said. “For example, ‘Azura’s Quest Ranking’ lists the firms within the Azura region that have completed the most tasks with the best results. My Funeral Firm ranks ninth, which is considered top-tier in Azura. And then there are ‘Heroism Rankings,’ ‘Songstress Rankings,’ ‘Chinese Jump Rope Rankings’ – even ordinary people who are not Sorcerers can make it onto a list.”

At this point, everyone couldn’t help but glance at the only Sorcerer present who hadn’t made any Ranking List. Using the Gospel to cover his face, he basked in silence, full of impulsive regret.

Igor raised his hand to ask, “Is there a Ranking List related to inventing new devices, popularizing advanced tools, transforming cities, and improving the lives of citizens?”

“‘Pioneering Inventions Rankings,’ ‘Corporate Rankings,’ ‘City Comprehensive Rankings,’” Annan glanced out of the floor-to-ceiling window at the two-tiered city: “Banjeet, has Azura changed a lot over the past few decades?”

“Miss, sixty years ago, Azura still had dry toilets; thirty years ago, it wasn’t a two-tiered city.”

The young Butler beside them let out a sigh that seemed beyond his years: “As a child, I never imagined that one day I would see skyscrapers hanging upside down.”

“Because the competition on the Ranking List is fierce, every minute and every second, new inventions, new tools, and new designs are erupting from every corner of the Gospel Kingdom, quickly entering the application phase, becoming reality, and transforming the world.”

Is it really because of the systemic advantage...

Although the Institute System of the Blood Moon Kingdom was quite impressive, with the immortal species dedicating themselves to research, not only ensuring that leading figures could play a role for a long time, but also allowing for a focus on fundamental research without short-term gains, the Blood Moon Kingdom was indeed a prosperous and resource-rich developed country. Otherwise, the Socialized Rearing System would not have been possible.

Yet, compared to the competition-embracing Gospel Kingdom, the group of vampires still seemed too conservative and traditional. Perhaps a thousand years ago, the Blood Moon Kingdom was not much different from the Gospel Kingdom, but while the former relied on the prolonged cultivation of a few immortals, the latter thrived on comprehensive competition at the societal level, making a significant gap after a millennium quite natural.

Igor asked, "The Ranking List must offer substantial rewards to make organizations and individuals take it so seriously, right?"

"Points," Annan nodded. "Compared to gold and silver, Points are the real currency in the Gospel Kingdom. As long as you have enough Points, you can obtain anything you want."

"Anything?"

"Anything." Annan extended her hand, and the next second, a bunch of juicy grapes suddenly appeared in her palm. She took a grape with her mouth, gently biting into the juicy flesh: "For example, you can use Points to get a fresh bunch of chilled grapes."

"Any material item, any spirit, any Miracle, as long as you can think of it, you can obtain it if you spend enough Points. However, there are a few Restrictions, such as not causing harm to others or engaging in illegal activities."

"But for things like extending life, treating mortal wounds, instantly moving to a target location, or obtaining a rare Quadruple wings spirit, the Gospel can still make it happen."

"Must be expensive, right?"

"Exorbitantly so," Annan laughed. "The real purchasing power of the Points spent on these grapes could let me buy an entire grape farm. Divine Concealment, come eat grapes."

Ashe and the others wondered whom she was calling when suddenly, a milky-yellow lizard appeared on her shoulder, with a pair of clever vertical pupils rolling around, looking quite adorable. It smacked its mouth a few times, and the bunch of grapes was left with only stems, not a single grape remaining.

The Sorcerers couldn't see clearly how it ate!

"Scarlet Gold Dragon Lizard," Igor murmured softly.

"An endangered species?" Ashe asked.

"It's not about being endangered; they simply don't exist in reality," Harvey explained. "I remember it's a special creature from the Time Continent. Once tamed, it can follow its master through reality and help capture fleeing spirits in the Virtual Realm. It's an extremely precious pet."

Compared to the 'real-world achievements' like large flat structures, Firms, and relationships with the Red Caps, the Scarlet Gold Dragon Lizard as a 'Virtual Realm achievement' finally made the Trespasser trio take Annan's personal strength seriously. The world of Sorcerers is that simple: being formidable in reality doesn't count for much; only strength in the Virtual Realm is considered true power.

In some ways, Sorcerers are like a group of live-action role-playing gamers, except their 'game' abilities can also take effect in reality.

Annan stroked the little head of the dragon lizard and said, "The real use of Points is to purchase one's own Gospel, meaning intelligence and knowledge."

"For example, if you can't progress in the Magical Factions Realm, you spend Points for guidance, and the Gospel will tell you how to proceed; if your research hits a dead end, the Gospel will pinpoint the issue; if you're unaware of your own Talents, the Gospel will reveal your true potential; you can even verify if someone is lying..."

Ashe, the 'Mudblood

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who steals arcane energy,' didn't seem phased, feeling that the Gospel was akin to Google. Meanwhile, Igor and Harvey were completely astonished.

As true Sorcerers, they understood the value of such 'guidance.' If the "Gospel" were truly crafted by a Divine Master, it would mean that everyone in this kingdom has a Divine Master grandfather figure providing guidance at their side. This, this...

What is the Blood Moon Kingdom compared to this? I am a Gospel man now!

Igor asked with a trembling voice, "What's the proportion of Sorcerers here?"

"Because the 'School Comprehensive Ranking' includes factors like the healthy growth of students, the proportion of Sorcerers has been declining over the past few decades," Annan flipped through her Gospel, "The current ratio is 10.19%."

"One in every ten people is a Sorcerer..." Harvey murmured, "The Corpse resources here are of such high quality..."

"Although it sounds strange, don't think our sorcerers here are that impressive," Annan spread his hands and said, "I imagine that in your Kingdom, you probably aren't

considered very powerful Two Wings sorcerers, right? Yet in our place, where the proportion of sorcerers is very high, you can still rank first and second, which already speaks volumes.”

“For the whole, the Gospel naturally has great benefits; but for the individual, the Gospel is a double-edged sword that must be used with caution.”

“Self-learning ability,” Ashe hit the nail on the head. “If you get into the habit of seeking the Gospel whenever you encounter a problem, then your self-learning ability will only gradually decline, and eventually, you’ll reach a point where you can’t make any progress without the Gospel’s guidance. Just like a house cat raised like a pig, because life is too good, in the end, it may even be chased by mice.”

“That’s exactly right,” Annan played with the Dragon Lizard’s little claws, “Our sorcerers are divided into ‘Gospel sorcerers’ and ‘Silent Sorcerers,’ because listening to the Gospel’s guidance is either zero times or countless times. Gospel sorcerers generally stop at Two Wings, and it’s difficult for them to make any Breakthroughs in the Faction Realm, even if the Gospel points out how they should strive.”

“To become a consolidated Tri-wings, it’s basically only possible for Silent Sorcerers who have never listened to the Gospel even once.”

“Like the ‘Crysand Red Cap’ Cleos you just met, besides asking if her Fated Lover was born, she never listens to any other Gospel.”

Ashe was shocked, “You can even ask about love!?”

“Of course you can, it’s just that it often doesn’t happen,” Annan shrugged, “For example, I currently don’t have one either. The so-called Fated Lover is a Destiny Miracle where you fall deeply in love with each other at first sight, without any need for adjustment, and once you meet, you never separate. Many people don’t date in their entire lives, preferring to wait for their Fated Lover, but end up waiting to death without ever meeting them.”

Ashe muttered, “There’s actually such a good thing as fate assigned lovers...”

Harvey said to Lise, “It seems like you won’t have the chance to have a mom.”

Lise nodded seriously, “Compared to a mom, I feel like the probability of me having a second dad is higher...”

Harvey nodded earnestly, “Fair point, to be honest, indeed.”

“I’m telling you all this because I want you to understand that the Gospel truly has the power to grant any wish,” Annan said calmly as he placed the Dragon Lizard on the

table. "With this understanding, you can grasp the magnitude of my plan and what I'm staking on you."

"The next part, not a single word must be revealed to anyone else."

After saying this, Annan's green eyes suddenly fixed intently on Ashe, making him feel both panicked and utterly confused.

Is she staring at me because she covets my beauty? Could she be planning to get me drunk, or take advantage of me during a Ritual? It's all because 222 made me more attractive, even Freya can't stop thinking about me... If the new boss wants to play by unwritten rules, should I accept or play hard to get?

As Ashe was lost in his wild thoughts, Lise made a zipping motion across her lips: "Daddy, I'll be good."

Ashe blinked, then realized: "Lise, you're also not allowed to reveal anything you hear next."

The new boss couldn't directly command Lise; it had to go through Ashe as a sort of router.

Only then did Annan withdraw her gaze and asked, "What do you think my Firm usually does?"

"Transporting half-finished Corpses."

"Human trafficking."

"Biological transport."

The three of them almost instantly gave the same answers. Annan raised an eyebrow: "This is indeed one of the main operations of the Firm... To avoid any misunderstandings, let me explain."

"In the various Ranking Lists that assess regional development levels and the abilities of rulers, which include but are not limited to 'Internal Affairs List', 'Innovation List', 'Security List', 'City Comprehensive List', 'talent' is a very important evaluation indicator. So, what do you think should determine 'talent'?"

Lise raised her hand: "Good kids who make it onto the Ranking List like me are talents."

Harvey and Igor turned to look at the only person present who wasn't considered a talent, the zero-star trash Ashe, who slammed the table in anger: "Annan, they're not taking your teachings seriously and are messing around. I, Ashe, am reporting them for real. I cannot stand people who touch fish during meetings!"

“Indeed, only those who make it onto the Ranking List can be considered talent.”

Purple Moth blinked, surprised that before she could make a move, the People from the Exotic Lands had already started to quarrel among themselves: “But not every Area’s Ranking List can be filled. There’s a minimum threshold for the lists, and if the standard isn’t met, no matter what, you can’t get on the list. Therefore, there are many ‘empty lists,’ and correspondingly, those with enough people to fill them are called ‘full lists.’”

“The more ‘full lists’ there are in an Area, the higher the ruler’s level of governance and the better the area’s development. By the way, these city Ranking Lists are updated every six months, so every ruler wants to fill up the empty lists as much as possible before the evaluation deadline.”

The Con Artist quickly realized the loophole: “If you lure the top talents from other Areas to your own, then—”

“Exactly,” Annan said, fiddling with her new amethyst earring. “When the location of people changes, they naturally count toward the current Area’s Ranking List.”

“So right before the evaluation deadline, it’s war for firms like ours—kidnapping specific talents from surrounding Areas to the client’s designated Area, using them to fill the empty lists. You’ve also ridden in our work vehicles; we don’t harm or kill people, we just temporarily incapacitate the talents so they can’t resist, and once the evaluation is over, we release them. If possible, we even try to minimize physical contact to ensure the talents have a good short travel experience.”

“I hope you don’t have any misunderstandings about the Funeral Firm; we are a very serious business.”

Ashe and the others exchanged glances: experts in personal restraint, colluding with the security forces, exploiting migrant workers during times of chaos... it seemed they had no misconceptions.

“With this in mind, you should understand the true nature of our firm’s business.”

Ding.

Purple Moth gently scraped her earring with her nail, taking the wine glass passed to her by the young Butler Banjeet.

“Although the business is diverse, at its core, what we do is to find, study, and even exploit the loopholes in the Gospel.”

“That is to say, to desecrate the Gospel.”

Footnote:

1. Mudblood(泥巴种):

A term originating from J.K. Rowling's Harry Potter novels, referring to a person born to non-magical parents or from a non-traditional lineage.

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

Chapter 194: The Weaving Festival and the Echoer

The “Gospel” is a Boon from the Omniscient Weaver, a miracle beyond the reach of mortals, an omnipotent wishing machine, the foundation upon which the Gospel Kingdom operates.

But it is, after all, just a tool.

Even the greatest tool, weathered by the long passage of time, will eventually lose all its sanctity. To utilize a tool is to embody wisdom, and even more so, the instinct of a Sorcerer.

“If the ‘Gospel’ is a spider’s web spread across the nation, then the Firm is like the insects wriggling through the web,” chuckled the Purple Moth. “The Gospel doesn’t make mistakes; it’s just... slow.”

“By transferring talent before the Ranking List is set, one can affect the hierarchical status of two cities. There are many, many rules like this that can be exploited. For instance, the Gospel does not allow us to directly obtain someone’s specific information and current location. However, if you ask in a roundabout way, you can still achieve your goal—you can’t ask for someone’s location, but you can ask for the location of their car.”

“The work of the Firm is to exploit known loopholes in the rules to fulfill various commissions,” Annan said, flicking the rim of his glass lightly. “It’s a very dangerous Occupation, because the Gospel doesn’t make mistakes; it’s just slow. When it realizes that there’s an unusual tremor in the web, the insolent insects that dare to defile it will meet the fate they deserve.”

Igor frowned and said, “If the Gospel despises those of you who exploit loopholes, then why does it allow you to be on the list?”

“Because the web still has eyes,” Annan whispered. “As long as there are eyes in the web, there will be a space for Firms like ours to exist. The day the Firms are completely annihilated, that will also mean the reality is about to turn into paradise.”

“A paradise where everyone is involved in intense competition, constantly striving for higher rankings?” Ashe pondered and then shuddered: “Sounds more like hell, doesn’t it?”

“I think it’s quite nice,” Harvey interjected. “The corpses of Sorcerers who died suddenly are excellent material.”

Annan looked at Igor, then pointed at Ashe: “Is the environment in your Blood Moon Kingdom so harsh that even those who detest competition can become Two Wings Sorcerers?”

“Still, the same rule applies: personal actions must not escalate to the level of the Kingdom,” Igor said with resignation. “So, we, the People from the Exotic Lands, are we just tools for you to exploit loopholes? The Contract is for 101 days, during which there is an important Ranking List assessment?”

“That’s correct.” Annan nodded in satisfaction. “Mr. Bukin, if it were the past, I would have very much liked to invite you to join the Funeral Firm, but unfortunately, that’s not possible now.”

Igor’s expression cooled slightly: “Miss Annan, I don’t think it’s wise to reveal your killing intent 101 days in advance.”

“You misunderstand me deeply,” Annan said, spreading his hands. “What I mean is, by joining my plan, not only will I benefit in ways that are hard to articulate, but you will also transcend the ordinary and stand at the pinnacle of the world.”

“I’m not afraid of your retaliation, because in 101 days, you will only have gratitude towards me.”

“Our goal is not the ordinary Ranking List, but the Weaving Festival that occurs once every fifty years!”

Our goal is to ring the bell at Nasdaq... Ashe suddenly remembered how his boss had bluntly offered him a vision when he submitted his resume. Fresh out of college, he was almost stirred by the passion, but was eventually defeated by the advanced flexible work system (no overtime pay) and the excellent learning platform (multiple roles but only one salary).

But now they had all signed a tyrannical Contract that demanded and took without question, why was the new boss still putting effort into sweet-talking? Even with a high-handed approach, he still bothered with the foreplay, which was rather meticulous.

“The ‘Gospel’s’ Ranking List, as well as the information it can exchange, are all things of the past,” Annan explained. “If one wishes to exchange for information about the future, not only is it costly, but it’s also highly likely to be unobtainable—unless it pertains to security information about guests from the Exotic Lands. The ‘Gospel’ has increased predictive resources for national defense needs, lowering the cost of exchanging information about you, otherwise I wouldn’t be able to welcome the three of you so appropriately.”

“The Ranking List unveiled during the Weaving Festival is different, because that is the future that is still being woven.”

“The future.” Igor’s eyes flickered. “Could it be that...”

Annan said, “Take for instance, if the Weaving Festival introduces the ‘Quadruple Wings Sorcerer Strength Ranking’, the ones who make it onto the list will likely not be the legendary sorcerers known to us now, but new legends who will rise and dominate the era over the next fifty years!”

“Some on the list might currently be obscure apprentice sorcerers, and some may have just been born. But with the full effort of the Gospel weaving their Destiny, their futures will become fixed history, and we will be able to hear echoes from the future.”

“To differentiate them from the usual chosen ones on the Rankings, those who make it onto the list during the Weaving Festival, we call them ‘Echoers’—the echoes that the Gospel sends back after observing the future.”

“The Weaving Festival starts on May 10 and ends on August 10, every ten days a future Ranking List is released, making a total of ten future Ranking Lists. Unlike the usual points rewards of the ordinary lists, the future lists will offer tailored rewards for those ranked, including but not limited to Experience Orbs, rare spirits, precious Items, and even the miracle of a permanent Boon!”

Harvey had a sudden realization: “If we make it onto the list, you want us to give our rewards to you?”

Annan gave a slight smile but did not immediately respond, continuing instead to explain, “There is a hierarchy among the Ranking Lists, you understand, don’t you?”

Everyone nodded. A national ranking undoubtedly trumped a regional one, an Organizational Ranking was greater than an Individual Ranking, a sorcerer’s ranking was higher than that of a non-sorcerer, and a Quadruple Wings ranking was above a One Wing ranking. In short, the harder it is to get on a list, the more prestigious it is.

“Out of the ten Ranking Lists in the Weaving Festival, aside from the tenth which is predetermined, the rest are completely random. The last Weaving Festival even had a ‘Cat’s Cradle Ranking’,” Annan tapped the long table with her fingertips: “Therefore,

each Ranking List has 'hidden points' to differentiate the hierarchy among the Echoers. And the Echoer with the highest hidden points will receive the Boon of the Omniscient Weaver."

"What kind of Boon?"

"A wish." Purple Moth's beautiful green eyes shimmered with a lively light, as she raised a finger pointing upwards: "One omnipotent wish."

"To bring back the dead, eternal life, surpass the Quadruple Wings, or even... transmigration through time and space!"

Igor's pupils dilated sharply, Harvey ceased gnawing on his finger, and Ashe squinted slightly.

After a long silence, Lise suddenly propped her face with her hands, staring at the Scarlet Gold Dragon Lizard on the table, and said, "How wonderful, Lise also has a wish to make—I seem to remember having a sister, and I really want to see her."

The mood lightened suddenly, and Igor, caressing his ring, asked, "Is this wish your goal?"

Purple Moth nodded: "That's right. I won't ask for any of the rewards you get for making the list, but that wish with the highest hidden points must be given to me."

Ashe suddenly spoke up: "How can you be so sure that we'll become Echoers who make it onto the future list? Aside from being single and lazy, I'm not really confident in other areas."

"People from the Exotic Lands," Igor said calmly. "Whether or not we become Echoers has nothing to do with our current abilities, but it has everything to do with our identity as People from the Exotic Lands."

Ding.

Annan flicked her earring and smiled, "What do you think the Gospel bases its predictions of the future on?"

"The past."

"Family, environment, resources, genetic heritage... In reality, it's not complicated. A child born into a privileged family, with loving parents adept at education, surrounded by knowledgeable and upper-class neighbors—anyone can see the advantages of their future development."

“Likewise, for someone of humble beginnings, orphaned early, timid and unassuming in appearance—their future is equally obvious.”

“The Weaving Festival is about turning the vast tapestry of the past into threads, weaving an absolutely certain, undisturbed, and inevitable future. If a person has lived in the Gospel Kingdom from the moment of their birth, even if they have not yet cried their first cry, the Gospel can weave their future with absolute certainty.”

“But we are People from the Exotic Lands.” Harvey looked at his finger, which was nearly bleeding, and gently licked the wound, calmly stating, “The Gospel can only envelop this Kingdom. Even though the Virtual Realm Passage once briefly connected to the Blood Moon, it could not possibly know our distant pasts.”

“With no sufficient past to rely on, the Gospel’s predictions about your futures would almost entirely be based on everything happening ‘now.’ In other words...”

Annan’s fingertips produced a Two Wings spirit in the shape of a moth, “You can use the ‘now’ to deceive the Gospel into weaving a more spectacular ‘future’ for you.”

“You are the most dangerous bugs in the web of the Gospel Kingdom.”

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

Chapter 195: Negotiating Life

Blasphemy against the Gospel, deception of the Divine Master!

Setting aside Igor and Harvey, the pan-Followers who grew up basking in the blood-red moonlight, even Ashe, a species with no faith to speak of that invaded from the outside, felt his temples quiver at the thought—this was akin to brewing trouble in the Bewitcher’s own house, where getting caught meant certain death!

Though Ashe had never seen any Divine Master take action, he knew their influence on reality was immense. The chips of the Blood Moon, the Gospels of the Gospel—they were all extensions of the Divine Master’s power, merely entrusted to mortals to manage.

To the Divine Master who had controlled the Blood Moon Kingdom for over 1600 years, Ashe and his companions’ prison escapes and involvement with the Blood Moon Tribunal were like insignificant insects fighting, not even worth a glance.

But the Weaving Festival that Annan spoke of was an event that even the Omniscient Weaver paid personal attention to, and might even reward with a wish—an event held in as high regard as a spring outing to a primary school student.

Under such circumstances, Annan was prepared to involve these insects in her schemes, which was tantamount to a cockroach leaping at one's face, with their likely end being a rebirth in the Virtual Realm.

Annan had been ready to psychologically strengthen this group of new recruits. However, after a brief moment of astonishment, instead of fear, the new recruits showed eager expressions—and the most excited of them all was Igor, whom Annan had high hopes for!

His ears were so red they were nearly transparent, as he grabbed Ashe's shoulder, his lips curving uncontrollably: "Ashe, being with you really does drag one into dangerous Whirlpools."

"How is that my fault!?"

They were not ignorant of the danger, yet it was the high risk and high reward that stirred their anticipation... Annan raised an eyebrow: "Looks like you were quite the dangerous talents in your original kingdoms too."

"Isn't that exactly what you desire, Miss Annan?" laughed Igor: "What you need are us daredevils who act boldly and fear not death, right?"

"Don't speak for me, you male Bewitcher!" Ashe protested: "And we've got three people here; not all of us need to be involved, right? I volunteer to be the Captain and supervise them."

"First off, it's not three, it's four," Annan said, reaching out to pat Lise on the head. "Secondly, while you are People from the Exotic Lands and possess the prime foundation for exploiting loopholes, whether you can truly deceive the Gospel depends on whether my method is viable—the more participants, the higher my margin of error."

"Even though we talk about deceiving the Gospel, you still need to meet the basic conditions for deception. For instance, if one of the future Rankings is the Beauty Ranking, then among the four of you, only Lise and Bukin are likely candidates to fool the Gospel..."

Lise immediately chimed in, "I think Sister Bukin is much prettier than me!"

"Ashe!" Igor flashed a sweet smile. "You really need to educate your child properly."

"Yes, Lise!" Ashe called out robustly, "You're being very rude. Igor is of the same generation as me; you should be calling Bukin 'Auntie'!"

Lise pinched her face, as if she couldn't control her own mouth, "Bukin, Auntie Bukin—"

"What if there's a Ranking List that we're all unqualified for, but it has the highest hidden score?" Harvey asked while biting his finger and looking at his Gospel.

"And even if we can make it onto the list, does that guarantee first place? Being People from the Exotic Lands might give us a high chance to become Echoers, but what list we make and what rank we attain can't be precisely manipulated by you, right?"

"That's correct," Annan nodded. "But this 'hidden score' isn't calculated independently; it's cumulative."

"Cumulative?" Igor, who had been wrestling with Ashe, paused in surprise. "Are you suggesting..."

"As long as each of you gets on multiple Ranking Lists, your hidden scores will definitely be higher than those Echoers who can only make it onto a single list," Annan explained with a smile. "Generally, people specialize in their craft, and being included on one future list already signifies you have a remarkable Talent in a certain area. It's rare to be on multiple lists."

"But you are People from the Exotic Lands. If you can deceive one future list, why not several? Like three, five, seven, or even... nine?"

Igor squinted his eyes: "Honestly, if it's as blatant as this, instead of calling it 'deception,' I'd rather call it 'kidnapping.'"

"You want to use us to kidnap the Weaving Festival and force the Divine Master to pay the ransom you want in order to maintain the credibility of the Gospel."

"Mr. Bukin, you are as cunning a rogue as I am." Annan drained his wine glass: "If you were in my shoes, would you miss such a once-in-fifty-years opportunity?"

"Even if the opponent is the Divine Master who governs reality?"

"Even if the opponent is the Divine Master who governs reality."

Igor took a deep breath, his face flushing with excitement: "Indeed, it's an irresistible temptation. Ashe, oh Ashe, it looks like I have to collaborate with you once again."

Ashe responded with resignation: "No, but Igor, since when did you like me so much?"

"Ah?"

“Otherwise, why would you think of dragging me into this kind of risky deal first thing? The roommate who was the closest to me back in the day, when he got into a pyramid scheme, he thought of me first just like you...”

“But I still don’t understand.” Harvey asked: “Since we are so important, why would you think of selling us to the Four Pillars Cult? Aren’t you afraid that the Four Pillars Cult will destroy us, these important pieces?”

“Because she wants to completely subdue us.” Igor sneered: “Compared to the current employment relationship, she would prefer us to be purely loyal to her. If it weren’t for her and Red Cap’s acting being too clumsy, we might have actually become wholly devoted to her out of gratitude.”

“There’s also this.” Annan fiddled with her new earring: “This is what the Four Pillars Cult paid as compensation to purchase you—Magus Quartz. If you die, I won’t lose out, at least I’ll get an earring; if you don’t die, then it’s a win-win for me, I get the earring and I get to snatch you guys up.”

Igor looked at the amethyst earring, which was worth as much as the three of them: “What’s so special about it?”

“Magus Quartz is produced in the depths of the Burnsteel Abyss in Boyesia, embedded in the steel layer walls and is nearly impossible to extract. It can only be collected by the ‘Bluebeard’ squadron responsible for Suppressing the Abyss under special circumstances. It’s extremely rare, with an annual yield of less than three pieces.”

“Mhm,” Igor nodded. “So it comes with a permanent Miracle? Something like eternal dust repellence, moisture retention, complete sun protection?”

“I think it’s about enhancing spirit and Miracle effects,” Harvey speculated.

“It’s so rare, it must be quite valuable, right?” Ashe affirmed confidently. “Is it meant to be exchanged for an even larger penthouse?”

Only Lise tilted her head, looking at Annan and exclaimed in awe, “Sister, you look so pretty, and with that earring, you look even prettier! Dad, don’t you think so?”

“Ah?” Ashe took a closer look at Annan and couldn’t help but nod, “Indeed, it’s very fetching, makes one can’t help but imagine what you’d look like blushing...”

Annan raised her eyebrows. “Mr. Bukin, please cover Ashe’s eyes. Ashe, allow Mr. Bukin to cover your eyes.”

“Ashe, I’ve told you before your gaze is too dirty...”

“Loosen up, my nose is getting squashed! I can cover my own eyes, why let him do it!”

“Shut up, the fact that I didn’t dig out your eyes and replace them with mechanical ones is already a big act of mercy from Miss Annan.”

“Igor, you’ve turned traitor just like that!?”

Blinking, Harvey asked blankly, “So, the effect of this earring is, it looks good?”

“No,” Annan corrected, “It makes me look even better.”

Just to make you look better, you sold the three of us to the Four Pillars Cult!?

Igor wasn’t overly surprised. While suppressing Ashe, he asked, “Is it because of the Ranking List?”

“Yes,” Purple Moth propped her chin and said, “With this earring, I’ve moved up to third place on the ‘Azura Beauty Ranking’ and to eighth place on the General Ranking of beauties. If you die, or if my plans don’t work out, then at least this earring will slightly make up for my losses.”

“Is it guided by the Gospel?” Igor inquired, “Can it even tell you how to advance further?”

“Of course, it can’t be that direct, but if you ask ‘how to deepen the Mind Faction Realm’ or ‘how to become more beautiful,’ the Gospel will give you the most fitting advice based on the resources you can currently access,” Annan explained. “The Gospel is the best guide.”

“I’ve been feeling this the whole time, doesn’t the Gospel sound like the reward from Destiny’s Inquiry in the Virtual Realm?” Ashe suddenly said.

“That’s right, but now you can enjoy similar services just by spending some Points, services that are rare finds in the Virtual Realm. Aren’t you starting to envy the residents of our Gospel Kingdom?”

Ashe remarked, “It’s like that first love you could never catch up to, now mass-produced by an evil Sorcerer into clone dolls, and you only need to spend a little money to rent a girlfriend and relive the old dreams.”

“...Bukin, please...”

“I’ve already covered his mouth,” Igor said. “Ashe, behave yourself, or Miss Annan will stuff a sock in your mouth next.”

“Wha~a~t’s thi~i~s?”

Annan watched their interaction with interest, deepening her understanding of them. She didn't ask Ashe to shut up directly but had Igor do it, eager to gather more intelligence through their exchanges.

Igor, with his handsome appearance, was the most composed and carried himself with elegance, clearly a successful figure in his original Kingdom, but his excessive caution sometimes led to indecisiveness; Harvey was constantly biting his finger, and based on the eavesdropped content from the dressing room, he harbored a heavy desire for revenge, a cold flame lurking beneath his eccentric exterior.

The only one Annan couldn't see through was Ashe. He seemed lazy, slow, easygoing, with a weak rebellious spirit, clearly someone who could easily be manipulated, theoretically the weakest link in this trio.

But Annan remembered clearly—at the time of signing the contract, although it was Igor who led the negotiations and Harvey who supervised, when it came to the actual signing, they all instinctively waited for Ashe to sign first.

The most likely reason was that they saw Ashe as expendable, waiting to see if anything happened to him after signing before they would commit.

Perhaps there was another possibility—when facing an unpredictable future, they all subconsciously chose to rely on Ashe Heath.

'More observation is needed.'

"But don't think I haven't paid a price," Annan said. "You can open Azura's Quest Ranking and see for yourself; the name of the Funeral Firm is no longer there. Not only did we not keep the commission secret after completion, but we also reported to the Red Cap and led people to eradicate the Four Pillars Cult. Even if I stand on moral high ground, this kind of 'winning twice' behavior will greatly reduce the firm's rating. Banjeet and my social credit has plummeted, and no one will commission us, betrayers, again."

"For you, I have gambled the name of Dolan."

She stood up. "It's getting late, and I should head to the Virtual Realm. Breakfast is at eight in the morning; I hope you all keep a good routine. Mr. Bukin, you can stop now."

"When we open our eyes tomorrow, our firm's only goal is to deceive the Omniscient Weaver."

With that, the Purple Moth left briskly, and the Scarlet Gold Dragon Lizard leaped onto her shoulder.

The Butler, young Banjeet, bowed slightly, handing out four access cards, "These are your room cards, each room has an en-suite bathroom, and there are snacks in the

cabinets. If you need anything else, you can find me in room 3. I wish you all a pleasant night.”

After Banjeet left, the Trespasser trio exchanged glances. Harvey was the first to take an access card and stand up: “I’m going to explore the Virtual Realm. I’ve barely accumulated any Gold arcane energy since I stepped onto the Time Continent.”

“Same here,” said Igor. “I haven’t been to the Virtual Realm since my escape from prison; I’ve almost forgotten what the reverse Golden Rain looks like.”

The Swordswoman’s Soul had not yet recovered, so Ashe, who had hitched a ride, naturally couldn’t explore the Virtual Realm.

However, after two consecutive days of high-intensity events—being trafficked, sacrificed, signed into servitude, and joining a high-risk fraud group—he was also extremely tired, yawning before entering his room.

He pushed open the door and entered, not even pressing the light switch when he heard the door automatically close and lock behind him.

Is it that smart?

Ashe turned around and noticed a little devil had silently followed him in.

“Daddy.” Lise stood by the door, blinking at Ashe. “Lise has come to have a life consultation with you.”

The Werewolf character card was uploaded...

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

Chapter 196: Surface Father-Daughter Relationship

Ashe had also thought about what his future children might be like.

Don’t get it wrong; he wasn’t the type who fantasized about children’s names upon seeing a girl he liked. In fact, Ashe considered his imagination rather barren. When he saw a girl he liked, his fantasies about couples usually stopped at classrooms, bedrooms, living rooms, beaches, and couple’s hotels... But such daydreams had become scarce after starting work, where ‘preparing for the next meeting’ served as the best antidote to lust.

As the saying goes, working overtime won't help you find a lover, but it can make everyone lose theirs.

The first time Ashe imagined having a child was when he was eight. He had been thrashed with a rattan by his father for sneaking in some computer games and secretly vowed to raise a child who could play games with him.

As he grew older, his expectations for his children grew: they should enjoy outdoor sports, know how to date, solve the hardest math problem on the college entrance exam, be good-looking and smart, cook well, be fluent in a second language, and be able to write novels or draw comics...

It wasn't until Ashe started working and experienced the harshness of society and the struggles of life that he not only understood his parents' strictness but also felt apologetic towards his future child—sorry, my child, I can't find your mothers.

However, the child he had hoped for was definitely not supposed to be like this.

"If you, dad, got the highest score but had to give your wish to sister Annan in the end, do you really think that's okay?"

Lise sat cross-legged on the bed, her face full of righteous indignation, lowering her voice, "I feel it's so unfair to you, dad!"

"...Don't worry, your dad is an absolute good-for-nothing. It's definitely your Aunt Bukin or Uncle Harvey who would get the highest score."

"But it's still not fair!" Lise swayed, her freshly tied pigtails swinging back and forth: "Think about it, dad, you, Aunt Bukin, and Uncle Harvey are comrades who have shared life and death. You should face difficulties together and share blessings. For a reward like the Divine Master's wish, it should be shared among the three of you, not given to a witch like Annan who profits from others' misfortune and enslaves you!"

"You were just calling her 'sister Annan' a moment ago."

"That's not important, Daddy. What's important is what you think!" Lise exclaimed, her eyes wide with fervor. "Don't you want the Divine Master's wish? The Omniscient Weaver can fulfill all your desires; resurrection, transmigration, immortality, or even deification—"

"Can I wish that all women must wear ultra-short skirts with either black or white stockings?"

"Ugh."

“Huh?” Ashe saw Lise stick out her tongue, looking like she was about to vomit. “What’s wrong?”

“It’s nothing. Lise probably just isn’t used to riding in a car, so she’s a bit nauseous.”

“But you’ve been Resting for over an hour…”

“Anyway, Dad, you also want to obtain the wish, right?” Lise forcefully steered the conversation back on track. “You wouldn’t be content just giving away your wish to a wicked witch who deliberately harms you all, would you?”

“If I have to say whether I want it or not, of course, I do,” Ashe said, propping his chin in his hand. “But I don’t think I possess the qualifications or the capacity to obtain this wish.”

“What qualifications do you need to make a wish?”

“Think about it. If you finally get the chance to make a wish to a god, would you really just look out for yourself and make some selfish wishes? The best approach should be to make a perfect wish that benefits all beings while also bringing benefits to yourself, right? Like asking the Divine Master to bestow new technology that greatly boosts productivity, or to increase the lifespan of all the citizens of the Kingdom—”

“What’s so bad about being selfish!?”

Ashe stared blankly at Lise as she roared at him. The white-haired little girl no longer had the feigned innocence and sweetness on her face; instead, there was a deep, resentful anger toward the world. However, she quickly backed down, her expression returning to the usual cuteness as if the previous moment was just Ashe’s imagination.

She said timidly, looking down, “What Lise means is that you’re not from this Kingdom, and you don’t really have a sense of belonging here. When making a wish, you don’t really have to consider so much. Isn’t it okay to follow your heart’s desires?”

“...Let’s have an honest talk, Lise.”

Ashe spoke calmly, “You can call me Daddy if you want to. It’s just a title, after all. If we can maintain this façade of a father-daughter relationship, it might put Annan at ease. Consider it a code name among colleagues.”

“But I am a bit puzzled. Annan said you lost your memory, and she’s not likely to be wrong, but the scheming and ambition you’re displaying are not traits of a child with amnesia. Or are you from a Legend Race, where even memory loss can’t affect your embodiment of desire, with every pore oozing corrupt blood?”

“Is there such a Race?”

“Yes, the Capital Race,” Ashe said with folded arms. “You haven’t lost your memory at all. How did you deceive Annan?”

“No, Daddy, you’re mistaken,” Lise cocked her head. “I really did lose my memory. The farthest back I can remember is being caught by those Black Robe villains. I can’t remember anything beyond that.”

“Then you—”

“But I know what I must do.”

Lise looked up at Ashe, “Like that old witch Annan, I want to use the identity of People from the Exotic Lands to become an Echoer. But unlike her, who can only use you and others, I want to become an Echoer myself.”

“I have a wish that must be fulfilled,” she said earnestly. “I absolutely cannot let anyone else have it!”

Ashe blinked, “Setting aside whether we can resist Annan or not, even if we could, how do you plan to snatch the wish away from us?”

“That’s enough,” Lise held up her open hand with five spread fingers. “Daddy, me, Auntie Bukin, Uncle Harvey, and the witch Annan, there are five competitors.”

“If you, Daddy, can unite the others to firmly exclude the witch Annan, then the competitors will be reduced to four. If it’s you, Daddy, who becomes the Echoer with the highest hidden score, then in the end, it will be just me and you left! If I handle Daddy, then the wish is mine!”

Lise folded all her other fingers, leaving only the middle finger extended towards Ashe.

“Do you really have that much confidence that you can defeat me?”

“It’s not about confidence, but of course, it’s simpler to deal with just you, Daddy, than five people,” Lise said assertively. “And don’t forget, Daddy, you and I have two contracts!”

“So what? They’re mutual anyway.”

“That’s where you’re wrong. The contract you have with me only lasts for 101 days, while the one I have with you is indefinite. If neither of us gets the wish by the end, you’ll have to become my servant for life!”

“Hey now, how did I get demoted from Daddy to servant?” Ashe felt the girl was getting more and more audacious: “Besides, that contract is just a Two Wings Sorcerer’s contract, there’s always a way to break it, you can’t scare me.”

“There is indeed a way to break it.” Lise nodded. “But I have ways to ensure you can’t. If you go out, I’ll make you buy me doughnuts, if you enter the Virtual Realm, I’ll make you tell me fairy tales, if you want to read, I’ll make you give me a piggyback ride. Let’s see what you can do! Not only will you be my servant, but I’ll also make sure you never get married!”

“Lise, you’re so malicious!”

“Hmph, if you don’t want to end up old, fall in the Restroom and break your back, unable to move and then die of hunger in utter misery, then do your best to grab the wish... What are you doing! I’m going to yell! The contract stipulates you can’t hurt me! Stop right now!”

“I don’t have to stop if you command me to! Don’t forget our contract is mutual at this time, you can’t restrict me!” Ashe tucked Lise under his arm and furiously rubbed her white dog-like head: “I indeed can’t hurt you, but I can make you dirty... Ha! Done!”

Lise struggled to break free from this evil man, turned to look in the mirror, and found her pretty twin-tails had turned into a messy bird’s nest, completely ruining her cute appearance.

She burst into tears, covering her ears and retreating while furiously yelling at Ashe, “You can’t reveal our conversation to anyone, you can’t refute this command, you can’t refute refuting this command, don’t... Ugh, it’s so annoying, just don’t leak it, or you’ll be in trouble too! Ashe, you wait, for these 101 days, we’ll just play father and daughter on the surface, but after the 101 days, I’ll show you what cruelty is!”

Boom!

Lise rushed too hastily and spun around, slamming her head into the alloy blast door. She wobbled around for a few circles, yelping incoherently before she collapsed on the floor.

Ashe was stunned by her series of actions, thinking to himself that this girl’s silliness was half as effective as his own in his younger years. Search* The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

He went over and gently patted her face, “Hey, wake up. The floor is cold, and it’s easy to catch a cold. Plus, you should brush your teeth before sleeping, or you’ll get cavities.”

“She just fainted, it’s nothing serious.”

Ashe turned around and saw a girl lying on her side on his bed, dressed in a black and white checkered skirt. She had shiny black hair, and her legs were mismatched with one white stocking and one black, smiling warmly at him.

But...

“Shouldn’t it be a miniskirt and black and white dyed hair?”

Ashe was disappointed: “Why don’t you look like your portrait either!”

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

Chapter 197: How I Adore the Swordswoman

“I’m quite disappointed too!”

The girl sat cross-legged on the bed, her face full of dissatisfaction: “You’re not as cold, cruel, and evil as I imagined.”

“So my portrait gives off that kind of impression?” Ashe scratched his head in shock: “Well... nice to meet you for the first time, I’m Ashe, the apocalypse observer.”

“I’m the Black-and-White Witch.” She swayed on the bed: “Just call me Witch.”

“Good evening, Witch, have you had dinner?”

“Stop, let’s end the unnecessary pleasantries here.” She held up three fingers: “I’ve come to establish three principles with you first.”

“Oh?”

“First, unless I speak of it first, you are not to inquire about my life.”

“Second, unless I ask first, you shall not reveal details about your life.”

“Third,” the Witch raised her third finger, “I want the same treatment as the Swordswoman.”

Ashe thought for a moment, then asked: “Is this about the Hidden Treasure?”

The Witch responded noncommittally: “You could say that.”

The Black-and-White Witch’s Silver Blessing Hidden Treasure allowed her to gain strength by concealing her information, so her insistence on privacy was only natural. But why did she also demand that Ashe not disclose his own information?

Nevertheless, Ashe couldn't reveal much anyway—Annan had just ordered them not to leak any information to non-firm personnel, and even if Ashe wanted to vent about his new boss in the virtual realm chats, the Contract would silence him.

As for the treatment of the Swordswoman, Ashe reflected carefully: endless Training, the vanguard shield in the Exploration in Virtual Realm, the test subject for various incident cards...

"No problem!" Ashe clapped his hands: "I'll do my best to fulfill your wishes!"

"Now that we've established the principles for our interaction, if there's nothing else, I'll be—"

"Hold on, do you know the Swordswoman?" Ashe called out to her: "Haven't seen her for days, is she... um... is she too busy on her side, not even able to spare a moment to see me?"

The Witch looked at him with interest: "Are you asking about that slightly scheming but adorable Swordswoman, who says one thing and means another, yet has a kind heart, and often admires herself in the mirror?"

"...Probably?"

"Sorry, I don't know a Swordswoman like that." The Black-and-White Witch spread her hands. "I just know that apart from you, there's a teammate called Swordswoman."

"How do you know so much about her then?"

"From the Portrait."

Ashe was puzzled, a storm of question marks over his head. Could a Portrait really reveal that much information?

Damn it, if only he hadn't lost his high-definition Holographic Screen, he would definitely use a magnifying glass to study every single detail of the Black-and-White Witch and Swordswoman's Portraits worth scrutinizing day and night.

"I'm actually curious why you think the Swordswoman would come to see you."

The Witch propped her chin, smiling: "If it weren't for establishing rules with you before the official Exploration in Virtual Realm, I wouldn't bother to see you at all. After all, the only thing we share is the Exploration in Virtual Realm. Beyond that, we are strangers who will never meet again. Not interfering with each other is the most logical relationship."

"What's your relationship with the Swordswoman, and why would she care about you?"

Ashe replied without hesitation: "Because we're not strangers, but companions with a Bond. I know she would definitely care about me, just as I care about her in my heart."

The Black-and-White Witch quietly watched Ashe, silent for a moment.

For some reason, Ashe felt her attitude seemed to have softened slightly. Although the Witch appeared very natural and lively from the start, she had always sat on the bed, maintaining a significant distance from him, polite but aloof.

Now, although she was still sitting on the bed, she leaned forward slightly, as if curious about Ashe, and her demeanor became gentler.

"It's not up to us to decide whether we can appear before you like this, but it's determined by the Bond between us," the Witch suddenly explained. "The deeper the Bond, the harder it is for us to appear before you. If the Swordsman really cares about you, then you might find it very difficult to see her longing for you."

"So it's not the Swordsman's fault for not coming to see you. She's also waiting for you to appear before her, maybe in the Virtual Realm or perhaps somewhere else..."

The Witch paused: "In short, if you hope to see the Swordsman often, you might as well wish that you and the Swordsman could stay together in the Virtual Realm forever."

"That's a strange rule," Ashe frowned. "Shouldn't it be that the deeper the Bond, the easier it is to meet?"

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder, and after all, in this state, we're not physical beings, but manifestations of longing," the Witch shrugged. "Longing is something you don't cherish when it's there, but you desperately yearn for when it's absent."

"But to miss the Swordsman so much after just a few days..."

The Witch's eyes sparkled with curiosity.

"o(*≧▽≦)ツ Could it be that you like her?"

"I do like her."

Hearing such a decisive and straightforward declaration of love, the Witch's eyes went wide. She lightly patted her face and asked, "Can you say that again?"

"I like the Swordsman," Ashe stated matter-of-factly. "She's so strong, so adorable, so beautiful, of course I like her."

Wow!

Wow!

Wow!

The Witch almost wished she could broadcast this news to everyone right away, but then she noticed Ashe was openly looking at her black-and-white stockings.

She hesitated for a moment, stretched out her legs, and pulled her skirt above her knees. “So, do you like me?”

“If you wore a super short skirt like the one in the Portrait, and if you were strong enough during Exploration in Virtual Realm, with a good growth rate in everyday situations, I probably would like you too,” Ashe earnestly assessed the allure of the black-and-white stockings.

“...That’s a pretty cheap form of affection.”

Ashe was puzzled. “How expensive does your love need to be? Should I write your name as the beneficiary on my insurance?”

Right, the Witch thought, after all, in Ashe’s eyes, they were not completely real. Just like no one falls in love with a piece of paper, Ashe’s feelings for them were naturally limited to ‘cheap affection.’

“But I think it would be hard for you to surpass the Swordswoman in my heart unless your strength is really high.”

“Oh?” The Witch raised her eyebrows. “Why? Do you think the Swordswoman is more beautiful than me?”

“It’s not just about the Portrait,” Ashe explained. “The main reason is that the Swordswoman was the first companion I could trust when I came to this world, the first comrade-in-arms to fight alongside me. We’ve explored the Sea of Knowledge together, entered the Whirlpool together, looked at the Sorcerer Handbook together, and participated in Destiny’s Inquiry together... My life in this world all started with the Swordswoman.”

“To me, she’s like the sun rising over a graveyard.”

“Just this shared experience of adversity makes me feel that no one can shake her position in my heart.”

He added, “Unless your strength is really high.”

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

Chapter 198: Swordswoman, You Dare Engage Us in Close Combat?

“Who would fancy your affection!”

The witch laughed with a snort, “Really, do you think you’re choosing a concubine? Picky as you are, it’s utterly shameless!”

“You’re the one who started this topic...” Ashe muttered, looking down at Lise, who still hadn’t come to: “You heard her conversation with me just now, didn’t you?”

“Uh-huh.” The witch nodded, then crossed her legs and sat on the bed: “A pitiable yet terrifying child.”

“Pitiable and terrifying?”

“You’ve realized it too, haven’t you?” the witch said calmly: “Her schemes are real, her amnesia is real, but so is her innocence. She deliberately portrays herself as cunning yet obvious to adults, probably as a means of self-preservation, right? Compared to a child with keen intuition or one who isn’t clever enough, someone like her, who can be easily used by others due to her little smarts, is more likely to be favored by adults.”

Ashe recalled Lise’s behavior in the underground hall, where Igor and Harvey had seen through the little girl’s cunning. Could Annan have missed it?

It was precisely because he saw through it that Annan decided to keep Lise.

Had she been a child who only cried or was too clever, Annan might have handed her over to Red Cap, because what Purple Moth needed was an ‘insect’ that could immediately participate in her grand scheme yet was easy to manipulate.

Lise vaguely sensed this, which is why she displayed such a personality, deliberately catering to Annan’s needs.

This child, she might be quite adept at playing her role.

But... why did she, at such a young age, know to wear different masks for different occasions, just like Ashe, who seemed to have been battered by society for years?

“Memory modification?” Ashe said softly: “Did someone warp her memory to turn her into a bug designed to exploit loopholes in the Weaving Festival?”

“To deceive the Divine Master, mere memory modification probably isn’t enough.” The witch narrowed her eyes: “What? Do you sympathize with her? Want to follow her instigation, collude with your comrades, rebel against your boss, and then hand over the results to this little girl?”

Ashe suddenly looked at the witch: “You’re just like her.”

The Witch’s heart skipped a beat as she rapidly sifted through her mind for any slip she might have made, though her face showed no sign of it: “Just as adorable, am I?”

“You think the same as she does, that if I’m willing, if I desire to do so, I can tear up the Contract, obtain the highest hidden score, and claim the final victory,” Ashe said with a smile. “It’s curious how both of you, having just met me today, have such confidence in me. Do I really come across as that ‘if I’m willing to do it, I can definitely achieve it’ sort of shining figure?”

“Don’t flatter yourself,” the Witch snorted. “She trusts you simply because she has no one else to use but you.”

“I actually don’t dislike people with goals,” Ashe shrugged. “A journey is only a journey if you have a destination. What I’m doing could only be called wandering.”

“I’m not one to look too far ahead. The future I can see on my tiptoes is what I’ll have for lunch tomorrow. As for something as complicated as deciding on rupture, conspiracy, or betrayal 101 days from now—how could I, 101 days ago, make such a decision? How do you decide where you’ll have lunch 101 days from now?”

“Moreover, I’ve just arrived in this new Kingdom. I’m unfamiliar with its cities, culture, history, institutions, and I don’t really understand the true power of the Gospel, let alone the might of the Omniscient Weaver... Even though I’ve been forced to join an evil organization that’s passionate, ambitious, and seemingly promising, I’m actually finding it hard to be enthused.”

“Only after seeing enough scenery will I know whether I prefer dusk or dawn.”

“That sounds like quite a spiel,” the Witch swayed. “Is there a simpler way to put it?”

“Go with the flow and play it by ear,” winked Ashe. “Maybe by then, I’ll have a new perspective.”

“As for her...” Ashe glanced at Lise, who was still unconscious on the ground. “Even though I don’t know why she insists on relying on me, if it doesn’t harm my interests... or only does a little... after all, she is technically the only team member in my work group right now, so I might as well take care of her.”

In truth, Ashe had a soft heart.

After all, he wasn't a purely rational creature. Seeing Lise chasing after him, calling him 'Daddy', he couldn't help but be reminded of his nephew back home.

Although my nephew isn't as cute as Lise, he's definitely more of a handful and mischievous! Thinking of this, Ashe found himself regretting not having spanked his nephew more when he had the chance; now it was too late.

Since Lise was now bound to him, he figured he might as well see what her plan was before making his own. But for Ashe to be resolute and decisive in dealing with a Human child who could knock herself out by running into a door—that wasn't something he was capable of at this stage.

The Witch scoffed, "You make it sound so noble, but aren't you just pushing the decision off onto your future self?"

"It's not like that," Ashe responded, lifting Lise up. "I am me, and the future Ashe is the future Ashe. I never make promises lightly to myself, nor do I arbitrarily impose constraints on the future Ashe. All premature decisions either turn into mistakes or meaningless obsessions. Only choices made after careful consideration truly quicken the heart."

"I wouldn't want to deprive myself of the pleasure of thinking it over for the next 101 days."

Ah, that's the spirit, that's the feeling.

It's not madness, not indifference, but a deeper sense of superiority, as if viewing the whole world as a poorly staged drama, waiting arrogantly for Destiny to entertain.

It was precisely because of this that she—favored the Observer.

The Witch squinted her eyes, looking towards the white-haired little girl in Ashe's arms: "Ah, am I interrupting your colorful nightlife? I'll be on my way then—"

Ashe quickly stopped her insinuations: "No, no, no, I'm just taking her back to her room so she doesn't drool all over the floor. You're welcome to follow and make sure nothing I do would be inappropriate for a children's channel."

"Not interested, I'm really leaving," the Witch said, her enthusiasm waning. "Remember the three principles of communication; from now on, we'll meet in the Virtual Realm."

Ashe didn't insist and left the room with Lise in his arms.

The Witch, however, didn't leave immediately. She sat cross-legged on the bed, lost in thought.

Until a voice came from behind, tinged with anger:

“Witch, you’ve overstepped your bounds.”

The Witch didn’t deny it and countered with a question: “But aren’t you curious about what the Observer thinks of the current Swordswoman? It has nothing to do with me, but when I hear that she holds a unique position in his heart, I can’t help but feel a bit irritated — especially since I’m so much more beautiful than you!”

Snap!

The Witch was suddenly pushed down onto the bed, with the Swordswoman sitting on top of her, pinning her waist down so she couldn’t get up, and her hands were clasped around the Witch’s wrists, rendering her immobile. Faced with the Swordswoman’s fierce gaze that seemed ready to devour her, the Witch backed down a bit: “What are you doing? If you keep this up, I’ll scream for help.”

The Swordswoman wasn’t playing along and spoke deliberately: “First, he’s not the Observer; he’s Ashe Heath, and she’s not the Swordswoman; she’s Sonya Therave. Second, you really crossed the line.”

“Observing and even pushing their emotional changes is a taboo of sentiment. If I tell everyone about this, you can forget about having the right to observe ever again.”

“Whimper...” The Witch whimpered pitifully: “I didn’t really say anything though...”

“Why did you bring up the Swordswoman in front of him?” the Swordswoman demanded. “You’re causing their information to not match up!”

“But I really don’t know that slightly scheming yet adorable Swordswoman who says one thing and means another, yet has a kind heart and often admires herself in the mirror,” the Witch said with a twinkle in her eye. “I’m actually not too fond of lying.”

The Swordswoman replied coldly: “Out of all the lies you’ve told, that must be the poorest one.”

Suddenly, the Witch changed tack: “But why so tense? If it were the Observer catching me, I’d accept it, as he’s the overall in charge. But you joined this plan unwillingly, didn’t you? Why do you care so much about the romantic life between Ashe and Sonya?”

“That’s not very like you, Swordswoman,” the Witch said with a mischievous sparkle in her eye. “Could it be that you...”

“You’re doing the same by speaking well of Lise,” the Swordswoman said calmly. “Isn’t it natural to care about one’s past self?”

After a moment of eye contact, the Witch looked away: "Hmph, have it your way."

"But Swordswoman, aren't you being a bit... too arrogant?"

The Witch wrapped her legs around the Swordswoman's, and with a swift motion, she broke free from the Swordswoman's hold. In a fluid reversal of positions, she pinned the Swordswoman beneath her, grabbing her hands together and securing her wrists, while pressing down on her legs to immobilize her. Their black and red tresses mingled together.

"Swordswoman, you actually thought," the Witch's voice seemed to transform into an eighteen-part symphony, whispering in the Swordswoman's ear: "that you have the ability to engage in close combat with us!?"

Swordswoman: "Let go."

The Witch's voice grew increasingly frenzied and hysterical: "You pressed us for so long, now we'll press you for just as long!"

The expression on the Swordswoman's face was impassive, but the longsword at her waist was slowly adjusting its angle, searching for the Witch's weak spot. The Witch seemed to sense the Swordswoman's movements, but she didn't stop her. A dangerous curve traced the corner of her mouth, as if she was looking forward to a bloody fight with the Swordswoman—

Suddenly, a commotion arose outside, it seemed Ashe had walked into Lise's room and been seen by others, plunging into an awkward social situation with no easy explanation.

The Witch listened for a moment, the madness on her face receding like the tide, then she said with a sudden smile: "To be honest, when you described... when you described Ashe's personality traits, like everyone else, I didn't believe it."

"It's like imagining a blushing Sonya, imagining an Ashe with conscience, humanity, solitude, and fear. It's truly too much of a stretch for our imaginations. That he could even feel compassion for little Lise seemed utterly absurd..."

The Swordswoman said coldly: "But now you see."

"Yes, I see," the Witch said softly: "Aside from the wickedness suppressed deep within his heart, he does indeed present as a cheerful and sunny good person on the surface. Even without the Enchanting Maiden, he still has companions who follow him."

"An Ashe Heath bathed in sunlight, that really makes me... so fond of him..."

"...that I can hardly wait to destroy him."

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

Chapter 199: I Told You Not to Ask

“Do not ask any questions about Ashe Heath.”

Brushing his teeth, Igor stared at the Revelation reflected in the mirror, lost in thought.

He had few doubts about the Revelation; it was just annoying—why was it always him?

Since encountering Ashe, nine out of the ten Revelations Igor had received were about that guy. The last one advised Igor to stay with Emma forever and have nine children—now that he thought about it, being with Emma meant avoiding the Destiny of meeting Ashe, didn't it?

From now on, when in doubt, just blame Ashe...

Wait a minute, thinking it over, how could he, a Human of the Bewitcher Bloodline, have nine children with someone from the Moonshadow?

Although Emma was indeed cute beyond her quirky nerves, with a perky posterior, soft bosom, slender waist, and very touchable big tail and wolf ears, the Blood Saints of the Moonshadow simply lacked reproductive cells. From the start, they couldn't participate in procreation, which meant Emma couldn't have children no matter what...

Wait, so the Revelation meant for me to have children?

With the Bio-modification technology of the Blood Moon Kingdom, it wasn't impossible... No, that's not right, I almost got sidetracked—why have children? I'm not lacking any fertility rewards...

Having finished his grooming routine, Igor opened the curtains, nearly blinded by the sunlight that greeted him.

It was hard to imagine that in such a grand two-tiered city, the sunlight was not blocked out—just the night before, Igor noticed the city's architecture bloomed like petals, buildings near the central lake were lower, and those toward the edges of the city towered high.

Nothing seemed unusual at night, but come daylight, the sun's rays entered the central lake and, with the help of various reflective devices, diffused like a blossoming flower into every corner of the city. Viewed from above, the entire city sparkled brightly, with high-speed vehicles weaving through the streets and well-dressed people walking under the sun, as if strolling through the clouds.

Even though on his first day here, he was trafficked to the Four Pillars Cult, seeing this scene, it was difficult for anyone to harbor ill feelings towards this nation—compared to the Gospel Kingdom, the Blood Moon Kingdom was just too gloomy.

However, Igor didn't think the Gospel was better than the Blood Moon Kingdom just because of that. If you only focused on the Upper District and the government quarters of Kaimon City, you'd think it was a world where people were polite, graceful, and the air was filled with milk and honey.

And as Ashe said—if it really was as wonderful as heaven here, why would members of the Four Pillars Cult, fed and full, gather in the underground hall to play their live-action pranks?

The brighter the light, the deeper the shadows. Abundant resources don't solve all problems. Nobody in the Blood Moon Kingdom starves, but once people can survive, they naturally seek more—to have more, to own more, whether it's a sense of superiority, security, or pleasure.

This is true for all races. Even the lowliest Goblins dream of ruling the world, and the most conservative Elves crave to see things burn.

That's why the Mind Faction is the most powerful of the Magical Factions in this era.

Igor entered the living room and found Harvey and Lise already having breakfast, with Banjeet attending to them. The breakfast was bread with jam, vegetable salad, milk coffee, and custard-filled Lala Fatty. Apart from eating such a high-calorie food like Lala Fatty first thing in the morning, it was not much different from what he was used to in the Blood Moon Kingdom.

"Where's Miss Annan?"

"She's out socializing." Banjeet said with a slight smile, the young butler's poise causing a stir within Igor: "Please let me know if there's anything you need."

Igor composed himself and glanced at the far end of the corridor: "What about Ashe?"

"He hasn't gotten up yet." Harvey piled a considerable amount of pungent chili powder on his bread and took a bite: "Why don't you go wake him up?" Search* The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

“Why should I?” Igor looked at the little girl with a ponytail: “Lise, go wake up that guy who’s going to be your servant in 101 days.”

“He’s not a servant.” Lise corrected earnestly: “He’s Lise’s daddy!”

“I see, you come from a place where servants are called ‘daddy’, right?” Igor waved his hand dismissively: “You go... wait a second, come to think of it, this isn’t Shattered Lake anymore...”

Since this wasn’t Shattered Lake Prison, some of the ‘little tricks’ Igor had picked up for everyday interactions might actually come in handy.

Quickly, Igor filled a bucket with water and hid beside Lise, signaling her to knock on the door and call out.

“Daddy, time for breakfast!”

“Daddy, the sun is shining so brightly today, come out and play with Lise!”

“Daddy, Aunt Bukin is sniffing Lala Fatty with her nose!”

“Really?” Ashe swung the door open suddenly.

Right now!

Igor doused him with the Trickster’s Water, a liquid blessed with his Mind Miracle, which could be activated whether consumed or applied externally, though it worked best when used to wash one’s face.

The target hit with the liquid would instantly feel a surge of anger. However, when the victim first laid eyes on a beautiful person, that anger would transform into an equal amount of affection directed at the beauty; but if the first person they saw was ugly, the anger would morph into a strong killing intent.

Hence, this miracle was also known as “First Impressions,” one of the few Mind Miracles in Igor’s arsenal. Combined with his natural good looks, the miracle could instantly max out someone’s affection, allowing him to hold sway over the target.

Usually, Igor would cast the spell on someone’s drink, but with Ashe, there was no need for such courtesy—dousing him directly was best!

Slap!

Clang!

The bucket was sent flying high, hitting the ceiling and falling back down.

Ashe, maintaining his retaliation stance, looked at Igor and Lise, who were now soaked, and asked in confusion, “What are you doing?”

Ashe hadn’t even realized what had happened, but his Primal Instincts had automatically counterattacked the moment Igor attacked from out of his line of sight.

Both glanced at Ashe unconsciously, and then Lise looked up at Igor with a disdainful expression that seemed to say ‘how can you be worse than my dad,’ before stomping on Ashe’s foot and woefully heading back to her room to change clothes.

Igor quickly used a spirit to calm his mind, checking to see if his affection for Ashe had changed. Hmm, seeing him looking like a loser makes me want to step on him too, which means the ‘significant decrease in affection’ option was triggered, so no change there.

Consequently, Igor also stepped on Ashe’s foot, huffed coldly, and returned to his room to change clothes.

In that moment, Igor suddenly recalled the Revelation just received—the very reason he had asked about Ashe was what sparked the idea to use Trickster’s Water, which led to Ashe countering and ultimately Igor’s own disheveled state.

Damn, it was all Ashe’s fault!

Ashe, still utterly bewildered, thought to himself—Did you two skip breakfast or something? Those stomps were so feeble, Freya hits much harder when she ambushes me at night.

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

Chapter 200: Ashes Weakness

As everyone gathered around the dining table, the young Banjeet cleared his throat and said, “Now that we’re all here, does anyone have questions for me? Perhaps about the Gospel?”

“Yes!” Harvey raised his hand and asked, “Does checking the Ranking List require Points?”

Even for those first encountering the Gospel, the lists within immediately caught their attention. Sorcerers by nature pursue fame, honor, and power. Who wouldn’t want to

know which sorcerer ranks first in the nation, which faction has the most learners, or which miracle is the strongest?

Ranking Lists like the Necromancy Miracle Rankings and Mind Miracle Rankings were precisely in Harvey and Igor's fields of interest. How could they not be tempted?

Even if they couldn't learn from them, it was tantalizing to just take a look!

However, when they opened the Gospel, hoping to see the Quadruple Wings Sorcerer Comprehensive Strength Rankings, Magical Factions Popularity Rankings, Miracle Rankings, and Spirit Rankings, they all received a disheartening message: "Insufficient Points to purchase."

"It does require them."

Banjeet nodded, but didn't continue. Instead, he pulled out a metal cigarette case that seemed at odds with his appearance. "Do you mind if I smoke?"

"Pass one here," Harvey signaled with his hand. "Will it pack a punch?"

"Ha, I'm not that young anymore. This is a more health-conscious smoke, I've just gotten into the habit of smoking during conversations."

"Smoking can be health-conscious? Eating sweets is pretty healthy for me too."

As the two seasoned smokers began to puff away, Ashe made a disgusted noise and, taking Lise by the hand, moved to the other end of the table. He activated his Wind Barrier Spirit, forming an air shield.

Igor remained seated but casually flicked his finger, altering the direction of the wind in the living room so that Banjeet and Harvey's smoke blew toward the balcony.

Ashe looked surprised. "Bewitcher, you can also manipulate Wind Magic Spirits?"

"Meh," Igor replied calmly. "They can be handy for aiding in the dispersion of love potions or poisons."

"...You really have a way of casually mentioning the most terrifying things."

After skillfully flicking the ash from his cigarette into his palm, Banjeet got down to business. "I'll give you a copy of the latest edition of the 'Gospel Ranking List Directory' shortly," he said. "It contains the more stable, high-interest lists, like the 'Magical Factions Popularity Rankings,' for example. Take your time and browse if you're interested."

“As for the frequently changing lists, you’ll have to spend Points to access them. It’s not expensive—one Point gets you a 24-hour observation right to a list. Check out the Gospel; the Points Miss gave you should have been credited by now.”

Ashe quickly opened the Gospel, his expression souring almost instantly: “Just 100 Points?”

“Banjeet, may I formally complain about Ashe’s grumbling?”

“Igor, you traitor!”

Harvey had been watching Banjeet all the while but noticed that Banjeet wasn’t bothered by the commotion; instead, he signaled Harvey with his cigarette, understanding that this young Butler was not to be underestimated—whether Banjeet appreciated Igor’s defection or disliked Ashe’s complaints, it revealed aspects of his character.

In the Funeral Firm, Banjeet was the only local they could interact with besides Annan. If he showed enough of his likes and dislikes, that would naturally create opportunities for Igor to maneuver.

When Banjeet took out his cigarette case, the three migrant workers quickly exchanged glances, coordinating their roles: Harvey as the observer, Ashe and Igor to alternately support and undermine each other. If even one of them could get closer to Banjeet, it would be considered a win.

“I wouldn’t recommend using those 100 Points to look up the Ranking Lists,” Banjeet commented. “100 Points is neither a lot nor a little, but it’s enough for the Gospel to answer one valuable question. Miss gave you the 100 Points hoping you’d get a feel for the glory of the Gospel.”

“For new Sorcerers first encountering the Gospel, there are several types of questions with a great cost-benefit ratio, such as ‘Which Magical Faction am I most Talented in?’, ‘What Spirit should I summon next?’, or ‘How can I optimize my existing Spirit System?’”

“Of course, since it’s only 100 Points, the Gospel will likely provide a brief answer, but you can use the response as a starting point to ask more in-depth questions.”

“However,” Banjeet took a drag of his cigarette, “I guess you might have more personal questions you want to ask.”

He had hit the nail on the head.

Power is important, but after all, humans are social creatures. Very few Sorcerers live solely for the pursuit of power. It’s merely effective capital they use to acquire other

resources... Although many Sorcerers eventually become personifications of power, it was clear that these Trespassers still had their own share of life's joys and sorrows.

Even Harvey, who claimed to have nothing left to care about, flinched. He hadn't even noticed that he was smoking his cigarette backwards, burning his lips in the process, his eyes fixated on the Gospel, wondering what to ask.

Igor hesitated for a moment, flipped to the "Ask" page in the Gospel, and used his thoughts to write: "Has Emma Lexus suffered any negative effects because of my escape?"

The Gospel quickly listed the fees: "Deep relationship with you, -80% fee; in contact within three days, -65% fee; target is a Two Wings Sorcerer, +50% fee; target outside the Kingdom of the Gospel, +1000% fee."

"Your Points are insufficient."

As expected, asking about matters in other Kingdoms was extremely expensive because it's not about mobilizing collected intelligence, but about using a Miracle for a real 'Prophecy'... But on the flip side, asking about matters within the Kingdom of the Gospel was much cheaper.

Igor's eyes flickered as he entered: "Information on Annan Dolan."

"Costs 3 Points."

"Annan Dolan: Ranked 3rd on the Azura Beauty Ranking, 8th on the overall Beauty Ranking, 10th on the Two Wings Sorcerer Comprehensive Power Ranking, 9th on Azura's Quest Ranking, and former head of the Funeral Firm (now off the list)."

"Annan Dolan's family situation."

"You do not have the rights to inquire about a citizen's privacy."

Indeed, if one wanted to use the Gospel to investigate someone, they could only access the most superficial level of information. To go any deeper would be refused by the Gospel. However, Igor also noticed that the Gospel didn't outright prohibit it, but stated 'no rights to inquire,' which meant that as long as one had the rights, they could obtain all information about someone through the Gospel, including but not limited to privacy, geographical location, Magical Factions, and more.

It seems the authority of the 'Red Cap' security forces might be much greater than that of a Blood Mad Hunter...

Wait a minute!

No rights to inquire about a citizen's privacy... But can these Trespassers really be considered citizens?

Definitely not. How could an invasive species possibly receive the legal protection of the Omniscient Weaver? Moreover, they have the countdown of the Omniscient Weaver's restraint behind their ears. Theoretically, their current status in the Kingdom of the Gospel is equivalent to that of red-named monsters. Even if they want to clear their names, they would have to wait for the countdown of the restraint to end...

This means that before the countdown ends, information on Ashe and Harvey is unrestricted!

With less than two days left until the countdown finishes, the only chance to dig up their past is now!

Igor suddenly recalled the Revelation received today: "Do not ask any questions about Ashe Heath."

Experience has proven that whenever Igor acted against a Revelation, the outcomes were hardly favorable. Such as being pulled into an escape from prison gang by Ashe, being implicated by him, being conned by him...

But now, the only hope of getting the upper hand on Ashe is right before my eyes, and I must consider if this might be the only chance I'll ever get.

To restore the glory of a Con Artist is an undeniable duty!

"What are Ashe Heath's vulnerabilities that could be exploited?"

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