

Sorcerer's Handbook

Chapter 201: The Swordswomans New Talent, The Witches New Occupation

“15 points expended.”

“Ashe Heath can exploit the vulnerability from threats: Igor Bukin, Archibald Harvey, Lise.”

“...Huh?”

For a fleeting moment, Igor truly thought he held an extremely important place in Ashe's heart, nearly bursting with elation—wouldn't he then be able to brazenly leverage this washed-up Cult Leader?

However, the moment he saw the name 'Lise', he came back to his senses: himself and Harvey were one thing, being fellow countrymen and comrades in adversity, but how could a little girl, barely known for less than a day and who almost doomed Ashe's future, become a chip to threaten Ashe?

If Lise were kidnapped and threatened to be burned without ransom, given Ashe's nature, he would probably ponder whether to supply matches or fuel.

It couldn't possibly be because Lise was a cute, white-haired little Lolita, that Ashe would treat her differently!

Igor was good-looking too, ranked even higher than Lise on the Beauty Ranking, yet still ended up thoroughly duped by Ashe!

So, it was clear that the Gospel had made a mistake: Igor, Harvey, and Lise were currently the characters most closely related and on the same side as Ashe, hence the Gospel mistook them as allies of interest, consequently deducing that Ashe's vulnerability were these three.

If Igor wasn't mistaken, Harvey's vulnerability must surely be the three of them – himself, Ashe, and Lise. But he was too lazy to verify—there went 15 points, now his wealth entirely depended on the patronage of Miss Annan, necessitating frugal spending!

So this was the meaning of Revelation, if he inquired about Ashe Heath, the Gospel would certainly provide an incorrect answer.

All thanks to Ashe!

These 15 points, he would make Ashe pay back a thousandfold!

Ashe, sitting opposite Igor, was unaware that he had inadvertently accrued another debt. At this moment, he was staring at the response from the Gospel, his brow slightly furrowed.

“Can the Omnipotent Wish allow me to transmigrate back to my own world?”

“1 point expended.”

“The Omnipotent Wish can traverse time and space, worlds as well, but whether it can reach a specific world requires a case-by-case analysis.”

‘Case-by-case analysis’ – upon seeing such an official response, Ashe almost triggered PTSD. He had heard this kind of talk too much in the workplace, and the subtext was always, “I can do this for you, but I don’t want to put in the effort.”

On the other hand, this statement also gave Ashe some confidence.

If the Gospel had assured him with certainty, Ashe would have been suspicious of whether the Divine Master was a colleague of Igor’s – in any world, only swindlers can guarantee to fulfill all your wishes.

So, if I could obtain this Omnipotent Wish, could I really go home?

Realizing this hope, Ashe wasn’t overly excited. It’s not that he didn’t miss his mom’s hearty soup or his dad’s nagging, but as he had told the Swordswoman in the Virtual Realm, he wasn’t the type of person who needed to cling to a wish to survive.

Embracing hope pretentiously and then sinking into despair just as pretentiously was too pitiful.

When Ashe arrived in this world, he had no illusions about making it back alive.

Therefore, if he obtained the Omnipotent Wish and successfully returned to face the pressures of matchmaking, mortgages, retirement, and the like, it would certainly be a good reason to resign, lie flat, and celebrate;

But if the Omnipotent Wish wasn’t so omnipotent, Ashe wouldn’t be too disappointed;

If he didn’t get it, Ashe would just draw circles and curse the lucky one, then forget about it afterward.

After verifying the usability of the Omnipotent Wish, Ashe suddenly felt he had nothing to ask.

Summoning a spirit? Suitable for which Magical Factions? But his cultivation experience was full of fluff, not a bit of solid content, completely reliant on being an accessory to the Swordswoman for today's strength, he had neither the necessity nor the ability to cultivate on his own – 'diligence' and 'focus' were the foundations of all Sorcerers, and Ashe had lost these two skills after high school.

And no need to ask if the existing Spirits are being utilized efficiently. Once Ashe began the Exploration in Virtual Realm, a spirit upgrade was inevitable. Aside from the Heart Sword, Substitute, Earth Sword, and Wind Barrier, the rest were likely to be replaced or relegated to a lower priority.

Just as Freya wouldn't fuss over a Mud Worker used for a single night, Ashe had no interest in dwelling on spirits that were on the verge of being replaced.

This strategy could even be taken a step further—there was no need to waste resources on Ashe. As an accessory, one should be aware of their role and not aspire to surpass the innate Talents of Operators through effort and resources!

Self-awareness was one of Ashe's virtues!

With a thought, he opened "Aurora's Sorcerer Handbook," and a message popped up.

"Death Maniac Swordswoman's Growth Report 4.26~5.2"

"Swordsmanship Faction: Silver → Silver"

"Radiance Magic Faction: Silver → Silver"

"Water Faction: Silver → Silver"

"Mind Faction: Silver → Silver"

"Arcane Energy: Silver Full-Wing → Gold Virtual Wing"

"Cultivation Evaluation: Grade S!"

"Due to achieving Grade S, Death Maniac Swordswoman receives Occupational Enhancement: Soulbreak Silver Sorcerer → Frenzy Dancer!"

"Frenzy Dancer Occupational Traits: Attacking the same target increases attack speed by 2%, stacking up to 5 times, and the effect is immediately lost when switching targets."

“With the boost in arcane energy, the Death Maniac Swordswoman’s Talent is enhanced!”

“Due to achieving Grade S, Death Maniac Swordswoman receives the Assessment Mission ‘Frenzy Dance!’”

“Frenzy Dance: Within the next 7 days, perform 10,000 effective Slashes. Upon completing the mission, the Frenzy Dancer’s Occupational Trait can be permanently fixed! Current progress (0/10000).”

Ashe hadn’t expected the Sorcerer Handbook to come up with new tricks—why was it always personal benefits for the Swordswoman? He wanted some too!

Permanently fixing Occupational Traits meant that even if a new occupation were chosen in the future, the Swordswoman would retain the ‘Frenzy Dance’ trait, essentially gaining a passive skill.

Ashe understood the significance of this mechanism: if the ‘Frenzy Dance’ could be fixed this time, what about next time? Or the time after that?

This essentially provided the Swordswoman and other Operators with a strengthening system separate from spirits. It’s not to say that the Swordswoman could now dominate a standard Two Wings Sorcerer—actually, at the moment, it’s the regular Two Wings Sorcerers who could easily overpower the two illegal immigrants on the Time Continent. However, with long-term cultivation and an increasing number of solidified Occupational Traits, the Operators’ combat abilities are bound to experience sudden and formidable growth.

It’s like having a job where, despite earning the same wage, your colleague makes extra income from rent. Ten Years down the line, you’re still saving for a down payment while they’re taking out a mortgage on a second property.

The only tricky part is this Assessment Mission. In the past, it would have been a breeze to complete, but now, with both Ashe and the Swordswoman’s souls not knowing when they will fully recover, if they can’t go to the Virtual Realm to slay monsters, the Swordswoman might as well take a part-time job at the slaughterhouse...

Aside from that, the Swordswoman’s Inherent Talent has also become stronger!

“Inherent Talent Swordswoman (mid-tier): Gain an additional 150% Swordsmanship experience, a low chance to gain 10000% Swordsmanship experience, and a very low chance to trigger the Resentful Dragon’s Phantom (unlocks higher Talent levels after strength improvement).”

The Swordswoman’s Talent had also advanced to mid-tier, not much different from the Black-and-White Witch. But just as the Witch has a chance to trigger the ‘Bronze

Dragon's Favor,' the Swordswoman also has a probability of triggering the 'Resentful Dragon's Phantom.' Ashe nodded at this, though no detailed explanation popped up.

There's not much to say about the cultivation strategy for the Swordswoman. Although the system kept suggesting Entertainment time, Ashe was not keen on accepting this kind of advice.

At worst, he'd just tell the Swordswoman a few more cold jokes in the Virtual Realm—that's his Entertainment!

When Ashe opened the interface for the Black-and-White Witch, he found that in just one day, there had been significant changes—

"Occupation: Daughter of the Bronze Dragon"

"Occupational Traits: A young lady favored by the Bronze Dragon, currently under a special curse. After lifting the curse, one can obtain the Bronze Dragon's blessing. While cursed, the Black-and-White Witch suffers a -75% learning efficiency across all Factions and benefits from a +10 Luck Check."

"Curse Example: The maiden transforms into an old crone and can only lift the curse with a true love's kiss, but is unable to communicate the curse's details to others."

"Knowledge Curse: Bronze Dragon's Secret Poison"

This curse... looks quite fairy-tale-like.

No wonder the Witch didn't allow Ashe to ask about her condition—it turns out she was gagged too, making any questions futile.

But this begs the question: is the Witch's current real-life state that of an old woman?

She may not even be human—perhaps transformed into a frog, a rabbit, or even Lala Fatty.

However, this Occupation's debuff is too powerful; a -75% learning efficiency effectively halves the effort, while the only benefit is a +10 Luck Check, similar to Ashe's previous Occupation "Cult Leader." But being a Cult Leader did not have such severe negative effects, aside from making Ashe as popular as a rat crossing the street.

Simply put, this Occupation currently only offers negative returns, much like Ashe's Calamity Walker.

But according to the Sorcerer world's principle of 'greater risk, greater reward,' the Witch's blessing after lifting the curse should be very powerful—perhaps even

transforming into a dragon. Then, Ashe wouldn't need a car in the Virtual Realm; he could just become a Dragon Rider!

Additionally, the Witch suddenly acquired an Eviction Secret Poison, likely obtained after triggering the Bronze Dragon's Favor. Ashe wanted to check the poison's details but was met with a prompt:

"You do not know this secret poison."

Well, of course, I don't! How could I if you don't tell me?!

Ashe guessed that unlike other data, if a player doesn't know about the secret poison, it won't be displayed to prevent players from being fed garbage by an Operator—like Eviction Secret Poison, a trashy poison Ashe would certainly prefer to be ignorant of.

Just as he was about to arrange a Cultivation Strategy, Ashe found himself scratching his head: The Witch's Talent is undoubtedly of the Time Faction, but her major, the Fist and Claw Faction, is gold-tier. Clearly, the Witch's main output method is also Fist and Claw, and it just so happens Ashe has a Training Gloves with a +15% efficiency. So, should the Witch's training direction be the Fist and Claw Faction or the Time Faction?

If it were the old days, Ashe would have chosen randomly, but now he has the Gospel, which could provide direct guidance!

"I have a friend..."

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

Chapter 202: Preparations Before Cheating

At this moment, Igor finished researching his next developmental path, his face revealing a very complex expression.

The smoking Butler Youth noticed this scene and asked, "Mr. Bukin, do you have any questions?"

"Nothing much, I just feel... the people here are really blessed."

Igor's tone was somewhat melancholic: "The answer I just got for 82 Points would have been impossible to obtain with any amount of money in the previous Kingdom. But, you, sir, have been living here since you were young, so perhaps you can't understand the feelings of someone from the countryside like me?"

“That’s not necessarily true,” Banjeet said with a smile: “The Gospel is bestowed selflessly upon the world, but not everyone is eligible to partake in it. I was equally astonished the first time I Prayed for the Gospel, by the greatness of the Omniscient Weaver.”

“I’ve had a question since last night,” Igor inquired: “With less than 10,000 on each Ranking List, and only the top ten positions listed, even without accounting for overlaps, there are less than a hundred thousand spots available in the entire Kingdom. If making the list is the sole source of Points, then how does the average person earn Points?”

“Organizational Rankings,” Banjeet stated succinctly: “For instance, if the Funeral Firm makes the list, Miss would share a certain proportion of Points with me as profit sharing. Ordinary people just need to join top ten companies in their respective fields that can make the list, and their salaries will generally include Points.”

“Besides, the Points from various city Ranking Lists are also distributed to workers in their respective fields, like the ‘Security Ranking’ Points would definitely be shared with those wearing the Red Cap. Basically, as long as you are a tax-paying citizen, you will receive a certain amount of Points as a year-end benefit.”

Igor nodded, “That sounds quite fair...”

Ashe, who was editing his question, raised an eyebrow upon hearing this: “Igor, do you really think it’s fair?”

Igor instinctively wanted to argue, but seeing Banjeet’s surprised expression, he realized Ashe was right. Yet, even after pondering for a long while, the Con Artist couldn’t figure out the catch.

“Igor, a smart person like you naturally can’t see the cunning within this system,” Harvey laughed. “Because you are certain that with effort, you can join a good company, earn your first Points, and then gradually snowball and grow. But even a Corpse could tell you that the positions and companies that share Points are limited, and those qualified to compete for these spots must have improved themselves into high-quality talents through Points.”

“Points are the universal Currency, and nobody thinks they have enough. Unlike wealth, which has a limit to how much one can indulge in, Points can be easily spent. Therefore, the Kingdom definitely follows the Pareto principle, with a large amount of Points flowing into the hands of a few. Moreover, with the Family System in place, the deeper the accumulation of Points in the parent generation, the easier it is for the progeny to make the list. Those at the bottom simply don’t have the resources to compete with Points families.”

“That can’t be right,” Igor frowned. “There should be free basic education here—”

“That’s exactly it, Igor. You’re too smart, and that’s why you can’t see through it,” Harvey said. “Do you think the children from the same Nursery as you can become Two Wings Sorcerers like you? Your intelligence and self-discipline have already exceeded the ordinary, and you can perfect your knowledge system through self-study. But ordinary people need guidance and someone to fill in the gaps, and this is where Points come into play.”

“Of course, maybe I’m wrong,” Harvey looked at Banjeet. “Points really are the Boon of the Gospel Kingdom and haven’t become a barrier between classes.”

Banjeet flicked the ash from his palm and smiled, “Mr. Harvey, you’re mostly right, but because of the Loopholes in the Gospel, the social system of the Gospel Kingdom isn’t that simple.”

“Loopholes?”

“Miss didn’t seem to mention this,” Banjeet said. “Aside from the Slaughter Ranking and other ‘Sin Ranking Lists,’ most normal lists consider personal credit.”

Almost instantly, both Igor and Harvey’s eyes lit up with an unusual gleam—that of laid-off workers suddenly discovering new job opportunities.

“Not all crimes result in arrests, and in fact, even if someone commits murder, as long as the Red Cap doesn’t find out, it’s as if it never happened. However, the Gospel records all illegal activities in one’s credit report, and if someone suddenly disappears from the rankings, the Red Cap will likely find something if they decide to investigate.”

“The Loophole in the Gospel is that as long as you’re not the one committing the act, it won’t affect your own credit.”

“So even those who aren’t qualified to be on the rankings have their own kind of work they can do.”

Igor pondered, “I thought Firms were just organizations that did the dirty work...”

“Firms are at most for pruning branches, eliminating pests and diseases.” Banjeet pointed outside the balcony, “Azura is actually a three-tiered city.”

“The second layer bathed in sunlight, the first layer that clings to the earth.”

“And the negative first layer that absorbs nutrients.”

Azura’s Sewer, Mermaid Palace.

“Do you guys really not plan to buy a dehumidifier?” Annan complained, crouching by the poolside. “This sticky humidity is so uncomfortable.”

“This level of humidity is just perfect for us, Sea demons.” Sirimoro lounged in the pool, flicking his tail and splashing water, which was blocked by a barrier Annan casually put up. “Stop it, I don’t want to get wet going back.”

“You could change your clothes here,” Sirimoro suggested, resting his arms on the pool edge, speaking as if singing, “Especially since your Firm has been removed from the Mission Ranking, and you, having betrayed your employer, surely won’t have any commissions in the future. With all this free time, why not come and play in the water with me?”

“You’re quite well-informed.”

“Water knows everything.”

Sirimoro propped his chin, looking up at Annan, “Why not just join us Merfolk? Although you’re not a Sea demon and certainly can’t become one of the Ten Sea Witches, I would still value you and perform the Bubble Ritual for you!”

“Thanks for the kind offer,” Annan said, not amused, “but I don’t have anyone I fancy, nor am I interested in losing my voice.”

Sea demons are a branch of Merfolk, but quite different from them: Merfolk evolved limbs while retaining fish-like characteristics, whereas Sea demons have upper bodies not much different from humans, only their heads retain coral-like fin spines, but their lower bodies are snake or fish-like.

Thanks to their outstanding Talent from the Prophecy Faction, Sea demons are virtually the uncrowned kings within the hidden world of the Kingdom, able to glean the most intelligence from the Deep Blue Gospel at the lowest cost. The Ten Sea Witches, like Sirimoro here before Annan, have their roots in the nine most prosperous cities of the Kingdom, commanding all the hidden organizations within Azura.

Sea demons don’t reject outsiders from joining their ranks, but new members must pass the Bubble Ritual: either kill their lover or lose their voice. Completing one of these tasks earns the trust of the Sea demons and even a share of their prophetic Talent. However, it also means forfeiting the right to appear on the conventional Ranking List, a sort of initiation into the hidden organizations.

“I want to—”

“If you’re here to talk business, then you know the drill.”

Annan paused, resignedly dropping to the ground to start doing push-ups.

Merfolk have a peculiar hobby—they enjoy watching humans exercise. Normally that would be fine, but if you want to discuss business with them, you inevitably have to work out while talking to them, much like social drinking.

“I want, to use, my favor, to ask you to do something for me,” Annan panted after doing just a few push-ups.

Watching the sweat bead on Annan’s forehead, Sirimoro giggled, leaping out of the pool without causing a single splash. She slid next to Annan, her voice slick as a duet of echoes: “Are you sure? That favor helped me become a Sea Witch. Once you use it, you’ll have no more advantages with the Merfolk.”

“I’m sure.”

“State your request, the water is listening.”

“In the last fifteen years in the Azura region, have there been any deceased Echo Children?”

Sirimoro summoned her Deep Blue Gospel. With a thought, the necessary information organized itself and appeared—once someone obtains a Gospel, it automatically gathers all intelligence about the holder’s surroundings. When needed, the holder can open the Gospel to peruse everything they ‘once knew,’ without spending any Points, effectively carrying a personal library with them.

“There are 76 names,” Sirimoro said with schadenfreude. “Almost no successful cases, the best one died at the age of five.”

“Are all these Wet Work handled by your people?”

“Of course, they wouldn’t dare to deal with such tasks themselves; they always entrust our people to carry out the final execution,” Sirimoro stated. “But if you’re looking to acquire the Miracle Technique of these families, that’s out of my reach. We have a Contract. Even in the Gospel Kingdom, no Legend Sorcerer can break a Contract written on Fabric.”

“I don’t need their techniques,” Annan said. “Are you also in charge of disposing of the Corpses?”

“Sure, it’s just part of the job anyway.”

“How about the quality of these Echo Children?”

“They are quite exceptional, having gone through so many iterations over the years,” Sirimoro explained. “Almost every one of them is a Genius of all Faction Realms, with some infants reaching the Silver Tier at just two years old. However, these geniuses

artificially created through Miracles are almost inevitably short-lived. To deceive the Weaving Festival and secure a seat, they need to live for over ten years, or else the Weaving Festival won't recognize these Echo Children."

Echo Children are a unique product of the Gospel Kingdom. These infants are subjected to Miracles during gestation to prematurely develop their intellect, almost all possessing Talent across all Factions. If they can survive until the age of ten, they are certain to master a Gold Tier Faction Technique.

But they seldom live to be ten.

The purpose of these Echo Children is to launch surprise attacks and to deceive the Weaving Festival.

As long as these children live past ten years and their potential is recognized by the Weaving Festival, they will essentially become true Echoers. After all, while the Weaving Festival's Ranking List is random, Echo Children are geniuses of all Factions. Whatever question you pose, if I can't answer it, consider it a loss for me.

Of course, the rewards of the Weaving Festival are naturally taken by their Family, while the Echo Children are kept alive until they die naturally. Without rewards to extend their lifespan, Echo Children can only live up to fifteen years at most. After all, geniuses artificially created in such a way are too much against the natural order. If there were no severe consequences, the whole Gospel Kingdom would have ascended long ago.

Just as the Blood Moon Kingdom excels in Bio-modification, the Gospel Kingdom has a profound cultivation in the field of artificial geniuses—from the very first day the Weaving Festival appeared, countless individuals have pondered how to deceive the 'Prophecy' of the Omniscient Weaver.

In the future, it might be possible to create a Faction Genius capable of living stably until the age of 20, but for now, the Echo Child initiative is more like a lottery for the elite Families, a test of the technological progress accumulated over the past fifty years, akin to an arms race.

Annan said, "I need you to alter the records of the Echo Child to specify three individuals, even creating the illusion that they have not died and have been active in the outskirts, Sewers, and forests all this time."

Sirimoro was somewhat surprised and casually asked, "No problem. Do you want to pick specific birth years?"

"No need," Annan replied. "Just change the records for all the Echo Children who died in the past fifteen years."

"All of them?"

“All of them.”

Sirimoro narrowed her eyes slightly.

She realized what Annan intended to do.

The Gospel had many loopholes, one of which was the ‘Retrieval Loophole.’ When the Gospel sought to query individuals with the same name and surname, it could potentially mix up the information of multiple people into a single profile.

But this loophole had been fixed a long time ago. As long as you were born in the Gospel Kingdom, the Gospel would assign you a unique number that only it could know, avoiding any confusion with others who might share your name and surname.

Annan undoubtedly knew this, yet she was willing to expend her favor to merge the Echo Child records with those of the three individuals. This meant she was quite confident that she could trigger the ‘Retrieval Loophole’ in the Gospel, leading it to mistake these three individuals for whole-Faction Geniuses.

This meant that these three individuals...

Suddenly, a Contract Fabric was extended in front of Sirimoro.

“Even though I trust the integrity of a Sea Witch, it’s safer to have a contract,” Annan insisted, completely exhausted and collapsing to the ground, her amethyst earring swaying in the light. “Once the contract is signed, I’ll hand over the names, appearances, and information of those three to you.”

Sirimoro took the Fabric, signed her name, and watched as the Fabric burned away. She then asked, “You’re willing to risk your Firm’s ranking for this? Was your whole-hearted effort to support me in becoming the Azura Sea Witch also for this moment?”

Annan nodded, her tired face etched with determination.

“I’ve staked the name of Dolan on this.”

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

Chapter 203: The Witches Entertainment

After several revisions, Ashe input all the data of the Black-and-White Witch, and the Gospel finally provided a useful response: Search the * website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

“Cost: 50 Points.”

“First conclusion: Practice the Fist and Claw Faction.”

“The Time Faction has a lower learning efficiency in reality. The only suitable place for practicing the Time Faction is, and only is, the Time Continent. It’s most cost-effective for your friend to enhance combat strength by practicing the Fist and Claw Faction in reality and embark on high-intensity adventures in the Virtual Realm.”

“The prerequisites are: (1) Your friend indeed possesses a Talent for the Time Faction (slightly doubtful); (2) Your friend actually owns an Item that provides a +15% Fist and Claw Faction practice efficiency in reality (somewhat doubtful); (3) Your friend can summon two Two Wings creatures with special combat abilities to assist in adventures within the Virtual Realm (strongly suspect your friend is lying, as the ability to summon creatures of the same rank in the Virtual Realm is exceedingly rare among Two Wings Sorcerers).”

“Therefore, the second conclusion can be drawn: Is your friend seriously ill?”

This Gospel turned out to be quite sarcastic...

Since the guide put it that way, Ashe had no reason not to follow its instructions—after all, 50 Points spent should not go to waste—so he equipped the Black-and-White Witch with Training Gloves, consumed an Advanced Stamina Potion and an Advanced Experience Potion, then filled up three Action Points.

However, at that moment, Ashe suddenly remembered that the witch had another option—

Entertainment!

With the blessing of the Debauched Prince’s D20, Operators could also gain Magic experience through entertainment. Ashe had previously been indifferent to this option because the gains from entertainment were definitely lower than training, and it involved betting on luck—Ashe, a low-quality male user who had never won anything, had no expectations for his luck.

But now he realized that the D20 was perfectly suited for the witch’s situation.

The witch’s Trial Occupation greatly reduced learning efficiency, but the pleasurable Magic experience rewards from the D20 would not be reduced, only amplified, perfectly circumventing the witch’s negative state.

Ashe had an epiphany—Entertainment wasn't merely for fun; it was a special form of Training designed to bypass negative states!

He almost misunderstood this game mechanic. Thankfully, since he hadn't previously been human, he'd never scheduled Entertainment for the Swordswoman, or else he would've missed out big time!

Entertainment only took up two Action Points, so what to do with the remaining one? Rest was out of the question, and with the low efficiency of Training, it seemed Battle was the only viable option.

Within the Cultivation Strategy, the "Entertainment" option had transformed, now featuring a D20 icon that looked strikingly similar to the entrance of an online casino.

The Entertainment interface presented two types of activities: Specialized and All-Purpose.

Specialized Entertainment, such as "Fire Faction – Candle Lighting," "Water Faction – Pool Play," "Prophecy Faction – Hide and Seek," "Mind Faction – Solo Housekeeping," "Truth Faction – Completing a Set of Papers," etc., would only increase experience in specific Magical Factions, but offer a larger amount of experience.

All-Purpose Entertainment, like "Playing with Mud," "Catching Beetles," "Jump Rope," "Playing Soccer," and such, which were not highly specialized or involved multiple factions, would increase experience in several Magical Factions, albeit providing a smaller amount of experience.

It all seemed so complicated; perhaps it would be simpler to have the witch Train.

But mobile games, being mobile games, provided a convenient option for lazy players like Ashe—

"Random Game: The Entertainment activity is random, and experience is gained only in one Magical Faction, with an additional 10% Experience Bonus."

That was the one!

"Would you like to activate the apocalypse observer's Inherent Talent and log the Black-and-White Witch in the Sorcerer Handbook?"

Ashe paused, reminded that the Sorcerer Handbook required binding an Operator to schedule their activities. The Swordswoman had undergone this process as well.

A thought suddenly crossed his mind—what if, in the future, he drew a new Operator, but there were no spots left in the Sorcerer Handbook? Could he delete an old Operator to make room?

This idea was fleeting, and Ashe chose “Confirm.”

“Swordswoman Cultivation Strategy: Training, Training, Battle”

“Witch Cultivation Strategy: Entertainment (Random Game – Fist and Claw Experience), Battle”

After setting the Cultivation Strategy for the Witch and the Swordswoman for the week, Ashe closed the Gospel as the Butler Youth finished a cigarette, snuffed it out in his palm, and stood up to speak, “Annan has two demands of you.”

Everyone looked up at him.

“First, do not leave the house for the time being.”

“Second, do not engage in any Magical Factions training.” Banjeet paused for a moment, “At most, you may peruse the reference books of the Magical Factions, but Miss hopes you can play as much as possible and do less serious work.”

Ashe was puzzled—was there really such a good deal?

It was Igor who guessed something, “To prevent our actions from ‘contaminating’ our evaluations?”

“Exactly,” Banjeet patiently explained, “Your learning efficiency will be recorded by the Gospel. The more diligently you study, the deeper the Gospel’s understanding of you, which is very detrimental to becoming an Echoer—on the contrary, the lazier you are, the Gospel might overestimate you. After all, you have the backing of Two Wings arcane energy on your resumes. When it’s found that you don’t work hard usually, the Gospel will naturally assume your Talent is higher.”

Understood, this was the Sly Student strategy, appearing not to work hard every day, but in reality having finished all the semester’s books before the term starts, just to seem effortlessly talented, making others overestimate one’s abilities.

As opposed to Igor and Harvey who yearned for progress, Ashe was now extremely pleased—yeah, everyone’s lying flat with me now!

“Lise, you can play to your heart’s content these days... You don’t seem very happy though?”

Lise, looking at herself in the mirror, seemed quite conflicted (/// ─ Ⅲ ─): “Where do you see me being unhappy? I’m very happy, Daddy!”

“At least put on a happy face to fool me!”

Banjeet said, "Speaking of which, I haven't introduced you to the various facilities of the house. Here we have a library, a swimming pool, a shooting range, an audio-visual Entertainment room, a simulation game room, a novelty game room, where Gun Technique sorcerers are not allowed in the shooting range, similarly, Water Art sorcerers are not allowed in the swimming pool, Illusion Sorcerers are not allowed in the simulation game room, please follow me..."

"I'm not interested," Harvey stood up and said, "I'm going back to my room. Please buy me a box of catnip."

Banjeet was slightly taken aback: "A box? Are you sure?"

"What grass? Like vegetables?" Ashe asked curiously.

"Does Harvey look like the good kid who eats his vegetables? He's more likely to eat corpses," Igor muttered. "The only two possibilities that he would ask for something are either related to corpses or..."

"Catnip is a niche type of tobacco," Banjeet emphasized 'niche,' and everyone understood what was implied—while others use their points to inquire about their career paths or whether they have a girlfriend, Harvey was practical, looking for a substitute for moon sugar!

Watching Harvey return to his room alone, Ashe was somewhat puzzled: "Can the Necromancy Faction increase resistance to toxins? Even if he has resistance, wouldn't consuming hallucinogens like that strongly affect his mind?"

"Maybe that's exactly what he wants—to affect his mind."

Igor gave Ashe a glance. "Although the stars are beautiful, one cannot reach them with outstretched arms; although the gutter is filthy, it becomes a place of peaceful sleep if one lies down."

"Not everyone wants to be sober."

Ashe said, "Isn't this the time for you, a Mind Sorcerer, to act? Your specialty is psychotherapy, after all! Harvey is on our side for now, can you help him get back to normal?"

"First of all, if we go by the standards of the Blood Moon, Harvey is quite normal right now," Igor said calmly. "Moon sugar is already one of the classic drugs used by psychotherapists. If you go for psychotherapy, nine out of ten will recommend moon sugar, and the last one will suggest you buy something stronger from the black market, like dancing powder."

“Secondly, do you think I have the spare energy to deal with someone else’s psychological issues right now?”

The Con Artist met the Cult Leader’s gaze and sighed softly, “Ashe, you are stronger than any of us.”

Ashe was taken aback, then shook his head: “I’m just experienced, that’s all.”

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

Chapter 204: The Witch and the Princess

At that moment, the Butler Youth beckoned them to follow. Lise obediently trailed behind, looking like a little brother and sister.

Igor approached, and the scene suddenly transformed into a beautiful young woman with two Angel children.

Ashe subconsciously kept his distance from them, so as not to lower their average level of attractiveness.

Banjeet guided them through the other rooms on this floor, but Ashe was still thinking about what Igor had just said.

The escape from the Blood Moon was a collective effort; even after the transmigration and a series of events, both Igor and Harvey continued to demonstrate the high level of criminal expertise expected of Death row inmates. Thus, Ashe didn’t believe they would feel panic due to being strangers in a strange land.

But on second thought, even during Ashe’s most rebellious times, when he longed to escape his family and went to college alone in a different place, he still felt cramped and fearful. Escaping the Blood Moon, with no hope of return within their lifetimes, they would have to survive in this foreign Kingdom with its different culture and political system.

Perhaps they would quickly adapt to their new lives, but during the adjustment period, they would have to battle their own longing, regrets, and loneliness.

The reason Ashe was unfazed was that this was his second transmigration. His previous one had been a switch of universal servers; this time, it was merely a change of regional servers. How could Ashe possibly feel nervous?

Most importantly, Ashe was different from Harvey and Igor.

He was no longer alone.

So, the proper treatment for Igor and Harvey should be...

"Igor," Ashe walked over and patted the Con Artist on the shoulder, expressing his concern, "You're not getting any younger. Isn't it time to think about love, finding a partner?"

The look Igor gave Ashe was like staring at a pile of excrement.

After the Butler Youth had shown them around, he said, "Feel free to enjoy the food and drinks, but please be mindful of your weight; do not diet or overindulge. If you need anything, just call for me; I'm usually in my room. I personally suggest you start by watching the documentary 'Gospel,' to get a basic understanding of the structure of the Gospel Kingdom... Anything else?"

"Banjeet brother, Banjeet brother!" Lise looked up at the Butler Youth, "How old are you this year?"

Good question! Igor and Ashe inwardly exclaimed. They had already guessed from earlier interactions that Banjeet's age was far beyond what his appearance suggested, or perhaps Banjeet hadn't bothered to hide this fact at all.

They were still pondering how to subtly extend the conversation towards this topic when Lise directly asked. This was the advantage of being a child; even if she had touched on Banjeet's sore point, she could still get away with acting cute. If it had been Igor or Ashe, the atmosphere could have become very awkward.

Banjeet glanced at them, pulled out a hair tie to gather his light blue long hair, and tilted his head, "I am 61 years old this year."

61 years old!?

Are you sure it's not 16?

However, Igor's eyes sparkled with excitement: "You're 61 years old, so the last Weaving Festival..."

"Do you know why Miss is willing to pave the way for you at all costs?" Banjeet said with a smile, "I am actually also a Person from the Exotic Lands. Once was."

“So... you’re the last Echoer?”

Banjeet nodded and poked his own cheek dimples with his fingers, “This is my Echo Reward.”

Seeing this, Lise also poked her own face, showing an innocent and adorable expression. Ashe looked back and forth between the two and shook his head, “Lise, you lost.”

“...I didn’t ask Dad.”

“If there are no other questions, then you’re free to do as you wish. Lunch starts at 12, and I will notify you,” Banjeet waved and left.

“I’m going to watch the documentary ‘Gospel’,” Igor decided to take Banjeet’s advice.

“I want to go to the simulation game room to play the virtual games here,” Ashe said eagerly.

The two hardened adult criminals looked at the little girl. Lise raised her hand, “I’m going to the library to read! I can take care of myself! Ashe Dad, Aunt Bukin, you guys do your own thing!”

“Ashe, let me give you a hand with educating your daughter—”

“Wait, I have a Contract with her. I have to protect her. If you want to spank her, you’ll have to get past my Corpse!”

“Is that an offer?”

Lise ignored the two adults acting like children and dashed to the library of the place, closing the big door behind her.

She found the library’s mirror and spoke to the pretty white-haired little girl reflected in it:

“Secret Princess Deya, are you there?”

“Little Witch Lise, I am here.”

When Lise blinked, she had become Deya.

Deya spun around on the spot, twisted her neck, and hopped twice, silently complaining that this body was too inconvenient. She would have preferred the Bronze Dragon to transform her into an old crone rather than this form that could only rely on being cute to get by...

But now, at last, she had some free time!

She set up a ladder and pulled out several reference books from the library shelves: “How to Manually Trigger a Virtual Realm Storm,” “100 Rules of Interpersonal Relationships You Can’t Ignore,” “An Introduction to Virtual Realm Creatures,” “A Brief Analysis of Magical Factions,” “Essentials of Guard Sorcerer Combat Techniques,” and “Surviving the Wilderness with a Dog from the Start.”

To prevent anyone from suddenly bursting in, she also took a few cute picture books and spread them out beside her, then diligently started reading those complex tomes.

Perhaps some could deduce from this selection of books—Deya had never been formally schooled, nor had she received formal sorcerer education.

She could read, sing, play instruments, knew about rhythm, was proficient in painting—in short, she was acquainted with elegant arts unrelated to life, but she lacked any knowledge of magical factions or survival skills.

Her current understanding of magical factions, survival skills, and even interpersonal interactions all came from reading the Sorcerer Handbook and using Experience Orbs in the Virtual Realm.

If it weren’t for the ability to acquire knowledge in the Virtual Realm, she might still be a princess in the Tower, staring at the sky cut into squares by the windows, with an innocent smile of a fool, blissfully accepting her Destiny.

After leaving the Tower with the help of the Bronze Dragon, one of Deya’s goals for herself was to quickly fill the gaps in her knowledge, perfect her sorcerer knowledge system, and learn various survival skills to prepare for a future life in exile.

Deya had also wanted to practice the arts of the Time Faction, but since Banjeet advised against it, she decided not to go against this directive.

Because she genuinely wanted to join the Blasphemous Gospel plan!

Although initially transmigrating to the territory of the Four Pillars Cult and being captured by the Cultists, then being favored by Annan and forced to become a pawn of the Purple Moth, this series of events precisely aligned with Deya’s needs!

The reason Deya went to great lengths to trigger the Bronze Dragon’s Favor at this time was to erase her past and participate in the Weaving Festival as a clean slate, thereby becoming an Echoer and seizing the Divine Master’s Wish!

Becoming a pawn for Annan was not just a danger for Deya; it was the opportunity she had been dreaming of!

Deya only knew that to exploit the Weaving Festival Loophole, she must have the Bronze Dragon erase her 'past,' but she was actually still clueless about how to exploit the Loophole.

And then, Annan appeared.

It was like a knight on the brink of starvation encountering a greedy dragon; either the knight would slay the dragon to fill his belly, or the dragon would fatten up the knight to satisfy its appetite. But regardless, one of them was sure to achieve their goal!

Without a doubt, Annan's meeting with Deya was a deliberate arrangement by the Bronze Dragon!

As one of the rarest Virtual Realm mechanisms on the Time Continent, "Bronze Dragon's Favor," Deya received not only a curse but also the Bronze Dragon's mischievously bestowed blessing.

The current situation was exactly as described in the Sorcerer Handbook. "Bronze Dragon's Favor," while bestowing a Trial, also tried its utmost to help the trial-taker achieve their wish, but this process was often as romantic as a fairy tale—in simple terms, the Bronze Dragon would continually create messy situations, insisting on playing pranks on the trial-taker.

Deya's journey, filled with hardship and eventually turning into a blessing in disguise by joining Annan's Firm, was akin to taking a shortcut to seize the Divine Master's Wish, and this arrangement of Destiny was clearly the Bronze Dragon at work.

Without this series of coincidences, Deya would never have met someone like Annan, who shared her goal of defying the gods; but it was also these accidents that forced Deya to act cute to survive, indirectly coming under Annan's control.

Complain, and the mischief of the Bronze Dragon indeed seems well-played; but be grateful, and the play of the Bronze Dragon is somewhat botched.

It's infuriating to the point of gnashing one's teeth, yet one can't help but not be angry at heart.

Fortunately, the 'Little Witch' that Deya had recently crafted was smart enough to avoid entering a direct Contract with Annan. Instead, she chose to bind with Ashe, who seemed rather naive, not only leaving room for rebellion but also gaining a minion to exploit.

The only problem is that this minion doesn't seem very useful... If Lise had chosen Igor to be her 'father' at that time, it would have been better. However, since Lise didn't make that choice, it indicates that Igor is very wary and has a high resistance to being charmed by cuteness, not the kind of low-quality Human that can be easily bewitched.

But what if Lise called Ashe ‘Daddy’ and Igor ‘Mommy’, is there a chance to drag Igor down too?

Deya recalled Annan’s behavior and felt that the formidable woman would not mind adding another shackle to herself; she couldn’t help but sigh internally—Lise was still too cautious, otherwise they would have had two servants by now.

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

Chapter 251: The Gift

“Although I appreciate the speed of delivery, this also...” Ashe watched the hurried drones as they efficiently returned to their own airspace. “Isn’t it a bit rude? Isn’t this like barging into someone’s home?”

“It’s not too bad.” Annan, with an air of seeing too much fuss about nothing, said, “The ‘Almo Drone Logistics’ system ranks third on the Tech Revolution Ranking in the past Ten Years. Its efficiency, safety, and interconnectedness are all top-notch. Although Belia and Tafa are close behind, they too rely on Almo’s technology to catch up... It was a bit annoying at first, but you get used to it over time.”

“Can’t it be a bit more polite?” Igor, who was very particular about his private space, also had some complaints about this delivery system. “Like maybe placing the packages on the balcony...”

“There’s a risk of damage if left outside, and the buyer might forget about it. It has to be placed in the living room where the customer is most likely to notice,” Annan explained. “I haven’t looked into it in detail, but this delivery system is definitely the most advanced since companies like Almo undoubtedly develop following the guidelines of the Gospel. If they took a wrong turn or stalled, Belia and Tafa would surely catch up.”

Because it is guided by the Gospel, it is the most advanced; because it is the most advanced, it is justified...?

Both Igor and Ashe felt there was something off with this logic but couldn’t quite pinpoint it.

As they chatted, Lise had already gone over to start unpacking the parcel. The box featured convenient snap fasteners, easy enough for even a little girl to open by hand. Banjeet squatted nearby and asked, “Need help?”

“No need!” Lise cheerfully responded, pulling a blue velvet gift box from the package.
“For you!”

Banjeet blinked in surprise, pointing to himself, “For me?”

“Yes, a gift for Banjeet!”

“Thank you!” Banjeet accepted the box with a look of pleasantly surprised, finding inside a Sapphire Earring that was delicately crafted and brilliantly glowing. He put it on himself, and although it looked nice, compared to Annan’s Amethyst Earring, the Sapphire Earring seemed a bit gaudy and even a bit overwhelming.

Or rather, it was the presence of the Sapphire Earring that made Ashe and others realize the true worth of Annan’s Amethyst Earring—it was beautiful without being cloying, dazzling without being loud, enhancing the wearer’s charm while naturally blending into their persona, and it even subtly seemed to possess effects like ‘enchantment’ from the Miracle category.

Exchanging these rare jewels for their three lives, the Four Pillars Cult had certainly been taken for a ride by Annan.

However, Banjeet was happily ruffling Lise’s hair: “I really like it, thank you Lise.”

Then Lise handed another gift box to Annan, who was drinking coffee: “Annan, this is for you.”

Annan raised his eyebrows slightly, “Thank you, may I open it now?”

“Of course!”

The gift Lise gave to Annan was a moon-white fox dragon hairpin. Although it looked somewhat childish, Annan seemed to really like it. He clipped it near the ends of his hair by his ear, making his demeanor appear more lively.

“And there’s this... it’s a gift from Aunt Bukin!”

“Is it a dress?” Ashe asked.

“Not exactly, but close.” Lise pulled out an item that looked very much like a dress: “Aunt Bukin will definitely look great in it!”

Igor took it and found it was a skirt-like garment that could be worn over pants as a decorative piece. The garment had many hidden pockets, which Igor found surprisingly useful. For a Mind Sorcerer who excelled at strategizing and preparing the battlefield in advance, the more secret pockets there were, the more pre-battle preparations he could make, even carrying several types of enchantment drugs.

Ashe seemed to notice Igor's satisfaction with the gift and teased, "Aunt Bukin, you surely don't like this type of clothing, right? After all, you didn't pick up Lise and spin her around to show your happiness... How about giving it to me? I like this style!"

Igor glanced at him, then waved to Lise, who was looking hopeful, and lifted her up to spin around: "You're quite heavy."

Lise pouted and lightly punched his head, "Aunt Bukin is so rude!"

"Sorry, little girls aren't exactly in my line of business."

At that moment, Harvey seemed to have finally settled the guest he had brought back and stepped out of the room, a Catnip Cigarette dangling unlit from his lips, curiously observing the scene in the living room, "Hmm?"

"Uncle Harvey!" Lise exclaimed as she dug out a gift the size of a notebook from a pile of parcels, "This is for you!"

"Do I get a gift too?" The Necromancer tucked the Catnip Cigarette behind his ear, calmly saying, "Thank you... a notebook?"

"No, it's a black and white mind-printing notebook," Lise explained. "You just need to press it against the paper and it can print the images from your mind onto the notebook. Uncle Harvey, you often stand by the window looking at the scenery; I thought you'd definitely like to draw."

"That's hardly drawing... But thanks anyway." Harvey pocketed the notebook and hesitated before pulling out a piece of candy, "Uncle's treat—"

Ashe hadn't even reacted before his body, bound by a Contract, rushed forward and tangled up with the Necromancer. Harvey quickly intervened to block Ashe's attack, saying, "It's real candy! I don't have enough Moon Sugar for myself, let alone to give away! This is the real sugar I use to satisfy my craving for Moon Sugar!"

"For safety's sake, Lise, you better not eat any candy from Uncle Harvey," Igor advised. "Though I can treat Sugar Addiction, it's a bit brain-damaging—damaging to the patient's brain. If Harvey gets the sugar wrong, Ashe might end up splattered in a deadly showdown with the Necromancer."

"Lise doesn't like sweets; she only likes soft, red velvet cream cakes."

Having said that, Lise went back to her breakfast, while Ashe pinned Harvey down, eagerly watching the young girl with white hair spreading custard on her toast.

Under everyone's awkward glances, Ashe helped Harvey up, then sat next to Lise, "Cough, cough, cough—"

Harvey sharply slapped Ashe on the back, “A pat on the back for shortness of breath, no need to thank me, consider it a return favor for earlier.”

Igor glanced at the embarrassed Ashe, his lips curling into a smirk. “Lise, you bought so many gifts. Is there one for the only zero-star Genius in this house?”

“Yes,” Lise replied, her mouth full of bread crumbs. “But someone is very angry and doesn’t want to give it to him.”

“Why angry?”

“Because last night, during a game, someone used tricks to knock over a chair, causing a loss, and it kept them up all night. So now, they don’t want to give him the gift.”

The room’s gaze shifted towards Ashe, now tinged with disdain—a Con Artist stooping so low as to cheat in a game against a little girl, even Igor felt ashamed to associate with such behavior.

Even a Con Artist, since the age of five, wouldn’t deceive a little girl!

“Really? You’re still thinking about that after a whole night!?” Ashe was shocked. “Aren’t kids supposed to forget things easily? Your grudge-holding ability is on par with Igor!”

Igor looked puzzledly at Harvey. “Do I hold grudges?”

“I don’t know you very well,” the Necromancer replied. “If we ignore the fate of those who crossed you in Prison, then you’re probably not much for holding grudges.”

After finishing her slice of bread and gulping down a cup of hot milk, Lise turned to Ashe and said, “If you don’t apologize, someone will stay angry, and the nice gift won’t be given.”

“I’m sorry, it was wrong of me to do that and cause you to fall.”

“Hehe,” Lise giggled, patting Ashe on the head. “Admitting you’re wrong is what good dads do. So, you won’t do it again next time we play, right?”

“Um, next time it will appear as a normal accident, and you won’t know it was me.”

“...” Lise withdrew her hand. “Not just someone, but even Lise is a bit angry now.”

“But Lise, think about it from my perspective,” Ashe tried to persuade. “If you were almost losing a game, and your opponent showed a weakness in real life, wouldn’t you seize that chance to teach her a lesson with a whirlwind victory, showing her that a true player should be flawless in reality as well?”

“Dad, you do have a point...”

No, that didn’t make sense, did it? Everyone thought.

But once again, everyone was forced to reassess Ashe—well known was the fact that little girls can be especially unreasonable, yet Ashe had managed to spin his twisted logic into sweet words that Lise completely accepted. This proved Ashe had a knack for dealing with children.

Or perhaps he could lower his intelligence to match that of a child’s and then use his vast experience to outsmart them.

Either possibility meant that Ashe and Lise were now tightly bonded; they had formed an impervious little clique.

For this small startup of just six people, Ashe and Lise could be considered a powerhouse.

Lise, now fully persuaded, handed a large box to Ashe.

Ashe gleefully opened the box, realizing this was probably his second real-life gift—the first being the blessing from the Four Pillars, which also included a VIP package at Shattered Lake Prison with meals and lodging.

A deep red trench coat with a gradient effect appeared before Ashe.

He paused for a moment, then put on the coat, feeling as if he were donning a robe of vanity.

“Lise has good taste, it really suits you.”

“Honestly, given Ashe’s sense of style, anything Lise bought couldn’t possibly make him look worse.”

“I think it’s quite nice, suitable as your funeral attire, oh!”

Ignoring the comments from the crowd, Ashe asked, “Lise, why did you buy this coat for me?”

“Because it suits daddy very well,” Lise said. “And, feel the pockets.”

Ashe pulled a card with numbers from the pocket: “This is...”

“This is a recharge card for ‘Epic’,” Lise explained. “The ‘Purgatory Trench Coat’ is official merchandise from the game you play, and it came with this recharge card. I thought you would like it...”

“Just for today, you are my real daughter!” Ashe hugged Lise tightly. “Lise, do you like Red Velvet Cake? Igor, find me a cookbook for baking cakes, and once you’ve learned, bring one over!”

Igor remarked coldly, “Next time you ask for my help, I’ll remember to have you bake a cake.”

Ashe blinked, “There won’t be a next time... but if there is, we’ll talk then.”

“Dad, you’re so dramatic,” Lise giggled, freeing herself from Ashe’s embrace to tidy up the remaining delivery boxes. “I’m going back to my room to keep opening my presents.”

“Huh?” Annan asked, “What about the other dozen or so boxes...”

“Right, they are all gifts Lise bought for herself!” Lise declared proudly. “I’ve been through a lot recently and felt I needed to treat myself!”

Banjeet helped move the boxes and casually asked, “With all that shopping, do you still have money left in your account?”

Lise paused, didn’t answer, and quickly retreated into her room, slamming the door behind her.

“Hehehe...”

Seeing Igor covering his mouth, laughing slyly, Ashe curiously asked, “What are you laughing at? And why do you look so sinister?”

“Nothing much.” Igor picked up a shrimp salad, “Just the feeling that someone’s going to get scolded.”

“Lise!”

The White Queen, reflected in the half-length mirror, struggled to keep her composure: “You actually spent all your money!?”

Kneeling in front of the mirror, Lise appeared earnest and docile, reflecting seriously. Suddenly, she presented a gift box: “White Queen, I picked this out especially for you.”

The White Queen couldn’t help but laugh in exasperation: “Giving me a gift and buying gifts for yourself, what’s the difference? Do you think this will fool your sisters?”

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

Chapter 205: No, You Need to Play

Lise was undoubtedly a sister with many flaws.

Primarily because Deya had not encountered many people, her database was filled with nothing but the Sorcerer Handbook or fairy tales. Having been captured by the Four Pillars Cult shortly after her transmigration, Deya had no choice but to model her sister after the protagonist from the fairy tale “Little Witch,” hastily creating a sister that matched the age and appearance required.

Thus, Little Witch Lise was born.

In fact, “Lise Deya” is not a name, but two “positions.” Whoever is in charge of controlling the body in reality takes on the role of “Lise”; whoever is responsible for actions in the Virtual Realm becomes “Deya.”

Their real names are actually those like Little Witch, Secret Princess, Black Butler, White Queen, Red Death Eater, and so on. However, actions in the Virtual Realm are generally led by the Secret Princess, making the name “Deya” almost exclusive to her.

The name “Lise” used to belong to another sister, but now that her body has been cursed by the Bronze Dragon, she is no longer suitable for the role of “Lise.” Therefore, until she passes the Bronze Dragon’s Trial, “Lise” will likely remain the exclusive moniker for the Little Witch.

Although the current Lise is somewhat lacking, Deya has no intention of replacing her.

After all, a new sister needs to grow, and after personally experiencing a series of events, Lise should become more and more adapted to her environment. And even if Deya wanted to make a switch, she has no other candidates; the only one who fits the age is the Little Witch.

In truth, the Little Witch has been doing quite well. If Deya herself were in control, she probably wouldn’t have been able to get past the Four Pillars Cult, let alone engage in cunning exchanges with Annan.

Deya was reading a book while chatting in a suppressed voice:

“Do you want to play? What’s there to play with? Isn’t chatting with your sisters fun? Be good, wait until we enter the Virtual Realm, then you can play. Real time is precious and shouldn’t be wasted on play.”

“You don’t like Annan? That’s normal, neither do I. She’s the same kind of person as the White Queen...”

“Mhm, Banjeet is indeed very dangerous, so you need to be careful around him. To protect Annan’s interests, he will definitely not show any mercy...”

“So, is there someone you do feel fond of? Igor? Bukin?”

“What, father?”

“We’re talking; you don’t need to use that term, right?”

“That’s not kindness, that’s just plain stupidity. That’s why he fell for your spellcraft... Alright, alright, you handle the daily interactions, as long as you’re happy. But don’t go soft, get a grip on Ashe as soon as possible; he’s our best piece in the fight against Annan.”

Suddenly, a strange voice came from the side: “Thirsty after such a long chat? Have a drink and rest for a bit.”

“Oh, thank you.”

Princess Deya took it subconsciously and took a sip, then looked down and saw it was a glass of strawberry-colored unknown liquid. She turned her head and her pupils shook!

“How nice, siblings chatting.”

The Observer, dressed in a dark red coat, sat on the desk, resting his chin on his hands, and said, “It’s been a long time since I chatted with my brother and even longer since I’ve played with a naughty nephew...”

“You, you—”

“Witch, I’d advise you not to be too loud, the lady of the house might have installed surveillance equipment.” The Observer said with a smile: “Speak in your Inner Voice, I will hear your intent.”

Listening to the Inner Voice!?

But compared to the Observer being able to appear here, listening to the Inner Voice was only a trivial detail. Honestly, although she met the Observer in the Tower, Princess Deya hadn’t taken him seriously.

She thought the Observer was looking for ‘Princess Lise Deya,’ but after receiving the Bronze Dragon’s Favor, ‘Princess Lise Deya’ had disappeared, leaving behind only Lise, the little girl captured by the Four Pillars Cult.

So Princess Deya never thought the Observer would be able to catch up—how could he find her when even the Gospel couldn’t capture her past? Search* The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

“What do you want?”

“Don’t be so nervous, I’m not a good person,” the Observer said leisurely: “Look, didn’t you agree to be my teammate?”

“I didn’t agree!”

“But Witch, you don’t have the right to refuse.”

Princess Deya wanted to say something else, but she suddenly remembered the Bronze Dragon’s Favor.

The timing of the Observer’s appearance was incredibly opportune.

Just as Deya decided to trigger the “Bronze Dragon’s Favor,” he suddenly materialized in the Tower bedroom, undetected by the sprawling defensive mechanisms protecting the capital, invisible even to the Sanctuary Sorcerers that covered every corner of the Palace.

He seemed to be an existence that transcended this world.

Aside from the Bronze Dragon, Deya had never encountered any other being that could match the Observer’s stature. While this could partly be due to Deya’s limited exposure, the overwhelming pressure that the Observer exuded was not easily forgotten. Indeed, in her own mental realm, the Observer had forcefully shattered it—yes, even the most powerful Red Death Eater and Black Butler, aside from the Secret Princess, had joined forces against him, but to no avail.

Even though the Observer claimed to be a Two Wings Sorcerer, merely inviting her to join a Virtual Realm Adventure, Deya didn’t believe a single punctuation of his tale. She suspected he was merely masquerading as a commoner in a game of mortals, pretending to be the pig, but with intentions of preying on some unsuspecting tiger.

But why does he insist on clinging to me...

A thought suddenly sprang into Deya’s mind: Could he too be influenced by the Bronze Dragon?

That's right, the trials set by the Bronze Dragon always had this characteristic: the outcomes were favorable, but the journey was invariably torturous. And, without a doubt, spending days with the Observer would qualify as sufficiently torturous.

So that was it, the Bronze Dragon was up to his tricks again.

With that realization, Deya saw no point in continuing her refusal. "Alright, I agree to become your companion. What next?"

"Since you're my companion, isn't it natural that I have a responsibility to take care of you?" asked the Observer.

Deya felt there was a trap in his words: "Theoretically... yes."

"And now that you've become a child, doesn't it naturally follow that I should be one of your Guardians, obligated to look after your daily life?"

"Of course... not!" Deya firmly shook her head. "I don't need your care, go away, don't disturb my reading!"

"That's exactly why I'm here," the Observer stated. "Finish the rest of the strawberry juice too. It's a tonic, don't waste it."

Before Deya could react, she picked up the cup and gulped down the rest of the mysterious liquid.

"Then, tidy up and behave like a well-mannered little friend."

Deya was terrified to find that she couldn't control her own body, which was stuffing books back onto the shelves on its own.

"What are you doing? Why can you control my body? Mind Miracle?"

"Let me go, I still have books to read!"

"No," the Observer shook his finger, "you need to go play."

"I'm not really a child, what am I supposed to play with?" Deya was almost frantic, "Aren't you supposed to let me study and practice to become stronger if I'm your teammate? How does my playing help you?"

"But you are a child now, and children should balance work and play. Energetically play during the day and embark on perilous adventures at night, that's what good children do." The Observer pulled out a pair of gloves, "But before you go to play, you need to wear gloves to keep your little hands clean..."

“Observer, have you lost your mind?”

“Witch, you can be quite rude sometimes.” The Observer tapped the gloves, and the adult gloves instantly transformed into a pair of pink children’s fingerless gloves, handing them to Deya to put on herself.

“That’s because you don’t listen!”

Deya glared at him huffily, her gaze darting to a mirror, and her expression suddenly became cute, “Hey, Observer, why are you doing this to me?”

“Oh, is it the Little Witch?” The Observer remained calm, “It’s like this, I’m controlling your body now, so you can’t read books.”

“Hmmp!”

“And you can’t go investigating Annan and Banjeet, nor can you try to turn Igor and Harvey.”

“Oh!”

“Under my compulsion, you can only go and play games with others, isn’t that pitiful?”

“It is so pitiful!”

“So what are you waiting for? Go and play!”

“Yay!”

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

Chapter 206: Youre So Annoying

“Chosen One, huh...”

In the Audio-visual Room, after watching the documentary “Gospel” at 8x speed, Igor wrote down the term in his notebook and circled it heavily.

This documentary was shot in 1680, just eight years ago, and after setting aside the typical inclinations of such social science documentaries to ‘pander to the audience,’ ‘oversell achievements,’ and ‘ignore the costs,’ it could serve as an essential reference for Igor’s actions within the Kingdom.

The documentary revealed many points of interest, such as the company 'Salome,' responsible for manufacturing Gospel Items, like how each city divided into Race autonomous zones and multicultural districts, like the push for 'multi-layered cities' over the next thirty years to deepen urbanization, like the Gospel Kingdom's complete free education system, where Sorcerer colleges offer free tuition, room, and board to those who pass the entrance exams, and how the number of higher learning institutions increased from 89 to 135 within a hundred years, with annual enrollment numbers climbing year by year...

From the proportion of Igor's notes, it was clear how much he envied the educational environment of the Gospel Kingdom. He was desperate to dismiss the free education as a mere gimmick, but the documentary proved him wrong time and again, forcing Igor to admit—while he was burdened with student loans, occasionally working part-time at Mud Café, gritting his teeth to get through college, there was a whole bunch of lucky bastards enjoying a carefree rose-colored university life.

So even though Igor sped up the playback, it still took him nearly half an hour to watch the documentary—the more he watched, the more he felt like his past was nothing but a life in the Sewer, so painful that he couldn't breathe and had to stop to catch his breath.

He was the type easily consumed by jealousy, feeling sick to his stomach with disgust at the sight of others' happiness, so much so that whenever he saw Ashe's optimistic, foolish grin, he felt as if his eyes were being stabbed.

But even in such a documentary, clearly made for celebration, Igor still caught a few unusual pieces of information.

Firstly, there are no Churches in the Gospel Kingdom.

While everyone knows that the Gospel is a Boon from the Omniscient Weaver, that's about as far as it goes. No one preaches the doctrines of the Omniscient Weaver, no one erects statues in its honor, and nobody can even form an 'Omniscient Weaver Study Group'—because all one needs to do is open the Gospel and ask, to realize that there's no officially recognized Church.

When you think about it, it makes sense. The foundation of the Church is 'God selects spokespersons to shepherd the world', which simplistically means "this group owner is too lazy, so they picked a manager to help oversee the group members." But the Omniscient Weaver isn't lazy—provided you have Points, the Gospel representing the Omniscient Weaver is available 24/7 to listen to your drivel. How could any Church compete with that level of service?

In a sense, the Church is like a middleman profiting from the markup, whereas the Omniscient Weaver operates direct to consumer sales. There's simply no fertile ground for the Church to exist.

Secondly, although there are no Churches, the Gospel Kingdom... does have an imperial Royal Family.

Having heard of Royal Nobles in other kingdoms during his time in the Blood Moon Kingdom, Igor shouldn't be surprised. But the Gospel Kingdom is so advanced and prosperous that Igor finds it hard to understand why it's still a monarchy rather than a democratic system?

Even vampires know not to be dictatorial!

However, the current ruling Yisuo Royal Family has been in power for 760 years, centralizing authority generation after generation. They have a firm grip on legislative, judicial, and executive powers. Violent armed forces like the Red Caps responsible for public security and Bluebeards for Suppressing the Abyss are led by royal appointees. All state decrees come from the imperial capital 'Nabistin', such as the "multi-layered city strategy" which is a new policy issued by the Royal Family. In essence, they have all military and political power in their hands.

Logically, one might expect such an autocratic state to suffer from a bloated bureaucratic interest group that makes life miserable for its citizens, eventually leading to internal collapse and dynastic change—indeed, the dynasties before the Yisuo Royal Family fell in just such a way.

But for some reason, the Yisuo Royal Family has broken this cycle. They've not only continued for over seven centuries, but the nation has also developed at a breakneck pace, thoroughly outperforming the democratic Blood Moon Kingdom, leading Igor to question if perhaps autocracy is the only way forward for a Sorcerer's kingdom.

Third, while individuals in the Gospel Kingdom may have varying specific goals, their ultimate aim is the same—to ascend the Ranking List and become a Chosen One.

The term Chosen One is a recurring theme throughout the documentary.

Only Chosen Ones can pioneer new technologies, lead the times, and even attain happiness... similar to the Blood Saint Moonshadow of the Blood Moon Kingdom, Chosen Ones are the privileged class of the Gospel Kingdom.

However, unlike the Nobles supported by the Divine Master in the Blood Moon Kingdom, Chosen Ones are nobility celebrated by the common people. And the threshold to become a Chosen One is quite low; simply rank on any Ranking List, and you're in.

Even making it into the top ten in jump rope within your region qualifies you.

But in some senses, the bar is incredibly high—if you lack sufficient Talent or effort, you won't stand a chance. Even if you do everything right, you must consider the course of

history. If your era happens to produce many geniuses, it'll be just as tough to break into the top ten.

Unless you push even harder...

A thought strikes Igor.

He finally understands what felt so 'familiar' to him in the documentary.

Despite all the good, the vibrant energy, the harmonious cooperation among Races, and the thriving society, Igor doesn't see the 'happy smiles' that would make him envious on any of the faces.

Every person and every statement in the film conveys the same message:

Be the best!

Be the strongest!

Outperform your peers!

Be number one in your field!

Those not on the Ranking List are holding their breath and striving hard, while those who are listed dare not relax, to maintain their edge. The whole society is like a machine with infinite gears, with everyone spontaneously accelerating in a frenzied sprint.

You don't even have to fear losing your way; with a few Points, the Gospel is always there to guide you in the direction of your struggle.

Despite the starkly different social atmosphere from the Blood Moon Kingdom, Igor feels a profound sense of familiarity.

It's like flies discovering a pile of dung hidden in a cake.

Intriguing, truly fascinating.

Igor decides to watch a few more documentaries to gain a comprehensive understanding of the Gospel Kingdom.

Igor left the Audio-visual Room, planning to grab some snacks and drinks to sustain a long battle with the documentaries.

As he passed by the novelty game room, Igor heard a sullen muttering from inside. Peering through the crack in the door, he spotted Lise with a large box of blocks in front of her, seemingly assembling a toy building block set.

The little Drama Queen playing with blocks?

From their interactions over the past couple of days, Igor had recognized Lise's true nature—cute on the outside but cunning on the inside. After all, she reminded him of himself as a child, using an adorable facade to gain adults' trust while inwardly mocking their foolishness.

Igor was certain that Lise belonged to the same breed as him—people like them are never satisfied with simply entertaining themselves with toys.

After all, once you've experienced the joy of fooling others, toys seem rather pointless.

They don't get angry, they don't have warmth, and they don't scream; what value is there to play with such things?

So what was Lise doing? Could it be that the blocks contained a secret of Annan? Or was she waiting for someone else to come by?

Igor watched from behind the door as Lise seriously compared the shapes of the blocks in her hands and started to assemble them whenever she found a suitable piece.

One minute.

Three minutes.

Ten minutes.

Fifteen minutes.

Igor could no longer restrain himself. He burst in and pointed at the chaotically assembled blocks, "The instructions are right there! Can't you follow them to play?! These are clearly castle blocks, and you've made them into a dungeon!"

Lise pouted at him without saying a word, only dragging the instruction manual over to look at it.

Igor clenched his fists, his face filled with anger as he approached, "You impolite little brat, it looks like I need to teach you a lesson..."

Another fifteen minutes passed, and Ashe, tired from playing virtual games, decided to head to the kitchen to grab some drinks and snacks. As he passed the novelty game room, he heard arguing voices inside:

"This one obviously goes here, look at the instructions!"

"Do you even know how to play, you dunce? I've never seen a kid as clumsy as you!"

“o(≥□≤)o Why did you pick such a huge block castle? This is not a project for just two people to complete!”

“o(¯ ^ ¯ o#) You’re so annoying.”

Ashe peeked through the door crack at the castle blocks, which didn’t even have the foundation assembled, and walked away with a thoughtful expression.

Then he brought Banjeet and Harvey.

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

Chapter 252: Reduced to Tears

Red Death Eater: “Thank you, I really like it.”

Black Butler: “Huh? Do I get one too? After all, I haven’t really talked much with you... Heh, it’s quite nice though.”

Deya: “White Queen, let’s just let it go this time. After all, we didn’t tell her in advance.”

“Exactly, exactly.” Lise nodded vigorously. “It’s all the shopping channel’s fault, with their endless variety of attractive items. If it’s not a limited-time deal, then it’s a special sale day, or they’re giving away a free gift... I didn’t do it on purpose.”

Seeing Lise’s pitiful look, White Queen sighed, “Just spoil her! In the end, if anything goes wrong, we’ll still be the ones to handle it.”

“It’s a habit.” Black Butler remarked, “Isn’t it always us who clean up after Deya’s messes? Whether it’s herding one sheep or two, it makes no difference.”

Red Death Eater: “We are experienced; we perform our duties faithfully.”

“Why are you bringing me into this?” Deya protested, “I haven’t been much trouble to you guys recently!”

Black Butler scoffed, “Is that so? Then who was it that the Observer had to stay behind for a counseling session last night?”

Lise blinked, “What’s going on with you guys and the Observer?”

“Nothing.” White Queen quickly replied, “Lise, this time your initiative is excused, since we didn’t explain the importance of that money to you. Ignorance is no crime...”

“I realize my mistake!”

White Queen continued, “I’m not looking for you to admit you were wrong, but I hope you can also consider things along with your sister. We are now forced to obey Annan’s orders, our freedom restricted, and that 10,000 copper coins represents the most liquid asset we currently have. We could have used it for many other things... like giving gifts to others, something you did well, Lise.”

“But giving gifts isn’t done simply by handing them out. There are two parts to it: the ‘gift’ and the ‘giving.’ The act of giving is as important as the gift itself. Like this time, you gave gifts to everyone, and while that seems nice, there are many issues upon closer examination.”

“For instance, everyone sees the gifts, which leads to comparisons. Comparisons breed hierarchies, and hierarchies define closeness or distance in relationships. Someone like Igor would surely check the price of each gift privately. If his gift isn’t the most valuable, his fondness for you would reset; if his gift is the least valuable, he might even hold a grudge.”

Deya was surprised: “There’s such a strategy?”

“However, Igor doesn’t have the Bracelet connected to the Curtain, so we don’t have to worry about that for now,” White Queen said. “Besides, giving everyone a gift never has the same impact as giving a gift to someone individually. If you were to give Ashe a gift alone, it would make him ten times happier. But giving gifts to everyone might only make him three times happier, even if the gift is perfectly suited to his tastes.”

“Why?” Lise didn’t understand. “Isn’t it all the same?”

“What if Ashe made a Red Velvet Cake just for you, would you be happy?”

“Yes!”

“But what if, when you’re about to eat it, he divides the cake into five parts and gives them to other people? Would you still be as happy?”

“Hmm...” Lise pondered deeply. “But I think I could eat half the cake... And wasn’t the Red Velvet Cake made especially for me?”

“Lise is smart to catch the key point so quickly,” White Queen praised. “‘Made especially for me’ is the key in gift-giving. Just like a cake meant to be shared with everyone, you wouldn’t feel it was made especially for you, and naturally, you wouldn’t be as happy.”

“The same goes for your gifts. If everyone receives one, they might think their gift was just something you handed out casually. Only by giving privately can you make them feel valued.”

Lise nodded thoughtfully, “White Queen makes a good point... From now on, when I give gifts, I’ll trick them by saying, ‘This gift is just for you, no one else has one. I spent a lot of time picking it out just for you, don’t tell anyone else, or I’ll be embarrassed.’”

Black Butler: “Lise’s sly way of thinking unexpectedly aligns with mine. Shall I take over her training?”

White Queen: “Don’t cause trouble. One of you is already enough of a headache for me. Lise, I won’t say much more, but I just want to tell you that our wisdom can help you, and we won’t refuse your proposals. If you want to buy gifts, we’ll agree and discuss with you what gifts are better and when it is appropriate to give them.”

“Lise, most of the time we won’t hinder your actions, but you must not act on your own while we’re all in the Virtual Realm.”

“To be honest, I’m heartbroken—not because you’re mischievous, but because I didn’t earn your trust.”

“No!” Lise quickly shook her head. “I didn’t—” Search the novelFire.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

“You bought the items before we returned and didn’t tell us about it until the delivery arrived and you couldn’t hide it anymore.”

White Queen calmly stated, “You clearly don’t trust us, thinking we would cancel the order, so you waited until the dust settled to tell us, forcing us to accept the outcome, right?”

“I, I didn’t mean to...”

“You weren’t trying to hide it from us? Not trying to force us to accept the outcome? You don’t mistrust us? Your actions certainly don’t show that.”

“You still want to argue now.”

“I hate children who are dishonest.”

Click.

Tears dropped heavily onto Lise’s hands as she faced downward, not looking in the mirror, her shoulders trembling slightly, her nose twitching.

(Whoa.) Black Butler: (Such a familiar scene, Deya was also scolded to tears like this once.)

Deya: (I was never cried after being scolded by White Queen!)

Red Death Eater suddenly jumped in: (Ah? Then who was it that needed to cry on my shoulder after being scolded?)

Deya: (Definitely not me!)

Black Butler: (Speaking of which, Deya still has a meaningful existence. It's precisely because of practicing with Deya that White Queen got so good at teaching children.)

Deya: (We're all perpetually 15 years old! We're not children!)

Black Butler: (We average 15 years old, but Little Red is probably 12, I'm a normal 15, and White Queen is mature like she's 28, so that puts Deya's age at about...)

"I, I..."

Lise choked up with tears, rubbing her eyes, which only made her cry more. Stifling sobs, she said, "I was just afraid of being scolded... I didn't dare tell you... I don't mistrust you, I'm really not a bad child... please don't hate me..."

Sensing the moment was right, the White Queen softened her tone: "Of course we won't hate you, no matter what happens, we will always love you."

"So, Lise, do you know what to do next time something like this happens and we're not around?"

Lise sniffled, "Wait until you come back and then tell you."

"What if it's something urgent that requires immediate decision?"

"Then I'll make the decision first and tell you as soon as you return."

"That's our good Lise." The White Queen smiled. "I forgive you this time. What about you?"

Deya: "You having Ashe apologize to me was the best gift, I'm very satisfied."

Black Butler: "I enjoy seeing Lise cry, I choose to forgive, as it will only encourage her. Then when she makes a mistake again, she'll be scolded by the White Queen."

Lise vigorously wiped her tears and declared loudly, "I won't make the same mistake again!"

Red Death Eater: “Ignore her, Black Butler always speaks harshly, but she was actually pleading with the White Queen on your behalf just now.”

Black Butler: “My intention was clearly for the White Queen not to stop...”

“But,” Deya asked, “besides the gifts for us, there’s a lot left over. What are those?”

“They’re gifts I bought for myself!” Lise exclaimed with wide, red eyes, giggling, “The best gifts I always keep for myself!”

After a brief silence, the White Queen helplessly said, “Also, when you give gifts, don’t let the recipient find out you bought better things for yourself.”

“Why not?”

“Because even we would dislike you for that!”

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

Chapter 207: The D20

At 8 p.m., Annan returned home and entered the living room to find it deserted and dark, save for several cleaning robotic spiders scurrying about. At the sound of footsteps, they quickly retreated to their nests to recharge.

“Banjeet?”

Annan called out, but there was no response.

From her birth, Banjeet had always taken care of her. Aside from his eternally youthful and delicate face, which was enough to make anyone envious, he had always impeccably fulfilled his duties as a butler, never neglecting his responsibilities.

She had instructed Banjeet to stay home and watch over the new staff members. Where could he have gone?

A sense of caution began to rise within Annan—could it be that these people had found a way to negate the Contract Fabric and secretly freed themselves from its control, catching Banjeet off guard and harming him?

She took off her Boots and, wearing silk stockings, silently stepped on the wooden floor, clutching the Miracle Procedure in her hand, searching for traces around the house.

Soon, she noticed light coming from the novelty game room and heard voices of the new residents:

“We’re almost there, it’s almost ready!” Ashe’s voice sounded.

“I’m nearly done too,” came Igor’s voice, brimming with excitement.

“Me too...” Harvey’s voice, as if a Corpse were speaking, unexpectedly held a tinge of passion.

“Grr... Come on, I’m ready! Let’s combine our efforts!”

Banjeet was in there too!

And what was this conversation about!

What were they planning to combine together!

They were all men; how could they possibly combine!

They mustn’t take advantage of Banjeet’s cuteness and ravage him!

“What are you doing—”

Annan tightened her grip on the Procedure, pushed the door open, and prepared herself to rescue the defiled Banjeet.

Then she saw four adults and a child assembling a dark-colored, meter-tall Lego castle.

Banjeet, Harvey, Igor, Ashe, and Lise all turned to look at Annan, blinking. Banjeet, who had been working on the middle section, immediately stood up: “You’re back so early?”

“Seriously, what are you all doing?”

“Isn’t it obvious?” Ashe spread his hands. “We’re assembling ‘Sky Canopy City’.”

Annan recognized the Lego castle, of course.

As a child, her father had bought many of these complex, high-end Lego toys, wanting to assemble Sky Canopy City with Annan, but she had little interest in such toys. As a result, they were left gathering dust in the novelty game room. After Annan became the head of the Funeral Firm at the age of twelve, she never set foot in the game room again.

“...What suddenly made you interested in playing with Legos?”

Ashe glanced at Igor: “I saw Igor, young at heart, playing with Legos with Lise, so I dragged everyone to join in. I didn’t expect the Bewitcher to be so soft-hearted...”

Igor’s face turned red: “I just couldn’t stand seeing Lise struggle with it for so long, I had to teach her! Actually, I was about to leave, but Ashe, you brought everyone here and got so engrossed, I stayed to look after your experience...”

Ashe retorted: “Bullshit, you were so hard on me when I made a mistake earlier, is that what you call looking after my experience?”

“All of you who can barely understand the instructions shouldn’t be criticizing each other, you’re all trash.” Harvey said unabashedly: “If it weren’t for you guys holding me back, I would have finished this castle by now. I’ve done a lot of work assembling ‘broken parts’ into ‘complete wholes’; this Lego is child’s play. Back in my day—”

Ashe covered Lise’s ears: “Nobody here wants to hear about your glorious past!”

Annan was confused and asked, “So... you’ve just been playing with Legos until now?”

“Yes.” Banjeet nodded slightly, pulling out his pocket watch: “I should also... what, it’s already 8 o’clock!?”

“It seems to have gotten dark outside...”

“No wonder I’m a bit hungry, I thought I just digested breakfast quickly.”

“Daddy, I’m so hungry I can’t walk.”

“Let Aunt Bukin carry you.” Ashe quipped, then turned to look at the ‘Sky Canopy City’ behind him: “Should we take a photo to commemorate this, considering it took us an entire day...”

Igor spoke in a cold voice, “I’m not in the habit of keeping visual records—”

Ashe thought Igor was about to refuse and was about to mock him for being the most enthusiastic player when he heard the latter change his tune: “However, I have a clean slate in the Kingdom of Gospel, so taking a photo should be fine.”

The Cult Leader blinked in surprise, looking at the Con Artist who was turning away, muttering an explanation to someone: “Plus, this castle is quite spectacular...”

“Miss Annan, could you help us out?” Harvey asked, taking out a Catnip Cigarette and placing it between his lips unlit.

“Of course, no problem.” Purple Moth summoned her own Gospel, then stretched out her index fingers and thumbs to form a frame, capturing the five of them and Sky Canopy City within it.

The next second, the scene appeared in her Gospel. She turned the Gospel around to show them, “This way, the photo will also appear in your Gospels. I recommend you create a photo album in your Gospel and put important photos into it...”

“This kind of photo hardly counts as important.” Igor walked away quickly, with Ashe leading Lise to find something to eat, Harvey went to the balcony to light his cigarette, and Banjeet lingered last, asking: “Annan, should I prepare dinner for you?”

“I’ve eaten; just take care of their dinner.”

Banjeet nodded, opened his Gospel to order takeout.

Indeed, the Gospel Rings they provided to Ashe and the others were actually a ‘collector’s edition’ or a castrated version.

The real Gospel Items had long since integrated multimedia functions, including Curtain (streaming), instant messaging, video viewing, forum discussions, and ordering takeout, to name a few. The Gospel Rings that only opened the Gospel, ornate accessories, were actually luxury items that showcased one’s status.

Just as some people still buy watches even though they could simply open their Gospel to tell the time—Banjeet was one of those people, thinking pocket watches were stylish—there were many wealthy individuals who enjoyed purchasing Gospel Rings, Gospel Bracelets, and even Gospel Glasses that only had the function of opening the Gospel. Search* The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

As for why only Ashe and his companions were allowed to open the Gospel... That was, of course, to prevent them from contacting the outside world while still allowing them to experience the allure of the Gospel.

Humans are social animals, and communication is an extension of boundaries. When you see news from a thousand miles away, you are a thousand miles away; when you communicate with others on the Curtain, you are not alone; when you see the tens of thousands of real human information streams in the Gospel Kingdom, your room becomes the entire nation.

Conversely, when they cannot leave, when they cannot communicate with the outside world, then this house becomes their entire world.

With their vision confined within four walls, their ambitions cannot reach the wider world, so naturally, they can only turn their attention inward.

Just as ancient courts often bred conspiracies and banquets were filled with deceit and trickery, Annan had long anticipated that Ashe and the others would plot to rebel against her—or rather, this was the outcome she had hoped for.

The more they stirred in the shadows, the more compliant they appeared in the open.

Bound by Contract Fabric, Annan had no fear of their rebellion. On the contrary, the more they obsessed over how to deal with her, the happier she was, because it meant they were wasting their energy on futile things.

Conspiracy and suspicion are twins, and the shadow of revenge is called shortsightedness.

When each of them became occupied with negative emotions, Annan could easily sow discord, favor some, suppress others, and thus easily divide them, strengthening her control and using palace intrigue to drain their vitality.

Although they had initially seen through her ploys, Annan had never given up on dominating these People from the Exotic Lands. She had simply made her plans longer, more covert, and more resistant.

But no matter what, the first step was to fill their hearts with negative energy.

Today, Annan's visit to the Mermaid Palace was also a deliberate move to give them space to act freely. She had thought that when she returned home, these new employees might give her the cold shoulder, or perhaps greet her with smiles, or even someone might pledge loyalty to her.

She had prepared for every contingency but was still stunned by this group of people.

Why are you all playing with building blocks so happily together!

The five of you together are over a hundred years old!

Aren't you worried about your futures? Don't you long for the Divine Master's Wish? Don't you want to resist the constraints of Contract Fabric? I gave you the opportunity to band together, and you're actually playing with building blocks, even dragging Banjeet into it!

Annan looked down at the photo in the Gospel, where the five stood before Sky Canopy City. Banjeet stood with proper posture, Harvey had a cigarette dangling from his lips, Igor fidgeted awkwardly, Ashe squatted down and flashed a V-sign, and Lise, though not quite understanding, copied him with a V-sign of her own...

Who had brought life to this stagnant pool?

Purple Moth's gaze swept over the new employees' faces, finally resting on Ashe and Lise.

The delivery arrived promptly, and the drone thoughtfully placed the steaming Redflame Lala Fatty on the table. Ashe had just sat down when he stood up again: "Save some Redflame Lala Fatty for me, I'm going to—"

"Stop, don't say it, just go, no one's competing with you," Igor cut off Ashe's incantation decisively.

Lise, ravenous, couldn't wait to stuff a piece of cake into her mouth, ending up with cream all over her face. "Lise, desserts are for after the meal," Igor said gently, "Come on, eat the Lala Fatty first."

Igor took the initiative to carve up the most succulent food, serving Harvey, himself, Banjeet, and Lise, and then there was none left.

"You're targeting Dad again, Aunt Bukin..."

"If you're not eating it, give it to me, I'll take the hit," Igor said, looking around with a threatening glare at Harvey and Banjeet.

Harvey didn't seem to care and started eating heartily.

Banjeet appeared to have little appetite but, to be polite, licked the Lala Fatty.

After pondering for a moment, Lise decided it was better to eat it herself than give it to Igor, so she dug in with gusto.

"Having fun?"

Lise blinked, turning her head to see the Observer sitting in Ashe's seat, and was about to speak when the Observer raised a finger to his lips: "Say it in your heart, I can hear you."

"Fun!" Lise thought: "Observer brother, you're amazing, can no one else see you?"

"Just like Deya, no one else can see me," said the Observer, leaning in to sniff the aroma of the Lala Fatty, "Speaking of which, where is the Witch?"

"The Princess? She's inside, fussing about changing places," Lise replied: "But I want to finish eating first."

"Hmm, it is indeed time to change, especially since the next activity is rather violent and gory, not suitable for you, Lise."

“What activity?”

“Before that, let’s settle your entertainment results for today!”

The Observer flipped his hand and pulled out a D20.

He tossed it lightly, and the die rolled several times on the dining table before settling on an 8.

“Today’s Entertainment evaluation is extraordinary, +7 Points; Lise, you’re in a good mood, +5 Points; Lise, you have a Luck Check +10, so you get to roll an extra D10 for additional Points...”

With a light tap from the Observer, the D20 instantly turned into a D10, which after a gentle roll, came to rest on a 3.

“Your total Points for today are $7+5+3=15$ Points. The Debauched Prince only scored 8 Points, so Lise, today you’ve earned the Debauched Prince’s admiration and also gained 150% Fist and Claw Faction experience.”

As soon as the Observer finished speaking, Lise felt as if ice cream had melted in her mind, and the sweet knowledge flowed ceaselessly into her consciousness.

She paused, suddenly picking up a stainless steel spoon and staring at her reflection on it.

Then, with a serious expression, she looked straight at the Observer: “Why do I feel like I’m absorbing knowledge in the Virtual Realm? Observer, who exactly are you?”

“Is it the witch? Actually, I prefer chatting with the Little Witch,” the Observer said leisurely. “In any case, I arranged for you to play for your own good, since you can’t practice normally with that posture. It’s not just about toying with you—at least not entirely.”

“Not entirely, so what proportion is it?”

“Roughly 76.85%... but that’s beside the point.” The Observer clapped his hands. “Entertainment is over, now for the main event, which just so happens to be a task suitable for a witch like you to complete.”

Deya was somewhat nervous: “What task?”

“Battle,” the Observer uttered a cruel word.

“Observer, you should know that in my current posture I have no combat ability—”

“But I want you to fight,” the Observer said coldly. “You know, this isn’t an order, but you can’t refuse.”

Deya took a deep breath, suppressing the desire to argue: “Who’s the target?”

“The target is...”

The Observer raised his hand.

Pointing towards the Restroom in use.

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

Chapter 208: The Long-Awaited Meeting

“Lise, who gave you the courage to challenge me?”

“Merely pebbles, not even worthy of half my attention.”

“You are seeking death!”

Igor watched as the words “Victory and Defeat Decided” flashed across the Holographic Screen. He scribbled on a notepad beside him, “5:2, I declare the winner is Lise—”

“Wait!” Ashe grabbed the Con Artist’s pant leg, his face a plea for mercy: “Make it eleven rounds, six wins. Change it to eleven rounds, six wins. Let’s continue the battle, I can turn this around! I already know how to play now. Next round is my turn!”

Harvey, who had retreated to a corner to nibble on catnip, couldn’t help but interject, “Ashe, there’s no point in embarrassing yourself further, you can’t even beat a little girl...”

Ashe retorted with stubborn pride, “I’m just not used to the game controller in this world, and this cushion is too soft. Plus, Igor keeps distracting me, that’s why I—”

Feeling utterly embarrassed, Igor covered his face and whispered to Banjeet beside him, “I’ve said it several times before, but I must reiterate—Ashe is an exception. Please don’t judge our entire Kingdom by his actions.”

The Butler Youth, typically maintaining an almost-smiling expression, now struggled to keep his composure, his eyes nearly creasing into slits with suppressed laughter: “Mr.

Ashe, perhaps I should have a round against Lise. You can see how I handle this character...”

“No!”

Lise suddenly shouted: “I will battle him. I must defeat him thoroughly!”

“Hmph, you’ll soon pay for your arrogance!” Ashe bellowed, hastily beginning the next round of the Sorcerer Duel.

During the meal, Lise, for some reason, suddenly suggested a battle with Ashe.

Everyone found it a bit peculiar, yet no one stopped them. Banjeet even volunteered to arrange the mode of battle—for them to play the classic “Sorcerer Duel 14.”

The Sorcerer Duel series, a legendary game in the Gospel Kingdom for the past thirty years, allows players to control various legendary sorcerers in combat.

Not just ordinary people are fans of the game, even sorcerers are devout players—In fact, it could be said that almost every Battle Sorcerer under thirty in the Gospel Kingdom has been influenced by this game, with many dreaming of possessing the same formidable powers as the characters within, even affecting the ratio of sorcerers throughout the Kingdom.

The most popular characters in the Sorcerer Duel series are ‘Alchemy Overlord’ and ‘Earth Empress.’ The former can craft mechanical figures barehanded mid-battle, summon swords by the thousands, and command the elements of water, fire, wind, and lightning, mastering all factions within the Alchemy Faction. The latter alters the terrain with every move, executing attacks with utmost spectacle. Add to that the Earth Empress’s beauty, and it’s no wonder she’s a favorite among countless players.

Thus, in the Gospel Kingdom, the Alchemy and Earth Factions boast the most members. Of course, they soon realize they’ve been deceived—the Alchemy Faction at the Silver Realm level mainly consists of Creator Sorcerers, severely lacking in combat skills; the career prospects for the Earth Faction often involve joining engineering corps, where one can forget about queens; in the wilderness working on projects, even a female cat is a rare sight.

However, because these two factions have so many sorcerers, they’ve even created a demographic dividend, allowing the urbanization of the Gospel Kingdom to progress so rapidly over the past thirty years that there are enough people to build multi-level cities... Ah?

I digress, Ashe and Lise are currently battling it out in ‘Sorcerer Duel 14,’ though neither has chosen a popular character.

Lise is playing as the 'Time Witch,' and while by name a mistress of time, for balance purposes, this character primarily uses throws and close-range boxing, offering a strong sense of hit but without flashy special effects.

Ashe has chosen the 'Wandering Sword Saint,' and since Swordcerers are a minority in the Gospel Kingdom, this character, while also quite strong, has lackluster combat effects and thus doesn't see much popularity among players.

Igor isn't particularly interested in these combat games; his reason for coming was Banjeet.

He discreetly observes the Butler Youth, noting his intense focus on the battle between Ashe and Lise, plus the fact that it was Banjeet who had actively recommended the game. Curious, Igor leans towards Banjeet and asks, "Do you really like this game?"

"Not really..." Banjeet admits, a rare blush of youthfulness on his face: "I'm just somewhat happy."

"Why are you happy?"

"Because this game is in my 'Play with Kids in the Future' collection."

Igor glanced at Banjeet, whose youthful physique seemed not yet fully developed, and decided to file away this sad question for later.

If there ever came a time when Igor found himself at odds with Banjeet, he could use this query to embarrass him.

But Igor's attention was now more on Lise than on Banjeet.

The white-haired little girl was staring intently at the Holographic Screen, her fingers skillfully manipulating the joystick and buttons. She was becoming increasingly adept at speculating, countering, and breaking defenses, as she controlled the Time Witch to pummel the Wandering Sword Saint.

Igor could tell that this was her first time playing the game; her initial handling was quite rough, and she was suppressed by Ashe, who had some competitive gaming skills.

But by the second round, she had improved rapidly, forcing Ashe to rely on the Wandering Sword Saint's "defense-breaking" moves to narrowly defeat her. By the third round, she had figured out how to counter various skills, and from then on, she went on a winning streak, crushing Ashe.

Igor had thought she would stop after winning one round, then act cute and let Ashe win, but unexpectedly, she didn't give him any quarter. Whenever Ashe came looking for trouble, she would fiercely retaliate.

Although someone like Ashe indeed deserved a harsh beating, this was not consistent with Lise's usual style—she was like Igor, driven only by self-interest. Winning over Ashe didn't offer her any benefits other than satisfaction.

She had been carefully playing her cute card to win everyone over. Even though everyone saw through her act, she was just too adorable.

Not to mention, her success in tricking Ashe into becoming her Slave was 99% due to her being a white-haired loli and only 1% due to Ashe's stupidity.

Just as men like Green Tea and women fall for scumbags, fools love Igor. If victims claim deep down they don't know what kind of person the other is, it's definitely a lie. The perpetrator provides an emotional experience that no one else can offer, so the victims don't want to think about it—they just wish the dream would last a little longer.

However, Lise's behavior now was somewhat 'breaking character': not only did she not give Ashe any face, fighting very seriously, but she also seemed to call out Ashe's name directly... Did she no longer want to use Ashe as a shield? But even wet toilet paper has its uses, so it seemed too early to cast aside Ashe the Slave, right?

Igor wasn't sure if it was because Lise had beaten Ashe, or because she seemed so genuine, but now he found her quite endearing.

"The outcome is decided!"

"6:2 now, Ashe, are you aiming for a ten-loss streak?"

"I've let you win six rounds, it's time to show my real skills..."

"As long as you're happy."

At 10 p.m., Deya, having taken a shower and wearing her pajamas, collapsed tiredly onto her bed. Unfortunately, her hair was long and would take a while to dry, so she couldn't go straight to sleep.

However, sleeping wasn't her job; it was Lise's.

If it hadn't been for Lise accidentally bumping her head and passing out last night, Deya would have already attempted Exploration in Virtual Realm.

Annan had given them enough freedom, and with Lise helping cover for her by sleeping, Deya wasn't afraid of anyone discovering she was a Two Wings Sorcerer – even inside the Palace Tower, she could explore the Virtual Realm right under the watchful eyes of the Sanctuary in Legend.

Deya sat in front of the mirror brushing her hair and said, "You need to go to sleep nicely later, don't read, don't go looking for others, and if something happens, find a chance to contact me in the Virtual Realm."

Lise, reflected in the mirror, pouted: "I also want to play Sorcerer Duel with daddy..."

"He's so bad at it, you'd be better off playing with Banjeet."

"I like beating the weak! Isn't it fun to bully the small? Banjeet looks strong, it would definitely be a loss playing against him, no fun."

"Yikes, you're so naughty... By the way, Ashe seems to have some Points left, why don't you trick him into a duel tomorrow and take them all?"

Suddenly, a familiar and frightening voice came from behind: "Witch, don't tempt the child into gambling, eh? If you don't have a good opponent, how about playing a game with me next time?"

Deya turned around sharply, finding no one behind her.

However, when she turned back around, she saw in the mirror that sitting on the bed behind Lise was that man whom everyone both hated and feared!

The Observer!

"Good evening, witches," the Observer said lazily with his arms crossed in front of his chest, reflected in the mirror. "Did you have a good day today?"

"(*^▽^*) Not happy!" Lise said fiercely. "Don't do that again tomorrow! Otherwise, I'll start hating you!"

The Observer replied with feigned anger, "Little Witch, how dare you speak to me with such insolence. Tomorrow, I will make sure you have no time for studying and can only play to your heart's content—"

"Enough, you two," Deya said with an expression of disbelief, turning to the Observer. "I've completed your task. I fought Ashe and defeated him. You're not going to deny me any personal time, are you?"

"The battle I was referring to probably wasn't quite what happened... but as long as you learned something, I don't mind," the Observer replied, spreading his hands. "See, I can be quite reasonable."

Reasonable, as in not giving me any choice, barging into a young girl's room late at night without asking, forcing a child to stop studying to play a game? If that's considered

reasonable, then even Ashe, who is somewhat reluctant to follow orders, could be considered a truly loving father.

Deya thought sarcastically, then suddenly remembered that the Observer could hear her internal complaints, so she quickly changed the subject: "What could I possibly learn from playing games with Ashe?"

"Having experienced the Time Witch's style of battle, don't you think you could incorporate it into your own fighting system?"

"That's just a game..." Deya started to say, but then stopped, thoughtful. She stood up and made a few gestures in the open space, her expression gradually turning serious.

The Observer spoke leisurely, "The Sorcerer Duel series has become the most widespread game in the Kingdom of Gospel and has inspired countless people to become sorcerers for a reason."

Deya nodded excitedly, "You're right, I'm going to try it out in the Virtual Realm—"

"That's exactly why I came to find you," said the Observer.

Deya paused, seeing the Observer sitting on the windowsill, looking down at the bustling city below.

"Have you forgotten? The reason I've been pranking you is that I need you to become my companion in Exploring the Virtual Realm."

"You just said you were pranking me?"

"You heard wrong, I said guiding you." The observer's tone didn't change a bit: "Since everyone is free tonight, why don't we officially start Exploring the Virtual Realm? But you'll need to wait a moment, we need to prepare."

Is it really true?

Does he really want to invite me to join them in Exploring the Virtual Realm?

But isn't the Virtual Realm meant for one person only...

Although Deya wanted to question the authenticity of this, the apocalypse observer's actions over the past two days undoubtedly proved that he does what he says — he said to let Lise play, and not for a second could she stop; he said to have Deya Battle Ashe, and before the game was over, her hands couldn't leave the controller.

The observer had no need to tell a lie that could be exposed immediately.

Deya was silent for a moment: “Then what do you need me to do?”

“You don’t need to do anything.”

The figure of the observer gradually faded, leaving only one sentence:

“The sacred Destiny connects us, and we will meet in the Virtual Realm soon.”

On the other side, Ashe, after his bath, lay in bed immersed in the ocean of knowledge, holding a book titled “The Complete Guide to the Sorcerer Duel Series.”

As Ashe fantasized about how he would use a combo to defeat Lise tomorrow, his Gospel popped out on its own.

A red exclamation mark appeared in the upper right corner of the “Mine” section, and anyone with a touch of OCD would want to click it, and then three messages appeared.

“Aurora’s Sorcerer Handbook has completed device binding and data transfer! Players can now log into the game with this device, with resolution increased to ultra-high definition, and Operator Portraits enhanced with dynamic CG effects.”

“Operator ‘apocalypse observer’ Soul health has been restored to 100%.”

“Operator ‘Death Maniac Swordswoman’ Soul health has been restored to 100%.”

Ashe blinked his eyes.

What is this? The game migrated itself to the new device, the Gospel, without his knowledge, and even added dynamic CG?

This isn’t just progress, it’s evolution!

From a money-grabbing mobile game to... a slightly more conscientious money-grabbing mobile game.

But compared to the huge transformation of the game, Ashe cared more about the last two messages!

Complete Soul recovery means they can finally start Exploring the Virtual Realm tonight!

In other words...

It’s finally time to meet.

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

Chapter 209: Our Dorm is Simply Unbeatable

“Cheers!”

Inside the Secret Garden, the four members of Swordflower Dormitory sat in the hall, raising their glasses in celebration.

The booths were packed today, so they opted for a small table in the hall. The surrounding students were sneakily glancing their way, but the group had grown accustomed to the attention. If anyone considered approaching them, a mere sweeping glance from the girls was enough to wisely send them off to the Restroom to check their own reflections.

Four days ago, under the watchful eyes of many, Sonya challenged Leoni once again.

This time, Leoni didn't give any ground, instead seeing Sonya as a formidable rival and gladly accepting the challenge. Both donned their Star Robes and wielded sharpened longswords, unleashing their full potential in a dazzling display of skill!

Four medical sorcerers were arranged on-site, fearing the clash of these two sword saint hopefuls might end prematurely due to injury.

Swordcerer versus Swordcerer, sharpness against sharpness!

Although both their Star Robes were ultimately torn, the instructors declared a draw. But everyone knew that from that moment on, the Red-haired Swordswoman had used the Orange Dancer as a stepping stone to become the unrivaled pride of Swordflower College!

After all, Leoni had been a Silver Sorcerer for over two years, while Sonya had not even reached... one month!

Sonya's previous feat of disarming Leoni could have been dismissed as 'luck', but this was a head-to-head battle where both gave their all. Even the most obstinate critic, accustomed to nitpicking at construction sites, could only question Sonya's beauty, not her strength!

And Sonya was still in her freshman year. Many believed she would reach the rank of Golden Sorcerer before graduation.

Even at Truth College, where geniuses gathered, students who stepped onto the Time Continent before graduation were seen as the most brilliant shooting stars. For first-year students at Swordflower College, their college life was destined to pale in the starlight of the Red-haired Swordswoman.

Some even felt that their greatest achievement in life might well be “having been classmates with Sonya Therave.”

If someone is slightly ahead of you, you might feel jealous; but if they're so far ahead that they're out of reach, you can't help but admire them. You might even become an ardent fan, eagerly hoping they'll achieve even greater honors in the future, so you can brag about the rare connection you have with them.

It's said that within the walls of the school, a Fan Club for Sonya Therave has emerged. They're still debating whether to call themselves 'Sonya's Fans' or 'Therave's Peeps'.

On the other hand, given Sonya's high profile, her roommates naturally became the center of attention—after all, Sonya had become an untouchable prodigy, admired from afar with no one daring to approach. But if you could befriend Sonya's friends, wouldn't that be an indirect way to join her circle? [search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

People were surprised to find that Sonya had a group of Treasure roommates.

Engulite hardly needed mentioning; apart from Felix and Sonya, she was the top student in the Swordsmanship Department, diligent and valiant.

Lois was one of the most dazzlingly beautiful girls in the Water Department. After Sonya switched to the Swordsmanship Department, the 'one of' could be dropped.

Adelle was even more impressive; she was the initial founder of Sonya's Fan Club. Leveraging her identity as 'Sonya's roommate,' she unquestionably became the Chairman of the Fan Club, the number one fan of the Red-haired Swordswoman.

With Adelle's subtle influence, the moniker 'Swordflower Dormitory' spread throughout the college. Everyone knew that Sonya's dorm was a place of outstanding talent, a small dormitory that produced four blossoms of Swordflower College. The college had indeed struck gold with them, and they were destined to become the top pop group in Gales...

Faced with the mounting attention, Sonya and Lois naturally relished it. They were 'performer personalities' who thrived on the sense of superiority and energy they drew from others' gazes, going to school each day as if they were energized by a vitality bullet.

Although Adelle wasn't as bold as the other two, she also enjoyed the spotlight, boasting about the love letters expressing admiration she received each day.

Initially, Engulite was not accustomed to such attention. When she was approached during her morning training runs, it annoyed her.

But after being transformed by Sonya and Lois—getting a new hairstyle, groomed eyebrows, and more flattering, plain workout clothes—Engulite's natural good looks began to catch up with the others. She was just a notch below Adelle, and with Adelle's continuous weight gain, surpassing her was not a far-off dream.

Having become more attractive, Engulite was shy at first but quickly grew more confident. She began to handle the attention with ease and even started learning skincare and sun protection tips from Sonya.

Makeup is a woman's armor, and admiration is a man's surrender. Engulite had not cared about her appearance before, thinking a sword practitioner need not waste time on such things. But that didn't mean she didn't want to be beautiful—after all, her initial aspiration to become a sword practitioner was inspired by Delarose's portrayal of a handsome Female Swordcerer in the Holographic Screen.

Beautiful, elegant, and powerful! That was the Female Swordcerer that Engulite aspired to be!

With the help of Sonya and Lois to avoid missteps, Engulite found that it took very little time each day to maintain a look that outshone 90% of her peers without neglecting her daily training. Naturally, she was pleased to join the ranks of the beautiful girls, achieving one-third of her Female Swordcerer dream.

And tonight, Engulite took another step closer to her dream.

"It's amazing, our dormitory has produced two sorcerers before the end of our freshman year," Adelle said with a flushed face, giggling with pride. "Our dormitory is just too impressive!"

In tonight's training session, as Engulite's sword struck the tenth ring of the armor stands, a resonance phenomenon occurred. She autonomously summoned her first Lifeline Spirit, becoming the second Official Sorcerer in the dormitory!

"It's Sonya and Engulite who are amazing, what does it have to do with you?" Lois said unapologetically, exposing Adelle's shamelessness. However, she was curious and turned to the newly advanced Female Swordcerer, "Engulite, may we see your Lifeline Spirit?"

"Actually, there's not much to see," Engulite said modestly, yet she extended her hand willingly, and a Lifeline Spirit holding a sharp blade appeared in her palm.

"This is a 'Slash Sword' spirit," Adelle remarked, gazing at it in surprise. "Huh? Even though it's a spirit you summoned yourself, why does it look like a man? Could it be that Engulite, you're actually a man in disguise? No wonder your chest is so—"

"Autonomously summoned spirits are related to the inner projections of the sorcerer. If you didn't pay attention in class, don't spout nonsense," Lois interrupted, smacking Adelle on the head. "Maybe Engulite thinks male Swordcerers are stronger?"

"That's right," Engulite admitted openly. "Although I believe I'm no less capable than men, I'm also aware that men generally possess superior strength and agility. I need to put in extra effort to surpass my male peers. Sometimes I wonder if my path as a Swordcerer would have been smoother if I were a man..."

"Actually, once you become an Official Sorcerer, the impact of individual talents like strength and agility becomes negligible," Sonya said while munching on chicken pops. "A sorcerer's strength is determined by their spirit, arcane energy, and Faction Realm. Gender is inconsequential. Haven't I completely outplayed Felix without him having a chance to retaliate? There's no need to feel inferior."

"I understand that; I'm familiar with these principles," Engulite said with an apologetic smile. "But some notions are hard to shake off immediately. Only when I become stronger and gain enough confidence to affirm myself, can I rid myself of these insecurities... Thank you for your concern."

Sonya stared blankly at Engulite for a few seconds before turning to Lois. "Just wait, she'll eventually reach a pinnacle that's beyond our reach. This woman possesses a power that's even greater than Talent."

"It will be the two of you reaching heights beyond our reach," Lois retorted.

"It's the three of us," Adelle corrected. "Lois is about to summon her 'Hydrotherapy' spirit too."

"You still have the nerve to talk!" Lois punctuated each pause with a knock on Adelle's head. "I told you to practice with me and you wouldn't; you'd lie in bed watching shows. I told you to join me for self-study and you refused; you'd lie in bed watching shows. If you keep this up, I doubt you'll even enter the Virtual Realm before graduation. What will you do if you can't graduate?"

"Then I'll just get married," Adelle said, covering her head.

"And then what? Become a lady of leisure who only knows the pleasures of life?"

"Besides the pleasures of life, I can continue to lie in bed at home and watch shows."

"You—"

Watching Lois almost pull Adelle's face into a pancake, Sonya thought for a moment and said, "Adelle, I know you're not interested in Water Art, maybe you chose the wrong Magical Faction... But after studying for over a year, you should be close to the Silver Realm. Just push a little harder and you'll step into the Virtual Realm. Once there, you can slowly choose a new Faction, there must be a Magical Faction that you'll love in this world."

"Just like Engulite, you know all the grand principles, but can't apply them to yourself... So I can only tell you, the Virtual Realm is a really fun and interesting place. What's described in books doesn't even come close to one ten-thousandth of the Virtual Realm. We Sorcerers venture into the Virtual Realm every night, not just to become stronger, but because it's an activity far more enjoyable than lying in bed watching shows."

"And," Sonya delivered the killer blow, "once Lois steps into the Virtual Realm as well, our daily topics might gradually become about the ins and outs of Exploration in the Virtual Realm. By then, if you haven't soaked yourself in the Sea of Knowledge, you might not be able to join in our conversations."

Adelle fell silent for a moment, then chugged a glass of wine and declared with a 'ha', "Alright, alright, from tomorrow on I won't watch shows anymore!"

"Tomorrow?" Lois raised an eyebrow.

"I'll binge-watch the series I'm following tonight to finish it... Okay, okay, I'll stop watching from now on! For you guys, this small sacrifice is nothing!"

"It's for yourself!"

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