

# Sorcerer's Handbook

## - Chapter 210: Who Is She?

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As they bickered playfully, Sonya raised her glass towards Engulite: "Congratulations on entering the world of Sorcerers."

"It's my honor." Engulite clinked glasses with her and took a sip before admitting, "Actually, I'm a bit scared."

"Scared of what?"

"Scared of exploring the Virtual Realm alone." Engulite explained, "The books all say that when Sorcerers first enter the Virtual Realm, the unfamiliar environment, omnipresent dangers, and the lack of any companions can lead to self-tormenting panic."

"Being alone in the ocean, without anyone to rely on, without a goal to pursue, and with the possibility of vicious Knowledge Creatures emerging from the white mist at any moment, plus the deep secrets lurking in the sea that can't be explored... Just thinking about it is terrifying."

"It is said that some Sorcerers can't handle this fear and would rather stand still than enter the Virtual Realm."

"Don't let appearances fool you, I don't have much experience living on my own. Besides killing a brown bear that broke into the yard when I was sixteen, I don't really have any notable battle achievements. I imagine it'll take me quite some time to adapt to the combat pace of the Virtual Realm." Engulite looked at Sonya: "Speaking of which, you seem completely unaffected, entering the Virtual Realm enthusiastically every night, and you're always in a great mood."

Adelle muttered under her breath, "I always feel like Engulite is somehow elevating the average combat power of a sixteen-year-old girl..."

"If it weren't for people seeing you come out of the Meditation Tower, we'd think you were out on a date," Lois chimed in with her own tease.

"Is there any secret you can share?" Engulite blinked, "Or perhaps you have some advice for newcomers about to enter the Virtual Realm?"

Lois and Adelle perked up their ears, hoping Sonya could offer some unwritten cheat code they could use.

Sonya paused, suddenly falling into a long silence.

Engulite exchanged glances with the others, cautiously adding, "Sonya, I was just joking..."

"Ah, sorry," Sonya said, swirling her drink. "I just got distracted by something else... Well, the reason I adapted to the Virtual Realm so quickly is because..."

She could have told any minor lie here, or even cracked a joke, like 'Going to the Virtual Realm means not having to listen to Adelle snore back at the dorm.' But perhaps it was the slight buzz from the alcohol, or an inexplicable resentment bubbling inside her, that Sonya couldn't help but blurt out the truth: "...because I've been going on dates in the Virtual Realm."

Everyone blinked.

Dates in the Virtual Realm?

The rustic girl instantly regretted her words and wanted to clarify, but suddenly she stood up abruptly.

"What's gotten into you now?"

"My Soul is healed," Sonya clenched her fists firmly.

"What?" Lois quickly caught on: "You mean your Soul has recovered? But it's only been seven days—"

"What time is it now?" Sonya cut her off urgently.

Adelle glanced at the clock in the hall: "It's 10:45 PM."

"Then there's still time. Goodbye, I'm heading to the Virtual Realm!"

Before the others could process her words, Sonya was already rushing out of the Secret Garden, moving so fast one might suspect she had used some spirit magic.

"Is the Virtual Realm really that exciting..." Adelle was astonished: "I wasn't even this excited for my first date when I was 15."

"What did she mean by 'going on dates in the Virtual Realm'?" Lois asked, perplexed. "Dates usually involve two people, so who is she meeting?"

“I understand now.”

“You do?”

Lois and Adelle turned to Engulite, who had an expression of sudden realization.

“What Sonya meant is that she has a ‘date’ with the Slaying Fish-Dragon, the Mud Fish Dragon, the Umbrella Bird-Dragon; in other words, she wants to conquer these Knowledge Creatures,” Engulite explained seriously. “What drives her to adapt to the Virtual Realm and keep moving forward is the unyielding spirit of a warrior deep within her heart! Truly worthy of being the pride of Swordflower College, her spiritual cultivation has already surpassed that of an ordinary Swordcerer!”

Lois felt that Engulite’s interpretation might be off, but she didn’t have a better explanation—could Sonya’s comment about a date really be taken at face value?

Tap. Tap. Tap.

Tap tap. Tap tap. Tap tap.

Tap tap tap tap tap tap—

It started with a brisk walk, but soon turned into a jog, and before long, she was running down the school path.

The night scenery of the campus flew by swiftly on both sides, the Stars overhead guiding her path. Sonya didn’t care about maintaining her image; she ran wildly, the cool breeze gently caressing her face, her shadow urging her to run even faster.

Sometimes, walking was simply too slow.

Her Soul had recovered, so that meant the Observer’s Soul must have recovered as well.

Since they both perished in the Virtual Realm in the same way, the amount of Soul they lost must be the same.

Yesterday morning, after waking up and combing her hair, Sonya noticed a bottle on her desk that looked like sparkling water—a Potion, with a note underneath it stating “Pure Radiance Special Drink” and explaining that this drink could restore the Soul and accelerate the absorption of arcane energy.

Sonya knew at once that it was a gift from the Observer. While internally complaining about why the Observer didn’t show up in person, she gulped down the drink.

As for whether the Observer might have drunk the Potion first and already recovered his Soul, Sonya never considered it—not least because the Observer had no ability to enter the Virtual Realm on his own. His recovery was meaningless without Sonya opening the Gate of Truth for the Exploration in Virtual Realm.

Moreover, she had a strong conviction: If the Observer found something valuable, his first reaction would be to give it to her, not to keep it for himself!

So what worried Sonya was whether the “Pure Radiance Special Drink” was the only bottle, and whether the Observer had not yet fully recovered his Soul. And whether the Observer had managed to escape from prison, what his current situation was, whether he had a safe haven to enter the Virtual Realm, whether he was well-fed, or if he was hurt...

Why wouldn't he come to see me?

He used to bother me so often...

Could it be that his current situation was so perilous that he couldn't even spare a moment to visit me?

But no matter what, she had to keep her promise.

Even if the Observer didn't come, she would wait for him in the Virtual Realm.

Meanwhile, Felix, who felt that the atmosphere at home was still not as good as at the Meditation Tower, chose to drive to the Tower to clock in for work tonight.

He had just gotten out of his car when he saw a redhead rushing into the Meditation Tower at an incredible speed, leaving the Noble young master staring in bewilderment.

She was a Silver Full-Wing, wasn't she... even for someone of her stature, dying once should require at least half a month to recover. Yet now, not even seven days have passed... Even if her Soul had healed, was there such a rush to enter the Virtual Realm?

However, Felix quickly remembered the beating he had suffered at Sonya's hands a few days ago, and a thought suddenly crossed his mind—could it be that Sonya was in a hurry to enter the Virtual Realm to slaughter Knowledge Creatures?

With her temperament, she might just earn the favor of the Lord of a Billion Brilliances...

Maybe I should...

While Felix was pondering whether to recommend the rustic girl within the Religion, Sonya had already entered the Meditation Room, sat down cross-legged, summoned

the Vibration Sword spirit, captured the Gate of Truth, and connected to the world of the Virtual Realm!

Arrival!

When Sonya opened her eyes, she felt the solid ground beneath her feet, surrounded by a lush forest. Plants secreted droplets of radiant golden liquid, flowing upwards towards the brilliant golden sky, transforming into curtains of dazzling rain, bathing everyone fortunate enough to step onto the Time Continent in the Reverse Golden Rain.

But Sonya had no interest in the unique wonders of the Time Continent. The Red-haired Swordswoman's gaze was entirely fixed on the man not far away in a deep red gradient coat.

The Observer squinted slightly as he looked at her, the annoying man who hadn't sought her out for days now had the corners of his mouth turned up slightly, his arms spread as if wanting to embrace her.

Her lips parted slightly, but she did not speak, and all the doubts and dissatisfaction in her heart dissipated like smoke.

Her body moved involuntarily towards him, she reached out her hand toward the Observer—

And grabbed his throat.

Sonya glanced at the Black-and-White Witch Deya, who was as beautiful as she was, then her eyes fixed directly on Ashe.

"Who is she?"

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

## **Chapter 211: My Favorite Is Still You**

On the Time Continent, an exceedingly rare scene was unfolding—three Sorcerers were gathered together.

Even though the active Area of the Time Continent is much less than the Sea of Knowledge, the Time Continent itself remains vast. Coupled with the scarcity of Two Wings Sorcerers and the Reverse Golden Rain obscuring visibility, encounters among

Sorcerers on the Time Continent were no more frequent than in the Sea of Knowledge, with everyone navigating as if through a dark forest.

But starting today, the sight of these three Sorcerers together might well become a daily occurrence in the Time Continent.

Feeling the grip around his throat tighten, Ashe quickly said, "She's a Witch, a new member of our team. It wasn't easy to get her on board, and she will join us in Exploring the Virtual Realm from now on..."

The next moment?

Together?

It wasn't easy to get her?

Unspoken grievances and irritation rapidly swelled and simmered within, yet Sonya's expression remained unchanged, with only her eyes growing increasingly bright, the pale red pupils almost shifting to vertical slits.

Ashe felt a sudden chill, an all-encompassing fear pressing down on him as if he were under the scrutiny of the Blood Moon Tribunal. In a low voice, he quickly added, "Don't worry, my favorite is still you!"

"Huh?"

Sonya blinked, releasing Ashe and stepping back, her gaze wandering as she fidgeted with the hem of her garment, saying with an embarrassed tone, "What are you even saying all of a sudden..."

"Swordswoman, our Bond is still the strongest, so you get first pick of any Experience Orbs we find, and I'll let you choose the best spirits first. Any other benefits will be yours to consider before the Witch or I take them," Ashe spoke earnestly. "You don't have to worry about the Witch's arrival diminishing your place in my eyes."

"Who cares about their place in your eyes!"

Sonya muttered under her breath, then glanced at Deya, who was curiously observing them. She moved slightly closer to Ashe and said in a hushed voice, "I may not care... but you better not be lying to me!"

"I'm not lying to you!" Ashe declared with conviction: "Unless the Witch's Bond with me becomes stronger, or if she shows greater potential than you, resources will be prioritized in your favor!"

The Red-haired Swordswoman stiffened: "So, you're saying if she's stronger than me..."

“As a team, the fundamental goal of resource allocation is to strengthen the team,” Ashe didn’t deny this fact: “While I believe in your talents, Swordswoman, if you want to maintain your advantageous position within the team, you’ll also need to put in extra effort.”

Indeed, before entering the Virtual Realm, Ashe had an inkling that the Swordswoman would be upset, but he hadn’t anticipated such an intense reaction.

But putting himself in her shoes, Ashe felt the Swordswoman had every reason to be angry—it was like in a startup, where your partner brings in someone new without discussing it with you first. How could you not be upset? How would shares be allocated? How would work be divided?

While theoretically, a three-person squad works more efficiently than a two-person one, the rewards from the Virtual Realm can depend heavily on luck. Sometimes, Knowledge Creatures simply don’t drop Experience Orbs, and Sorcerer Projections only drop worthless spirits. When the drop rate is poor, what can you do except curse your luck? And when the profits are disappointing, three people must divide the spoils, which can easily leave someone empty-handed, potentially leading to disputes.

Ashe and the Swordswoman had spent time building a rapport and seldom quarreled over loot distribution. But now with an additional person, the dynamics were much more complex. For instance, if two spirits dropped and both the Swordswoman and the new Witch could use them, even if the Swordswoman had the first pick and took one, wouldn’t the newcomer take the second?

Such an arrangement might seem reasonable at first glance, and the Swordswoman might even seem to be at an advantage. But the problem was—if there was no Witch, both spirits would be the Swordswoman’s!

As an office worker who had spent years navigating the workplace and witnessed office politics, Ashe understood the subtleties of human nature. The arrival of a newcomer who could help share the workload and improve departmental performance was a blessing, but it also meant a reshuffling of interests. The presence of a new person inevitably encroached upon the benefits of the existing members and could even affect the division of office factions.

So, Ashe brought in the Witch, and was the Swordswoman expected to welcome the new Operator with open arms?

How is that even possible?

To draw an imperfect analogy, it’s like a wife seeing her husband bring home a mistress to share the bed—how could she possibly be willing?

The Swordswoman is not a truly selfless paper person; on the contrary, she's a highly sensitive interest-driven individual. In Ashe's previous company, even if she couldn't be an outstanding pioneer of internal competition, at least she would be the kind of rights fighter who always recorded evidence to protect herself from being wronged by the company.

The Swordswoman would certainly worry about the Witch encroaching on her interests and fear the Witch replacing her. Plus, since she doesn't control the Exploration in Virtual Realm, it's natural for her to feel insecure and angry—her anger is justified.

People rarely notice what they gain but often fixate on what they lose.

Ashe is not accusing the Swordswoman of being ungrateful or greedy. After all, greed is human nature, and he himself is no stranger to wanting more than his fair share. Who is born a saint? Who works not for more money? Accusing subordinates of lacking gratitude is something only a company on the verge of collapse would do. Team management is a profound discipline.

So he can't suppress the Swordswoman with grand principles. Instead, he needs to analyze from her perspective the pros and cons of the Witch joining the team. At the same time, he should motivate her by painting a picture of success—if she doubles her efforts in internal competition, she will always be the brightest star in the team.

But that's all Ashe can do.

Ashe can offer comfort to the Swordswoman, but he won't indulge her.

No matter how strong their relationship is, even if she is one of his main emotional supports, Ashe will not yield.

Ashe has a good relationship with his parents, but when they wanted him to become a local civil servant, he chose to strike out on his own in the big city, only returning home for the holidays;

Ashe is also close to his older brother, but when his brother suddenly wanted to have a heart-to-heart talk in the middle of the night, discussing topics like 'people always meet the right person at the wrong time', Ashe immediately informed his sister-in-law, nipping his brother's potential affair in the bud.

Ashe is also very fond of his nephew, having bought him countless gifts. But when he comes home to find the boy mischievous, he doesn't hesitate to take off his belt and turn the little rascal into a spinning top.

Affection is affection, but Ashe has his own set of principles that he won't compromise for anyone. In some ways, Ashe feels akin to the citizens of the Blood Moon Kingdom—



he too is someone who deems personal desires more critical than anything else, a selfish culprit.

Aurora's Sorcerer Handbook is his most crucial trump card, and it's unthinkable for him not to use it; the Operators are vital for Exploring the Virtual Realm, and he can't forsake the Black-and-White Witch.

The Swordswoman may feel uneasy, angry, and wronged. He can understand and comfort her, but he will never apologize, much less give in.

He needs the Swordswoman to understand and support him.

Under Ashe's gaze, after a moment of silence, Sonya asked, "Will there be more people joining us in the future?"

"Perhaps," Ashe replied, himself unsure, "Who knows? Our team might grow to more than a dozen—"

"More than a dozen?!"

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

## **Chapter 212: A Change of Players, White Queen!**

"It's also possible that it's just the three of us."

Ashe tilted his head, "But in any case, in this virtual realm, fraught with danger and opportunity, the more teammates you can trust to cover your back, the better."

"I don't trust her—"

"You didn't trust me at the beginning either."

"How can she be compared to you?"

Ashe looked at her with surprise, while Sonya turned her head to look at Deya, muttering a few words before sighing, "I understand. Indeed, the intensity of battle in the Time Continent far exceeds the Sea of Knowledge. Two people can't guarantee absolute safety; three is definitely better..."

The Red-haired Swordswoman glanced at Ashe and poked his chest with her finger, saying resentfully, "But don't forget your promise, as long as I'm stronger than her—"

“Then you will be the most important Operator in my eyes!” Ashe replied without hesitation, a firm believer in strength.

“Hmph.” Sonya was still somewhat sullen, but when she turned to Deya, a brilliant, professional smile appeared on her face: “Hello.”

Ashe also introduced them, “Witch, she is my longstanding team member, the Swordswoman. Swordswoman, she is the new team member, the Witch. From now on, you’ll share the highs and lows together, so get along well.”

While Ashe was murmuring with Sonya, Deya took the opportunity to assess her situation.

It wasn’t a dream, nor an illusion; she really had been brought into the virtual realm by the Observer’s curious ability, without opening the Gate of Truth, and appeared in the same place as the Observer.

Unlike Sonya, the domestic cat, Deya was a bona fide Wildcat Sorcerer, sailing alone through the Sea of Knowledge for thousands of miles, having been bitten by sea serpents, drowned in the sea, enduring the hardships of a lone wolf, and honing a resilient mind.

Thus, she almost instantly recognized the immense value of ‘forming a team’—the Observer had nearly overturned the cultivation rules of the sorcerers’ world, reducing the difficulty of exploration in the virtual realm from epic tales to the level of fairy tales (and she would soon learn that it could be lowered even further).

If a trade were possible, Deya believed that many legendary sorcerers would be willing to give up all their arcane energy or even their Realm Faction for the ability to form teams in the virtual realm.

No wonder the Observer always shrouded his true identity in mist, using a codename—he must know the value of this ability and feared being located by those using the Prophecy Faction!

Deya initially harbored doubts and hostility towards the Observer, but at this moment her attitude had shifted: she must cling to the Observer’s coattails, and then find a way to mine his secrets!

The ability to see her own thought process, to track little Lise undergoing the Bronze Dragon Trial, and to assemble teammates in the Virtual Realm... Man, you’ve caught the attention of this Princess!

And now, Deya had also discerned a clue—apparently, the Observer hadn’t shared her information with the Swordswoman, so the Swordswoman was somewhat resentful of her arrival.

Hmm... This Princess is not adept at socializing; this situation calls for a switch...

Replace with little Lise? But Lise needs to manage her physical body, and besides, Lise is too young...

Among my sisters, the most adept at understanding human nature and an adult female would only be...

She adjusted her decorative silver-rimmed glasses and glanced at her reflection from the corner of her eye.

“Mask” spirit activated!

Personality Split – Mask Overlay – Mode: White Queen!

When Deya opened her eyes, her clothes had changed into a snow-white, sparkling off-shoulder mini dress; her legs were clad in gartered white stockings, and her hair turned snow-white, the dark red lipstick adding a mature charm.

Ashe and Sonya, who had not seen much of the world, were slightly taken aback—could one actually change skins directly in the Virtual Realm?

And Ashe had another question; the Witch’s portrait didn’t feature glasses, and the Witch who visited him before didn’t wear glasses, so why was she wearing glasses now upon entering the Virtual Realm?

However, he didn’t plan to pry; after all, glasses piqued his interest.

Speaking of which, Ashe had encountered three near-death experiences. The first was when Gerard almost killed him, the second was when Valcas nearly took him along during the Blood Moon Tribunal, and the third was when Freya found a pair of glasses in a drawer and almost put them on.

The third was the most dangerous.

“Hello, I am the Witch.” Deya reached out to shake hands with Sonya: “Pleased to meet you.”

“Please take good care of me and the Observer in the future.”

This Small Horn... The Red-haired Swordswoman was so infuriated that her eyes nearly turned into vertical slits.

In an instant, Sonya recalled all the family ethic Noble palace dramas she had seen, wracking her brain for a brilliant retort.

However, at that moment, Ashe called out to them:

“Don’t just stand there, get in the car and we can talk.”

Looking over, they saw that Ashe had somehow acquired a convertible sports car and was comfortably lounging in it, stretching lazily.

Ashe was actually a bit surprised as to why it was a convertible, but after some thought, it made sense—on the Time Continent, it wouldn’t rain, at least not “downwards” rain, and a car roof, besides obstructing the view, served no purpose, as meaningless as a mosaic, better off removed.

Of course, this might also be an interpretation of the ‘Deluxe Edition’.

Sonya wasn’t surprised at all, having sailed the Sea of Knowledge with Ashe. Deya’s eyes sparkled with admiration as she gently clapped her hands, looking at Ashe with a face full of respect: “Observer, you are so amazing. Perhaps we are the only ones on the entire Time Continent who can ride in a sports car Exploring the Virtual Realm, right?”

“Not that amazing,” Ashe said modestly: “It’s all thanks to everyone else’s support.”

This woman... Sonya gritted her teeth in irritation. Ever since the Observer had burst into her life, she had been speeding down the path of the ‘Swordsmanship Genius’, and it had been many days since she had attended a dance or tea party. Usually, others fawned over her more, and she complimented others less, naturally neglecting to practice her own conversation skills.

A word of praise for the Observer was completely effortless, yet it could greatly increase his goodwill towards her, an extremely cost-effective interpersonal communication tactic. The former Sonya would have definitely realized this, but now Deya had taken the lead!

This Witch... It seems she is the same type of Sorcerer as me!

Then both of them looked towards the passenger seat beside Ashe, reaching out for it at the same time!

Actually, sitting in the passenger seat proved nothing, but sometimes conceding even a breath meant losing everything. When it’s time to compete, one must compete in every aspect, even if it’s a losing battle, just to make a statement; to step back is to lose ground at every turn!

“Witch, would you like to sit in the front?” Sonya asked with a beaming smile.

“Yes, the view is better from the front,” Deya said, batting her eyelids.

“But today is my first time exploring the Time Continent, how about letting me take in the sights first?”

“This...”

“Do you both want the front seat? Then go ahead and take it.”

Ashe flipped over to the back seat: “It just so happens I don’t want to be squeezed next to someone else.”

Sonya: “.....”

Deya: “.....”

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

## Chapter 213: Pushing the Envelope

“Actually, on land, is there really a need to keep using a vehicle? We’re not in the sea. Wouldn’t it be better to get out and walk to deal with emergencies?”

As the sports car hummed to life, Sonya suddenly felt that the car might be somewhat superfluous.

On the Sea of Knowledge, a boat was truly essential. After all, swimming was too troublesome, and they were not aquatic animals. They gained no bonuses in the sea; staying in the water only played into the Observer’s hands. But on the Time Continent, the situation was reversed; they were land creatures, and most battles required them to stand on solid ground. The car could actually hinder their ability to charge at a moment’s notice.

“Did you also have a vehicle in the Sea of Knowledge?” Deya detected some clues.

“Yes, a boat,” Sonya complained. “A very small boat that could barely fit two people. Any sudden move, and it would capsize. Thankfully, the Observer controlled it, so no rowing was necessary...”

“That sounds nice. I wish I could ride a boat in the Sea of Knowledge,” Deya said wistfully. “If only I had met the Observer sooner, but I guess it’s not too late now.”

Sonya pulled a wry smile: “Yeah, I’m really glad I was chosen by the Observer—”

“Hey, the person in question is right here.” Ashe shifted his gaze from the Virtual Realm map, “Swordswoman, you clearly disliked me at first, always complaining about whether you could cut down on your training intensity!”

“You’ve got it wrong!” The Red-haired Swordswoman retorted loudly. “I am a genius Female Swordsman. Training to me is as natural as breathing. I itch all over if I don’t train for a day. How could I possibly complain to you?”

“Swordswoman, are you practicing the arts of the Destiny Faction? You just so casually rewrote history, impressive.”

“So the Observer arranges your training? That’s nice.” Deya sighed. “He insists on arranging Entertainment for me. I can’t even study if I wanted to. I understand the Observer has good intentions, but it’s a bit too autocratic...”

Sonya whipped her head around to stare intently at Ashe, silent, her face as foreboding as the calm before a storm, clearly expressing ‘why does she get preferential treatment’, an expression terrifying in its intensity.

Ashe felt as if he were being scrutinized by a Titan Executioner, and explained somewhat helplessly, “The Witch is in a unique state, with training efficiency reduced by 75%. It just so happens that I’ve recently acquired a new treasure which allows one to gain some training benefits even while engaged in Entertainment, and it also avoids negative states...”

“Why don’t I have that—”

“Didn’t you say you are a Genius Female Swordsman, for whom training is as natural as breathing, and that you get itchy if you don’t train for a day? The best outcome of Entertainment is only equivalent to the poorest training result. Unlike the Witch with her negative state, training is the most cost-effective choice for you.”

Sonya realized she had trapped herself with her own words. In the past, she would have simply reneged on the spot; if the Observer wanted to argue, she would just accuse him of yelling at her.

However, with the Witch right beside her, Sonya wanted to maintain her image as an excellent Senior and couldn’t resort to whining or throwing a tantrum.

But she was even less willing to let the Witch be the only one receiving preferential treatment.

So, she looked at Ashe with a pitiful expression, her mouth pouted enough to hang a teapot, and her eyes almost shifting to vertical slits. Ashe clicked his tongue, “The plan for this week is already set, but next week I’ll arrange for an Entertainment activity to see.”

The triumph in Sonya's eyes flashed by, and then with disdain, she turned back, "Hmph, I thought about it and training is more suitable for me, but if you insist on disturbing my tight training schedule, there's nothing I can do. You are the Observer, after all."

Ashe was so irritated that he kicked her chair.

Bang!

Suddenly, a loud noise erupted as the sports car plowed through two large trees ahead, arrogantly crossing onto the grass path in front, and continued to buzz forward. The collision seemed to have no effect on the car; Ashe and the others felt as if they had hit tofu, except the car became much more transparent. It was clear that such collisions were not meant to be frequent.

"Hmm, riding in a car does make sense after all," Deya suddenly said. "It's different from walking on the Time Continent. Sitting in the car not only allows us to absorb the arcane energy from the Reverse Golden Rain, but it also consumes hardly any Soul Energy."

Sonya asked, "Does walking consume energy?"

"It consumes about the same amount as swimming in the Sea of Knowledge," Deya pointed to the ground cover, "the Time Continent has no roads at all; everywhere is overgrown with weeds and shrubs, plus there are muddy grounds, aquatic grass areas, mountains, forests, and all sorts of terrains. Every step takes quite a bit of effort. I don't know about others, but I've used up almost half of my Soul Energy just on walking during my month of exploration on the Time Continent."

Ashe and Sonya immediately understood—with the sports car as their means of transportation, they would have virtually no loss of energy from walking. Although absorbing arcane energy also consumes Soul Energy, their exploration efficiency each night would at least be 50% higher than that of the average sorcerer.

Moreover, it wasn't just about exploration efficiency. Other sorcerers were like commuters from the outskirts, spending two hours on transportation every day; while Ashe and company were like locals living near the office, gaining two extra hours of free time each day. Even if they didn't use it for anything serious, the sheer energy savings were quite satisfying!

"Observer, you know which direction we should move in, right?" Deya asked.

"Mhm," Ashe lifted his head to look at the slowly moving column of light on the horizon, "we need to keep pace with the White Bull, right?"

"Correct. Our current location should be in the front area of the White Bull; as long as we keep moving, we don't have to worry about falling into the Static Domain." Deya cocked her head to look at Ashe, "Observer, do you know what I'm thinking?"

Ashe scratched his head, “How would I know what you’re thinking?”

So, in the Virtual Realm, the Observer can’t hear my Inner Voice... Deya revealed a warm smile, “This is the first time I’ve felt so at ease in the Virtual Realm. I’m thinking, it’s really nice to be exploring the Virtual Realm with the Observer. Thank you for inviting me.”

Sonya was so irritated she felt like grinding her teeth.

Damn it... The Witch is so good at this!

Why am I so slow? I’m clearly also a Female Sorcerer who is very good at making men fall for me with just a few words, so why now...

And it’s just that the Observer brought a sports car...

It’s just...

Sonya had a nagging feeling that something was off.

Although the Observer had always treated her with a jesting attitude, forcing her into Training, Battle, and Ritual summonings of spirits, the results spoke for themselves—Sonya reaped substantial benefits each time with virtually no loss to herself.

A month ago, she was just a poor college student with a modest reputation in the Water Department. Now, she had become the leading Genius of the Swordflower Academy, a seed of a Sword saint that Gales had to take seriously, and a formidable opponent that Truth College had to prepare for with caution... All these changes stemmed from her pulling the longsword out of the Observer’s chest in a dream.

While the Observer kept talking about a sacred Bond between them, suggesting that as she grew stronger, he would also benefit, Sonya, having experienced the wonders of the Sorcerer world, felt he might be telling the truth. Her increase in power could indeed be a significant help to the Observer. However, this did not mean she was entirely at ease accepting this gift.

She was well aware of whom she should be thankful to, but the Observer’s jesting manner made it hard for her to express gratitude. Over time, this became the norm, even something she took for granted.

Perhaps this sense of gratitude would only show in a crisis. For instance, in a life-or-death situation, Sonya couldn’t guarantee that she’d be willing to sacrifice her life for the Observer, but she could at least ensure that she would hesitate for a second or two before fleeing.



But just as one should loudly proclaim their contributions to be acknowledged, gratitude should also be expressed loudly to let others know you are a gentle, kind, and grateful person... She knew this principle all too well and abided by it with everyone else. Why, then, did she forget it when it came to the Observer?

She could always be kind to those she didn't care about, so why did she show her most unreasonable and spoiled side only to the Observer?

If it weren't for the Witch's arrival, Sonya might never have realized this problem. Perhaps it wasn't a problem now, but a Bond is like a Blade: initially sharp, resilient, and invincible, but if not carefully maintained, the Blade will rust. Once rusted, it becomes brittle and may shatter completely under a possibly not so strong impact.

At that moment, Sonya suddenly recalled the question posed to her during Destiny's Inquiry: "What is the fundamental reason for the rift between the Red-haired Swordswoman and the Observer?"

Sonya exhaled gently and turned toward Ashe, "Observer."

"Hmm?"

"Thank you for the Pure Radiance Special Drink," Sonya said earnestly. "Without the Potion you gave me, my Soul wound wouldn't have healed so quickly, and I wouldn't be able to join you in Exploring the Virtual Realm tonight... Thank you."

A Potion that heals Soul wounds? Interest flickered in Deya's eyes.

The Cult Leader stared at the Red-haired Swordswoman, then kicked her chair with his foot.

"What are you doing!" Sonya almost raised her longsword in anger. "I thank you, and you kick me?"

"It's because you thanked me that I kicked you," said Ashe. "I wasn't kind to you for gratitude. Your getting stronger is the best repayment for me."

"And if you thank me so formally, then should I thank you when you fight the hardest in the Virtual Realm? Should I thank you when you protect me? Should I thank you when you execute a brilliant maneuver?"

Ashe looked at the Map of the Virtual Realm, muttering, "Besides, what's the point of such gratuitous verbal thanks? It's troublesome. We're not strangers."

Sonya stared at him for a few seconds, then suddenly burst out laughing, "Then from now on, I'll accept your gifts without any guilt!"

“Don’t be too complacent,” Ashe said, looking at Deya. “You should put more effort into Training too. And Witch, you don’t need to thank me like that. Everything I do is for a future return; I’m not some great benefactor.”

“But my gratitude comes from the heart,” the White Queen said lazily, stretching and flashing a smile. “What’s everyday for you is a Miracle for me. Other than words of thanks, I don’t know how else to express my gratitude.”

“Hmm, you make a good point, Witch,” Ashe pondered. “If you really insist on thanking me... then you can...”

“Can?”

“You can...” Ashe glanced sideways at the cascading Golden Rain, feigning nonchalance, “... give me a hug and praise me a few times. And if you really insist on a kiss, I wouldn’t mind. After all, gratitude should come with some tangible benefits, right?”

Both blinked, and then the Red-haired Swordsman fixed an icy stare on the White Witch, while the White Queen gently shook her head, with the Red-haired Swordsman nodding in agreement.

Without further words, they reached a consensus through their gaze—they must not indulge the Observer’s wishes; at most, they would offer verbal praise, but they would not enter the Whirlpool of Internal competition!

If today he dares to ask for hugs and kisses, who knows what he would dare to ask for tomorrow!

Such a precedent must not be set!

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

## **Chapter 214: Sharing the Secret Poison**

“Attention, prepare for battle.”

Deya glanced at the rain-obscured sky ahead, a flicker of realization crossing her face: “Observer, do you possess an Exploration Miracle that works within the Reverse Golden Rain?”

If the Sea of Knowledge's white mist reduces visibility through its dreariness, then the Time Continent's golden rain obscures vision with its intense brightness. Apart from the nearby vegetation, Sorcerers could hardly discern whether the plants within ten steps were large trees, thickets, or small monsters, as everything was bathed in a golden sheen.

And much like the white mist, the vast majority of Exploration Miracles couldn't penetrate this curtain of rain. Thus, adventuring in the Time Continent bore no fundamental difference from that in the Sea of Knowledge.

The difference lay solely in whether monsters dragged you under from the sea or jumped out from behind a tree to bludgeon you unexpectedly.

However, to Ashe, the Virtual Realm was like a girl in a short skirt, having lifted just a bit of her mysterious domain for him. He hadn't seen the full picture yet, but at least he could see the 'absolute territory.'

The Virtual Realm Telescope remained effective, and the Virtual Realm Map still displayed the situation within a 24-tile radius.

It seemed that because it was loaded with a sports car, the map also showed the car's health. Along the way, many trees had been bulldozed, leaving the car's health below 50%. However, it could recover 1% health every few minutes, so there was no need to be frugal with its use—as long as it didn't fall apart.

In addition, the Virtual Realm Map displayed the White Bull's direction of travel, with its four hooves clearly imprinted on the Holographic Screen. The White Bull wasn't moving in a straight line but with a slight curve. Yet, because the White Bull was so massive, to them—mere ants—this curvature was like the sea's surface not being entirely flat, utterly imperceptible.

But Ashe noticed a problem—the map's left and right seemed reversed. When the sports car moved left, their marker went right.

It wasn't a big issue; Ashe manually rotated the map 180° to correct it. After all, it was an internal beta Version of the company; even if the Virtual Realm Map suddenly froze, blue-screened, and popped up a warning, Ashe wouldn't be surprised.

Speaking of which, what to do if the game froze? There was no way to summon the task manager or to shut down... Would knocking oneself out count as a physical shutdown?

As the sports car approached the green "Worth a visit" Area, Ashe stopped the vehicle and glanced at the detailed information inside the area, his expression changing instantly:

"There are some White Velocidragons ahead!"

Sonya took a moment to register this, but Deya's eyes lit up: "Some?"

"Yes, some!"

"Some White Velocidragons, worth a visit."

"A group of Knowledge Creatures?" Sonya blinked, recalling the information she had read over the past few days, and soon she too became excited: "Could it be a Resource Point?"

"What's a Resource Point?" Ashe was somewhat puzzled.

He had rested for several days at Freya's home and took the opportunity to cram a lot of common knowledge about the Sorcerer world, but information about the Time Continent was considered very high-end knowledge, equivalent to professional papers in his previous life, and unnecessary for non-Two Wings Sorcerers to understand.

When Ashe searched for the Time Continent within the Blood Moon Curtain, the most common search results were "Romance of the Time Continent," "Abandoned in the Gaps of Time," and "Chasing Time to Find You." The general public's perception of the Time Continent was — it's convenient for romance.

After all, one is always swimming in the Sea of Knowledge with not-so-great scenery, completely lacking the romantic atmosphere of the Time Continent. Moreover, the inclusion of 'time' in its name gave screenwriters plenty of room to let their imaginations run wild, allowing for adaptations and wild stories. From the plot summaries Ashe read, it seemed that the Time Continent, as portrayed under the Curtain, not only manipulated time but could also cause gender changes, speed up childbirth, hasten one's death, and facilitate infidelity—in short, it was the perfect stage for deeply tortured love stories.

Later, when Ashe arrived in the Gospel Kingdom, he didn't do much of substance, so he came to the Virtual Realm for his examination without any prior preparation. However, he had a reason for doing so—because he was sure the Swordswoman had done her homework.

Deya looked at Sonya with surprise, and Sonya spread her hands: "The Observer had amnesia before."

"I see, like the Sorcerer in the fairy tale 'The Amnesiac Sorcerer and the Naive Girl'?"

"I haven't heard of the fairy tale you're mentioning."

At that moment, both Deya and Sonya were struck with a thought, but they didn't continue the topic. Instead, they began explaining to Ashe: "Resource Points are special Areas that started appearing on the Time Continent. They are often guarded by Gregarious Knowledge Creatures. Knowledge Creatures drive spirits to manage the

Resource Points, so these points often hold rare resources that we sorcerers can use. If we're lucky, we might even find treasures that surpass the gains of an Experience Orb!"

Deya added, "But the Gregarious Creatures guarding the Resource Points can be tough to handle unless you're a Battle Sorcerer specializing in area attacks. Otherwise, facing a swarm of them can throw you into disarray. I once attacked a Resource Point and had to retreat because I nearly died. But now that we have three people..."

"Let's divide our tactical roles," Ashe suggested. "My abilities mainly include the miracles 'Sword Barrier' and 'Heart Sword.' 'Sword Barrier' can provide long-range defense support, while 'Heart Sword' allows for Long-range Attacks. Unless something unexpected happens, I'll be the long-range attacker. Ah, I've also created a new miracle called 'Rush,' which is a short-distance movement miracle."

"You created a miracle? Let me see it later," Sonya said. "I haven't had any recent changes. I have the 'Counterattack Miracle' known as 'Water Moon' and a series of close-combat miracles derived from 'Vibration Sword.'"

"Weren't you promoted to Two Wings?" Ashe inquired. "Didn't the academy reward you?"

"How dare I reveal that I've been promoted to Two Wings!" Sonya complained. "It's been less than a month since I became a sorcerer. Last time, I could explain my Silver Full-Wing status by saying I entered a Whirlpool, but this time, if I reveal my Two Wings promotion without reaching the Gold Tier in my Faction Realm, the academy will definitely know I found the Golden Fish and entered the Time Continent... At least until I raise my Swordsmanship faction to Gold Tier and have a Two Wings Swordsmanship spirit, I won't dare confess my progress to the Professor."

The White Queen was taken aback—less than a month as a sorcerer? Entered the Time Continent by finding the Golden Fish?

Even fairy tales wouldn't dare to concoct such a tale!

She couldn't help but ask, "You found the Golden Fish? The one from the fairy tale 'The Fisherman and the Golden Fish'?"

"I haven't heard that fairy tale, but it is indeed the Golden Fish from the Sea of Knowledge," Sonya looked at Ashe, "Should we tell her?"

Ashe instantly grasped the subtext of the Swordswoman's words. After thinking for a moment, considering the practicality of the arcane energy conversion effect of the secret poison of the Golden Fish, he decided to inform the Witch about the secret poison, asking, "Do you feel like you have been infected with the secret poison?"

“The secret of the Golden Fish is a secret poison?” Deya checked her own sensations and shook her head: “I don’t feel anything.”

Ashe said with some regret, “That means you need to actually see the Golden Fish to be infected by the secret poison; just knowing about it isn’t enough to reach the threshold of infection. Speaking of which, if talking about it doesn’t cause infection, then this information about the secret poison should be widespread...”

“I know why that is,” Sonya said, “I’ve looked into it at the academy and found that the Whirlpool secret poison, Eviction secret poison, and Golden Fish secret poison can all be linked to similar content. Especially the Golden Fish secret poison, I realized the concept of ‘double flight’ which appeared in an animated film I saw when I was a child.”

Since the Whirlpool secret poison and Eviction secret poison were no longer on the Time Continent, Ashe gave Deya a simple introduction without delving into the specifics of the secret poisons, then asked, “Then doesn’t that mean many at your academy are poisoned?”

“Not at all,” Sonya shook her head, “Because those secret poison contents are mixed in with fairy tales, travel notes, and even fantasy novels. Even if a Sorcerer sees them, no one would believe these incredulous speculations.”

Ashe pondered, “So as long as one doesn’t believe, they won’t be poisoned...”

“It’s the same for us,” Sonya continued, “Before we actually saw the Golden Fish with our own eyes, we didn’t fully believe in its truth. It wasn’t until the moment with the Golden Fish that the secret poison took root in our minds.”

Sonya looked at Deya, “That’s why you, Witch, can’t be infected by the Golden Fish secret poison—no matter what we say, the truth about the Golden Fish is too absurd; you have to see it with your own eyes to be completely convinced.”

“But there’s still a loophole here.” Ashe suddenly spotted a blind spot, “If a Two Wings Sorcerer is willing to share their memory to prove the existence of the Golden Fish secret poison, wouldn’t that add credibility... Ah, I understand now.”

Ashe put himself in their shoes and knew the answer to his naive question: If it were him, would he dare to stake his reputation in public, just to make everyone believe in the secret poison he spoke of?

He wouldn’t dare.

No Sorcerer would commit such suicide.

Those daring enough to do so would have already been eliminated by the Exploration in Virtual Realm, and it's not just one Sorcerer being eliminated but all who heard of the secret poison.

Those Sorcerers infected with the secret poison, who dared to secretly scribble down its contents, did so because they couldn't suppress their vanity. How could they possibly dare to stake their own credibility? What grudge do they have against the readers that they would drag them to their doom?

A Sorcerer with the secret poison would at most share this secret only with family members they completely trust, keeping the Number of Secret Poison Infected within a limited range.

"It's such a pity," said the White Queen, and this time it wasn't just her, even Deya herself felt a tinge of envy: "A secret poison that can Convert Arcane Energy... I envy you, Swordswoman, for being able to explore the Virtual Realm with the Observer right from the start. I haven't been that lucky."

"It's not that useful, after all, I don't yet have a Two Wings spirit," Sonya said lightly: "Ah, actually, I'm quite envious of you too, being with the Observer for less than a month and already infected with three secret poisons, it seems so dangerous..."

There she goes showing off again... Ashe glanced at Sonya and then asked Deya, "Speaking of which, Witch, don't you have a Bronze Dragon secret poison? Is the content meaningful or the effect practical? Do you think it's worth telling us?"

The Witch did not hesitate: "The Bronze Dragon secret poison is something Time Faction Sorcerers might encounter during their Exploration in Virtual Realm. There's a higher chance to encounter a Bronze Dragon on the Time Continent. Meeting a Bronze Dragon, the Sorcerer will be given a Knowledge Curse trial, and the Sorcerer can freely choose when to start this trial. After breaking the curse, the Sorcerer will receive the Bronze Dragon's blessing."

No sooner had she finished speaking than Ashe felt as if he heard the ticking of a clock hand. Opening his Holographic Screen, he discovered a new Knowledge Curse:

"Bronze Dragon Secret Poison"

"Number of Secret Poison Infected: 23"

"Intensification Degree of Secret Poison: 23%"

"Current Effects of Secret Poison: When attacked, immediately retreat 1 second to dodge the damage, with a cooldown of 23 hours (intensification degree reduced to 10% brings significant benefits, reaching 51% turns into a negative effect)."



It's a bit nuanced; to say it's useless wouldn't be quite right, as it could potentially save a life at certain moments. But to say it's useful, a cooldown time of 23 hours seems excessively long...

"Have you been infected with the Secret Poison?"

"Yes."

"No."

Both turned to look at Sonya, who was somewhat confused: "Why can't I be infected with Secret Poison?"

Ashe glanced at the Operator interface, and indeed, the Swordswoman had not been infected with the Bronze Dragon Secret Poison.

Deya explained, "Actually, I not only saw the Bronze Dragon with my own eyes, but I was also infected with the Secret Poison only after triggering the curse Trial. I thought that you wouldn't be able to..."

She paused, then suddenly remembered that the Observer had indeed seen the Bronze Dragon—when she jumped down from the Tower, the Observer was right there watching!

Sonya looked towards Ashe, who spread his hands: "I am certain through special abilities that she indeed triggered the Bronze Dragon's Favor. Swordswoman, you don't have this channel, so..."

"Eh?" The White Queen blinked, her tone surprised: "So it's like you, Swordswoman, having the Golden Fish Secret Poison with the Observer—now I also have a Secret Poison that only the Observer and I possess?"

Sonya, feeling a bit sour, responded, "It's just a Secret Poison, which really isn't that important for a Sorcerer..."

"Wait." Ashe thought for a moment and then said, "If belief alone can lead to infection... Swordswoman, are you willing to believe in me unconditionally? Without verification, without thought, forsaking the rigor of a Sorcerer, emptying the suspicion of others, and believing in me as if believing in the Truth, can you do that?"

"I..." Sonya's expression was conflicted, but in the end, she shook her head: "I can't."

How could she entrust herself completely to the distant Observer when she wouldn't even fully trust her own mother? Her education wouldn't allow it, her knowledge wouldn't allow it, her pride even less so.



“But what about just once?”

Ashe blinked, reaching out and tapping Sonya’s forehead.

“The Bronze Dragon Secret Poison, it’s real.”

“Swordswoman, trust me this time.”

Tick-tock.

When Sonya heard the sound of the clock hands moving, she was so excited she nearly jumped out of her seat. But she restrained herself, simply folding her arms and glancing at Deya: “Hmm, this Bronze Dragon Secret Poison is really something, able to dodge damage once—thanks, Witch.”

Ashe checked the Operator interface, and sure enough, there was an additional Secret Poison in the Swordswoman’s status, with the Number of Secret Poison Infected increasing to 24.

“This means that you, Witch, could also potentially be infected with the Golden Fish Secret Poison,” said Ashe. “As long as the Bond between us is strong enough, and you trust me enough.”

Deya stared blankly at the scene, while the White Queen’s mind raced, eventually coming to a conclusion: She could not shake the Swordswoman’s position in the Observer’s heart.

Not for now, at least.

“Alright,” the White Witch said with a beaming smile, “Let’s work hard together.”

“Speaking of which, have we forgotten something?”

“Right,” Ashe regained his focus. “We were supposed to assign tactical positions... But now that we share the Secret Poison, it’s like we’ve boosted our Battle capability. What kind of Miracle or spirit do you mainly use, Witch? Are your tactics close-ranged, like Fist and Claw?”

“Theoretically, it belongs to the Fist and Claw Faction, but it’s not exactly that.”

Deya brought her fists together, pulling out three transparent, flowing threads.

“I prefer to call it,” she said with a pure and sweet smile, “death thread.”

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

## Chapter 215: Spirit Evolution Material

Crack!

As the Witch snapped the neck of the fourth White Velocidragon, she turned around to find that there were no longer any living Knowledge Creatures in the mine.

Personality Split – Mask Switching – Red Death Eater mode disengaged, White Queen mode engaged!

“Is it over already?”

Deya watched as the corpse of the White Velocidragon turned into light points and sank into the soil, still somehow unable to react—could battles in the Virtual Realm be this easy?

This Resource Point was a stone quarry guarded by a total of eight White Velocidragons. In the past, Deya would have turned and fled. The last Resource Point she attacked had only four Dog Head Dragons, and it took her a great deal of effort to kill two, leaving her own body blurred and nearly drained of arcane energy. If it weren't for the Time Spirit's "Fast Forward," she might not have been able to retreat at all.

But now, having defeated the eight White Velocidragons guarding the Resource Point, Deya emerged completely unscathed. Although their trio had taken advantage of the terrain in the quarry from the start, blocking the narrowest passage to launch a counterattack, the outcome was still surprisingly delightful.

The Observer was responsible for Long-range Attack and support, while the Sword Barrier protected Deya from the White Velocidragons' assaults not once, but twice; the Swordsman took charge of close combat bursts, using the wide-range Vibration Sword Miracle to keep the White Velocidragons at bay. As for Deya, she followed close behind the Swordsman, ready to add damage and seize opportunities. Whenever she spotted a vulnerability in the White Velocidragons, she would trigger the Miracles "water thread" and "Entangle," wrapping the death thread around the vital points of the White Velocidragon and then tightening it fiercely, completing the harvest.

Although it was a simple collaboration, Deya had underestimated the lethality of a trio of Sorcerers working together, as well as overestimated the combat strength of Gregarious Creatures. In fact, compared to Large Creatures, the individual combat strength of

Gregarious Creatures could be said to be quite weak—the difference in combat abilities between them was like comparing a voluptuous lady to a group of flat-chested lolitas.

However, the strength of Gregarious Creatures does not lie in individual power but in the formidable execution of mob tactics.

When Gregarious Creatures gang up on a Sorcerer, they inevitably assign roles such as bait, assault, and restraint, with positions constantly shifting. As a Sorcerer aims to unleash an attack on one creature, that creature will likely retreat to lure the Sorcerer in, while others seize the opportunity to attack. Even if the creatures' damage is not high, most Sorcerers not from the Physical Faction lack the 'Super Armor' buff and can easily be knocked off balance by attacks. If a Sorcerer is knocked to the ground, they can expect to be swarmed and bitten to death.

This is what happened to Deya last time, ground down by several Dog Head Dragons to the point of utter frustration. The intelligence of Gregarious Creatures makes one suspect that perhaps the Virtual Realm is micro-managing them to toy with Sorcerers.

The battle strategy a Sorcerer employs against Large Creatures and Gregarious Creatures is completely different, as are the risks involved. Many Sorcerers who have slain countless foes in the Sea of Knowledge find themselves repeatedly defeated by Gregarious Creatures upon arriving at the Time Continent.

However, when Sorcerers team up in threes, the situation is completely reversed.

With three Sorcerers covering each other, Deya only needs to focus on the creatures in front of her. With the support of the Observer, Deya can attack without always having to reserve strength for a retreat, allowing her to go all out. By taking advantage of the terrain, they can even gang up on a single creature within a small area.

In such scenarios, the weaknesses of Gregarious Creatures—low defense, low health, weak damage, and monotonous attack patterns—become glaringly obvious. Soon, the trio finds the right rhythm and slaughters the creatures one by one.

Such an easy and comfortable battle seemed like a scene straight out of a fairy tale.

While Deya was reflecting on her past battles as if they were horror stories, the other two were quietly assessing the new member's combat prowess.

Strong!

Ferocious!

Sinister and unpredictable!

Once the battle commenced, the Witch suddenly changed her attire, donning a tight blood-red battle dress and her hair turned into an alternating pattern of red and white. She extended three transparent threads from her hands.

Ashe had an epiphany—this must be the Witch activating her Inherent Talent, switching to a persona better suited for battle.

When she viciously slashed at the White Velocidragon, her threads whipped across its body like steel, leaving clear, bloody marks. It seemed she had also imbued these threads with “Hydrotherapy” Time Spirits, which are typically used for healing. However, when Hydrotherapy Time Spirits are used for treating serious injuries, they often need to be paired with anesthesia or sleep Time Spirits, since the regrowth of flesh can be intensely itchy and painful.

In Shattered Lake Prison, Ashe always woke up after healing without ever experiencing pain, and it was not without reason—[222] he had never been allowed to feel even a hint of discomfort.

When Hydrotherapy Time Spirits are applied to battle, they amplify sensory damage. The White Velocidragons whipped by the Witch often screamed or even jumped, significantly slowing their pace in battle.

In addition, the Witch had another miracle up her sleeve, “Entangle,” which suddenly wrapped the threads around the target. Then, with a violent tug using her hands, Ashe could see her biceps bulging. Accompanied by the White Velocidragon’s pained howls, its neck was torn open by the Witch’s threads.

The Witch’s mastery of the Time Spirit “Fast Forward” also played a key role, disrupting the White Velocidragon’s desperate defenses and even causing one to blunder into the Swordswoman’s “Killing Intent Rupture Wave Slash.”

Moreover, the Witch kept pace with the Swordswoman’s rhythm, not only avoiding holding her back but also complementing her tactics beautifully. Throughout the battle, Ashe even felt that it was he who was being carried.

“Gregarious Creatures don’t drop Time Spirits?” Ashe looked around, “Isn’t that a loss?”

“Gregarious Creatures typically use Time Spirits to drive production at Resource Points. Unless an overlord creature appears among them, it’s rare for Time Spirits to remain within their bodies,” Sonya explained, glancing towards the mine’s interior, “Once the Gregarious Creatures die, the Time Spirits likely seize the chance to escape, so we hardly ever harvest any.”

“The only real gain from conquering a Resource Point is the resources already produced inside.” Deya seemed eager to try, “I hope there’s a Fist Stone in there.”

Ashe was still unsure about the value of Resource Points, but once he picked up the gleaming deep blue stone from the mine, he understood their significance to a Sorcerer—

“Weak Water Stone: When consumed by Water Faction Time Spirits, it can catalyze their autonomous evolution.”

“Fist Stone: When consumed by Fist and Claw Faction Time Spirits, it can catalyze their autonomous evolution.”

### Spirit Evolution!

Ashe hadn’t expected that Spirit Evolution could also depend on external items. He naturally researched at the Bewitcher’s home other ways to obtain high-rank spirits besides hunting monsters and looting equipment. He found two answers: summon a new one or enhance an old one.

Summoning a new one is self-explanatory; it’s akin to finding a new girlfriend, with all the necessary steps such as dating, dining, watching movies, and holding hands. Enhancing an old one is like upgrading and dressing up your wife to look more high-class and beautiful—simpler, but the issue is you need to have a wife to start with.

Generally speaking, a normal Sorcerer will have a Lifeline Spirit—the first spirit they’ve summoned.

After a Sorcerer raises their Faction Realm to the Gold Tier, most of them step into the Time Continent by elevating their Lifeline Spirit to Two Wings.

It is evident that the spirits eligible for enhancement are mostly Lifeline Spirits. In some sense, a spirit is like a daughter married off from the Virtual Realm, and if the daughter’s life becomes increasingly prosperous with the Sorcerer, her natal home adds more to her dowry, upgrading her from a Level 1 loli to a Level 2 young girl.

Other spirits, not personally summoned by the Sorcerer, are akin to a mistress without a marriage certificate and do not receive recognition from the Virtual Realm family.

But if they can consume higher-level Virtual Realm resources, like the faction ores from this Resource Point, even the mistress can continue to be upgraded.

“So, if you thoroughly master your spirit and then let it consume the corresponding faction ore, there’s a high chance it will catalyze the spirit’s autonomous evolution,” Sonya explained. “In fact, consuming ores from other factions also helps, but the conversion efficiency is only 3% of the corresponding faction.”

In other words, feeding a well-developed spirit could completely evolve it into a more special form... Ashe nodded, looking at the pile of glittering ores in the cart and

thoughtfully said, “Let’s sort them by faction then. Time Series and Fist and Claw for the Witch, Swordsmanship Department and Water Department for the Swordswoman.”

“And what about you?” Sonya asked. “Aren’t you also from the Swordsmanship Department like me?”

“I’m not in a hurry, I’m not particularly attached to my spirit. If I get a better Two Wings spirit in the future, I’ll just switch to it. You all have a Major Faction, and need to grow with your spirits...”

“But what about the Heart Sword?” Sonya shook her head. “That’s the Peerless Secret Sword of the Five Spirits, and it was also the item left to you by that Elf... I might be able to get an Item to exchange spirits in the Virtual Realm in the future. Until then, you need to properly nurture the Heart Sword!”

Sonya pushed several Sword Heart Stones into Ashe’s arms. Ashe blinked and said with satisfaction, “Swordswoman, you’ve grown up...”

“Don’t talk with that tone you use when you see a dutiful daughter!” Sonya was so frustrated that she didn’t know where to direct her irritation.

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

## **Chapter 216: Their Respective Modes of Transport**

In the end, Ashe consumed a third of the Sword Heart Stone, Sonya two-thirds, and Deya wanted to show she could also play her part. Unfortunately, Ashe had neither the time nor a Fist and Claw spirit.

After the feast, however, there remained a plethora of Faction stones, such as those imbued with Fire Magic, Earth Magic, Wind Magic, and more. They picked and chose a few more to consume—Ashe’s “Earth Sword” could absorb an Earth Stone, his “Wind Barrier” a Wind Stone, Sonya’s “Killing Intent Sword” a Necrostone, Deya’s “Finger Silk” an Arrow Feather Stone...

Just as a Sorcerer may have many minor Factions in addition to their main one, spirits too are influenced by several secondary Factions. Ashe’s “Earth Sword” was a prime example, with Swordsmanship and Earth Magic influencing it in a ratio of about 7:3, hence the Earth Sword had about a 30% catalytic effect when consuming an Earth Stone.

After their selective consumption, half the Faction stones still remained. These stones could not be taken along since, upon a Sorcerer's return to reality, it was uncertain where they might reappear upon their next visit to the Time Continent. Carrying the stones had no purpose, so they had to be either completely absorbed on the spot or abandoned.

Sonya and Deya had anticipated this, but Ashe, who always sought to make the most of every situation, felt it was a pity, examining the Faction stones he held. Sonya urged, "Hurry up and consume the rest of the stones, then we must continue our pursuit of the White Bull."

"Mhm," Ashe nodded, as he had voluntarily offered the stones needed by the Swordswoman Witch, so both readily agreed to let him have all the other unrelated Faction stones.

When Ashe summoned his Substitute spirit to absorb the Faction stone, the spirit was clearly reluctant, like someone who enjoys sweet tofu pudding being forced to eat a salty version, but alas, compelled by the Sorcerer's dominance, it had to swallow it down.

Ashe found it amusing to watch, but while picking up the stones, he accidentally grabbed a dull, ordinary rock with no luster.

Suddenly, the game interface popped up.

"Detected upgrade enhancement resource necessary for the Aurora Autonomous Car. Would you like to absorb?"

"It turns out... it's this."

In the Blood Moon Kingdom, in an apartment built in the forties, Room 302 on the third floor, a Bewitcher college student looked at her spirit in hand, momentarily lost in thought.

The Fold-Ear Cat Little String hopped onto the table, extending a paw curiously to touch and discovered to its alarm that its paw actually passed right through the spirit. Startled, it stood up, warily eyeing the mysterious glowing entity.

The spirit had the appearance of a long-haired girl playing a sonata on the flute, resembling one belonging to the Sound Magic Faction. In fact, it was closely related to sound.

Its name was "Echo."

This was a rare spirit that possessed the dual characteristics of both the Mind and Sound Magic Factions. It was capable not only of using sound to scout the surrounding



area but also of making traces more concrete through sound. For example, it could manifest everything that had happened in an area, or everything a particular item had come into contact with, like replaying the past.

Of course, since the past is so vast, the spirit would manifest only things within the Sorcerer's awareness, essentially replaying events the Sorcerer had witnessed.

Simply by using this spirit, Freya could easily get a job at the Sin Hunter's Hall, not as a combat-oriented Blood Mad Hunter, but in the far less demanding and better-paying ranks of the Sin Hunters.

But Freya had never actually intended to summon this spirit. How could she have ever hoped to summon such a rare spirit? Her initial goal was "Suggestion," and then, feeling it wasn't quite her style, she shifted to "Charm."

Because information on the Mind Faction was scarce in the Blood Moon Kingdom, Freya had to cobble together a 'potentially useful' study method using various materials collected from university, supplementing her studies with volunteer work in mental counseling, thus steadily advancing her expertise in the Faction Realm.

Tonight, after watching a Shadow Drama titled "Mudflower," her fluctuating emotions resonated with the Virtual Realm, and her sufficient knowledge immediately gave birth to her first inheritable legacy—the Echo spirit.

Although it's normal to summon a spirit whenever the Faction Realm is sufficient, Freya felt she would remember forever the idea that "watching Shadow Dramas could increase the chance of summoning a spirit." Not only would she watch more dramas in the future, but she would also ensure this detail was recorded in the Sorcerer Handbook after her death.

While Freya had indeed read about the Echo spirit recently, she had no idea what was required to summon it, nor had she planned to. Yet, for some reason, it had been summoned.

...She had an ominous premonition.

Freya gazed at the spirit before her. Normally, a new Sorcerer receiving their first spirit would immediately test its powers. However, Bewitcher had no such intention.

Because this was her home.

The only traces within these walls belonged to an evil man, a mischievous animal, a lovely being, and her and Little String.



Bewitcher drew back the curtains, letting the grandeur of the Blood Moon cast a sweet hue over the bedroom. Then she lay down on her bed, searching within the spirit for the Gate of Truth, preparing for her first journey into the Virtual Realm.

She had long completed her knowledge preparation required before entering the Virtual Realm, and tonight the Blood Moon shone brightly, offering its “Blood Moon Shelter” to fortify her soul, reducing the amount of Soul Energy consumed while healing injuries within the Virtual Realm.

The Gate of Truth, a bridge to the Virtual Realm, sinks into the fog...

Contrary to the foolish rumors whispered behind the Curtain or the private chats at university, entering the Virtual Realm wasn't like being squeezed through a rubber tube, nor was it the release that came from freeing oneself from physical constraints. If she had to describe it, Freya would say it was like being—naked.

Unrestrained yet still self-aware, as nudity is a candid confrontation with the world, so entering the Virtual Realm is a Sorcerer facing knowledge without any concealment.

As expected, she found herself submerged in the sea. Despite numerous practice sessions, Bewitcher still instinctively panicked—a natural reaction for any terrestrial creature suddenly surrounded by seawater, save for Merfolk Sorcerers. But she quickly adjusted, lightly kicking her feet to maintain balance, and opened her eyes to face this unfamiliar world.

White mist, a dark sea, silence, and a monotonous palette built an expansive prison, with boundless loneliness rushing forth. Yet for the residents of the Blood Moon, such a degree of solitude was barely tolerable, for they were trained from the starting line to resist loneliness.

Freya had encountered Sorcerers who experienced fear due to the loneliness and dangers of the Virtual Realm during her time volunteering for psychological counseling. These Sorcerers were mostly Human, with a few Goblins and Orcs, while it was almost unheard of to see an Ogre with such fears—not only because there were fewer Ogre Sorcerers but more importantly because Ogres could directly consume Moon Sugar to dispel their fears without the need for a psychiatrist to assist in treatment.

Moon Sugar was a panacea for psychological and mental ailments.

Aside from Ogres, Bewitcher Sorcerers rarely needed psychological counseling because they could heal their minds by resolving their desires, making psychological diseases extremely rare among their Race. This was considered a Talent of the Bewitchers.

Freya had prepared herself mentally before entering the Virtual Realm, much like mustering the courage to enter a newly opened Mud Café, ready to face everything unfamiliar.

However, as she turned her head, an anachronistic object abruptly entered her view.

A boat.

Bewitcher stared at it for a few seconds before her brain started to process—why was there a boat here?

After hesitating for a moment, remembering that death in the Virtual Realm wasn't real death, she climbed aboard the boat to investigate.

There was nothing noteworthy about it; it was just an ordinary boat, without oars, drifting lonely on the Sea of Knowledge, like a pet abandoned by its owner.

She sat on the boat, looking up at the boundless white mist, feeling the tension in her heart dissipate significantly.

Just then, her body suddenly stiffened.

"Help, help, I've been ambushed by a Bewitcher at night, I'm going to be killed..."

"Hey, if you don't want to die, hand over your Virtual Realm experience. I heard you need to swim in the Sea of Knowledge. How do you swim? Backstroke? Butterfly? Freestyle?"

"Hm? I haven't swum in the Sea of Knowledge; I took a boat."

"You could at least humor me. How can you treat me like a fool, there are no boats in the Sea of Knowledge! You forced my hand—"

"No, this is too much of a violation of the rules, I'm really going to die... Sword Barrier!"

Could it be...

Freya summoned her Echo spirit, staring at it for a while, causing the spirit to feel somewhat uneasy under her gaze, before she finally activated it.

The crisp voice swept over the Boat, vibrating the air into various distinct shapes. He had stood here, sat there, lain here, and sprawled there, over and over, densely packed. The Bewitcher looked all around, seeing only his traces.

Freya deactivated the spirit, staring at the Boat for quite some time, her thoughts inscrutable, and then—

“Die!”

“Die die die die die!”

“( ͡ಠ ` ͡ಠ ) I hate this kind of clingy man the most... Ah!”

Kicking too hard, the Bewitcher sent the Boat off balance, flipping it over. However, the Boat seemed to have its own gyroscope system, righting itself and continuing to float on the sea, leaving only the drenched Bewitcher in the water.

She climbed back onto the Boat, lying on it and staring blankly at the sky shrouded in white mist.

“I was meant to soak in the sea, but you had to row the Boat and pull me up, then row away on your own. I was finally prepared to continue soaking, why would you leave the Boat to me?”

“An evil man like you should be locked in a basement, where I’d deal with you once in the morning, once in the afternoon, and three times at night.”

“But...”

Freya sat up and stretched languidly.

“There’s no reason for a Bewitcher to refuse gifts from the opposite sex; taking without giving in return is our sacred duty. I’ll accept this Boat with a clear conscience. But how should I use it without oars?”

She searched the Boat more thoroughly and finally found a strand of hair in a crevice of the Boat, which triggered a mechanism when pulled. A steering wheel rose from the center of the Boat, allowing direct control of its movement.

The Bewitcher looked at the hair in her hand, feeling it resembled something from her Little String.

“So...” Freya manipulated the steering wheel, driving the Boat through the dense white mist: “Wait for me, I’m coming after you!”

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

## Chapter 217: The Evolution of the Chariot!

As the Observer picked up an unremarkable piece of ore, Sonya and Deya cast urging glances his way.

Not all resources produced at a Resource Point are usable by Sorcerers; only about one in ten finished products contain Virtual Realm energy, evolving into the essence materials capable of nourishing spirits.

This is why only Knowledge Creatures can manage Resource Points—the production cycle is too long. Before Sorcerers can compel their spirits to extract materials suitable for themselves, their Soul Energy is nearly depleted, forcing them to withdraw from the Virtual Realm.

Only Knowledge Creatures, without any Restrictions on their stay, and even capable of surviving in the Static Domain, can operate Resource Points over extended periods. Moreover, Knowledge Creatures don't just harvest but also consume these essence materials. Records indicate that the larger the Resource Point, the more Gregarious Creatures it attracts, perhaps because they can proliferate their kind by absorbing the essence.

Sometimes Large Creatures also raid Resource Points, but just as Sorcerers are no match for Gregarious Creatures, Large Creatures may not necessarily defeat them. However, the relationship between the two is not typically a matter of life and death. In most cases, Gregarious Creatures willingly give up some materials, as if paying a protection fee to keep the peace.

This is also why this White Velocidragon mine has so many stone materials. Apart from the White Velocidragon's hoarding habit, they need to keep some essence materials for emergencies, to pay off Large Creatures when they come to plunder.

But whether Sorcerers or Knowledge Creatures, they all need only essence materials filled with Virtual Realm energy. As for other ordinary, dull, non-luminous stones, they are only fit for White Velocidragons to use for teeth grinding and playing dodgeball.

Then, in the next second, the Swordswoman and Witch saw the stone in the Observer's hand suddenly turn to dust, slipping through his fingers and falling to the ground.

So that was it—he wanted to show off a newly learned Miracle that could instantly pulverize a stone?

Clap, clap, clap!

Sonya and Deya clapped in admiration, and then they saw the Observer frantically blasting at the stones, swiftly clearing a pile at a time, before turning to another heap and beginning to inhale them like a storm.

It seems the Observer was under quite a bit of stress in reality... Sonya watched and felt a bit of pity, calling out, "Alright, alright, Observer, we all know you're powerful. Stop wasting arcane energy—"

It was Deya who realized something: "Could it be, Observer, that you can make use of these useless materials?"

"Indeed!" Ashe said excitedly as he watched the stone in his hand turn to dust, a grey arcane glow flowing into the palm of his hand, "These are the real treasures of this Resource Point!"

"You have disenchanting a Virtual Realm Stone (Extra Large), receiving 6 points of Ore Essence."

"You have disenchanting a Virtual Realm Stone (Medium), receiving 3 points of Ore Essence."

"Are you sure you want to disenchant the Magma Stone (Special)? You have disenchanting the Magma Stone, receiving 15 points of Ore Essence."

All the ordinary stones piled up in the Resource Point could be broken down by the game system into Ore Essence, and the essence materials could as well, with the essence amount being ten times that of the same volume of ore.

But the game seemed to assume that players wouldn't break down essence materials, which is why there was no reaction when Ashe picked up the Sword Heart Stone.

Once Ashe had emptied this Resource Point, he had amassed a total of 950 points of Ore Essence! What was once a mountain of stones had become a hollow void, the ground covered only with a layer of stone powder, and the mining tunnels now felt spacious. Even the White Velocidragon shed tears at the sight.

Soon, Sonya and Deya discovered what use Ashe had for crushing those stones—when they saw him return to the sports car outside the mine, he spoke to the hood, "Upgrade, Evil Blade!"

Buzzing!

The sports car roared intensely, its front bumper starting to deform and cover over. In a few seconds, it had formed an extremely sharp edge, like a blade, leaving no doubt that this beast, once put into drive, could easily slice through any trash daring to stand in its way. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

While his two companions were stunned by this transformation, Ashe eagerly inspected the Holographic Screen's auto-vehicle enhancement blueprint.

"Evil Blade Level 4: Impact causes 400% tearing damage, energy consumption reduced by 60%. Ore Essence needed for next level: 600."

Just by scavenging this Resource Point, he had upgraded the car's blade to Level 4!

In addition to the "Evil Blade," the same position on the vehicle could be modified with the "Vanguard Stone Shield," which was clearly meant for defense. Only one modification could be made in the same position, and switching components required the removal of the existing one, with 50% of the essence returned upon disassembly.

Ashe felt that his upcoming exploration journey would inevitably involve a lot of reckless driving, so it was natural to prioritize the activation of the "Evil Blade" component.

More importantly, the essence he currently possessed was only sufficient to activate the "Evil Blade."

There were exclusive car accessories such as "Petrifying Gaze" for the headlights, "Refractive Barrier" for the front window, "Poison Fog Surge" for the exhaust pipe, "Boiling Chainsaw" for the sides of the chassis, and even a seat accessory, "Alchemical Throne," which could accelerate the absorption of Gold arcane energy. Each option made Ashe drool with desire.

However, the bad news was that all these accessories required a substantial amount of essence to activate, and not just a single type of essence.

For instance, to activate a Level 1 "Alchemical Throne," one would need 200 Gem Essence, 200 Crystal Essence, 200 Mercury Essence, 200 Wood Essence, 200 Ore Essence, and 200 Gold Essence. Clearly, it would require scouring seven different Resource Points to gather all that was needed.

The good news was that it seemed only Ashe on the Time Continent had the ability to break down these useless materials to obtain essence, so there was no competition!

Given time, Ashe was sure to upgrade his auto-vehicle from the Deluxe Edition to the top-of-the-line version, and when that time came, he would be able to run amok across the Time Continent, annihilating people and Knowledge Creatures alike!

Now Ashe was full of motivation to pick up trash, urging as he got into the car, "Hurry up and get in, let's aim to conquer another Resource Point tonight!"

Sonya and Deya quickly adapted to this change. After all, the Observer had already demonstrated many strange abilities. Compared to teaming up in the Virtual Realm, drinking Pure Radiance Special Drinks, and forcing Operators through Training and

Entertainment, Ashe was now simply using ordinary materials to enhance the car, which was hardly something to make a fuss about.

This time, without thinking, Ashe took the front seat, and after a moment's hesitation, Sonya decided not to hesitate and pulled Deya to sit in the back with her.

The White Queen looked on in surprise at the suddenly intimate Swordswoman and then said with a suppressed laugh, "Swordswoman, you are so cute."

"Ah?" Sonya blushed, feigning pride as she turned her head away: "Of course I'm cute."

But with just that light remark, Sonya's resentment toward the new team member dissipated greatly.

Despite still being annoyed by the sudden addition of a stranger to the team, the Witch's performance in the recent battle had proven she wouldn't be a drag. Sonya grudgingly accepted the presence of the new member.

Sonya was just more emotional when she first entered the Virtual Realm; after all, it had been six or seven days apart, and the moment they reunited, the Observer brought someone new into the team. Wouldn't anyone be upset? Couldn't they have waited one more day to add her to the team, to give us time to chat privately first? A little heads-up wouldn't have hurt, right? Why the need for such abrupt action?

Even if Sonya truly didn't mind, she had to show her annoyance to make the Observer aware of her displeasure. After all, it's the honest ones who are always taken advantage of, and while she hoped everyone else would be honest, she didn't want to be the only one.

Her irritation wasn't about the new team member encroaching on her benefits, but rather the action subtly revealed that the Observer didn't trust her enough—would she really have objected that strongly? As long as you ensure this new member is helpful, I'd be more than happy to accept them.

But couldn't you have chosen someone with more ordinary looks? Based on my experience, such beautiful women are usually troublemakers...

However, after calming down, the Red-haired Swordswoman also realized the new member's value. She was a realist; as long as it didn't involve her bottom line, she could set aside her emotions for the sake of benefits. She understood early on that sulking brought no value other than making oneself unattractive.

Nevertheless...

Sonya gently pushed Deya away and moved to the seat at the far left of the back row, leaning against the car door, arms crossed over her chest, gazing out at the Reverse Golden Rain with an air of “I’m aggrieved but I won’t say it.”

Look at me, I’m still upset, and I don’t want to interact with the new team member!

Look at me [◦ `Д◦]!

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

## Chapter 219: The Woman

Do we know each other?

Sonya blinked and leaned in for a closer look, but quickly pulled back, “You introduce it, I’m too pure to understand.”

The recording mode of the Sorcerer Handbook is a mission log, which shows that its owner must be an organized sorcerer who likes to set small goals and is very good at striving. Every major event in their life is recorded as a mission, complete with summaries and reflections—an exemplary worker indeed.

Let’s call them the ‘Mission Sorcerer’.

“Mission Name: ‘Seed of Cataclysm Campaign’, Importance: ★★★★★”

“Mission Objective: To become the Seed of Cataclysm”

“Mission Restriction: Only temple sorcerers who become Two Wings within three years are eligible.”

“Mission Reward: Becoming the Seed of Cataclysm and earning the chance to enter the Spiral of Silence. Note, without exception, every Seed of Cataclysm emerging from the Spiral of Silence has become a Tri-wings and ascended to the upper echelons of the Temple.”

“Mission Failure: Loss of the opportunity to become the Seed of Cataclysm. Barring any accidents, the highest future position can only be that of Assistant Priest at the Temple.”

“Mission Process: With the rise of the Spiral of Silence, the quinquennial selection for the Seed of Cataclysm quietly commenced.”



“There are two other candidates with the same qualifications as me: that woman and Frank. Frank is older and more experienced, beloved by the followers, making him the strongest contender; the woman is too young, but she exposed her boyfriend for hoarding spoils of war, proving her loyalty to the cause of cataclysm, and she ascended to a Two Wings within a year—an opponent not to be underestimated.”

“Frank, the leader of the Silver Flame Knights, increased the raid frequency to garner more votes and successfully captured the dragon-wind Castle, bringing more followers and funds to the Temple. He enjoys immense prestige among the people and the clerics, like the dazzling and intense midday sun in the desert.”

“As for me, the vice-leader of the Discipline Priest Squad, I decided to increase patrol frequency and harshly punish the outlaws in the area to gain recognition from the followers and the high priests.”

Compared to the prominent positions we held, that woman was merely an ordinary nun in the missionary group, powerless and without influence, with nothing but her beauty to speak of. She should have been the first to be eliminated, barring any unexpected developments.

That was until she came to me.

She said someone had reported to her that Frank had engaged in intimate conduct with his team members.

My first reaction was disbelief: All of us Sorcerers in the Temple are trained from a young age to resist the corruption of the Cataclysm. Our spirits are honed to the point of being free from desire, with physical cravings almost nonexistent. Moreover, many of us practice the ways of the Physical Faction, finding basic sustenance in sand and rest in the desert sands, leaving no room for additional desires.

Furthermore, one of the most important Discipline rules in the Temple is that Clerics are forbidden from engaging in any acts that release desires. Once physical desires are ignited, they can burn fiercely, and a fiery heart is the kindling the Cataclysm finds easiest to consume.

Even the love between Clerics must remain contactless and cherished. In contrast, relationships that require intimacy are seen as tainted, disgusting, and corrupt. Therefore, the love between Clerics is the purest, transcending gender, Race, age, and all barriers.

Beasts that follow their bodily desires have no place as guardians against the Cataclysm.

I refuted her with these points, and she did not continue, instead conceding her mistake and apologizing for her suspicions. But after she left, I couldn't help but wonder, what if there was truth to Frank's intimate behavior with his team members?

If it was true, then he definitely could not become a Seed of Cataclysm. A Sorcerer whose body cannot uphold the restrictions would not survive in the Spiral of Silence.

With this expectation, I inquired with many about Frank and found an increasing number of doubts. My suspicions, too, began to spread with my inquiries, and soon the whole Temple was abuzz with talk about Frank.

When the Silver Flame Knights returned the next time, Frank confronted me, nearly beating me to death. However, upon investigation, it was confirmed that Frank had indeed engaged in intimate acts with Alancos, a member of his team, and was stripped of his Cleric duties by the Bishop.

"I was confident, almost certain of victory, but on the day of voting, that woman won by a landslide. Aside from a few friends, almost no one voted for me."

"It was then that I realized the disdain my actions had garnered. My behind-the-scenes slandering of Frank, combined with the public beating I received from him without being able to retaliate, made my reputation plummet."

"I was like the desert at night, cold to the bone and dark with fear. No Follower was willing to vote for me."

"In contrast, that woman had been silently working, staying out of arguments and discussions, faithfully fulfilling her duties, and her beauty gradually earned her the admiration of many."

"The sun is too scorching to tolerate any flaws; the night too dark to invite approach. Only the water of Crescent Spring is sweet and liked by all."

"I seemed to understand something, but it was already too late."

"Mission outcome: Failure."

"Reflection and summary: Don't trust women, especially beautiful ones."

Sonya reacted halfway through: "The 'that woman' mentioned here, could it be the 'her' referred to in 'that Sorcerer Handbook' we came across earlier?"

Although Sonya's comment was abrupt, Ashe understood.

He gave Deya a brief explanation of the background—the reason Ashe and his companion remembered this character was because the Whirlpool Secret Poison came

from “that Sorcerer Handbook,” which had left a deep impression on them. After all, the Whirlpool Secret Poison was a turning point in their Exploration in Virtual Realm, much like a new energy fund climbing steadily.

In that handbook, the owner had finally made an eternal Contract with ‘her,’ entrusting her with the maze toy that contained information on the Whirlpool Secret Poison.

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But as soon as ‘she’ used the Whirlpool Secret Poison for her Promotion to the rank of Two Wings, ‘she’ immediately betrayed the owner of the handbook to the Temple in exchange for wealth and honor.

And the owner of the handbook never betrayed ‘her’ until the end, a deep affection wasted like water flowing away.

“It’s very likely. Becoming a Two Wings Sorcerer within a year, reporting a boyfriend for hoarding spoils of war, and the Temple of Cataclysmic Fire... all the details match.”

Ashe crossed his arms and furrowed his brows: “The other Handbook is understandable since the entire text refers to either ‘I’ or ‘her’, with no real need to record names specifically. But why does the Mission Sorcerer in this Handbook not record her name and instead use ‘that woman’ to refer to her? After all, Frank is mentioned by name directly.”

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

## Chapter 220: The Legend of the Rainbow Tail

It was an odd sensation—both handbooks mentioned the same person, yet both conspired to omit her name.

Sonya and Deya had no leads on this, though it was nothing more than an insignificant detail.

Ashe mentioned it to Sonya simply because the coincidence was too striking not to share as a piece of gossip. However, he wasn’t particularly curious.

After all, the owners of the handbooks were from an unknown time, and 'she,' 'that woman' mentioned in the texts might well have been dead for centuries. If fate allowed, they might even end up exhuming her remains!

This was the enchanting allure of the Virtual Realm, a final resting place for knowledge and a graveyard for sorcerers.

Each Sorcerer Handbook here chronicled a life from thousands of years ago, with stories so deeply engraved they may have been lost to the real world without any remaining written records.

Reality is cruel to everyone, but the Virtual Realm cherishes each of its children.

Ashe handed the Sorcerer Handbook back to Deya, and upon absorbing it, her hair quickly returned to white.

"What ability did you get?" Ashe asked curiously.

"Shouldn't that be private? How can he have the nerve to ask? Go on, White Queen, Rush him, scold him to death!"

"My dear Princess, we're teammates now, and it's essential to be transparent about information that could potentially enhance our combat strength."

Deya felt a strange sensation, her expression turning peculiar: "I've gained a sensory ability called 'Love Hunting.'"

"What?"

"It means, if someone harbors feelings of affection for another, I can easily sense it."

Upon hearing this, Sonya instinctively stepped back.

But then she saw the Witch wink at her, with a look that said 'even without this ability, I could see right through you.' Sonya tried to maintain eye contact with the Witch, but the blush on her face was impossible to hide.

As Ashe recalled the later content of the handbook: "Speaking of which, that Mission Sorcerer seemed to have captured many hidden couples within the Temple. Could it be that she awakened her own talent when she exposed Frank, becoming a love cop? Nonetheless, this ability is quite practical, certainly more so than my 'Shovel Proficiency' or 'Secrets of Bliss (effective only on females over two meters tall)'."

The trio got back into the sports car, and not long after they started driving, they heard a loud bang from the distant sky, followed by a crackling roar.

But due to the obstruction of the Reverse Golden Rain, they couldn't see what was happening, only vaguely sensing that a battle was unfolding in the sky.

"There really are people looking for trouble."

Sonya's face showed a hint of surprise, but she wasn't at all shocked.

Deya shrugged: "It happens almost every two or three nights, and at times, even three times in a single night. After all, the gulf between Gold Tier and Sanctuary-Level is just too vast to cross."

Ashe blinked: "Do you know what happened?"

"A Sorcerer has taken to the skies with fully spread wings."

"Fully spread wings... Oh, right!"

It was only then that Ashe had a sudden realization and turned to Sonya: "Can't we just fly up there? Flying has to be faster than driving, right?"

"Not possible," Sonya shook her head, pointing in the direction of the roaring noise: "Once a Sorcerer attempts to fly, the large Knowledge Creatures nearby will immediately sense it. They will mercilessly attack any Sorcerer following the steps of the Reverse Golden Rain, as if punishing the Sorcerer for treading on the lawn."

"The difficulties Sorcerers face flying in the Time Continent are far more severe than what we encountered in the Sea of Knowledge when we were chased by monsters because creatures will attack from all directions, and it's aerial combat. Even the most resilient Physical Sorcerer would quickly be devoured."

Ashe remembered the harrowing experience of being chased by nine Knowledge Creatures after triggering the Eviction Secret Poison and still felt a shiver: "Then why do they want to fly?"

"They're looking for the Rainbow Tail," said Deya.

"Rainbow Tail?"

"Just like the Virtual Realm legend of the Golden Fish," Sonya explained. "It's said that the Chariot of the Bull has a Rainbow Tail, and by following the Rainbow Tail, one can reach the back of the Chariot of the Bull, which is the third layer of the Virtual Realm—the Distant Skies."

Ashe asked doubtfully, "If the Distant Skies are just above the White Bull, why can't we just fly up there? Why do we need the Rainbow Tail? It's not like the sky has a ceiling."

“The main reason is that Two-Wings Sorcerers simply cannot fly to the top of the sky,” Deya said. “During the more than a month that I’ve been in the Time Continent, I’ve continuously heard about a dozen Sorcerers being hunted and killed by groups of Knowledge Creatures in the sky, but not a single one flew over five hundred meters; without exception, they all fell.”

“Those Sorcerers who can and dare to fly undoubtedly have fully spread their wings, and might even have developed a tactical system, possessing numerous Two-Wings spirits and Miracles. It’s not an exaggeration to call them the strong among Two-Wings Sorcerers. If it wasn’t for their inability to elevate their Faction Realm to Sanctuary-Level, they wouldn’t risk challenging the sky.”

“But even they cannot touch the sky, which shows that relying on flight to reach the Distant Skies is completely unfeasible.”

Ashe tilted his head, “But isn’t the Rainbow Tail also high in the sky? After all, it’s the tail of the White Bull.”

“The information I found says that the Rainbow Tail might be very long, possibly even hanging down to the ground,” Sonya said. “These Sorcerers fly not to transmigrate through the sky, but to search for the Rainbow Tail that descends within the Golden Rain.”

“Although there is no evidence, many Sorcerers believe that once they enter the Rainbow Tail, the Knowledge Creatures will no longer attack them, and they will be able to follow the Rainbow Tail to the Distant Skies.”

“So the true meaning of the Rainbow Tail is a ‘safe flight route’...” Ashe finally understood, “It’s a miraculous way of smuggling oneself...”

“In the past, I would have definitely thought that the Rainbow Tail was just a myth passed around among Sorcerers,” Sonya said with anticipation. “But now it’s different, Observer, give it your all. Just like finding the Golden Fish, let’s find the Rainbow Tail too!”

“It’s not that simple,” Ashe said with a touch of irritation. “I have a feeling that the truth about the Rainbow Tail is like the true nature of the Golden Fish—definitely different from the information that’s been spread around. Otherwise, other Sorcerers would have already found it, and it wouldn’t still be a legend.”

“They sure are arrogant. There are only a few Sorcerers in the entire Virtual Realm who have found the Rainbow Tail, and here they are, setting it as their target right away. Go ahead and mock them!”

“If you’re so eager to express your desires, do it yourself.”

“The White Queen has changed; you don’t love me anymore.”

“My dear Princess, even if I loved you, I’d still find you annoying.”

Ashe pushed the sports car to chase after time, looking at the area notifications on the Virtual Realm map, determined to scavenge at least one more Resource Point tonight.

Suddenly, a series of golden areas appeared on the Virtual Realm map.

Based on past experiences, golden areas indicated the presence of an Adventure. However, the area notification gave Ashe a chilling feeling—

“Everyone will grow old and die, including you, so you better hurry up.”

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