

# Sorcerer's Handbook

## Chapter 301: House of Reflecting Souls

Neither Financial Management nor offensive tactics were of any help under the current circumstances. They quickly put aside this minor issue—only temporarily, as Sonya would surely tease Ashe in the future, joking about his ‘inability to manage even a penny’s worth of iron.’

“The third option it is: find a special Virtual Realm structure that the heroic soul legion can’t enter, dive in, and disconnect from the Virtual Realm immediately. We lose nothing,” Ashe said as he maneuvered the car to avoid a long-range attack. “But the problem is these types of Virtual Realm structures are hard to find.”

“Is there no option for a counterattack?” Deya asked. “Like using your invincible little car to run them over?”

Sonya looked at Deya and noticed an additional streak of red hair—clearly, a Red Death Eater had also joined the meeting.

Ashe explained, “Most of the modifications on this car are designed to deal with Knowledge Creatures, like the ‘Refractive Barrier’. It can withstand Gregarious Creatures all day long, but against the heroic soul legion, a single volley from them would shatter this thin barrier... If you say the heroic soul legion is the regular army, then we are just street thugs, only bullying the honest folk.”

Sonya responded, “Though we don’t claim to be crusaders of justice, there’s no need to describe us in such an unsavory light.”

Besides this, Ashe was actually still gathering resources to build the ‘Alchemical Throne’. This modification would significantly speed up their absorption of Gold arcane energy. However, he was still missing a key resource, so he had not made any other modifications yet.

Thud!

An attack from out of sight once again struck the ‘Refractive Barrier’, causing ripples to spread. On their escape route, the pursuers’ long-range attacks hadn’t stopped, forcing Ashe to enhance the “Refractive Barrier” to Level 11, otherwise their little car would have been blasted apart long ago.

“Refractive Barrier Level 11: The auto-car is enveloped by a barrier with 4000 health points, all damage to the barrier is reduced by 42%.

Level 6 special effect: Additional 30% damage reduction from long-range attacks.

Level 11 special effect: Before damage reduction calculations, refract 22% of the original damage to nearby non-Operator creatures.

Next level requires 1175 Ore Essence, 1175 Wood Essence, and 630 Mercury Essence.”

When the Refractive Barrier was activated, the sports car only received 21.84% of the damage from long-range attacks, calculated as  $(100\% - 22\%) * (100\% - 42\% - 30\%)$ . It was thanks to this significant damage reduction that they had managed to hold on until now.

But that was as far as they could go.

Ashe glanced at the barrier’s health. “The barrier is about to break, plan three is about to fail.”

Upgrading the Refractive Barrier further would be just a drop in the bucket, and moreover, the barrier only made sense when facing the heroic soul legion. Against ordinary Knowledge Creatures, the defensive power of the barrier was outrageously high, the reflected damage alone could kill a large group of Gregarious Creatures.

“Swordswoman, it’s your turn.”

“What do you mean?”

“You’re not really foolish enough to die with me, are you?” Ashe chuckled. “That would be such a waste... Just kill me quickly, and the pursuers will naturally give up. Soul Summoning spirit can keep the soul intact, only I lose a bit of my soul.”

Thud!

The Refractive Barrier trembled weakly, like a candle in the wind that could go out at any moment.

“Hurry up, you’re not the type to hesitate.”

“Why does it have to be me?” Sonya pulled Deya over. “Witch, let the Red Death Eater do it!”

“I can’t, I can’t!” Deya shook her head repeatedly. “I’m actually very afraid of blood—”

“Considering the gore of the scene, your normal attacks are almost comparable to my Blood Flower Water Moon, what are you afraid of, Small horn!” Sonya pushed Deya forward. “Just use your invincible death thread to cut the Observer in half!”

“No!” Deya, skilled in the Fist and Claw Faction, quickly restrained Sonya. “Swordswoman, you’re more familiar with the Observer, you do it!”

“That’s backward, the less familiar the easier it is to act, it’s harder when you care!”

“I’m not doing it, the White Queen also told me not to, and the Red Death Eater doesn’t want to either!”

“Wait!” the rustic girl suddenly thought of something. “Why don’t you just kill yourself instead of making us do it? Are you trying to make us feel guilty, so you can control us better?”

“How could you think that of me, Swordswoman!” Ashe said angrily. “Do I look like someone who would manipulate people’s hearts so thoroughly!?”

“Hard to say, after all, you’ve known me for so long, you must have picked up some of my finer qualities, birds of a feather flock together.”

Damn, the Swordswoman’s words were all too convincing.

“I’m definitely not killing you,” Sonya struggled free from the Witch’s grasp. “Don’t make me do this.”

“I won’t either,” Deya also shook her head. “What if you resent me for it?”

“Even though you can’t really die in the Virtual Realm, actually going through with killing a companion feels like crossing an invisible line.”

Ashe fell silent for a moment, sighed, and drew his longsword, aiming it at his own stomach. “Then I guess I have no choice but—Wait!? A special Area just appeared!”

Sonya remarked, “How convenient.”

Deya added, “The White Queen thinks it’s convenient too.”

“Were you just testing to see if we’d go through with it? Then using our guilt as leverage?”

“Observer, you really are despicable.”

Ashe decided not to stoop to the level of these two cold-hearted Operators and steered the sports car toward the golden hint Area. From his experience, any golden hint usually

indicates a very rare Area, like ‘Destiny’s Inquiry,’ ‘Miracle Isle,’ ‘Whirlpool,’ or ‘Legendary Library.’

But this golden hint was a bit odd...

“It seems like it might be suitable for you, but then again maybe not.”

Despite some unease, Ashe drove into the special Area.

It was a cabin with a small garden around it, appearing just like an ordinary farmhouse.

Before entering, Ashe emphasized, “As soon as we get inside, we leave the Virtual Realm immediately. Don’t get tempted by any rewards inside, in case we can’t hold off the heroic soul legion outside.”

After the Swordswoman and the Witch nodded earnestly, they entered the cabin together and found nothing particularly mysterious inside—the hardwood floors creaked pleasantly underfoot, a simply patterned woven carpet made the plain rectangular dining table feel cozy, kitchen utensils were arranged on a windowsill, and various artworks rested on a handmade rack.

In the cabin, there were no lights, but on the Time Continent, lighting was the least of concerns. The Reverse Golden Rain operated as independent providers, offering ‘delivery to your doorstep’ services, and in terms of business capabilities, they were in no way inferior to the monopolistic, customer-deceiving sun.

Additionally, the cabin was furnished with soft chairs, swings, toddler rocking horses, hammocks, lounge chairs... There were unexpectedly many places to sit, suitable for ages from one to a hundred, as if the original owner of the cabin had a large family spanning five generations.

“Chairs, so many chairs...” Sonya mused, “I feel like I’ve seen this somewhere before...”

“Yes! I remember now, this place is the House of Reflecting Souls, the biggest feature is that any Sorcerer who enters will...”

“...lose their memory.”

As the rustic girl finished her sentence, she noticed a man in a Dark Red Trench Coat and a strange, dirty-haired young girl appearing beside them.

“Who are you!?” Sonya immediately stepped back, sword pointed at them: “Don’t come any closer!”

"I should be asking you that!" Ashe also drew his sword in response: "How did I end up here?"

Deya stumbled against the wall, then slumped down, her expression twisted in pain, covering her face and muttering to herself: "Who are you... why are you in my head... get out, get out now!"

At that moment, a piece of information surfaced in the minds of all three:

[You have lost all memories of your non-knowledge skills]

[You have also lost three precious treasures along with your memories]

[To retrieve your treasures, answer three questions posed by 'you']

[Answer incorrectly, lose the treasures; answer correctly, receive a reward equivalent to the treasures' value]

[Failing to answer is the same as answering incorrectly; leaving this cabin will restore all memories]

['You' is already waiting for you]

The three turned their heads and saw on the bench beside them, on the soft chair, on the swing, each sitting their...

"Now we are the real entities."

Phantom Ashe smiled, "Because I possess your memories, and now you've even forgotten your own name."

Phantom Sonya sat on a mahogany soft chair, legs crossed, scrutinizing them with sharp eyes: "Shouldn't there be only one person..."

"What does it matter!" the multi-colored haired Phantom Deya, swinging on the swing, laughed: "Isn't it more fun with everyone together?"

Ashe, Sonya, and Deya were completely stunned by the scene before them.

Just then, Danzel, wearing a Spiderweb Cloak, pushed open the wooden door and entered, instantly triggering their stress response.

"Who are you now?"

"The same as you," Danzel responded, looking at the three strangers in front of him. "Someone who has lost their memory."

Simultaneously, Danzel's Phantom appeared on the lounge chair.

However, unlike the Danzel shrouded in the Spiderweb Cloak, Phantom Danzel had her cloak open, revealing her wheat-colored skin and prominently curvaceous upper body. With her striking eyebrows and starry eyes, she exuded a bold and robust aura, lounging carelessly on the chair.

It took a moment for the three to realize—was she actually a woman?

Phantom Danzel, groggy and sleepy-eyed, sat up from the lounge chair and rubbed her eyes, then looked at her own hands as if discovering a treasure. After a second of gathering her thoughts, a look of realization spread across her face: “Well, that’s alright...”

“Though there are quite a few of us, it doesn’t hinder the game,” Phantom Ashe said cheerfully. “But since there are indeed many, for convenience, let’s have code names to distinguish us from you nameless ones... Hmm, call me Observer.”

“Swordswoman.”

“Should I go by Princess, or Death Eater, or perhaps Empress... No, let’s stick with Witch!”

Phantom Danzel pondered for a moment: “Empress.”

“Alright.”

Observer clapped his hands: “Who among you will be the first to answer ‘your own’ question?”

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

## **Chapter 302: You Are All My Wings**

Inside the cabin, an unimaginable scene was unfolding—eight people, but only four faces.

Half were real, the other half Phantoms.

Yet, the real ones had lost all their memories, while the Phantoms not only retained theirs but also were tasked with assessing their real counterparts. Although the reversal of roles might sound amusing, it was anything but for those involved.

“How could such a thing happen...” Sonya gripped her longsword, shaking her head as she loudly objected, “How could something so absurd be true? You must be lying to me! You are all villains, every one of you...”

It was less of a rebuttal and more of her convincing herself.

“A very typical reaction,” the Swordswoman remarked calmly. “Once the disguise of peeled-away memories is gone, all you’re left with is a deep-rooted wariness of the world—you desperately want to control your own Destiny, unable to tolerate being adrift.”

The Observer shrugged, “Different from someone else, aren’t you?”

“However, you might not want to believe, but also can’t afford not to, because you don’t know what precious thing you’ve lost,” the Swordswoman continued. “Nothing hurts more than loss, and you’re not one to easily admit defeat.”

“Resilient yet fragile, complex yet simple, wary yet longing for embrace... You really are so easy to manipulate,” the Swordswoman turned to the Witch, “Compared to that, your guest seems about ready to leave.”

At that moment, Deya was completely curled up in a corner, hugging her knees and burying her head inside them as if praying to be invisible. She trembled all over, mumbling unintelligible words, her hair as filthy as a bucket of paint, her clothes constantly changing—black stockings on her left leg, white on her right, and both feet in red boots, her hands in mismatched sleeves.

Compared to the Witch, who was naïve, cute, dignified, and graceful, Deya looked like a dirty child in a clown’s outfit.

“Hey,” the Witch called out loudly, “Don’t be scared, okay? How about trusting them a bit more?”

However, the Witch’s words only had the opposite effect. Deya shuddered violently, already on the brink of mental collapse from the voices in her mind, unable to withstand any external stimulation. She gasped for air, crawling along the wall, moving towards the exit—she wanted to run away.

Memories, precious treasures, she didn’t care about any of it; she just wanted to leave this place as quickly as possible!

Watching the vulnerable Deya, the Witch narrowed her eyes slightly, her deep gaze swirling with invisible turmoil.

Typically, Sorcerers enter the cabin alone. Although most Sorcerers become restive and hysterical after losing their memories, they usually stay after being soothed by the Phantoms' words to participate in the game and complete the quiz.

But after her memories were stripped, Deya couldn't live in Harmonious Coexistence with the sisters in her mind; she couldn't even understand what was happening to her—why were there so many noisy voices in her head?

If she were the only one here, the tranquility of the cabin might allow her to calm down gradually—the cabin was designed to be leisurely and comforting specifically to soothe Sorcerers panicked by memory loss.

But besides herself, there were several 'strangers' in the cabin, which to the timid and faint-hearted Deya felt almost like a torturous hell.

Who are they?

Who are you?

Run, quickly escape from here, there are so many strangers—

"Look."

Deya lifted her head and saw Ashe crouching in front of her. At Ashe's fingertips was a shimmering Sword Light, which morphed into blooming flowers, paper cranes, and playful kittens, instantly capturing Deya's gaze.

"Sweet or salty, which do you prefer?"

"Sweet."

"Same as me. Do you like the feeling of flying?"

"No, flying so high is scary."

"I quite like flying..."

As Ashe posed various questions, he slowly moved closer to Deya, crouching beside her and gently stroking her head, smoothing his hand down the back of her head to lightly pat her back. Deya found this comforting; the tension on her face eased significantly, and she nuzzled into Ashe's embrace like a kitten, her dirty hair color slowly becoming clearer.

"I know you're scared," Ashe said softly. "I'm scared too. Scared people should stick together, so that even if danger comes, at least we won't die alone."



Deya and the sisters in her mind were taken aback. The logic was sound, but... it somehow didn't make much sense.

"Are you scared too?" Deya asked. "I can't tell."

Hearing this, Sonya hesitated for a moment but soon made up her mind.

She approached Ashe and Deya and extended her finger to perform a miracle.

The Mind Miracle composed of "Sincerity," "Vibration Sword," and "Killing Intent"—

Miracle: Treat with Sincerity!

A cluster of glowing red light emerged from her fingertips, shining as brilliantly as a ruby. She motioned for them to touch it, and Ashe was the first to reach out. Deya hesitated for a moment before also cautiously extending her index finger towards the red light.

Fear, worry, unease, fright, loneliness, tension... A flood of emotions crashed against their mental shores, and they quickly realized these were Sonya's current emotional states.

She used the miracle to prove that she was just like them, a frail young girl panicked by memory loss.

Though still scared, finding out that everyone else was just as frightened helped Deya relax a bit, and the voices in her mind gradually quieted down—actually, the sisters weren't that panicked. It was only the Black Butler who kept painting everything in a negative light, fueling the fear, while the White Queen constantly tried to persuade and stop the Black Butler. But for the naive Deya, their bickering alone was already overwhelming.

For humans, social creatures that they are, nothing is more comforting than increasing the presence of their own kind.

"So that's how it is..."

"Hmm?" Sonya looked at Ashe, who was murmuring to himself, "What did you say?"

"You see, I know how to comfort her, and you know how to make her feel at ease around us," Ashe said earnestly. "This suggests that we must have been together for a long time, so even after losing our memories, our bodies still understand each other instinctively."

"We are all puzzled about why we are here, but that's actually two questions: 'being here' and 'why we are together.' We still haven't found an answer to the former, but the answer to the latter may be emerging—"

"It's because our relationship is so close that we ended up here together. I don't know your personalities, but based on what I'm thinking now, if I knew I was going into a place where I'd lose my memory, I'd only go with people I completely trust."

Deya and Sonya thought about it seriously and felt that Ashe made a lot of sense.

"If it were me," Sonya said, "I would only go with the people closest to me."

Deya nodded in agreement, "I would only come to such a place with someone who could protect me."

Ashe turned to Danzel. "What about you?"

Danzel was slightly startled. "Am I also with you guys?"

"What else? Why else would you be here? You must have felt that coming to this place with us was the best option, so you followed us in."

The logic was indeed impeccable, and after thinking it over, Danzel said, "If it's someone I'd be willing to lose my memory with, it must be someone I'd also not hesitate to give my life for."

"Excellent!" Ashe stood up and declared, "I've completely understood our relationship now!"

The others were taken aback. "Really?"

"It's actually simple logic," Ashe said, patting Deya on the head. "You would only come with someone who can protect you, which means I am someone who can protect you—so you are my sister!"

"And you," Ashe looked at Sonya, "you would only come with your closest people, so—you are also my sister!"

"And finally, you," Ashe turned to Danzel. "You feel that you would only go with someone you would not hesitate to give your life for..."

"So, am I also your sister?" Danzel asked.

"No," Ashe said, "I think I should be your boss."

"Wait a minute," Sonya raised her hand, "My closest person could also be a lover, not just family. Why..."

As she spoke, she suddenly realized something, her cheeks reddening as she averted her gaze.

“I considered that, but don’t you think it would be strange if we were lovers and I was also with my sister?” Ashe explained. “Unless...”

“Unless what?”

Ashe looked at Deya, “Unless she’s also my lover, which could explain why we are so affectionate with each other.”

Sonya smirked, “So you think having two lovers isn’t strange? You might as well say she’s your daughter.”

“I’m hardly old enough to have a daughter that age...”

Danzel interjected, “The person I’d be willing to give my life for doesn’t necessarily have to be you, right?”

“But one of them is either my lover or my sister,” Ashe continued, “and the other one is also my lover or my sister. No matter which one is your boss, I’m the boss of your boss... Wait, I know who you really are now!”

“Think about it, there’s no reason to bring a subordinate along whether I’m with a sister or a lover!”

“So, your true identity is—my paramour!”

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

## **Chapter 303: Eliminating the Wrong Option**

Despite the lingering doubts about Ashe, the atmosphere inside the cabin had undoubtedly become much more relaxed; there was no drawing of swords or suspicious glances at one another.

They all agreed on at least one thing: their connections were undoubtedly deep, which was why they had ended up together in this amnesia-stricken cabin.

Whether they were friends, lovers, or relatives, those details were minor.

Given more time, they could have untangled the situation themselves, but the negative effects of amnesia were too overwhelming: suddenly finding yourself in an unfamiliar place, surrounded by strangers, with no one to rely on, and not even remembering your

own name, as if an infant thrown onto the streets, utterly alone and facing the harsh reality, where even the air seemed to suffocate you.

Unlike an infant, whose only response might be to cry, Sorcerers still had violence not yet erased from their repertoire.

In the cabin's solo mode, most Sorcerers, panicked, would attack Phantoms, but Phantoms could not be destroyed, and the Sorcerers could gain some sense of security through venting their violence.

Even if they couldn't calm down, they at least could recognize their situation and choose whether to leave or engage with the game.

But multiplayer mode was different—wasn't it better to direct their violence toward the 'strangers' they didn't recognize instead of their own Phantoms?

It was almost expected when Ashe and Sonya drew their swords against each other. Given Sonya's fierce temperament and high guard, if Ashe had been equally hot-headed, a fight would have been nearly inevitable. Fortunately, Danzel's entrance interrupted their round of Battle, and then the arrival of the Phantoms diverted their attention.

Yet, their relationship crisis was far from resolved, because the cabin was simply too small. If they were to engage in a question-and-answer game, the other occupants would inevitably be present.

Their rational strings were stretched too tight to continue bearing "the gaze of others." As long as the others were present, they couldn't proceed with the game.

The Phantoms had no contingency for such situations. They knew how to guide and soothe Sorcerers, but there was no mechanism within the cabin to mediate conflicts between them.

However, there was no need for Phantoms to resolve conflicts either.

The Phantoms were soothing the Sorcerers simply to facilitate the question-and-answer game. If the situation continued to deteriorate, it was highly likely that only one of the four would remain in the cabin, the others either driven out or eliminated.

Though the number of participants was reduced, as long as there was someone left in the cabin, the question-and-answer game could continue.

The last person remaining could answer questions for all four individuals, and if they could correctly answer the others' questions, they could naturally claim the others' rewards.

Therefore, when Ashe and his companions began discussing their relationships, the Phantoms did not intervene or disturb them. They had expected a brutal free-for-all to ensue, but surprisingly, Ashe managed to unite everyone, including Danzel who arrived later... The Observer, Swordswoman, and Witch quickly glanced at the Empress, who looked back at them calmly.

"It sounds like you've reached a consensus," said the Observer. "Are you interested in answering some questions now?"

"Wait, you just said you have our memories," Sonya suddenly remembered something. "Can you tell us what our relationship is?"

"We cannot," the Witch said, shaking her finger. "We cannot reveal any specific information to you; you must answer questions in a state of complete amnesia."

Ashe then said, "Aside from revealing information, if I ask you to do something, would you agree?"

"What would that be?"

"For instance, you," Ashe pointed at the Observer and then at the Swordswoman, "go kiss her, and make it a French kiss."

The faces of the Observer and Swordswoman showed no change, not even a flicker of their eyelashes. However, for some reason, everyone felt as if the light in the cabin had dimmed slightly.

Before the Phantoms could respond, Sonya grabbed Ashe by the collar, her face flushed with anger, and said, "What are you talking about?!"

"Think about it, they are Phantoms with our memories, right? They can communicate and seem to have the ability to think, which means we can consider them as 'another self'," Ashe explained calmly. "If the Observer and the Swordswoman can kiss naturally, that would mean we are in a romantic relationship."

"What if they don't want to?"

"Then we lower the level of probing, from kissing to hugging. If hugging is okay, then we definitely have a close relationship similar to that of relatives," Ashe explained. "Using this method, we can gradually test the depth of everyone's relationships."

Sonya paused, considering the feasibility of Ashe's method.

Ashe took Sonya's hands off his collar and held them gently. "Although I haven't been making a fuss or losing my temper, I've also lost my memory. You're scared, and I'm

just as uneasy. It's not just you—I also want to find evidence that can prove our relationship.”

“I want to trust you all unreservedly,” he whispered. “In a dark world, nothing is more comforting than placing your hand in someone else’s.”

At that moment, the Phantoms seemed to finally grasp the command embedded in Ashe’s words.

The Observer waved a hand and shook his head, doubly denying Ashe’s request: “No, we’re only here to guide you through the questions. We won’t fulfill requests that go beyond answering them.”

“But this is a request related to the questions!” Ashe immediately said. “I think it’s absolutely necessary for you to kiss the Swordswoman—”

“Even though we are just temporary Phantoms, we also possess a certain level of intelligence,” the Swordswoman said calmly. “Don’t try to persuade us with your words. We fully understand that you’re trying to use our interactions to gain memory information, and that’s not allowed. Give it up.”

Seeing the Phantoms refuse, Sonya felt a bit dissatisfied: “Can’t you make an exception? After all, you are me...”

“If you yourself became a fleeting thought, would you satisfy someone else’s wishes?” the Swordswoman retorted with a cold laugh. “You should be glad I’m not really you—otherwise, you’d be in even more trouble.”

Sonya thought about her own personality and reluctantly shut her mouth.

“So it means we can’t find evidence to confirm our relationships,” Ashe said. “Then let’s tentatively assume you all are my lovers or paramours. Or would you prefer to be my sisters?”

Deya timidly said, “Sisters.”

“Why does it have to be one or the other?” Sonya interjected. “Is not choosing not an option?”

“Because this lays the foundation for our answer during the quiz,” Ashe explained earnestly. “Let me put it this way: if you all are my lovers or paramours, then it implies that you are willing to share your love, which extends into three logical conditions: First, our relationship isn’t equal; I’m in a dominant position, which might be due to individual strength or social status. Second, there are significant interests and bonds tying us together, making it rational for you not to leave me. Third, we might have gone through a lot together, so emotionally, you’re unwilling to let go.”

"If these three conditions aren't met, then our relationship as lovers can't be explained. These conditions can serve as a basis for your answers and help you make decisions. Similarly, if you were my sisters, other logical conditions would apply."

"I'm not trying to take advantage of you, but with complete memory loss, this reasoning is the only lifeline we can cling to."

Sonya's face flushed between red and white, feeling a mix of inferiority and shame surge through her as she saw how reasoned Ashe's argument was and realized her own previous irrational behavior. "Who knows what you're really thinking!"

"If I have to choose," Danzel, who had been silent, suddenly spoke up, "I'll choose paramour."

Sonya looked at her in surprise. "Why?"

"No particular reason," Danzel replied calmly. "I just feel that the word 'sister' is a bit too distant for me."

Ashe turned to Sonya, "What's your choice? Remember, this is just for the purpose of answering the quiz and doesn't define our real relationship—if you don't like these options, you can propose a new identity. Just as long as it explains why we're together."

Sonya did not respond immediately. She looked down at the pattern lines in the wooden floor, her left hand holding her right, appearing hesitant.

If Danzel had chosen the identity of a sister, Sonya would definitely have picked sister too.

However, after Danzel chose the role of a paramour, Sonya felt oddly uncomfortable.

Despite remembering nothing, not knowing who anyone really was, and feeling only caution and suspicion, there was an inexplicable sense of defeat within her.

This feeling of defeat was not directed outward as anger, but inward as self-reproach. It seemed as if by maintaining her tough, hedgehog-like demeanor, she was losing something or, perhaps, missing out on something.

Sonya glanced sideways at the Swordswoman, who was scrutinizing her with an indifferent gaze that betrayed a complexity of emotions no one could decipher.

"...Lover."

"Huh?"

"It's not real anyway." Sonya, in a moment of resignation, picked a chair and sat down: "Let's answer the quiz!"

"One identity each, sister, paramour, lover," Ashe declared. "Let's call each other that for now."

Deya tugged at Ashe's sleeve, "What about you?"

Ashe paused, then smiled, "I actually forgot about myself... However, since I assigned your identities, it's only fair that you choose mine. What do you want me to be?"

Sonya replied sarcastically, "Our slave."

Danzel thought for a moment, "Our master?"

Deya hesitated, her eyes catching a painting on the cabin wall, depicting a Knight protecting a Princess from an Evil Dragon. She then said, "I wish you were... a Knight protecting us."

"Alright, I'll be the Knight," Ashe decided cheerfully. "It seems continuing this discussion won't reveal any new information, so—"

"Let's start the quiz."

Ashe sat down on a bench with Deya, while Danzel moved to sit next to Sonya.

The four exchanged looks, and Ashe asked, "Who wants to go first?"

The question was almost like asking which oil drum wanted to volunteer as a firefighter. Deya immediately shook her head, and Danzel fell silent. Just as Ashe was about to raise his hand, a sharp slap on the table echoed next to him.

"I'll go first."

The determination in her bell-like voice was clear.

Sonya stared intently at the Swordswoman, her eyes alight with a mixture of bravery, insecurity, and defiance. Unfortunately, the only person in the cabin who could fully understand her was sitting right across from her.

"So eager to prove yourself?" the Swordswoman lowered her eyelids, "As you wish."

"Now, begin with your first question."



The Swordswoman stood up and pulled a sketchbook from a shelf nearby—no one could remember if there had been a sketchbook there before, or even if the shelf had been there at all.

“Among these three people, who do you love the most?”

The Swordswoman opened the sketchbook, revealing three images:

A plainly dressed middle-aged farmwoman;

A small, dark-skinned girl who didn’t look particularly lovable;

And... a Hooded Man sitting in a Boat.

“First, let’s eliminate this incorrect option,” Ashe pointed at the image of the Hooded Man.

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

## **Chapter 304: The One I Love Most**

As Sonya began to answer the question, everyone leaned in to see, including Danzel.

Then, they looked at the Hooded Man in the painting, and then at Ashe.

“Isn’t that you?”

“Right, I too think it’s me,” Ashe replied. “So, this answer definitely isn’t correct.”

Though Sonya agreed, she didn’t understand Ashe’s confidence. “Why are you so sure?”

“Because the question was ‘the one I love most,’” Ashe explained. “Leaving me aside, what do you think the relationship is between the other two people in the other paintings and the Lover?”

There was a moment of hesitation before everyone realized Ashe was referring to Sonya as the Lover.

Deya glanced at the middle-aged farmwoman and speculated, “Could this be the Lover’s (Sonya’s) mother?”

"It might also be a foster mother, a teacher, an aunt, etc.," Danzel added. "But regardless of her exact role, judging by her age, she likely has a nurturing relationship with the Lover."

Sonya nodded. "Even though I have no memory of her, she feels familiar, likely a relative of mine."

Ashe slightly nodded in agreement with their views and pointed to the painting of a small, dark-skinned girl. "And her?"

Danzel guessed, "Daughter?"

Sonya frowned slightly. "Maybe my sister?"

"Stop talking!"

As they discussed, a hysterical scream suddenly erupted nearby. Deya was seen doubling over, furiously pounding her head, her slightly cleaner hair beginning to get dirty again.

"Stop talking, stop, stop, stop! Stop arguing in my head!" Her cries were mixed with sobs.

The reason Deya had calmed down earlier was because Ashe had captured her attention with his intricate, hard-to-disprove reasoning, keeping her and her sisters busy digesting information, leaving no room for thought.

Once Ashe stopped monopolizing her attention, the sisters became restless like children without parental supervision. It had started as a simple guess about the identity of the little girl in the painting, but their discussion had evolved into a debate and finally into an argument that Deya could no longer tolerate.

"Bite."

Deya felt something being stuffed into her mouth and instinctively bit down hard. As the sensation of biting spread throughout her body, the screams stuck in her throat slowly subsided, and the pressure was gradually released as her teeth clenched together, even quieting the arguing voices of her sisters.

It was then that Deya realized she was biting Ashe's hand. She quickly let go and blew on it, "Sorry, I—"

"It's okay, it doesn't hurt." Ashe said, "Look, there's not even a mark. Don't worry about it... this really is a magical place."

“Feeling bad is like drowning, the more you struggle, the more it hurts. The right way to save yourself is to stay still and let someone else pull you out of the water. When you feel uncomfortable, just bite my hand.”

Deya grabbed Ashe’s hand, hesitated, then nodded and sheepishly licked the spot she had just bitten. Ashe couldn’t help but laugh, “No need to savor it like that. Hmm, if you feel you’re not in a good state, you don’t have to join our discussion. Just feel free to chew on my hand.”

Deya took a moment to realize that ‘sister’ referred to herself. She was about to agree, but her expression turned uncomfortable again. She opened her mouth and pressed it against Ashe’s hand, but did not bite down, as if looking for the best spot to bite.

However, after a moment, she suddenly said, “We think, she is not the Lover’s daughter, nor the Lover’s sister.”

“She is the Lover herself.”

Perhaps as an apology, or perhaps to prove she was more than just noise, the sisters in her mind told Deya this answer, strongly urging her to speak up.

The others were taken aback, looking carefully at the dark-skinned, thin little girl in the painting, then at Sonya. Sonya was dressed tonight in a blue and white dress with a gold-edged red coat draped over her left shoulder, looking like the most beautiful protagonist on stage, a stark contrast to the little girl in the painting, like a bright flower against green leaves.

“While that is possible,” Ashe said, “the resemblance isn’t convincing enough, is it?”

Sonya also shook her head vigorously—she genuinely did not want to associate herself with the plain-looking girl in the painting.

On the other hand, Danzel nodded, “Now that you mention it, they do look alike.”

“How do they look alike?” Sonya retorted. “The nose, the mouth, the eyes, none of them match, do they?”

This was precisely why they hadn’t considered this possibility initially: if it were a younger Sonya, one would likely be able to recognize her from her facial features, as people’s features generally follow a consistent pattern as they grow, and even with many changes, it is possible to see the traces of time. However, Sonya and the little girl in the painting, although not completely dissimilar, had enough differences to make it difficult to immediately connect them.

“The eyes are very similar.”

Deya shook her head and said, “She... we think, the gaze of this little girl is exactly like yours, Lover.”

“Alert, stubborn, bright.”

Sonya was taken aback, lowering her head to make eye contact with the little girl in the painting.

Her gaze... it's a lot like mine?

As their gazes intersected, as if triggering some Miracle, Sonya blinked and found herself entering the world within the painting.

This was the edge of a forest just outside a village, a small stream flowed from the woods into the town, the Radiant Star's brilliance streamed in the river, danced on the river pebbles, and sparkled in the children's eyes.

Not far away, a few children were arguing. Sonya couldn't hear them clearly, but from the children's expressions and gestures, it seemed that apart from the emphatic tones, the rest of the words were probably offensive insults.

This was not a Battle of equals. One side was a mixed group, while the other was a one-person army — the little girl stood alone, inviting several peers to challenge her. With her hands on her hips, she stood atop a rock, looking down on them. Her rapidly moving lips and the nearly tearful faces of her enemies were enough evidence of a one-sided slaughter.

Soon, the other children were chased away by her words, but the victor was not pleased either. She walked grumpily to a large tree near the stream, sat down against the trunk, tapped her Bracelet, and summoned a Holographic Screen to play educational videos.

She was dressed in clothes that had faded to gray from repeated washing, her skin darkened and roughened by labor under the sun, and it was apparent that her nutrition wasn't adequate. She looked visibly thinner and more frail than her peers, as if a gust of wind could blow her away. She casually plucked a foxtail grass and twirled it between her fingers, a skill she seemed to have practiced a lot.

Although this world seemed to offer her little beyond sunshine and nature, her eyes showed no confusion or despondency but were instead fixated on the educational videos on the Holographic Screen, her gaze animated by the knowledge she was absorbing.

She hugged her legs tightly to her chest, curling into a ball as if to protect herself or perhaps to hide.

Seemingly noticing something, the little girl turned to look at Sonya. In her youthful, clear eyes, Sonya's spherical reflection was visible.

"Lover?"

Hearing Ashe's voice, Sonya was snapped back to reality. She looked again at the album, but this time no strange phenomenon occurred, as if what had just happened was merely an illusion of Sonya's.

After a brief silence, Sonya nodded firmly, "Yes, that was me as a child."

Although it was unclear how Sonya was so certain, it was obvious that the opinion of the answerer held the utmost importance. Ashe accepted this assumption and said, "If that's the case, then the answer becomes quite clear."

Danzel asked, "We have only deduced the identities of these three people, but the question asks who the Lover's 'most loved' person is. How do you know the answer?"

"The concept of 'most loved' is really about comparing the degree of affection. Since it can be compared, we can use a process of elimination," Ashe explained. "If out of these three, one must die, Lover, whom would you choose?"

Sonya hardly hesitated, "You."

"Good, then among the remaining two, if another person had to die..." Ashe continued.

Sonya's pupils dilated, and she turned to stare directly at Ashe.

Deya timidly said, "This doesn't seem quite right, after all, we currently have no memories. If we had our memories, perhaps we would make different choices—"

"We've only lost our memories, not our personalities," Ashe explained with a shrug. "If we need to add 'memories' as a variable to speculate the correct answer, then our current discussion is pointless. Who knows, maybe I'm the Lover's favorite?"

"Besides, memories aren't static; personality influences memory."

Amidst the puzzled looks of everyone as if to say 'what are you talking about,' Ashe continued, "Memory is actually a rather ambiguous and subjective form of information. When you want to hate someone, you tend to overlook their virtues; and when you like someone, you also tend to ignore their flaws."

"If you are an optimistic person, you are likely not to remember sad events; if you are always blaming others, you won't remember the beautiful moments in life."

“Love and most loved are distinctly different concepts. Memory can make you fall in love with someone because of the emotions that arise from what you’ve invested in them; however, memory cannot change who you love the most. Most loved denotes the one for whom you would sacrifice everything, even if it means changing your own personality to suit them—that’s what ‘most’ really means.”

“Therefore, I believe the answer to this question, Lover (Sonya), will not change whether memories are present or not, because you made your choice a long time ago. To protect ‘your most loved,’ you’ve already modified your memories and adjusted your personality.”

“But, you don’t need to answer my question.” Ashe helped Deya up and gestured for Danzel to turn around with him, “Although it might seem like self-deception, we won’t look at your answer. We hope you don’t worry about us and give the most sincere answer.”

“No need.”

Sonya calmly stated, “I don’t know you; why should I care about you? The Knight is right; who my most loved was had been determined long before we entered the cabin. Therefore, my memories, my personality, and everything about me are all for making my most loved person’s life better.”

“So, Swordswoman, my answer is—my most loved person is this little girl.”

“I noticed you were all having such a lively discussion, so I didn’t interrupt,” the Swordswoman remarked. “According to the rules, each question equates to one of your treasures. Answer incorrectly, and you lose it immediately; answer correctly, and it is returned double. The treasure bound to this question is—your Swordsmanship Faction Realm.”

“Even though you’ve lost your memories, you still retain the knowledge that should help you understand the significance of this treasure, right?”

Sonya’s expression remained unchanged: “My answer stays the same.”

“Good,” the Swordswoman said crisply. “You answered correctly.”

With a flick of her finger, two streams of golden light entered Sonya’s body: “This is your Swordsmanship Faction Realm and your reward—a Time Faction Realm of the same level.”

Before Sonya could fully process this reward, the Swordswoman flipped to another page in the album: “The second question—among these three people, who do you dislike the most?”

One was a woman with messy hair, dark circles under her eyes, and her feet on a desk, holding a sword.

Another was a young woman in beautiful clothes, applying makeup in front of a mirror.

And then there was a woman dressed in pure white silk stockings, short sleeves, and a skirt, looking dignified, gracious, and friendly, but her face was identical to Deya's mixed-colored hair.

Deya blinked and pointed at the woman in white, saying, "First, let's eliminate this incorrect option..."

"No, don't eliminate it just yet," Ashe grabbed her wrist. "I think this might be the correct option."

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

## **Chapter 305: Four Deyas, One Ashe**

They had not eliminated the incorrect options.

When the Swordswoman announced the answer was wrong, Ashe felt a collective sigh of relief from everyone.

Unlike the first question, which dealt with an middle-aged farmwoman and a little girl, marked by their ages, the second question involved three individuals around the same age with no resemblance to Sonya, clearly indicating no familial relation. Moreover, the question was about "the most disliked person," suggesting these three were likely not even friends of Sonya, making it impossible to glean further information. Thus, Sonya had no choice but to choose the only person she recognized—the pure white Deya.

But if the answer truly was Deya, then the situation complicated: Why would Sonya come to the amnesia cabin with the person she disliked the most? Was she being set up? Should she take this opportunity to deal with her most disliked person?

Furthermore, if Sonya and Deya were enemies, what did that mean for Ashe and Danzel? Were they her enemies as well?

Digging even deeper—could it be that these four weren't close companions bound by Life Link, but rather irreconcilable foes?

Ultimately, the harmonious facade that Ashe had constructed was exceedingly fragile, fragile enough that a single answer could shatter it completely. Therefore, any outcome where Deya was not the answer was a relief for everyone, Sonya included, who felt as though a great weight had been lifted off her chest.

“Answer incorrect,” the Swordswoman stated. “You have lost your treasure—the Mind Faction.”

The Swordswoman rubbed her fingertips together, creating a silver glow that dissipated into thin smoke, symbolizing Sonya’s complete loss of a Silver Rank spell from the Magical Factions.

Sonya didn’t feel much reality to it, but watching her own possessions and rewards vanish was heart-wrenching, as painful as watching ice cream fall to the ground.

Suddenly, she turned to Ashe and asked, “I’m still your Lover, aren’t I?”

“Huh? Oh, yes, you are. Why do you ask? We’re just temporary—”

“Then give me your hand.”

Sonya snatched Ashe’s hand and bit down hard, her eyes wide with force. Though there was no pain, the fierce bite made Ashe’s Soul shiver, even causing a phantom pain.

Ashe began to seriously consider whether there was a fundamental flaw in his assumption—how could this possibly be my Lover? Even if I was momentarily blinded by beauty, my body couldn’t withstand such abuse!

At least a sister might just be trying out my taste, but you, my Lover, seem like you want to bite off a huge chunk of me!

Ashe looked at Deya grabbing his left hand while Sonya was biting his right hand. He turned his head towards Danzel.

“I have no hands left for you, which part do you prefer?”

“...I probably don’t need to vent stress in that way.”

After venting, Sonya felt refreshed and released her mouth, but still held on to Ashe’s hand as if she were a protective little she-wolf saving it for the next meal.

“Rest over?” The Swordswoman showed no interest in their interaction, “Then let’s start with the third—”

“Wait! Wait! Wait! Wait~~”



The Witch suddenly darted into the center of the hall, striking a 'magical girl shining entrance' pose: "Let's pause for a moment!"

"Swordswoman, I have a question similar to your third one, how about we ask them together? Otherwise, after she answers your question, my question will become simpler."

"That's fine."

The Witch looked at Deya: "You have to answer a question too, are you ready?"

Deya instinctively bit down on Ashe's finger, her body trembling as she shook her head.

Ashe immediately said: "We should answer separately! It's still the Lover's turn to answer first, then it should be my sister's turn. There's no need for us to answer together."

If it's the same question, it's best to answer separately. If Sonya answers correctly, it means knowing the right answer; if wrong, it also helps eliminate the incorrect options. Only a fool would answer together.

"Hmm... Did I phrase that wrong?..."

The Witch scratched her head in annoyance, her eyes narrowing slightly, the corners of her mouth curving into a dangerous arc.

Suddenly, her voice burst forth with eighteen layers of Echo—

"Come answer the question."

Deya shuddered violently.

It wasn't just her; every voice in her mind quieted down as if they had encountered their natural predator.

For the first time, Deya and the voices in her mind agreed: it was time to be obedient.

Hiding behind Ashe like a chick pecking at grains, Deya nodded vigorously. The Witch instantly revealed a bright, innocent smile, as if her prior sinister charm had been everyone's misperception. She spun on her toes in place, her black skirt blooming like a black rose: "Alright, now it's time for the Witch and the Swordswoman to pose their question together—"

"Wait."

A second interrupting voice echoed through the cabin, sharp like the tearing of paper.

This time, it wasn't just her real self; even the three Phantoms showed their surprise.

The Empress lazily stood from her lounge chair, her loose robe unable to conceal her regal aura, slipping down her shoulders yet clutching the last vestige of modesty at her chest. She approached like the wind, embracing the Witch with one arm and the Swordswoman with the other, smiling, "It seems I also have a question, rather similar to the one you two are about to ask... why don't we do it together?"

Despite the Empress's straightforward display of affection, the Swordswoman's expression seemed as though she had encountered harassment: "The questions may be similar, but the options might not be."

"Exactly, exactly," the Witch responded with a bright smile, "there's really no room between the Swordswoman and me for anyone else, Empress. Perhaps you should seek the Observer's company—"

"Isn't it better to have different options? It could increase the difficulty of the question," the Empress tilted her head slightly, "or are you 'trying' to reject me?"

The eerie iceberg revealed just a tip of itself, a massive whale lurking beneath the waves, intermittently visible. The amnesiacs sensed something was off in the atmosphere, but without any information, they couldn't decipher the undercurrents swirling among the Phantoms.

The Observer, Swordswoman, Witch, and Empress exchanged looks for a moment, and then the Observer sighed, "It's a pity my question seems different from yours; otherwise, I'd love to join this question-posing mingling session."

The Observer's comment seemed to press a release button, and the tense atmosphere in the cabin instantly relaxed. The Witch laughed, "How could we possibly refuse you, Empress? We're more than happy to have more people—it's more fun that way. Let's all pose our question together, Swordswoman."

"Right," the Swordswoman said, expressionless.

At this point, Ashe whispered to everyone, "You see their interaction; it proves my judgment is correct. You are indeed my sisters, lover, and paramour."

"How does that prove anything?" Sonya felt confused.

"First, the Witch consulted with the Swordswoman, and the Swordswoman readily agreed. This proves that the Witch and the Swordswoman are not enemies. That means you can't all be my lovers, otherwise you would be rivals, and could not possibly get along so harmoniously. So, either you are all my sisters, or one is a lover and the other a sister. The current situation suggests the latter," Ashe analyzed confidently. "But after

the Empress asked to join in, the first reaction of both the Witch and the Swordswoman was to oppose—why oppose? Because in their eyes, the Empress is a homewrecker!”

“Later, the Observer’s statement was clearly siding with the Empress, even using the authority of a family head to force the Witch and Swordswoman to yield, suggesting they shouldn’t exclude the Empress. This shows that the Observer now prefers the Empress!”

“I’ve completely understood now,” Ashe said convincingly. “The sister is the one I’ve brought up since childhood, the lover is the one I’ve been in a relationship with for years but recently entered a lazy phase, and the paramour is the one I’ve recently met and am passionately in love with!”

The Observer seemed about to speak but stopped. The Witch’s mouth twitched as she struggled to control her facial nerves. The Swordswoman’s eyes narrowed slightly, whereas the Empress showed no reaction.

“Then aren’t you just a pure scumbag?” Sonya asked sincerely.

“Whether I’m a scumbag doesn’t matter; the point is, this can serve as a basis for our answer,” Ashe said. “Besides, knowing I’m a scumbag and still liking me, don’t you think that’s also a crucial piece of information? Imagine, what situation would you be in to choose only me, faithful unto death?”

“I…” Sonya frowned, “Only if it’s for a greater good.”

“Good, that means we have significant interests entangled,” Ashe turned to Danzel, “What about you? When do you think you would voluntarily become my paramour?”

Danzel was thoroughly confused—honestly, she hadn’t believed a word of Ashe’s logical deductions earlier, primarily because she is reserved and restrained, quietly observing how things unfolded.

However, the interactions among the Phantoms and Ashe’s speculations started to shake her belief—could she really be Ashe’s latest romantic interest?

She wanted to object, but lacked any other evidence.

And if there wasn’t this connection, why would she find herself in this amnesiac cabin?

“As long as I deeply love someone, whether they love me back or not, I will devote all of myself to them,” Danzel said. “For me, being a paramour doesn’t come with reservations.”

“Huh?” Ashe was shocked. “Am I really that admirable, to earn such affection? I’m a bit overwhelmed by the adoration—”

“Save your surprised act for another time and hide that smirk you can’t seem to suppress!” Sonya looked visibly annoyed, “Setting aside whether you might be wrong, even if you’re right, it only proves you’re morally bankrupt, less substantial than even the ingredients in our meals!”

Clang!

Suddenly, a sound of a sword being sheathed echoed. Everyone looked towards the Swordswoman, her expression unchanged as she sheathed her sword, “Are we done talking? If so, let’s get started.”

The Swordswoman, the Witch, and the Empress simultaneously pinched the top of the page in the album and turned to a new page together.

Perhaps the difficulty was heightened by the fact that all three of them were answering the question at the same time; five portrait paintings appeared before the examinee.

Then everyone was stunned.

The first painting depicted a girl living in a basement.

The second, a girl wearing a spiderweb mask.

The third, a woman seated on a throne.

The fourth, a girl with hair colored in black and white.

The fifth, a hooded man wearing a dark red trench coat.

But the problem was, except for the fifth painting, the women in the first four paintings all had the same face!

Everyone looked at Deya, and Deya, staring blankly at the four paintings, murmured, “So many of me...”

Ashe’s lips twitched, “Looking at it this way, the fifth painting of me seems a bit out of place...”

Despite the differences in age, clothing, and decorations, everyone immediately recognized that the women in the first four paintings bore an exact resemblance to Deya!

It was as if it were Deya in various poses, with different clothes, hair colors, and ages!

“This is the question that the three of you need to answer together.”

Unlike the calmness of the Swordswoman and the cheerfulness of the Witch, the voice of the Empress always carried a weight starkly different from her appearance:

“If you knew you were about to die, who would you want to die with you?”

“Remember, since this is a question to be answered jointly by the three of you, the rewards and penalties will also differ...” the Witch’s voice carried a hint of mockery: “Whether you answer correctly or not...”

“The answer to this question might very well become reality.”

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

## Chapter 306: Girl of Peeping

“Wait!”

Sonya asked, “Are you sure these four paintings are of different people? Not four paintings of the same person?”

“It’s our turn to ask questions,” Swordswoman stated calmly. “We will not, cannot, and do not wish to answer any questions regarding the topic.”

Ashe inquired, “What does ‘becoming reality’ mean? If they answer correctly, is the reward fulfilling their wishes by letting them die with the character they chose?”

Witch made a ghost face: “It might not even be about getting the answer right—”

“Witch!” Swordswoman snapped.

“Anyway, you can look forward to it with great anticipation,” Witch giggled.

Deya kept staring at the four paintings, murmuring softly to herself, unsure who she was communicating with: “Is it you? No? But besides you, there can’t be anyone else who looks so much like me... I think that one looks a bit like you...”

Ashe watched her worriedly, bringing his hand close to her mouth: “Don’t just look, take a bite.”

Deya gently bit Ashe’s hand, tasting it very modestly.

Despite suddenly seeing four portraits of herself, Deya did not seem to be mentally impacted; instead, she found it rather amusing.

It was like seeing a photo of herself with her sisters as children; she and her sisters began trying to identify each of them from their clothes, expressions, and appearances. Everyone was enjoying themselves immensely; there was no cause for arguments.

Mainly because Ashe was there, a human stress-relief tool, Deya felt much braver.

Had it been earlier, she would have shrunk to a corner and covered her ears upon hearing her sisters discussing, suffering in silence as the sisters argued; but now, being able to bite Ashe whenever stressed, Deya mustered the courage to actively engage with her sisters.

Many things are just a matter of flipping between 0 and 1. Once Deya tried to accept them, she realized they weren't so frightening. Taking that first step made the journey ahead much less daunting.

With the four paintings as a common topic, Deya even dared to actively argue with her sisters, only needing to bite Ashe when their voices became too loud. This action wasn't even about relieving stress, but rather a more subtle way of pleading, "Please, don't be so loud."

If Deya were to directly express her dislike, one of her sisters, dressed in a black butler's outfit, would likely mock her sarcastically, and then another sister, wearing white, would start arguing with her. This back-and-forth could easily overwhelm Deya.

However, with Ashe's hand as a signal aid, those unspoken humble requests could more easily touch hearts. Whenever Deya bit or licked his hand, the volume in her mind would quickly decrease, and her sisters would reconsider their points, thus reducing the intensity of the argument.

"How can we tell them apart..." Sonya complained. "These four all look exactly the same... So do I have to choose Knight now?"

"Why don't you think about it again?" Ashe was somewhat nervous. "The question is 'who do you want to die with,' I think—"

"Isn't that very logical?" Sonya retorted. "According to you, you and I are lovers who have known each other for many years, and because our relationship has become idle, you went off to meet and become infatuated with a new paramour, but I still love you in my heart... In this situation, if I were to die, I definitely wouldn't leave you alive to enjoy life!"

Ashe's eyes widened. "Isn't there an option 'I hope you find happiness after I die'?"

Sonya thought seriously for a moment: “No, absolutely not. To make sure beyond a doubt, I think I would even prefer to see you die before me, so I can leave in peace.”

If Ashe was just doubting his assumption before, now he was certain he had guessed wrong—she definitely wasn’t his lover!

At least I pray she isn’t!

At that moment, Ashe noticed Danzel staring intently at one of the paintings. Following her gaze, he saw she was looking at the painting of the Masked Girl and asked, “paramour, do you have any clues?”

Danzel glanced at him and originally did not want to speak, but considering he might be her beloved, she confessed, “I think I know why I entered this cabin.”

At her words, everyone looked at her, and Ashe asked, “How do you know?”

“Because of her.” Danzel pointed to the spiderweb mask. “Seeing this spiderweb mask reminded me that I possess a power that allows me to see through illusions and weave reality. Even if I lose my memory, I can still obtain the correct answers directly through this ability.”

“I knew I could pass the trial here, that’s why I came.”

Without waiting for Ashe and the others to ask further, Danzel stepped back, and a dark blue magic circle with a spider pattern appeared under her feet. White spider silk extended from the circle, weaving up her legs.

In just a few seconds, a transformed Danzel stood before them—all traces of her loose, all-encompassing Spiderweb Cloak had vanished, replaced by a garment woven from white spider silk.

Her attire, with silk bindings only revealing her toes, a spider silk skirt highlighting her thighs, and a chest wrap that accentuated rather than suppressed, forming a trembling curve. Her hands were wrapped with flowing ribbons, and her hair was casually tied back in a ponytail.

And just like in the painting, she also wore a spiderweb mask, adding an unapproachable air of mystery to her dignified and sacred presence.

She came over and sat next to Ashe, the soft chair dipping slightly under her. At this moment, Ashe reaffirmed his belief—my guess was right, she is definitely my paramour! Absolutely!

Ashe, eagerly anticipating the day they would leave the cabin and regain their memories, quickly asked, “What ability is this?”

Facing her lover's inquiry, Danzel did not hide the truth: "The sixth warrior type of Spider Pavilion, the Girl of Peeping."

"Spider Pavilion Girl of Peeping: Any attack deals +40% Soul Damage. Equipped with 4 layers of armor, humanoid creature, and comes with special miracles 'Peeping', 'Weaving', and 'Concealment'. Each use consumes 15 points of Soul Power."

[Peeping: No secrets can hide from the eyes of the Girl of Peeping. She can access all information about a target's abilities, including but not limited to command skills, Soul Power, miracles, and types of armed forces.]

[Weaving: Destiny is the thread of the Girl of Peeping. When used on allies, it grants enhancements such as luck enhancement, arrow protection, increased critical hit chances, ensuring any damage taken is minimized, and enemies becoming involuntary shields, among other benefits. When used on enemies, it causes luck reduction, increased hit probability, increased mortality rate, ensuring the lowest damage output from attacks, and tripping over flat surfaces, among other debuffs. The casting time ranges from 1 to 60 seconds, with effects strengthening over time.]

[Concealment: When other Spider Pavilion warriors are present, the Girl of Peeping is not the primary target of attacks. Enemies must eliminate other Spider Pavilion warriors before noticing the presence of the Girl of Peeping.]

"Can you make us into the Girl of Peeping as well?" Sonya immediately asked.

Danzel shook her head.

It wasn't that she couldn't, but—

"Why would I make you into the Girl of Peeping?"

Everyone was taken aback.

"If the knight's guess is correct, and I am his paramour, and you are his sister and lover, and if you hold a grudge against me, then my current strategy should be..."

Danzel slipped her arms under Ashe's armpits and hugged him, her strength surprisingly great as she pulled him several steps backward, her voice calm and clear: "To keep you here forever, while the knight and I leave alone."

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



## Chapter 307: Account Danzel Dolan

Hiss, hiss, hiss—

Unnoticed, invisible threads had already entangled Sonya and Deya. The threads on their bodies were dark and sticky, like the tongues of a quagmire, like the barbs of a demon. Within seconds, they accumulated thicker and thicker, imprisoning them in a decaying cage.

“Ah! How filthy!” Deya exclaimed, jumping up and frantically trying to pull off the web. However, the threads, elusive and intangible, not only resisted her efforts but grew denser, turning her already mottled appearance into that of a thoroughly dirty girl. Moreover, as she shifted around in her chair, one of the chair legs suddenly broke, sending her crashing to the ground.

“You—” Sonya’s eyes sharpened as she drew her sword and charged at Danzel, but the next second, it was as if she tripped over something. She fell hard on the wooden floor, her sword flying out of her grasp!

Such was the terror of Weaving!

Danzel effortlessly eliminated two enemies!

Ashe was dumbfounded, only recovering his senses a moment later. He turned to Danzel and said, “paramour, was that really necessary? We don’t even have our memories, maybe—”

“There are no maybes.” Danzel gently pressed his face against Ashe’s, his deep purple lips brushing against the corner of Ashe’s mouth, “As you said, character determines memory. I know very well what kind of person I am. If I truly love someone, then that person will be the only one in my heart, and I will demand that no one else be reflected in their pupils but me.”

“If, Knight, you truly are my paramour... If I truly am your lover...”

“Then I will not let you leave me, nor will I allow anyone else to approach you. Love is the exclusivity of each other; love is mutual possession.”

“Although I don’t know why the past me didn’t eliminate those two bugs beside you...” Danzel’s tone remained flat, as if merely discussing why there was no Lala Fatty in today’s breakfast: “But I am certain, the future me will thank the me of now for what I am doing.”

Ashe had not anticipated that the harmonious relationships he painstakingly built could backfire. During the recent deduction of personal relationships, it was clear Ashe had his own motives; he intentionally positioned himself as the central node among everyone, naturally aiming to garner attention and even affection.

Indeed, the results had been quite favorable. Deya, his sister, listened to him well. Sonya, though still cautious, was gradually opening up to him. Danzel, more introverted and reserved, seemed under Ashe's control. With his deliberate guidance, at least no violent fights had broken out in the cabin.

However, Danzel had been silent because he didn't believe Ashe's speculations at all, letting him ramble on. But when Ashe, through interactions with phantoms such as the Empress, proved that he indeed was Danzel's paramour, Danzel finally showed a glimpse of his true nature—a terrifying sea monster awakening beneath the calm surface.

Seeing the actual entities suddenly fighting, the Swordsman in the Phantom faction slightly narrowed her eyes, her fingertips touching the ruby hilt of her sword—

A chilling gaze pierced through the Phantom's shell. The Swordsman slightly tilted her head, noticing the Observer smiling at her. After a moment of silence, she withdrew her fingers from the hilt, and the Observer then looked away.

The Witch watched the women fight with great interest, while only the Empress noticed the interaction between the two Phantoms, a hint of confusion crossing her eyes.

Noticing Ashe trying to break free from his embrace, Danzel held him tighter, "Don't move; let me handle this. It will be over soon, and I don't want to hurt you..."

However, Ashe suddenly turned around and firmly embraced Danzel. Danzel was slightly taken aback but then compliantly buried himself in Ashe's chest.

Though devoid of any memories, this sensation... wasn't too bad.

"You are a very dangerous woman," Ashe whispered into her ear. "Dazzling and enchanting, yet your emotions are so intense and crazy. If it were up to me, I would be utterly bewitched by you, to the extent of risking ruin and destruction."

"I even wonder if we came here to lure those two here and deal with them, so we could then be together without any worries forever."

Caught in the battle with the webs, Deya froze, lying on the ground staring at Ashe's back. Sonya, who was just about to stand up, fell again, but this time it seemed particularly painful, and tears appeared about to spill from her eyes.

Danzel's calm face finally showed a trace of joy: "I'm glad you can understand my decision."

"But," Ashe held Danzel tightly, "that's impossible because..."

"I know I'm not the kind of man who can be ruthless."

The Witch chuckled for some reason, though no one noticed her laughter because—

Whoosh!

Blue flames ignited on Ashe's body. Danzel tried to break free, but found himself completely overpowered by Ashe, even with the enhancement of his troop type!

It wasn't just strength—those four layers of armor protecting him felt like air as Ashe easily broke through, leaving Danzel almost naked and utterly controlled!

The armor was effortlessly penetrated by the blue flames... This was an ability that ignored armor!

The blue flames solidified and transformed into armor on Ashe's body, arming him as a Stardust Fighter!

Star Hall Meteoric Warrior!

Ashe slightly squatted, leaning back with force, and with his upper body, he took Danzel down—

Back slam!

Crash!

The passionate bass cannon vibrated through the entire cabin, and the surrounding furniture trembled as if applauding.

Danzel felt dizzy, and by the time he regained his senses, he found Ashe straddling him. Ashe pressed his elbow against Danzel's neck and said earnestly, "Break their Weaving."

"Kill me then."

"Huh?"

"If you must protect them, then kill me." Danzel's tone was calm: "I won't regret it nor change my decision. Now you are my lover, and they are my enemies. Only one of us can survive—now, I leave this decision to you."

“We don’t even have our memories now, can’t we—”

“Do you really rely on those clichés that have solidified?” Danzel said. “If we were to lose our memories from this point on and had to start anew, would you choose to stay with me and leave them behind in this cabin?”

Ashe was silent for a moment. Danzel, wearing an eye mask, seemed to see everything, his tone tinged with disappointment: “It seems you’ve already made your choice.”

“My reasoning isn’t finished yet.”

Suddenly, Ashe spoke, “Although it’s likely we are intimate, that doesn’t necessarily mean I’m the intimate one for all of you.”

“paramour, did you not notice that you remembered your ability as the ‘Girl of Peeping’ when you saw that painting? That’s your title.”

Danzel was taken aback: “You mean—”

“The one you truly love might not be me,” Ashe glanced at Deya behind him, “It could be her.”

“If we lose all our memories after leaving the cabin, you certainly wouldn’t regret a killing spree now. But what if you killed them and upon leaving the cabin, you found that your true love was among the dead? Would you regret it then?”

Danzel fell silent.

Ashe breathed a sigh of relief internally and pressed his offensive: “You see, here, killing could lead to irreversible negative outcomes, but helping could only result in positive ones. Even if you helped your enemies by mistake, you could seek retribution once your memories return. There’s really no need for conflict—”

“What about lovers?” Danzel suddenly said. “Knights and sisters appear in my title, but not lovers. If I killed her, there should be no risk, right?”

Ashe paused for a moment, then nodded: “Yes.”

Sonya was startled; she didn’t try to get up, nor did she scream or plead. Instead, like a little girl under a big tree, she just stared stubbornly at the patterns on the wooden floor, refusing to indicate anything to Ashe through her actions.

“But she is my lover now, and I am her knight,” Ashe said earnestly. “Could you do me a favor?”

“Why not just kill me?”

“Because you are my paramour now, and—” Ashe tilted his head slightly, “I don’t want to have regrets either.”

Danzel and Ashe locked eyes through a layer of eye mask, and after three breaths, she nodded slightly: “Okay, but you owe me one.”

“I will repay you.”

As Ashe pulled Danzel up, the cobwebs on Sonya and Deya also silently dispersed.

The four exchanged glances, and naturally, Sonya, who had just been embarrassingly entangled in cobwebs, was not in a good mood, and even Deya dared to stealthily glare at Danzel. However, Danzel remained expressionless, showing no intention of apologizing.

Ashe sighed, wondering if building this castle in the air had been a mistake, and bravely stepped between them: “How about we just answer the question first?”

Hearing the plea in Ashe’s tone, Sonya glared at him fiercely but reluctantly sat down. Deya grabbed Ashe’s hand, bit it hard, then blew on it, showing she was also very angry, and sat next to Sonya.

“Is it over?” the Witch said, seemingly a bit disappointed. “Then let’s start answering the questions.”

At this point, the three looked towards Danzel, and Ashe asked, “Do you know the answer to this question?”

Danzel nodded, activating her “Peeping” ability, and the pattern lines on the spider web eye mask glowed with a shimmering purple light.

“My answer is—her.”

In the Fanmula, Senhaeser Family district.

“It’s already three o’clock, Ashe’s connection to the Virtual Realm is stable,” Banjeet reported. “It looks like the Bliss and Comfort Firm hasn’t made a move tonight.”

“Or perhaps they have already retreated in defeat,” Annan, lying in bed with a facial mask, said. “Underestimating Ashe can lead to a big loss.”

“But Mr. Heath hasn’t appeared on any ranking list...”

“He did, and he is in first place,” Annan said with her eyes closed. “You don’t think the first place on the Art Ranking is my masterpiece, do you?”

“But it could also be influenced by the arrangements made by Miss you...”

“If it were the effect of those arrangements, then why haven’t Igor and the others made it to the top?” Annan said. “Since the Gospel has chosen Ashe, it means there must be some exceptional qualities in Ashe that we are unaware of. We might get a surprise from him when we check the news tomorrow morning.”

“You should go rest, I’m about to enter the Virtual Realm.”

Banjeet nodded, carefully closed the door without making a sound. Annan lay in bed for a moment, but she did not summon a spirit to open the Gate of Truth; instead, she called up the Gospel.

“Let’s confirm the plan one more time...” Miss murmured softly, touching the Gospel lightly, and her account’s remaining points began depleting at a startling rate.

At the same time, her eyes were covered with a spider web eye mask.

This was the greatest secret of the Dolan Family, a treasure that the Senhaeser Family had long coveted but never obtained.

It was also Annan’s ace up her sleeve for daring to Desecrate the Divine Master!

“Account: Danzel Dolan”

“Password: Danzel Miller Clement Joseph... Lex Annan”

“Verification successful, welcome back, Your Majesty the Empress.”

“By the burning name of Dolan, break through the net of the Gospel!” Annan’s voice became distant and cold, as if she was speaking through someone else’s voice: “Let me see further into the future.”

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

## **Chapter 309: Danzel**

At this point, Sonya’s Q&A session had concluded, yielding a Life Link blessing and Gold Tier status in the Time Faction, but at the cost of the Mind Faction.

Deya answered a question and received the Death Link Blessing;

Danzel answered a question, gaining 10,000 Soul Power.

Ashe didn't answer any questions, but became Sonya's Life Link health pack, as well as a random lucky audience candidate during Deya's Death Link.

The Observer seemed to only appear to set the rules; once done, he quietly watched the proceedings. The Swordswoman also stepped back, leaving the stage to the Empress and the Witch.

"So..." the Empress began to speak, standing up, but was promptly pushed back down by the Witch.

The Witch sat on the Empress's lap, lying in her arms like a little girl: "Let's start with the Witch's turn—You don't mind, do you?"

Seeing a Phantom of the Witch that looked exactly like Deya so close, the Empress was momentarily stupefied, her pupils swirling with the tide of memories.

"...Of course, I wouldn't mind. How could I refuse your request?"

"Thanks." The Witch waved at Deya: "The second question is very simple, I believe my other self will definitely answer it easily—Who was the subject of your first question?"

"I'll give you three options: your sister, your grandmother, your grandfather."

"The treasure tied to this question is your most cherished spirit 'Listening the Day,' a spirit you obtained with great difficulty and even hesitate to use. Please consider your choice carefully."

Everyone was silent for a moment, until Ashe spoke: "Um... could you repeat the options for that question?"

The Witch winked at Ashe: "Sister, grandmother, and grandfather."

Sonya muttered under her breath.

"Why would there be a grandfather?" Deya asked in shock. "Wasn't a woman sitting on the throne in the painting?"

"I almost blurted it out without thinking," Sonya sighed.

The Witch shook her head with a smile, her gesture clearly not a denial but a refusal to discuss the content of the question.

“As a principle in quizzes like this, if a bizarre option suddenly appears, it’s highly likely to be the correct answer,” Ashe said. “Besides, since Danzel and I could transform, isn’t it possible that Deya’s grandfather could turn into a woman? After all, becoming a woman is a desire many men can’t fulfill.”

Everyone stared at Ashe in disbelief, including Danzel.

“Do you not wonder what it feels like to be the opposite gender?” Ashe continued. “Of course, I’m not talking about a permanent change but a temporary experience. Curiosity about the opposite sex is a natural instinct that leads to courtship and love. What’s so surprising about that?”

While Ashe made some logical points, they were irrelevant to the question at hand; they merely established the possibility of the “grandfather” option. After a brief discussion, Deya and the voice in her head agreed, “I think she is my sister.”

The Princess in the painting looked too young to be an elderly grandmother, and while it was possible the painting depicted the grandmother in her youth, the Knight mentioned something about Occam’s Razor—avoiding baseless speculation.

“Are you sure?”

“Sure.”

“No changes?”

“No changes.”

“Really no changes?”

“Really no changes.”

“Really, really—”

Seeing Deya’s impatient expression, the Witch finally nodded in satisfaction, “Alright, alright, I’ll stop teasing you—congratulations—”

Suddenly, fireworks crackled around the cabin as Deya watched in surprise, turning to joy under the shower of sparks. The Witch smiled and said, “You got it wrong.”

“What?”

A spirit appeared in the Witch’s hand, and with a sudden squeeze, it burst into countless sparkles and vanished.



“As a penalty for the wrong answer, you’ve lost your most beloved spirit, Listening the Day.”

Although Deya got the answer wrong, she wasn’t too regretful—there was no way to reason out the correct answer; it was purely a game of luck. She had been mentally prepared for this outcome.

However, this revelation made things strange since it implied that the Princess was not her sister but her grandmother (or grandfather) and was also the person she wished to die alongside.

Why would one want to die with their own grandmother?

Moreover, the resemblance between the grandmother and herself seemed to surpass mere genetic similarity. Wasn’t there supposed to be a generational difference that included their mother? How could there be no change at all?

When the voice in Deya’s mind realized these peculiarities, it unexpectedly did not start to argue but became eerily quiet, which frightened Deya a bit.

“Then, onto the final third question,” the Witch comforted. “It will be over soon, and the last question is very simple. Please relax and answer.”

“The question is still related to this painting.” Her fingertips lightly brushed over the Princess’s portrait, her ink-stained nails almost scraping the face in the painting: “What does this person in the painting want to do to you?”

“The first option,” the Witch smiled, “she wants to use you as a Sacrifice to achieve an unspeakable goal.”

“The second option,” the Witch sighed, “she wants you to inherit her title to continue her legacy for generations.”

“The third option,” the Witch expressionless, “she wants you to become a deity among mortals.”

With all three options being beyond ordinary, silence fell over the cabin, and even Ashe calmed down, remaining silent.

Deya waited a long time without any external clues, then turned to look at Ashe, biting his wrist and giving him a pitiful, pleading look.

“Do you really want me to analyze this?” Ashe asked in return.

Deya paused, then her expression suddenly changed as if she heard something, growing increasingly sad, almost to the point of crying: “They say, the second question

indicates this person should be my grandmother, but the first question proves I wanted to die with my grandmother, which means she must be evil.”

“The answer to this question should be the first option... It fits that my grandmother wants to use me as a Sacrifice, which is why I despise her.”

Sonya sighed softly in her heart, taking Deya’s hand as if to share her sadness. Though memoryless, knowing that a loved one plotted against her, and that she herself wished to drag that loved one to hell with her... perhaps it was precisely the lack of memories that made this truth even more painful.

It meant that the lonely amnesiac truly had no family to rely on.

At that moment, Danzel was watching the Witch and suddenly leaned over to whisper to Ashe, “I’ve discovered some very important information.”

“What information?”

Danzel didn’t immediately answer, instead asking, “If I tell you, can you forgive me and continue to work with me?”

Ashe was momentarily confused, then quickly realized, “You’re suggesting that since you’ve lost the advantage provided by the Girl of Peeping, you want to rely on our analytical skills to help with answering? Was your arrogance earlier due to the confidence the Girl of Peeping gave you?”

Danzel’s expression remained unchanged, “Holding different cards means playing them with different strategies.”

You ignored us earlier, and now you’re the one who can’t reach us~

Though Ashe was tempted to tease her and then agree, he glanced at Sonya and Deya and shook his head—while he personally had no preference, he clearly saw during this brief period of amnesia that Sonya was a person driven significantly by hatred and loathing.

Danzel had dared to attack them earlier, and Sonya had undoubtedly already built a metaphorical grave for her in her heart, just waiting for the moment to bury Danzel. If it weren’t for his mediation, Sonya would have already started a fight with Danzel.

Being strangers now was already the best outcome. If Ashe dared suggest mending their relationship, he would definitely be caught between a rock and a hard place.

However, Ashe’s refusal was interpreted differently by Danzel. After a moment’s thought, she walked behind Ashe, hugged his head against her chest, and rested her chin on top of his head, speaking in a flat, unemotional tone, “Can you forgive me?”

Fanmula.

“Pheh...”

Annan dispelled the Gospel, and the spiderweb eyepatch vanished along with it. Rubbing her eyes, she walked over to the window to overlook the city, shrouded in a hazy white mist.

Despite the rapid development around her, the Dolan lineage still rested on the laurels of their ancestors, barely surviving on the glory of the first Empress. It was as if the Empress had already accomplished their destined tasks, and they were merely born to enjoy the benefits.

But this could not continue. The history of Dolan was bound to take a turn in her generation—it would either decline further, becoming mere fodder for Senhaeser, or...

She would restore the glory of Dolan and follow in the grand achievements of Empress Danzel!

Annan's resolve was unwavering; from a young age, she had learned about the origins of the Dolan lineage and held a deep admiration for the first Empress who unified the Gospel Kingdom. Unfortunately, with multiple changes in the dynasty, the deeds of the Empress had been completely submerged by time, leaving Annan with nothing but a name to remember her by.

However, Empress Danzel, who managed to unify the Gospel amidst chaos, must have been a stern, dignified, unapproachable, ruthless, and unyielding iron-willed sovereign!

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

## **Chapter 310: Incarnation of the Gospel of the Omniscient Weaver**

Ashe felt a soft pressure at the back of his head and couldn't help but sneer internally.

Huh!

What do they take me for?

Though indeed the pillow was comfortable, was he really someone to be manipulated so easily by a paramour?

With such rational thoughts swirling in his mind, Ashe felt his dignity climbing higher. However, he suddenly noticed Sonya and Deya calmly observing him, their gazes as unflinching as if they were looking at a Corpse.

“Why are you looking at me like that?”

“After all, she’s been holding you for nearly thirty seconds. You only noticed us now; we can only look at you this way.”

“What, thirty seconds already? Wasn’t it just three seconds? This must be a Miracle! paramour, did you secretly cast a Miracle on me!? I misjudged you!”

After a second of thought, Danzel confirmed that Ashe must be unable to resist her allure. Having secured her man, she turned to Deya and said, “I have discovered some information that might influence your answer. As repayment for this information, I hope you will not pursue what I have just done and assist me in responding—at least do not interfere.”

Sonya scoffed but said nothing, merely watching Deya.

Deya blinked decisively and agreed, “Alright.”

Danzel was straightforward: “Ever since my Lover (Sonya) confirmed the correct answer through eye contact in the first question, I have been very observant of the eye characteristics in the painting. Then I noticed—the Witch’s eyes, identical to the woman in the painting.”

Eyes?

Deya sharply turned to the Witch, who boldly met her gaze, her face still featuring that eternally unchanging smile. However, at this moment, her smile resembled the sight of a cockroach at the bottom of a bowl, every hair on end.

Deya then looked down at the painting. The Princess therein naturally bore no smile. Her gold and white robe was immaculate, every hair in place, even her eyelashes perfectly aligned. The Princess seemed like a perfect female figure that could only exist within a painting, every shade of color declaring nobility, utterly unlike the jovial Witch.

Yet, in her pupils, there flowed the same arrogance as the Witch’s... an arrogance as if regarding all things in the world as mere puppets on strings.

Perception was being re-Weaved, and rationality was being reconstructed.

When Deya snapped back to reality, she found herself in a strange place, with everyone else gone.

She was in a room atop the Tower, the night sky lulling the city to sleep outside the window. Dressed in a silk robe, Deya lay in bed, seemingly about to sleep—or perhaps just waking up.

As she walked barefoot on the marble floor, the chill that crept up through her feet felt so real that she started to doubt whether the cabin Adventure was merely a dream.

Voices and footsteps echoed from beyond the door, sparking an inexplicable urge in Deya. She tiptoed to the door, pressing her ear against the room's only door made of superalloy, to eavesdrop on the conversation in the hallway:

A middle-aged woman's voice: "...she goes to sleep promptly at midnight, and then every hour, 'Ode to Joy' is played for the Armoring Ritual, without fail."

A melodious yet detached female voice: "Three."

The middle-aged woman began to sound slightly anxious: "Yes... during the 16th Armoring Ritual, the Princess suddenly turned over in her bed, which was the biggest incident this month."

Detached voice: "Two."

Middle-aged woman: "On the 23rd, the Princess expressed a desire for Red Velvet Cake, so I had the kitchen prepare one... I'm sorry, it's all my fault." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Detached voice: "One."

After a brief silence, the middle-aged woman suddenly sobbed, "I'm so sorry! I, I just don't understand why we need to confine the Princess like this, why we have to..."

"So I secretly sought out the Gospel to ask what the Armoring Ritual was, I'm sorry, I thought Your Majesty wanted to..."

"After all, rumors in the palace say that Your Majesty can remain forever young because..."

"I really like the Princess, I just didn't want... But now I fully understand Your Majesty's good intentions, I completely understand. The Princess will surely appreciate your nurturing, inheriting the glory of Yisuo at the Weaving Festival, and achieving Armoring Sanctification once again—"

All voices abruptly stopped.

The world became so quiet that only Deya's own heartbeat remained audible.

Deya didn't know why, but she was growing increasingly anxious, every hair on her body seeming to tremble.

Tap.

Suddenly, footsteps echoed from outside the door.

The number of footsteps.

Just one person.

"Hey."

The Witch's voice pulled her from the Tower back to the cabin: "What's your answer?"

Deya's mind exploded with voices, realizing that the voices inside her head at the Tower had always been quiet, not because they were behaving, but because they had been blocked by some force until now.

The strong emotional turmoil from her sisters finally breached Deya's rational defenses. She didn't even have the strength to bite Ashe, only managing to muster her last bit of energy to say, "It's the third option..."

With that, she fainted directly into Sonya's arms.

"Don't worry," the Witch restrained Ashe and the others from their rough attempts to awaken her. "For her, this is a normal mental fluctuation; she just needs some rest. If you're really concerned, just throw her out of the cabin, and she'll return to normal once she retrieves her memories."

"The treasure linked to this question is... never mind, you've already passed out."

The Witch seemed somewhat dispirited as well, flicking two beams of light towards Deya, then going to sit next to the Swordswoman. However, the Swordswoman seemed to dislike her, moving a seat away, and the Witch closely followed.

As the two Phantoms tangled, the Empress picked up a sketchbook from the table: "Now for your second question..."

"And his first."

Unnoticed until now, the Observer had moved his favorite chair next to the dining table.

The Empress looked at him in surprise: "You want to co-create a question with me?"

“Is there a problem?” the Observer retorted, “Your question happens to be the same as mine...”

Impossible!

Ashe and Danzel had never seen each other before entering the cabin; how could they possibly have the same question?

Countless words choked in her throat, yet the Empress could only nod expressionlessly. As a Phantom, she still had to abide by the mechanisms of a Phantom, not revealing any information about the answers to the questions.

“The question is simple.”

The Observer opened the sketchbook, displaying an image of the Masked Girl whom Danzel wanted to ‘live and die’ with: “You just have to guess who this girl is.”

“First, the Preaching Saint who redeems the people.”

“Second, the secret advisor to the first ruler.”

“Third,” the Observer glanced at Ashe and Danzel: “the Incarnation of the Gospel of the Omniscient Weaver.”

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

## **Chapter 311: Mission Accomplished**

In the cabin, Sonya placed Deya on the lounge chair and joined in to observe the issue between Ashe and Danzel.

“Do I know her too?” Ashe asked, pointing to the Masked Girl in the painting, his expression filled with confusion.

Ashe hadn’t expected that his question would be the same as Danzel’s, and that the image he chose was also from Danzel’s first question.

This question was clearly tailored for Danzel, but could he answer it as well?

The Observer didn’t speak, only gestured towards Deya with a nod of his head.

Seeing Deya's appearance, Ashe was suddenly at a loss for words—Deya looked exactly like the Masked Girl, and he truly couldn't claim he had never seen the Masked Girl.

"Speaking of which, in that previous question, there appeared four individuals who looked exactly like my sister (Deya)," Sonya analyzed. "Among them, the Black and White Girl is my sister herself, and the Princess is my sister's grandmother. Following this logic, the Basement Girl and the Masked Girl should also be relatives of my sister."

"The possible identities of the Masked Girl include the Preaching Saint, secret advisor, or the Incarnation of the Gospel... Speaking of which, my sister's grandmother also wanted her to become a deity among humans..."

Sonya suddenly faltered, recalling the skinny little girl from the painting who was so poor she could only afford to study; her lips naturally pouted, almost as if she could hang a teapot on them: "Such a distinguished background indeed."

"There's no need for jealousy," Ashe comforted. "Although her family background is distinguished, you still have me!"

Sonya stared blankly at Ashe as he flashed a bright, toothy smile.

Then, as if her spine had been removed, Sonya slumped into the soft chair, her gaze lifelessly fixed on the cabin ceiling, her face etched with sorrow: "I can hardly imagine the tragic life I'll face once I regain my memories..."

"Hey, at least trust the judgment of your pre-amnesiac self!"

Danzel, observing Ashe and Sonya, suddenly remarked, "Aside from everything else, you two are surely true lovers."

Ashe and Sonya were taken aback. Although their time together had been brief, they both felt that Danzel was a thoughtful speaker who wouldn't speak without being certain, a stark contrast to Ashe, whose imagination could run wild at the sight of a bare arm.

"Why?" Ashe asked.

"After losing your memories, you two can still engage in high-density conversations with no substantial information," Danzel explained. "This shows that your personalities have been tempered by time, allowing you to form a complete, comforting presence for each other under any circumstances."

Although they received Danzel's affirmation, Ashe and Sonya merely responded with an "Oh," feeling indifferent inside. Not just Ashe, but even Sonya had grown accustomed to being called "Lover," a term that no longer made her blush as a young girl might.



More importantly, they understood the subtext of Danzel's words—stop the chitchat and answer the question.

"I think the second option, the first Emperor's secret advisor, is most likely," Sonya said.

Ashe nodded in agreement. "I think so too."

Danzel wasn't surprised. "Is it because she took 'Empress' as her codename?"

Undoubtedly, the biggest source of information in the cabin was the Phantoms, who possessed all their memories, and the codenames they chose for themselves were a crucial basis for deduction.

For instance, "Swordswoman" suggested that Sonya was most skilled in swordsmanship; "Witch" implied that Deya was probably quite mischievous; "Observer" meant Ashe... enjoyed watching the action?

And the codename with the most information was undoubtedly "Empress," indicating that in reality, Danzel was likely a ruler who wielded immense power, possibly even resting her head on Ashe's knee.

And the second option, "the first Emperor's secret advisor," was directly related to royalty.

Without any additional information, this option seemed the most probable. S

"Wait a minute." Sonya suddenly noticed a loophole in Ashe's reasoning. "The roles of ruler and paramour aren't compatible, are they?"

"Who says!" Ashe responded vehemently. "An Empress as a lover would only excite me more!"

Sonya retorted angrily, "Even if you're willing, she might not be!"

"I am willing," Danzel interjected surprisingly. "Worldly status won't hinder my pursuit of love, but..."

Danzel looked at Ashe and Sonya. "If I were indeed an Empress wielding secular power, I would lock up my beloved, eradicate all his connections, forbid anyone from approaching him, and never let him leave my side. I would become his only one."

Ashe shuddered at the thought, a newfound respect for his pre-amnesia self emerging—How did you even manage to attract such a woman? Could it have been her chasing after you?

No way, if she really is my paramour, I need to plan carefully for when we leave the cabin, at least unite with Lover—

Turning his head, Ashe's forehead wrinkled deeply: "Why are you standing so far away?"

Unbeknownst to her, Sonya had retreated to where Deya lay unconscious, speaking earnestly, "I need to take care of her now, it's not convenient to be near you. Plus, you've got an Empress as a paramour, I think it's better we stay apart for now."

"Cowardly!" Ashe exclaimed in anguish. "Isn't true love about sharing our lives and fate, through thick and thin, in wealth or poverty, in health or sickness, in joy and sorrow, always staying together, never abandoning each other? Lover, you're betraying our love!"

Sonya trembled, murmuring, "True love..."

"Yes, Lover should support each other, never to part..."

"If one runs away in the face of danger, can they still be called Lover?"

Ashe felt moved. "I'm glad you understand..."

"So, let's break up," Sonya sighed. "This way, we're no longer Lover, and I can abandon you with a clear conscience. Ah, such a brief love affair, I will miss you, noble Knight whose name I still do not know."

Ashe was left speechless by anger, but it didn't matter, as he was soon enveloped in a warm embrace, a delicate arm around his neck, his head resting once again in that intoxicating tenderness—

"Can we answer the question now?"

Danzel's steady voice instantly made Ashe focus: "Hmm, I really hate it when people start chit-chatting in the middle of serious business. Let's wrap up this cabin journey."

"Option one is definitely out; we haven't gathered any intelligence related to 'Preaching Saint.' In the case of amnesia, choosing an option without any information is akin to gambling."

"Option three is the same, but..."

Danzel: "But?"

Ashe pondered: "In these questions, we've seen four individuals who look exactly like Deya, but according to the answers, they are all different people."

“Could we assume,” Ashe adjusted his head to fully nestle into the Empress’s bosom, “that only one of them is real, and the other three are... impersonators?”

Sonya listened, puzzled: “What do you mean?”

“I don’t really know myself, but it’s impossible to have four identical individuals without it being intentional,” Ashe explained. “So one must be the original, and the others deliberately made themselves look similar to become the ‘original.’”

“And do you remember the answer to Deya’s third question? Her grandmother wanted her to become a divine being on earth... If we connect this to our current question...”

Danzel caught on: “The Masked Girl, is she the original earthly deity?”

“Not necessarily,” Ashe said. “But she definitely possesses some power, such that others would want their descendants to mimic her appearance to inherit her authority.”

“And among these options, the identity most likely to carry unknown powers is...”

Ashe and Danzel both looked at option three: the Incarnation of the Gospel of the Omniscient Weaver.

Even without their memories, they could sense the Riddler-level grandeur of power in that term.

“But this is just my speculation, full of maybes and no solid facts,” Ashe remarked. “The most likely possibility is still option two.”

Danzel asked, “So what’s your choice?”

“I choose three.”

“Then I choose three, too.”

“Does this mean we have a paramour-level understanding?” Ashe asked.

Danzel did not answer the question but said, “Do you know what kind of people I like the most? Those who are thoughtful, calm, and well-learned.”

“Intelligence is the quality that most captivates me; I can’t resist a clever person.”

“It was only just now that I sensed the fragrance of wisdom I adore so much emanating from you.” Danzel leaned in close to Ashe’s face, taking a deep breath, “If you could always emit that scent, even though I’ve lost my memory, I would be mesmerized by you all over again.”

Ashe dared not move and slightly turned his head to look at Sonya behind him.

Ashe blinked: "I get it, I'll play dumb later to dodge this bullet!"

Sonya blinked back: "I think you don't even need to pretend."

"Right, right, before you answer, you should know the treasure tied to this question," the Observer interjected. "For the beauty, it's still the 'Secret Incarnation,' and for the Knight, your treasure is this—"

In the Observer's hand appeared a cluster of starlight: "The 'Incarnation of the Stars.' This is the most precious thing about you."

At the sight of the "Incarnation of the Stars," Danzel's eyes widened.

Even though her memory was lost, the sense of mission ingrained deep in her soul made her instantly realize her task—she had to obtain this object!

"If I answer correctly, can I choose to receive the 'Incarnation of the Stars' as my reward?" she immediately asked.

Just as the Empress was about to speak, the Observer spoke first: "Of course you can."

The Empress stared at the profile of the Observer, understanding now that there was a problem with the cabin.

Why was the reward 10,000 Soul Power when Danzel answered correctly earlier, instead of another Conceptual Incarnation? Because Conceptual Incarnations are unique, and such a reward could not possibly be offered by the cabin!

In this world, there are no identical Conceptual Incarnations; every concept is unique!

If Danzel answered correctly, the cabin could not possibly grant an "Incarnation of the Stars," unless—

"Have you both confirmed your answers?" the Observer reminded, "Theoretically, you cannot choose the same answer for the same question. If you do, you might face a certain penalty."

No, there was no such rule.

The cabin had never encountered two guests at the same time since its establishment, so there had never been an opportunity to establish rules for a two-player game.

However, the Empress could say nothing because as soon as the Observer spoke, the cabin indeed implemented this new rule.

After confirming that both Ashe and Danzel were set on their answers without changes, the Observer cheerfully declared, “Well, congratulations, you both have chosen the correct answer.”

Before they could breathe a sigh of relief, the Observer continued, “However, since you chose the same answer, the cabin suspects you of copying each other, and thus you must also face a penalty, though you will still receive a reward.”

“The penalty is that you lose the treasures you wagered.”

“The reward is that you will receive items of equivalent value to the treasures.”

“So...”

At that moment, the “Incarnation of the Stars” appeared in the palm of the Observer, while the “Secret Incarnation” emerged at the fingertips of the Empress. The two orbs of light switched places, each rushing to their new masters.

Ashe received the “Secret Incarnation” but lost the “Incarnation of the Stars.”

Danzel received the “Incarnation of the Stars” but lost the “Secret Incarnation.”

Ashe felt nothing special, as he was unaware of the value of these items.

Danzel fell into contemplation, feeling a sense of mission fulfilled deep within her soul.

So... have I completed my mission?

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

## **Chapter 312: The Reason for Rebirth**

Despite feeling that something was amiss, Danzel, aware of his amnesia, knew it was futile to try and figure it out, so he put the matter aside for the time being.

Even if there were any issues, the “Secret Incarnation” was only with Ashe, and Danzel felt quite reassured about that.

After all, even though they might not be paramours, Danzel felt their compatibility was good. They could still be companions in adventures in the cabin, and it was possible for

their relationship to develop into that of paramours—of course, that was assuming Danzel didn't have a beloved one after regaining his memory.

If the "Secret Incarnation" was important to him, considering their relationship, Danzel believed that Ashe would definitely be willing to give it up to him after paying a certain price.

If Danzel had no lover or if he himself was Ashe's paramour, they could even benefit from it directly without any exchange.

After checking their loot, Ashe, Danzel, and Sonya all turned their attention to the Observer.

Even the Empress Phantom was not an exception.

"What are you all looking at me for?" the Observer chuckled. "Isn't it still your turn to pose a question, Empress?"

"Aren't you planning to co-host with me?" the Empress voiced everyone's Inner Voice. "I don't want to be interrupted by your 'wait a minute' just after saying a few words. I'm allergic to 'wait a minute' now."

"The Empress is really picky," the Observer laughed. "But don't worry, the questions I have up next are different from yours; they are custom-designed for us men, unfortunately not something the ladies can partake in."

"A custom-design for men?" Ashe's eyes lit up. "If that's the case, then paramour, Lover, there's no point in you staying here. Once paramour answers the questions, you should leave the cabin—"

"No way!" Sonya said decisively. "I need to see just how sinful and vile your Inner Voice is, so that when I regain my memory, breaking up with you will truly be like seeing the light, a rebirth!"

Ashe replied, "And if the questions reveal that my Inner Voice is pure and loyal, kind and upright, embodying all the world's virtues, would you then support me wholeheartedly?"

Sonya thought for a moment, "You can't possibly be that kind of person, so we're still breaking up."

Ashe asked, "Why not possible? You've lost your memory, how can you still judge my nature?"

“But my nature hasn’t changed,” Sonya said disdainfully. “How could anyone who becomes my Lover be a good person? Don’t you understand the principle of ‘birds of a feather flock together’?”

Sonya’s words were so convincing that Ashe began to doubt if he might actually have a criminal record.

“I also want to see your questions.”

Danzel said, “I promised to help you analyze and find the right answers, so I want to help you too.”

However, Ashe keenly noticed something off about Danzel’s demeanor. “You don’t usually explain yourself so deliberately when you speak. You’re lying. What’s your real purpose?”

“I want to know more about you,” Danzel admitted unabashedly. “I want to know all your secrets, your likes and dislikes, your shames, your nightmares. All this information will form the basis of my plans.”

“That’s great, are you planning the Entertainment for when we have our affair?”

Danzel smiled and looked at the Empress. “Then, let’s start with my third question.”

Ashe’s eyelids twitched. “It’s just for planning Entertainment, right?”

“The third question is still related to this painting,” the Empress pointed to the picture of the Masked Girl in the album. “The question is simple: what have you done to this person before.”

“First, you have served her. You were her Follower in spirit, her Monk in conduct, and her Servant in function.”

“Second, you have possessed her. You were her Lover in spirit, her Knight in action, and her Emperor in function.”

“Third,” the Empress held up three fingers, “you have desecrated her.”

“Her Followers were slaughtered by you, her glory twisted and corrupted.”

“You misinterpreted her Gospel, destroyed her Discipline, until no one in the world could hear her Gospel anymore.”

“You became her only Follower, she became a deity belonging only to you.”

After the Empress finished listing the three options, the cabin fell into a prolonged silence.

Sonya earnestly watched over Deya, her gaze never straying as if Deya might suddenly wake up and try to strangle her; Ashe, practicing mindfulness, suddenly grasped the essence of 'emptiness' in all things, trying in his imagination to escape the confines of the cabin.

"Knight," Danzel said, "I'm sorry."

"Ha, what?" Ashe's voice trembled uncontrollably, fearing he might be desecrated next.

"It seems I'm not your paramour," Danzel chuckled, eyes fixed on the Masked Girl in the painting. "What a pity, I was really looking forward to our chemistry in bed."

"I choose the third option. You don't need to tell me the stakes of this question; I am sure it's the right one."

Without any discussion or additional information, Danzel decisively gave his answer.

Not just Danzel, but also Ashe and Sonya, believed that this was the only possible answer.

In this cabin, no one's character was more "pure" than Danzel's—not in terms of goodness or righteousness, but because Danzel was as simplistic as a blank sheet of paper.

She didn't hide any of her thoughts; every drop of desire was as clearly printed on this metaphorical sheet as standard script, without any stains or attempts to wipe them away.

In contrast, both Ashe and Sonya were like articles smudged with dirt, their words appearing upright and principled at first glance, but the smeared ink between the lines, the hidden words at the beginnings and ends of sentences, and the repeatedly erased mistakes all indicated that they were fantasists with the minds of thieves but not the courage to act.

So, when the question involved Danzel's personal actions, there was no need for further analysis. It only required understanding her character traits to determine the most likely action she would take.

While the options of "serving" and "possessing" were possible, the option of "desecrating" seemed tailor-made for Danzel.

To use an inappropriate analogy, if option one was holding hands, and option two was kissing, option three was going all the way. For someone like Danzel, who pursued



thrills to the end, how could she settle for just holding hands or kissing without reaching the main event?

These three options represent a progression, testing the respondent's level of obsession, and Danzel clearly scored full marks.

"You are correct," the Empress said. "The stake for this question was your 'Expert-Level Tactics,' and the reward you've earned is of equal value: 'Expert-Level Defense.'"

Two streams of light entered Danzel's body, but she wasn't concerned about her gains at the moment. Instead, her eyes gleamed as she stared at the unconscious Deya. Sonya stood protectively in front of Deya, ready to leave the cabin at a moment's notice.

Danzel's reaction wasn't hard to understand—she had deduced from the question that the Masked Girl must be her life's beloved, whom she longed to be with in life and in death. However, the Masked Girl wasn't present, only Deya, who bore an identical appearance to the Masked Girl.

Without further information, she inevitably concluded that Ashe was not her paramour, but Deya was her true love.

Or rather, Deya was the Substitute for the Masked Girl, bearing the brunt of Danzel's affection.

Even Ashe and Sonya thought so.

After all, this made the cabin host two couples, turning the adventure from a cutthroat game of Werewolf into a social activity involving two couples—sounding much more normal.

However, after Danzel revealed such a side of herself, even if it was due to the remnants of her conscience, Sonya couldn't just hand over Deya to her!

The Empress observed the affection in Danzel's eyes, while the Phantom's face showed a nostalgic sadness.

"Don't you think that if they just lost their memories and continued to live with their current relationships, it might be a good choice?"

The Empress was surprised to hear the Observer, but realized that the others hadn't noticed the Observer's spoiler-filled comment.

Silently, a new rule emerged in the cabin: Phantoms could chat privately without the others noticing.

This was naturally a newly born rule, as today was the first time since the emergence of the cabin that the number of Phantoms had reached a communicative level.

The Empress was even beginning to get used to the cabin's frequent remodeling.

"Of course not." The Swordswoman, already benched, coldly said, "This kind of make-believe affection makes me want to vomit."

"Really?" The Witch leaned closer to the Swordswoman. "Wait a moment, I'll call a sister out, she'd absolutely love to taste the liquid Gold flowing from Death Maniac—"

"I don't think so either."

The Empress looked at the Observer: "Whether in life, in death, or now, the Destiny that Danzel has faced is all due to the deep love of the Gospel. She doesn't need a false Substitute, because she is still caught in that web of love; don't hold her back."

"I was just asking, no need to be so tense," the Observer laughed. "We're just a bunch of Phantoms, we don't have any special powers."

The Empress had fully realized that among the four Phantoms, three were traitors.

However, when you see that everyone around you is a traitor, maybe it's time to rethink your approach.

"You promised," Ashe grabbed Danzel's hand, "to wait for me to finish answering before leaving."

Danzel finally shifted her intense gaze away and pulled her wrist out of Ashe's grasp: "As long as she doesn't leave early, I won't leave early either."

Although Ashe didn't know how to resolve the situation after leaving the cabin, for now, he could only continue answering questions to stabilize the situation.

"Is it finally our turn?"

The Observer sat down in front of Ashe, showing a benevolent smile: "Don't be nervous, I am the Phantom that carries your memories, do you think I would harm you?"

Ashe thought about it and nodded: "Indeed, I should be a good person, so you probably can't be too bad either."

"Pfft."

"Cough."

The Empress suddenly heard two inappropriate laughs in a private chat, she turned around puzzled—had the Observer and Ashe just shared a joke?

“Hearing oneself praise oneself, truly a bizarre experience...” The Observer lowered his eyelids, “Let’s start with the second question then.”

“We don’t need a diagram, after all, the question is quite simple—why were you reborn?”

Everyone was startled.

Reborn?

“First, you willingly became a pawn of the Four Pillars, setting up the Ritual Track to annihilate the world, sacrificing billions of lives, thereby earning a second chance.”

“Second, you collected countless Sorcerer Handbooks, utilizing the power of numerous wishes, and spent millennia creating a Miracle that could turn the world upside down.”

“Third,” the Observer blinked, “you don’t know why.”

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

## **- Chapter 313: We go back to compound the torment of repeating the same mistakes**

### **Chapter 313: We go back to compound the torment of repeating the same mistakes**

“Do I know?”

Ashe scratched his head and asked, “If I choose ‘I don’t know,’ does that count as a correct answer?”

“Of course it counts,” the Observer laughed. “Who said ‘I don’t know’ can’t be an answer?”

Before you appeared, ‘I don’t know’ certainly wasn’t considered an answer.

But since your arrival, even if a feature like “eliminate one wrong answer” appeared in the cabin, I wouldn’t be surprised.

The Empress muttered under her breath, thinking how could she possibly get along with this unclear internal threat, how could a memory quiz go well?

Once Ashe heard that “I don’t know” could be officially accepted, he felt relieved, thinking there was no other clue to pick but ‘I don’t know.’

It was quite justifiable, after all, he genuinely didn’t know.

However, compared to the mundane ‘I don’t know,’ the other two extraordinary options were like a calf flying to the sky. Ashe felt like his past self could have obliterated the great path.

The first option: become a pawn, sacrifice the world!

The second option: collect wishes, overturn the world!

The former was a path of chaos and evil, the latter a path of order and goodness. Regardless of the choice, both implied Ashe had meddled with the vulnerable world, making one lament the world’s misfortunes. Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Even Danzel stopped paying attention to Deya, shocked by the information revealed by Ashe’s question, “Knight... have you... been reborn?”

“Asking me is useless, I’ve lost my memory,” Ashe shrugged. “If memory loss counts as rebirth, am I on my third life now?”

Sonya silently moved next to Ashe, tightly grasping his arm, and said in a sweet tone, “Dear Knight—”

Ashe shuddered with goosebumps, “Back off, what are you doing!”

“Aren’t we lovers?” Sonya tilted her head coquettishly, “We’ve lost our memory, we need to rekindle our affection, right~”

“Didn’t you just say we should break up?”

“That’s just a little flirtation between lovers, how can life be lively without some quibbling?”

“Didn’t you say I cheated?”

“The truth has come out, the paramour is your sister’s paramour, not yours, so you’re still my faithful lover.”

“Didn’t you say I was probably not a good person and you were ready to turn from darkness to light?”

“Funny, I just happen to like bad boys!”

Ashe saw right through her: “You only approached me because you thought I might be someone important!”

Sonya raised her eyebrows, “So, you don’t want to get back together?”

“Hmph!”

“Speaking of which, we still have the ‘Life Link’ blessing between us. Since we’re not in love anymore, I might as well trigger it later to completely cut ties without any lingering attachments...”

“Speaking of which,” Ashe suddenly said, “why do you think we fell in love?”

“Hmm?” Sonya blinked, unsure of Ashe’s intentions but sensing a hint of a playboy vibe.

“I think it must have been Unique Love, dazzled by your beauty.” Ashe sincerely took Sonya’s hand, “Thanks to this fortunate amnesia. Miss, nice to meet you, can we start over?”

“You’re clearly just afraid of being dragged down with me.” Sonya snorted, but couldn’t help but laugh, “You’re not guessing that we were a couple in love for many years entering a period of laziness, and you even think you might cheat and find a paramour? Since we have amnesia, why not just take this opportunity to end this entanglement—”

“Why end it? Come on, let’s get back together and retrace our steps to torment each other.”

Ashe spoke with deep emotion, as if they truly were a long-term couple whose on-and-off relationship would fit perfectly in a romantic drama series.

Just as Ashe and Sonya were expertly sparring with words, a cough suddenly came from nearby.

“You two seem like you could talk for a very long time.” the Observer said, “How about we start with the quiz first?”

“Ah!?” The Witch privately messaged, annoyed, “Why interrupt them? I love watching their banter. I’m really curious what their expressions will be like once they regain their memories... Observer, you’re supposed to be the Observer, surely you don’t find this scene awkward?”

“How could I? Even if they were to physically entangle and blend seamlessly right here, I’d only complain about the lack of snacks and drinks to liven things up, how could it possibly be awkward?” the Observer replied, “However, I’m not feeling awkward, but the person next to you is already awkwardly gripping his sword hilt.”

The Witch glanced at the Swordswoman, who was looking down, her expression hidden from view. All that was visible was her right hand caressing the ruby hilt of her sword, as if she were petting the head of a dog awaiting decapitation.

Ashe’s gaze shifted to the two seemingly omnipotent choices.

“The Destroyer who sacrifices the world, the Savior who reverses causality...” Ashe mused, “These options introduce two critical prerequisites: the Four Pillars and the Sorcerer Handbook. However, neither has been mentioned in the previous questions.”

“This means these options cannot be judged based on the information we have; we must guess based on my personality.”

“Isn’t that simple?” Sonya asked, “Do you see yourself more as a Destroyer or a Savior?”

Her question turned all eyes in the cabin—including Danzel, the Swordswoman, and the Witch—toward Ashe. In that moment, he became the center of attention, as if his answer would tip the scales in everyone’s minds.

Oblivious, Ashe looked down in contemplation, then clapped his hands loudly.

With the clap, the dust settled.

“I don’t know.”

“You don’t know?” Sonya was taken aback, “But isn’t it easy to guess? Just see whether you’re more inclined to save people or to kill them.”

“What about you?” Ashe countered, “If it were you, do you see yourself as a Savior who would spend a thousand years for a glimmer of hope, or as a Destroyer willing to sacrifice millions of lives?”

“It’s not me being asked—”

“According to your logic, if you lean towards good, then you’re a Savior; if you lean towards evil, then you’re a Destroyer, isn’t that easy to guess?”

Using my own words against me... Sonya wanted to retort strongly, but the words choked in her throat, as if whatever she was about to say could become a time bomb that would ensnare her.

A thousand years... Although she didn't know how long she had lived, a millennium certainly sounded like a long time.

Millions of lives... Even though she didn't know if she had ever killed anyone, the number "millions" was undeniably frightening.

Seeing Sonya's hesitation, Ashe turned to Danzel and asked, "What about you?"

"Destroyer," Danzel answered without hesitation. "I don't like wasting time."

"You see," Ashe spread his hands, "personality dictates memory, and memory affects personality. If I truly had done either of these things, then I would possess the character to make such decisions. Whether it's a thousand years or bearing the sins of millions of lives, these would be deeply engraved in my soul, warping my cognition and shaping my thoughts."

"More importantly," Ashe looked towards the Observer, "I am well aware that even if I regain my memories, I might not possess the resolve to make such decisions."

"I don't smell the stench of mountains of corpses and seas of blood on myself, nor the rich aroma from enduring great hardships."

The Witch interjected, "Swordswoman, can you smell it? We can't smell anything—"

"I can," the Swordswoman replied coldly, glancing at the Witch and then at the back of the Observer. "But I can't tell whose scent it is."

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

## **Chapter 314: The Woman Ashe Values Most**

"It seems you have figured out the answer," the Observer said. "By the way, the treasure bound to this question is this."

A spirit appeared in the Observer's hand: "This is your most cherished spirit—your Substitute spirit."

Ashe looked at the Substitute spirit as if seeing a beloved, his expression instantly turning solemn. "I can feel it; it indeed holds great importance to me!"

“So, you must make your choice carefully,” the Observer intoned. “State your answer.”

“Though I’d love to choose those identities that could allow me to dominate through ages, reversing cause and effect, after all, who wouldn’t want to have been a transcendent being braving storms of fire?” Ashe shrugged. “Unfortunately, I am one favored by a paramour (Danzel), and my wisdom does not allow me to deceive myself.”

“Option three, I am just an ordinary person who knows nothing.”

The Observer glanced at him, holding the Substitute spirit in his hand, which seemed unable to breathe.

Then, with a sudden squeeze—

“Congratulations, you’ve got it right.”

The Observer opened his right hand, which was empty. He released his left hand, and twin streams of light entered Ashe’s body: “The reward you’ve received is the ‘Command’ spirit.”

Ashe breathed a sigh of relief. “Don’t scare me like that.”

“It would be better still if I could scare you,” the Observer lowered his eyelids. “That way, when you need to forsake something precious in the future, perhaps you’ll be better prepared mentally.”

Ashe blinked, feeling there was more to the Observer’s words, but the Observer clearly wanted to maintain the Riddler persona—he could understand, as he also enjoyed being a Riddler—skipping over the subject and moving on to the last segment in the cabin.

“Next, then, is your final question. This time I can assure you, it is truly, very, very simple,” the Observer said cheerfully. “Please relax and embrace with a joyful heart the end of this amnesia test.”

Ashe moved his chair back, as if he half-expected the Observer to pull out a timed bomb for him to defuse.

The Observer flipped open an album on the table. “Your final question here is exactly the same as your first one here—choose from the following women the one who holds the highest place in your heart.”

Ashe breathed a sigh of relief—this was indeed simple. He knew he was just a man of aesthetics; he just needed to pick the most beautiful one.

“First is candidate number one.”



The Observer turned to the first page. The painting depicted a familiar figure: wine-red hair, ruby eyes, a black cocktail dress, holding a longsword, exuding a vibrant, youthful aura—it was Sonya.

Sonya's cheeks flushed slightly, and she couldn't help but gently punch Ashe's shoulder.

"Next is candidate number two."

Turning the second page revealed another familiar face: a black and white checkered skirt outfit, one leg in white stockings, the other in black, hair half black and half white—it was Deya.

"And then, candidate number three."

The third page was turned, and this person was not known to them: amethyst earrings, holding a luxurious orange velvet folding fan, dressed in a purple coat, even the gloves were light purple, resembling the blooming beauty of violets. If anything, this woman seemed to bear a slight resemblance to Danzel, but only slightly.

"Next, candidate number four."

Turning the fourth page, it was also someone they did not know: the woman in the painting wore a loose black robe and held a Crow Mask in her hand. She seemed to be lifting the mask, revealing half of her face, her soft black hair shining with the luster of crow feathers, her rose-red lips tantalizing, and her crimson eyes seemingly capable of capturing souls. S

By this time, Sonya's expression had slightly changed.

"And then, candidate number five..."

"Stop!"

Ashe pressed down on the Observer's hand, which was poised to turn the page. The Observer blinked. "What, aren't you curious about the next options?"

"No need to see more," Ashe declared. "I choose the first one."

"So decisive?" The Observer smiled slightly. "Maybe the next one would be the woman who makes you fall in love at first sight."

"Firstly, no matter how I think about it, I can only choose from the three people who appeared with me in the cabin. Now I know that the paramour is not my paramour, and the sister is probably not my sister, but the Lover could indeed be my lover."

“Moreover,” Ashe shrugged, “calling her my Lover here and then choosing someone else as my favorite... even I couldn’t do such a thing.”

“No need to worry about me,” Sonya said calmly. “After all, it’s all just your guess. Maybe I’m not your Lover at all?”

Ashe tilted his head, looking at her and suddenly said, “Personality decides memory, you know?”

“Hmm?”

“If you weren’t my Lover, I really wouldn’t need to consider your feelings.” Ashe smiled. “But I clearly realize that I would care about you. What do you think that means?”

Sonya snorted, “It means you’re the type who wants to have his cake and eat it too.”

“The treasure linked to this question is... your second most cherished ‘Retrograde Day’ spirit.”

Observing that the Swordsman was beginning to touch her sword hilt again, the Observer forcefully interrupted their emotional debate: “Please state your answer.”

“Option one.”

“Unchanged?”

“Unchanged.”

“Alright then.” The Observer leaned back in his chair and stretched, looking towards Ashe, Sonya, and Danzel, spreading his hands: “You answered incorrectly, snap, your Retrograde Day spirit is gone.”

After a moment of silence, Sonya’s voice filled the cabin.

“Can I see what the fifth candidate looks like?”

The Observer blinked, “Why?”

Sonya replied, “I’m just a bit curious... By the way, are there a sixth and seventh candidate?”

“You clearly want to remember everyone’s face, so you can settle scores with me once you regain your memories!” Ashe saw right through Sonya’s sinister intentions. “You really are a cunning, petty, vindictive woman. Please, have the grace to let this go!”

“Sorry,” the Observer said. “The quiz is over, and it’s not possible to review the questions. Please exit the exam area in an orderly fashion.”

Witch: “I’m really looking forward to their reaction when they walk out of the cabin...”

Death Maniac Swordswoman: “It’s not him?”

Witch: “Hmm?”

Death Maniac Swordswoman: “I thought the most important person to him right now would be... Observer, what’s the answer?”

Observer: “The cabin hasn’t told me; it only judges whether the answers are right or wrong. But I can probably guess that the woman most important to Ashe right now is still her.”

Meanwhile.

Beneath the Time Continent in the Virtual Realm, the Sea of Knowledge.

A boat is docked beside a small island, where Freya sits on a chair with pen and paper, engaging in Destiny’s Inquiry.

She hadn’t expected that just a few days into becoming a Sorcerer, she would encounter an adventure that many sorcerers might only glimpse in passing their entire lives.

What excited her even more was that she had just answered a question correctly, and it was related to Ashe!

“Question – Multiple Choice: What plan will Freya Hoyle and Ashe Heath undertake together in the future?”

“① A plan to rewrite destiny”

“② A plan to reverse time”

“③ A plan to upend the world”

“④ All of the above”

Freya felt thrilled about the prospect of meeting Ashe again in the future, but she had no clue about the question and just guessed; surprisingly, she was correct!

Thinking about how she and Ashe would become key figures in major plans in the future made her heart swell with excitement, even tempting her to leave the Virtual Realm immediately to satisfy her desires.

But she needed to continue with Destiny's Inquiry, knowing even a little more about the future was valuable. Freya took a deep breath to calm her nerves and focused on the paper, which then revealed several lines of text:

"Question – Multiple Choice: Who is currently the most important woman in Ashe Heath's mind?"

"① Death Maniac Swordswoman"

"② Black-and-White Witch"

"③ Crow Physician"

"④ Bewitcher Freya Hoyle"

"⑤ Purple Moth Annan Dolan"

"⑥ Weeping Red Cap Cleos Baimu"

"⑦ His mother"

Freya looked at the seventh option, lost in thought.

"...What does 'mother' mean?"

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

## **Chapter 315: Leaving the Cabin**

"Everyone must be very quiet... don't wake her..."

"We must enter the Virtual Realm only after she falls asleep; we cannot let her detect any traces or get any hints... She must continue the Armoring Ritual in complete ignorance, otherwise the Hag will know."

"Don't forget to buy a return ticket before deceiving the heavens."

“The Bronze Dragon... this is our chance! We can finally leave this prison! According to the clues provided by Destiny’s Inquiry, our departure is scheduled for May 2nd!”

“It’s time to make a decision, Deya.”

“Deya, now is not the time to be soft-hearted.”

“After the Bronze Dragon takes us away, she will be a burden... Yes, she is the purest, most beautiful, and kindest girl in the world, but she is also our enemy.”

“She is the Sacrifice chosen by the Hag, the unformed despair, the suffocating air... If she does not die, we are still caught in the Hag’s Weaving, unable to break free from the shackles of fate no matter how far we run. She is the Mask over our faces.”

“Deya, only you are qualified to make this decision. This is the one thing you cannot rely on us for.”

“Because you and she are the original twins, we are just the sisters you created.”

“It can only be you, it must be you.”

“Kill Lise, Deya.”

Deya opened her eyes and stared blankly at the ceiling.

“Having a nightmare?” Ashe asked. “It’s my first time seeing someone cry in their sleep.”

“Given our situation, everything we do could be considered a first and precious experience,” Sonya said, propping up her chin. “Like the first time gouging out a boyfriend’s eyeballs or something...”

“I only have two eyeballs though!”

“Then pulling out a boyfriend’s tongue would definitely be a novel experience...”

“I’m sure it’s the cabin that’s wrong,” Ashe declared confidently. “How could the person I care about most not be the Lover willing to join me in this adventure at the cabin of amnesia? Don’t be fooled by the cabin’s tricks!”

“I don’t care who you value the most,” Sonya rolled her eyes. “And watch your words, who said I’m your Lover? It’s all your own presumptuous guesswork, taking advantage of my amnesia, hmph.”

“Since I’m not the person you value most, obviously I’m not your Lover either. Let’s go our separate ways after leaving the cabin; I’m physically allergic to men who are popular with women.”

Ashe muttered, “Your favorite person isn’t me either...”

“That’s because there’s no gender restriction, so of course I like myself the most!” Sonya immediately retorted. “If it’s only about my favorite male, then I definitely—”

“Definitely what?”

“I won’t tell you.” Sonya turned her head away. “We’re not even acquaintances, let’s not talk so much.”

“Well said!”

An Observer, who had been watching the drama unfold, clapped his hands. “Now that everyone is awake, please leave the cabin as soon as possible. After all, this isn’t exactly a great place for chatting, and...”

He glanced sideways at the Swordswoman and the Witch behind him, revealing his hidden subtext: “And we have a single woman here who can’t stand seeing others in love, you’ll get killed if you keep flirting here.”

Ashe and the others had stayed in the cabin even after answering the question because they were waiting for Deya to wake up. According to the information revealed by the questions, they knew that Deya might be a Substitute for Danzel’s Lover, and Danzel is an incurably obsessive and possessive type.

If they were to carry an unconscious Deya outside, and Danzel confirmed his suspicion, he would likely immediately snatch Deya away and lock her in a basement to paint her in various colors.

Two people carrying one unconscious person would be at a great disadvantage in a Battle against the ruthless and merciless Danzel, so they preferred to wait for Deya to wake up, even if she would just run away, to reduce the difficulty of the Battle.

Deya, who had just wiped away her tears from sleeping, was pulled aside by Sonya for a whisper. Ashe took the initiative to walk up to Danzel, who also stood up to face him—Ashe then noticed that Danzel was actually much taller than him.

It was also because of the height, when Danzel first entered the cabin, everyone subconsciously assumed she was a male. After all, in her loose Spiderweb Cloak, the tall Danzel looked more like a serial killer who had wandered into the cabin by mistake.

“Interested in a private meeting in the cabin? Just you and me,” Ashe said with a smile.

“Although I don’t dislike you,” Danzel replied, bending slightly to whisper in Ashe’s ear, “I’m still eager to find out who has captured my heart.”

During the conversation, Danzel’s appearance began to change. The Spiderweb Cloak tightened silently, transforming into a tight, see-through mesh bodysuit. Her raven-colored hair was pulled back into a long ponytail, and the shorts, barely covering the buttocks, clung tightly to her sculpted thighs. She wore gloves made of a black and gold material.

If the Girl of Peeping, Danzel, was an untouchable Saintess, now she resembled a ghostly prowler skilled in stealth operations.

“What’s this?”

“Spider Pavilion’s fourth troop type, Assassin Specialist.”

“Spider Pavilion Assassin Specialist: Close combat attacks cause +30% Soul Damage. 3 layers of armor, humanoid creature, equipped with special Miracles ‘Instant Death’ and ‘Concealment’. Each unit consumes 7 points of Soul Power.”

[Instant Death: All things have weaknesses. The Assassin Specialist excels in detecting discordant tunes in the melody of Destiny, using them to utterly annihilate enemies. Attacks have a chance to ignore enemy armor.]

[Concealment: When other Spider Pavilion troop types are present, the Assassin Specialist will never be the primary target of an attack. Enemies must eliminate the other troop types before they can detect the presence of the Assassin Specialist.]

Although the use of the Girl of Peeping abilities was prohibited in the cabin, Danzel could utilize other troop types, just as Ashe’s current state as a Meteoric Warrior was still in effect.

Ashe narrowed his eyes, knowing Danzel wouldn’t just stand by and watch Deya leave.

Although Ashe could hold Danzel back alone in the cabin, allowing Sonya and Deya to escape first, this was clearly not the best strategy. After all, Danzel was alone, and the optimal strategy would obviously be to leave the cabin to regain 100% combat strength, then use their numerical advantage to overpower Danzel!

Ashe glanced at Sonya and Deya, understanding the next steps in their plan.

Of course, once they left the cabin, they could recover full combat strength, and so could Danzel. But it was unreasonable to think that the three of them together couldn’t defeat Danzel alone!

“And... my dear faux paramour, aren’t you being a bit careless?”

Hands quietly wrapped around Ashe's body, one around his neck and the other around his waist, as Danzel pulled him tightly into her embrace!

The dormant Meteoric Warrior armor on Ashe's body immediately surfaced, attempting to resist the embrace of the villainous woman, but to no avail—Danzel's hands, equipped with Assassin Specialist gloves, could ignore the armor!

Ashe lost his chance to resist; his neck was now in Danzel's grip. He had already experienced the strength of his grand paramour; his neck would break as easily as a wafer cookie if squeezed.

Ashe remained calm: "Planning to use me as a hostage?"

Danzel's breath lightly brushed Ashe's earlobe: "I just want to linger a moment longer with my little paramour before I regain my memories."

Seeing this, Sonya immediately gripped her sword hilt, but Ashe stopped her with a look.

At the same time, an Observer from the Phantom faction placed a finger to their lips, signaling with their gaze for the Swordswoman, who was just about to rise from her chair, to sit back down.

"That's wonderful. I too would like to feel the warmth of a lover a bit longer before we part, as we might never have the chance again," Ashe said with a smile. "Let's go. It's time to leave this cabin... and perhaps start our relationship anew."

The four approached the cabin door, with Danzel and Ashe on one side, and Sonya and Deya on the other.

Ashe reached for the door handle, then suddenly stopped.

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

## **Chapter 316: See You Later**

"What's wrong?" Sonya was somewhat anxious.

"It's nothing. I was just thinking, if I regain my memories, does that mean the me at this moment is killed by the former me?"



"Why are you suddenly engaging in philosophical speculation now?" Sonya, her nerves taut, was visibly frustrated.

Danzel suddenly asked, "Are you scared?"

Ashe thought for a moment and surprisingly nodded, "Maybe."

"For example," Ashe looked at Sonya, "didn't you say that our real relationship might not be that of lovers? But right now, I truly regard you as my Lover."

"Or to put it another way, more direct, without any ambiguity, and completely open-hearted—I like you now."

Sonya was taken aback.

"But if after leaving the cabin, memories tell us that we are not in that kind of relationship, does that mean the me who likes you now is killed by the former me?"

"Thinking about it," Ashe sighed, "memory is indeed a terrifying power."

"But that's just avoidance."

Everyone was startled.

The speaker was Deya, who had just awakened from a coma. Always timid, she was now very firm in expressing her opinion: "The past doesn't cease to exist just because you don't face it; rather, it is by carrying the past that you have become who you are now. Living is a process of killing oneself; knowledge kills foolishness, reality kills naivety, silence kills voice, and avoidance is pointless because who we are now is the result of our past."

"To achieve our goals, killing oneself is sometimes inevitable. Even if we start over, Destiny is a very strict narrow path, and the things we once gave up, we must eventually abandon."

Ashe blinked, "You make a lot of sense..."

"No."

Sonya looked at Deya, then at Ashe, "If abandoning the past can make me better, then I'd rather abandon it. Rather than repeating the same mistakes, I believe everything can start anew."

Ashe paused for a moment, then realized Sonya was referencing their earlier casual conversation about avoiding repeating past mistakes and mutual torment. He couldn't help but chuckle, "Who do you want to start over with?"

Sonya bared her teeth in a grin, "None of your business!"

At that moment, Danzel placed his hand on top of Ashe's, which was on the doorknob, "So, are all of you mentally prepared?"

Sonya, unyielding, placed her hand on Danzel's, "I'm ready to part ways."

Deya put her hand on Sonya's, "I... We are ready too."

"Then..." Ashe said, "Knight, Lover, sister, paramour... see you later."

The overwhelmed doorknob turned hastily, eager to send off the visitors.

The cabin door opened.

What met their eyes was the eternal Reverse Golden Rain.

As they stepped out of the cabin, the glow of the Reverse Golden Rain reflected in their pupils, illuminating the palace of memories, and the darkness shrouding the cabin dissipated.

The countless factors that constituted their personalities, Souls, intelligence, thinking patterns, and Rules of action were fully awakened.

Everyone's pupils dilated more and more.

And more.

Inside the cabin.

With Danzel's departure, the Phantom of the Empress who returned the memories also vanished.

But the other three Phantoms seemed still fond of the warmth of the cabin and did not exit immediately.

"I think Deya spoke very well just now, truly worthy of being me," the Witch walked behind the Observer and smiled, "What should be abandoned, better to abandon sooner rather than later. Avoiding the past is futile; under the grand scheme of Destiny, everything will repeat itself... Observer, there's still time to change the plan."

The Observer ignored the Witch, who then bounced over and sat next to the Swordswoman, trying to gain an ally, "Swordswoman, what do you think?"

"I actually agree with Sonya," the Swordswoman said calmly, "If it can make us better, abandoning the past is not necessarily a bad thing. I think our 'interference' has been

enough. Observer, we need to adopt a more cautious intervention strategy moving forward.”

The Witch was taken aback, “But I remember you were the most opposed to the plan before—”

“That means I’ve already killed my former self,” the Swordswoman said with her eyes closed.

“But aren’t you jealous?”

“Jealous of what?”

“Shouldn’t the one to start over be you, after all the hardships you’ve endured?” The Witch whispered into the Swordswoman’s ear, her voice like a slick tongue stirring up a storm of emotions, “If it were you, you could do it better than her...”

“You could regain everything you never had before—honor, the spotlight, enthusiastic applause, envious gazes...”

“Your path would be one of flowers and starlight, not a bloody road paved with corpses; you would have countless admirers longing for you, not endless avengers seeking revenge; you could live a peaceful life as a normal swordsmanship girl, instead of becoming one—”

“Do you think I resent everything I’ve been through?”

The Swordswoman grabbed the Witch’s wrist, “No, I don’t resent it at all. The mountains of corpses and seas of blood are familiar to me, killing avengers is a diversion in my life, and peace, normalcy, and society are the top three things I despise the most.”

“I enjoy every feast Destiny prepares for me, and it’s precisely because I’ve absorbed enough nutrients that I’ve become so strong.”

“I don’t need to act like a weakling, trying to make up for regrets or reminiscing over past sorrows.”

The Witch stared into the Swordswoman’s eyes, “You avoided my question—aren’t you jealous of Sonya Therave?”

“Why would I be jealous of her?” the Swordswoman replied, unflinchingly, “Although her childishness is somewhat annoying, at least she has grown up normally.”

The Witch kept her gaze fixed on the Swordswoman, her lips curling into a subtle smirk, a deep malice surfacing in her murky pupils. The normally fearless Swordswoman felt a twinge of nervousness and slowly reached for her sword hilt—

“Never mind.” The Witch quickly moved away from the Swordswoman and turned to the Observer, “Observer, what do you think? Instead of letting the ‘present’ grow slowly, why not let the ‘past’ take the stage?”

“Hmm...” the Observer said leisurely, “I’ve heard your suggestion.”

“Hey!” the Swordswoman abruptly stood up, “You’re not thinking of giving up halfway, are you?”

“Of course, I’m not going to give up halfway,” the Observer shook his head.

“So what do you mean?” the Witch asked, “Are you suggesting we reduce our interference as the Swordswoman said, or do you propose we take direct action as I suggested?”

“What do I mean?”

The Observer tapped his fingers lightly on the table, “Ashe’s intentions are my intentions.”

“The choice I made that day is deeply engraved in my soul, it has twisted my perception, and shaped my thoughts.”

“My personality, my awareness, my memories, they all exist to implement this will.”

“You ask me what I mean?”

The Observer gave them a cold glance, “You phantoms, left with nothing but memories, dare to question my decisions?”

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

## **Chapter 317: paramour Strikes Back**

The Chariot of the Bull strides toward the horizon, and the River of Flowing Gold gradually fades away.

Only the Souls of the past are being reborn.

Ashe dons the armor of a Knight, Sonya wraps herself in the coat of a Lover, Deya removes the Mask of her sister, and Danzel packs away the mood of a paramour.

“Return the ‘Secret Incarnation’ to me.”

Danzel’s voice becomes flat again, like rain walking against the order of the world, shedding the inertia of emotions, leaving only a will to fulfill the mission.

“Then return the ‘Incarnation of the Stars’ to me,” Ashe replies lightly, “You’re not my paramour, after all. You can’t just freeload from me, can you?”

Although they had never met before, Ashe immediately realizes that Danzel is the Commander of the heroic soul legion pursuing them. After all, Danzel had revealed in the cabin that she possessed the ability of ‘armed forces,’ a special effect of Soul Summoning.

While a Sorcerer might also be lucky enough to rob a spirit with Soul Summoning, like Ashe himself, all the Sorcerers who dared approach Ashe were used by him as expendable rearguards. Therefore, within a radius of one kilometer, the only person other than Ashe who could possess a spirit of Soul Summoning was the Commander of the heroic soul legion hunting him.

“Mind your position.” Danzel’s right hand tightens slightly, and Ashe suddenly feels as if his neck has turned into a wet towel that an Ogre is about to wring dry, almost unable to breathe.

“Swordswoman, Witch, leave immediately,” Ashe grabs Danzel’s right hand and forces it open with all his strength, creating enough space to speak. “What follows is a private meeting time just for me and this Heroic Soul Commander. It’s not convenient to have you unrelated folks spectating.”

“Sharpening for a Decade!”

“Stream thread!”

Sonya and Deya clearly show their stance with their actions, evidently unable to stand by as Ashe flirts.

“There’s only one of her,” the rustic girl tilts her head, glancing at the dim figures of the legion’s followers outside the fence. “Her army can’t come in, we have the advantage in numbers now—”

“Do we?”

Danzel’s form emits a faint purple glow, and the color of her Assassin Specialist suit deepens, as if countless layers of clothing were piling up. Despite still wearing a light, translucent mesh dress, she exudes an unbreakable, oppressive thickness.

“Although the armor of an Assassin Specialist is the lowest among Level 4 troops, if you stack 10 units of troops, it can accumulate up to 30 layers of armor,” Danzel explains. “In Legion battles, if it comes down to just the commanders, it becomes a pure contest of Soul Power. Whoever has more Soul Power can arm more troops. A heroic soul armed with thousands of units of troops is in itself a Legion—that’s what’s meant by ‘invincible heroic soul.’”

“Do you Sorcerers really want to compete with me in Soul Power consumption?” Danzel gently strokes Ashe’s cheek, her sharp nails even making Ashe feel wounded. “It’s been a while since I personally fought a Meteoric Warrior from the Star Hall. Why don’t you turn those two into Meteoric Warriors as well?”

Due to the subtle connection between Soul Summoning spirits, heroic souls can recognize each other. However, this recognition is quite crude; comrades can approximately identify each other’s specific identities, but hostile camps can hardly obtain more information. This is why Blaido mistakenly thought Ashe was the logistics commander, Demilo, and initially, Danzel also thought Ashe was a commander from the Star Hall.

Thus, Danzel immediately recognizes that only Ashe possesses a Soul Summoning spirit here, while the other two girls are likely his combat followers or merely for his personal amusement.

“Forget it, having women help me suppress a paramour sounds extremely lame, making me seem like some viciously spoiled Noble scion,” Ashe shrugs, glancing at Sonya and the other girl. “Go on, you two. With you here, I’m not at ease to make my moves.”

Ashe knows in his heart that they definitely can’t match Danzel. After arming himself as a Meteoric Warrior, Ashe has exhausted the Soul Power resources they had saved up over the past days.

Soul Power is a subtle resource, occasionally dropped when Knowledge Creatures are slain, though the chance is extremely low. Gregarious Creatures almost never drop it, Large Creatures have about a 33% drop rate, and Overlord Creatures always drop it.

Danzel, backed by the power of the Divine Master, carries an unknown amount of Soul Power, ready to arm herself with dozens or even hundreds of units at any moment. Ashe, after arming himself as a Meteoric Warrior, only has 7 layers of armor, while Danzel can surge to 700 layers at any moment. The difference in their health bars isn’t even on the same scale. How could they possibly fight?

Danzel isn’t some slow, foolish boss who will just stand there and let them attack. In fact, from the perspective of Danzel, now armed as an Assassin Specialist, it’s they who seem like slow-moving minions.

Regardless, the Witch and the Swordswoman need to leave first. That way, even if negotiations with the Heroic Soul paramour fall apart, only Ashe, who failed in his romantic encounter, would die!

“If it’s for your protection, dying once is not a price I’m unwilling to pay.”

Catching the look of trust Ashe throws her way, Sonya gently bites her lower lip and, grabbing Deya’s slender waist, retreats towards the outer wall of the cabin, trying to use it as an obstacle to escape the Heroic Soul Commander’s line of sight—

“Are they your most precious treasures?”

The steps of the tall female assassin approach like the shadow of an eclipse, growing more menacing with each step. When the last question mark brushes against her back, Sonya turns to look. Dragged by her right hand, Ashe looks like a doll, while her left hand, which should have been playing an instrument, stabs towards Sonya, its slender jade-like fingers colder than the teeth of a Slaying Fish-Dragon!

Miracle Water Moon!

Miracle Strangling Thread!

The rustic girl directly opts to counter with the Counterattack Miracle, returning the commander’s kinetic energy in full force; the Secret Princess assists from the side, her multi-layered threads capable of slicing a Large Creature into dozens of pieces, entangling the Heroic Soul like a trap!

Clang!

Boom!

The counterattack, ineffective!

The strangling, threads collapse!

Danzel grabs Sonya by the neck with one hand, slamming her heavily onto the ground! Her pale purple nails embed into the rustic girl’s flesh, like a poison continuously consuming her soul!

However, the more chaotic and bloody the situation becomes, the calmer Sonya’s light red eyes appear. She quickly uses the ground as a leverage point, swinging her sword towards Danzel, then numerous threads envelop the commander’s body!

Miracle Blood Flower Water Moon—

The strongest Swordsmanship Miracle abruptly comes to a halt.

“Why did it stop?”

Danzel pulls Ashe in front of herself, now those Moon Silk threads that were aimed at her are wrapping around Ashe.

“Meteoric Warriors have 7 layers of armor,” Danzel says. “A Two Wings Sorcerer doesn’t have the power to break through 7 layers of armor in one strike, so go ahead and hit him.”

“Let them go!” Deya forcibly manipulates the water threads, wrapping 13 loops around Danzel’s neck and then pulling back hard. However, the beheading Miracle that would have severed anyone else’s neck merely wears down one layer of Danzel’s armor, which she disregards as if merely a neck massage from the Witch.

As her Soul fades, Sonya becomes increasingly transparent, but she has no intention of begging for mercy. Now that Ashe is being used as a human shield by Danzel, she aims a kick at the Empress’s groin—kicking hard, with all her might, aiming for the most vulnerable and vicious spot.

If I can’t hurt you, I’ll disgust you!

Just as they seem about to be wiped out, Ashe suddenly says, “If you don’t want to kill me, then you’d better stop. She and I are linked by the Life Link blessing.”

Upon hearing this, Sonya feels the nails embedded in her neck being pulled out. Even though she is a seasoned fighter in the Virtual Realm, being pinned down and slowly ground down is a new experience for her. Yet, the feeling rising in the heart of the president of the Stretching Claws Club is not fear or dread, but intense shame—

She is seen in such a powerless state by the Observer!

“I’m actually helping you,” Danzel says. “I triggered the ‘Life Link’ and then stopped. Isn’t that enough to help you remove this shackle? Just a little more force and I could have done it. Are you sure you want me to stop?”

However, Ashe ignores Danzel’s provocation, saying to himself, “You really don’t want to kill me, because death is merely my escape route, while your goal is to steal the ‘Secret Incarnation’ I carry.”

“You can’t kill me, nor can you kill her; you can’t even kill the Witch massaging your neck—she possesses a ‘Shared Death’ curse that will randomly select one of us four to die in her place. If you’re lucky enough, you’ll achieve the ‘I kill myself’ accomplishment.”

“You can’t threaten anyone,” Ashe calmly states. “Let us go, my unknown paramour.”



“You’re right, and you’re wrong,” Danzel responds. “If I need to retrieve the Secret Incarnation, indeed, I cannot kill anyone—but if you’re utterly unwilling to give up, then your lives become meaningless to me.”

Danzel then lifts up Sonya as well, walking straight to the fence. Deya, using all her strength, leaps onto Danzel’s back and tightens the water thread. However, the water thread now acts merely as a backpack, making Deya hang on Danzel’s back like a baby.

With both hands, Danzel lifts Sonya and Ashe into the air, facing them towards the natural world outside the fence. A massive Octo-eye Spider breaks through the curtain of rain, its ruby pupils intensely focused on the two fragile Sorcerers before it. Its mouthparts quiver slightly, as if thanking the Virtual Realm for today’s feast.

Beyond the Octo-eye Spider, numerous Phantoms loom in the shadows behind the rain, so many that Ashe and Sonya couldn’t even satisfy the minimal needs of these creatures to fill the gaps between their teeth.

“We generally don’t deliberately erase a Sorcerer’s Soul,” Danzel’s voice rises from behind them. “But we don’t mind letting our minions enjoy a feast occasionally.”

“The moment I throw you in, your Souls will be torn apart by dozens of Virtual Realm creatures. You won’t even have time to return to reality; you’ll just watch helplessly as your Souls split apart, feeling the agony of consciousness fading and the loneliness of spirit obliteration. Your bodies will never awaken again; you won’t even qualify to fall into hell but will simply become a Phantom of the Virtual Realm. I’ll greet you as I pass by.”

Facing the looming Octo-eye Spider, Sonya’s body stiffens instantly, the air of death so heavy it’s almost suffocating. Countless textbook knowledge floods her mind, questioning her fragile Soul.

After all, she is just an 18-year-old girl.

Sonya’s lips tremble slightly, and a barely audible choke escapes her throat as she struggles to control the shaking of her eyes, desperately trying not to allow tears of humiliation to form. Whether it’s a spasm caused by fear or a struggle driven by the will to survive, her hands flail aimlessly, searching for something, anything, that might save her.

And then, she grasps it.

When the Knight takes her hand, the grievances in her eyes finally condense into a mist of tears that flow down.

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

## Chapter 318: The Contract of Attendance

“My dear paramour,” Sonya heard Ashe’s flamboyant laughter, “you remain unchanged, just like when you are in the cabin.”

“When you lie in the cabin, you suddenly become verbose, using reasons and excuses to mask your true intentions, shifting others’ focus with a plethora of words.”

“You say you want to kill us, if that’s a lie, then it means you definitely won’t kill us.”

“Why wouldn’t you kill us? The answer is obvious—‘Secret Incarnation’ is too crucial to you, you simply cannot afford to lose it, so you resort to threats to make us submit.”

“That’s a bold assumption,” Danzel remarked. “But aren’t you afraid that I’ll be angered into throwing you out?”

Ashe turned to look at Sonya, who turned her head away, her fingers tensing slightly.

“Then throw us out,” Ashe said. “I hear that spiders bind their prey into yogurt before enjoying them. I’m quite curious about that kind of death. Interested in letting me try?”

The wind stopped, but the rain had not yet ceased. Suddenly, the surroundings became so quiet that only the sound of Deya pulling at the threads and the low hum of the Octo-eye Spider’s mouthparts slicing the air could be heard.

“Hmm.”

Snap! Ashe and his companion were slammed to the ground. Deya hurried over to help them up, and the three of them glared menacingly at Danzel, who stood near the fence. The terrifying Octo-eye Spider formed a backdrop that painted her with an imperial authority.

“I didn’t realize you were such a greedy man,” Danzel said, arms crossed. “To keep the ‘Secret Incarnation’, you not only gamble with your own life but even that of your...”

“Teammate,” Ashe interjected.

Danzel glanced at Sonya. “...aren’t you afraid of losing the bet?”

“All I know is that gambling might result in loss, but not gambling guarantees death,” Ashe said calmly. “If I hand over the ‘Secret Incarnation’, then you’ll definitely throw us out to feed the spiders.”

Danzel narrowed his eyes. "I'm not that bad."

Though her words sounded almost coquettish, her flat tone suggested an underlying message of 'I'm actually not bad enough'.

"You are a ghost driven mad by love, using slaughter to distort the definition of love and using corpses to build a cage of love," Ashe declared, pausing deliberately between words. "As long as it serves your affection, no moral rules or principles can stand in your way."

"Your current master..." Ashe continued, each word heavy with implication, "...is the Omniscient Weaver whom you once considered forbidden, right?"

Sonya had told Ashe a few days earlier that Demilo was likely from the Stars Kingdom. Combined with the titles like Star Hall, she strongly suspected that the owner of Star Hall was the guardian of the Stars Kingdom, the Stars Sovereign.

Ashe naturally didn't doubt Sonya's words, but he didn't fully trust them either. After all, Sonya had her own narrative world, and it was normal for it to be connected to reality.

However, Danzel's appearance unequivocally proved that the wandering heroic soul legions in the Time Continent were indeed the handiwork of the Divine Masters. Her mention of the "Incarnation of the Gospel of the Omniscient Weaver" indicated that she was an ancient sorcerer from the Gospel Kingdom a millennium ago, who might have even accomplished great deeds. Ashe might even have encountered the descendants of her bloodline.

Danzel didn't respond but tapped her finger lightly on the wooden railing. Immediately, the entourage outside the fence began to stir.

"You're someone who's accustomed to eradicating problems at the root," Ashe said. "We know too much, and even for the Omniscient Weaver, you can't possibly let us go easily. The 'Secret Incarnation' is our only amulet. Once you take it back, it's like removing the last concern, allowing you to freely turn us into Sorcerer Projections in the Virtual Realm."

Danzel remained silent, but the Octo-eye Spider behind her quieted down.

"The Static Domain is approaching," Ashe glanced at the sky where the massive foot of the White Bull was no longer visible. A gloomy cold light began to dominate the horizon, slowly squeezing out the Golden Rain. "Didn't you say you prefer clever people? At this moment, a clever person would make only one decision."

"What decision?" Danzel finally spoke. "Surely not to let you go?"

“Let us go, and we will eventually return to this area,” Ashe said calmly. “Then, you will have another chance to seize the ‘Secret Incarnation’ from us. If you kill us, then you... would be letting your lover down.”

The commander’s tapping finally stopped.

“Will you come back?”

“How could a Sorcerer not return to the Virtual Realm?”

“What if—”

“You just have to trust us,” Ashe said. “We can’t just stop coming to the Virtual Realm, and I don’t know where you might appear or how to avoid you.”

Sonya and Deya remained silent, merely bowing their heads to hide the gleam of triumph in their eyes from Danzel.

They certainly knew where the commander would be and how to avoid her pursuit!

Ashe’s map of the Virtual Realm had already shown that the route of the Chariot of the Bull was circular, reaching the same area every cycle. That meant when the Chariot of the Bull was about to reach the Spider Pavilion area, they could simply rest and do their own things that night. By not showing up for work in the Virtual Realm, they would naturally avoid Danzel’s pursuit.

However, Danzel shook her head: “I don’t trust you.”

Ashe’s expression hardened.

“I only trust contracts.”

Danzel snapped her fingers, and her appearance instantly shifted from a mysteriously alluring Assassin Specialist to a smartly dressed office woman, wearing a vest and a short skirt, high heels, and a pair of plain glasses—though she was a bit taller than usual.

Ashe was momentarily stunned. “Is this also... one of your troops from the Spider Pavilion?”

“No,” Danzel shook her head, her fingers pinching forward, suddenly pulling a contract out of thin air. “This is the ‘profession’ responsible for production.”

She didn’t seem inclined to explain further. With a flick of her finger, three contracts landed in front of Ashe and the others.

The contract was straightforward.

“Party A: Spider Pavilion Commander 001”

“Party B: (Pending arcane energy certification)”

“When the Chariot of the Bull enters the Spider Pavilion Area, Party B must remain in the Spider Pavilion Area for more than three hours.”

“If Party B possesses a ‘Soul Summoning’ spirit, they must not abandon the ‘Soul Summoning’ spirit.”

“If Party A encounters and captures Party B, Party B must willingly surrender the ‘Soul Summoning’ spirit.”

“Breach of contract penalties: For the first breach, Party A will confiscate one of Party B’s held spirits (‘Soul Summoning’ spirit prioritized); for the second breach, two spirits; for the third breach...; for the tenth breach, Party B will face death.”

“Effective date of the contract: From the moment of signing.”

“Sign it,” Danzel said with an uncompromising coldness. “Or be thrown out.”

“But think carefully, once you sign this contract, even if you hand over the ‘Soul Summoning’ spirit, it won’t end there. Either you will be hunted to death in the Virtual Realm, or you will be punished by the Virtual Realm after ten missed opportunities.”

Sonya shook her head. “What if we ascend to a higher level of the Virtual Realm? Wouldn’t that guarantee a breach? I won’t sign a contract that ultimately ensures death.”

Danzel’s expression remained unchanged. “That’s an oversight on my part. I’ll add it.”

Then, another clause appeared in the contract: “Should Party B enter a higher level of the Virtual Realm making it impossible to access the Time Continent, this contract becomes void.”

The three looked at each other, and Danzel raised her eyebrows. “Any other objections? I’ve already allowed you a permanent way to escape pursuit. You couldn’t possibly expect more, could you? Or do you think I would let you go without any conditions?”

After signing, Ashe and the others would have to show up for work at the Spider Pavilion on the designated days. Absence meant a docking of pay, and ten absences meant retirement—permanent retirement.

“Of course,” Ashe reviewed the contract. “However, there are no clauses that bind you, which seems rather improper.”

“How would you propose to bind me?” Danzel’s voice held no hint of anger, almost as if genuinely curious. “I can’t just let you go, and I certainly won’t be lenient the next time we meet.”

“Once I catch you, you must hand over the ‘Soul Summoning’ spirit, and then you’ll become a snack for my followers.”

“That’s the point,” Ashe said. “Without a contract, you won’t let us go; but even with one, you might not allow us to leave.”

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

## **Chapter 319: The Stars Have Faded**

Danzel was about to say something, but suddenly realizing something, she closed her mouth.

“This Contract has a loophole,” Ashe raised the contract in his hand. “What if, right after we sign, you strike us down, causing our Souls to be damaged and preventing us from entering the Virtual Realm for half a month? Wouldn’t that inevitably lead to breach of contract?”

Danzel removed her decorative flat glasses and lowered her eyelids, “I hadn’t even thought of that loophole. You really are overthinking it, Mr. Knight.”

“I’ve just been cheated by contracts quite a bit lately, so I’ve become more cautious,” Ashe said. “If you’re not harboring such thoughts, why not add a clause that binds you as well, to give us some peace of mind? And remember to include your retinue in the contract, since you could just as easily have your followers do your bidding.”

Danzel stared at Ashe for a long while, the cold light shooting from her eyes clearly indicating that Ashe’s suspicions were not unfounded. Sonya and Deya stood guard by Ashe’s side, their stance making it clear they wouldn’t let Danzel succeed easily.

“The Static Domain is approaching,” Ashe glanced at the horizon where gold was gradually being squeezed out by gray. “If you haven’t made a decision yet, then we must take our leave, Your Majesty the Empress.”

With a stern face, Danzel waved her hand, and the Contract was amended with a new clause:

“For one hour after signing, Party A and its commanding units are not permitted to kill Party B.”

“As you wish.”

It was the first time Ashe heard a fluctuation in Danzel’s voice, signifying this was her bottom line.

The Heroic Soul Commander was indeed too shrewd, even knowing to bind them with a contract.

Ashe and his companions exchanged glances, knowing they couldn’t get past this hurdle without signing. They reluctantly used arcane energy to imprint the contract.

Watching the contract paper burn to effectuate, Ashe felt a sense of déjà vu, as if he had experienced something similar not too long ago... and it was the same old coercive blend of threats and enticements, a perilous situation where one is completely at the mercy of others, exactly the same recipe.

But having signed the contract meant they were finally getting past this life-or-death situation. Ashe breathed a sigh of relief and waved at Danzel, “Then we’ll be taking our leave, until next time—”

“Who told you that you could leave?”

In an instant, Danzel reverted to her Assassin Specialist demeanor, transforming into a shadow that darted into Ashe’s embrace, her palm blade striking the Knight and sending him flying!

Miracle Rupture Wave Slash!

Miracle Whip Blade!

Sonya and Deya didn’t hesitate and launched their attacks, but their efforts couldn’t penetrate the dense, invisible armor surrounding Danzel. Unyielding in her assault, Danzel grabbed both of them by their arms and flung them aside!

Miracle Sword Art!

Ashe’s Heart Sword arrived a moment too late. Since his time in the Legendary Library, where he upgraded all his Swordsmanship spirits to Two Wings, the power of his Sword Art Miracles had increased dramatically. Although his burst damage wasn’t as high as Sonya’s, his sustained damage output... was also not as high as Sonya’s.

But underestimate his damage at your peril!

Snap!

Danzel slapped away the Heart Sword with a single blow and rushed over to pin Ashe to the ground, pummeling him mercilessly. Sonya and Deya didn't waste words; they exhausted their Miracles trying to harm Danzel, but she absorbed the blows and countered fiercely.

After several rounds of back and forth, Ashe suddenly realized that although he was constantly being hit, he wasn't actually hurt. It was more about losing face under Danzel's onslaught. Realizing something, he raised his hands to shield his face from the attacks and shouted, "You two need to exit the Virtual Realm now, or it'll be too late!"

"It's already too late."

Danzel grabbed Sonya's wrist and flung her toward Deya, who hastily interrupted her Miracle to catch her teammate.

"That's enough, no more fighting." She unilaterally declared a ceasefire.

You say stop and we just stop!? Although Sonya wanted to retort with defiance, considering the disparity in their combat strength, she could only say with frustration, "Can you get off him?"

The Heroic Soul Commander shrugged nonchalantly and complied, stepping away from Ashe.

She looked up at the sky: "It's over."

Sonya sensed something was amiss; when she looked up, she immediately understood Danzel's intent.

At that moment, the sky had turned into a battlefield of gold and gray, with Golden Rain steadily retreating under the relentless advance of the gray. The flowers and grass around the cabin began to wither, and the world between heaven and earth gradually became a weave of only black and white.

"You're trying to kill us using the Static Domain," Sonya stated, not as a question but as a fact.

"You're smart," Danzel replied. "And I happen to excel at dealing with smart people. All I need to do is deliberately show a few insignificant loopholes and feign regret after you've 'seen through' my scheme. Just like that, your caution fades away like a well-fed lion falling into a deep sleep."



The Contract only restrained Danzel from killing them; it didn't mean she couldn't attack them.

And by continuously attacking, Danzel ensured the Sorcerers couldn't leave the Virtual Realm.

This was the real loophole in the Contract: there were too many external factors in the Virtual Realm that could kill a Sorcerer. The Heroic Soul Commander didn't need to act directly; merely hindering the Sorcerers from leaving would soon let disasters catch up with them.

"My turn is over," Danzel announced as she turned to leave. "I hope to see you in the next round." Ashe squinted his eyes, "We definitely won't disappoint the Empress' paramour."

Danzel ignored Ashe's jest and left the cabin, moving into the gray expanse of the Static Domain with her troops, leaving the three Sorcerers behind in the cabin area.

It seemed that finally being free from immediate danger, they all lay down on the grass, breathing slowly to ease their tension. The silence, now tinged with gray, felt strangely warm, but the black and white creeping over their bodies filled them with a hollow sense of safety.

"It feels like the Witch hasn't changed much," Deya noted, looking at Ashe.

Ashe pointed at his coat, "After all, the Witch's usual color scheme is black and white, so staying in the Static Domain feels quite natural."

"Compared to that, the Swordswoman being turned into black and white is more like funeral makeup..."

Sonya gave him a weary glance, too tired to engage further, and brought up a serious matter: "What about the Contract? We can't escape the Static Domain."

"Don't worry, just resign yourselves to death, and I'll figure out how to heal the damaged Souls," Ashe retorted with a cold laugh. "She's been so ruthless to us; I'm not going to let her get her way easily. Compared to that..."

Ashe and Sonya looked at Deya, who had just revealed her complicated background in the recent memory quiz. A deity among men, an Incarnation of the Gospel, a family with faces all alike... It was clear her personal story was filled with intriguing twists.

Deya hesitated, "I..."

"If you haven't decided yet, tell us next time we meet," Ashe said, looking around at the withered flowers and trees. "I don't want to hear only half before we're forced out of the Virtual Realm."

"Thank you." Deya nodded gratefully. Her mind was still in disarray, having never expected her secrets to come out in this way. Moreover, this was the first time she had heard about being the "Incarnation of the Gospel," but this revelation explained many mysteries.

"So..."

Ashe fell silent.

The other two didn't speak either.

They knew what the others were thinking.

And they knew that the others knew what they were thinking.

Thus, no one wanted to be the first to bring up a new topic.

Until the golden light in the sky crumbled into chaos, and the three of them were about to become a brand new still life painting, Deya suddenly said, "If you wish, I can skip coming to the Virtual Realm once in a while..."

The Witch was instantly pinned to the ground by the Swordswoman.

"If you dare miss out, I'll kill you," the rustic girl said in a calm tone that sounded almost like a joke.

Seeing the undisguised Killing Intent in the Swordswoman's eyes, Deya quickly nodded like a pecking chicken.

...

In the black and white Static Domain, Danzel sat atop an Octo-eye Spider, a ball of Starlight emerging in the palm of her right hand.

This was her mission target, the trophy she had to obtain by any means necessary, even if it meant luring and killing the legendary commander of the Star Hall, Blaido—the "Incarnation of the Stars."

Danzel looked at the ball of Starlight and closed her hand over it.

Snap.

A distant and dense cracking sound followed, as if Danzel was not merely crushing the Starlight in her hand, but countless stars themselves.

“The stars are extinguished; Star Hall’s total combat power has decreased by 13%.” Danzel lowered her eyelids, “Next, all we need to do is take back the secret. At the next grand sealing of the six nations, Star Hall is destined to fall.”

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

## **Chapter 320: A Young Girls Embarrassment**

The harrowing and bizarre adventure that unfolded throughout the night finally came to an end.

Consciousness returned from the Virtual Realm, and Sonya’s Soul revived within the young girl’s body. She opened her eyes and looked around the small Meditation Room, feeling an odd sense of unfamiliar familiarity.

It seemed as if the last time she returned to reality was a story from a previous lifetime.

Of course, that’s a rather poetic way to put it. If one were to describe it plainly, Sonya felt as if she had taken a long nap, waking to find the sky a faint blue, unable to discern whether it was early morning or late evening—the world ambiguous like a dream.

However, when Sonya stepped out of the Meditation Tower, seeing the light of three Radiant Stars dancing among the dust particles, and hearing the innocent golden notes softly singing in her ears, her syndrome of the Virtual Realm was completely cured.

This syndrome, typically found in Sanctuary Sorcerers, arises when a Sorcerer’s time in the Virtual Realm exceeds that in reality, causing a reversal in the perception of “reality” and “illusion.” Over time, this can lead to a confusion between reality and the Virtual Realm, and in severe cases, even lead to mistaking real people for monsters to attack.

The remedy is simple—reduce the time spent in the Virtual Realm.

This is why universities have established Meditation Towers. Not only do they greatly benefit Sorcerers in their Exploration in Virtual Realm, but they also help in monitoring the Virtual Realm online time of Sorcerers. If they notice a Sorcerer nearing the addiction threshold, they take drastic measures to force them to socialize—arranging

blind dates or dance parties to remind them that reality is harsher than the Virtual Realm.

For someone with mild symptoms like Sonya, a bit of sunlight was sufficient.

In fact, this journey into the Virtual Realm wasn't longer than previous ones, but the experience in the cabin was like a dollop of cream forcefully stuffed into Sonya's simple slice-of-bread life. Although the slice of bread remained a slice, with the addition of the cream, it was on its way to becoming a sandwich.

Now, recalling the events that took place in the cabin felt like recalling a clear yet distant dream, ethereal as a bubble ready to burst at a touch.

Sonya groggily made her way back to the dormitory, accidentally bumping into Engulite who was preparing for her morning run as she opened the door. Caught off guard, she couldn't outmaneuver the Swordsmanship enthusiast, and instead found herself knocked to the concrete floor.

This was no Virtual Realm—falling on concrete was painfully real.

Watching the president of the Stretching Claws Club rub her sore spot, Engulite couldn't help but laugh, reaching out to help her up: "Is this the first time I've actually managed to hurt you?"

Sonya's Battle prowess needs no further mention, but what truly astonishes is her seemingly innate ability to perceive the Circulation of everything around her, tracking incoming attacks whether she sees them or not. Unless overwhelmed by sheer speed, strength, or other factors leaving her no room to dodge or defend, she could always counter stealth attacks with her exceptional insight and reflexes.

Having sparred with Sonya so many times, Engulite had never managed to best her, let alone injure her.

Aside from Battle scenarios, Sonya was always on high alert. Although her relationship with her roommates had improved recently, just a month ago they were practically at war. Lois, who wouldn't resort to tactics like spreading thumbtacks or wetting clothes anymore—having tried last semester only to have Sonya turn the situation into a campus-wide spectacle. Plus, as a competitor capable of earning a Scholarship, Sonya's academic prowess was well recognized, prompting Swordflower College to severely reprimand Lois. Nevertheless, Lois never ceased her covert attempts to embarrass the rustic girl, seizing every opportunity to make her look foolish.

In theory, with her financial resources and social connections, Lois should have been able to dominate Sonya, making it clear who was in charge of the dormitory.

However, the outcome was always Sonya coming out on top, leaving Lois bullied to the point of hiding in the Restroom, seeking advice on anonymous online forums, only to be humiliated a second time by replies from the “president of the Stretching Claws Club.”

Back then, Sonya wasn’t showcasing any extraordinary Talent in Swordsmanship; she was just a plain rustic girl, a diligent student who consistently used the rules to suppress the local elite, relying on what seemed like her miraculous automatic insight.

Seeing Sonya so dazed today, much like Adelle, was a first for Engulite.

Sonya seemed not to hear Engulite’s teasing as she returned to her seat, neither reading nor browsing forums. Instead, she just crossed her legs and stared blankly at the wall adorned with a poster of Delarose.

At this time, Lois had already gotten up and was reading. Noting that Sonya did not greet her upon returning, she silently decided that the next time she came back to the dormitory, she would not greet the rustic girl either.

Soon after, the alarm of Adelle, the Swordswoman with the pink hair, went off. She yawned, got out of bed, washed her face, brushed her teeth, and took a hot shower to wake up. Then she returned to her seat to blow-dry her hair, followed by her daily skincare routine and applying a simple, light makeup.

Apart from Engulite, Adelle spent the least effort on her makeup in the dormitory. However, she was the type who could afford to indulge herself. She usually indulged in good food and drink, binge-watched shows all night, and lay in bed without exercising—her muscles barely worked except when she needed the restroom. Yet, she managed to maintain her wealthy and beautiful status with skin as soft as vanilla ice cream.

It was only in comparison with Sonya and Lois that Adelle seemed unremarkable. If she were placed in the entire Water Department of Swordflower... well, she would still be unremarkable, as the Water Department of Swordflower was famously filled with beauties.

While others had to rely on makeup and quality sleep to keep up, Adelle’s case of squandering her natural gifts was incomparable. If she took her appearance seriously, even if she couldn’t catch up with Sonya and Lois, the two powerhouses in their arms race, she could at least rank fifth in the “Top Four Beauties of Swordflower” Ranking List.

“Is today the History and Public Affairs class?”

“Yes, today we should be covering the last unit of the semester, the Stars noble system and the birth of the Noble Act.”

“Ugh, I hate History class so much. As long as the toilet works, why do we need to learn the history of its creation?” Search the [novelFire.net](http://novelFire.net) website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

“...Your statement unexpectedly shows quite a bit of political awareness.”

Once Adelle was ready for class, she noticed that Sonya was still sitting motionless in her chair. She nudged the rustic girl, “Time for class! Or are you planning to exercise the Chief’s privilege to skip classes openly today?”

“A Chief skipping class isn’t really skipping,” Lois said indifferently. “How could the Chief make a mistake? She must have submitted a Leave Request to the Professor, who probably lost it. If the Professor notices the Chief is absent, he should conscientiously issue a new Leave Request for her.”

“Damn, is this the power that comes with dominating the top of the academy?” Adelle gritted her teeth. “How can I make the Professor realize that I’m Sonya’s lackey, and offending me is offending Chief Sonya?”

“Ah, is it time for class?” Sonya, as if awakening from a dream, casually picked up her bag, ready to follow them to class.

However, neither of them moved, making Sonya look at them curiously, “Why aren’t we going?”

Adelle pointed at Sonya’s Sword bag, “Are you planning to smash the history Professor’s head so he won’t have a chance to check our homework? Sonya, my savior!”

Only then did Sonya realize she had mistakenly grabbed her Sword bag and quickly switched it for her backpack.

As they walked out of the dormitory, Lois kept glancing at Sonya, and soon Adelle noticed Sonya’s oddity too. “Miss Red-haired Swordswoman, your bare-faced look today... seems a bit too bare, doesn’t it?”

Adelle pushed Lois next to Sonya, then pulled out a handheld mirror to compare the two.

At first glance, Sonya and Lois seemed similar, both showcasing the beauty of bare faces. However, upon closer inspection, many differences became apparent: Lois’s lips were primed and glossy, while Sonya’s were just naturally colored; Lois’s eyes, with curled lashes and a base, appeared deeply set and dimensional, whereas Sonya’s lashes were loose; Lois’s skin, covered with a bare-face cream, was genuinely bright and glowing, unlike Sonya’s lacking that ‘sparkling’ effect; Lois even had a beauty mark

at the corner of her eye, perfectly embodying the pure desire of bare-face makeup, while Sonya clearly had none.

These differences were noticeable at a glance, not to mention finer details like pores, all pointing to one conclusion—Sonya had left the dorm without any makeup.

For Sonya, it was an unimaginable situation. Both she and Lois were appearance enthusiasts who believed in “no makeup = nudity”; they would rather miss class than compromise their immaculate appearance. Sometimes, Sonya would even feign rushing to the classroom in a disheveled state, making others believe she woke up looking effortlessly beautiful, unaware that this hurried beauty was a meticulously crafted facade.

Adelle, whose makeup could be done quickly in five minutes, often had traces of haste that were easily noticeable.

“Is there no one left in the College that you care about?” Adelle speculated.

“Did something happen in the Virtual Realm?” Lois, more on the mark, realized that Sonya had been acting strange since returning from the Virtual Realm. “If you’re feeling upset, maybe you shouldn’t go to class.”

Sonya shook her head without saying anything and did not plan to return to the dormitory; she headed straight for the classroom. Her two roommates exchanged glances and walked alongside her.

The history lecture was a large class held in the biggest lecture hall at Swordflower College. The trio made their way to the back corner when suddenly, a mocking voice came from nearby, “Hey, why does it smell like mud here? Let’s move somewhere else.”

They looked over to see a few well-dressed Noble students picking up their books to leave.

It seemed they weren’t directly targeting Sonya, but the disdain in their eyes was unmistakable.

Swordflower College strictly enforced rules against overt bullying and insults, but this type of sarcastic remark fell outside their jurisdiction. Sonya’s humble origins were no secret, and those who were hostile towards her, unable to criticize her academic performance, naturally attacked her immutable flaws.

Adelle could almost predict how Sonya would retaliate, with witty comebacks like, “Wow, it stinks. Who’s spouting nonsense this early?” or “True to Swordflower College, even the rear ends here can talk,” or “With such a keen nose, ever considered a career as a police dog?” In online forums, Sonya was a force to be reckoned with; anyone who

tried to mock her would end up cursing out of frustration and getting themselves banned.

However, Sonya remained silent.

She didn't even retort; instead, she directly took a seat where the Noble students had just vacated. After a moment, she noticed the Nobles were still standing nearby. She slightly nodded her head and said "thank you" as if they had intentionally given up their seats for her.

This seemingly indifferent attitude infuriated the Noble students, turning their faces red and then pale. Unable to utter a word and under the mocking gaze of those around, they fled like a dog with its tail between its legs.

It wouldn't be long before the School Forum was buzzing with rumors that "Noble students voluntarily gave up their seats to the Red-haired Swordswoman," leading everyone to believe that Sonya had reached a Realm where she could disdain to argue with trash yet still make them bow their heads without a fight.

Yet Lois and Adelle knew that wasn't the case.

Sonya hadn't heard their provocations at all; she was still lost in her own Kingdom of thoughts.

This left the two girls wondering what could possibly occupy Sonya's mind so completely that she couldn't spare even a little attention for reality?

...

"Am I still your lover?"

"Let's break up."

"We have amnesia; we need to cultivate our feelings again~"

"Funny, I just happen to like bad guys!"

"So you don't want to get back together with me, right?"

It was as if a storm was raging in Sonya's mind, with countless memories raining down like Shot Bullets, creating rhythmic ripples in the sea of her heart. Each wave reflected her coy demeanor from the previous night, and each splash revealed the playful affection in her eyes.



“Why did I say those things to the Observer after losing my memory?! Ahhh, I want to die, I want to be drowned in Gold Coins, I wish the Observer would trip and smash his head open right now...”

Amid her embarrassment, the young girl was overwhelmed.

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