

Sorcerer's Handbook

Chapter 361: Beauty Houttuynia Farm

Harvey ignored the subtle complaints of his companions and said seriously, "There is no doubt that this is the work of a necromancer, at least of the Sanctuary... no, possibly even of Legendary realm! This Beauty Houttuynia Farm he set up is indeed unique, but it's malicious and ruthless, completely betraying the necromantic teachings of Haagen-Dazs... I despise him."

As expected, there's no hatred like that between peers. The two-wings necromancer's tone was full of contempt.

"Necromancers do use bodies and souls as spellcasting materials, but the bodies are usually taken from those who have already died, and the souls are captured from those struggling out of hell. Necromancers from the Blood Saint are basically armchair practitioners, even having hospitals deliver the bodies."

"Even those who prefer fresh, hot souls merely kill people and use their bodies on the spot, personally creating the corpses."

Ashe and the others breathed a sigh of relief—phrases like "even" and "merely" in Harvey's nonchalant tone were enough to confirm that he was still the same twisted necromancer inside.

"However, this place is different."

Harvey continued, "If we necromancers are cooks making cooked food, this place is a deviant canteen producing sashimi. These Beauty Houttuynia plants are all filled with the scent of living people."

Everyone was stunned and turned to look at Annan.

Annan touched her earring and said noncommittally, "Let's talk as we walk."

The group from the Funeral Firm walked through the wide plaza, carefully avoiding the various postures of the Beauty Houttuynia plants. If their previous caution was due to fear, their movements now also carried a protective nature, as if they were afraid of breaking these fragile items.

“Do you remember the Family Rebirth Dream, which aims to suppress the threshold increase caused by daily consumption of Beauty Mist?” Annan said. “You’ve also experienced the dream. Do you think the threshold is being suppressed?”

“Yes,” Igor affirmed. “I monitored the hormonal changes in my body with the Gospel Book. Each time I left the dream, the secretion of various hormones returned to normal.”

“Then, it can suppress it for a day, a week, a month, a year,” Annan continued. “Do you think the dream can suppress it for a hundred years?”

The outsiders blinked, understanding the implication behind Annan’s words.

“No matter how effective the Family Rebirth Dream is, the threshold will still increase bit by bit, and physiological changes in the organs will accumulate over time, becoming irreversible. The progress bar will eventually fill up,” Annan explained. “Because of different physical conditions, the progress bars of various races fill at different rates. For humans, it generally maxes out around sixty-five years old.”

Ashe swallowed hard. “What happens when the progress bar is full?”

“They no longer need to work and come here to spend the rest of their lives... they retire forever.”

“So, your Vamora people have a pretty good old age,” Igor sneered. “After all, there’s no old age.”

Annan replied calmly, “You just saw those Vamora who ‘broke down’ due to the reduced concentration of white mist. When a Vamora’s threshold progress bar is full, their body is like ‘all parts are broken.’ Even if you inject concentrated white mist into their veins, it can’t ‘fix’ them.”

“Beauty Mist is not a miracle. The pleasure it brings comes at a cost. For the organization, the pleasure from Beauty Mist reduces people’s desires, which in turn lowers the sorcerer success rate. After all, sorcerers are almost the most greedy beings. Who would work hard to train and study without a strong desire?”

“In the whole Gospel, the proportion of sorcerers among Vamora is the lowest. There are only three Sanctuary sorcerers, including Qenna, which is less than half of Azura’s.”

“On a personal level, Beauty Mist destroys most of their subjective initiative. Most are willing to become pawns of the patriarch, living like cattle in reality and like infants in dreams.”

“After experiencing pleasure for most of their lives, they are like parts that have been running at full capacity every day; their bodies will be overwhelmed and break down prematurely.”

“In the beginning, when these clansmen ‘broke down,’ they were just buried and used as fertilizer. But a remarkably talented necromancer, whether because he thought it was wasteful to just bury them or he genuinely cared about these broken clansmen, eventually developed a Miracle that allowed Vamora to ‘retire with dignity.’”

“Can’t satisfy your threshold with the white mist emitted by the Beauty Houuttuynia anymore? Then let’s turn you directly into Beauty Houuttuynia, cutting out the middleman.”

“Too old to work? Then don’t work at all. You can forever immerse yourself in your own Dream, and the excess pleasure will turn into mist and be released.”

“Forever retired, forever happy, forever detached from reality.”

Ashe murmured, “It actually sounds pretty nice...”

Lise smacked the back of Ashe’s head.

“Of course it sounds nice. After all, it is a ‘Miracle,’” Annan emphasized, her tone ambiguous, leaving it unclear whether she was mocking or reflecting. “The Gospel Book can accurately predict whose progress bar is about to be Full. On their last day, these elderly and frail clansmen will, prompted by the Gospel Book, come to the farm voluntarily. When their progress bar is Full and their body completely breaks down, the heraldry will trigger the Miracle Ritual Track within the farm, transforming them into Beauty Houuttuynia.”

“By the way, the appearance of their Beauty Houuttuynia form has nothing to do with their originals. It reflects the image they most desire to become, which is why most of them here are young and attractive.”

Ashe looked around. “But wait, there are overwhelmingly more beautiful women here. If the gender ratio were balanced...”

“Wanting to become the opposite sex is a very normal desire,” Igor explained. “Gender reassignment surgeries in the Blood Moon have always been very popular.”

Ashe stared at Igor in shock. “Igor, how do you know these things? Were you once a pure Bewitcher in a literal sense?”

Igor rolled his eyes. “Many people change their gender but not their mindset. ‘Correcting self-gender perception’ is a hot topic in the psychological counseling industry. Are you interested, Ashe? I can give you a 20% discount.”

“Interested? I’ve never realized that I’m a super handsome, kind, friendly, humorous, sunny, and powerful mega-stud. Please, correct that for me.”

“Ashe, stop talking. That annoying little girl behind you is about to throw up.”

“Can we please leave here quickly?”

Harvey looked like a cockroach that had fallen into a bottle of perfume, feeling extremely uncomfortable. “Alice is telling me she feels really sick.”

“We’re almost there.”

Annan led them into a passage on the outskirts of the square. Unlike the square, this passage showed no signs of artificial construction; it looked like a natural cave.

As soon as they stepped in, Lise and Ashe both shivered. After walking for a while, Ashe couldn’t help but say, “What is this place? I feel itchy all over.”

Annan looked at Ashe with surprise. “You actually understand the Time Sect?”

Igor’s eyes flickered, and he immediately summoned the Gospel Book to check the time. His pupils contracted sharply.

The stopwatch on the Gospel Book was spinning rapidly. For every second Igor felt pass, a full thirty seconds elapsed on the Gospel Book!

“I forgot to mention, the Beauty Houttuynia Farm is built within the Abyss, and this is a passage between abysses. Both time and space are compressed here,” Annan said. “Once we cross this passage, we’ll leave Vamora and reach the abyss of another city.”

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

Chapter 362: Family Ranking

The Abyss-Ashe had heard countless stories about this place.

Most of them were complaints from the sword Princess during their idle chats, with only a few tales gathered from Shattered Lake.

Almost every place where sorcerers congregated had an Abyss nearby, sometimes even beneath a city. These Abysses could never be completely eradicated, and the monsters within were endless. A single misstep could lead to an Abyss monster attacking a town.

In the past, when populations and civilizations were still developing, the Abyss was a significant threat to kingdoms and a priority for national defense.

However, as the number of sorcerers surged and sorcerer civilization entered a rapid development era, even though the Abyss strengthened with the increase in sorcerers, the monsters couldn't match the explosive advancement of sorcerer technology. As a result, the threat of the Abyss diminished year by year.

Eventually, the Abyss's status dropped from a 'major threat' to a 'daily task' level, no longer even considered a national defense issue.

The Blood Moon Kingdom chose to hand over the Abyss to adventurers, using it as a means to deal with unruly adventurers who didn't fit into civilized society, effectively turning the Abyss into a garbage disposal. In contrast, the Gospel Kingdom assigned Bluebeard to suppress each Abyss. However, Bluebeard wasn't part of the national defense forces but rather a corporate private army. Simply put, the Gospel Kingdom leased the Abyss to corporations, allowing them to manage the Abyss and profit from it.

In the past, the Abyss was a looming threat to humanity; now, it was more like a minor inconvenience.

Of course, this only referred to the first layer of the Abyss. The deeper levels remained a perilous zone where even legendary sorcerers from the Sanctuary could fall.

For the sword Princess, a village girl sorcerer, the best way to earn resources and gain combat experience was to venture into the Abyss.

Materials from Abyss monsters were often highly valuable. They could be used to craft equipment or made into potions that enhanced the 'virtual realm resonance' of specific spirits. For example, a 'Vibration Sword Potion' could significantly increase the chances of successfully summoning a Vibration Sword.

Moreover, Abyss monsters sometimes dropped spirits, making it almost like a mini virtual realm.

But the problem was, the Abyss was not a virtual realm.

If a sorcerer died in the Abyss, they truly died.

Moreover, the Abyss is unpredictable. If you're unlucky and encounter an Abyss boiling, Deep Monsters might wander up to the first or second layers for a stroll. Even legendary sorcerers from the Sanctuary can meet their end. This isn't a rare occurrence—if a legendary sorcerer is busy farming gold on the lower levels, they might attract Deep Monsters.

It's a classic case of mutual escalation: you bully my smaller monsters, and I'll send my bigger ones to bully you. It's like both sides swapping baby creatures.

Thus, venturing into the Abyss is a mix of risk and opportunity. In the past, when society wasn't as developed, people had no choice but to dive into the Abyss to gather sorcerer resources. Nowadays, with society more advanced, everyone prefers to comfortably become legendary sorcerers at home before venturing out. Who wants to risk their life fighting in the Abyss?

At that time, the sword Princess hadn't yet participated in school competitions and was still struggling financially. She would repeatedly complain in Ashe's ear about the dangers of the Abyss, with a clear motive: "I'm so cute, please take care of me. How could you bear to let such an adorable girl go on an Abyss Adventure?"

Ashe would always nod vigorously—of course, he could bear it. After all, he wasn't the one going into the Abyss. "Sword Princess, you need to work hard in the dungeons so I can enjoy a good life."

It wasn't that he didn't want to support her; he simply couldn't afford it.

"But I remember, isn't the Abyss terrain constantly changing?" Ashe asked. "Because of these frequent changes and outbursts, sorcerers can't establish military bases and clear the Abyss layer by layer."

"You're right, the Abyss does frequently change," Annan nodded. "But the changes don't affect people. The Abyss terrain shifts, but its overall style remains the same—a dungeon stays a dungeon, a cave stays a cave, and a maze stays a maze."

"The next part is simple—since Beauty Houttuynia hasn't 'died,' the Abyss changes won't affect them. Even the ground, buildings, and walls they touch won't change. If there are enough Beauty Houttuynia spread widely, they can stabilize the Abyss terrain."

"But how do we deal with the monsters in the Abyss?"

"Now, the white mist is suppressed by Divine Intervention, but don't forget, this is where the Beauty Mist originates," Annan said with a soft laugh. "Even we sorcerers are affected by the white mist; do you think the monsters are immune?"

"Creatures and beasts affected by the white mist are constantly filled with joy and pleasure, losing their will to fight from a physiological standpoint. Constant exposure to high concentrations of Beauty Mist quickly raises their threshold to the point of mental collapse. About once a month, reclamation sorcerers come to collect the monster corpses—we're currently wearing the protective suits they use for their work."

“Handling excess population, producing strategic resources, defending against Abyss invasions, efficiently slaughtering monsters... what a practical facility,” Igor remarked. “You could tell me that the Beauty Houuttuynia Farm also serves as a sewer and a hospital, and I wouldn’t be surprised.”

“What about the Abyssal Passage?” Ashe asked. “This is the first time I’ve heard of such a mechanism.”

“Simply put, the Abyss doesn’t exist in isolation,” Annan explained. “At least, the Abysses within each Kingdom are interconnected. The passages between Abysses are special conduits that compress space and time, allowing rapid travel across great distances to another Abyss. It’s a convenient way to move quickly when needed.”

“If there’s such a convenient mode of transportation, then—”

“The only drawback is that the Abyssal Passage is constantly changing,” Annan said. “A stable Abyss like the Beauty Houuttuynia Farm is unique to the Gospel Kingdom. Other Abysses don’t have as many ‘living’ residents, and their terrain is often complex and varied, which makes it impossible for Abyssal Passages to serve as regular transportation routes.”

“Additionally, before sorcerers completely subdued the Abyss, they couldn’t freely use the Abyssal Passage; by the time they could move in and out of the Abyss at will, they had already invented transportation tools that rivaled the Abyssal Passage.”

“Many people also can’t accept the time compression feature of the Abyssal Passage. For example, we might walk for several minutes here, but several hours would pass in the outside world. Overall, traveling through the Abyssal Passage doesn’t save ‘real-world time,’ but our subjective experience is that we’ve saved several hours.”

“Wait, isn’t this time travel?” Ashe’s eyes lit up. “If I stay here for a year, decades will pass outside-”

“Setting aside the dangers, your body still ages according to the external world’s time,” Annan explained. “So while it may feel like only a year has passed for you, your body will age by several decades. If you just want to travel to the future, sorcerers have other ways to delay aging without needing to come to the Abyss.”

“In this case, I highly recommend the coffin hibernation method,” Harvey, who seemed more energetic after leaving the Beauty Houuttuynia Farm, chimed in. “It involves preserving you as a corpse and then restoring you to a living person a hundred years later, with only a 30% loss of your current lifespan. Interested?”

Ashe asked, “Has anyone tried it?”

“Yes, many wealthy individuals on the brink of death have used this method, though they typically wake up as paupers,” Harvey laughed. “The Blood Saint Institute runs this business through their ‘Hibernation Department,’ which specializes in milking money from wealthy Short-Lived Species. These clients seem to think that future societies will grant them eternal life for free.”

“Those who can’t face time will inevitably be abandoned by it,” Igor remarked calmly. “‘Hoping for the future’ is synonymous with ‘giving up on the present.’”

Banjeet, who was leading the way, suddenly said, “We’re here.”

It felt as though they had passed through an invisible veil, leaving the natural dark cave and entering a brightly lit underground ruin.

The brick buildings were dilapidated but not ancient. Wall torches were placed every ten steps, and the narrow corridors could only accommodate four people walking side by side. It felt like traveling from a modern city back to the feudal Middle Ages.

“Is this another Abyss?” Ashe looked down both ends of the corridor. “Why aren’t there any monsters?”

“It means Bluebeard has already completed his daily tasks,” Annan said, removing her protective suit and mask. “Even the Abyss needs time to rest and regenerate... Since we’ve left Vamora, let’s perform the Exorcism Surgery to completely eliminate the influence of the Beauty Mist.”

Exorcism Surgery can entirely remove the craving caused by the Beauty Mist. However, it only addresses the craving, ensuring that the recipient won’t physiologically desire Beauty Mist-related products. It does not lower the already increased threshold.

In theory, the residents of Vamora could undergo Exorcism Surgery to escape this city of white mist. However, for those immersed in their Dreams, removing the physical demon is easy, but removing the inner demon is difficult. Except for necessary business trips, they rarely leave Vamora to travel.

Banjeet took six white cups from his suitcase, then revealed the heraldry on the back of his left hand and placed a flame into one of the cups, pressing it firmly against the back of his hand!

Due to the fire consuming the oxygen, atmospheric pressure caused the cup to adhere tightly to his hand. Simultaneously, spots resembling insect eggs appeared all over Banjeet’s body, flowing towards the white cup like students rushing to the Dining Hall, seemingly being absorbed by the cup!

“Artifact Spirit: Exorcism,” Annan explained. “Besides removing the craving, it also has effects like clearing heat and detoxification, beautification and rejuvenation, refreshing

and calming, promoting dreamless sleep, and enhancing vitality. This product is expensive, being one of Vamora's main sorcerer technology exports. Using it just to remove a craving is a waste-ordinary people go to hospitals on the outskirts of the city to find regular Healers for Exorcism Surgery."

Since the area was safe, they decided to rest here and complete the Exorcism Surgery. Although the white cups looked like they would cause severe suction pain, Ashe found the sensation quite comfortable. His skin felt slightly itchy, like hundreds of mosquitoes were sucking out dirt, blackheads, pimples, and other impurities...

"Hahaha, Dad, you're so dirty!" Lise pointed at the spots appearing on Ashe's body and laughed loudly.

Ashe glanced at Lise and noticed she was surprisingly clean; the white cup couldn't extract much from her. In contrast, his skin was covered with a multitude of dirty spots, as if he hadn't bathed in days at a construction site. It was like hundreds of cockroaches were crawling all over him.

"Oh...?"

Seeing the strange smile creeping onto Ashe's face, Lise sensed danger and retreated. "W-Why are you smiling... Ah, don't come near me!"

"Watch out for my special attack: Creep Out!"

Ashe grabbed Lise and started rubbing against her like a cat, causing her to freak out from the grossness. She rolled her eyes and foamed at the mouth, barely managing to pull out a hand mirror. "H-Help... help..."

Feeling the trembling 'Lise' suddenly stop, Ashe blinked and cautiously released her.

Did he scare her too much? It was just like throwing a box covered with hundreds of cockroaches at her; it shouldn't have been enough to make her faint...

However, 'Lise' broke free from his embrace, turned around, and quietly glared at him. "Did you find that amusing?"

"If I say no, it was definitely amusing, but if I say yes, it wasn't that amusing..."

'Lise' furrowed her small brows, placed her hands on her hips, and said, "Do you think it's fun to disgust me?"

For some reason, Ashe felt as if 'Lise's figure was growing taller, like she had become a neighborly big sister who loved to lecture, while he had turned into a mischievous child. He chuckled awkwardly, "It's not that fun..."

“Don’t do that again, or I’ll start hating you.” ‘Lise’ looked at his frozen right hand. “Does your hand still hurt? Your whole body is injured, and I still made you carry me...”

Ashe was startled by ‘Lise’. Just as he was about to reach out, he pulled back and turned to shout at Igor, “Igor, Lise is mentally disturbed because I grossed her out. Come quick... Igor, what are you doing?”

Unlike them, who were quietly waiting for the Exorcism Surgery to finish, the Con Artist was hiding under a blanket, not showing an inch of himself. It was clear he had gotten it from Banjeet.

Annan was also hidden under a blanket off to the side. The two of them seemed out of place with the rest of the group.

“If a kid has mental issues, just beat them senseless. Solving the problem and the person who brought it up must resolve one of them,” Igor’s voice came from under the blanket. “You only need to take off your belt as a tool.”

Curious, Ashe walked over. “What are you doing under there? Let me see—”

“See what? Your dead head!”

A fist shot out from under the blanket, knocking Ashe flat on the ground. Ashe hadn’t expected that this mental sorcerer had also trained in physical combat, and he couldn’t dodge it!

Lying on the cold ground, Ashe felt the pain in his arm and abdomen return. He cast a ‘Joy Sword’ on himself, sat up, and saw ‘Lise’ beside him. Before he could say anything, ‘Lise’ reached out and hugged his neck, resting her chin on his shoulder, and nuzzled him. “Stop fooling around. I might not always be so playful, but no matter which me it is, I always like you.”

Ashe felt goosebumps all over his body as a strong sense of dissonance washed over him. No, this mature big sister tone should be coming from Qenna, or Annan at least. When you talk like this, it makes others question my usual parenting methods!

Not only Annan and Banjeet, but even Harvey was looking at him like he was a pervert. Ashe felt his social status at the Funeral Firm was about to plummet to the level of an untouchable!

I get it. This is your method of revenge, isn’t it?

Lise, you’re so devious!

Click.

Suddenly, everyone's Gospel Book popped out, each containing a shining bookmark. Everyone froze for a moment, then realized what was happening.

"We've been in the Abyssal Passage for a few minutes, but over two hours have passed in the real world," Banjeet said. "It's already past midnight... It's May 20th now!"

"The second ranking list updates right at midnight?"

"What kind of ranking will it be?"

"Is Annan's plan really working?" S

With various thoughts in their minds, they all opened their bookmarks. The title of the second ranking list came into view—

Family Ranking.

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

Chapter 363: Ashe Will Be on My Household Register

Vamora, Senhaeser Building, 72nd Floor.

At this moment, the Red Hats were already covered in wounds. 'Deadshot Red Hat' Leite and 'Weeping Sand Red Cap' Cleos were panting heavily, struggling to even gather the power of the Sanctuary, indicating that their spellforce was nearly exhausted.

The battle had actually ended long ago. Under the overwhelming suppression of absolute points, Sanctuary sorcerers couldn't break through the blockade of the Six Heraldry patriarch.

Even if the Six Heraldry patriarch could only borrow a fraction of the Omniscient Weaver's power, it was not something mere mortals could overcome.

It was precisely because of the immense utility of Gospel points that successive patriarchs of the Six Heraldry family would spare no effort to strengthen and perpetuate their family. Even Sanctuary sorcerers were willing to split their souls as family insurance, and legendary sorcerers would go to great lengths to design the Beauty Houttuynia Farm for the family—not just out of family loyalty, but because the prosperity

of the family significantly enhanced the patriarch's personal power. The points of the entire clan could be directly converted into the patriarch's personal combat strength.

In other kingdoms, or even in another city, such a family system would be unworkable. How could ordinary clansmen willingly surrender their Gospel points? Only those who were muddled by the Beauty Mist would unreservedly hand themselves over to the family.

This shows that the founding Six Heraldry sorcerer who pioneered the Beauty Houttuynia industry did not have good intentions. It could be said they were 'selfish to the point of hoping everyone else would be selfless.'

However, as time passed and the dreamscape expanded, the patriarch, while leading the family, couldn't help but be swept along by it—the dreamscape consolidated the clansmen's cohesion and replaced the individual will of the patriarch.

Every Six Heraldry patriarch was immersed in the blessings of the clansmen from a young age, and combined with the subtle influence of the Family Rebirth Dream, regardless of whether their personalities were rebellious, lazy, diligent, or playful, the most important thing in their hearts would inevitably be the family. They could be described as being 'selfless to the point where they couldn't be selfish.'

Though it was bizarre and appeared to have many flaws and problems, the existence of these selfless patriarchs and selfless clansmen indeed allowed this strange system in Vamora to function positively, even representing the advanced productivity of the Gospel Kingdom.

The Six Heraldry patriarchs didn't even exert themselves. They merely had Vamora, this colossal entity, move a finger, and its imposing presence alone was enough to leave the Red Hats gasping for air.

However, because the patriarchs always prioritized their family, they wouldn't kill the Red Hats even in anger.

As an official imperial department, the Red Hats represented the dignity of both Yisuo and Gospel. Even Qenna, who was infuriated by the death of her clansmen, only severely injured Leite without delivering a fatal blow. The other Red Hats suffered merely superficial wounds—after all, killing a Red Hat with one's own hands would mean never appearing on any ranking list again.

The Six Heraldry patriarchs only intended to exhaust the Red Hats. Coincidentally, Leite and his team had the same thought.

When Ashe left, Leite knew it was impossible to catch this apocalyptic fugitive.

Yet he still led the Red Hats to tangle with the Six Heraldry patriarchs.

Leite also wanted to keep these Vamora leaders occupied.

Ashe, now exposed, couldn't remain in Vamora. If he did, once the Yisuo Royal Family's orders arrived, even Senhaeser wouldn't be able to protect him. Qenna's audacity was merely a matter of timing.

If Ashe attempted to escape by car, the Happy Family Firm on Vamora's perimeter would come into play. At this point, the goal was to prevent these patriarchs from reclaiming him. So even if he couldn't win, Leite had to hold them off.

However...

"Sigh." Leite plopped down, laying aside his several-kilogram sniper gun. "I'm done fighting."

"Fine," Qenna said coldly. "I'll detain you immediately and hold you accountable—"

"No, you can't," Leite replied, pulling out a pair of handcuffs and linking himself to Cleos. "I've already been apprehended by Red Hat Cleos. If you want to transfer the prisoner, you'll need to apply to Red Hat Azura."

"She can't protect you either," Qenna countered. "You committed murder in front of us, killing two civilians. Even if we let you go, Gospel will declare you a criminal—not just a royal warrant, but despised by Gospel itself. You'll be socially isolated, hunted by Red Hats, loathed by Gospel, never able to find a place to stand, never able to hear the Gospel again."

Cleos looked at Leite, hesitant to speak. She didn't understand why Leite had handcuffed himself to her. The Six Heraldry patriarchs thought Cleos would privately release him, but this was actually the first time they had met!

Privately releasing a prisoner would lower her Gospel rating. There was no way Cleos would do that.

In fact, Cleos had been full of doubts for over two hours.

Why was Leite so determined to hunt down Ashe that he would shoot innocent civilians? Didn't he know this would make him lose his Red Hat status and be despised by Gospel? Was he here to hunt Ashe or to commit suicide?

Cleos couldn't make sense of what was happening. She pursued Ashe for Gospel points, ranking list placements, and imperial rewards, but Leite's actions had no benefits and only dragged him deeper into trouble.

Compared to Ashe, Leite actually terrified Cleos more-she couldn't understand his motives at all. His image in her mind had suddenly become abstract.

"It's not that serious," Leite said calmly. "As a Sanctuary sorcerer, there are still ways to survive."

"But why?" Qenna asked the question Cleos also wanted to ask. "I really can't understand why you would go to such lengths."

"Didn't I just say? For the Gospel."

"Isn't that just a slogan?"

"For you family-brained people, it might seem like just a slogan," Leite said. "But I actually want to ask you, Qenna: why are you protecting Ashe?"

At this moment, the other five patriarchs also looked at Qenna.

Although they believed that the actions of the Heraldry patriarchs were always for the family's benefit, they couldn't understand why Qenna would protect a fugitive wanted by the Royal Family. Defying the empire was absolutely the worst strategy.

Qenna said, "It all started with my daughter, Annan, twenty years ago..."

The man with glasses interrupted, "Please fast forward to now, Senhaeser."

"To put it simply, Annan has mastered the Dolan Family's legacy, and she has the ability to influence the Weaving Festival. She knows the second ranking list is crucial for the family. To get her companions on the list, she decided to use Senhaeser's Family Rebirth Dream to deceive and influence Gospel's judgment," Qenna explained.

"As long as nothing unexpected happens, Ashe and his companions will appear on the second ranking list. But alongside them in the Weaving Festival, there will also be us, the Six Heraldry—because Ashe and his companions will become a part of Senhaeser."

Leite asked, "Are you so sure that Ashe Heath will join Senhaeser?"

"Of course. Ashe's fiancé is my daughter, Annan," Qenna said, raising her eyebrows. "And even if something unexpected occurs, I have a backup plan. In any case, Ashe will definitely be on Senhaeser's household register."

Everyone now understood Qenna's intention: to continue the family lineage!

In the past, the Six Heraldry families didn't pay much attention to the Weaving Festival.

After all, for the Six Heraldry with their millennium of accumulation, the Weaving Festival's rewards were just a bonus—nice to have but not essential.

But now things were different. The Art Ranking foretold a future of apocalyptic chaos, a disaster even the Kingdom of Gospel couldn't withstand. Vamora would be left with no choice but to await its doom.

How to protect the family had been a question lingering in the patriarchs' minds since the appearance of the Art Ranking, and now Qenna had provided an answer—she didn't know how to ensure continuity, nor did she need to know. Let the Weaving Festival reveal it.

Gospel is an omniscient and omnipotent wish-granting machine, and the Weaving Festival is an inevitable future. As long as the Senhaeser family appears on the Future Ranking, it means Senhaeser can survive the apocalyptic disaster and continue safely for fifty years.

Therefore, Qenna had to protect Ashe and his companions. These people from the exotic land were the tickets to the future. Binding them meant boarding the ark to escape the apocalypse!

The other Heraldry patriarchs nodded, showing their strong approval of Qenna's plan.

If Senhaeser really makes it onto the Future Ranking and is recognized by Gospel as being able to last for fifty years, then by tomorrow, the Six Heraldry will become One Heraldry, and Vamora will be left with only the surname Senhaeser.

"But don't you think it would be better to kill Ashe now?" Leite suggested. "Maybe that way we could prevent the future disaster..."

"That's impossible!" the man in the trench coat immediately countered. "That's the future foretold by the Weaving Festival. How could it be changed? And a sorcerer alone couldn't create a disaster capable of destroying the Kingdom of Gospel, not even a legendary sorcerer!"

"Rather than plotting against Ashe Heath, it's better to make him our beacon to the future," the man with glasses nodded in agreement. "Senhaeser is absolutely right."

Leite lowered his eyelids, letting out a light scoff, though it was unclear what he was mocking.

At the very moment the Vamora clock tower struck, a Gospel Book appeared before everyone, with a shining bookmark tucked inside.

They immediately realized what had happened—the Weaving Festival had updated right on schedule!

The man with glasses opened his book, his usually stoic face unable to hide his joy. "It's really the Family Ranking!"

The man in the trench coat glanced at it and couldn't help but sigh. "It looks like we're really going to change our surname to Senhaeser this time..."

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

Chapter 364: The Master of Senhaeser

"Family Ranking"

"Rank 10: Mist Clan – Senhaeser"

The Mist Clan.

This name sounds a bit odd. Why is Senhaeser only ranked 10th? It should at least be in the top 3... Despite her complaints, Qenna's joy was evident on her face.

Because Senhaeser had successfully made it onto the ranking, recognized by the Weaving Festival as having the ability to extend into the future!

As for the ranking rewards, nothing was more valuable than this confirmed future!

However, when they took a closer look, their expressions changed.

The background of the image vaguely showed Vamora Herding, but unlike the current iron jungle, it was a more refreshing and nature-embracing Vamora. Broken walls, benches, and streets were covered with resilient flowers and grass. Thick white mist flowed like rivers on the ground. Under the caress of the radiant sunlight, the entire Vamora took on a dreamlike 'paradise' appearance.

In paradise, naturally, there are angels.

In the center of the image floated a large group of extremely pure and beautiful people. Although they had no wings, they walked in the sky with such elegance, as if they were at a ball. Their clothing, primarily green and white, was the main color scheme of Senhaeser. Their appearance was beyond description, crafted with such precision that it was hard to fathom them in any mundane activity. The binary gender division lost all meaning here.

From the image alone, everyone thought it was the angels of Senhaeser guarding Vamora, this paradise.

Until they saw the introduction below.

“Rank 10: Mist Clan – Senhaeser”

“Mist Clan: A new necromancy troop type primarily composed of Senhaeser clansmen, generally possessing the basic traits of ‘Vamora Herding’, ‘Mist Healing’, and ‘the Longest Dream’.”

“Vamora Herding: When a Mist Clan member is in the Vamora region, the white mist will transform into any form according to their will, capturing any intelligent creature that steps into Vamora.”

“Mist Healing: When white mist is present nearby, the Mist Clan member is immortal, able to heal their spirit using the white mist at any time.”

“The Longest Dream: Mist Clan members can drag living beings into a rebirth dream. Once a being is seduced and lost in the rebirth dream, they will be transformed into new Mist Clan members.”

“Patriarch: Qenna Senhaeser / Nona Senhaeser”

“...New necromancy troop type?”

Qenna murmured, “Senhaeser... has everyone turned into the undead?”

Leite sneered, “That’s what you get for getting involved with Ashe—”

The air whistled briefly, sending ripples of malice across the outer wall of the Sanctuary that Cleos had conjured in an instant. Feeling extremely vexed, Qenna coldly glared at Leite, who immediately mimed zipping his lips, signaling that he would stop his snide comments.

“Take a good look at the flowers and grass in the background,” said the man with glasses suddenly.

Cleos and Leite focused their gazes but couldn’t see anything special. Cleos tilted her head slightly. “Huh? The green grass on this bench... it almost forms a human shape, a female.”

These outsiders naturally couldn’t discern the underlying implications. Only the patriarch of the Six Heraldry understood what this scene signified—the Beauty Houuttuynia had grown onto the ground!

The Beauty Houuttuynia Farm was a miraculous Ritual Track facility arranged by a legendary necromancer. Beauty Houuttuynia plants would never grow outside the farm. However, in the image, not only had the Beauty Houuttuynia invaded countless homes,

but the density of the flowers and grass, almost covering the ground, suggested that at least tens of thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of people would have to die to create such a grand display.

Moreover, with all the Senhaeser clansmen transformed into mist spirits, the patriarch of the Six Heraldry easily concluded: in the future, the entire city of Vamora would perish, and all the living would be converted into Beauty Houuttuynia. The sole survivors, the Senhaeser, could not maintain their human form and thus transformed into mist spirits, relying on the home-field advantage of the Beauty Houuttuynia to eke out an existence.

However, there was a small problem here—hundreds of thousands of people dying due to a catastrophe was normal, but hundreds of thousands turning into Beauty Houuttuynia was highly abnormal!

The patriarch of the Six Heraldry was not just for show. If the miracle Ritual Track of the Beauty Houuttuynia Farm had failed, or if someone had attempted to sacrifice Vamora, they would have intervened. They would never stand by and watch as their clansmen transformed into Beauty Houuttuynia.

And, that was hundreds of thousands of people!

Even a legendary sorcerer would grow weary from killing hundreds of thousands of pigs, let alone people!

Soon, a terrifying yet accurate answer quietly emerged in their minds.

The one who transformed the clansmen into Beauty Houuttuynia was none other than the patriarchs of the Six Heraldry themselves!

Only they possessed such capability!

And only they could make millions of Vamora's inhabitants willingly turn into flowers and grass!

If there were even a slim chance for the clansmen to survive, the patriarchs of the Six Heraldry would never make such a decision. However, if the entire clan was doomed, to spare the clansmen as much pain as possible, Beauty Houuttuynia naturally became the patriarchs' first choice.

Rather than suffering a painful death in reality, it was better to pass away with a smile in a Dream. This was the survival principle of the Six Heraldry.

In the family system of the Six Heraldry, sending the elderly with a Full Progress Bar to the farm to become flowers and grass was not only economically motivated but also carried good intentions. After all, the patriarchs of each generation would also willingly enter the farm once their Full Progress Bar was reached, becoming the spring mud that

nurtured the next generation of clansmen. In the perception of Vamora's people, escaping reality was not shameful; living each second joyfully was the best way of life.

But what could have happened in the future to make the patriarchs of the Six Heraldry resolve to euthanize millions of Vamora's inhabitants?

"Qenna Senhaeser / Nona Senhaeser received the 'Mist Spirit Ring' as a reward."

"Mist Spirit Ring: Allows the sorcerer to freely switch between mist spirit and human states. Regardless of the sorcerer's location, they can remotely harness the power of Vamora's white mist."

A new ring of dark silver shimmer appeared on Qenna's finger. However, rather than a reward, it felt more like a death sentence.

But this reward wasn't actually for Qenna; it was for Nona. Qenna's original body was still in slumber, and Qenna was currently using Nona's body.

This too was strange: historically, Senhaeser had only one patriarch at a time. Even if something happened to Qenna, the power would be directly transferred to her sister Nona, with no clinging to the position of patriarch.

Under normal circumstances, having two patriarchs simultaneously was unheard of, and the reason behind this anomaly was unknown.

However, compared to the entire clan transforming into necromancy creatures, Nona being recognized as the second patriarch by the Weaving Festival seemed trivial. Therefore, Qenna didn't dwell on it.

Normally, the ranking list process would end here, but for some reason, the Family Ranking unexpectedly displayed a video about the Mist Spirit Ring.

"Is it over? So soon?"

"Thanks to the existing necromancy Ritual Track in Vamora, my Ritual was completed quickly. Although I disdain Pomb Edifel's actions, as a legendary necromancer, he indeed left behind an astonishing legacy."

In the video, two mysterious figures stood on the rooftop of the Senhaeser building, overlooking the transformed flower and grass paradise of Vamora. White mist flowed on the ground like milky rivers.

With their backs to the camera, one person in a dark red trench coat danced a tap dance at the edge of the rooftop, seemingly using this perilous play to express inner joy. The other, cloaked in dark green, had chains binding his hands and legs. Although the

sunlight was bright in the video, a chilling gloom surrounded him, as if warmth deliberately avoided him.

No one recognized the latter, but the man in the dark red trench coat was known throughout the entire Kingdom of the Gospel.

The Gospel Book didn't leave them guessing—the mysterious man dancing at the edge suddenly slipped and fell off the high building, a sight that delighted many viewers.

At that moment, two wisps of ethereal smoke shot out from the white river on the ground, quickly transforming into two female elves in green and white dresses. They flew up to catch the falling man and carefully returned him to the rooftop. The two elves, one mature and alluring, the other lively and beautiful, gazed at the mysterious man with fanatical eyes, like cats craving affection.

Everyone watching the ranking list was stunned, their eyes nearly popping out, even the seasoned patriarchs of the heraldry clans were no exception.

They thought they had seen it all... but this was truly unprecedented!

Because these two female elves were none other than the Senhaeser patriarch and her second-in-command, Qenna and Nona!

"I just wanted to experience the thrill of falling, besides, I have wings, why were you in such a hurry to catch me?"

"But we must protect our master..."

"Forget it, I was just about to find you two. Kneel and extend your hands."

The elves obediently knelt on one knee before the mysterious man, who took out two rings and personally placed them on their fingers.

"From today onwards, you are the commanders of the Mist Spirit Legion. These rings are the tokens of the Miracle I bestow upon you. When I blow the horn and declare war on eternity, Senhaeser will be my Vanguard."

"Yes, Master!" The elves looked up at the mysterious man, their pointed ears trembling slightly as if in anticipation. The mysterious man bent down, gently caressed their faces, and revealed his profile.

The elves nuzzled his hand affectionately and fervently swore, "We pledge our lives to follow Ashe Heath!"

The video ended.

The 72nd floor of the Senhaeser building fell into silence.

The heraldry patriarchs were at a loss for words.

Cleos looked at her fellow elves with a strange expression.

Leite wanted to say something but ultimately kept his mouth shut—he had a premonition that if he spoke carelessly, he might not leave Vamora alive.

As for Qenna, who was directly involved, she remained calm. She glanced at the Mist Spirit Ring on her hand and tried to pull it off.

It wouldn't budge.

She paused, drew a dagger from the thigh holster, and aimed it at her finger—

“Senhaeser, calm down!”

“This is your sister's body!”

The heraldry patriarchs quickly stopped Qenna from harming herself, and she soon regained her composure. She tossed the dagger aside and dashed towards the window, leaping into the night sky!

She didn't form wings or open the Gospel Book but directly used the Mist Spirit Ring she had just received, transforming into a mist spirit and flying over Vamora!

“Senhaeser, where are you going!?”

“To find our 'master'!”

Qenna said through gritted teeth, her face flushing with shame and anger. The thought of Ashe's condescending attitude in the video, and her own fervent devotion to him, made the Sanctuary sorcerer feel a burning fire in her chest, her breath quickening.

How dare you treat me like a pet and expect me to kneel before you?

How dare you touch my face?

How dare you involve my sister and me...

Just wait until I have you locked up, then you'll see who the real master is!

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

Chapter 365: Ashes Revenge, Never Too Late Even After Fifty Years

“Ashe Heath can consistently make it to the list... Is this the hidden legacy of the Dolan Family?”

In the Happy Family Firm, Azura and the ‘Red Cicada Dame’ Ina Aldo were also watching the live updates of the Gospel Book.

She did not participate in the capture operation led by Annan and others.

She was too old.

Although a Sanctuary sorcerer, the Dame was also an elderly woman. The growth in a sorcerer’s power does not directly extend one’s lifespan. Sanctuary sorcerers and ordinary people do not differ in terms of longevity. In peaceful times like these, sorcerers might die prematurely due to excessive soul depletion, while normal people could live out their lives peacefully.

Even though the Dame’s spellforce remained at its peak, her gradually aging body affected not only her energy but also her will. Compared to decades ago, the Dame no longer possessed the vigor and ambition she had when she first became a sorcerer, nor did she have any curiosity or longing for the Virtual Realm. Each night she entered the Virtual Realm felt like visiting a grave.

She was tired of it.

Even if the Virtual Realm were a handsome man, she would have grown sick of it after so many years.

Just as middle-aged men might turn to fishing, collecting chargers, virtual games, or studying philosophy after experiencing impotence, the Dame devoted all her efforts to the firm after growing weary of the Virtual Realm.

Networking, social interactions, and building relationships... The more a sorcerer drinks, the less blood they see.

Stability, career, power—you always have to sacrifice something for life.

In recent years, the Dame rarely took on missions herself. After all, she ran the firm so her subordinates could do the work. If she had to do the work herself, what was the point of opening the firm?

Furthermore, this time there were two Sanctuary Red Hats participating in the capture operation. If an unexpected situation arose that even two Sanctuary sorcerers couldn't handle, then three wouldn't be able to resolve it either.

However, unlike the Red Hats, the Happy Family Firm's primary target was Annan, while others were secondary. After all, teaching someone to fish is better than giving them a fish. If they could obtain Annan's method of foreseeing the future, it would be more valuable than the Weaving Festival itself.

Yes, the Dame was certain that Annan possessed a method for predicting the future!

Upon learning that Annan and others had fled to Vamora, the Dame had a hunch that the second ranking list might be related to the Dolan Family.

Just like how dipping a crab in a famous lake can significantly increase its value, Annan placing her 'tool people' in the influential Vamora family could very well make the Weaving Festival overestimate the value of her 'tool people,' leading to impulsive consumption!

As a fellow firm operator, the Dame understood the working mentality of her kind all too well. Although the Gospel Book was constantly evolving and improving, it still followed rigid operational mechanisms, leaving many loopholes to exploit.

In fact, the loophole in the Weaving Festival was not a big secret. If the Gospel Book was like a beautiful girl who had all the local intelligence, Annan's approach was to bring in outsiders like Ashe and have them act as wealthy and elegant young noblemen, thereby causing the Gospel Book to make a misjudgment and be deceived by these scoundrels.

But there was a tricky part—how did Annan know the content of the upcoming ranking list so that her 'tool people' could strategically deceive the Gospel Book?

The term almost jumped out of her mind: foreseeing the future.

But it was impossible for Annan to have mastered the Prophecy Sect. The Weaving Festival was a Divine Intervention from the Omniscient Weaver. Even a two-wings sorcerer like her, or even a legendary prophecy sorcerer, couldn't possibly glimpse the subtle nuances of the Gospel Book.

Thus, only one possibility remained.

"Now everyone knows that the Dolan Family has a way to exploit the Gospel Book's loopholes and foresee the future through it..." the Dame sighed. "Now our competition is going to increase."

When the first ranking list came out, most firms were skeptical of Annan's abilities.

Due to distance, only the Happy Family Firm and the Happy Peace Firm made a move in the end.

But now it was different—just a little investigation into Annan’s movements would easily lead to the conclusion that she had the ability to foresee the ranking list in advance. This would undoubtedly attract interest from other firms, companies, and even the Royal Family.

The Happy Family Firm might not only fail to capture Annan, but even if they did, they probably couldn’t hold on to this prize.

It was time to leave.

The Dame decided to withdraw and called her subordinates to retreat. Just then, the Gospel Book updated another ranking.

“9th in the Family Ranking: Mech Clan – Aldo”

Dame Ina Aldo was taken aback—Aldo?

“Mech Clan: A new necromancy troop type formed by merging members of the Happy Family Firm with liquid metal. They are neither purely mechanical nor entirely undead, generally possessing the basic traits of ‘Cloud Computing Miracle’, ‘Electro-Healing’, and ‘Automated Operations’.”

“Cloud Computing Miracle: The core of a mech is the soul chip, which can produce the purest computational power. A sorcerer with the highest authority over the mechs can have them pre-load miracles, which can be used immediately when needed.”

“Electro-Healing: Mechs can heal their spiritual injuries by absorbing a certain amount of electricity.”

“Automated Operations: Mechs are the best workers, capable of continuous repetitive labor around the clock.”

“Patriarch: Ina Aldo”

The screen showed a group of identical silver-white robots working in an orderly manner. Their hands were mechanical arms, and their lower bodies were tracks for quick movement, with a mechanical barrier being constructed in the background.

The Dame was dumbfounded.

What does “a new necromancy troop type formed by merging members of the Happy Family Firm with liquid metal” mean? How can people be merged with liquid metal? Do they bathe people in molten iron?

Moreover, while mist spirits have some combat power, mechs are essentially just production workers, right?

However, the Dame couldn't help but be intrigued by the mech skills.

The first skill is the Preloaded Miracle. Many miracles require the coordination of multiple spirits, so the spellcasting time can vary greatly. Some can be cast instantly, while others might take several minutes to prepare!

If mechs could pre-load miracles, the sorcerer's combat and production capabilities would see a qualitative leap. In battle, all miracles could be cast instantly, and high-difficulty Composite Miracles could even be attempted. In production, preparation time could be reduced, and the cost of practice could be eliminated. After all, mastering production miracles usually wastes dozens or even hundreds of materials!

The second skill, electro-healing, means that Mech-spirits have no feeding costs. In the Kingdom, electricity is the cheapest source of energy. Mech-spirits that live on electricity are easier to maintain than robots—robots still have wear and tear costs!

The third skill, Automated Operations, indicates that even if all the computing power of the soul chip is used to pre-load miracles for the sorcerer, the Mech-spirits can still perform labor, maximizing productivity!

Who wouldn't be tempted by such pure workhorse units?

It would be incredible to have such versatile Mech-spirits at your disposal!

However, if you were one of these workhorses, you might not find it so delightful.

"Ina Aldo has received the reward 'Liquid Metal Chip.'"

"Liquid Metal Chip: Allows the sorcerer to freely switch between Mech-spirit and human states, and retain spellcasting abilities in the Mech-spirit state."

Ina felt a slight chill at the back of her neck, as if something had been inserted. She closed her eyes for a moment, and mercury-like liquid metal began to cover her body from the back of her neck.

Seconds later, a young Ina Aldo appeared in the mirror.

Like the Mist Spirit Ring, the Liquid Metal Chip also had its unique projection—

"Your idea is quite impressive, merging steel with necromancy, combining cold machinery with the dead, and utilizing the trending Mechanic Sect... Can you tell me where this idea came from?"

“Hmm? Because you mentioned coming to Azura to create a necromancy legion, it reminded me of the Happy Family Firm, which led me to remember how they used intelligent machines to hunt us down. Since they love playing with machines so much, let’s turn them into machines—just a petty act of revenge.”

“That’s quite a mundane source of inspiration.”

“Thank you, I’ll take that as a compliment. Now then... Red Cicada Dame, or should I say Mech-spirit 001, I appoint you as the head of the Aldo Production Corps. Remember to work tirelessly every second to ensure I live a good life.”

“Yes,” Ina, now in her silver-white robotic form, responded, “Your command is the destiny of the Mech-spirits.”

Ina watched this scene in silence.

At that moment, the call she had made earlier was connected, and the voice of her subordinate came through: “Dame, what are your orders?”

“Have Annan and Ashe been captured?”

“No, there’s no sign of any vehicle traffic leaving Vamora on the Gospel Book. They must have left by other means... Should we retreat?”

“No,” the Dame said as she stood up. “Stay where you are. I’m coming to join you.”

“What?” her subordinate exclaimed. “Dame, are you going to lead the mission yourself?”

“Yes.” The Dame snapped her fingers, and a hovercar flew to her balcony parking lot. “Since we’ve made enemies, we shouldn’t expect to walk away unscathed. After drinking for so many years, it’s time to make others bleed.”

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

Chapter 366: I Want This Dad Too

From the moment the Gospel Book popped open by itself, Igor was already thinking about how to appease the furious Annan.

After all, in his view, it was a foregone conclusion that the Funeral Firm would come away empty-handed in the second ranking list.

The second ranking list was based on 'Love and Family'. Among their four members, Lise didn't even qualify for the exam, Harvey couldn't possibly get a single question right aside from filling in his name correctly, and Igor had been skipping classes and not doing homework ever since he met that invigilator who almost ensnared him on the first day. His usual grades were surely zero.

The only one with a glimmer of hope was Ashe.

But it wasn't that Igor underestimated him; it was just that Ashe was the type who seemed like 'the experience of this exam was great, it's the participation that counts, I'll try again next time'.

Even though Igor hadn't interacted with Ashe over the past few days, as a mental sorcerer, he didn't need close contact to understand a person's mental state. A simple observation was enough. Based on Ashe's eyes, scent, tone of speech, and walking pace, Igor concluded that he was still a virgin, which was quite alarming.

From their first meeting until now, Igor had always thought Ashe wasn't falsely accused of being a Cult Leader, precisely because of this.

A man in his twenties still exhibiting virgin behavior traits? The Con Artist thought it must be for religious reasons, specifically some extremely evil and anti-social cult.

In the Blood Moon, nothing was more abnormal than "no sexual activity".

Four candidates: one unqualified, one who could avoid all correct answers, one who skipped and abandoned the exam, and one typical poor student. Igor felt exhausted for Annan.

Honestly, this exam was very simple. 'Love and Family' wasn't a difficult topic; normal people would naturally get along well. Not to mention, Annan had brought them to Vamora, the Family Rebirth Dream, a veritable hormonal steam bath. You could throw an 'ice-cold aloof cat type' in there and get back a 'warm and sweet dog type'. Annan surely thought the second ranking list was in the bag.

However, each of them was just a little bit off from normal.

But when the Future Ranking was announced, Igor knew all his prepared excuses were useless.

Still, it didn't matter. They would likely have to face an enraged Annan anyway.

"Family Ranking 10th Place: Mist Clan – Senhaeser"

“Family Ranking 9th Place: Mech Clan – Aldo”

“Family Ranking 8th Place: Soul Reaper Clan – Vastino”

“Soul Reaper Clan: The new necromancy troop type transformed mainly from the Vastino clan, generally possessing basic traits like ‘Life Drain’, ‘Memory Consumption’, ‘Weakening Gaze’, etc.”

“Family Ranking 7th Place: Shadow Spirit Clan – Mercury”

“Shadow Spirit Clan: The new necromancy troop type transformed mainly from the Mercury clansman, generally possessing basic traits like ‘Shadow Stealth’, ‘Shadow Bind’, ‘Shadow Solidification’, etc.”

“Family Ranking 3rd Place: Nether Knight Clan – Roland”

“Nether Knight Clan: The new necromancy troop type transformed mainly from the Roland clansman and Nightmare Steeds, generally possessing basic traits like ‘Nightmare Steed Summon’, ‘Death Perception Slash’, ‘Terror Aura’, ‘Life Drain’, etc.”

“Family Ranking 2nd Place: Dragon Lich Clan – Kaesrei”

“Dragon Lich Clan: The new necromancy troop type transformed mainly from the Kaesrei clansman and Engraved Dragons, generally possessing basic traits like ‘Dragon Lich Transformation’, ‘Dragon Lich Cloak’, ‘Decay Breath’, ‘Dread Aura’, etc.”

How to put it, although it was exactly as Igor had guessed, none of them made it onto the ranking list. But in terms of results, it could also be said that they had dominated the entire ranking list...

Because in the reward item video clips for each family, Ashe Heath appeared in all of them!

“”Mercury, hunt those who have fallen into darkness.””

“”Roland, prepare to draw a bloodline for me.””

“”Kaesrei, purify this world.””

Overbearing!

Demonic charm!

Arrogant!

Lise, sitting in Ashe's arms while watching the ranking list, looked up and pointed at the Gospel Book's screen, saying, "Dad, I want this Dad."

"I want this Dad too," Ashe said.

Annan asked, "Ashe, do you have a legendary sorcerer father, a legendary sorcerer brother, or a legendary sorcerer mother who's been missing for years?"

"Miss, we Blood Moon people are all orphans, but I'll accept your blessing."

"Do you think I'm joking?" Annan suddenly punched the wall and then nonchalantly blew on her fist as she said, "If you could make it onto the ranking list, that would be one thing, but why do you keep appearing in the ranking list materials without getting a single place?"

"I'd like to know too!" Ashe spread his hands and said, "I'm the one being used by the Gospel for free! I don't even get a part of the rewards, so why do I keep showing up? I don't discriminate against races, I don't abuse animals, I don't run scripts to scalp tickets, so why frame me like this?"

Annan beckoned him over, "Come here."

Ashe obediently walked over, and immediately Annan put him in a chokehold.

Purple Moth sneered, "Let's not talk about anything else, why did you make Qenna and Nona call you Master? Tell me, are you secretly hoping to have my mother and aunt as your exclusive maids?"

"Cough cough, Miss, let me explain." Ashe struggled desperately and signaled to Lise for help. His darling daughter understood and quickly came over to press down Ashe's legs, fiercely questioning, "Tell me, Dad, are you trying to find two stepmoms?"

Darn, I should have just held you and smashed you into the ground with a Lotus Blossom!

"That's all the Gospel framing me, don't you believe in my character?"

"The Gospel doesn't frame people, it only speculates," Annan said. "There must have been some intimate contact between you and Qenna, that's why the Gospel speculated!"

Lise also said, "I believe in Dad's character, so Dad must have done something bad!"

"Please, think from my perspective. If I did like Miss's mother and aunt, would I admit it?" Ashe explained sincerely to everyone.

Igor blinked in surprise.

No, this isn't even an explanation anymore; it's practically a confession, isn't it?

At this moment, Harvey suddenly clapped his hands, drawing everyone's attention: "I understand why the Gospel Weave made Qenna and them recognize Ashe as their Master!"

Annan asked, "Why?"

"Because a few days ago, we were chatting about you, Annan."

"I am me, and Qenna is Qenna," Purple Moth said, applying more pressure on Ashe, who was about to roll his eyes. "The image didn't show me calling him Master."

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

Chapter 367: Family Ranking Champion Harvey!

"It was like this," the necromancer began thoughtfully. "Back then, Ashe said you neither distributed money nor gave out points. The benefits were few, yet the demands were many. It's like you were a prime example of a streetlamp. And then he said something about your mother." The necromancer paused. "That sentence was something like—"

Lise and Annan felt a gust of wind rush past, and then they saw Ashe dash forward to cover Harvey's mouth.

"Harvey is just a kid who loves to talk nonsense. Let me keep his mouth shut for everyone..." Ashe quickly changed the subject. "In any case, the Future Ranking must be wrong. Even if I have ties with Senhaeser, why would I be linked to so many other families?"

"Exactly."

Igor also came to Ashe's aid. "The Senhaeser family has ties with us, and the Aldo family has a grudge against us. But we've never even heard of the other families. Why would Gospel link them to Ashe?"

Annan sighed deeply, pulling Lise into her arms and ruffling her white cat-like hair, looking frustrated. "Don't ask me. I don't know either... All I know is that apart from the Aldo family, all the other families are prominent financial, Red Hat, and political families

within the Kingdom of Gospel! Even if they're not as large as the Senhaeser family, their influence is just as significant, if not more so!"

"Compared to the 'Art Ranking' incident, where 'suspected of creating an apocalypse' was listed as a crime, the impact of this 'Family Ranking' will be far worse. After all, 'creating an apocalypse' is like insulting a large crowd; people might wait for someone else to stand up and refute it, and won't argue with you directly. But this time, Ashe, you've specifically named these powerful families as part of your necromancer legion. If they want to escape such a fate, they will undoubtedly try to crush you!" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"It's not me, it's my future self," Ashe argued. "You can't blame me for things I haven't done."

"Sorry, that's the traditional culture of the Kingdom of Gospel. If you're unhappy, get out," Annan retorted irritably.

Annan knew this had nothing to do with Ashe. After all, Ashe had spent the past few days with her in the Dream amusement park, but she was genuinely upset about the situation.

Annan had actually anticipated that the second ranking list would make them the target of everyone's ire. After all, "deceiving Gospel" and "predicting the ranking list" would draw immense attention on their own. But she hadn't expected the backlash to be this intense—offending all the prominent financial families in the entire nation directly!

Just thinking about the barrage of criticism they would face in the future gave Annan a headache.

Her already risky adventure plan now needed a complete overhaul. If before she was walking a tightrope, now it would be like doing fingertip push-ups while walking that tightrope—maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea to pre-order some coffins from Harvey.

And the person responsible for this situation was that detestable man!

Lise, who was being angrily rubbed on the head by Annan, felt completely deflated, as if she were taking the blame on behalf of her father.

However, Lise, who could vaguely sense other people's emotions, found it strange. She felt that Annan wasn't actually that angry with Ashe. In fact, their relationship seemed to have become quite close. Annan was very naturally playing and joking around with Ashe, their interactions were almost as frequent as with Aunt Bukin.

Moreover, Annan's anger seemed to focus on why Ashe had ties with Qenna and the others...

Could it be that Annan... no, Aunt Annan had feelings for Ashe?

“Speaking of which,” Banjeet suddenly said, “that man who appeared in the video footage with Ashe...”

Everyone fell silent immediately, looking at the man who seemed the most suspicious. Even Ashe was no exception.

“It couldn’t be me.”

Surprisingly, Harvey shook off Ashe’s hand and calmly shook his head. “I couldn’t do something like that.”

“But don’t you like the Necromancy Sect?” Ashe asked.

“I’m willing to dedicate my life’s work to the Necromancy Sect, but that doesn’t mean I would convert living people into undead,” Harvey frowned, genuinely looking a bit angry. “Do you all really think the Necromancy Sect is just about antisocial spellcasting for killing?”

Everyone exchanged glances, trying to find a different opinion in each other’s eyes.

Harvey didn’t usually mind people misunderstanding him, but this time he felt he had to clarify: “The Necromancy Sect isn’t about creating death, but about utilizing death, following death, and ultimately conquering death.”

“To me, the living and the dead are equally important, and there’s an unbridgeable realm between the two. Creatures struggle to survive until their last breath, and eventually become a corpse etched with their life’s experiences. This is the greatest natural gift to a necromancer.”

“Though I despise the Blood Saint Institute, it’s only because they monopolize the supply of corpses. Personally, I greatly respect their approach—the Institute doesn’t interfere with the lives of the living. They observe the birth of life, watch it grow, see it burn brightly, and finally witness its end, then take what remains.”

“That’s the genuine practice of a necromancer. Corpses obtained this way are the best materials.”

“Converting the living into the undead is like cutting short someone’s life midway, prematurely ending a brilliant existence and destroying all its potential... It’s the behavior I despise the most. It’s worse than just killing them outright.”

“All Spellcasting Sects aim to help people live better lives, and the Necromancy Sect is no exception. The dead are meant to serve the living, not the other way around.”

Harvey continued, “I respect life, including my own and that of those I don’t know. I’ll gladly plan my own death and that of others, but I won’t desecrate our lives.”

Though his words seemed both understandable and incomprehensible, everyone as a sorcerer grasped Harvey's meaning.

Sorcerers don't just learn knowledge from their Spellcasting Sect; they also shape their worldview, philosophy, and values.

Just as Igor believes that manipulating rules is an essential skill for a civilized society, Harvey thinks that only by utilizing corpses can one achieve a better life.

Sorcerers attempt to explain the world and deconstruct their environment through their knowledge systems. While Harvey might do many things with corpses that seem without limits, that doesn't mean he has no limits regarding other forms of life. Quite the opposite, during his years as a Controller, he always pursued efficient and silent methods of killing.

The biggest distinction between Harvey and ordinary people is his ability to clearly separate life from corpses. Life is life and deserves respect; a corpse is just a material. This is something ordinary people find hard to achieve, but Harvey, because of his understanding, has advanced the Necromancy Sect to the Golden level.

Thus, Harvey's statements were sincere. He genuinely believed he would never commit such an act.

Asking him to turn a living person into an undead would be like asking Igor to become entirely selfless—practically a fairytale-level transformation.

At that moment, the Family Ranking was about to announce tonight's luckiest award recipient.

Ashe sighed, "Here we go again, let's see which major family I'm going to offend this time—"

"Family Ranking No. 1: Blood Corpse King Clan – Harvey"

"Blood Corpse King Clan: Archibald Harvey created this most fearsome undead troop type by fusing and intertwining a vast number of living beings, incorporating elements from the Blood Saint and Moonshadow Clans. Each Blood Corpse King contains thousands of tormented souls and generally possesses basic traits such as 'Bloodthirsty Aura', 'Werewolf Giant Corpse Mutation', 'Immortality', 'Tombstone Soul Lock', and 'Immunity to Miracle Weaving'."

"Patriarch: Archibald Harvey"

Ashe blinked at Harvey, and everyone else turned their gaze to him as well.

So much for your claim of not desecrating life. Gospel doesn't seem to believe you.

Harvey pondered for a moment, then suddenly moved a few steps away from Ashe.

“What’s the matter, afraid I’ll hit you?”

“I’m afraid that when Gospel strikes you with lightning, I’ll get caught in it too,” Harvey pointed at the Gospel Book and said, “See? This is what happens when I get close to you. Even I got framed by Gospel.”

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

Chapter 368: Angel

Jokes aside, once everyone—including Harvey himself—regained their composure, the thought that the Gospel Book might be malfunctioning crossed their minds.

It made sense for the Heath Family, Bukin Family, and Dolan Family to be included, as despite being single and possibly forever alone, they still had the concept of “Love and Family” in their hearts.

But the Harvey Family? That term sounded like a cadaver culinary study group.

It’s not that cadavers can’t learn culinary skills, but they simply don’t need to eat Lala Fatty’s food.

Harvey didn’t need love, nor did he need a family.

The other nine necromancy families on the Family Ranking, while being necromancers, still retained a sense of love and the need to protect and continue their families, barely meeting the criteria to be ranked.

But Harvey... If necromancy families were like living people acting dead, then Harvey was a dead person acting alive.

If one day Harvey told them, “Why isn’t my heart beating?” everyone would just think the heart was fine, it was simply that Harvey didn’t want to live anymore, causing his heart to go on strike. Harvey should be the one compensating his heart for negligence.

Because Harvey had long gone mad.

Perhaps he went mad in Shattered Lake.

He had strong symptoms of paranoia and auditory hallucinations.

Although nobody cared much, Harvey often talked with Alice. The reason Harvey could talk so normally and naturally with them was purely because he had endless topics to discuss when alone with Alice.

When Ashe occasionally visited him, he could hear Harvey's laughter from outside the door. It wasn't the creepy, sinister laugh of a villain, but a bright and hearty laugh that would make one envision a handsome black-skinned guy with blonde curly hair in beach shorts.

It was truly terrifying, and Ashe was almost scared into running away.

He was sure that everyone had probably used the Gospel Book to ask, "Can Alice talk to Harvey?" and received an answer that sent shivers down their spines.

However, since Harvey could lock his madness within his coffin, nobody paid it any mind. Igor and Ashe both left him alone—Igor because he didn't care, and Ashe because he couldn't do anything about it.

Therefore, Harvey might be able to create a legion, a force, or even a cult, but he could never create a family. Love and Family were the antitheses of Archibald Harvey.

Harvey also thought so, which is why he said he was implicated by Ashe—it wasn't just a joke. He strongly suspected that Ashe's pheromones during his heat had somehow clung to him.

At this moment, Banjeet pulled out a bunch of emergency biscuits from his suitcase, allowing them to enjoy a midnight snack while reviewing the ranking list.

After they finished reading the characteristics of the Blood Corpse King Clan, their first reaction was—Harvey is finally going to make a comeback!

"Bloodthirsty Aura: All living creatures within the aura are constantly tormented by reverse blood flow, sometimes even causing them to willingly rupture their blood vessels to converge on the Blood Corpse King, healing its injuries."

"Werewolf Giant Corpse Mutation: The Blood Corpse King can transform into a werewolf, greatly increasing its attack speed and movement speed."

"Immortality: The Blood Corpse King can consume the souls within its body to heal itself; its skin is tough and immortal, immune to most damage."

"Tombstone Soul Lock: The Blood Corpse King can create a giant tombstone. Within the tombstone's range, all corpses can randomly transform into mist spirits, mech-

spirits, soul reapers, shadow spirits, Nether Knights, Dragon Liches, and other necromancy troop types. This effect lasts until the tombstone collapses.”

“Immunity to Miracle Weaving: Immune to the negative effects of miracle weaving.”

Each of these five characteristics was extremely practical, and combined with the enormous body of the Blood Corpse King, it was essentially a legendary sorcerer-level war machine!

Based on the previous rewards, Harvey should be able to obtain an item that allows him to freely transform into a Blood Corpse King, meaning Harvey could already be considered a legendary combatant!

The Gospel Book continued to update. However, instead of updating Harvey’s rewards, it inexplicably played some footage first.

“Is this Belldate’s true tomb? As a sorcerer, he took all his legacies into the grave. That’s rather stingy—he could have left something for his family.”

“Do not project your weak thoughts onto the mind of a necromancer. His descendants couldn’t even find his true tomb; what right do they have to inherit an Angel’s legacy? Still, they at least provided a clue to this legacy. In return, I’ll ensure the Belldate family finds eternal rest.”

“I bet the Belldate family will be moved to tears when they hear about your ‘reward.’”

In the footage, two individuals walked through a grand and solemn golden corridor. On either side stood towering silver knight statues, each several meters high, resembling massive tombstones or fanatical disciples in pilgrimage. The golden floor was adorned with intricate patterns, which, upon closer inspection, were all bone arrangements, both sacred and eerie, both radiant and sinister.

“An Angel!?”

Annan stared at the Gospel Book in shock. Lise took the opportunity to escape and burrowed back into Ashe’s arms, curiously asking, “An angel? Like the ones in fairy tales?”

Ashe, Igor, and Harvey also looked over curiously. Annan cast a complex glance at Harvey and said, “Not the fairy tale kind... I don’t know much either, but the Dolan Family had a legendary sorcerer ancestor who mentioned Angels in his writings.” Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

“The Gospel Book’s information on sorcerers goes up to the four wings legend. Beyond that, there’s nothing. Even if you know the term ‘Angel,’ the Gospel Book will only show

you a bunch of fairy tales. If you search for Five Wings, the Gospel Book won't respond at all."

"And Angels are beings beyond legends, just below the Divine Sovereign. They are those who have completely transcended the mortal realm, one step away from the Divine Sovereign, having successfully formed the fifth wing—demigod sorcerers!"

"Angel, originally meaning messenger of the Sovereign. This term is not a realm designation but a job title. However, just as three wings sorcerers are commonly called Sanctuary sorcerers because they often reside in Sanctuaries, demigod sorcerers are usually messengers of the Sovereign, thus the term Angel has become a common name for demigod sorcerers."

Demigod sorcerers!

Five Wings Angels!

Ashe held Lise, lost in thought, fantasizing about how demigod sorcerers could control the elements. Meanwhile, Igor and Harvey had no particular reaction; they simply nodded, absorbing the secrets.

Their reactions were entirely normal. After all, they were only two-wings sorcerers at present, uncertain if they could even ascend to the three wings Sanctuary, not to mention the four wings legends. Although they had never seen a demigod sorcerer, there were four wings legendary sorcerers in the Blood Moon. These individuals were invariably significant figures they could never meet—either top researchers at the Institute or Cardinals in the Church—monsters in the societal hierarchy.

Igor and Harvey were extremely pragmatic people. Their greatest hope was to reach the Sanctuary in their lifetime. Achieving legendary status and standing at the pinnacle of the mundane world was a fantasy they had abandoned since the day they became sorcerers and no longer needed sleep.

As for the existence of Five Wings demigods, such beings were not even within their goals. They didn't even dare to dream about it.

After all, when normal people fantasize about winning the lottery, they might dream of winning a few million or a billion, but no one fantasizes about winning tens of trillions, right? Even the bank wouldn't print such large numbers.

Although Annan said it wasn't a fairy tale, to them, it was no different from one.

Wait a minute...

Everyone looked at the Gospel Book—so these two were on their way to obtain an Angel's legacy?

A fairy tale unfolding before their eyes?

Though it was a future that hadn't yet occurred, if they could discover even a fragment of a clue, couldn't they inherit this treasure now!?

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

Chapter 369: Infernal Education

“Wow, quite the grand setup for just an angel.”

“At the end of the passageway was a resplendent underground palace. The fleeting murals seemed to depict myths from an unknown era, and upon closer inspection, the dazzling dome was made of massive golden bones, the remains of some mythological creature.”

“In the center of the palace lay a colossal stone coffin large enough for a giant. Neither of the two could reach the lid due to their height.”

“I remember Belldates are usually short,” Ashe remarked. “Although I know the Gospel broke reproductive isolation long ago, can giants really have children with humans? The software might be compatible, but the hardware isn’t.”

“The cloaked man ignored Ashe, fixating on the stone coffin while his hands moved in unknown gestures. Soon, a massive dark green wraith rose from the coffin, with chains of nothingness extending from its body, binding it to the palace. It seemed both imprisoned by the palace and protected by it.”

“The wraith spoke, “Are you the sorcerers who have passed my trials and are qualified to inherit my path of the Malicious Angel?””

“Ashe replied, “It’s just him. I prefer the living over corpses.””

“The cloaked man responded, “Great predecessor, Malicious Angel Belldate, I will inherit your glory and carry it forward. Entrust everything to me.””

“The wraith asked, “To confirm your qualification, my legacy will invade your soul in an extremely brutal manner, potentially causing your soul to collapse. Are you sure you want to inherit this path?””

“The cloaked man replied, “I have never experienced soul collapse. Bring it on.””

“The wraith laughed heartily and entered the cloaked man’s body. The cloaked man shuddered as pitch-black smoke emanated from him. The smoke solidified into monstrous beasts with hideous fangs, savagely tearing at the cloaked man’s soul.”

“The wraith continued, “My path of the Malicious Angel is created by referencing the billions of malicious spirits in hell. Being bitten by these spirits is equivalent to experiencing hell firsthand. As the spirits devour you, you can directly absorb their knowledge. Open your mind and do not resist.””

“The cloaked man asked, “So, this is what death feels like?””

“The wraith responded, “Exactly. Just like a person who falls into hell after death and is stripped of all emotions, the Malicious Soul will devour the target’s soul, leaving only pure knowledge and memories, which I can then easily inherit. With the power of the Malicious Souls, I have slain countless exotic land Angels and plundered their lifelong wealth.””

“The cloaked man queried, “So, my emotions are being eaten too?””

“The wraith confirmed, “Yes, you should feel it by now. Your soul is being torn apart bit by bit, your emotions stripped away piece by piece. As the immense pain overwhelms your sanity, you become more and more alien to yourself... If you can’t hold on, your soul will be completely shattered!””

“The cloaked man’s body trembled, and he suddenly dropped to his knees, seemingly unable to bear it any longer. The black mist monsters gradually devoured his body—first his fingers, then his arms, torso, internal organs, neck... Eventually, the black mist monsters completely entangled the cloaked man, leaving only a human-shaped figure.”

“However, at that moment, the cloaked man let out a maniacal laugh.”

“”Ha ha ha, what a fool! You actually endured to the end, not knowing this was never an inheritance ritual but a Corrosion Ritual! All my earlier arrangements were just to filter out souls resilient enough to withstand the Corrosion Ritual! Now, I have completely corroded his soul and successfully reborn! I am finally free from hell!””

“”And you,” the black mist cloaked man pointed at Ashe, “will become the first Malicious Soul after my rebirth!””

“”Wow, how terrifying,” Ashe shrugged. “Harvey, save me.””

“The black mist cloaked man paused for a moment, and the next second, another voice emerged from his mouth, “Indeed, the moment I saw your remnant soul emerge from the coffin, I knew there was something wrong with your so-called inheritance, Belldate.””

“A necromancer like you, who would rather struggle endlessly to cling to life, could never leave a true legacy. You don’t even dare to face death; you’re not a genuine necromancer.”

“How dare you!” the black mist figure snarled. “Why are you still alive? Your emotions should have been completely devoured by the Malicious Souls, and your consciousness should have dissipated. How can you still resist?!”

Harvey replied, “Because I am a necromancer, and you are a dead soul.”

“Although I respect you, Malicious Angel, you are a relic from 900 years ago. You actually thought you could use necromantic Divine Interventions from 900 years ago against me. I don’t know whether you underestimate the passage of time or the entire Necromancy Sect.”

“Your necromantic Divine Interventions were indeed unparalleled in their time, but they have become outdated relics now. From the moment you said you would invade my soul, I began transforming my living body into a corpse prison, and yet you didn’t even notice.”

“You thought you could corrode my soul, not realizing you were willingly entering the coffin I prepared for you.”

“The dead should serve the living, not the other way around. Angel who should have fallen into hell 900 years ago, please rest in peace within my body.”

The black mist suddenly contracted into the cloak and then burst into dark green flames. The green flames did not ignite anything but eventually formed a pair of handcuffs that clasped the cloaked man’s hands.

“What’s the harvest?”

“Everything.” Harvey placed his hand on the stone coffin. “The most precious treasure is this.”

The massive stone coffin suddenly dissipated into a plume of light smoke, which then coalesced into a gray-haired old butler in a black suit standing behind Harvey. The figure appeared ethereal, with a gaunt face, dim eyes, and cracked skin.

Ashe exclaimed, “Even after all these years, Belldate still managed to preserve a deity?”

“But only this one deity,” Harvey corrected. “If there were more, I couldn’t handle it. Even this one is a tremendous challenge; wielding a deity’s power with a mortal body is no simple task.”

“With this deity and the path of the Malicious Souls, we can finally advance our plan.”

“Ashe raised an eyebrow. “Are you sure about this? You can still back out now.””

“Harvey countered, “If I back out now, would you let me off? You’ve invested so much in me, helped me through Belldate’s numerous trials. It’s not your style to not reclaim your investment with interest.””

“Ashe responded, “Haha, now that you possess the Malicious Soul path of Angelic Heritage, I might not be able to defeat you.””

“Stop these pointless tests, Ashe Heath.” Harvey strode back along the corridor, the hall crumbling inch by inch behind him. “But you, don’t try to stop me at the last moment. I don’t want to fight you; you’re troublesome, and... I really don’t want to.””

“Ashe queried, “According to our plan, you need to mass-produce a legion of half-dead necromancers. I remember that’s the project you hate the most. Are you ready to break your bottom line and change your principles?””

“Harvey shook his head. “No, I won’t break my bottom line, nor do I need to change my principles. The dead should serve the living, a belief I have never wavered from.””

“It’s because I love life that I joined your plan. But to retaliate against this half-dead world, we can only become half-dead ourselves.””

“I won’t provide you with a legion of apathetic necromancers. The Necromancy Sect is not about creating death, but about ushering in new life. So, I will provide you with a group of necromancers who fight for survival, including myself—I will be their banner.””

“Harvey walked past Ashe and said, “Let’s go. It’s time to burn the Kingdom of Gospel to ashes.””

The footage ended.

Everyone was slow to recover their senses.

Countless questions bubbled in their minds like foam, and for a moment, no one knew which to ask first. Lise was the first to speak up: “What is a deity? Is it like the lake goddesses in fairy tales?”

“Don’t ask me, I don’t know either!”

Annan touched her amethyst earring to Calm Mind, also overwhelmed by the flood of information. “How could I know the details of a heritage treasure that even angels value—”

“Oh, a deity is just an advanced form of a spirit.”

Everyone looked at Ashe, who pointed to the Gospel Book. “I just asked the Gospel Book, and it answered, ‘There are countless Four-winged Spirits, but only one Five-winged deity.’ It seems that when a spirit condenses its fifth wing, it grows into an intelligent deity. The deity in the footage chose to follow Harvey of its own accord.”

The Gospel Book actually answered such a question?

While the others were merely surprised, Annan was astonished—after all, the Dolan Family had tried for generations to extract more knowledge from the Gospel Book but had never unearthed secrets beyond the fifth wing. Could it be that the Dolan Family’s inquiry method was wrong? Was Ashe just that lucky?

However, everyone immediately accepted this explanation.

Not just because of the Gospel Book’s endorsement, but because numerous corroborative pieces of information flooded their minds!

“Speaking of which, the Beloved Church once mentioned that the Blood Moon Sovereign had countless deities under his command...” Igor muttered. “Back then, I wondered if the Blood Moon Sovereign feared the deities conspiring against him, or if there might be sect conflicts among the deities... But if deities are the evolved forms of spirits, that makes sense.”

“The Divine Sovereign is not the lord of all gods, but the lord of deities,” Annan clapped her hands lightly, suddenly enlightened. “So that’s what the ancient texts meant! I used to think it was just a redundant statement!”

Lise looked down at her hand mirror, murmuring softly to herself, “Deity incarnations...”

Ashe also looked down at Lise. “Hmm? Did you notice a foreshadowing we missed before? Care to share?”

“No,” Lise shook her head and pointed at the Gospel Book. “Dad, it seems like you and Uncle Harvey made some pretty serious criminal declarations in there. Are you sure you won’t get me into trouble?”

Ashe was silent for a moment before he said, “Lise, I’m going to teach you a secret.”

“Hmm? What secret?” Lise blinked.

“Listen carefully. In my experience, the first thing you should do after entering prison is to find someone like your Aunt Bukin and beat them up. That way, you’ll smoothly integrate into prison life.”

Lise was flabbergasted. “Pre-prison education?!”

Igor lightly scoffed, “If I hadn’t struck up a conversation with you back then...”

“You’d still be in Shattered Lake Prison, enjoying the state’s steady meals.”

Igor chuckled, “Yes, you’re right. How could the steady meals of Shattered Lake compare to the makeshift biscuits we eat while being on the run and enemies of the world with you?”

Ashe kept nodding, wearing a ‘you’re welcome’ expression, but Igor didn’t pay any heed to his teasing. The Con Artist munched on his biscuits, staring at the Gospel Book’s screen, his brows furrowed with an inexplicable worry.

Suddenly, Banjeet spoke up, “Although this footage will make our reputation in the Kingdom of Gospel plummet to rock bottom, it’s not necessarily all bad.”

Annan’s eyes sparkled, “You mean...”

“The Future Ranking hasn’t announced Harvey’s reward yet,” Igor said calmly. “Harvey’s reward must be in this footage, which means...”

Everyone looked at the Gospel Book, their eyes full of eager anticipation.

Could it be that the Gospel will reward Harvey with a deity?!

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

Chapter 370: Ghost King Shackles

“Is it... a deity!?”

While the murderers who slaughtered the innocent hid in the tunnels to check the Ranking, countless people outside were also concerned about their fate.

Mephila, one of the ten greatest cities in the Gospel.

Like Azura, Mephila had completed the expansion of its city on the second level, with Inverted Skyscrapers standing tall. However, unlike other cities, the space above Mephila’s second level was not a public area but a Private Garden owned by a Family.

A single family owned nearly 500,000 hectares of private land!

With the power of a Miracle, this Private Garden simultaneously housed forests, pools, winter snow, lava, graveyards, seas of clouds, and even hellish environments. The most outrageous creation was the “Sea of Knowledge of Mephila”—a sea area in the center of the garden shrouded in white mist, where Blade Fish Dragons and other knowledge creatures were genuinely bred. However, these knowledge creatures did not drop loot when killed and would disappear immediately upon leaving the white mist area, making them purely ornamental toys.

Maintaining the operation of the Private Garden alone required eighty thousand servants, yet the number of family members living in this garden could be counted on one hand.

In the main residence at the center of the estate, which offered a panoramic view of the entire garden, the young girl Yvaren lay on her bed in her pajamas, her legs swinging back and forth. She kept one eye open, closely watching the Gospel Book, her small mouth pressed into a serious line.

If one were unaware, it might be excusable, but knowing the enormous information revealed by this footage made it difficult for many to remain calm.

Yvaren was no exception. Even though her family possessed the wealth of an entire city, they were mere dust before the legendary deities. According to the records left by her ancestors, deities and spirits were entirely different entities. If spirits embodied ‘technique,’ then deities were the manifestation of ‘Truth.’

Each deity possessed the great power to twist reality, overturn laws, and rewrite physical parameters. They could even be the natural laws themselves, with their injuries causing natural disasters and their destruction leading to turmoil in reality!

The power of a deity far exceeded the control of a legendary sorcerer, and a mortal soul could not possibly contain the authority of a deity!

Therefore, only those whose life forms had evolved to a higher level, who had successfully ignited the divine fire of their souls, and who had ascended to the highest realms of the Virtual Realm as Angels or even Divine Sovereigns, were qualified to command deities and wield Truth!

Watching the Future Ranking list about to announce its rewards, Yvaren was extremely nervous.

If the Gospel Book truly awarded that “deity” to Archibald Harvey, Yvaren was sure that all of Gospel would abandon the pursuit of Harvey and his companions. The Red Hats would lay down their banners, and even the Royal Family would retract the wanted notice!

Ordinary people might think that deities are not so extraordinary, believing that with enough guns and enough people, even gods could be killed. This notion was especially strong among sorcerers-in the most professional and advanced sorcerer discussion group within the Gospel's veil, named the [Omniscient Weaver's Murder Association].

This was quite normal, after all. Under the glory of the Gospel, mortals had no chance to witness the power of Divine Intervention, and sorcerers could not grasp the gap between themselves and a Divine Sovereign. Even legendary sorcerers might underestimate a Divine Sovereign.

In their eyes, if they could destroy a city, then no matter how powerful, a Divine Sovereign could only destroy a Kingdom, right?

Only sorcerers within Families with Angelic Heritage understood that the ascension of life forms brought not a quantitative change but a qualitative one. The most powerful Miracle of a legendary sorcerer could never break through an Angel's protection, while even the weakest Divine Intervention from an Angel could easily crush a legendary sorcerer's dignity.

To put it in a metaphor, a legendary sorcerer was like a character within a painting, able to attack enemies with various paints and solvents; whereas an Angel was already outside the painting, able to tear the entire canvas with a mere gesture.

The wraith in the footage was not an Angel, but merely the remnants of an Angel's embers, possessing perhaps less than one ten-thousandth of its former strength. Yet even so, the wraith's methods far surpassed any Miracle, and an ordinary legendary sorcerer could not withstand the wraith's encroachment and invasion.

It was only because Harvey happened to be a necromancer, possessing means to counter the wraith, that he could perform such an Epic and spectacular counter-kill, completely burying the ancient Angel's hope of resurrection.

Once Harvey possessed a deity, even if he could only wield one percent of its power, it would be enough to overturn the entire Kingdom of Gospel. If that deity had defensive capabilities, no legendary sorcerer could pierce through his defenses. Gunshots, cannon fire, and even area-of-effect attacks would merely tickle him.

If that deity had offensive might, then no matter how many Miracles a legendary sorcerer cast upon themselves, it would be like adding layers of paper—no matter how sturdy the high walls, they would crumble like a house of cards.

Unless one knew all the effects and weaknesses of the deity, no one would dare to offend someone with near-divine combat power.

Perhaps in response to the countless prayers, the Gospel Book finally updated:

“Archibald Harvey has been awarded the ‘Ghost King Shackles’.”

“Ghost King Shackles: Allows the sorcerer to freely transform among ten necromancy troop types including mist spirits, Mech-spirits, Soul Reaping, Shadow Spirits... Nether Knights, Dragon Liches, and Blood Corpse Kings. However, the sorcerer must fully master the knowledge of each new necromancy troop type in sequence to unlock the next. The first unlocked troop type: mist spirit.”

Phew.

Yvaren could almost hear the entire Kingdom of Gospel breathe a sigh of relief.

As long as it wasn't a deity, everyone could accept it, especially since this reward wasn't particularly valuable. In Yvaren's eyes, aside from the Nether Knight, Dragon Lich, and Blood Corpse King, the earlier necromancy troop types, though each unique, were at most two-wings in strength and posed little threat to three-wing sorcerers.

This meant that for a long time, this necromancer attempting to bury the entire Kingdom of Gospel would not surpass the power of a Sanctuary sorcerer.

In hindsight, it made sense that Gospel would not award a deity. Though the exact reason was unknown, the ancestors' records were clear: each deity was unique. As long as the Stone Coffin Deity within the path of the Malicious Soul existed, no matter how powerful Gospel was, it couldn't create a second Stone Coffin Deity.

However, Yvaren thought that other Families might lose sleep over this.

If Gospel had directly awarded a deity, it would be clear that everyone should enjoy the few remaining years they had.

If Gospel had awarded the Blood Corpse King, most would likely lay down their banners, as the Blood Corpse King, based on available data, was a legendary-level power.

Although it wasn't impossible to besiege a legend, the cost was so high that no single Family could bear it alone. The financial Families, adept at internal conflict but inept in external battles, would certainly watch from the sidelines, leaving the Royal Family and the Red Hats to solve this problem.

However, the Gospel Book awarded “a Blood Corpse King that takes a long time to unlock,” making the financial Families feel they had a significant advantage.

The Weaving Festival doesn't lie. Capturing Harvey equates to obtaining the key to inheriting Angelic Heritage—who could resist such a temptation?

But if you fail to capture Harvey and instead make a mortal enemy of him, congratulations, you've secured a place among the ten major Families of the next fifty years. search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

If you want to take action, you can't sleep.

If you don't want to take action, you can't sleep.

Hearing that others have taken action, you can't sleep.

Finally deciding to take action, you'll never sleep again.

However... Yvaren sighed. Other Families might have the luxury of hesitation and wavering, but her Family had only one choice from the beginning.

"Allow me to play an old role tonight, allow me to happily reenact the story's beautiful protagonist~"

The communication ring rang, and the number indicated it was a call from Bluebeard headquarters.

Yvaren found it strange and answered, "What's going on?"

"Six people suddenly appeared in Abyssal Passage Area Three," came the quick reply. "No movement trajectory, they must have come through an Abyssal Passage."

"Abyssal Passage? At this time?"

If she hadn't gone down the Abyss recently for training, Yvaren might not have recalled the mechanics of the Abyssal Passage.

Normal people wouldn't consider the Abyssal Passage as a travel option. The Abyss throughout Gospel was unstable, with Vamora being the only Abyss with unchanging terrain.

Vamora... Abyssal Passage... at this time...

Yvaren opened the Gospel Book to check Vamora's situation and immediately understood the origin of these little mice.

"Suppress this news, block all information channels to the Red Hats, and have Bluebeard gather to seal off the Abyss!"

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

Chapter 371: Are You Looking for Trouble?

In the Abyss, Harvey glanced at the handcuffs on his wrists and looked at Ashe with an extremely resentful expression.

Lise said affectionately, “Look, this is what happens when you get involved with Ashe.” Though she didn’t say a word, everyone could understand Harvey’s frustration.

Ashe pulled at Lise’s face, “Stop narrating nonsense!”

Igor smiled faintly, “Harvey, you should think from another perspective. The Gospel Book already knows the crimes you will commit in the future, but it didn’t kill you on the spot. You’re already way ahead. Now it’s even rewarding you; you should be grateful to the Gospel Book.”

Ashe echoed, “Yeah, yeah, look, these handcuffs don’t even have a chain between them. The Gospel Book is already showing you leniency. You should reflect on yourself and become a better person.”

Harvey’s handcuffs had no connecting chain, so they didn’t count as restraining tools. Instead, they looked more like playful accessories. However, paired with his dark skin, they also resembled slave shackles.

The necromancer merely grumbled a bit. Someone like him, who liked to carry a coffin around, had an aesthetic as tough as marble and naturally wouldn’t care about the appearance enhancement brought by the handcuffs.

After a brief test, Harvey transformed into a mist spirit and began to flail around joyfully as if he’d gotten a new toy. He couldn’t help but float over to the coffin, excitedly tapping on the lid, “Alice, this form is really suitable for you. Once I figure out how to master this form, I’ll arrange it for you immediately. Hmm? You say you don’t like white mist? Then I’ll add a bit of variation and turn you into blue mist...”

Watching Harvey have an intense conversation with the coffin, everyone felt their sanity was being forced through a reality check.

“Alright,” Annan closed the Gospel Book, “we need to leave. We must find a safe place to rest quickly—Ashe’s injuries can’t be delayed any longer.”

“Please follow me,” Banjeet said, “I’ve already mapped out the route to leave this Abyss.”

The Funeral group walked along the Abyssal Passage. When Harvey finally finished his whispered conversation with Alice, Ashe asked, “So, did you change your mind, or were you lying?”

Harvey glanced at Ashe and then at Igor, “Are you asking me? Not Igor?”

Compared to the necromancer, it was obvious that the Con Artist was more associated with words like ‘changing one’s mind’ and ‘lying.’

“In the video footage, ‘you’ said that you create a large number of half-dead necromantic creatures because you love life deeply,” Ashe said. “But just now, you swore that you would never commit such blasphemous acts against life. So, either the future you changed your mind, thinking that turning the living into undead isn’t blasphemy, or the current you is lying and doesn’t actually hold this principle in your heart.”

“After all, the Weaving Festival doesn’t fabricate from nothing. It only predicts based on your existing behavior.”

Annan and Lise stared intently at Ashe, as if to ask, ‘So, what’s the deal with you and Qenna?’

Ashe wasn’t embarrassed at all, and he had no reason to be. He and Qenna hadn’t had any intimate interactions. At most, Qenna had licked his face... but there was blood on his face at the time, and he was Annan’s fiancé. Qenna’s level of contact with him was quite normal!

Harvey pondered for a moment and then shook his head, “I didn’t lie, and the future me couldn’t have changed my mind.”

“As long as I continue to practice necromancy, I will uphold the boundary between life and death. Necromancers believe that life and death are equally important, and this isn’t an empty slogan or some vague professional ethics.”

“After all, is there a difference between a corpse and a hunk of rotten meat? Why can corpses be turned into undead while rotten meat can only decay?”

“Because a corpse bears the marks of a person’s life.”

“Because the living experience joy and sorrow, endure hardships, and gain spiritual insights. After they die, most of these marks fall into the Abyss with their souls, but a small part remains in their physical bodies. What necromancers care about isn’t the

flesh itself, but the information on the flesh and the time, mental energy, and various spellcasting powers embedded within it.”

“It is precisely because they tried so hard to live that their corpses can bloom into a more brilliant new life in the hands of us necromancers, transforming into the power of the living.”

“Think about it, any organization or Kingdom encourages its members to strive and fight hard, to live their lives to the fullest. Although the members will eventually die, their lifelong efforts transform into the organization’s strength and create a better life for the next generation... Isn’t this just like the Necromancy Sect?”

“It’s not just organizations or Kingdoms; the same applies to this world. We sorcerers will eventually face death and wash away all emotions in the Abyss, but we will leave behind pure memories and realms in the Virtual Realm, continuously thickening its depth and becoming the power for future living beings... Isn’t this also like the Necromancy Sect?”

“To me, the Virtual Realm is the mightiest necromancer, and the rules of societal operation are quintessentially those of the Necromancy Sect.”

“Would a farmer harvest crops before they are ripe? Would a chef serve half-cooked dishes to guests? Would a Kingdom stifle the aspirations of its youth?” Harvey spread his hands and said, “With that in mind, you should understand... Why are you all looking at me like that?”

Harvey felt a bit thirsty from speaking and turned to see everyone had stopped in their tracks, staring at him as if watching a cockroach transform into a jewel beetle.

After a moment, Annan suddenly asked, “What level of power does the Harvey in the footage possess?”

Banjeet replied, “Definitely not an Angel, but to wield the power of a Five Wings deity as a mortal, if not a legend, he must at least be in the Sanctuary.”

“Sanctuary or legend...” Annan exhaled. “Other aspects might be misjudgments by the Weaving Festival, but in this regard, its judgment is probably accurate.”

Their shock was understandable. As fellow sorcerers, they could clearly see Harvey’s current realm. If their Spellcasting Sect was still in the ‘spell’ stage, then Harvey had subtly touched the edge of ‘Truth.’

Harvey wasn’t treating necromancy as a mere tool but as a methodology to aid his understanding of the world and himself. In fact, every spellcasting sect is a path for sorcerers to explore the world outwardly and to seek themselves inwardly. Search* The NôvelFire(.)net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Even Ashe, the husky mixing in with the wolf pack of sorcerers, could vaguely sense this.

For example, with the Swordsmanship Sect and the sword Princess, it's hard to tell whether her personality made her excel in the Swordsmanship Sect, or if the sect influenced her personality. But the result is that the sword Princess becomes increasingly sharp and decisive. After spending a lot of time with her, Ashe always feels that if he ever wronged her, she would stab him with her long sword without a second thought.

But most sorcerers find it difficult to realize this point, or even if they do, they can't compensate for it. Unless you reach a high enough realm, you can't see the vast scenery and can only guess a little based on others' descriptions.

However, this doesn't prevent Annan and the others from recognizing the grandeur in Harvey's perspective. Because they can see glimpses of beauty themselves, they know that Harvey's words about magnificence are not empty.

Now, the only things that stand in the way of Harvey becoming stronger are time, reality, and the Virtual Realm. For him, there are no longer any bottlenecks in the realm of spellcasting.

Therefore, Harvey can be sure that he won't change his mind. The Necromancy Sect is almost like a political belief to him—if loyalty isn't absolute, then it's absolutely disloyal. If he were to change his mind, it would mean he found a more suitable Spellcasting Sect (methodology), and he would definitely abandon the Necromancy Sect.

"Could it be that the Gospel predicted it wrong?" Ashe muttered.

"Is it possible," Lise, who was holding Ashe's hand, said, "that Uncle Harvey was actually forced into it?"

"Hmm?"

"Like the question Dad asked me before: I have the lever to change the train tracks. If the train continues, it will run over five people, but if I change the track, it will only run over one person..."

Annan pondered, "So, no matter what you choose, it's a bad outcome, and you can only choose the lesser evil?"

Banjeet looked at Ashe, "Is this what you usually discuss with Lise?"

Although his educational ability was being questioned, Ashe remained calm, "Compared to my question, Lise's answer is actually more brilliant. She said she values fairness the most. Running over five people is unfair to the five, running over one person is unfair to

the one, so running over everyone would be fair. Therefore, we should connect the two tracks.”

The young butler could only respond with high emotional intelligence, “The student surpasses the master...”

“Why don’t you guys just admit it? Are you really father and daughter?” Annan glanced at them, “I won’t blame you for keeping it a secret.”

“So, it’s highly likely that something will happen in the future that even Harvey can’t stand, which is why the Gospel thinks Harvey would rather create a necromancer Family to take revenge on society,” Ashe speculated. “Something so disgusting that even a necromancer can’t stand it... Harvey, do you have any idea what it could be?”

Harvey thought for a moment. “For example... if the Gospel Kingdom enforces mandatory cremation for everyone? Such a wasteful practice would indeed infuriate me.”

“Damn, that’s so you.”

However, they weren’t too concerned about the idea that ‘Harvey will become the source of all evil.’ Firstly, they knew this was the result of deceiving the Gospel, and secondly, it didn’t really concern them—Harvey wasn’t going to turn them into necromantic beings.

Ashe and the others didn’t count, as they weren’t even locals. As for Annan and Banjeet... when Annan had Ashe in a headlock earlier, she was only questioning why he was so close to Qenna. She had no complaints about Harvey turning Senhaeser into a mist spirit.

Compared to Harvey’s necromancy plans, they were actually more concerned about what future events could be so abhorrent that even a necromancer couldn’t tolerate them.

Additionally, one of the Blood Corpse King’s traits is “Immunity to Miracle Weaving,” which led Ashe to some peculiar speculations.

Watching Annan and the others discussing ahead, Ashe suddenly noticed that the Con Artist at the back of the group had been silently walking with his head down, not offering any opinions. He thought for a moment and then patted Lise on the back. “Go find your sister Annan. Make sure to hold her hand tight. If you fall into the Abyss, I won’t come looking for you.”

“Tch,” Lise pouted and went to grab Annan’s sleeve. “Auntie...”

“Call me sister,” Annan flicked Lise’s forehead.

Ashe slowed his pace to walk alongside Igor. Suddenly, he said, “I think you might be planning to run away.”

“Hmm?” Igor gave him a look that asked, ‘What nonsense are you talking about?’

“The Gospel probably thinks you’ll run off to another Kingdom in the future, breaking laws and causing chaos, which is why you didn’t appear in the footage,” Ashe said. “And didn’t you say you wanted to explore ruins when you have money? Harvey and I aren’t interested in traveling, so it’s natural for us to part ways.”

Igor glanced at him but remained silent.

“The other ranking lists haven’t been announced yet, so there might be a Ruins Exploration Ranking, a Conspiracy Ranking, or even a Mud House Gigolo Ranking. Then we can see your true colors...”

Igor still didn’t respond.

“Actually, the most likely scenario is that some rich lady took you in, so you no longer need poor friends like us... You get what I mean, right?”

Igor finally nodded. “I get it. You’re looking for trouble, aren’t you?”

“Hmm?” Ashe scratched his head. “I’m saying you don’t need to worry about why you didn’t show up in the Weaving Festival rankings. Even if your name appears in the next ranking list, it’s actually a good thing that you didn’t appear. Look at us; each of us has been framed and disgraced by the Gospel. You should be happy to be the Fish that Escaped the Net.”

So far, Annan, Ashe, and Harvey had all appeared in the rankings.

Among those who hadn’t appeared, Banjeet was already over sixty years old, so it was normal for him not to show up fifty years later. Lise was only about ten years old now, and as the saying goes, girls aren’t meant to stay with the family forever. It’s only natural that she wouldn’t be with Ashe when she grows up.

The only one who should have appeared but hadn’t was Igor. There was no trace of him in any of the ranking lists so far.

If it was previously suspected that Ashe and Annan might have had a romantic relationship during their private meetings, there was no reason for Ashe and Harvey to act together in pairs, right? Yet, only Ashe and Harvey appeared, and Igor was nowhere to be seen.

Although no one said it out loud, everyone thought of one possibility—

“Do you think I’m worried about dying?”

Ashe blinked. “Why else would you be moping around and not saying anything? Hey, being afraid of death isn’t something to be ashamed of. I won’t make fun of you for it.” He said, patting Igor on the shoulder.

“Hah, how could I possibly...” Igor paused, then suddenly laughed. “Okay, maybe I’m a little worried, but seeing you makes me realize I’m overthinking it.”

“Why?”

“Don’t you remember our Pact? You still owe me a wish. If I’m really facing a life-and-death crisis, I’ll definitely make you die for me first.”

Igor brushed Ashe’s hand away. “You better pray every night that nothing happens to me, or you’ll be in trouble too.”

Ashe suddenly remembered. “...Well, maybe not. What if you’re not around when you die?”

“Hmm, that’s indeed a problem. Look here.”

Igor snapped his fingers in front of Ashe’s eyes and said, “There, I’ve given you a psychological suggestion. If I die and my wish hasn’t been used, this suggestion will activate and use the wish on my behalf.”

Ashe rubbed his eyes continuously, as if trying to rub out the psychological suggestion like eye gunk. “W-what suggestion?”

“It’s simple. This suggestion will alter your memory, erasing all unnecessary ones.”

“What are unnecessary memories?”

“Memories unrelated to me,” Igor said with a smirk. “This way, your memory will only contain me, and you’ll mistakenly think I’m your most important companion. You’ll spend your whole life trying to find a way to bring me back from hell.”

“That’s actually possible!” Ashe was shocked but quickly shook his head. “Wait a minute, even if I only have memories of you left, that doesn’t mean I’ll want to resurrect you! Why do you think I would do that?”

Igor was taken aback.

Then the Con Artist laughed. “I’m just messing with you. There’s no such convenient psychological suggestion in this world... Even if there were, it couldn’t be cast by a two-wings sorcerer. I wasn’t talking because I was thinking about what to do in the future.

After all, you and Harvey have caused such a big mess; even if I don't want to, I'll definitely get dragged into it."

"R-really no suggestion?" Ashe was sweating on his forehead.

"I think whether I say there is or isn't, you won't believe me. How about this, I'll use up the wish right now to alter your memory. Then you won't suspect anything..."

"Then I won't disturb your thinking!"

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

Chapter 372: Mephila of Belldate

Ashe quickened his pace but suddenly remembered something and stepped back towards Igor.

In a low voice, he said, "By the way, don't blame Lise. It's not her fault."

Igor raised an eyebrow. Before he could retort, Ashe went over and picked up Lise.

Lise, looking bewildered, glanced at Igor and then at Ashe. She asked, "Dad, are you going to use me as an attack companion?" As she spoke, she raised her tiny fists.

"This isn't that kind of game," Ashe said. "Come on, use your gaze attack on Aunt Bukin!"

Lise widened her cute eyes at Igor, but it had no effect.

Igor stared coldly at Lise, which was highly effective.

Lise buried her head in Ashe's arms, trembling. Ashe eagerly asked, "How was it?"

"Are you asking how effective your provocation is? Excellent."

"Huh!? Didn't you feel your heart melt? Every time Lise acts up, as soon as she looks at me like that, I can't even bring myself to take out the belt..."

"Don't assume everyone's heart is as soft as ice cream like yours."

“Wait, Lise has many other talents. Let me have her perform another one—”

“Enough.”

Igor reached out and took Lise, carrying her on his back. Lise instantly stiffened, her limbs going limp, not daring to misbehave. “I’ll carry her.”

Ashe sighed in relief and waved his hand. “Lise, be good and don’t cause trouble for Aunt Bukin!”

“Dad, Daddy...” Lise’s voice trembled as she sought help. However, one look from Igor made her obediently close her mouth. She lay on his back, shivering—strangely enough, whether it was her Bewitcher Lineage or her shampoo, she actually smelled quite nice.

After walking for a while, the group from the funeral finally saw a staircase leading upwards. Banjeet asked, “Young lady, should we camp here or...?”

“Let’s find a short-term rental using other people’s identities as soon as possible,” Annan said. “We’re too tired now. We need a good rest.”

Suddenly, a voice came from above the passage: “My house is big. Why don’t you come rest at my place?”

Snap!

Suddenly, a hidden door opened in the stairway passage, revealing several gun sorcerers in gray bulletproof vests blocking the top of the stairs, assault guns aimed at the Funeral group.

Annan and the others instinctively retreated, but a group of gun sorcerers also appeared at the rear of the passage, their cold steel gun barrels locking onto their flesh and blood.

In an instant, their joyful state of eating cookies and singing songs turned into a desperate situation with no room to maneuver, surrounded from all sides!

Ashe glanced at the ambushers. Besides their bulletproof vests and guns, the most noticeable feature was the transparent protective masks they wore. Inside the masks, two tubes connected their nostrils to compressed bottles on their backs, filled with a blue misty liquid, making them look like they had two blue beards.

Gospel Kingdom, Abyss Suppression Unit, Bluebeard!

As one of the two major violent groups in the Gospel Kingdom, Ashe was familiar with the formation of Bluebeard and Red Hat. Bluebeard got its name because the Abyss was once filled with mental monsters that could affect sanity. The narrow and dark

environment of the Abyss required the suppression sorcerers to constantly inhale “Cooling Blue Fluid” to suppress excess emotions and relieve mental stress. The most effective way to inhale the fluid was through nasal tubes, which over time led to the name Bluebeard.

In modern times, while Bluebeard could easily exterminate the monsters on the first layer of the Abyss, mental monsters still frequently emerged, posing a risk of mental collapse. Thus, the Bluebeard equipment had been preserved as a material cultural heritage.

But for Ashe and the others, the most important aspect of Bluebeard wasn’t their appearance or combat power—it was that they were a private armed force!

“Annan, long time no see.”

Tap.

Tap.

Clear footsteps echoed from above, and everyone saw a blue-haired girl slowly descending. Her long blue hair reached her waist, and she wore a black cape over a platinum sleeveless dress. Her arms were covered with black gloves, and her legs were clad in platinum boots. She exuded a noble and pure charm, looking like an angel coming to aid the Abyss.

The most striking feature was her left eye, which was open and had a purple-blue pupil that seemed to draw in one’s gaze; her right eye was closed, with a black mark resembling an eye tattooed on the eyelid, eerie enough to warrant a second look.

Annan let out a long sigh. “So it is you, Yvaren...”

Ashe and the others breathed a sigh of relief—turns out, she was an old friend of the young lady. What a scare.

“So late at night, why are you all visiting my house?” Yvaren asked.

Annan didn’t hide anything. “I came specifically through the Abyssal Passage to get here—I was planning to ask for your help.”

Planning?

Ashe and the others sensed something amiss. The blue-haired girl nodded. “I figured as much. Annan, you really found the right person this time—capture them!”

The Bluebeards swarmed in, subduing everyone. Ashe and the others didn’t resist. The terrain was terrible, and unlike the Red Hats, the Bluebeards’ income came from

consortia, so they didn't have to worry about the Gospel's opinion of them—they really would shoot without hesitation.

More importantly, Annan and her group had just survived a life-and-death struggle.

Ashe's stomach was in shambles, his arm was useless; Annan, Banjeet, and Igor were out of spellforce; the only one still combat-capable was Harvey, which is why most of the gun barrels were aimed at him and his coffin.

Harvey's mist spirit might be immune to physical damage, but gun sorcerers didn't rely solely on physical attacks.

Ashe and the others complied with the restraints, having grown accustomed to such plot events—after all, it happened every ten days. Ashe now just wanted a “skip” button to fast-forward through the scene.

Ashe looked at Annan with resentment, only to find her looking back at him the same way.

“Young lady, didn't you plan everything out before you acted?” Ashe shook the spellforce lock on his wrist. “Was this part of your plan too?”

Annan replied, frustrated, “Plans can't keep up with changes.”

“Changes?”

Ashe looked up to see the blue-haired girl squatting in front of him.

“You're not that tall yourself,” she said, displeased. “Why are you acting all smug?”

Ashe blinked. “...I, I'm not acting smug.” Search* The novelFire.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The blue-haired girl then walked over to Harvey and examined him for a moment. “Your skin is so dark. Why is that? Do you like dissecting corpses outdoors?”

“When I couldn't afford to buy corpses, I worked at construction sites to earn money,” Harvey replied.

For some reason, Ashe felt a bad premonition. He exchanged a glance with Igor, and he could see the same intense unease in the Con Artist's eyes.

“Alright, dear guests, though it's a bit late, allow me to introduce myself.”

“My name is Yvaren Belldate, heir to the Belldate Consortium, ranked first on the Mephila Beauty Ranking, third on the National Outstanding Youth Ranking, and first on

the Mephila Charity Ranking... My personal resume is extensive; you can look it up at your leisure when you go back."

Belldate...

Belldate!?

"Yes, that's right. That Belldate."

Yvaren seemed to hear their inner thoughts, or perhaps their shock was plainly written on their faces. She winked with her left eye. "Yes, the 'bunch of dwarfs,' 'unworthy of inheriting the ancestor's legacy,' 'deserving of eternal rest' Belldate."

In the video, I didn't say dwarfs, did I? Ashe only dared to grumble inwardly, not daring to voice his complaints.

Yvaren stood on her tiptoes and spun around, then bowed to the prisoners:

"Welcome to Belldate's Mephila."

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

Chapter 373: A Day in the Life of the Sword Princess

Stars Kingdom.

"How about you? Do you miss me? Do you miss me so much that you cry under the covers at night? Do you like me the way I like you?"

"You can show off my infatuation as a trophy to other girls, tell them how cheap and shameless I am, and then hold that girl and say, 'Thank goodness I met you.'"

"Don't worry, I won't cry or make a scene, because I know—"

"I'm no longer your exception."

Miracle: Blood Moon Blossoms!

Countless threads sliced through the air, and blood bloomed like a curtain. The Red-Haired Sword Princess stood amidst the bloodied veil. Droplets of blood fell onto the girl's face, sliding down like tears.

“Cut! Perfect!”

The tense atmosphere on set instantly relaxed. Sonya exhaled deeply and sat down on a folding chair to rest. Her assistant immediately came over to wipe off the stage blood from her face and handed her a glass of lemon water. The illusion sorcerers and earth sorcerers in the crew quickly started reshaping the set according to the designs, the rumbling of shifting earth serving as the background music for the actors’ break.

“Miss Therave, that was an excellent performance.” The director approached, his six-eyed glasses hiding his gaze, but his words were filled with praise. “I initially thought that since you haven’t had formal acting training or much life experience, playing a role driven to madness by love would be challenging. But you got into character so quickly.”

“Although you still have some way to go compared to top performers, your acting will definitely impress the audience as a newcomer. You were the perfect choice for this role... By the way, are you experiencing unrequited love? Your portrayal felt incredibly genuine.”

“Haha,” Sonya gave a professional smile. “Of course not. I don’t plan on dating until I’ve graduated—”

Director: “I really enjoy writing characters who fall into twisted love, but there aren’t many performers who can pull it off. So I was wondering if I could count on you for similar roles in the future—”

“Actually, I have someone I’ve been pining for three years,” Sonya said, instantly adopting a sorrowful and self-pitying tone. “The reason I applied to Swordflower College and came to Galaxia was in the hope that one day I could stand before him. But when we finally met again, he was already my best friend’s fiancé...”

The director adjusted his six-eyed glasses. “Got it. I’ll make sure to call Miss Therave for auditions for similar roles in the future.”

“Thank you, Director~”

The assistant was left dumbstruck—wait, was what Sonya just said true or not?

“But I really troubled you this time, wasting so much of your spellforce because of my sudden idea.”

In the original script, Sonya’s character simply decapitated her former lover with a single stroke and then left with his head.

However, the footage of Sonya defeating the alchemist Tida with a single sword strike during the Social Gathering Tournament had spread widely. Her swordsmanship miracle, Blood Moon Blossoms, had caught the attention of many. The director decided

to modify the script on the fly, having her use Blood Moon Blossoms for the execution scene.

Sonya was, of course, very pleased to have a chance to show off more. But to achieve the best filming effect, she had already shot the scene nine times, to the point where her spellforce was nearly depleted, leaving her feeling a bit dizzy.

“Oh, it’s no trouble at all. As long as it’s for crafting a better piece of work, it’s all worth it. In comparison, I’m more concerned about whether this scene can be faithfully presented on the holographic screen,” Sonya said immediately. “Because it’s a bit gory, and I remember this show is intended for all ages...”

“Don’t worry about it,” the director said casually. “I’m the best at shooting bloody scenes in romance dramas. We can’t show everything, but just by displaying the edges of the scene, we can let the audience imagine an even more spectacular image than what we actually filmed. And with such a beautifully twisted scene, I’ll use all my connections to make sure they don’t cut it.”

“Even if it does require significant editing, your close-up shots won’t be cut, don’t worry.”

Sonya blinked. “Oh, was I that obvious?”

“Not too obvious, but actors who don’t care about their screen time are as rare as cats that don’t knock over cups.”

Just as if it had heard itself being mentioned, a small golden tabby cat poked its head out from under a fisherman’s hat. It was about the size of a palm, looking fluffy and plump. It lightly hopped into the director’s chest pocket, grabbed a gold coin from inside, and then returned to the hat.

“Ah!” Sonya’s eyes lit up. “Is that...”

“Yes, that’s a gold-eating beast,” the director said with a sigh. “It doesn’t like to be touched or teased. Apart from eating gold coins, it just causes trouble. Cute, right? I got it in exchange for my frayed nerves. I think the Virtual Realm is targeting me specifically, gifting a creature that’s the least likely to be quiet to someone who needs tranquility to create.”

Gold-eating beasts are native to the Time Continent but aren’t classified as knowledge creatures. In the Stars Kingdom, they are listed as ‘rare species.’ When a sorcerer encounters a rare species in the Virtual Realm, there’s a chance the rare species will attach to the sorcerer and be brought into reality by them.

Currently, there’s no evidence to suggest that rare species provide any benefits to sorcerers. However, generally speaking, sorcerers favored by rare species share three major traits: ① They are at least two-wings sorcerers; ② They have a kind heart and

can easily empathize with others; ③ They possess a naive and simple mindset. In other words, those favored by rare species are...

"You don't need to envy me," the director said. "Miss Therave, you might encounter a gold-eating beast that clings to you in the Virtual Realm one day."

"Haha, that's impossible," Sonya waved her hand dismissively. "I'm not of noble birth."

Being powerful, kind-hearted, and simple-minded—these are qualities only noble offspring are likely to fully possess. Ordinary people, no matter how capable, have to sacrifice one of these traits to survive. Under normal circumstances, ordinary people can't meet all three criteria. Being powerful aside, the latter two qualities require careful nurturing and are beautiful attributes to maintain.

"Since I don't have any more scenes today, I'll head out," Sonya said.

"Thank you for your hard work today," the director replied. "Are you heading back to school?"

"No, I'm going to Truth College to use their Time Training Room. I managed to book three hours of training time."

"You're so diligent!" the assistant beside her said admiringly. "You truly are a Swordflower—talented and hardworking. I can hardly even get myself to study most of the time... But for you geniuses, training must be a lot of fun, right?"

"Well~, " Sonya pretended to think, "it's not exactly fun. But I can clearly feel myself making progress bit by bit. It's like playing a game where every now and then, I see 'Experience Points +5' pop up above my head..."

"Sigh, geniuses really do live in a different world from ordinary people," the assistant sighed. "Miss Therave, it's no wonder you're so amazing."

"I won't keep you any longer," the director said, adjusting his six-eyed glasses. "Don't push yourself too hard—I don't just mean in acting."

Sonya blinked, but the director had already turned back to planning the next scene.

Having a kind heart and caring for others... truly enviable qualities.

Sonya chuckled to herself as the assistant led her to the side to change clothes, then to find a makeup artist for a quick removal of her stage makeup. Since this scene needed to highlight the character's devilish charm, her makeup wasn't thick but was particularly intricate. In other words, it was a hassle. Her eyebrows, in particular, needed to be cleaned strand by strand.

By the time Sonya left, the set had transformed into a forest scene, with the male and female leads filming a confrontation.

As the most prolific film and TV drama production base in Galaxia, these sets were highly versatile. With a bit of detail added by Earth sorcerers and illusion sorcerers, the set could be transformed into various real-world scenes. Not only did it look real on the Holographic Screen, but it was indistinguishable even in person—this was the power of Miracles.

As for the distant scenery, it was even easier. Using tools like the Camera Eye, illusion sorcerers could project real-world distant scenes directly onto the set, blending reality and illusion seamlessly. Whether it was a forest or a snowy landscape, or even an underwater lava scene, the filming base had several Camera Eyes permanently stationed.

It was only after arriving here that Sonya realized that the TV dramas she saw on the Holographic Screen were daily miracles woven into existence. Even if the crew members weren't sorcerers, they had to master sorcerer tools. For instance, the six-eyed glasses the director wore allowed him to watch six camera views simultaneously.

Watching the male and female leads under the spotlight, Sonya left the film base by car.

Since it was a half-hour drive to Galaxia's city center, Sonya kept herself busy by opening the Miracle wristband and reviewing the "Social Gathering Tournament Player Information."

The Social Gathering Tournament between colleges had concluded, and the College League was about to officially begin. The academy had already compiled information on the seed players that each college had sent to the tournament, detailing their performances.

Under the profiles of some strong players, Professor Trozan had even provided specific swordsmanship counter-strategies.

Senior sister Leoni had once joked with her, "The College League ends before it starts." While that was an exaggeration, the analysis indeed helped Sonya understand her strengths and weaknesses against different sect sorcerers. She could even estimate her ranking in the league—assuming she didn't make significant progress or hide any trump cards before then.

And this was just the analysis from Swordflower College. It was rumored that at Truth College, there was a professor from the Prophecy Sect who could deduce a player's true combat strength from available data and formulate targeted strategies. Truth College students often dominated their matches, thanks in large part to the Prophecy Sect's analytical prowess.

The College League might not end before it begins, but it certainly starts before it officially opens. Schools provide as much support as they can, and students must quickly absorb this knowledge to mitigate weaknesses and bolster strengths.

By the time Sonya felt her eyes getting tired from reading, the car had already arrived at Truth College.

Sonya got out and immediately noticed the White Tower not far away.

Since the “Starsfall” incident, the White Tower had stood tall in the center of Galaxia, and the stars had not fallen since. Though she couldn’t see it, Sonya knew that a Star Prayer was maintaining the balance of the stars from the top of the White Tower.

Truth College wasn’t open to the public, but this “public” didn’t include students from other universities—non-Truth College students could visit with valid credentials.

“Swordflower?”

“Red-Haired Sword Princess...”

Sonya’s recent surge in popularity and her legendary experiences had made her a well-known figure, even at Truth College. Many students recognized her as the rising ‘Sword Saint Seed.’ As she walked through the campus, numerous students noticed her. However, they didn’t approach her or engage in conversation; they simply nodded in acknowledgment. Sonya, maintaining her composure, responded with a gracious smile to each friendly or hostile look.

She arrived in front of a gray-white building, where two Gun Sword sorcerers stood guard. Although the Gun Sword Sect was still in its early stages, its impressive combat effectiveness and relatively low learning threshold (for both swordsmen and gun sorcerers) had already made it a standard for silver-armed sorcerers.

As she walked up the steps, one of the Gun Sword sorcerers raised a hand to stop her. “Apologies, but this area is off-limits to visitors. Non-students are not permitted to enter.”

“I’ve already booked the training room,” Sonya replied, a bit puzzled. “You should be able to see my reservation, right?”

The Gun Sword sorcerers in charge of security wore Miracle Goggles, which shared a database with the academy’s veil, providing immediate access to basic information about the students in front of them—very useful for catching rule-breakers. Thus, they could easily identify Sonya as a non-student, but they should also be able to see her reservation.

Moreover, this was Sonya’s third time visiting the Time Training Room. The previous two visits had been without incident; why was she being stopped now?

The Gun Sword sorcerer responded politely, “Apologies, but the academy has recently enhanced its security measures. Non-students entering important facilities must report to the management office. Please wait a moment.”

“Alright.”

Sonya stood there for several seconds, until a student walked past her and entered the Time Training Room. Suddenly, she realized what was happening.

“May I go in now?” she asked.

“Sorry, the management office hasn’t replied yet,” the Gun Sword sorcerer said. “Perhaps the staff is out. Please wait a bit longer.”

This flawless official rhetoric was the kind of nonsense only a Council Member drunk on three bottles of wine after a five-day bender could come up with.

Sonya instantly understood what she was facing—suppression from Truth College.

No, it wasn’t really suppression from Truth College itself. Such a colossal institution wouldn’t bother to target someone like Sonya directly. It was more likely the work of an administrative staff member in the admissions office. Because Sonya had recently declined an offer from Truth College, they were now exacting a small form of revenge.

Many of Truth College’s training facilities were the best, most advanced, and even unique. Other allied schools could use these Miracle facilities, such as the Time Training Room in front of Sonya, as long as they had approval from their professors.

The person enacting this revenge wasn’t openly bullying Sonya. They merely instructed the guards to intercept non-students and report their information to the management office for review, which was a procedurally sound requirement. Especially after the “Starsfall” incident, such heightened security measures were entirely reasonable.

Sonya could even predict the outcomes of various possible reactions:

1. Losing Her Temper: If she lost her temper and yelled at the two Gun Sword sorcerers, it would attract the attention of Truth College students. These students were likely already resentful of non-students using their training resources and would not sympathize with Sonya. They might even feel that it was about time someone addressed this issue.
1. Waiting: If she chose to wait, the Time Training Room schedules were typically fully booked. Even if she waited for three hours and was eventually allowed to enter, there wouldn’t be an available training room for her. More likely, after waiting for over two hours, the staff would ‘very apologetically’ return and approve her entry, making it difficult for her to even express her frustration.

1. Complaining on Forums: If she went to the school forums to criticize Truth College for discrimination, she wouldn't find much support except from members of the Stretch Paw Club. It would be akin to a noble girl complaining about being married off to a duke's son of equal standing; to ordinary students, Sonya complaining about being strong enough to be discriminated against by Truth College would seem more like bragging.
1. Reporting to Professor Trozan: If she complained to Professor Trozan, regardless of the outcome, today's training session would be ruined. Whether or not she would face similar issues in the future would depend on how much influence Trozan actually had.

However, the most likely scenario was that even if Sonya complained to others, they would merely think she was being 'paranoid,' 'making baseless accusations,' or 'overly self-important.'

After all, why would Truth College, with its vast resources and reputation, target a single student like you?

There's no smoke without fire. It takes two to tango...

But Sonya was very sure of her suspicion.

She was all too familiar with this feeling: when people followed all the rules, yet somehow managed to disgust, inconvenience, and cause you needless trouble and loss.

They knew you didn't have the means to fight back, so they acted without restraint.

Even if you stood your ground and didn't give in, at most, you would only reclaim your rightful benefits. There would be no compensation for you, and they would face no punishment.

This feeling of frustration and pain, like a fishbone stuck in your throat, unable to spit it out or swallow it, was something she and her mother had endured together since childhood.

The difference was that her mother had become increasingly numb over time, while Sonya had become increasingly angry.

In the sight of the two Gun Sword sorcerers, Sonya cleared her throat, tapped her Miracle wristband, and dialed a number.

"Hmm?" A lazy voice answered on the other end.

“Pro... Professor Trozan!” Sonya sobbed, crying out like a distressed maiden, “Please come to Truth College and save me!”

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

Chapter 374: Im Just a Bit Tired Lately

The two gun-sword sorcerers stared blankly at Sonya, who had just called for help and then immediately cut off the communication. The abrupt end was as if the heroine had accidentally been caught by the main villain.

“Uh, uh,” one of the gun-sword sorcerers hesitantly asked, “Miss Therave, what are you...?”

“Ah, it’s none of your business,” Sonya waved her hand dismissively. “You’re just doing your job, and I won’t blame you for that. But you’ve wasted two minutes of my time, and someone has to be held accountable. I’m just a student, so I don’t have the authority to demand an explanation from Truth College. That’s why I called my professor. Although Professor Trozan is just a low-level Sanctuary sorcerer, she still has some clout.”

“When the professor arrives, you should truthfully explain who instructed you to intercept me and who intends to restrict my passage. Although Professor Trozan has a bad temper, she won’t randomly harm people. Your lives won’t be in danger.”

The two gun-sword sorcerers glanced at each other, operated their Miracle wristbands, and then stepped aside. “The administration has approved your passage. Please go ahead.”

“No, no.” Sonya shook her head and waved her hands, doubly rejecting the sorcerers’ goodwill. “I’ve already called Professor Trozan for help, and I need to wait here to report the grievances I’ve endured. This trick can’t be used often, but since I’ve used it, I must make the most of it.”

“Don’t worry, I’m not blaming you. But I advise you not to be stubborn. Your salary isn’t worth the trouble of offending a Sanctuary sorcerer.”

“Miss Therave, please calm down and don’t be so angry. We will—”

“So you know I’m angry,” Sonya smiled. “Look, I’m this angry just because my time was wasted. Now guess how angry Professor Trozan will be when she finds out I tricked her into coming here and wasting her time? I’m her student, so she won’t take her anger out on me. Now, who do you think she’ll vent her anger on?”

Lies.

Sonya's relationship with Trozan wasn't that good, and Trozan hated being deceived. A scolding was inevitable when she got back.

But Trozan also cared a lot about her reputation. It was she who helped Sonya get access to the "Time Training Room." Now that Sonya was being blocked outside and had specifically called her over, Trozan, no matter how angry she might be, had to stand up for Sonya.

Even if Truth College had intercepted Sonya according to regulations, it wouldn't matter. As swordsmanship practitioners, they were not prophecy sorcerers; they believed in following their hearts and acting freely. When it was time to draw their swords, they would draw their swords!

Perhaps it was due to the mental connection among swordsmanship practitioners, but Sonya was very certain that Trozan would definitely stand by her side and would never bow down to Truth College.

Because Trozan's main focus wasn't the versatile Mental Sect,

nor the soft-yet-strong Water Sect,

but the ever-advancing Swordsmanship Sect!

If Trozan knew her student was in the right but didn't dare stand up for her, she could forget about advancing the Swordsmanship Sect to the legendary level in her lifetime!

Similarly, Sonya had a vague feeling that if she left quietly, swallowing her anger, her Swordsmanship Sect wouldn't progress to the Sanctuary level until she retaliated.

She suddenly had an epiphany: the cultivation of a spellcasting sect wasn't just limited to combat and training; it was closely related to the sorcerer's conduct, emotions, and way of thinking.

Sonya had met many swordsmanship practitioners. Whether they were sloppy or neat, lively or gloomy, they were all invariably strong-willed.

Even if they admitted defeat, their eyes were full of a determination that said, "Just you wait."

Speaking of which, when Sonya was choosing her spellcasting sect in her first year, she chose the Water Department because she felt that water sorcerers best matched her ideal image: low-key yet elegant, gentle yet strong, able to compromise yet firm in their principles.

If she were a water sorcerer, she might have found a better, more gentle way to defuse others' malice towards her.

But unfortunately, the Observer insisted she practice swordsmanship.

After experiencing time and again the feeling of defending her dignity with a sword, she could never go back to being that cautious village girl.

Even the Observer didn't dare let her be wronged, so why should she endure this indignity here?!

"Miss Therave, please don't say that. We've already reported your visit to the administration in time. This is a reasonable delay—"

"I'm sorry, but we swordsmanship practitioners are just that uncultured. You can explain these reasons to the Sanctuary sorcerer."

The gun-sword sorcerers knew they couldn't persuade Sonya any further. Soon, a young assistant hurried over. "Miss Therave—"

"Have I offended you?" Sonya interrupted him directly.

"Of course not—"

"Then why are you blocking me from going to the training room?"

"It's a misunderstanding." The young assistant said helplessly, "The school has recently tightened security measures—"

"Okay."

Sonya interrupted him again and summoned a spirit. "This is the 'Sincerity' spirit. When you lie in its presence, it changes color. Now, please repeat, is it really a misunderstanding?"

The young assistant's face changed, and he forced a smile. "It's rare for a swordsmanship practitioner to carry a Mental spirit..."

Sonya remained silent, staring coldly at him. The young assistant was silent for a moment, then sighed and said, "I'm just a small figure. Please don't make it hard for me, okay?"

"Okay, I won't make it hard for you."

Sonya looked up towards the sky, and everyone else followed suit. They saw a streak of sword light cutting through the blue sky and white clouds, heading towards them. When it landed, it transformed into a female swordsman with fluffy hair.

She glanced at Sonya. "I thought by the time I arrived, you'd either be completely naked or down to your underwear at most."

"Are you here to rescue me or to see me humiliated?"

"That's not a single-choice question." Trozan looked around. "I violated the Galaxia No-Fly Ordinance to rush here. You didn't call me just to give me a tour of Truth College, did you?"

"Here's the situation: these people tried to stop me from entering the Time Training Room. He asked me not to make things difficult for them, so I called you, Professor." Sonya spread her hands. "You were the one who helped me apply for the Time Training Room. By not letting me in, they're not slapping me in the face; they're slapping your heart-shaped butt!"

Trozan glared fiercely at her student, tugged at the hem of her coat, and turned to face the young assistant.

"Professor Trozan, Miss Therave, this really is just a misunderstanding—"

When Sonya once again summoned the "Sincerity" spirit, the young assistant hesitated for a moment and then fell silent.

"I was kidding. The 'Sincerity' spirit can't actually detect lies," Sonya said with a smile. "So, you can lie in front of a Sanctuary sorcerer without hesitation."

It was as if his spine had been removed. The young assistant lowered his head and sighed. "I promise this mistake won't happen again."

"Admitting fault just because I showed up? I'm not a spirit of apology; I don't have that ability," Trozan raised an eyebrow. "So, tell me, who exactly is targeting my student?"

"Professor, think about it. Have you offended anyone recently?"

Trozan thought for a moment and started counting on her fingers, "One, two, three, four, five..."

"Forget I asked," Sonya said as she stepped into the gray-white building. "I'll leave the rest to you, Professor. I'm going inside to train now. I've already wasted 15 minutes... Professor, I don't believe a single word of his promise. Can you guarantee that I won't encounter this kind of baseless malice again?"

“Are you the professor, or am I the professor? You want me to make promises to you?” Trozan snorted coldly.

Sonya shrugged and, as she turned to leave, heard Trozan say, “Next time, just call me over directly. No need to shout so dramatically.”

It’s settled.

Sonya knew that Professor Trozan would definitely blow this matter up, making it troublesome for everyone involved, even embarrassing Truth College.

And that was exactly the outcome she wanted.

I might be disgusted by you, but don’t think you’ll get away with it easily!

At worst, I’ll get a scolding from Professor Trozan when I get back, but you all will be losing your bonuses!

Entering the Time Training Room, she found it divided into strength, agility, and intelligence zones. Sonya had reserved the strength training room. As soon as she stepped inside, her heart started pounding violently. The suddenly increased gravity nearly made her fall to her knees.

The Level 1 Time Training Room accelerated time by 1.1 times and increased gravity by 1.1 times.

As the most sought-after training facility at Truth College, the Time Training Room’s effectiveness was indisputable. The 1.1-fold increase in gravity provided effective training for a sorcerer’s entire body, including internal organs, enhancing the efficiency of Physical Sect spirits by at least 25%. The 1.1-fold time acceleration didn’t speed up real time but rather the sorcerer’s cognitive time.

In Sonya’s perception, although her thoughts accelerated, her body did not change, and it even seemed slower due to the increased gravity. If she could maintain her training in this state, her body and even her soul would significantly strengthen, and her insight and reaction times would break through their limits.

The training room provided self-repairing armor effigies. After changing into her training clothes and taking out a wooden sword, Sonya began her Swordsmanship practice. But after just ten minutes, her breathing became irregular, and her posture started to deteriorate.

Compared to sorcerers who had been well-nourished and physically trained from a young age, Sonya’s foundation was indeed weak. Not to mention comparing herself to nobility like Felix and Engulite, even compared to Adelle and Lois, Sonya’s basic physical fitness was far inferior.

Having lacked adequate meat, eggs, and milk in her diet as a child, it was hard to make up for it later in life. The Observer's "Forced Training" had allowed Sonya to quickly catch up to the level of a formal swordsman, but it had also exhausted her body's potential.

Because ordinary training could no longer further strengthen her body, Sonya applied to use the Time Training Room. However, her body couldn't squeeze out any more potential, so she would soon hit her limit.

But Sonya was prepared for this.

"Sword Body" spirit!

A thin layer of sword light covered Sonya's skin, internal organs, tissues, and muscles. With even the slightest movement, she felt the sword light stabbing her all over.

As a combination of the Swordsmanship Sect and the Physical Sect, the "Sword Body" could generate sword light that a sorcerer could absorb. Once enough sword light was absorbed, the sorcerer could forge an exceptional Sword Body.

However, the Sword Body spirit had two major drawbacks: the efficiency of absorbing sword light was very low, and only by persisting in training when the sorcerer's entire body was exhausted could they slowly absorb the sword light to replace their body's potential. Additionally, when the sword light covered the body, every tiny movement caused the sword light to painfully prick the nerves.

Therefore, even among swordsmen, it was rare to use the "Sword Body" to enhance oneself unless they had a spirit that could make them immune to pain. Although Sonya didn't have a spirit to block pain, she had her own method.

"Forced Training"!

After so many days of Forced Training, Sonya realized that she could not only start Forced Training ahead of time to free up her evening training hours but also break the two-hour Forced Training into segments.

This meant she could train on her own until her body was exhausted and then trigger "Forced Training," allowing the Observer's power to drive her body to continue her deep training!

Just like now!

Her erratic breathing became steady, and her distorted movements corrected themselves. The stabbing pain of the sword light was suppressed into silent screams, and her physical exhaustion was sweated out drop by drop.

However, this full-power training mode naturally had its drawbacks.

The first thing that couldn't withstand it wasn't Sonya's body but herself.

When the pain and exhaustion were about to overwhelm her soul, Sonya immediately stopped training and activated the "Sincerity" spirit to significantly enhance her mental resistance, forcibly enduring the bone-deep fatigue and the pain in every limb!

Snap.

As soon as she exited the Forced Training state, Sonya collapsed to the ground, feeling as if she had melted like ice cream. Her clothes were so soaked it was as if she had just been pulled out of water, and her tear ducts worked harder than when she was born to wash her eyes-Sonya didn't know if she was crying from pain or exhaustion.

So tired, so painful, I can't do this, I want to die...

She suddenly remembered the conversation she had with the young assistant earlier and couldn't help but let out a bitter smile.

If only one could gain happiness from training, perhaps most geniuses are like that, but unfortunately, she wasn't. What drove her to work hard was never the joy found in training but...

After resting for a while, Sonya sat up and chugged down a large bottle of water, then gritted her teeth and stood up to continue training.

In the evening, when Sonya returned to the dormitory, she immediately collapsed onto the table.

Lois glanced at her, "Tired?"

"Yeah."

"If you're tired, go take a shower and sleep."

"No can do." The Stretch Paw Club President stretched and pulled out a few thick books. "I still have to read."

"Haven't you already read those Time Continent books?" Adelle poked her head out from her bed.

"Just reading them once doesn't mean I remember everything. There are lots of details that are easy to overlook." The village girl said seriously, "If I don't go over them a few more times now, it'll be troublesome if I can't recall them in the Virtual Realm."

Since she put it that way, neither Lois nor Adelle could stop her from being so diligent.

But as she continued reading, the village girl suddenly exclaimed, “Oh no, I almost forgot!”

“Did you forget to do your laundry?” Adelle asked, poking her head out again. “I forgot too—let’s do it together.”

“I have a voice audition in a couple of days, I need to practice my vocal cords now!”

“Acting, releasing singles, reading, training, preparing for the College League...” Lois counted on her fingers, “I haven’t seen you take a break lately. Aren’t you tired?”

“Is Sonya really this pitiful?” Adelle said. “Fine, I’ll help you with the laundry.”

“Tired, yes, but these are things I have to do.” Sonya raised her head, “I don’t want to regret not seizing these opportunities when I’m old.”

“I don’t think you’ll even get the chance to grow old,” Lois said. “I wouldn’t be surprised if you suddenly dropped dead one day.”

“Would the school waive all our papers and assignments to keep us quiet?” Adelle joked.

“Don’t worry, I take good care of myself. No need to worry about me.”

Sonya waved goodbye to her roommates with a smile, but she stopped just as she reached the dormitory door.

After a moment, she said, “I won’t be back tonight.”

Lois blinked, “Are you going to practice your voice all night? Are you training your throat or murdering it?”

“No.” Sonya shook her head, her eyes shining like stars. “My soul has fully recovered.”

With that, Sonya left the dormitory like the wind, leaving Lois and Adelle no chance to say anything.

“How did she recover so quickly?” Adelle wondered. “I heard that the soul recovery period for two-wings sorcerers is usually quite long... Could it be that Sonya was bitten by Lala Fatty, so her soul wound was shallow?”

“I thought she would take a break after dying in the virtual realm this time,” Lois sighed. “But she’s working even harder than before... Plus, she used to be able to rest and

sleep, but now that her soul has recovered, she's pushing herself both in reality and in the virtual realm."

Adelle nodded, "Every time I see Sonya working so hard, I feel guilty just lying around."

Lois rolled her eyes at her. "By the way, add me to Sonya's fan group... I'll help you guys with the management."

"Weren't you not interested before?"

"I'm still not interested, but... I might as well do something while I'm idle."

Meditation Building.

Touching the Gate of Truth, her consciousness sank into the virtual realm.

When Sonya opened her eyes, the familiar sight of Reverse Golden Rain filled her vision once again.

As always, she sat in the back seat of the sports car, with the Witch beside her and the Observer in the front seat.

"Hmm..." Ashe opened the virtual realm map, "Let me check how far we are from the Spider Tower area... Huh?"

Ashe turned his head to see the Sword Princess climbing over from the back seat, wrapping her arms around his neck and resting her head on his shoulder.

Ashe blinked, "Sword Princess, what's wrong?"

"Nothing, don't move, just let me stay like this for a while." Sonya took a deep breath, savoring the moment, her head gently rubbing against his shoulder. All the day's hardship, grievances, and pretense seemed to vanish.

"I'm just a bit tired lately."

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

Chapter 375: Are You Done?

What am I doing?

Sonya leaned against Ashe's shoulder, not daring to lift her head.

The village girl felt like a demon had just taken control of her body. She was completely dazed, and by the time she came to her senses, she was already leaning against the Observer's shoulder.

This was definitely not her intention! It must be because she hadn't been to the Virtual Realm for too long, causing her soul to be a bit hazy. Or perhaps it was the loud footsteps of the Celestial Bull, or maybe the blinding light of the Reverse Golden Rain!

What to do, what to do, what to do...

Can a Blade Fish Dragon come to the rescue? I promise I'll send you off in the highest style of Blood Moon Blossoms, making sure you die a glorious and heroic death!

If it were just the Observer, it wouldn't be so bad, but the problem was that the Witch was watching from behind!

She had clearly appeared in the back seat with the Witch, but she had deliberately moved to the front seat to hold... cling to... and lean on the Observer to rest. Sonya couldn't even imagine the expression on the Witch's face right now!

Their behavior in the Amnesia Cabin was already enough to make the Witch misunderstand, and now Sonya hadn't just failed to clear up the misunderstanding, she had lost any chance to explain herself!

She felt her face burning with embarrassment, so much so that she didn't dare to face anyone!

As she thought about it, Sonya couldn't help but blame the man in front of her-Little Trumpet, can't you tell that I really need help right now! Even though there's no verbal, facial, physical, or eye contact communication, can't you sense my inner turmoil?

Can't you just do something silly to break this awkward atmosphere?

She decided to give him a hint.

Sonya gently nudged his shoulder.

No response. Try again.

Another nudge, another nudge, another nudge...

Ashe watched Sonya continuously rubbing her head against his shoulder. He felt like his trench coat was about to get worn out. But this scene looked familiar; Lise would occasionally cling to him like this for a hug, acting just like a koala bear.

So, the sword Princess means...

Ashe blinked and gently hugged Sonya. But as soon as his hand touched her waist, Sonya jerked her head up like she had been electrocuted. Her face flushed with embarrassment, lips tightly pressed together, and her big, watery eyes glared at Ashe, as if saying, "How dare you be so bold."

Ashe immediately raised his hands in surrender. The village girl let out a soft humph and quickly moved to the farthest seat, treating Ashe like a used rag she was done with.

Nervously, she glanced back to find that the Witch had actually laid down in the back seat, facing the seatback as if she hadn't seen anything.

Witch, you're so considerate!

Though she knew it was self-deception, Sonya still let out a sigh of relief and said, "Witch, wake up, don't sleep!"

"Hmm?" Deya rubbed her eyes as she sat up. "Are you guys done?"

Boom!

Sonya felt like her head was about to burst with steam, and the little bit of composure she had managed to maintain was shattered by the Witch's question.

Ashe, however, remained calm. "Well, it's normal to want someone to talk to and rely on when you're stressed. Witch, do you want to be pampered? We have both a male mom and a female mom available."

"I'm not being pampered..." Sonya said, embarrassed, lowering her head with a voice as small as a mosquito's buzz.

"No, no," Deya waved her hand dismissively. "I already have someone to pamper me."

Despite wasting quite a bit of time, this little episode helped the three of them, who hadn't been together for nearly ten days, naturally and comfortably form a cohesive unit once more.

The sports car roared as it drove across the Time Continent.

There was so much information they needed to share that they didn't know where to start.

“According to the virtual realm map, we’ll reach the Spider Tower region when we enter the Virtual Realm tomorrow,” Ashe said. “Tonight, we can continue our adventure without worrying about a heroic soul commander suddenly charging at us with an army.”

“Luckily, you gave us the potion; otherwise, normal soul recovery would have been impossible,” Sonya said as she moved back to the rear seat. Although her face was still slightly red, her strong mental fortitude allowed her to participate in the conversation normally. “By the way, did you trigger the Conceptual Secret Toxin?”

“After you triggered it, I checked your data, and it has been triggered.”

“What is the Conceptual Secret Toxin?”

Ashe and Sonya exchanged a glance, then Ashe shook his head at Deya. “The Conceptual Secret Toxin currently only has side effects. It’s best if you don’t know about it.”

Secret toxins have two valuable aspects: the intelligence they provide and the positive enhancements they bring. Some toxins are worth sharing, such as the Vortex Secret Toxin for its informational value, and the Golden Fish Secret Toxin and Bronze Dragon Secret Toxin for their beneficial effects.

However, most toxins are not worth sharing, like the Conceptual Secret Toxin and the Expel Secret Toxin.

Yes, the Conceptual Secret Toxin does unveil the mysteries of the conceptual Incarnation, but what use is that to Ashe and the others? Does it get them a discount on fruit?

Though the side effects of the Conceptual Secret Toxin are bearable, why add another chronic condition unnecessarily?

Deya gave them a suspicious look. “Are you guys excluding me?”

This was exactly what Sonya feared most—if they all had the toxin, it was fine. If only she had it, that was manageable too. But if only two people were infected, it would be troublesome.

A combination like [sword Princess + Witch] was fine since the Observer would definitely trust their judgment; however, [sword Princess + Observer] would be problematic, as the Witch would have every reason to suspect those two.

Ashe shot a blaming look at Sonya—since it wasn’t a beneficial toxin, why mention it at all? Why not just keep it to herself instead of sharing unpleasant details with everyone?

Now, the Witch suspected that the unpleasantness might be something more intriguing. Should they let her dive in headfirst or pull her into the mess?

But Sonya had her reasons: "There was a 'Starsfall' incident on my end, and coincidentally, the Empress's heroic soul snatched the 'Incarnation of the Stars.' I suspect she might have directly crushed the 'Incarnation of the Stars,' which caused all related spirits to be annihilated... I thought you would all get infected with the Conceptual Secret Toxin after seeing the Starsfall."

"Starsfall incident?"

After Sonya briefly described the scene where stars nearly shattered the Firmament, Ashe and Deya exchanged glances and shook their heads. "We didn't encounter anything like that."

"Wait a minute." Deya seemed to be deep in thought. "Incarnation of the Stars, Starsfall, causing all related spirits to be annihilated, could it be..."

Ashe abruptly slammed on the brakes, causing the sports car to carve donut-like skid marks on the grass. Deya was thrown to one side by the inertia, and just as she steadied herself, Sonya grabbed her shoulders and shook her like a fruit drink being mixed!

"What, what, what are you guys doing?!"

Ashe asked, "What about the stars?"

Deya, dizzy from the shaking, replied, "Didn't they fall?"

Ashe started spinning the sports car in circles. "Not enough, sword Princess, keep shaking her!"

"Got it!"

"Aaaaah... ugh!" Deya was so nauseated from the spinning and shaking that she dry-heaved. Luckily, this was the Virtual Realm, and she couldn't throw up anything but secrets.

The Witch raised her head and saw the Observer and the sword Princess looking at her kindly. She quickly raised her hands to shield her face in surrender. "I forgot, I really forgot. I don't know anything about the stars, and I didn't see you hugging the Observer, sword Princess. I didn't see anything, I don't know anything, please let me go!"

Sonya cracked her knuckles, making a popping sound. "(* ^) Seems like there's still some residual memory..."

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

Chapter 376: Armored Sanctification

“Witch,” Ashe said seriously, “We’re not joking with you. If you get infected with the Secret Toxin, it won’t just harm you; our symptoms will worsen too. So, if you can avoid infection, please do.”

“Alright, let’s drop this topic. But to make sure the Witch doesn’t keep thinking about it, Sword Princess, go tickle her.”

“Understood.”

“No, don’t! I’m very ticklish! Stop it! Hahaha! Stop! Hahaha! Okay, okay, I have something to say too! I have something to say!”

Deya, with a flushed face, collapsed into Sonya’s arms, her shoulders trembling and her nose sniffing. It took her a while to catch her breath. “It’s about my relationship with the Gospel Incarnation...”

Ashe and the Sword Princess perked up.

Throughout this Adventure in the Amnesia Cabin, the biggest mystery wasn’t the true purpose of the Secret Incarnation or the Incarnation of the Stars, but rather the connection between the Witch operator and the Empress’s heroic soul. Why did the Gospel Incarnation, the Witch, the Witch’s grandmother, and the Basement Girl all share the same appearance template?

Even if the Witch’s appearance was indeed beautiful, it seemed unlikely that everyone would choose the same look. And what about genetic diversity? Did meiosis get killed off by mitosis?

Compared to a simple “love of beauty,” Ashe and the Sword Princess believed in another hypothesis: the Witch’s appearance was not a natural miracle of life but a result of deliberate interference by a sorcerer, allowing it to remain unchanged through generations or even dozens of generations.

“First of all, I don’t think I have any blood relation to the Gospel Incarnation,” Deya said. “Besides the fact that the Gospel Incarnation’s activities were at least a thousand years ago,

more importantly... let's not even discuss whether the Gospel Incarnation had the ability to reproduce, but she likely didn't have the opportunity."

Indeed.

Ashe and the others still remembered the dark history of the Empress's heroic soul in the Amnesia Cabin-though to her, it might have been a glorious achievement:

"Her disciples were slaughtered by you, her glory twisted and corrupted by you."

"You distorted her scriptures, destroyed her commandments, until no one in the world could hear her Gospel."

"You became her only disciple, and she became a deity belonging solely to you."

This also meant that the Gospel Incarnation had always been under the control of the Empress's heroic soul, trapped by the Empress's sterile love. Even if the Gospel Incarnation had the ability to reproduce, there was simply no opportunity for it to be utilized.

As for whether the Empress's heroic soul would use a sorcerer's Miracle to forcefully procreate with the Gospel Incarnation, Ashe and the others dismissed this idea.

Based on their actual interactions and the black history provided by the Cabin, the Empress's heroic soul was not the type to like children. Moreover, children would undoubtedly divert attention from their parents, which the Empress's heroic soul could never tolerate as they would be seen as rivals for attention. The Empress's heroic soul had even killed off all of the Gospel Incarnation's devoted disciples, so how could she allow a child to take away the Gospel Incarnation's love?

"As for why I look exactly like the Gospel Incarnation, it actually has to do with a Ritual Miracle," Deya said. "It's called Armored Sanctification."

"Armored Sanctification!?" Sonya exclaimed in surprise. "Do people really perform such a ritual?"

Ashe blinked. "You know about it?"

"I read about it in a book before. It's an ancient ritual that has been abandoned, a rumor passed down by other sorcerer predecessors from the Virtual Realm," Sonya explained. "In simple terms, mortals, in order to usurp the power of a deity, disguise themselves as the deity, follow the deity's principles, walk the deity's path, and replicate the deity's deeds... until the world sees the mortal and the deity as one. The mortal then becomes sanctified, sharing the deity's status. The 'armor' serves both to disguise the deity's appearance and to conceal the mortal's essence."

Ashe said, “That sounds like an impressive ritual. Why was it abandoned?”

Sonya retorted, “Have you ever seen a deity? The premise of Armored Sanctification is that you need to know the deity you are imitating very well. The sorcerer who recorded ‘Armored Sanctification’ noted that there might have been many beings known as ‘gods’ walking the earth in the past, which is why sorcerers attempted to usurp their powers...”

“Speaking of which,” Ashe suddenly said, “Did you know that when a spirit ascends to Five Wings, its essence of life is transformed into that of a deity?”

Deya nodded, while Sonya was stunned.

“Deity... a spirit condenses Five Wings and becomes a deity...” Sonya pondered. “So the essence of the Armored Sanctification ritual is—”

“Summoning a deity.”

Deya explained, “Just like the Summoning Ritual we use to call spirits, Armored Sanctification is essentially a sorcerer’s ritual to summon a deity.”

“But while a sorcerer can fully control ordinary spirits, a mortal’s soul cannot contain the vastness of a deity, nor can it wield a deity’s powers. Therefore, ‘Armored Sanctification’ is not just a summoning ritual but also an initiation ritual—when a mortal and a deity become one, the mortal can naturally harness the deity’s full powers.”

“This is also why I cannot possibly be a descendant of the Gospel Incarnation,” Deya continued. “The Gospel Incarnation, whom the Empress’s heroic soul was infatuated with, was actually a deity walking the earth.”

Ashe and Sonya were overwhelmed by this significant revelation. After a moment, Sonya suddenly snapped out of it, hugging Deya affectionately and asking, “So, Witch, are you actually performing ‘Armored Sanctification,’ trying to summon the Gospel Incarnation?”

Sonya’s eyes sparkled as if she wanted to worship the Witch. Although the village girl didn’t know exactly how powerful a Five Wings deity was, it had to be stronger than a four wings legendary sorcerer, right?

If the Witch successfully performed Armored Sanctification, their team’s average combat strength would rise to three wings: $(2+2+5)/3=3!$

The actual effect would be even more impressive. Forget the Time Continent, even if they reached the Third Layer of the Virtual Realm or the Distant Sky Domain, they could still thrive under the Witch’s protection!

This high-end combat power, two levels above, was like a college student solving basic education math problems!

Then, she could ride the Observer and charge ahead, living comfortably under the Witch's protection—life would be even better than reality!

"No, I accepted the Bronze Dragon's Trial and escaped my grandmother's control to resist the Armored Sanctification ritual."

So there really is no such good fortune in the world... Sonya sighed.

Ashe asked, "Is it because Armored Sanctification affects your personality?"

"Saying it 'affects personality' is a bit too naive," Deya replied with a bitter smile. "In fact, I don't know exactly what will happen... Have you ever heard of a fairy tale called 'The Wolf and the Sheep'?"

"There are too many similar tales. Just give us the conclusion," Ashe said.

"Alright." Deya seemed eager to tell the fairy tale, but was a bit disappointed when Ashe cut her off. "In short, my grandmother is like a wolf in sheep's clothing. Although she looks human, internally she has nothing human left. Instead, she is a combination of deity and humanity... a thinking set of rules."

Sonya was surprised. "Wait, you mean your grandmother successfully completed Armored Sanctification and became... a Mortal God?"

"You could also call her," Deya said, "the Gospel Incarnation."

Sonya said, "I remember the Amnesia Cabin mentioned that your grandmother wanted you to become a Mortal God, but you refused the Armoring Ritual. So, your current enemy is your grandmother, the previous Mortal God?"

"It's not that serious," Deya shrugged. "She's just a witch in a fairy tale who is destined to be defeated. Fortunately, I woke up early and have mostly escaped her control—I will eventually strike back!"

Seeing the Witch's forced optimism, the village girl felt defeated—she had lost the "who's had it worse" contest!

Someone actually had it worse than her!

She had a somewhat flawed childhood, but her life got back on track as an adult.

The Witch, however, was deceived by her grandmother in childhood, hunted by a deity as an adult, and even now couldn't rest easy.

Given this logic, their third operator was probably someone with a flawed childhood, bad adult relationships, and now a divorced woman plagued by disasters.

After the two finished their discussion, they turned their eyes to the man in the front seat.

“Observer,” Sonya asked casually, “do you have any intel to share with us from these past days?”

“My past days...”

Vamora, Senhaeser’s Dream, the white mist mutation, the Family Ranking, finally ending up in Belldate’s hands and being humiliated by Miss Yvaren in various ways...

Although there was a lot to say, due to Annan’s Pact of Secrecy, Ashe realized that the only thing he could actually boast about was leading the team to defeat the Extreme Cutting Carp Overlord Lord.

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

- Chapter 377: The Bewitchers Diary Copy

Chapter 377: The Bewitchers Diary Copy

Ashe suddenly remembered something, pulled over the car, and then a diary appeared in his hand.

“What’s this?”

“The Secret Toxin Diary.”

Ashe briefly explained the diary’s effects. Hearing that it could alleviate toxin symptoms, Sonya’s eyes lit up immediately. “Is there more? Get me one too!”

“Everyone will have one eventually.”

Because of the white mist anomaly during the “dream expedition” prize exchange, followed by being chased and slaughtered by a group of Red Hats, there was no time to rest. Ashe almost forgot about the Secret Toxin Diary for two days until now, when he opened it for the first time.

As for which toxin to record, Ashe had already decided—Vortex Secret Toxin!

They were no longer in the Sea of Knowledge, so the Vortex Secret Toxin was of no value to them. However, its symptoms were extremely annoying. If the Conceptual Secret Toxin occasionally made Ashe hate the world, the Vortex Secret Toxin made him hate water all the time.

Except for bathing, Ashe usually drank lemon tea or dark-colored drinks like toilet cleaner to avoid the ‘water aversion’ symptom of the Vortex Secret Toxin.

And there was another serious issue—saliva is also water!

His own saliva was tolerable, but touching someone else’s saliva would definitely trigger the Vortex Secret Toxin!

The Vortex Secret Toxin might not be the most dangerous, but it definitely had the most significant impact on quality of life!

After recording the Vortex Secret Toxin in the diary, Ashe said, “The promotion conditions for the diary’s spirit are strange. The diary copy needs to be read over 500 times to automatically promote... But a normal person who finds a copy, after reading the toxin details, probably wouldn’t read it a second time, right? They might even throw it away.”

Sonya nodded. “So, you need to write something that makes people keep the copy and check it often.”

“What should I write?”

Deya immediately answered, “Fairy tales!”

Sonya thought for a moment. “Interesting novels?”

“So, all of you are suggesting using literary works as bait?” Ashe said. “I happen to know a literary genre that everyone, regardless of age or gender, will enjoy. Even different races can’t resist the allure of these works.”

The Witch and the Sword Princess were intrigued. “What genre is that powerful?”

“Erotic literature.”

“What is erotic literature?” Deya asked curiously.

But soon, her face turned bright red, likely because the White Queen had just given her younger sister, the Secret Princess, a lesson in sexual education. She covered her face and said, “Observer, are you planning to write a story with you and the Sword Princess as the main characters—”

“No, no, no,” Ashe shook his head and waved his hands, doubly denying the idea. “You don’t understand, Witch. When writing this kind of fantasy literature, it’s crucial not to be too familiar with the subject to evoke a sense of longing. Just like romance authors often haven’t experienced romance themselves, I can’t write erotic literature about people I’m too familiar with. It would lose its appeal—and it would be disrespectful to the Sword Princess. I’m not that kind of person!”

Ashe spoke righteously, firmly stating he had no such intentions, not giving the Sword Princess a chance to get angry. After all, such thoughts could only remain in his head; writing them down would likely get him killed by the Sword Princess on the spot.

However, besides that, Ashe actually had many local themes he could write about, such as “The Infirmary in the Prison”, “Living with a Bewitcher”, “Picked Up by the Female Boss”, “The Elf Mother of the Female Boss”, and so on...

Just as Ashe’s thoughts flowed like a spring, Sonya suddenly said coldly:

“I don’t mind if you write about me or not, but I remember you’re supposed to be a reincarnated amnesiac, right?”

“Uh, yes.”

“After your amnesia, have you had any intimate experiences with other women?” Sonya stared at Ashe, her gaze sharp.

“...No.”

Sonya withdrew her gaze. “Without experience, how can you write that kind of passionate feeling?”

Although he felt slightly belittled, the Sword Princess was absolutely right, and Ashe found himself unable to refute it.

However, as a corporate slave, Ashe was best at rising to challenges, working himself to death, and outcompeting his peers!

“Then I’ll figure out a way to fill that knowledge gap in real life...”

Sonya placed a hand on Ashe’s shoulder, summoning a hazy, translucent One-Winged Spirit that looked like it would disappear after a single use.

“Observer, this is the Miracle Procedure ‘Heart Pen’ I got for you,” Sonya’s voice suddenly became exceptionally gentle. “The primary spirits are your Heart Sword and Sword Mark. Do you know how powerful it is in combat?”

“How powerful is it?”

“Wherever the Heart Pen passes, it leaves an ink mark,” Sonya lightly traced her finger across the back of Ashe’s neck. Despite the hood, Ashe felt goosebumps rise. “The ink mark never disappears, and anything that passes through it gets sliced. If combined with a Toxic Spell spirit, the wounds inflicted by the ink marks can even expand and become contaminated, causing the victim to die a gruesome death.”

“I spent 15 gold coins to buy this Miracle Procedure for you. Do you like it?”

Ashe nodded vigorously. “Yes, I like it very much. I’m completely satisfied. I think I mistook my urge to create for actual talent. I probably don’t have much skill in erotic literature. Sword Princess, why don’t you decide what I should write instead?”

Although he wasn’t sure why the Sword Princess was angry, her overly gentle demeanor was a clear sign. Plus, she had spent money to buy a Miracle Procedure for him. This was the first time an operator had ever made an in-game purchase for him.

Being pampered felt great, and since the Sword Princess had rewarded him, Ashe felt he had to show his appreciation so she could experience the joy of in-game purchases.

However, Sonya herself didn’t have any good ideas. At that moment, Deya suddenly said, “The White Queen suggested that, Observer, you simply write a diary in the notebook.”

“If other sorcerers find a copy, just being able to learn about another sorcerer’s life would be enough to keep them intrigued and coming back for more. Plus, Observer, you’re writing a diary—fairy tale villains love sneaking peeks at other people’s diaries.”

Ashe and Sonya thought about it and realized it was indeed a good idea. They had overcomplicated things—having the chance to peek into another sorcerer’s life was inherently appealing.

However, Ashe ran into a problem before he even started writing: “There are many things in reality that I can’t disclose for now, and in the Virtual Realm, there’s not much to write about besides the Sword Princess being affectionate with me. Others would definitely find it boring.”

“I said I wasn’t being affectionate!” Sonya bit her lip and retorted, then added, “While you might not have anything to write about now, you can write about past events.”

Of course!

Sonya’s words were a revelation to Ashe. He now realized that his adventures in Shattered Lake Prison were incredibly thrilling, and he had always wanted to share them. However, the Sword Princess had already heard his tales, and whenever he tried to boast to Lise in reality, Harvey and Igor would always interrupt him, so he never had the chance to recount his daring prison break.

The Secret Toxin Diary was the perfect excuse for him to relive those memories.

Since he had to explore the Virtual Realm with the Sword Princess and others later, Ashe quickly jotted down three lines in the diary before closing it.

“Year 1668, the city I lived in was rated the safest in the country.”

“I made an indelible contribution to this.”

“Because I was captured.”

First Layer of the Virtual Realm, Sea of Knowledge

“Spellforce grows so slowly...”

Freya lay on the small boat, staring idly at the white mist.

Thanks to the boat, the Bewitcher’s virtual realm exploration speed was two to three times faster than that of an average sorcerer. Despite this, after so many days, she had only managed to condense a single silver feather, still far from achieving the silver full-winged status.

If only she could encounter the legendary Whirlpool, Freya thought. To a silver sorcerer, there was no adventure more enviable than finding a Whirlpool. It could save months or even years of hard work in an instant. The time saved could even be spent having a child with Ashe.

Why did she suddenly think of that jerk? Freya wondered. Come to think of it, there was a time during a meal when she and Ashe discussed the Whirlpool. Ashe mentioned he knew how to find one, but that the secret was toxic. Back then, Freya wasn’t a sorcerer, and if she ended up living her life as an ordinary person, the secret would have been nothing more than poison, so Ashe didn’t reveal it.

Shortly after Ashe left, she summoned the “Echo” spirit and became a sorcerer.

Just a few days too late...

If she had become a sorcerer a bit earlier...

Maybe...

Freya patted her cheeks, banishing thoughts of the troublesome man from her mind. As she prepared to continue her exploration, she suddenly heard a ‘plop’ behind her, as if something had fallen into the water.

“Hmm?”

The Bewitcher turned around and saw a diary floating on the surface of the sea.

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

Chapter 378: Three Senior Sisters

“It’s going to release the Fish Light Dragon Poem in three seconds, move back three steps!”

Upon hearing this, Sonya and Deya immediately retreated. Three seconds later, the Raging Slashing Dragon unleashed a ring-shaped Water-Light Blade Edge. The sharp airflow narrowly swept past the operators, lifting their hair.

“It will be in a rigid state for three seconds next, then it will attack the first target in front of it. Sword Princess, I’ve already enhanced you, go finish it off!”

Miracle: Single-minded Devotion: Love Sword!

Ashe casually tossed a Love Sword to Sonya. Sonya felt her heart suddenly pound, and her whole body tingled, especially her waist, which felt like someone was hugging her. She gave Ashe a fierce glare and then, using all her strength, unleashed the Evil Light Rending Wave Slash at the Raging Slashing Dragon.

The Raging Slashing Dragon raised its steely tail and smashed it down towards Sonya with all its might. At this moment, the warm yellow sword body barrier firmly protected the village girl, almost shattering the dragon’s tail!

Perhaps it wasn’t completely broken, but Deya seized the opportunity to entangle its tail with the Water-born Thread and used the “Fast Forward” spirit to accelerate!

Under normal circumstances, the Raging Slashing Dragon would sense its tail being bound and immediately reduce its force to prevent damage, or even take the chance to withdraw its tail-despite its massive body, a mature Raging Slashing Dragon possesses surprisingly high agility and reflexes. However, due to the acceleration effect of the Fast Forward spirit, it couldn’t react in time, and its tail was effectively “murdered” by its own weight and inertia!

Great weapons don’t need human control; everything is a seamless flow of artistry.

Don't be fooled by Deya's mastery of the Fist-Claw Sect's derived 'Claw Line.' Her combat style is entirely different from that of the Sword Princess Observer. The Water-born Thread attacks multiple areas simultaneously, and coupled with the naturally high armor of knowledge creatures, even the sharpest Water-born Thread struggles to shred them into pieces. Most of the time, it looks vicious but is actually just a teasing-level scrape.

Her Water-born Thread is more of a trap than a weapon. When she sees the right moment for the monster to charge, she ensnares it with the thread and then accelerates the monster's movement with the Fast Forward spirit, using its weight and inertia to tear it apart.

Ashe's assessment of Deya as a control-based damage dealer is spot on. Although her control isn't about 'stunning' or 'blinding,' and it's even challenging to 'bind' knowledge creatures, the combination of the Fast Forward spirit and the Water-born Thread miracle allows her to disrupt the rhythm of knowledge creatures and deliver fatal blows when necessary.

When the Raging Slashing Dragon lost its tail, it ended up no different from a juvenile Blade Fish Dragon.

After dealing with this Overlord Raging Slashing Dragon, Sonya looked at Ashe. "How do you know so much about the Raging Slashing Dragon's attack patterns?"

While the Raging Slashing Dragon is the mature form of the Blade Fish Dragon, and Sonya could react correctly to the Blade Fish Dragon's attacks, predicting several seconds in advance like the Observer was impossible. Fortunately, the Raging Slashing Dragon couldn't understand human speech; otherwise, the Observer's loud strategy announcements would have triggered its rebellious instincts.

"I only know about the Raging Slashing Dragon," Ashe shrugged. "I've studied the Blade Fish Dragon series in detail over the past few days."

Leading the team through the Extreme Cutting Carp Overlord Lord wasn't a wasted effort. Now, as Ashe looked at the Raging Slashing Dragon, the original form of the Extreme Cutting Carp Overlord Lord, he knew its every move, even when it was about to relieve itself. The reason they could speedrun the Raging Slashing Dragon in three minutes was because Ashe had been wiped out by the Extreme Cutting Carp Overlord Lord three hundred times in reality.

"What about other knowledge creatures?"

"I only know about the Blade Fish Dragon series. You'll have to brief me on the others."

Sonya raised an eyebrow. "Hmph, always relying on me."

Deya raised her hand. "Excuse me, the Raging Slashing Dragon dropped two spirits. Do either of you need them?"

Ashe laughed. "Witch, why are you suddenly so polite?"

"Of course, it's because you two..." Deya saw Sonya's hand move to her sword hilt. Without needing a reminder from the White Queen, she quickly changed her tone. "You've made me realize I should get along well with my teammates, not be rude, and certainly not harm them."

Although it was a Raging Slashing Dragon, the spirits it dropped were somewhat distant from the Swords Sect, namely the two-wings spirits "Determination" and "Heart Connect."

"Determination" has some relation to the Swords Sect, while "Heart Connect" seems to be an Overlord Creature-derived spirit from the Raging Slashing Dragon. Compared to other Overlord Creatures, the Raging Slashing Dragon is notably better at rallying other group-dwelling creatures against sorcerers, using numbers to its advantage. If not for Ashe and his team taking the shameless route of occupying advantageous terrain and using poison gas to first eliminate the other group-dwelling creatures, this battle could have been much tougher.

"Determination"

"Two-wings Spirit" search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Restriction: The sorcerer must possess cognitive abilities."

"Basic Effect: Generates a period of determination, with duration proportional to spellforce consumption."

"Passive Effect: The willpower of the sorcerer becomes more resolute."

"Will is sharper than any blade."

"Heart Connect"

"Two-wings Spirit"

"Restriction: The sorcerer must possess cognitive abilities."

"Basic Effect: Establishes a link with a specific target, allowing all linked creatures to sense each other's emotions."

"Passive Effect: The sorcerer becomes more empathetic."

“There is no mutual understanding, only mutual compromise.”

Clearly, both of these spirits belong to the Mental Sect, and the effect of “Heart Connect” is somewhat similar to the Sword Princess’s mental miracle “Treat with Sincerity.”

It is quite common for miracles and spirits to have similar effects. For example, the famous healing miracle of the Fire Sect, “Baptism by Fire,” has essentially the same healing effect as the spirit “Hydrotherapy.” However, the former is a healing miracle that at least two-wings Fire Sect sorcerers can master, while the latter is a beginner’s perk for every Healer.

Attack, defense, healing, mobility, reconnaissance... Most spellcasting sects often excel in only one aspect. When a sect specializing in attack produces miracles that can also handle reconnaissance and healing, it showcases the sorcerer’s true capabilities.

After Ashe and Sonya both indicated they didn’t need the spirits, Deya said proactively, “Then I’ll take them-I need these two spirits.”

Deya paused, as if feeling there was no need to hide the truth, or perhaps she couldn’t resist the urge to show off, and added, “Actually, I’m taking them for my other sisters.”

“Hmm?”

“In both the Virtual Realm and reality, we only need one sister to control the body. What do you think the other idle sisters are doing?” Deya asked.

Ashe blinked. “Playing truth or dare? Beach volleyball? Dead or Alive?”

Sonya realized something. “They’re training as sorcerers?”

“It can’t be considered training, as sorcerer training must be linked to practice,” Deya explained. “But during their free time, they generally think about optimizing Miracles. The Miracles I use now were conceived by my sisters.”

Ashe and Sonya immediately grasped the terrifying aspect of the Witch—besides the Secret Princess, she also had the White Queen, Black Butler, and Scarlet Dead Apostles. This meant that there were at least three sorcerers constantly working on calculating and constructing Miracles behind the scenes!

Ordinary sorcerers typically spend their time improving their Sect Realm and summoning spirits, leaving very little time for Miracle training. This results in sorcerers having varying degrees of combat proficiency.

However, this is an inevitable trade-off—after all, the Sect Realm determines how much power a sorcerer can ‘possess,’ while Miracles represent how much of that power they can ‘utilize.’

Sorcerers often start focusing on Miracles only after hitting their Sect Realm ceiling, trying to maximize their existing resources, transitioning from ‘expansion’ to ‘conservation,’ from ‘extensive farming’ to ‘intensive cultivation.’ Banjeet is a typical example—he’s been stuck in the two-wings sorcerer range for so long that he’s mastered the Ice Spell Sect, handling defense, offense, mobility, and healing with ease.

Even if Banjeet conjured an ice house in the wild next time, Ashe and his team wouldn’t be surprised.

In a sense, most sorcerers initially walk the path of being ‘high-scoring but low-skilled.’

Ashe is a typical example—though he doesn’t score high, he’s equally low-skilled.

The ‘Heart Pen’ Miracle given to him by the sword Princess took him a lot of time to master. As for combining ‘Heart Pen’ with ‘Single-minded Devotion,’ ‘Rush,’ ‘Slash Me,’ and other Miracles into a tactical system, or even researching new Miracles based on these spirits... the sword Princess might be able to do it, but for a student like Ashe, who barely passes his core courses, completing such an elaborate graduation project is out of the question.

And this is where the Witch’s strength lies—she’s not studying alone; she has three senior sisters helping her with her homework!

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

Chapter 379: The Alchemy Throne

Quickly integrating spirits into the tactical system, researching miracles more suited to oneself, enhancing one’s strength, and then acquiring more spirits... Witches are typical adventurer sorcerers; a gradual approach does not suit them. Only by fighting can they leverage their advantages!

“Although my elder sisters can help me conceive miracles, their thinking relies on my mental energy. They can only engage in high-intensity thinking for up to eight hours a day; otherwise, it leads to physical fatigue.”

Deya said, “Mental energy can be simply divided into three types: thoughts, willpower, and emotions. Different types of mental energy have suitable uses. For example,

thoughts are best for thinking, while willpower is more suitable for self-enhancement. However, it's all mental energy. With this 'determination' spirit, I can generate determination for my sisters, allowing them to think for longer periods."

Ashe blinked—wait a minute, your sisters already work for you eight hours a day, and now with the determination spirit, they can work even longer?

Mom and Dad were right; there's a reason not to go into business with family and friends!

Who knew witches could be like this... Damn, when will my Substitute develop the wisdom to help me with creative work?

The physical labor capability of the Substitute is no longer enough to meet the ever-growing demand!

No wonder witches call them sisters. If my Substitute could help me construct miracles and think through the tactical system, I'd be willing to call him brother too!

While Ashe was frustrated with his Substitute, who seemed to be falling short, Deya successfully dominated two spirits. Although Lise's spellforce was sealed in reality, preventing her from activating spirits, as long as she could induce virtual realm resonance, it was still possible to activate the 'determination' spirit.

In fact, compared to the determination spirit, Deya cared more about the Heart Connect spirit.

Or rather, she needed the passive effect of the Heart Connect spirit: sorcerers would be more easily empathized with by others.

Not to mention this effect can effectively increase Lise's popularity, Deya herself desperately needs it too—maybe it's because she has a younger sister now, or perhaps it's due to the near-death experience on the night of the white mist mutation. Deya noticed that the White Queen and the others were less accommodating and more strict with her. These days, she had to participate in Miracle construction work as well.

Lise getting Ashe's affection was already too much; she couldn't let Lise steal the White Queen's favor too!

White Queen: "You're thinking so loudly that we can all hear you..."

Black Butler: "To be lazy, you're even willing to compete with a young girl for affection. How low can you go?"

Deya: "I was just thinking out loud, can't I even do that now? Don't I have the freedom to think? You're all targeting me! You don't love me anymore!"

Black Butler: “Really? Isn’t it because you want to be lazy?”

“No!”

“Then say, sisters don’t deceive sisters.”

“I’m angry, and I won’t get better unless you comfort me!”

“Then say, sisters don’t deceive sisters.”

“White Queen, look, the Black Butler is still targeting me!”

“You’re not even willing to say that!”

“Black Butler, calm down,” Scarlet Dead Apostles mediated, “Deya just wants to continue being our sister. What’s wrong with that?”

Deya huffed. She didn’t care about her sisters’ teasing because this was an open strategy. The sisters would definitely give in—although theoretically, empathy should result in mutual concessions, Deya was the most willful sister, so they could only accommodate her.

Because Deya was the most willful sister, she still hoped her sisters could understand her feelings and believe in her once again.

After Ashe had looted the resource point, he reached out to stop Sonya and Deya from getting into the car.

“Wait a moment.”

Sonya was slightly startled and suddenly looked back at the mine: “Oh right, this is a gemstone mine, which means...”

“We’ve finally gathered all the materials!” Ashe opened the upgrade blueprint for the sports car. “Upgrade, Alchemy Throne!”

The sports car seats began to split, reassemble, and transform. In no time, the ordinary leather seats turned into dazzling rose gold seats. At the top of the seats, a single drop of golden blood appeared, surrounded by Reverse Golden Rain, which seemed to be attracted to it, forming a golden ribbon connecting to the blood drop atop the seats!

“Alchemy Throne – Level 1: Increases the absorption rate of golden spellforce by 30%.”

Ashe used up all the essence he currently had, upgrading the Alchemy Throne to Level 4. The only change in the sports car was that the top of the seats now had four drops of golden blood.

“Alchemy Throne – Level 4: Increases the absorption rate of golden spellforce by 60%. Next level requires Gem Essence, Crystal Essence, Mercury Essence, Wood Essence, Ore Essence, Golden Essence: 600 each.”

As the most important accessory of the sports car, the Alchemy Throne required a vast variety of essences, with gemstone mines being especially rare. After twenty days on the Time Continent, with the Celestial Bull making two rounds, Ashe finally activated the accelerated training mode.

But it was all worth it. The initial boost was 30%, with a 10% increase per level, and the sports car accessory could be upgraded to Level 18, providing a 210% boost!

Although there was still a long way to go to reach Level 18, let's not forget that Ashe's resource-gathering pace was slow mainly because he didn't have a map.

There are several rare resource points in the Star Shrine Area. As long as Ashe looted them one by one, the Alchemy Throne would soon be upgraded!

When the sorcerers sat in the sports car, they immediately felt the difference between a luxury sports car and an in-game purchase sports car—the golden spellforce was pouring in!

With a 60% boost, it was directly half more than before. Sensitive skin could feel the difference, and everyone loved it!

Just as the sorcerers were enjoying the influx of spellforce, the driver suddenly slammed on the brakes.

“There are some Thousand-feathered Drakes ahead.” Ashe's words instantly made the operators tense.

As large knowledge creatures, Thousand-feathered Drakes usually appeared alone in the wild. If they gathered in groups, there was only one possibility—they were the companion units of a heroic soul legion!

There was an unknown heroic soul legion ahead!

Although it was still far away, Sonya instinctively lowered her voice: “Are you sure this isn't the Spider Tower area?”

“I can only say that the white bull needs at least another day to reach the Amnesia Cabin.”

Actually, it's not surprising. The Time Continent is full of heroic soul commanders, and normal sorcerers can encounter them just by walking, not to mention when they are driving.

The surrounding area was open terrain, and the pressure from the Empress's heroic soul was too great. Therefore, Ashe and the others didn't dare to act boldly and planned to sneak past from the side.

As Ashe approached, the virtual realm map refreshed with an area marked "Worth Visiting"—right in the area surrounded by the companion units!

Did the virtual realm map rename itself to the "Treacherous Map"? It actually suggested that a few guerrillas like them walk into the regular army's encirclement?

But upon closer inspection, Ashe realized there were already people in that area—there were two yellow markers just like theirs!

This meant there were two sorcerers inside!

In addition to the two sorcerers, there was a red marker representing a knowledge creature and a black marker representing an "Unknown Entity." Since the Time Continent's unknown entities are either sorcerer projections or heroic soul commanders, then...

"Are there actually sorcerers trying to kill a heroic soul commander?" Ashe said in shock. "Are they crazy?"

Sonya reached out and patted Ashe's head. "I won't allow you to insult yourself like that."

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

Chapter 380: Unfortunately, You Encountered Us

This wasn't the first time Ashe and his group encountered other sorcerers in the virtual realm.

Although the probability of meeting other sorcerers on the Time Continent is low, Ashe and his team drive fast, and Ashe's virtual realm map can observe the surrounding 24 squares. Therefore, several times they could see the yellow markers representing other sorcerers on the map.

Without exception, Ashe and his team always chose to stay away from unfamiliar sorcerers, never engaging in a “fellow countrymen, shoot each other in the back” scenario.

First, other sorcerers have no communication value.

This is easy to understand. They are all two-wings sorcerers and mere passersby. Even if both parties feel safe to confide secrets because of the “we will never meet again” factor, what can different sorcerers communicate about? Exchange Secret Toxins to infect each other?

Second, other sorcerers have no assassination value.

Unless it's a special institution like the Happy Peace Firm, which offers “chasing from reality to the virtual realm” services, there is no interest conflict between sorcerers. After all, the virtual realm is so vast that there's no situation where one sorcerer's gain means another's loss. Sorcerers have developed the virtual realm for thousands or even tens of thousands of years, and instead of exhausting it, they have enriched it more and more.

More importantly, there is no benefit in murdering a living sorcerer.

In the virtual realm, the value of a living sorcerer consists of three things: the soul, the spirit, and information.

You can't know which sorcerer you will encounter, nor whether they have the information you need, so information won't be a motive for murder;

Spirits do have value to be seized. If there were a way to completely annihilate a sorcerer's soul in the virtual realm, it could indeed capture all their spirits. But there's a problem: a sorcerer only needs a thought to obliterate all their own spirits.

Not only in the virtual realm, but even in reality, cases of robbing spirits are very rare, unless the spirits are stored in containers like Glowing Spheres.

Even Shattered Lake Prison can't strip criminals of their spirits; at most, it can seal their spellforce.

Additionally, you never know which sorcerer you might encounter, so how can you be sure they have the spirits you need?

If someone really committed virtual realm assassination of other sorcerers, the only possible motive would be coveting their souls. This isn't uncommon; it's said that many rituals require souls as sacrificial offerings. Moreover, even if there existed a miracle where killing another sorcerer and devouring their soul would yield Experience Points, it would be a typical storyline in the sorcerer world.

However, Ashe and his group didn't possess such "fourth calamity"-level abilities. Naturally, they wouldn't murder other sorcerers for profit. At most, they might kill a passing sorcerer for amusement, letting the unfortunate soul experience the world's disparity and the unpredictability of fate, anonymously generating negative energy.

But tonight, it seemed they might make an exception.

"This is the Death Arena."

As the sports car approached the "Worth Visiting" area from the other side, a magnificent circular arena appeared before the three of them. Sonya recognized the building at a glance and couldn't help but speak with some excitement, "My professor once triggered this special structure-it's the most favored virtual realm building for battle sorcerers, bar none!"

With the village girl's introduction, Ashe and the others realized that this building held a status in the hearts of two-wings sorcerers comparable to the "Whirlpool."

The Death Arena has three major features: after each battle, a sorcerer's spellforce is fully restored; a sorcerer will only encounter an equal number of enemies; and only by winning a certain number of consecutive battles can a sorcerer leave.

Winning three consecutive battles allows a sorcerer to gain the highest sect experience in their current realm, roughly an Experience Orb.

Winning five consecutive battles grants experience equivalent to two Experience Orbs.

Winning ten consecutive battles grants experience equivalent to five Experience Orbs!

Even if a sorcerer can't win, they can surrender in time, but the price is that the arena will drain their vitality, spirit, and essence before ejecting them from the virtual realm, effectively ending their virtual realm exploration for the night.

Although two-wings battle sorcerers can generally defeat knowledge creatures, unlike silver sorcerers who might perish against a Blade Fish Dragon, sorcerers like Ashe who kill monsters, set fires, and wipe out clans daily are rare. Most sorcerers would be content to kill one knowledge creature and harvest one spirit per day.

Even on the Time Continent, Experience Orbs remain a precious resource.

Most sorcerers only have one way to advance their sect realm: intense study while they're still young. Although some people may get smarter with age, it's normal for learning ability to peak in youth. If a sorcerer can't elevate their spellcasting sect to the Sanctuary level before they turn fifty, it's likely they never will.

Therefore, buildings like the Death Arena, which can reliably provide a large amount of sect experience without much risk, are naturally very attractive. In the book “The Top Ten Tourist Destinations on the Time Continent” that Sonya read, the Death Arena was ranked second!

However, Ashe and the others were more interested in another aspect of the arena’s mechanics.

“Why are there two sorcerers fighting a heroic soul commander and a Thousand-feathered Drakes in a melee?”

Sonya shook her head. “I don’t think it’s a melee—it should be the two sorcerers fighting against the heroic soul and its minion.”

“Because most of the time, the Death Arena is empty. But when a sorcerer enters, the arena has to arrange an opponent. So, the arena usually temporarily grabs a combatant from outside.”

“By the way, since sorcerers don’t belong to virtual realm creatures, the arena can’t capture sorcerers. If a sorcerer enters the arena voluntarily, the arena will most likely pull in a sorcerer projection to fight them, followed by knowledge creatures.”

“But if another sorcerer enters the arena, it will immediately arrange for the two sorcerers to duel, as it seems to prioritize sorcerer versus sorcerer battles.”

Ashe suddenly asked, “If a sorcerer kills knowledge creatures and sorcerer projections in the arena, then...?”

“They’ll drop loot just the same,” Sonya said. “That’s another reason the arena is so appealing—sorcerers don’t have to waste time searching for enemies; the arena will bring them in.”

Deya realized, looking up at the arena obscured by the Rain Curtain, “So, the two sorcerers inside are using the arena’s mechanism to trap and kill the heroic soul commander!”

The arena prioritizes capturing sorcerer projections, and a heroic soul commander is essentially a powerful, modified version of a sorcerer projection.

As long as they can lure the heroic soul legion near the Arena, the sorcerers can then enter the Arena, and the Arena will most likely pull the heroic soul commander inside to fight!

“Wait,” Ashe pointed out a problem. “Can the Arena accommodate teams? Why aren’t those two sorcerers being forced into an internal battle first?”

“Those two sorcerers must know each other,” Sonya speculated. “They might have used some method to make the Arena consider them as being on the same side, so the Arena brought in the heroic soul commander and his minions for them.”

“Why would they want to team up...” Deya began to ask, but the White Queen and the others already knew the answer.

Not to mention the combat synergy between the two sorcerers, the most important thing is that this way, the “unknown sorcerers” don’t have to worry about other sorcerers interrupting their battle!

As mentioned earlier, once a sorcerer enters the Arena, the Arena will prioritize arranging an internal battle between sorcerers. Now that these two sorcerers have teamed up, in this scenario, only another team of two sorcerers will be forced to fight them!

But where in the Virtual Realm are there that many sorcerer teams?

“A brilliant strategy,” Ashe marveled. “Using the Arena’s mechanism to capture the heroic soul commander, effectively nullifying the heroic soul legion’s numerical advantage. And because of the surrender mechanism, even if they fail, they won’t suffer any losses... I see, this is the proper method for sorcerers to kill a heroic soul commander. In front of the heroic soul legion, sorcerers are the weaker party, but in the Virtual Realm, the heroic soul commander is the weaker one!”

Deya added, “But isn’t it too coincidental? Two sorcerers who know each other just happen to meet in the Virtual Realm, just happen to encounter a heroic soul legion, and there’s conveniently an Arena nearby...”

“It’s precisely because of so many coincidences that sorcerers killing a heroic soul commander is considered an impossible Miracle,” Sonya said with admiration. “Before, I wasn’t sure, but now I am certain that in the past, sorcerers have indeed used Virtual Realm buildings to kill commanders. A sorcerer’s greatest weapon is not their spirit, not their spellforce, not even Miracles, but ‘spells’-the art of utilizing the Truth of all things!”

Although Ashe and his team defeated the heroic soul legion through sheer “hard power”—at least without any help from the Virtual Realm—they did not underestimate other sorcerers because of it.

On the contrary, seeing the commander about to be trapped and killed by their peers in the Arena, they felt sincere admiration.

Even though they had never met, Ashe did not hold back his praise for these two unknown sorcerers: strength, luck, strategy, decisiveness... they possessed all the excellent qualities needed to become legendary sorcerers. If they succeeded in killing the commander, given time, they would undoubtedly become legendary sorcerers.

What a pity.

They encountered the three of them.

“Sword Princess, is there a way to snatch the commander?” Ashe asked.

Sonya looked at Ashe, her lips curling into a slight smile. She suddenly patted Ashe on the shoulder with a grin. “Of course there is!”

What a pair of conniving partners... the Witch sisters thought to themselves.

Normally, Ashe and his team had no need to attack other sorcerers, but this was not a normal situation: it involved the loot from a commander!

Not to mention the commander’s handbook and soul summoning spirit, just for the map in the commander’s possession, Ashe had to intervene!

Typically, killing a commander would drop a map. While maps are almost meaningless to ordinary sorcerers, Ashe’s “virtual realm map” could directly incorporate other maps and provide navigation. By killing all the faction commanders once and piecing together the map of the Time Continent, the Time Continent would become Ashe’s playground, where he could freely plunder resource points and experience Virtual Realm buildings.

A nightly visit to Miracle Wonderland to get free spirits, a warm-up at the Arena, and then a relaxing read at the Legendary Library... it would be so enjoyable that he wouldn’t even want to go to the Third Layer of the Virtual Realm. S

Moreover, Ashe hadn’t forgotten about the countdown to the Empress’s heroic soul’s hunt.

If they happened to obtain the Spider Tower map, their chances of survival would at least double—if nothing else, just by running continuously on level roads without encountering complex terrains like forests or swamps, they could shake off the heroic soul legion!

For the sake of future resources and the current crisis, Ashe silently apologized to the two sorcerers—this project you did very well, please rest well, I will help you finish it off!

As for Sonya, she wasn’t thinking that far ahead. She simply enjoyed plundering others’ gains and liked doing mischief with the Observer. The overlap of these two pleasures naturally made her excited: “It’s simple, since there are three of us, we can send two people in as a team first, then the Arena will arrange a 2v2 duel with four sorcerers.”

“At this point, the commander should be pushed out of the Arena, and then the third person enters the Arena immediately. The Arena will prioritize pulling the commander back in for a 1v1 duel with the third person!”

“Just like them, we only need to use the Arena’s mechanism to easily snatch their hard-earned rewards,” Sonya said, clasping her hands together in a pious prayer. “I hope they have already exhausted the commander’s soul power.”

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