

Sorcerer's Handbook

- Chapter 501: Sleeping Beauty

Boom!

The grand doors of the Court Banquet hall were blasted open as a wet and battered motorcycle skidded inside. The guests quickly stood and moved out of its way, watching as this war-worn vehicle clattered to a halt under the steps of the throne, smashing into the staircase and ending in pieces.

Through the Rain Curtain walked in an attendant, covered in blood and holding a long sword. The attendant's garb, designed as a tailcoat, now looked like a dark red trench coat soaked in blood, though nobody knew whose blood it was. A mask covered his face, revealing only his eyes, leaving his expression unreadable.

Ashpel.

A single name echoed in everyone's minds.

The Saint of fifty years.

The guardian of Nabistin.

The ruler of the Gospel.

The savior who sheltered all beings, the emperor of utmost kindness and benevolence.

But not everyone was content to simply watch the scene unfold. Yvaren, Anfel, and Qenna all wanted to speak up. However, a slight raise of the Empress's hand silenced them all, as if their right to speak had been revoked. They could only watch in silence as the era changed and the New Empress was born.

And then, the sun would rise as usual tomorrow.

But his steps grew faster and faster, as if he couldn't wait to reclaim the crown. Finally, he unfurled his golden and silver Twin Wings and flew forward.

He raised his long sword, like a bright arc cutting through the sky, like a meteor streaking across the moon!

Clang!

The sword pierced the veil, stopping just before her neck. The tip of the blade cut the skin, drawing a single drop of crystalline blood.

"My blood is red too," the Empress explained, as if reading the doubt in his heart. The two secret guards stood quietly on either side of the throne, seemingly indifferent to what was happening or to who was seated on the throne.

He looked at the Empress, his eyes filled with complex emotions.

"Why don't you strike?" the Empress asked. "Anger, resentment, fear, despair-a black sea storming in your heart. Why not unleash it? I am right in front of you; why not fill the void in your heart with my death?"

"Do you hate me? Yes."

"Do you want to kill me? Yes."

"Are you afraid? No."

"Then why is it?"

The Empress seemed to be smiling. "Because you pity me."

He remained silent.

"You know the process for the birth of each Empress: A girl who is the purest, most innocent, kindest, and most beautiful reaches adulthood, and then she takes control of the Gospel, caring for this land for fifty years until the next Empress takes over," the Empress said. "You know Raypel wasn't wrong; Raypel was just ensuring the future of the nation. Those pursuers weren't wrong either; they were just eliminating noise that could affect countless people's happiness. The Gospel wasn't wrong; it simply Weaves the best possible future out of infinite possibilities."

"Even those two to be executed weren't wrong, as they haven't committed any wrong yet."

"But the Gospel won't give them the chance to."

Ashe finally spoke, "The story shouldn't be like this."

"Reality isn't a fairy tale," the Empress said. "This is how it has to be."

"But still, it's good to see you in person."

"Hmm?"

"You are indeed the chosen one of the Gospel," the Empress said. "You will become the purest, most honest, and kindest Yisuo."

At that moment, the Empress stepped forward.

Gracefully, she pressed her neck into Ashe's long sword.

Facing Ashe's horrified eyes, the Empress playfully winked. In the final moments of her life, she seemed to recapture her innocence from fifty years ago.

"Every new beginning must have its closing act."

"Thank you, Ashe. My apologies, Ashpel."

Ashe watched as the Empress's body disintegrated like wind-blown sand, leaving him momentarily dazed-unlike him, this Empress didn't even have her true name known.

But he had no time for sorrow. With the passing of the previous host, the ownership of the deity's power completely transferred.

Boom!

Ashe swayed slightly, as if feeling cold from being in the rain for too long.

He took two steps forward, grasped the handle, and slowly sat on the throne.

Everyone instinctively knelt, including the secret guards on either side of the throne. The storm outside seemed to calm at that moment, as if the world itself was welcoming the return of the ruler.

Ashpel slowly opened his eyes.

On the bridge outside the parking lot lay many severely injured ones from the Sanctuary.

Under the bridge flowed a river. The rain was torrential, the current rapid, fish swimming frantically. As the waves crashed against the banks, the fish, shrimp, and crabs exerted all their strength to push a foreign invader, an object not belonging to the river, onto the water play platform.

A little girl lay on the wet stone surface, her hair clean and shiny black. It hurt, Deya thought, so now it was her turn to take the stage. A sister's pain could only be borne by her.

But soon the pain faded as her body temperature rapidly decreased, robbing her of consciousness. A strong sense of drowsiness numbed her nerves. She couldn't think of anything but to close her eyes quickly and never to wake up again.

Unless it was Ashe who woke her with a kiss.

Ashe.

Deya opened her eyes, and a colossal figure suddenly appeared in her view.

It had four beautiful sharp horns, shimmering bronze scales, and a mouth full of fearsome yet neatly aligned fangs. Its eyes were as large as half a mirror, and Deya could even see herself in its pupils...

It was the Bronze Dragon.

It looked at Deya quietly. Deya, drawing strength from somewhere, asked, "Is the Trial over?"

It nodded.

The Bronze Dragon's Trial was simple, consisting of a single curse and a condition: The curse was that she would lose her past identity, be transported elsewhere, transformed into a child, and her spellforce sealed. The condition for the Trial was to successfully live until the death of the current Empress Yisuo.

This Trial was undeniably tailored for Deya: The Bronze Dragon helped her escape the Tower, conceal her identity, and even alter her appearance. As long as Empress Yisuo lived, there was a risk of her being captured and subjected to Armored Sanctification.

The end of the Trial meant that Deya could restore her original body and start a fresh, beautiful new life, but she felt no joy at that moment.

Because the death of Empress Yisuo signified the ascent of the New Empress, Ashpel.

The Bronze Dragon gently touched Deya, and as the raindrops pattered crisply against her, Deya realized her body was reverting to its adult form-albeit halfway.

But it didn't matter; she could finally use her spellforce in the real world.

Reverse Day.

Deya cast the 'Reverse Day' spirit on herself, her body fully reverting to a day previously-to little Lise's state, even wearing the same dress.

Hey? Wait a minute? The 'Reverse Day' spirit is an instantaneous reversal, and doesn't negate this form, so am I going to stay a little girl forever?

But, oh well.

This is fine too.

Deya looked up at the Bronze Dragon. "Even though I never expected your blessing, it seems typical of you, being so mischievous, to grant me a perfectly timed bit of mockery, doesn't it?"

Surprisingly, it nodded.

As the four sharp horns emitted a faint glow, Deya felt her soul become more solid.

"Blessing of the Bronze Dragon: Your mental resistance increases by 13%, and your soul's adaptability to all sects' deities increases by 13%."

By the time Deya fully understood the blessing's effects, the Bronze Dragon had vanished.

She almost felt like laughing. She had undergone the Bronze Dragon's Trial to escape her fate, but in completing it, she found she had to embrace her fate willingly.

It was as if nothing had changed, yet everything had.

Looking fifty years ahead, she could foresee her with an entry: Bronze Dragons are supreme jerks!

She crouched on the water play platform, staring at her blurry reflection in the river.

"Lise, elder sister," Deya called softly, "I need you now."

Little Witch: "Huh?"

White Queen: "She's not calling for you."

Little Witch: "But I am Lise."

Black Butler: "You are the second-generation Lise. Deya is calling for the first generation."

Little Witch: "There's more than one Lise!?"

White Queen: "Have you forgotten? 'Lise' refers to the sister responsible for real-world activities. Before you were born, there was of course another Lise."

The Little Witch was stunned for a moment, then remembered that she, Lise Deya, was a sister born after escaping the Tower, meaning that during the time in the Tower, there had indeed been another 'Lise'.

So, who was this 'Lise'?

Secret Princess was in charge of Virtual Realm activities, while White Queen, Black Butler, and Scarlet Dead Apostles could all serve as 'Lise.' Yet, now, even the Little Witch understood that during their time in the Tower, the 'Lise' responsible for real-world activities was the sister described as the "purest, most innocent, kindest, and most beautiful princess."

Even though the Little Witch loved everyone dearly, she had to admit that among them, there wasn't a single person who perfectly met those conditions. Compared to her sisters, Dad might even be a better fit.

Little Witch: "So, we actually have another sister? Why has she never appeared?"

Scarlet Dead Apostles: "Because she is completely opposite to Deya."

Little Witch: "I don't understand."

White Queen: "She embodies purity, innocence, kindness, and beauty in the truest sense. This means that even if Deya told her the whole truth, she wouldn't resist her fate. Instead, she would choose to sacrifice herself to protect everyone. Moreover, we don't dare tell her about our existence. She is our protection, and if something happens to her, the Empress would discover us."

White Queen: "Additionally, as long as she exists, the process for Armored Sanctification continues. She is our enemy. For us to survive, she must disappear."

Little Witch: "Disappear!? You mean, did you guys—"

Black Butler: "We once urged Deya to kill her, but Deya couldn't do it and instead sealed her."

Little Witch: "Sealed? How?"

Scarlet Dead Apostles: "She is different from us; she is not a spirit. She and Deya are truly multiple personalities, unlike us who can appear simultaneously. When she is in control of the body, Deya has to hide, which is how the title 'Secret Princess' came about."

"When Deya takes over the body, her personality sleeps in the depths of the soul. Unless Deya willingly relinquishes control, she won't wake up."

“So, we also call her-“

“Sleeping Beauty.”

Deya watched her own reflection in the water gradually blur, then reassemble into a girl similar in form but entirely different in aura, like a princess walking out of a fairy tale.

The princess opened her eyes, covered her mouth as she yawned, and looked at Deya with a puzzled yet curious expression.

“Lise, elder sister,” Deya bit her lower lip, “please save him.”

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

Chapter 502: Shared Life

Stars Kingdom, Galaxia National Sports Arena.

“The winner, ‘Sword Princess’ Sonya Therave!” Arsenault’s voice was practically roaring, echoing across the arena: “Her graceful sword dance is like a starry phoenix sweeping through the night, with a fierce Miracle striking like a blazing wrath upon the Abyss! Ms. Therave, a freshman, made her debut in the Meteor Trial and triumphed over countless formidable foes, standing tall in the Semi-final and earning her place in the final! She has set a new record for Swordflower, and even in the history of the College League, she is undoubtedly one of the few extraordinary talents. She will be the brightest morning star in the Stars and the most dazzling sword flower in Galaxia!”

“As a member of Swordflower College, I also feel deeply honored by Ms. Therave’s achievement! Congratulations to Ms. Therave on winning the Semi-final!”

With Arsenault’s announcement, the audience erupted. The spectators from Swordflower College applauded continuously, their hands almost sore from clapping, yet they didn’t stop; other spectators, including students from Truth College, generously offered their applause, showering the victor with their blessing.

As the light shifted and refracted, the brilliance of the Stars focused on the red-haired girl in the arena. She held an unremarkable Wooden Sword, and her resplendent combat attire showed some wear, but it didn’t diminish her luster in the slightest. She raised her chin proudly to embrace the cheers and then lifted her left hand in a tight grasp, as if seizing the starlight!

Under the gaze of the entire Stars, Sonya held firmly onto this honor unique to her!

“Sword Princess! Sword Princess!”

“Stretch Paw Club is number one!”

“Sword Princess, I want to be your loyal follower!”

In the shadows where the starlight didn't reach, Chellus refused the Healers' assistance, dragged his nearly bisected crippled body, and picked up the two revolvers he had dropped earlier. Compared to the injuries on his body, he was more concerned about the scratches on the revolvers' engravings.

Chellus Kerr, a senior at Truth College, a two-wings gun sorcerer, had been exploring the Abyss since his sophomore year, and he was also last year's second place winner in the Meteor Trial.

That's right; last year's Meteor Trial was an internal battle for Truth College, with Dimy and him sweeping the top two places.

Chellus, like Negus, had hoped to get his revenge on Dimy in his final year at college. However, the moment Dimy's "Annihilation Vibration" was unleashed, Chellus knew he was destined to live in Dimy's shadow for the rest of his life.

Although defeating Dimy seemed impossible, Chellus never expected that he wouldn't even make it to the Final. As the strongest offensive faction below the Sanctuary level, gun sorcerers held a significant advantage in this kind of competitive match, and Chellus was a standout among them. During an encounter in the Virtual Realm, Chellus obtained an extremely valuable orc gun sorcerer legacy, acquiring the two-wings Spatial Spirit 'Pierce Space'!

Although the Spatial Sect generally requires three wings to be studied properly, Spatial Spirits are not restricted to three wings and above.

As previously mentioned, a Spatial Spirit is typically composed of knowledge from various Spellcasting Sects, with different proportions. For example, the spirit 'Flame Sword' has a fire-to-Swordsmanship ratio of 6 to 4, meaning it can be summoned by both fire sorcerers and swordsmanship sorcerers.

Therefore, it's not impossible for a two-wings sorcerer to summon a Spatial Spirit, but the sorcerer must possess a high level of spatial talent to summon a Spatial Spirit with over 30% spatial component.

Without a doubt, orc sorcerers are known for having the highest spatial talent among all sorcerers. The orc sorcerer Chellus encountered was exceptional-'Pierce Space' is a Spatial Spirit with over 60% spatial component!

Had this predecessor ascended to the Distant Sky Domain, he would have quickly advanced the Spatial Sect to silver, gold, or even Sanctuary levels, becoming a revered Sanctuary level spatial sorcerer. Unfortunately, he perished on Time Continent, leaving his legacy to nourish future sorcerers.

'Pierce Space' has a very straightforward effect: any projectile shot by the sorcerer will ignore external factors (air pressure, humidity), pierce through all space along a straight line, and penetrate all obstacles! The distance traveled and the size of the projectile are directly proportional to the amount of spellforce consumed. [search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

After acquiring this Spatial Spirit, almost no Defensive Miracle could block Chellus's shots; only Sanctuary level spatial Defensive Miracles could withstand 'Pierce Space'. The only weakness of this Spatial Spirit is that it can't use other auxiliary miracles to guide the bullets (as it can only shoot in a straight line), forcing Chellus to rely solely on his aim.

Frankly speaking, this wasn't much of an issue for Chellus. He never worried about others reading his movements. He usually hid behind buildings, using auditory and other Miracles to lock onto his target, then shooting through walls. His enemies wouldn't even have the chance to block.

At the start of the Semi-final, no one believed Chellus would lose, including Chellus himself. The participants in the Revival Match immediately attacked Chellus first.

It wasn't until only Chellus and Sonya remained that he realized he had no way to deal with the Sword Princess.

She could actually dodge the Pierce Space bullets!

At first, Chellus thought she was predicting his shooting actions. But when he hid behind a wall and shot, and Sonya still managed to evade the moment the gun fired, he knew he was up against another monster.

Sonya wasn't predicting his actions; she was sensing the spatial Trajectory of the bullets and dodging them just in time!

This was an intuitive sense of the Spatial Sect!

Much like how an alchemist could determine the components of a mixed solution based on its smell and color, a physical sorcerer could discern your physical condition with one glance at your body, and a mental sorcerer could tell if you were a zero or a potential zero just by looking at your expression... sorcerers who have studied the Spatial Sect would naturally be highly sensitive to spatial ripples!

How a two-wings sorcerer like Sonya developed this intuitive sense for the Spatial Sect was beyond Chellus's understanding. However, by the time he questioned it, the 'Blood Moon Shattered Lake' had already shattered his ribs, triggering his 'Death-Prevention' Miracle.

If it were any other sorcerer of his level, Sonya would definitely have lost. Think of someone like Negus with his blood and water dual cultivation, or Aisha with her prophecy shield combat... but there are no "what ifs."

As the current T0 gun sorcerer of this version, Chellus had crushed countless enemies with his Spellcasting advantage. Now that he was countered, did he still have the right to complain?

"But this means..." Chellus looked towards the Red-Haired Sword Princess, wrapped in starlight, and softly murmured, "you'll have to face the enormous shadow that looms over both Negus and me. Good luck."

When Sonya stepped off the stage and returned to the contestant's lounge, Adelle and the others couldn't wait to rush over, almost wanting to tear her apart in excitement. Even Lois's distressed voice over Sonya's worn combat attire was drowned out by the cheers.

When Trozan walked over, Sonya excitedly said, "Professor Sister, did I make you proud!?"

"If you want my praise, just ask directly. I hate these sneaky questions," Trozan replied, patting Sonya on the head, though she couldn't hide the smile at the corners of her mouth. "But I truly didn't expect you to defeat Chellus. His Pierce Space shooting is a tremendous threat to two-wings sorcerers... Sonya, could it be that you..."

Thud!

As Sonya collapsed, Engulite immediately reacted and caught her. The cheering crowd suddenly froze.

"What's going on? Was she injured during the fight?"

"Healer, Healer, get over here!"

"Don't move her! Help her sit down slowly!"

"Sonya, can you still see me? How many fingers am I holding up?"

Thud!

Thud!

Thud!

Thud.

Everyone's shouts seemed distant.

Sonya felt something like a ball bounce inside her soul-once, twice, thrice-until it lost all elastic potential and faded into eternal stillness.

She was gasping for air, feeling as if her body was weightless, as though the thread that had always held her up had just snapped.

It's "Shared Life"!

The blessing from the Amnesia Cabin!

But why didn't it take my life? Why am I unharmed?

"Sonya?" Trozan squatted in front of her, seeing that her face was now covered in tears. The Stretch Paw Club President reached out and hugged her professor tightly, making a whistling sound like a kettle boiling.

Trozan signaled for everyone else to leave quickly, closed the door to the lounge, and gently patted her student's head, tenderly asking, "What's wrong?"

"I-I'm just too weak..."

"You've worked so hard. You're already better than anyone else," Trozan said. "No matter what happens in the Final, in our hearts, you've already won the Meteor Trial. Really, you're better than all the other participants because you've relied on no one. I haven't helped you at all; you've earned respect and honor through your own strength."

"There's not a single impurity in your brilliance. You are the sole protagonist of your own life, and you deserve to be proud of yourself."

For Trozan, a sword saint with near-zero emotional intelligence, to say such comforting words, she probably exhausted all the kind words she had for the next five years. Yet, as soon as Sonya heard her, she couldn't hold back anymore. Unlike before when she was quietly sobbing, this time she broke down completely, crying loudly like a child.

Seeing no other alternative, Trozan held her tightly in her arms and let her cry it out, while hearing her incoherent self-blame mixed with sobs:

"I still can't do anything... can't help with anything... nothing at all..."

"I really, really... want to..."

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

Chapter 503: Gosdeya

Deya suddenly felt a pain on her forehead and let out a whimper, pulling the blanket over her head.

But soon, her blanket was completely thrown off, as the scorching and blinding sunlight forced its way into her eyelids, dancing on her crystalline lens. Deya buried her face in the pillow to shield her eyes. Then, with a loud crack sound, she yelped, flipped over, and clutched her buttocks, glaring resentfully at Ashe.

“Time to get up.”

“Do you know how impolite it is to barge into a girl’s room, pull off her blanket, and smack her butt!?”

“But the problem is, this is also my room, my blanket, my...”

Ashe tilted his head and glanced sideways, “At least half of it is mine, right?”

“No way!” Deya threw the pillow at him, which Ashe caught and tossed back. “Get up, you’re always the one who sleeps in.”

“I only sleep in because I stay up with you. I could actually not sleep at all...” She mumbled, finished washing up, and stepped out of the room. Just then, she saw the White Queen dragging the Little Witch out of the neighboring room.

The White Queen’s face looked sour, while the Little Witch was still groggy with her eyes shut.

“What happened to her?”

“She stayed up all night playing games.”

“Then just let her sleep.”

“No, if I let her sleep, she’ll just do it again next time.” The White Queen explained, “I’ll supervise her studies later and won’t let her sleep no matter how tired she gets, so she learns her lesson.”

Deya rubbed her own butt, “Why not just give her a spanking?”

"When I pulled off her blanket, she actually raised her butt for me to hit." The White Queen's mouth twitched, "Ashe has healed her so many times, she's built up a resistance!"

The Little Witch mumbled, "Dad, save me..."

"Even if Ashe comes today, he's studying with you!" The White Queen carried her downstairs, angry. Deya followed them and saw the Black Butler preparing breakfast in the kitchen.

Noticing her gaze, the Black Butler said, "Lala Fatty will take a bit longer. Why don't you go soak with Ashe for a while?"

"Okay."

Deya stepped out of the main house and saw the Scarlet Dead Apostles practicing in the yard. White steam and whip-like shockwaves occasionally formed in the air. A closer look revealed that the Water-born Thread was whipping through the air at supersonic speed, demonstrating a surprisingly fierce power for something originally soft and sharp.

Seeing Deya, the Scarlet Dead Apostles nodded in greeting, then continued to immerse themselves in the beauty of spellcasting. Deya walked to the back of the yard where a steaming hot spring pool awaited. Ashe was reclining in it, wearing swim trunks and resting his eyes.

"Don't turn around," Deya warned as she stripped off her clothes and used the Water-born Thread to weave herself a swimsuit-a skill she had easily mastered from other s. She tested the temperature with her toes, then stepped in with her calves, holding her thighs for balance as she gradually settled into the pool.

Unlike Ashe, who was half-reclined, Deya sat upright, her shoulders not submerged and her milky-white ovals remaining above the waterline.

Ashe sat up and noted the considerable distance between them, nearly spanning the entire diagonal of the small hot spring. "You're sitting quite far away."

"Who asked you to wake me up like that?" Deya huffed, staring at Ashe's vaguely visible abs under the water. "You really do love morning baths. Even in seclusion, you had to find a place with a hot spring."

"A bad habit I caught from Igor."

Ashe gazed at the sky. "I wonder how they're doing now."

"They'll definitely be fine."

“Hard to say. We barely escaped Nabistin ourselves. They didn’t follow us then, and their only chance was to dive into the underground city.” Ashe sighed, “It’s a pity that I can’t even be considered a sorcerer now. Protecting myself is hard enough, let alone rescuing them.”

“As a price for rejecting Ashpel, it’s already quite a bargain,” Deya laughed. “As long as you don’t use spellforce or enter the Virtual Realm, no deity can find you, and we can settle down here.”

“The other spirits are manageable, but not having access to the Substitute is a bit troublesome,” Ashe complained. “I can use other spirits as long as I resonate with them, but it’s so lazy. Resonance isn’t enough-I have to coax it for ages before it agrees to budge... just like you.”

“I’m not lazy!” Deya smacked the water toward him, and Ashe retaliated without hesitation.

After a chaotic water spell battle, Ashe suddenly moved closer to her, causing Deya’s body to stiffen. She could hear the rhythmic splashing of water entering the hot spring, almost in sync with her quickened heartbeat.

“Even though I can still use spirits, I can barely fight now,” Ashe said. “Does that bother you?”

“Why would it bother me?”

“That I won’t be able to protect you anymore, and you’ll have to protect me instead,” Ashe said. “Even though the Gospel system has collapsed and it’s hard for others to find me, spellcasting sects using prophecy and fate might still track me down. There’s undoubtedly a multitude of people who want me back on the throne to reactivate the Gospel system, and I can’t even defend myself...”

“It doesn’t bother me,” Deya interrupted him. “In fact, I’ve been looking forward to it.”

“Looking forward to me becoming useless?” Ashe stepped back in horror.

“I mean, looking forward to protecting you!” Deya forcefully grabbed his hand and pulled him back. “Why would I mind? Back when Lise was just a walking disaster magnet, you didn’t care then, either.”

“Hey!” A disgruntled voice came from the main house, followed by a slap from the White Queen.

Ashe blinked and whispered, “Honestly, I did kind of mind at first, but... somehow, it stopped bothering me.”

“Because you started seeing us as family,” Deya said. “It’s the same for me.”

She suddenly had an idea. “In a few years, once things calm down outside, let’s find a small town to settle in. We can’t live in seclusion forever, and the Little Witch needs to grow up in a normal environment... If we each take on a sorcerer job, we should be well-received.”

“A sorcerer job?” Ashe blinked.

“You have healing abilities; you could be a healing sorcerer. And I want to try being a clothing designer. I feel I have some talent in that area,” Deya said. “A weaving sorcerer and a healing sorcerer. How about that? We could even get a pet, grow some flowers and plants, and go hiking with everyone nearby when we have free time.”

“That sounds so ordinary.”

“Compared to a firm, a princess, and the First Gospel, it certainly is, but isn’t that good?”

“Of course it is,” Ashe smiled. “That’s the peaceful life I’ve always longed for.”

“The Scarlet Dead Apostles love adventure; she would probably want to join Bluebeard in exploring the Abyss. The White Queen and the Black Butler don’t like going out or meeting others, so we can just take care of them. As for the Little Witch, we’ll find a suitable spellcasting sect for her in a few days...”

“It will definitely be a bit tough at first, but for the sake of the future, it’s all worth it.”

“The future...” Ashe murmured.

“Of course, it’s for the future,” Deya said with a smile. “Our lives are just beginning, and it will be many years before we can retire to the Virtual Realm.”

Ashe smiled back at her, while Deya seemed a bit confused. “Did I say something wrong?”

“No, I just realized your life planning skills are better than mine,” Ashe scratched his head. “I didn’t expect you to take care of even our everyday life so well...”

“Hmph, I’ve read many s. These are just trivial advantages for me,” Deya said, hands on her hips. “Hurry and apologize for your earlier disrespect!”

“Alright, alright, Princess, please forgive my earlier affronts to your forehead, your blanket, and your...”

Deya’s eyes sparkled, and she pressed closer to him, full of expectation. “Say it again.”

Ashe hesitated for a moment. "Princess?"

"Yes!" Deya beamed and hugged him. "Say it again!"

"Princess, please don't be mischievous," Ashe said helplessly. "Aren't you the one who dislikes that title?"

"I just don't like being Yisuo's princess," Deya said with a giggle, climbing onto Ashe's lap.

The hot spring pool hadn't been treated with any non-slip materials. Ashe momentarily lost his balance and sank into the water along with Deya.

"Dinner's ready."

"Ugh... I have to watch Deya attack Dad every day..."

"Brush your teeth properly!"

Hearing her sisters' voices made Deya feel a bit shy. She wanted to grab Ashe and float up, but found she was grasping at nothing.

She couldn't float up.

She couldn't sink, either.

She just stayed below the water's surface, floating aimlessly, dazed and confused.

"Deya."

The voice came from above the water, and Deya looked up.

Through the ripples created by raindrops, she saw a white-haired little girl crouching.

The rain continued, as it always had.

"Lise, my elder sister..."

"You still have time to change your mind. I can't compete with you," said the Sleeping Beauty. "But once you fall asleep, you'll never wake up again, and neither will your sisters-just as you feared, the First Gospel won't allow other noise to exist. Once I take over, your personalities will be erased completely, and even I can't escape this fate, because my own personality was created to bear the Gospel."

"Just now..."

“While I was asleep, I seemed to have learned some strange abilities,” she said. “So, I wrote you a fairy tale, a beautiful dream, a chance for you to confess your regrets...”

Deya: “...words I regret not saying out loud.”

Sleeping Beauty: “So, have you made up your mind?”

Deya suddenly asked, “Can I hide in your eyes?”

“No,” Sleeping Beauty shook her head. “Only one of us can be awake, so while I’m asleep, you can enter the Virtual Realm; when you’re awake, I must sleep. Once the drowsiness in my mind fades, you’ll fall into your final slumber.”

Deya felt a bit disappointed by the answer, yet somehow relieved. She smiled and said, “Then I’ll leave it to you.”

“Alright,” Sleeping Beauty stood up. “Goodbye, Deya.”

“Goodbye, Lise.”

As Lise Deya stood up, the river submerged the phantom in the water.

At the same time, everyone’s Gospel Book popped up again.

The name of the first place on the Gospel Ranking twisted, altered, and finally took shape.

“1st on the Gospel Ranking: Gosdeya”

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

Chapter 504: Hello, I Am Lise Deya

Ashe hadn’t completely lost consciousness.

It was a rather peculiar experience-honestly, Ashe suspected that his “normal experiences” lately might have been fewer than his “peculiar experiences.” Although he couldn’t move, speak, or do anything at all, Ashe didn’t feel uncomfortable in the slightest.

He felt like he was sitting in a movie theater, watching an endless film, without any chance of interfering with the plot. It was a bit regretful to think this way; he assumed

that once he became Ashpel, he could use his authority to cancel Annan's bounty, maybe by exploiting a time gap or something.

But there was no such loophole: The moment Ashe became Ashpel, he completely lost his sense of self. Or rather, it was only by entirely losing his self and making way for Ashpel to ascend that he could obtain deity authority.

Deity authority always belonged to Ashpel; Ashe couldn't even touch it.

He hoped Annan and the others were safe.

It was also in this moment that Ashe understood the biggest difference between a deity and a spirit, and why mortals couldn't contain deities: Deities have a strong self-awareness.

Actually, spirits also have self-awareness. When Ashe and the others were in Shattered Lake Prison, they could entice spirits to work through Knowledge Resonance, essentially pleasing them. However, compared to spirits, sorcerers were too strong, so strong that they didn't need to care about the spirits' thoughts, and could directly use spellforce to exploit their labor.

The reason sorcerers can't contain deities essentially boils down to two strong personalities clashing and eroding each other, only ending when one side completely shatters. During this process, the sorcerer often played the role of the egg, while the deity was the stone.

The relationship between a Divine Sovereign and a deity wasn't as simple as integrating the deity into their soul. If spirits were like probiotics, with sorcerers coexisting with them symbiotically, then deities were at least at the level of pets like cats or dogs, with very distinct personalities. It's not like a Divine Sovereign could have cats and dogs hanging around them every day, right?

Upon learning this intelligence, Ashe also understood why the First Gospel demanded "only the purest, most innocent, kindest, and loveliest maidens"-because the Gospel deity likely had this kind of personality. Finding a soul with a similar personality would make the integration much easier, like wearing a tailor-made outfit.

Although Ashe wasn't custom-fitted and was somewhat ill-suited, his material was tough enough to endure, so the Gospel could make do with him.

Thinking of this, Ashe couldn't help but feel a sense of respect for another person-how did future Harvey manage to subdue a deity?

Even though he was already a legendary sorcerer by then, a legendary sorcerer couldn't possibly contain a deity; otherwise, the First Gospel would have directly chosen the newest legendary sorcerer available.

Normally, the logical assumption would be that “Harvey and that deity were extremely compatible, so he barely managed to accommodate the deity’s self-awareness, like two brothers sharing the same pair of underwear.”

But for Ashe, whose relationship with Harvey was second only to Harvey and Alice, he had a bolder speculation: Was future Harvey’s original body truly human?

If he had already transferred his consciousness into a corpse, an urn, a zero master, or a soul stone, Ashe wouldn’t be surprised at all. This way, Harvey could naturally vacate his soul for the deity to reside in, as he didn’t occupy that space anyway-it was purely an office.

Whether he had an excellent relationship with the deity, enough to share living space, or he gave up his “house” for the deity and squeezed in with Alice, it all meant that Harvey was way ahead of ordinary sorcerers on the path of eccentricity.

Ashe couldn’t transfer his consciousness, nor could he wear the same pair of pants as “the purest, most innocent, kindest, and loveliest maidens,” so he was figuratively kicked out to spend his last moments in this movie theater until he got bored and dozed off in his seat.

Ashe thought he’d quickly fall asleep; however...

In the theater, aside from him, there were others.

Three more people were watching the movie from the back and, quite rudely, they were chatting and discussing the plot, keeping Ashe wide awake.

Although the voices sounded somewhat familiar, perhaps due to losing access to his brain, Ashe couldn’t recall where he had heard them, nor could he remember their conversations.

He could only name them based on the emotions their voices revealed: ‘Cold,’ ‘Angry,’ and ‘Crazy.’

Angry: “If this continues, he’s really going to become the vessel for a deity. Aren’t you scared?”

Cold: “What good is being scared? This wasn’t part of my plan. Do you think I can foresee every detail and arrange his life perfectly? Grab the most valuable treasures, win the most loyal subordinates, sleep with the most beautiful and adorable women, and create miracle after miracle?”

“Grateful for your praise, but I am not the Dramatic Poet; I can’t write such an exhilarating script... I can’t even predict his actions.”

Crazy: "Huh? How can you not predict his actions? Isn't he like the protagonist of a novel you wrote?"

Cold: "Not to mention that a novel's protagonist has an agency that can exceed the author's control, and... when you find an old notebook in a corner, seeing a novel you only wrote one chapter of decades ago, can you recall what you were thinking back then?"

Angry: "So what are you saying? We're just going to watch him fall?"

Cold: "In fact, that's what we're already doing. If luck isn't on our side, there's nothing we can do... Why do you look so unwilling to accept it? I should have told you, this is a high-stakes, dangerous gamble, not a leisurely trip down memory lane, right?"

Angry: "Sonya is still waiting for him. She can't be without him."

Crazy: "What an easy problem to solve; why are you so troubled? Just let her die with him. What, doesn't she have experience with suicide? That's an educational failure."

Wow, they're really going at it, what a racket, Ashe thought. But they are really noisy; can't they consider other people's feelings? Some people are trying to sleep here.

Cold: "Alright, if you like fighting so much, go somewhere else and have at it."

Angry: "Is it really necessary to go back? If he falls, what purpose do we still serve?"

Crazy: "Idiot, what he means is that this play isn't over yet."

Angry: "Little Trumpet..."

Crazy: "You're the only one who's panicking; I knew someone would come to save the day... Hmph, the person you should be mad at is him, pretending like it's all 'out of his plan' or 'bad luck,' acting as if he can't do anything about it, yet he already knows the final outcome because he's lived through it before!"

Cold: "The circumstances are completely different. I truly can't be certain this time."

Crazy: "How different? Is it just that Sister Fu is replaced by him this time? Previously, you used Sister Fu to manipulate me, and now he's doing it directly with that foolish girl."

Angry: "Your previous encounter stories?"

Crazy: "Calling it 'encounters' is too kind; even 'grudges' doesn't cover it. I'd rather call it the stories of us being victims of our own terrible judgment. My relentless pursuit of him

across other Kingdoms shows just how unforgettable his so-called favors were, a rage only quenched by chopping him up to feed Lala Fatty.”

Cold: “You’re too kind. I’ll keep up the good work.”

Crazy: “But there’s one thing I’ve never understood-how did you manage to take the deity from my soul back then?”

Cold: “It was a blessing I got from the Dramatic Poet, which allowed me to seize someone’s spirit through close contact... didn’t expect it to work on a deity too.”

Angry: “So we just need to wait quietly? Do nothing?”

Cold: “If you’re interested, you could take this opportunity to brainwash him. He’s currently in a dazed, wandering state, one step away from being entirely scattered. This is the most vulnerable time, the easiest to twist his mind. Whatever you say to him now could leave a deep anchor in his consciousness, completely reshaping his personality.”

Angry: “What do you mean?”

Cold: “Aren’t you quite concerned about him and Sonya? Then whisper in his ear that you’ll only love Sonya in this life, that no one else will even spark desire in you, but just the scent of Sonya makes your blood boil. Tell him you’ll go into withdrawal if you don’t see Sonya every day... things like that.”

Angry: “Are you mocking me?”

Cold: “If that’s what you think, there’s nothing I can do.”

Angry: “If it’s possible, why don’t you brainwash him?”

Cold: “Whether out of personal or public interest, if you want to reshape his personality, you must believe the changed him would be better, right? Meaning you’d want to create a better Ashe.”

“But in my heart, I believe I am the best. My personality, principles, desires, and will... my soul is perfect.”

Crazy: “Wow, the way he praises himself is shameless!”

Cold: “Yet, the facts show I’m not perfect, maybe even the opposite. Otherwise, I wouldn’t be here with you.”

“So obviously, I won’t influence him. Otherwise, it would just be a boring repeat of history. I want to see if I’m wrong or if the world is.”

Angry: "...then why allow me to influence him?"

Cold: "Because I'm curious about what your version of the 'perfect Ashe' would be."

Crazy: "Sounds interesting, let me-"

Angry: "Stay away from him!"

They're fighting again... how annoying they are...

Ashe stared listlessly at the scene, suddenly noticing that everyone's Gospel Book in the banquet hall popped open.

Cold: "Seems the show isn't over yet."

Crazy: "Actually fooled, willing to go that far... so dumb, just like us."

Angry: "No wonder you weren't worried at all... you planned everything, pretending to know nothing to trick me!"

Cold: "I just thought it was a possibility. The truly omniscient one who manipulates everyone is the Omniscient Weaver, not me."

Angry: "Wait, so now Ashe escapes, but-"

Cold: "Don't worry, the Omniscient Weaver already calculated everything. That spider wouldn't settle for earning 99% while the other side gets 1%; she wants to earn 200% while having the other side owe her 100% more."

Crazy: "..."

Ashe could no longer hear the loud and disrespectful banter from those behind him. It felt like he was stepping out of a closed-off cinema; the light, air, and scents of the world eagerly welcomed him back.

He was the protagonist of his own story once again.

It was as if he had consumed a strong drink, making him realize that a long time had passed. However, it felt as though that time did not belong to him; he had no idea what had transpired.

With the crowd's astonished gasps, Ashe glanced down at his Gospel Book and saw a new, unfamiliar name-

"1st on the Gospel Ranking: Gosdeya."

Gosdeya?

Wasn't it supposed to be Ashpel?

Ashe suddenly found it difficult to focus, his awareness beginning to dissolve.

Although his soul wasn't completely occupied, the deity's attempt to exit his soul was putting an unbearable strain on it. Coupled with the night's escapades-sneaking, disguising, fleeing, and fighting-his soul had long been overburdened. With the deity coming and going, he finally reached his limit, his eyes rolling back as he passed out.

He didn't know how much time had passed until a ray of sunlight pried open his eyelids, dancing across his lens. Ashe let out a long-forgotten groggy grunt, wanting to change position and continue sleeping.

However, when he tried to move, he felt a heavy weight pressing down on him.

Ashe opened his eyes to find himself still seated on the throne in the banquet hall, but the guests had all vanished. The hall was empty, except for a little girl with white hair who had fallen asleep on him.

"Lise!"

Ashe, holding her arm with delight, carefully checked her condition as if she were a delicate piece of art. "Are you alright? I clearly saw... well, it's just great that you're okay. Thank goodness, thank goodness!"

The white-haired little girl smiled at Ashe, who was so relieved that his eyes were nearly red, and said, "Not only me, Annan, Igor, Harvey, and Banjeet all survived as well, though with varying degrees of injury. I have also canceled the bounty on Annan."

"Thank you," Ashe instinctively replied, then realized something was off. "You canceled it?"

"Yes."

"You mean... your status as a princess has been recognized by the Royal Family, so you can command..."

"No." Ignoring his overly hopeful expression, the white-haired little girl directly shattered his idle fantasy. "I am now the First Gospel, Gosdeya. My orders are the fate of all beings, which is why the Sanctuary Sorcerers who obey the Gospel have stopped hunting Annan and the others."

Ashe, in disbelief, summoned his Gospel Book and stared intensely at the name at the top of the Gospel Ranking, as if seeing it for the first time. He struggled to say, "But your name doesn't have the character for Gosdeya!"

The little girl jumped off him, dressed in the same pink wool coat and plaid skirt she wore yesterday. Her skin was as pure white as snow, and her lips as red as blood. She smiled at Ashe, but in her light green eyes was a look that he found deeply unfamiliar.

"Hello, I am Lise Deya."

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

- Chapter 505: The Amnesiac Princess Returns Home

Chapter 505: The Amnesiac Princess Returns Home

"Lise Deya?"

Ashe's lips quivered slightly, wanting to compliment how beautiful the name sounded, but the words stuck in his throat, instead feeling like a sponge that had absorbed all his strength, blocking his windpipe.

"It can't be, you're clearly called Lise, stop joking... and you're not some naive girl, you're skeptical and mischievous, how could you possibly, how could you possibly..."

"How could you possibly be the First Gospel!"

His last words were almost a roar, the first time he had ever shouted at the young girl before him. After taking a deep breath, trying to calm himself, the cold morning air seemed to sting his nostrils, making him cough twice, tears emerging from his eyes.

He wiped the tear stains from the corner of his eyes with his palm, but his face became dirtier and more smeared with each rub. He had tumbled in the rain all last night, and the bridge before the parking lot had nearly been broken by the aftermath of his battle with the Sanctuary Sorcerers, splashing up countless bits of dirt and mud. Riding back to the Royal Palace on the nearly wrecked Crow's Non-Aerial Motorcycle had left a layer of grime on his face, which now smeared into a mess as he rubbed it.

"I'm sorry for showing you this," Ashe tried to clean his face with his sleeve, his mouth curling into a slight smile, but the light in his eyes slowly dimmed. "All dirty and without having taken a bath, and then just falling asleep right here, I'm really sorry..."

"I'm sorry..."

His voice trailed off into a choked cry, covering his face and bending over, as if he couldn't bear to face the person before him.

"Affection is a comedy, although it cannot move mountains or make the seas level, it can make you happy; intelligence is a drama, capable of revealing the dark side of humanity, but it also lets you hear the praises of human nature; only when affection and intelligence combine, it becomes a tragedy."

Lise Deya cradled Ashe's head in her arms: "Because you are intelligent enough to know the truth, yet affectionate enough not to deceive yourself."

Ashe took deep breaths, trying to muster his spirits to look at her, but upon seeing Lise Deya's face, he collapsed again, his heart feeling as if it had split open, gasping for air.

He thought he had escaped disaster-when he first lost Lise, he allowed Ashpel to invade his mind, not only for revenge but also to protect himself.

When it hurts, seeing yourself as someone else makes the pain go away.

But this time, without Ashpel as his Substitute, Ashe had to personally consume the self-service meal fate had offered him and witness how cruel reality could be. It was only now that Ashe realized how terribly he had treated Igor and Harvey-what right did he have to think he was any more normal than them?

The only difference between them was that Ashe was just now experiencing the worst day of his life.

Indeed, from the moment he saw the First Gospel altered, from the moment he saw her unharmed in front of him, from the moment he saw her familiar yet unfamiliar face, Ashe had guessed everything.

-Lise had become the deity's sacrificial offering in his place.

"Where is Lise?" Ashe asked hoarsely. "Is she gone?"

"She's still here, just asleep," Lise Deya replied. "She wants to see you too, but she can't. The Gospel eliminates all excess noise until only the voice that perfectly matches it remains."

“But why do you still have self-awareness?” Ashe blurted out, immediately regretting it: “No, I mean-“

“You don’t have to apologize. I know you only care about Lise. To you, I’m just a stranger who looks like her,” Lise Deya said with a smile. “If I could, I would also wish for her to stay, not me. But only I fully meet the Gospel’s demands. Even if I gave my place to her, her consciousness would be eroded by the new Gosdeya... You wouldn’t want that to happen.”

Of course, Ashe didn’t want that, because he had experienced it himself. His spiritual original was brutally beaten by ‘Gospel Ashe,’ his soul forcibly invaded by Ashpel, slowly losing sovereignty over his soul, helplessly watching himself step towards annihilation... He certainly didn’t want to taste that helplessness a second time.

“As for why I can still retain consciousness, it’s because I’m too similar to the Gospel, plus a few adventures. So, when the Gospel was about to fully merge with me, I could stop it,” Lise Deya explained.

“If we were to compare ourselves to clothing, the Gospel wearing you would immediately feel uncomfortable, so you’d need to be transformed into ‘Ashpel size’ to fit; whereas the Gospel fits me perfectly, which is why when I intentionally leave one button undone, the Gospel remains comfortable and isn’t in a hurry to transform me into ‘Gosdeya size’.”

“This is why I can still retain some control over the Gospel’s powers and save Annan and the others. However, this is merely the Gospel’s mercy.” Seeing Ashe about to say something, she preempted him: “Twelve hours after the Gospel Ranking is updated, the rankings will be completely finalized. No matter how well I fit, it will smooth out all the wrinkles of the clothes, clean up the last bit of noise in my mind, and from then on, there will be no Lise Deya, only Gosdeya.”

“How much time is left?”

“Ninety-three minutes,” Lise Deya said. “That’s enough time.”

Ashe was too preoccupied to catch her implication, wracking his brain for other ways to survive: “Don’t you still have an elder sister, Nina? Could you ask her to come-“

“That was a lie,” Lise Deya stated. “Elder sister Nina was never a candidate for the Gospel Ranking; she is actually a ranked individual on the Ranking of the Unrelated and was my sacrificial offering.”

“The Yisuo Royal Family, to ensure each princess could become the First Gospel, would find a way to have another princess with a highly compatible destiny enter the Ranking of the Unrelated. By sacrificing the latter’s fate, they forge the former’s glory.”

“Elder sister Nina used to live in the Tower. The fact that you can’t find her means she has already left as one of the Unrelated.”

Ashe remembered that Lise’s wish was ‘to abolish the Ranking of the Unrelated’. He hadn’t asked more at the time, since he also wanted to abolish the ranking list. But if he had asked more questions then, thought it through, could he have seen through Lise’s lie, could he have-

“No matter what you do, she would have me come out to save you,” Lise Deya said. “Someone has to be upset, and she doesn’t want it to be herself.”

Ashe tugged at the corner of his mouth, as if trying to smile, “I’ve taken care of her for so long, been with her all this time, supervised her studies, played games with her, I’ve been so good to her, and she actually...”

“...is willing to let me be the one who’s upset?”

Lise Deya replied, “Forgive her final act of willfulness.”

“And what about you?” Ashe suddenly asked. “Who are you? Why can you replace Lise on the Gospel Ranking and push me out?”

“I am Lise Deya,” she repeated. “I am the true princess raised by the Yisuo Royal Family, the perfect candidate for the First Gospel. The Lise you knew was my sister, born while I was asleep.”

Ashe paused, pursing his lips in a bitter smile, “No wonder, I was saying she didn’t quite seem like a princess... Turns out she really isn’t.”

“She is,” Lise Deya said. “The time she spent with you was the happiest of her life. She may not be the princess of Yisuo, but she felt like your princess.”

“Running around with us, living a life of upheaval, you call that happiness?” Ashe looked down at the ground, “She’s still not grown up, never been to school, never dated, never had friends her age, never been to the Virtual Realm, never really walked around Nabistin, never been to Wonderland World a second time, never...”

Watching his shoulders tremble, listening to him talk about his plans for the future, Lise Deya reached out and gently touched Ashe’s head, “You shouldn’t punish yourself like this; it’s not your fault.”

Ashe was silent for a long while, then suddenly asked, “Will Lise really disappear completely? I mean, isn’t there any way... Yes, the Divine Sovereign’s Wish!”

Ashe fiercely wiped the stains off his face and grabbed Lise Deya's arms, "You could use the Divine Sovereign's Wish to create a new body for Lise. No, directly refuse a deity to possess her, or perhaps--"

Lise Deya shook her head, "The Divine Sovereign's Wish does indeed belong to the First Gospel, but only after the Gospel Ranking is definitively settled and I fully become Gosdeya can it be obtained. By that time, my heart will no longer harbor joy, sorrow, or personal desires."

"It doesn't matter, there is a Pact between us!" Ashe declared. "Just like Ms. Annan can control Ashpel to cancel the First Gospel, I can control you to make a vow!"

Lise Deya shook her head: "No, it's not possible."

"Why not?"

"Because you don't have a Pact with me?"

"How do I not have-?" Ashe began but then realized something. "Could it be..."

"You only have a Pact with Lise. If Lise becomes the First Gospel, indeed, you could control her through the Pact," Lise Deya explained. "However, I am the First Gospel, and you don't have a Pact with me. Even if I were to switch to Lise, her personality would prevent her from becoming the First Gospel, and it would just revert to you."

The Pact between Lise and Ashe was effective independently, not due to a twist of fate but because of their prior planning, specifically to switch personalities at a critical moment to act outside the terms of the Pact. What they hadn't anticipated was that this Pact would prove to be so spectacularly effective that 'single account binding' would actually limit the power of the Pact.

"Then let me become Ashpel!" Ashe immediately responded. "Then let Lise control my vows!"

Lise Deya then asked a strange question: "Ashe, do you remember the nine ranking lists before the Weaving Festival? Do you think you are the type of person who would sacrifice your own life to save a Kingdom, even if it meant strangers applauding you?"

Ashe paused for a moment: "Sacrificing myself just for applause from people I don't know? I couldn't do that, especially when I still have someone I want to see."

Lise Deya nodded: "Exactly, so why would the Weaving Festival weave a future where you, along with Mr. Harvey and Mr. Bukin, save the Kingdom from the Gospel? Even if this disaster was crafted by Ms. Annan, and even if you end up with her, do you feel responsible to rectify her mistakes? And Ms. Annan might not even think she did anything wrong."

“The Weaving Festival has already given the answer to your anomaly: the one who wants to save the Kingdom of the Gospel is not you, it’s Ashpel. This means that although Ms. Annan controlled you to cancel the Gospel system, the deity still resides within your soul.”

Ashe’s heart grew heavier, while Lise Deya continued, “Ms. Annan detests the First Gospel profoundly. Regardless of her feelings for you, her primary desire would certainly be to destroy, repel, and seal the deity, not merely to dismiss the Gospel system lightly. After all, as long as the deity exists, there is a possibility of the Gospel’s reformation.”

“Not to mention, she definitely doesn’t want you to become a vessel for the deity. If there’s any possibility at all, she wouldn’t let you take Mr. Harvey and Mr. Bukin to save the Gospel.”

“So, Ashe, your idea is not feasible. Someone must become the First Gospel; even using the Divine Sovereign’s Wish can’t cancel it.”

Ashe asked, “What about a wish to coexist with the deity? I don’t need to destroy the deity, just want to preserve my self-consciousness.”

After thinking it over, Lise Deya actually nodded, “There’s a possibility of success in that existence.”

Overjoyed, Ashe exclaimed, “Then-“

“That’s why this can explain why the Gospel Weaves out improper relations between you, Qenna, Nona, Yvaren, and others, and why people like Mr. Bukin follow you,” Lise Deya explained. “In the world line where you become Ashpel, Ms. Annan must have wished for you to coexist with the deity, but you eventually merged with Ashpel, and his messianic will always dominates. The occasional appearance of you is responsible for Weaving the ranking list scenarios.”

“That’s why I won’t do it,” she said. “That’s just a path that leads you to a lingering death.”

“This won’t work and neither will that,” Ashe nearly ground his teeth, his body trembling, “Then let me-“

“Don’t you still have people you want to see?” Lise Deya said. “You have Lise, and many others need you; but without you, Lise has no one who needs her. She can bear to see you suffer, can you really bear to leave her to live alone?”

“Nikki Nalu is Lise Deya’s unrelated person, and Lise is Ashe’s unrelated person,” she smiled. “Take her fate, and leave this place.”

Ashe murmured, "Leave?"

"Yes."

Lise Deya said, "You must leave the Gospel within eighty-nine minutes."

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

Chapter 506: The Wandering Knight Should Let Go

"It's not just you, Ms. Annan, Mr. Banjeet, Mr. Bukin, Mr. Harvey, you all must leave the Kingdom of Gospel."

After experiencing a mental eviction, Ashe didn't expect to face a physical expulsion in real life: "Why?"

"Because I can only protect you for eighty-eight minutes," Lise Deya said. "Once I become Gosdeya, I can't honor my agreement with Lise to continue looking after you. In fact, it might be disadvantageous for you."

"When I say 'disadvantageous,' I don't mean direct harm like being hunted, persecuted, or scrapped, but rather the constant grinding by the environment. Although I'm not fully Gosdeya yet, I can vaguely sense what arrangements might be in store for you-Mr. Bukin will successfully establish a small intelligence organization, but once it expands to a city, it will stagnate, and he'll spend the rest of his life managing internal conflicts; Mr. Harvey will discover an ancient underground battlefield from the Elven Dynasty, but the path back will be blocked by a landslide, leaving him to spend his life researching in the tomb; Ms. Annan will have a child with you and devote all her time to raising the child; Mr. Banjeet will help look after your child."

Ashe: "What about me?"

Lise Deya: "Gosdeya hasn't decided yet, but the arrangement for you would be similar: blunting your claws, tempering your ideals and will, filling your emptiness with worldly pleasures, and occupying your time with trivial matters."

Ashe couldn't help but chuckle bitterly: "I don't have any ideals."

"You might not have had any in the past, but what about now?" Lise Deya said. "Grief has five stages: denial, anger, bargaining, depression, and acceptance."

“But for someone like you, who caught the deity’s eye, once you process your tribulations, you’ll enter a sixth stage: retaliation.”

“If you want to retaliate, you can’t stay in Gospel. Gospel is a paradise for the weak but a hell for the strong. Of course, if you wish to enjoy a simple happiness, Gospel can undoubtedly satisfy you. You’ll likely form a noisy, bustling family with Ms. Annan.”

“But if you wish to practice spellcasting, that’s absolutely impossible,” Lise Deya revealed a secret that would send tremors through all of Gospel: “Gospel automatically restricts the development of Sanctuary Sorcerers. Unless they are willing to come to Nabistin for training in Gospel, sorcerers will constantly be beset by trivial matters, making it difficult to focus.”

Ashe asked in astonishment, “Why restrict the Sanctuary?”

“This is the optimal result calculated by Gospel,” Lise Deya explained. “Rather than a restriction, it’s a matter of resource optimization. Sanctuary Sorcerers represent the pinnacle for ordinary sorcerers. Further training rarely achieves a breakthrough to legendary status. Moreover, in terms of productivity, the gap between legendary sorcerers and Sanctuary Sorcerers doesn’t justify the time Sanctuary Sorcerers spend in training. If Sanctuaries allocate their time to production, the cost-benefit ratio is far superior to spending it on spellcasting research.”

“Becoming a legendary sorcerer benefits the individual but doesn’t serve the society. The Kingdom of Gospel only needs Sanctuary Sorcerers; that’s Gospel’s assessment. Only when sorcerers voluntarily settle in Nabistin, where Gospel can directly oversee their production and research, will the developmental restrictions be lifted.”

Lise Deya paused, “I also agree this approach is correct.”

Ashe blinked, remaining silent.

“Every Sanctuary Sorcerer doesn’t emerge out of thin air but originates from a stable social environment, comprehensive spellcasting traditions, and Gospel’s conscientious training,” Lise Deya said. “When a Sanctuary seed appears, Gospel tailors different training plans based on the seed’s personality-granting trials to the arrogant, companionship to the introverted, competition to the confident, and despair to the greedy... ensuring that they escape certain death and have the best chance to grow.”

“Each Sanctuary Sorcerer is a masterpiece of societal training. Given this, they have a duty to give back to society rather than using violence and awe to continue plundering resources and ascending the Virtual Realm, exploiting millions for their own benefit.”

Hearing these words ten days ago and now, the feeling was completely different. Ten days ago, Ashe was a two-wings sorcerer, far from reaching Sanctuary, and considered

this policy to be praiseworthy, wishing Sanctuaries would serve as pillars for the space gate, burning their lifetimes for the greater good of society.

Now as a three-wings sorcerer, though not yet a Sanctuary, his sense of personal stake had significantly increased-why?

“Do you think the Ritual of Prohibited Synchronization of Wind, Flower, Snow, and Moon is easy? Is adventuring in the virtual realm without danger?”

Besides, Ashe is a Mudborn sorcerer. For an ordinary sorcerer, it takes at least ten years of effort in spellcasting to advance to Sanctuary. Their years of diligence, sweat, and focus naturally bring them a strong sense of superiority, so how could they willingly stop and turn to labor?

Remember, Sanctuaries aren’t just about productivity; they’re tactical weapons!

However, only Gospel can do this. Other kingdoms wouldn’t dare to mistreat the pillars of their society. Only Gospel can subtly guide Sanctuaries, even if reluctantly, to eventually contribute to society.

But this sort of persuasion has its limits; they can’t be forced to act as pillars for the space gate.

“This stance only applies to those of Gospel,” Lise Deya said. “You, Mr. Harvey, Mr. Bukin-Gospel holds no debt to you, and you have no obligation to repay Gospel. But if you stay, you won’t have a choice.”

“So, for your own good, you must leave Gospel as soon as possible. I’ve repaired your motorcycle, and the others should be waiting outside. Ride through Azure Lane to Modora; in twenty-three minutes, a virtual realm passage will appear on the outskirts of Modora City. I’ve sent you the exact coordinates.”

Ashe stared at her in surprise, “You’ve arranged everything?”

“Because Lise entrusted everything to me,” Lise Deya smiled. “And you are everything.”

“But what if I want to stay?”

Lise Deya actually considered for a moment: “Then I would tell Mr. Bukin and Mr. Harvey the truth and have them drag you away.”

“Why?”

“Because I don’t want you to stay in Gospel either. Under the same sky, you’ll eventually do something foolish.”

Lise Deya extended her hand to pull Ashe up before sitting down herself, “Go. They’re waiting for you.”

Ashe squeezed her hand in return. Lise Deya smiled slightly, “I know nothing I say can dispel the guilt, frustration, anger, and sadness in your heart, so I won’t try to comfort you. Carry these heavy yet sweet burdens, and continue your efforts in a new Kingdom. Then...”

“When you return to the Kingdom of Gospel one day, you might be able to make up for your current regrets.”

With utmost seriousness, Lise Deya pried Ashe’s fingers open one by one and then pushed him away.

“Go on,” she urged. “The amnesiac princess has returned home, and the wandering knight should let go.”

There was no choice.

Rationality told Ashe that the only thing he could do now was leave; emotions told him not to look back-one of the most futile things in life is to keep looking back.

Yet, when Ashe turned towards the door, he couldn’t take a step forward.

Shame.

Guilt.

Self-reproach.

Anger!

He couldn’t stand being protected by a girl! He couldn’t bear why he was struck by such a disaster! And he couldn’t tolerate being forced to escape in such a pathetic manner!

How could he ever sleep soundly again?

How could he face the sword princess afterward?

If his brother saw him so disgraceful, wouldn’t he call his nephew out to laugh at him together?

Is he really out of options? Really got no cards left to play? Think harder!

Ashe racked his brains, searching for a miracle, flipping through Ashpel's memories endlessly-since he needed to solve the problem with the deity, why not see if it had shown any flaws while residing within him?

"What's wrong?" Lise Deya asked. "Did you forget something? I can fetch it for you."

Fetch it...

"...A blessing from the Dramatic Poet allows one to seize a target's spirit through close contact..."

Suddenly, an unfamiliar phrase surged into Ashe's mind.

Seize... If I had a blessing to seize spirits, could I seize the deity? But the problem is, I don't have such a blessing. The only thing I have is-

Ashe paused, looking up at the sunlight streaming through the doorway.

It's morning already.

Ashe abruptly turned around and half-kneeled on the throne, gripping Lise Deya's hand tightly. "Do you have any important secrets you're keeping from me?" he asked.

Lise Deya glanced at him, pondering for a moment. "Yes, and I won't tell you."

"Then don't tell me in the future either," Ashe replied, trying to pull out the soul summoning spirit hidden within his own soul. Of course, it was impossible-soul summoning spirits can't be used in reality, nor can they appear or be traded in the real world.

This was one of the reasons the sword princess had never heard of soul summoning spirits before. Even if a sorcerer killed a heroic soul commander and acquired a soul summoning spirit, he couldn't take it out to boast with evidence.

At this point, Ashe used a blessing he had kept unused for a long time-"transferring"!

This was a blessing given to Ashe by the Dramatic Poet after he endured the unfortunate curse of "no toilet paper"!

Long ago, Ashe had wanted to use this blessing to directly give a spirit to Lise. Though it was barely better than nothing, it would at least give her some means of self-defense. But Lise had refused.

Unexpectedly, this gift was finally given.

Transfer recipient → Lise Deya.

Transfer item – the soul summoning spirit!

When Ashe saw the soul summoning spirit leave his soul and transfer into Lise Deya's body through his arm, he let out a long sigh of relief.

His calculations were indeed correct. Now that the Celestial Bull had stepped into the Spider Tower Area, his Pact with the Empress's commander had finally begun to execute and had simultaneously become null and void-allowing him to transfer the soul summoning spirit!

And the next part was crucial!

Under Ashe's tense gaze, Lise Deya's expression first showed some confusion, then her brows slowly relaxed, and finally, her eyelids drooped as if she suddenly felt very sleepy.

"You..."

"Elder sister, go back to sleep."

"I changed my mind!"

Deya abruptly opened her eyes, locking gazes with Ashe.

The mighty and revered deity of Gospel was still occupying her soul, and its intense will illuminated every corner of her soul like the morning sun, causing all spirits to cower and huddle at the edges in trembling fear.

Yet, this overbearing being, which even in its sleep still tried to seek her out and crush her completely, now remained lazily inactive, as if it didn't care about the change. It held the newly acquired soul summoning spirit in its hands, enveloped in the spirit's intense purple glow.

The Little Witch, the White Queen, the Black Butler, and the Scarlet Dead Apostles also awoke in succession. Deya glanced at Ashe, and from the reflection in his eyes, completed a silent exchange with her sister.

"How do you feel?" Ashe asked, his voice trembling slightly.

Ashe couldn't predict the outcome; the strength of the secrecy power depended on the magnitude of her secret and her degree of confide. He could only pray she had a deep, unspeakable secret, allowing the secrecy power to be fully unleashed.

"Not scared," Deya replied. "I feel like I'm not afraid anymore."

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

Chapter 507: Angels of Heaven

“What is the most embarrassing thing you’ve ever done?”

“Who do you owe the biggest apology to?”

The sword Princess urged the Celestial Bull to step back 47 paces. On the Time Continent, aboard a sports car, the sword Princess and the Witch eagerly probed the Observer for his secrets, but he remained tight-lipped, saying nothing.

Suddenly, the sword Princess had a spark of inspiration and began asking about trivial things:

“What’s your favorite dish?”

“Grilled Lala Fatty.”

“Which spirit do you favor the most?”

“Substitute.”

“What’s your favorite time of day and why?”

“After midnight, because that’s my private time all to myself.”

“What do you dislike doing?”

“Working.”

“Where do you like to go on dates?”

The Observer had to pause and think about this question he had never considered before, then he realized, “How could these possibly be the secrets I need to guard? Why are you asking these things?”

The sword Princess continued, “Then I’ll ask something serious-If the Witch and I were to fall into the Golden Flow, whom would you save first?”

The Observer glanced at her suspiciously, but seeing a certain look in her eyes, he pondered for a moment and replied, “The Witch.”

The Witch: “What?!”

“Now that we are both adept in the Time Sect, if you were to obtain the time orb, who would you give priority to?”

“The Witch.”

“If we encounter the Empress commander again, and only one of us can escape, who would you let escape first?”

“The Witch.”

The sword Princess asked several questions designed to increase the Witch’s favorability, and the Observer answered ‘the Witch’ to all of them. Just when he thought the sword Princess was using this opportunity to win the Witch over, he was caught off guard as the sword Princess asked, “Who is the person you like the most?”

“The Wi... No, it’s-“

The Observer caught himself mid-sentence, realizing something was amiss, but upon correcting himself, he looked up to see the sparkling eyes of the sword Princess and he stopped speaking. She hummed a note, her lips curving into a smile, but she did not press further, “Try saying it out loud. If you can’t, it must be a secret sealed by the power of secrecy.”

“Actually, the secret itself is not the point,” the Observer shifted the topic, “The most important aspect of the secrecy power is the desire to confide the secret.”

“Why keep it a secret if you want to confide?” the Witch found it odd. “Isn’t that contradictory?”

“It’s not contradictory,” the Sword Princess replied, gently patting down the Witch’s errant hair. “There are always some things you desperately want to say, but must keep hidden in your heart, like planting a flower. If luck isn’t on your side, and no spring wants it to sprout, then even the richest soil is just darkness to it.”

“What if luck is on your side?” asked the Witch.

“Then, even on a glacier, it will burst into bloom with a hundred thousand roses,” said the Sword Princess. “Bringing you a new spring.”

“Secrecy Power: You keep your lips sealed, no one can know the secrets deepest in your heart, but secrets also guard your soul. You can’t reveal your most valued secrets, and the more you want to confide, the stronger the confidentiality effect becomes.”

“Secrecy (Confide Degree 100%): Your mental resistance increases by 100%, and your soul’s adaptability to deities of similar sects increases by 100%.”

Secrecy Power!

Secret Incarnation!

Soul Summoning Spirit!

He is Ashe, and he is the Observer!

Deya looked at Ashe, who was kneeling before her, her mind completely in chaos.

Hadn't the Observer already met her before? Didn't he watch her jump from the Tower? Why did Ashe seem not to recognize her?

Firstly, it couldn't be an act; Ashe truly met her for the first time in the Underground Hall of the Four Pillars Cult. At that moment, Deya couldn't help but consider a possibility- could Ashe also have another personality?

But soon, she remembered another possibility more fitting to Ashe's situation, and it had already happened to him once: a deity was impersonating him!

When the Gospel impersonated Ashe during the assassination, it moved unseen and unknown; when the Observer met her in the Tower, he also appeared as though between reality and illusion, nearly indistinguishable from each other!

After all, the Observer is just a Two-Wings Sorcerer, yet he managed to 'forcefully' bring her and the Sword Princess together from different kingdoms to explore the Virtual Realm, a feat far beyond the limits of a sorcerer!

Neither Sanctuary Sorcerers nor Legendary Sorcerers could achieve this!

Not to mention, every commute is accommodated with a Sports car, and according to the Sword Princess, they even have ships in the Sea of Knowledge.

Although it was never specifically discussed, both she and the Sword Princess assumed that the Observer had mastered the deities, a highly diversified group capable of both creation and teamwork. If the Observer ever managed to create Lala Fatty in the Virtual Realm, they wouldn't be surprised.

Deya used to think that the Observer had complete control over the deities, but now that it's her turn to control them, she realizes it's simply not possible-she doesn't even have the energy to drive the deities!

The functionality of the Gospel deities is due to the collective support of the legendary sorcerers, and the Gospel system is unrelated to the historical First Gospels. It's purely a spontaneous expansion after being well-fed, similar to breathing, eating, and excreting.

In the Kingdom of the Gospels, the Gospel is nearly synonymous with natural phenomena like the sun, wind, rain, and earth. The foundations of civilization created by the sorcerers, such as Gospel Books, Gospel databases, and Gospel intelligence systems, are no different from farmers using manure to fertilize fields or miners extracting ore, except that the sorcerers are more advanced.

Although the First Gospel is a host for the deity, it can only access a portion of the deity's permissions and is fundamentally unable to use the deity to serve itself. To use a solar analogy, ordinary people can only silently endure the sunlight; the First Gospel, being closer to the sun, can utilize more solar energy and even influence the distribution of sunlight among all beings; but only the Angel Divine Sovereign has control over the sun's flares, extinguishing, and collapse.

The relationship between sorcerers and deities is never one of domination but symbiosis, with sorcerers at most taking slight advantages from the deities. Even this advantage is based on the premise of the Gospel deities being well-fed (constantly nourished by legendary chefs) and their self-driven expansion.

However, having been with Ashe for so long, if he had been supported by a large group of legendary sorcerers acting as batteries, she would have noticed. Since she hasn't, it indicates that Ashe lacks any energy to drive the deities, and even if he did, it would be minimal.

Yet, the deities still provide him with custom services, organizing teams for him every night, preparing the Sports car, and setting up the map-more than even his own parents would. This only means one thing: the deities are utterly devoted to serving him, even striving to gather energy themselves to subsidize his needs.

At that moment, Deya recalled the Observer deity's appearance, which was almost identical to Ashe's, and the Sword Princess's mention that the Observer might be a reincarnated mighty one who had lost his memory. This sparked a new conjecture in her heart: Ashe's deity could be one he had summoned himself in the past.

Even a spirit autonomously summoned shares many traits with its sorcerer; it's not surprising for a deity to look exactly alike. Only such a Bond could explain why the deity was so protective of Ashe.

However, the deity had also kept many secrets from Ashe, such as my true identity!

"Lise?"

Ashe gently pressed the back of his hand against her cheek, feeling her warmth. "Have you really come back?"

It wasn't just Lise who had returned; I had come back too.

Deya's lips barely moved. She had so much she wanted to tell Ashe-tell him that she was the Witch, tell him that Lise was actually her younger sister, tell him that she was not just a little girl... but she couldn't utter a word.

-Secrecy power.

The conceptual Incarnation isolated her from the deity and stood between her and Ashe as well. The more she wanted to share her secrets, the more solid the shackles became, and the power of secrecy grew stronger.

It was truly astonishing-despite her beloved being so close, her heart could not draw any nearer. Just like the Mermaid in the fairy tale who had her voice stolen, no one could hear her heartfelt desires.

Facing Ashe's expectant gaze, Deya bit her lower lip, her eyes brimming with tears. She took a deep breath, but tears still overflowed as she stood up from the throne and wrapped her arms around his neck, sobbing, "I'm back."

At that moment, Deya could no longer restrain herself. She buried her face in his chest, weeping bitterly, heartbreakingly, helplessly. She had thought escaping the Tower would allow her to fool fate, but she realized she was still inside the Tower; she had never escaped her fate and would never obtain what she truly wanted.

From the moment she began deceiving Ashe with the identity of 'Lise', the seeds of tragedy were already sown. The night she pleaded with Ashe to save her elder sister Nina was her last chance to confess, but she chose to give it up.

She didn't want to be merely Ashe's Lise; she hoped to reveal her true self to Ashe later because explaining felt too complicated... But at the root of it all, she was actually afraid.

Afraid that Ashe would despise her deception, she continually avoided the truth. In this, she was like Lise, both waiting passively for someone to come for them, hoping to be forgiven under the delusion that they would be shown leniency.

When Lise Deya bid farewell to Ashe on their behalf, she also did not reveal the truth about Deya and the others, leading Ashe to believe there was only 'Lise' and 'Lise Deya' from beginning to end.

Lise Deya undoubtedly had good intentions-firstly, Ashe was completely unaware of Deya's existence, and due to the chaos brought by the Reverse Day spirit, their bodies remained that of 'little girl Lise' and not 'young girl Lise Deya'. To rashly tell him "Your daughter's soul houses several young girls who like you" would only add to his confusion without any meaningful purpose. Secondly, by that time, Deya and the others had already decided to sacrifice themselves for Ashe, under the influence of their lofty

ideals, believing that their unexpressed feelings and unknown sacrifices would seem more romantic and touching.

Just like the Angels in fairy tales, silently spreading their wings to watch over you.

It is because of these acts of cowardice, hesitation, deception, sacrifice, and romance that Deya harbored a secret deep in her heart-a secret she longed to express yet remained buried under glaciers until the arrival of the Secret Incarnation, causing it to burst forth with a hundred thousand roses, trapping the Gospel deity within.

That is the real reason why Deya cried.

Not because she had previously remained silent, nor because the Conceptual Incarnation prevented her from speaking, but because she must continue to guard this secret in the future.

Once the secret is exposed and the secrecy power fails, the awakened deity will engulf her soul, turning her into a vessel known as Gosdeya, unable to meet Ashe or the Observer again. Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

So, she not only had to conceal the truth but also ensure that Ashe detected no hint of it, as any slip would diminish the effectiveness of her secrecy power. She had to weave a vast web to envelop both Ashe and the Observer in deception.

She needed to maintain the guise of a little girl.

She had to carefully hide the changes in the spirit.

She couldn't let Ashe discover that she was a Witch.

She couldn't let Ashe know that Lise had sisters.

She couldn't let Ashe know about someone he didn't recognize, didn't know, and had never seen, yet had saved many times.

How ironic it was-if Deya didn't conceal herself, she could no longer exist; if Deya kept hiding, he still wouldn't know of her existence.

If fate pushed her forward, she could confess everything to Ashe and walk away liberated; if fate pulled her back, she could take this secret into the Virtual Realm and silently vanish; yet fate had her stay put, unable to step forward into the Abyss or back into hell, but mustering the courage to hold onto her secret, trying to find a path into a future no one had ever trodden.

Yes, the future.

Perhaps, someday Ashe would find a way to accommodate a deity without her needing secrecy power; perhaps, as a legendary sorcerer, she would find other means to control deities; perhaps, she could even become an Angel...

Thinking of their youth, their future, and the many opportunities still ahead, Deya finally managed to stop her tears, burping twice, her snot bubbling out.

She looked down and saw her tears and snot smearing Ashe's clothes. Hearing Ashe's laughter, Deya was too embarrassed to look up, feeling a sudden relief – thankful he thought she was just Lise...

She suddenly recalled Belldate's mantra of domination: Increase what they desire, gift what they need.

From the moment she escaped the Tower, it seemed she was destined to return to it, as if everything was prearranged.

Was it you who planned everything, Gospel?

Deya couldn't help but gaze at the Gospel deity within her soul. It wore an eyepatch and appeared as a demure young girl in a purple dress, quietly holding the soul summoning spirit. Noticing Deya's gaze, it suddenly grasped the eyepatch and slowly lifted it.

But beneath the eyepatch was not a pair of eyes, but...

...a door?

In an instant, a door emerged from Deya, sucking them both in.

By the time Ashe and Deya realized what had happened, they had already arrived at a wondrous place: they were sitting on a spiderweb, unable to see its ends in any direction. Their entire view was filled with webs of various colors, shapes, and sizes, each web so immense it could only be described as majestic, like the sky or the earth itself.

These webs seemed to weave through space itself, layer upon layer, endlessly and boundlessly. The source of the light was unknown; it was neither dim nor dazzling.

Compared to these vast spiderwebs, Ashe and Deya seemed as tiny as insects, almost as if any creature that appeared here could easily prey on them—a terrifying thought.

"It's my first time seeing two from the First Gospel."

Ashe and Deya quickly turned around to see a beautiful lady hanging upside down above them on a spiderweb.

Although she was upside down, her long hair did not hang down, and her skirt did not flip up. If she wasn't consciously controlling it, it only meant that the 'up and down' here closely depended on which web you were standing on.

Her expression was indifferent, framed by glasses, and her most striking feature was the luxurious headphones she wore, seemingly made of obsidian, with bells hanging from each end. Even in the Kingdom, such a fashion statement was avant-garde, adding a touch of approachability to her.

However, as soon as she spoke, any sense of familiarity Ashe and Deya might have felt immediately dissipated.

"Welcome to the Omniscient Heaven," she said. "I am the Angel of Bell Listening, under the Weaver's command. You may call me Bell."

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

Chapter 508: Only Those Who Dont Make Wishes Can Get Their Wishes

Angel of Bell Listening!

A Five-Winged Demigod, under the Divine Sovereign!

A truly mythological creature, a non-human entity capable of easily altering the fate of all beings!

Even though Ashe seems to be just two virtual wings short, he understands that a sorcerer's virtual wings can be silver, gold, rainbow, or even colorless. But when it comes to an angel's virtual wings, he doesn't even know their name!

Entities of this level are beyond being targets; they never even imagined they could meet one!

Even a legendary sorcerer would never dream of glimpsing an angel's silhouette!

But compared to the shock brought by the angel, Ashe and Deya are more concerned with what she just said.

"Is this heaven?" Ashe looks at his hands. "Am I already dead?"

“Not yet,” Angel of Bell says calmly. “It’s not only the dead who can come to heaven, you were brought here by the Gospel voluntarily.”

“This is the final stage of inheriting the Gospel. Every First Gospel throughout history has come here once.” She glances at them, the bell on her headphone jingling. “It’s fascinating. This generation’s First Gospel actually has two people. Even more fascinating is that both of you possess a Secret Incarnation.”

Facing the Angel of Bell Listening, neither Ashe nor Deya dares to act out of line. Just as Deya tries to speak, Ashe holds her back. He carefully picks his words and tentatively asks, “How does she inherit the Gospel? What happens if she doesn’t inherit it?”

“Not inheriting it is also a form of inheritance.”

Angel of Bell Listening walks towards them, but the bell on her headphone doesn’t ring. As she closes the gap to within five steps, both Ashe and Deya feel an unseen sound penetrating their bodies-her gaze seemingly holds vibrations that could tear them into the finest particles at any moment.

It’s not the direct intimidation of Sanctuary, spellforce, or spirit, nor the implicit suggestion of any Miracle, but rather the knowledge within her eyes that has reached a level capable of easily crushing them.

Could it be, when the Spellcasting Sect’s level surpasses legendary, mere knowledge alone can shake reality?

“The spiderweb beneath your feet is the legacy left to you by the previous First Gospel,” Bell paused and added, “It’s also the Divine Sovereign’s Wish you’ve been eagerly anticipating.”

The Divine Sovereign’s Wish!?

Only now does Deya remember this matter, and she excitedly tries to lean down and touch it, but Ashe stops her by pressing her shoulder. She calms herself a bit and cautiously touches one of the spider threads.

Fate.

Arrangement.

Plan.

In a daze, she sees the life of a goblin technical worker. He was born in Mephila, and in his youth, he naturally squandered loans from the Belldate Family. He got married and started working at twenty, his technical skill steadily improving at his job. At thirty-three,

he became a silver sorcerer through the Alchemic Sect, and at fifty, he retired to travel with his wife, exploring the Abyss...

She saw how the Gospel influenced this goblin worker: guiding him from a young age to become friends with those of similar temperament, sparking his interest in alchemical machinery for which he had a natural talent, giving him the opportunity to meet his future wife as he grew up, and arranging reasonable courses after he started working to enhance his spellcasting skills...

Throughout his life, he lived under the Gospel's arrangement. Although he was neither wealthy nor illustrious, he was free and at ease. He had friends, a family, a job, hobbies, and, living in a consumption-driven city like Mephila, he spent his life creating value, enjoying value, and realizing value. Except for occasional family squabbles, he never faced any societal tribulations and went to work with a cheerful heart every day.

This isn't the past, nor is it the future; this goblin has just gotten married and started working. The Gospel has already finished writing the second volume of his life and is preparing to outline the third.

"This is the fate of the Gospel people."

Deya touches the spiderweb thread and looks around at the boundless, sprawling spiderweb.

"This is the fate of the entire Gospel Kingdom."

"Merely approaching fate," Bell corrects, "It neither includes the 'chance' that can affect variables nor the immutable 'destiny,' but is simply a plan that encompasses everything within its calculations, striving to make sure everyone lives a relatively happy life on a larger scale."

"And this is the final legacy you are to inherit." Angel of Bell Listening pointed to the center of the spiderweb not far away and said, "Do you see that thread that isn't connected? By holding that thread, it signifies your willingness to inherit this legacy, and you can choose to continue weaving the future of the Gospel."

Ashe asked, "What if she chooses not to inherit it?"

"If she doesn't inherit, the weaving will naturally stop," Bell replied matter-of-factly. "Once this spiderweb is exhausted, the Gospel system will automatically disassemble and turn into a mere responsive machine."

"But even if you don't wish to weave, there's no need to give up on inheriting. You can inherit this legacy, then collect the spiderweb and ignite it, wishing upon the near-fate-like flames."

Ashe and Deya were taken aback. "Make a wish?"

"Yes," Bell confirmed. "Interesting, did you think the so-called Divine Sovereign's Wish was the Weaver listening to your hearts and then using Divine Interventions to grant your wishes?"

They didn't respond, but that was indeed what they thought.

"The Weaving Festival happens every fifty years, and the First Gospel changes every fifty years. If the Weaver were to grant your wishes, it would mean she would have to carve out special time for you every fifty years." Bell raised an eyebrow, and two bells chimed, "Interesting, do you see the Weaver as such a leisurely and compassionate being?"

"Throughout history, every First Gospel that arrives here voluntarily picks up the thread and quickly completes the final ritual. It's only because you two are special that I have come out to meet you and explain."

Ashe was stunned. "So, even though the Divine Sovereign's Wish exists, it has never been used?"

Angel of Bell Listening chuckled, the sound of two bells creating a clear, melodious tune. Yet this seemingly gentle sound made Ashe and Deya feel as if they were being pierced by the sound a thousand times over, their bodies ready to fall apart in the next moment!

"This is a Divine Intervention designed specifically by the Weaver for the Gospel," she laughed. "And the Gospel only selects heirs that align with its character. Even if they don't align, it will twist them to fit. While burning this spiderweb can indeed produce the near-divine 'Fate Fire,' also known as the Divine Sovereign's Wish, those daring enough to burn the spiderweb would never be chosen by the Gospel in the first place."

Only those who don't wish can receive the wish. It sounded almost comical, like when you accompany a friend to an interview, but only you end up being hired. A conversation popped into Ashe's mind:

"I want to make a wish."

"If you make a wish, you can't receive the Divine Sovereign's Wish."

"But why would I need the Divine Sovereign's Wish if I didn't want to make a wish?"

"I'll only grant you the Divine Sovereign's Wish if you don't want to make a wish!"

"But I need the wish to make a wish."

“To receive the Divine Sovereign’s Wish, you mustn’t wish!”

So, Annan’s plan was doomed from the start. The spiderweb is the final inheritance of the First Gospel. If you don’t become the First Gospel, you don’t get the chance to claim the Divine Sovereign’s Wish...- Wait a minute, Annan actually almost succeeded this time, didn’t she?

A thought struck Ashe, but Deya had already voiced the question: “What will happen if I burn the spiderweb?”

“The Gospel system will completely disassemble and vanish, unable even to answer questions anymore,” Bell explained. “This spiderweb allows the Gospel’s power to reach everyone within the Gospel. If you stop weaving, it merely loses the ability to control everyone’s fate, but the spiderweb will still have an effect. If you burn it, the Gospel can’t touch anyone else, and only you can still harness its power.”

Ashe and Deya exchanged glances. They had already guessed what ‘Ashpel’s Worldline’ meant: Annan undoubtedly planned to command Ashpel to burn the spiderweb completely and then wish for both Ashpel and Ashe to coexist, which brought about this Weaving Festival.

Although all the preceding causes and effects were now clear, Ashe still felt uneasy. “So, what does the Weaver hope the First Gospel will choose?”

Being directly pulled into the Divine Sovereign’s heaven, Ashe knew they had no real grounds for resistance. The so-called choice was like a company boss saying, “Feel free to voice your opinions! We are a young team, and we value everyone’s input!” And if you actually dared to raise your hand, you’d be seen as a fool.

“The Weaver has no demands of you,” Bell said. “You needn’t worry. If the Weaver truly wanted to completely control the Kingdom through the Gospel, do you think a Secret Incarnation would be enough to protect her self-awareness?”

Ashe couldn’t help but ask, “Do you really have no opinions on this?”

“Interesting, why should we care? The Weaver and I don’t concern ourselves with a few decades or the fates of several generations,” Bell explained. “To you, her coexistence with the Gospel might seem like a monumental, history-altering event. But to us, it’s nothing more than a minor episode, a fleeting wave in the Golden Flow that will quickly settle back to normal.”

“We don’t mind what you do-be it escaping, accepting, or using the situation. No matter the ripples you create, time will wash them away soon enough. If you can stir up some interesting changes, all the better.”

“My role is merely to guide you in making a choice. Whatever you decide, I can’t be bothered to even look, so...- suit yourself.”

Ashe and Deya exchanged bewildered glances. Deya asked, “Can I wish for someone else to inherit the Gospel?”

“No,” Bell shook her head. “It’s very particular. It only chooses the finest heir within its range.”

Living in a quiet, comfortable house makes you unwilling to move back to a small, old one with noisy renovations. I get it, Ashe thought, casting a glance at Deya and taking a step back.

“Uh?”

“I won’t interfere,” Ashe said. “Lise, this is something you must decide for yourself.”

Deya glanced at the center of the spiderweb and asked, “If I make different choices, what changes would it bring for me?”

Bell pondered for a moment and said, “If you don’t inherit but the spiderweb remains, your original self can never leave the Kingdom because the Gospel won’t allow it to leave. If you inherit and burn the spiderweb, you can move freely, even leave the Gospel. If you choose to continue the Weave, you must live in the central area of the Kingdom, as it needs to be within this range to continue weaving the future.”

Deya was taken aback, “The benefits of burning the spiderweb are immense-having a wish and no longer being bound.”

Bell smiled, “You have only this moment to choose. Once you leave the Omniscient Heaven, you won’t be able to change it-unless you come back again.”

Deya nodded, walked to the center of the spiderweb, squatted down, and picked up an unconnected spider thread.

Ashe held his breath, and the Angel of Bell Listening remained silent. They knew that Deya’s next thought would determine the fate of billions.

Suddenly, Deya asked, “Ashe, do you have any wishes?”

Ashe was startled but quickly replied, “Abolish the Ranking of the Unrelated.”

“Yes, the unrelated.” Deya suddenly remembered, “I haven’t saved elder sister Nina-“

“Saved?”

Bell's voice rang out again, and she asked curiously, "You want to save someone from the Ranking of the Unrelated?"

"That's right." Deya caught the subtext in Bell's words and quickly asked, "Does that mean the unrelated aren't actually dead?"

"Not only are they not dead, but they are living quite well." Bell laughed. "All the unrelated people live happily ever after in heaven."

"What?" Ashe and Deya were both stunned.

"Interesting, though it's understandable you wouldn't know," Bell said. "For certain reasons, heaven needs to accommodate some mortals, and they will live a joyful and fulfilling life there. Different heavens have different entry requirements: some Divine Sovereigns admit based on piety, some based on fate, and some specifically choose those on the brink of death. The Omniscient Weaver's criterion for admission is, indeed, the Ranking of the Unrelated."

"The so-called Unrelated are those who have no connection with society, who do not fit in and are expelled by society's actions. Not being on the Ranking of the Unrelated means that one has the ability to find happiness within society; whereas those on the list are granted happiness by the Omniscient Weaver."

"Seems fair, right?" Bell smiled, and the sound of her bells chimed. "Someone has to receive the Weaver's blessing, so why not let society itself choose who deserves happiness the most."

Having already heard the saying "only those who don't wish will receive wishes," Ashe was no longer surprised by the Omniscient Weaver's philosophical yet sadistic humor of "only the most unfortunate shall receive happiness."

This resonated deeply with Deya—"only those who wish to reveal a secret must keep secrecy." Everything related to the Omniscient Weaver was full of contradictions, seemingly designed to use these paradoxical trials to test human nature.

"So, you have no reason to save the Unrelated," Bell said, looking at Deya. "Of course, if you want to pull her back to reality, that's fine too. As for the Ranking of the Unrelated...- do as you like."

Hearing this, Deya felt somewhat lost.

She stared at the unattached spider thread for a long while, her hand loosening and tightening repeatedly. She couldn't help but turn to Ashe with a pleading look. Ashe shrugged, walked over, squatted next to her, and patted her head without saying a word.

This seemed to give Deya enough courage. She grasped the spider thread tightly until the other end fused into her palm.

“Do you need a light?” Bell asked kindly.

“No,” Deya shook her head. Holding the spider thread with one hand and clutching Ashe’s sleeve with the other, she stood up and said, “Let’s go back.”

“Interesting,” Bell said, though her face remained neutral, the bells still jingled. “As expected, the one chosen by the Gospel ultimately chose to Weave.”

“But are you sure you don’t want to reconsider? That’s almost a Universal wish-granting device. Although becoming an angel might be challenging, becoming an immortal legendary sorcerer is definitely within reach. Even if you don’t think about yourself, consider the person beside you-“

“Alright, enough,” Ashe interrupted. “We can go have Lala Fatty together sometime. For now, just send us back. We have people waiting for us.”

“-How dare you interrupt an angel’s speech?”

The chilling voice seemed to pierce their souls, causing Ashe and Deya to huddle together in fear.

“Interesting.” But the next second, Bell’s tone calmed. “You are indeed very interesting people.”

“Since you don’t want the Divine Sovereign’s Wish, I’ll grant you an Angel’s Wish instead.”

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

Chapter 509: Fairy Spirit

Angel’s Wish?

Because Ashe and Deya already had a basic understanding of the good conduct associated with the Weaver Sect’s deities, they weren’t pleased when they heard the Angel of Bell Listening’s good intentions. Instead, they stepped back in unison, shaking their heads, “No...”

“Very well, I have heard your wish indeed.”

As she finished this sentence, the Angel of Bell Listening was already standing behind Deya. Deya, who was stepping back, bumped her head into the angel’s exposed navel. A bell rang, and in an instant, both Ashe and Deya were immobilized. They watched helplessly as the Angel of Bell Listening removed her exquisite and luxurious obsidian headphones and gently placed them on Deya’s head, adjusting them to the perfect fit.

Then, she rang the bell.

The bell swung once, emitting a sound like flames scorching the air.

Then, above Deya’s head, appeared a sphere about the size of a fist, condensed like a golden ball, shining as bright as the sun... or perhaps, it was a sun!

A micro-sun!

The bell swung twice, emitting a sound like water vapor forming frost.

Then, under Deya’s feet, suddenly a spiderweb spread into a thousand-mile ice river. The black frost filled every inch of the vision, looking down into an endless icy sea. Just the sight of it induced a suffocating fear!

The bell swung three times, emitting a sound like a gentle breeze blowing.

Then, the entire space’s airflow seemed to sink, a breeze from above penetrated every inch of their skin and every cell, as if it was dissolving and scattering them!

The bell swung four times, emitting a sound like petals falling.

Then, on the thousand-mile ice river, suddenly bloomed endless Blue Roses, their delicate petals shimmering like ice crystals, gently swaying and distorting the light!

The bell stopped ringing, but these four sounds were enough for Ashe and Deya to catch a glimpse of the iceberg that was the Angel of Bell Listening-she was using Music Spells from the Sect to perform various miracles!

By replicating the sound of miracles or Divine Intervention, she directly reproduced them!

Perhaps she remembered them directly, or maybe she ‘stored’ the sounds while witnessing others’ Divine Interventions. In any case, when she released these sounds, she could cast the corresponding Divine Interventions!

Although the sorcerers were certain that angels and the Divine Sovereign, even if they weren’t proficient in all Sects, could absolutely reflect many methods with one, making it

impossible for them to encounter a significant weakness, the Angel of Bell Listening now made Ashe and Deya clearly understand the difference between an angel and a sorcerer-a massive gap between being 'omnipotent' and 'proficient'!

And this was just the Angel of Bell Listening under the command of the Weaver. How magnificent must the 'Omniscient Weaver' be?

At this moment, the Angel of Bell Listening drew out something resembling a conductor's baton, and her demeanor underwent a dramatic change. Although describing an angel as 'confident' might be an understatement, if Igor were here, he would certainly use more extravagant words to depict the scene-she was so confident that she seemed to be confronting a highly skilled orchestra, proudly and freely waving the baton, conducting the world in a resplendent symphony!

In an instant, Ashe and Deya heard the blazing sun singing loudly, the descending wind sighing softly, the blooming flowers harmonizing, and the deep sea playing melodiously!

Then the Angel of Bell Listening pointed at Deya, and it was as if everything was proportionately condensed and integrated into Deya's soul!

Divine Intervention: World Fusion!

Within Deya's soul, there appeared a small world that enveloped the Gospel deity and the soul summoning spirit. Within this small world, there was a garden, a sun, airflows, glaciers, and earth. The Gospel and soul summoning spirits stayed there very quietly. Meanwhile, Deya's other spirits seemed to breathe a sigh of relief, no longer trembling at the edges of her soul but instead chasing and playing as usual.

In Deya's perception, the Gospel deity and the soul summoning spirit seemed to suddenly disappear, leaving only an unknown three-winged spirit.

"World Fusion can momentarily merge your various spirits into one, preventing them from leaking any aura and making them undetectable, yet they can still function."

The voice of the Angel of Bell Listening came through the headphones: "If they are ordinary spirits, they will gradually merge into a new spirit. However, the Gospel will clearly not be assimilated; for it, this is merely a more comfortable place."

Deya hadn't expected the Angel's Wish to be that-though it was exactly what she needed. With Ashe possessing the ability to detect operator spirits, the Angel of Bell Listening had now hidden the Gospel deity, the soul summoning spirit, and the Secret Incarnation, eliminating her fatal exposure.

However...

Since you've done all this, why not directly boost my mental resistance and deity adaptability to 100%, so I don't have to maintain secrecy anymore? Are you deliberately teasing me?

"Remarkable, it's the first time I've seen a sorcerer wanting to hand their soul over to an angel for molding."

The Angel's voice was laced with mockery: "The power of a conceptual Incarnation isn't something that can be replaced by an ordinary Divine Intervention. Wanting your soul to be powerful enough to accommodate a deity is almost akin to wishing to become an angel. You'd have to burn the spiderweb to ashes to even come close. The Blessing of the Bronze Dragon only strengthens by 13%; it's not deliberately teasing you but is rather an all-out reward-after all, a mere Bronze Dragon of the Time Sect can usually only improve your adaptability to Time Sect deities."

Deya froze, recalling how the blessing of the Bronze Dragon had dissipated rapidly after bestowing its gift.

"But yes, I am deliberately teasing you. By the way, how about naming your new spirit?"

A name?

Almost instinctively, a thought popped into Deya's mind: "Fairy Spirit."

"The all-knowing Gospel princess, imprisoned in a secret garden... it does sound like a fairy tale. But will you become the witch who desires yet cannot obtain, or the happy, blissful princess? I am quite looking forward to finding out."

With the words of the Angel of Bell Listening, this small world enveloping the Gospel and soul summoning spirits now had a new name-Fairy Spirit!

The Angel of Bell Listening adjusted the tightness of the headphones as she placed them back on her own head, smiling: "Alright, you can thank me now."

The moment Ashe regained control of his body, he took a step to the left, blocking Deya. However, the white-haired girl held his hand and shook it slightly, then took the initiative to nod towards the Angel of Bell Listening: "Thank you."

The Angel of Bell Listening graciously accepted their thanks and said, "You can go back now, but... you still have a chance to change your mind. Although I can't remove the Gospel deity from your soul, since the First Gospel must remain in reality, you can wish to extract your personality and leave your bodies here. Your consciousness would then reside in Omniscient Heaven, enjoying eternal bliss, and you could reunite with the unrelated people you know."

For a moment, Deya was tempted. No need for secrecy, no other worries, and she could keep Ashe by her side forever, enjoying carefree happiness in heaven. But she quickly shook her head and resolutely said, "Send us back."

As someone who desperately wanted to escape the illusory Tower herself, there was no way she would drag Ashe into it as a prisoner. Life in the Tower might be blissful and happy, but the future she desired lay outside of it.

Thinking about this, Deya glanced at Ashe, only to find him still warily watching the Angel of Bell Listening. Having worked for several years and been exposed to anti-fraud education, Ashe no longer believed any empty promises from Upper-tier Individuals.

Whenever Ashe saw scam messages, he always asked himself three questions: "If a beautiful woman is throwing herself at you, have you looked in the mirror?" "If there's a fail-proof business deal, why would they come to you?" "Are you really the lucky one to win a random lottery?"

Although the Angel of Bell Listening had no need to deceive them-the power disparity was too immense, after all-if she wanted to crush Ashe, could he even dare to resist? If they stayed in Omniscient Heaven, they might indeed reach the shore of happiness.

But the real issue was, is this the happiness Ashe truly wanted? Or rather, would the Omniscient Weaver grant whatever it is that Ashe desires?

Never forget that the Vamora, the Mephila, the Nabistin underground people, and even the Gospel adherents, all think they are very happy.

For Ashe, who has always attempted to back off and take it easy, staying in heaven was indeed a tempting offer; at least he would not have to figure out how to get his Substitute to learn how to work. However, Omniscient Heaven could never satisfy Ashe's appetite. As a greedy Mudborn sorcerer, Ashe not only wanted happiness for himself but also wished to bring it to others.

After all, happiness is like a game. It's not about someone handing you a perfect save file and account; you need to beat it yourself to know what kind of ending you truly want. Although reality is like a grueling, resource-intensive Tower-climbing game, Ashe still had no intention of quitting-because he had teammates fighting alongside him.

"Remarkable, a mortal who can refuse this invitation," Bell said with a slight smile. With a gentle swipe of her right hand, she cut a seam into the space. "Then go back."

"Go back to that vibrant and cunning reality, where joy and sorrow are woven together."

In the next second, the seam enveloped the two of them.

Bell watched the spot where they had disappeared, lost in thought.

Just then, another figure appeared upside down in the spiderweb above.

She wore a metal mask resembling aluminum alloy, hands in the pockets of her coat, her hair tied in a scythe-like ponytail, tall and silent.

“You’re just in time, Yan,” Bell remarked. “The Twisting Mask was your doing, wasn’t it?”

Yan nodded.

“The Twisting Mask shouldn’t be able to block my listening, right? Especially within five meters.”

Yan shook her head.

“Interesting. Why can’t I hear a single sound from him...” Bell mused, resting her chin on her hand. “The First Gospel, too. I can hear it, but only bits and pieces, and the voice differs significantly. Although she has a different personality, it feels like that voice knows I’m listening and deliberately throws me some bones to chase...”

“However, my inability to listen is already a form of listening. The Four Pillars? Dramatic Poet? Who’s composing the score for them?”

At that moment, Yan waved her hand as if to issue a warning.

Bell immediately shook her head. “Of course, I wouldn’t do that. One is a non-sale item, and the other is merchandise. I wouldn’t dare ruin the Weaver’s business.”

Opening and closing their eyes, Ashe and Deya found themselves back in the banquet hall of the Nabistin Royal Palace. But unlike before, the hall was now filled with more people.

They looked at the suddenly appearing pair with reverence and excitement on their faces.

“Why are all of you here?” Ashe was bewildered. Apart from the Funeral group, Qenna and Yvaren’s sisters were also present-essentially, everyone who had tried to stir up trouble the previous night was now gathered there.

Qenna stood with her hands crossed over her chest, glancing at Deya, whom Ashe was holding by the hand. A subtle light flickered in her eyes. “Her Majesty Gosdeya sent us to bid you farewell.”

“Me too,” Yvaren stated, hands on her hips, with her taller sister Anfel standing behind her. “She said you’d be leaving the Gospel Kingdom today and might never come back. Did you just meet with the Omniscient Weaver?”

“Ashe,” Igor called out, striding over and grabbing Ashe by the collar. He glared at Ashe and demanded sternly, “Which part did you hit me when we first met? Answer within three seconds, quickly!”

Ashe was taken aback. “Huh? Erm, oh, it was your nose, but I didn’t actually hit you because Shattered Lake Prison restricted my intent to attack!”

“What else do you owe me?”

“One favor! I still owe you one favor!”

“A wrongfully accused fool or an authentic Cult Leader, which one are you?”

“The wrongfully accused... I’m not a fool!”

Igor pushed him away and explained to the onlookers, “He hasn’t been replaced; he’s still the same tirelessly devoted Ashe.”

“Do you have to be so harsh?” Ashe clicked his tongue. “Once my soul recovers, I won’t be oversleeping!”

“How do you know I was calling you lazy, forgetful, gluttonous, and useless?”

“Obviously, because except when you’re dying or tricking me, you never say good things about me!”

“Alright, both of you, stop it.” Purple Moth stepped between them, signaling them to cut it out. She then turned to the Cult Leader. “Ashe.”

“Yeah.” Ashe looked at Annan. Although they had only been apart for one night-Annan and her group had followed the secret guards to the depths of the Royal Palace, while he and Lise had gone to the Tower-meeting again felt like a reunion after a long separation.

Suddenly, Annan hugged him tightly, taking a deep breath as if to feel his warmth.

Deya narrowed her eyes slightly.

After a moment, Annan released Ashe and asked, “Did you just make a wish in the Omniscient Heaven? We didn’t see you come out, so we checked and found the hall empty. Then we asked the Gospel Book, which said you were in Omniscient Heaven.”

“A wish...-” Ashe exchanged a glance with Deya and shrugged. “If you must know, we did make a wish.”

“What was it?” Annan asked with curiosity, and everyone else perked up, eager to hear.

“World peace and happiness for all beings.”

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

Chapter 510: Beneath Gosdeya, Above All Beings!

“In other words, the cost of making a wish is the Gospel, and destroying the Gospel still grants an extra wish... we were so close, it’s really a pity.”

Listening to Ashe’s recount, Annan showed a disappointed expression, spreading her hands, “In the end, I still fell short, and my plans failed.”

Ashe noticed the desolation in her expression and suddenly remembered something: “Annan, you...”

“No worries, going all in means you have to accept the consequences.” Annan smiled, clapped her hands and said, “However, since the flute sound can maintain self-awareness, we don’t need to leave, right? That’s great. They say other Kingdoms aren’t as advanced in the Gospel as here. If we end up in a primitive forest with a tribal system, I can’t accept such a drastic drop in living standards.”

“Lise.” Ashe looked toward Deya, who was sitting on the throne, and seriously asked, “Do you have a way to lift the Gospel’s curse on the Dolan Family?”

“The Gospel’s curse on the Dolan Family?” Nona immediately reacted, and Qenna also looked at them, “What’s going on?”

Deya looked seriously at Annan, sensing the intense vibration in her soul, her expression slightly changed: “Indeed, the Gospel is filled with loathing for those with Dolan blood. If left unchecked, in a few years, the Gospel’s loathing will increase enough to affect the Gospel system, until the Dolan clansmen completely disappear before it stops interfering.”

This was the first time the Senhaeser sisters heard about this, and Nona was stunned. Being “loathed by the Gospel” was so beyond comprehension and terrifying that it left her in a stupor – can you imagine someone being loathed by the Sun, detested by Water, or avoided by Air?

Qenna suddenly stepped forward, kneeled before Deya, and respectfully asked, “How many points will it take to lessen the Gospel’s loathing for the Dolan?”

“Qenna!” Annan reached out to grab the Elf patriarch’s shoulder, trying to pull her up, “Is there any point in putting on an act in front of me?”

Qenna remained unmoved, as no mere two-wings sorcerer could possibly pull her away. She calmly said, “Now that the Weaving Festival is over, according to the Pact, you are no longer Annan Dolan, but Annan Senhaeser; henceforth, you must return to reside with the Senhaeser. The Six Heraldry will not abandon any clansman.”

“Family, family, always family!” Annan mocked, “Then end the Pact with me now, and I’ll still be Annan of Dolan, and you won’t have to waste Family resources on saving an outsider.”

Nona couldn’t help but say, “Xiao Annan, elder sister, can you both...”

As they began to argue, Deya hesitated initially, but seeing the mix of reluctance, compassion, and resolve in Ashe’s eyes, she immediately said, “I can suppress the Gospel’s loathing for Dolan, but I have one condition!”

Annan was startled and asked right away, “What condition?”

She had resolved herself to accept her fate – though she had the option to escape the Gospel, no Dolan patriarch before her had fled, nor would she. If she’d wanted to escape and survive at the expense of her dignity, she wouldn’t have lingered outside the virtual realm passage to capture Ashe and the others; she could have simply crossed over to another Kingdom.

Her foremost concern about running from the Gospel was that even if she reached another Kingdom, she would likely be hunted as an exotic land Vanguard, just like Ashe and the others faced upon arriving in the Kingdom of the Gospel. She might end up having an even shorter life than if she stayed in the Gospel.

However, beyond this, Annan’s willingness to rest eternally in the Gospel sprang from a profound sense of pride in it.

Some might wonder why someone so proud of the Gospel would go to great lengths to seize the Divine Sovereign’s Wish to destroy it. But Annan’s current resentment for the Gospel matched the pride she felt when she first encountered it. Though breaking the Family curse was her driving force, her lifelong dream was to dismantle the system and forge a new future.

Nearly every Gospel patriarch shared the same thought – it’s precisely their deep love for the Gospel that led them to the Blasphemy Gospel.

Thus, after the plan to assassinate the princess completely failed, Annan, her dreams shattered, was utterly despondent. Although later Gosdeya protected them and

arranged for them to escape to other Kingdoms to avoid persecution, Annan would never have agreed to leave the Gospel if it weren't for Banjeet and Ashe.

Now that Gosdeya could maintain her self-awareness and Ashe and Banjeet had no reason to leave, Annan wouldn't dream of fleeing to another Kingdom alone to fend for herself. She'd rather enjoy the time she had left.

So, when Gosdeya said she could suppress the Gospel's loathing and break Dolan's curse, a new hope rekindled in Annan's heart.

It wasn't just the prospect of living on; it was seeing the possibility of her ideals coming true through Gosdeya!

"I want you to end your Pact with Ashe." Deya glanced at Igor and Uncle Harvey, adding, "And with Aunt Bukin and Uncle Harvey as well."

"No problem."

Annan agreed instantly. With her reward, the "Tongue of Release," as long as both sides of a Pact reached an agreement, it could be verbally dissolved. After ending the Pacts, she approached Deya and asked earnestly, "Can you really suppress the Gospel's malice?"

Deya nodded, "Yes, the Gospel's malice toward Dolan actually interferes with the functioning of the Gospel system. If I require the Gospel system to operate normally, it naturally won't target the Dolan clan."

"In addition to that, could you influence the Gospel system even further?" Annan's eyes sparkled. "For instance, reducing the Gospel's impact on individual lives, giving people more choices; dismantling the consortium families like Belldate, Six Heraldry, Mercury, and Cassiray-they've long needed oversight..."

"Annan, you troublemaker!"

"Annan, don't forget you're a Senhaeser clansman now!"

Qenna and Yvaren felt a chill, hastily interrupting Annan's dangerous talk, citing how the Six Heraldry and Belldate were too big to fail.

It was then that Ashe and the others belatedly realized a crucial point-throughout the entire Yisuo Dynasty, and possibly since the birth of the Gospel system over a thousand years ago, a uniquely emotionally charged Empress had emerged.

Although she was willing to give up what might be her only chance to make a wish for the sake of all beings under the Gospel, it didn't mean she was a completely fair and

just saint. On the contrary, she was definitely someone with little temper tantrums, people she disliked, people she liked, and even a very emotional girl.

If the First Gospel used to be the merciless blade hanging over all beings, Gosdeya was the nightmare or opportunity within reach of everyone-if she disliked you, you might trip over a banana peel while walking; if she liked you, even if you fell, there'd be an unlucky person beneath you to cushion the fall!

Thunder and dew, all are the Empress's grace!

Gosdeya's command is the fate of all beings!

Even if she could only make the Gospel system shake out a speck of dust, for whoever it landed on, it would be a mountain!

No wonder Qenna and Yvaren were so nervous-if Gosdeya really took Annan's words to heart and said, "It's getting cold, the Six Heraldry/Belldate should go bankrupt," no one could save them.

Thinking of this, Igor couldn't help but glance at Ashe nearby. If Gosdeya was the supreme Empress of the Gospel, Ashe was at least the most powerful court official, even more dangerous to offend than Gosdeya-after all, Gosdeya couldn't leave the Royal Palace, but Ashe was a walking calamity who could go anywhere.

He was truly 'Beneath Gosdeya, above all beings'!

Compared to the Doomsday disaster, Ashe was now the true "Source of Calamity."

Anyone who crossed him would experience what it's like to be "against the entire Gospel."

However, Ashe seemed oblivious to his rising status. He greeted Harvey and asked curiously, "Why do you look like you've lost weight?"

"Dieting," Harvey joked. "I transferred the weight to someone else."

Igor turned pale at the comment, while Ashe was puzzled, but his attention soon shifted to the baby carriage in front of him.

He squatted down to look at the blue-haired baby inside and asked hesitantly, "Is this Banjeet? Why is he so small this time? Last time he could at least walk, now... can he even roll over by himself?"

"He overused his Miracle."

Annan walked over and squatted beside him, saying, "It's my first time seeing Banjeet in his old age... After the Melt Miracle was over, he turned into this... and it's my first time seeing Banjeet as a baby."

"How long will it take for him to recover this time?" Ashe asked. "Last time, Little Banjeet took two days to return to normal. This time, is it going to take a week?"

"It will take seventeen years."

"Seventeen... years?" Ashe was stunned, thinking he must have misheard the time frame.

"He completely Melted himself," Annan said as she reached out to play with Little Banjeet, who grasped Annan's finger and made cooing sounds. "He can't recover anymore; he has to go through infancy, childhood, adolescence, and adulthood all over again."

"What about his memories?"

"They might come back, but a lot will definitely be lost." Annan shrugged. "There'll be many things that feel familiar to him when he encounters people, places, or objects from the past."

As Ashe and Little Banjeet stared at each other, Ashe suddenly laughed. "So it's your turn to take care of him this time."

"Yes, Dolan owes Banjeet a lot." Annan carefully picked up Little Banjeet. "I was worried about how to take care of him in another Kingdom, but now that we can stay, at least he has a stable environment to grow up in."

Little Banjeet struggled to get out of Annan's arms, making Ashe chuckle. He took Little Banjeet and positioned him horizontally on his arm. Little Banjeet immediately stopped squirming, his legs dangling over Ashe's arm as he curiously looked around.

"Huh?" Annan blinked. "Can you hold him like that? Won't he fall?"

"This is called the airplane hold. It's quite stable and can effectively soothe colicky crying."

"Why are you so skilled at this?"

Recalling how he used to help care for his crying nephew at home, Ashe gave a knowing smile. "I've taken care of children before."

As Annan watched Ashe care for Little Banjeet, the usually proactive and decisive girl suddenly became shy, stammering, “Now that the Weaving Festival is over, and, well, I’m not very good at taking care of babies, Ashe, can you-“

Suddenly, Ashe’s Gospel Book popped open on its own, emitting a faint green glow.

Everyone was startled, thinking the Weaving Festival hadn’t ended. However, they quickly noticed their own Gospel Books remained inactive.

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

Chapter 511: Two Gospels

Swish!

In the next second, Ashe’s Gospel Book unleashed numerous vines!

Miracle: Sword Body Barrier!

Miracle: Shadow Spirit’s Touch!

Miracle: Boiling Killing Intent!

Miracle: Virtual Wings Overload Gun Fury Storm!

Miracle: Wind Slashing Scythe Foot!

Miracle: Incendiary Round!

Miracle: Soul Crushing Sanctuary!

At the moment Ashe’s Gospel Book underwent a mutation and produced vines, almost everyone made their moves simultaneously!

Harvey shook his hands bound by the Ghost King Shackles, parts of his body turning into shadows, and all shadows within the palace launched attacks on the vines; Igor snapped his fingers, his eyes bloodshot, causing everyone to feel a strong killing intent towards the vines; Annan immediately transformed her amethyst pendant into an Assault Gun, purple Twin Wings appeared on her back, and gun barrels extended from the tips of the virtual wings, silently spewing a storm of bullets!

Yvaren lifted her leg and slashed downward, releasing a supersonic blade that sent a wave of wind towards the vines; Nona's body instantly gleamed with oil, lifting her handgun to shoot incendiary bullets capable of burning for a day and a night; Qenna rushed forward, expanding a sanctuary that grew to encompass the vines, exuding a pressure that hammered down like an iron fist!

A Sanctuary Sorcerer who had immersed herself in the Distant Sky Domain for many years and had elevated her mastery of the Spatial Sect to a Golden level could attempt to integrate other spellcasting sects into her sanctuary. Qenna had integrated the Soul Sect into her sanctuary, and with mere spellforce, she could crush the souls of all living beings within, driving animals mad and causing plants to wither!

Confronted with the sudden change in his Gospel Book, Ashe remained calm and quick. In an instant, he used Rainbow Tail's Secret Toxin to convert his spellforce into Prismatic spellforce, then cast a three wings level Sword Body Barrier to protect both himself and Little Banjeet from the effects of the other miracles!

Boom!

Shadows, bullets, flames, blade winds, and soul pressure successively engulfed the vines, different Spellcasting energies colliding like a car crash, weaving a splendid and explosive display of fireworks!

"Yay! Yay!" Little Banjeet cheered, raising his hands excitedly as he watched the blossoming shockwave.

However, Ashe's eyes widened as he noticed the vines already entangling around his legs and his perfectly intact but unresponsive sword body barrier. He saw a small segment of the vine stretching towards Little Banjeet and immediately shouted, "Stop! Annan, catch him!"

On hearing this, Annan lowered her gun barrel and looked up to see Little Banjeet flying towards her. She quickly discarded the Assault Gun and reached out to catch him, but in her hurry, she lost her balance and stumbled, stretching out her arms but failing to touch Little Banjeet. Her heart skipped a beat-

"You're as agile as a pig, Purple Moth!"

A graceful arc traced through the air as Yvaren leapt over from above, catching Little Banjeet with impeccable precision and landing lightly in front of Annan, looking down at her best friend with disdain.

But the next second, she panicked too: "Hey, hey! He's squirming, hurry and take him back!"

"Annan!"

Ashe's shout came from behind, and Annan didn't look back. She sidestepped a vine's surprise attack and then dived and rolled back to Yvaren's side. When she took Little Banjeet into her arms and turned to look at the spectacle in the hall, she gasped in shock.

By now, Ashe was completely covered by the vines. Vines wove a throne, forcibly pinning him down, and they didn't stop there-they rapidly spread, creating a vine barrier with Ashe at its center. A green, spherical fortress's framework was quickly taking shape!

Aside from Ashe, the vines also tried to entangle Igor, Harvey, Qenna, Yvaren, Annan, as well as Little Banjeet. But compared to the royal treatment Ashe was receiving, the vines' approach to them was lazy and half-hearted, as if they hadn't paid the entry fee.

"Shadows ineffective, bullets ineffective, incendiary ineffective, blade winds ineffective, soul pressure can't suppress the spirits inside-none of our attacks can cause any damage." Qenna sidestepped a vine's approach, her expression serious. "This is..."

"Divine Intervention."

No one knew when Deya had descended from her throne, but as she walked towards Ashe, the vines didn't reach for her. However, she couldn't enter the barrier either; these nearly invincible vines had thoroughly isolated Ashe from the outside world!

"This is Summon Divine Intervention," Deya said, her mind now so attuned to the Gospel Book that she didn't even need to consult it to get answers. "An unknown force is forcibly summoning Ashe, intending to transport him to another place!"

"Why him?!" Igor asked the question that every relative of a terminal patient would ask: "Why is he the target of this Divine Intervention out of nowhere?"

Although Ashe couldn't move, he could still turn his head. He noticed that while the vines tried to pull others into the mix, their enthusiasm varied depending on the person.

Miss Yvaren, Lady Nona, and Little Banjeet were in the lowest tier, with only one vine chasing each of them; Lady Qenna and Ms. Anfel were in a slightly higher tier, with two or three vines after them; Annan, Igor, and Harvey were in the highest tier, with five or six vines bearing down on them.

The only person completely ignored by the vines was the future Empress, the host of the Gospel.

Ashe saw Deya's face turn pale, a look of sudden realization dawning on her features. "We've been outmaneuvered by the Omniscient Weaver?"

Everyone paused for a moment, stunned to hear Ashe associate such a revered title with a despicable verb. Just then, Igor scooped up the bewildered little red-haired Angel beside him, evading a vine's sudden, accelerated attack.

Ms. Anfel blinked, "Thank you."

Igor set her down promptly, "Be careful and don't burden others."

Inside the green fortress, Ashe continued, "The vines' desire to attack you matches your rankings in the Weaving Festival's ranking list. Banjeet, Lady Nona, and Miss Yvaren each only ranked once, so they are pursued by one vine; Lady Qenna and Ms. Anfel each have two or three rankings, so they're chased by two or three vines; Annan, Igor, and Harvey have multiple rankings, including at least one first-place honor, so the vines are most fervent towards them."

"But compared to me, you are just extras," Ashe said. "This Summon Divine Intervention was aimed at me from the start; now it's just trying to see if it can grab a few more Echoers recognized by the Gospel along the way."

"There's a problem," Harvey stumbled after running a few steps, looking like he might collapse with a gust of wind. "Ashe, you haven't received any weaving rankings."

"But I once received the Weaving Festival's Most Valuable Ranking," Ashe replied.

Ashe squinted his eyes, his voice tinged with a trace of resentment and anger, "That's why, to these vines, I am the most valuable prey-First Gospel, Ashpel!"

By this time, Deya had already slumped to the ground, staring blankly at the scene before her.

In her mind echoed the teasing voice of the Angel of Bell Listening: "Will you become the Witch who strives in vain or the princess who lives happily ever after?"

Back then, she thought it was a question, but she didn't realize it was actually an answer.

Everything was deliberate.

Secret Incarnation, gospel deity, Angel's Wish, Summon Divine Intervention... Even if Deya's brain wasn't enough to grasp it all, the White Queen and the Black Butler pieced together this intelligence, making them realize they had never escaped the closed loop woven by the Gospel.

Perhaps from the moment Ashe obtained the Secret Incarnation, the Omniscient Weaver had already woven an exclusive net specifically for him. Firstly, there was no

way the Omniscient Weaver would let Ashe, who resided in the Kingdom of the Gospel, simply walk away with it. So, who would reclaim the Secret Incarnation?

The answer was almost inevitable: the next First Gospel.

Or rather, whoever possessed the Secret Incarnation would be the First Gospel. Although Deya, relying on the blessings of Sleeping Beauty and the Bronze Dragon, temporarily reclaimed the position of First Gospel, Ashe would therefore willingly give her the Secret Incarnation.

They had never flown out of the Omniscient Weaver's spiderweb.

But even this wasn't enough.

It was unclear whether it was prearranged or an impromptu decision, but the Omniscient Weaver actually intended to 'sell out' the First Gospel-how could this Summon Divine Intervention attack Ashe directly without the Omniscient Weaver's permission? The Gospel Book was an extension of the spiderweb within the Omniscient Heaven!

However, while the Omniscient Weaver sold out the First Gospel, she only sold a bit.

Because the Omniscient Weaver never intended to uphold a fair trade. After all, the First Gospel was imbued with a deity and the Secret Incarnation and was the cornerstone of civilization in the Kingdom of the Gospel; she had countless reasons to be unwilling.

Luckily, this Weaving Festival gave her the opportunity to sell a counterfeit product-this year's First Gospel had two candidates!

Deya could even speculate on the Omniscient Weaver's mindset: the other party wanted the First Gospel, but they didn't specify which First Gospel. So she casually handed them one, guaranteed ripe and sweet.

However, at this moment, the gospel deity and the Secret Incarnation were both within Deya. Ashe was nothing more than an empty shell with a flashy title, but he still met the trade requirements and could fetch a high price. How could the Omniscient Weaver resist using him as a substandard substitute?

There's even another possibility: the instant the Gospel Ranking was published, the Omniscient Weaver had already sold the 'Ashpel' product. The buyer wouldn't have thought there was an issue, and who would have guessed that a significant quality problem would emerge a day later during the inspection?

In this light, Ashe being briefly listed as the First Gospel on the Gospel Ranking was akin to taking a crab for a fancy bath at a renowned lake or slapping a designer label on

a generic piece of clothing. It was a disguising ritual to inflate his value, setting the stage for fraudulent trade!

But this alone wasn't foolproof, which is why they encountered the Angel of Bell Listening in the Omniscient Heaven. The Angel of Bell Listening kindly gave Deya an Angel's Wish.

She helped Deya hide the gospel deity and the Secret Incarnation!

At the time, Deya believed that despite the Angel of Bell Listening's nasty personality, she had a sliver of genuine kindness. However, this was just another trick-even if Deya didn't plan to guard this secret, the Angel of Bell Listening would have hidden her spirit condition anyway!

The influence of a deity on a sorcerer is too significant. If the gospel deity within Deya's soul wasn't concealed, it would likely have been discovered prematurely during the trade process... So the Angel's Wish was an inevitable coincidence, aimed at erasing the gap between her and Ashe!

This explains why the vines ignored Deya-in the perception of Summon Divine Intervention, Deya was just an ordinary little girl, unworthy of wasting energy to summon.

But one can only cheat for so long. The entity capable of trading with the Omniscient Weaver is likely a great being of equal standing-didn't the Weaver fear the other party's wrath?

But it didn't matter now.

Deya took a deep breath and quickly communicated with her companions to reach a consensus. She then focused her spellforce on the Fairy Spirit within her soul.

The gospel deity in the 'Fairy Tale' Garden seemed to notice something, set aside the soul summoning spirit, and waited quietly for its host to make a decision.

Just as Deya was about to tear open the newly formed fairy tale world to fully expose the gospel deity, she suddenly heard Ashe's voice: "Lise, I think I was used as the summoning target in your place by the Omniscient Weaver, right?"

Deya froze and immediately replied, "Yes! But I've already thought of a solution-"

"Is it a way for all of us to stay?"

Deya opened her mouth slightly but couldn't speak. Search the novelFire.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

“In that case, I have a proposal: you stay in the Kingdom of the Gospel, find a way to fully control it, then come find me afterward,” Ashe said with a smile. “Then we’ll go together to eliminate the Omniscient Heaven, burn all the spiderwebs of fate, and seek our revenge. What do you think?”

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

Chapter 512: The Four Pillars Cult Strikes

Eliminate the Omniscient Heaven, Burn the Fate Spiderweb?

Ashe’s words, though audacious, did not invite disdain or scorn; they were not the ramblings of a madman. On the contrary, everyone heard the resolve in his voice.

“No.”

Deya, watching Ashe from within the vine fortress, her eyes brimming with tears, said, “I don’t want to wait any longer... I’ll burn the spiderweb now and make a wish to keep you here!”

“Have you forgotten? Once we leave that place, you can’t choose anymore.” Ashe sighed, “If only we could Summon Divine Intervention before the Ritual, things might have been different... But the Omniscient Weaver’s dictionary does not contain the word ‘if’. Her plans are seamless, and those spiders haven’t left us any chance.”

“But we haven’t lost out completely, at least you have become the true Empress of the First Gospel.” Ashe winked, “Either you find me, or I find a way back, and then together we’ll deplete the Omniscient Weaver’s resources and take her place in Heaven, how about that?”

“You all are deceiving me...” Deya couldn’t hold back any longer. She bit her lip hard, tears streaming down her face, her voice quivering, “Everyone is bullying me!

The Empress does it, the Gospel does it, the Angels do it, the Weaver does it... even you do it!”

“We were supposed to be a family, you were the one who said it, I didn’t force you, how could you go back on your word? How could you... not want me...” She swung her little fists at the vine fortress.

"We are already a family." Ashe said, "When I know there's someone thinking of me wherever I go, I know I have a place to return to, I'll never be a stray dog, my heart filled with the happiness of a family dog."

"No, we can still be together." Deya said through clenched teeth, "I can make it recognize that I am also of the First Gospel, even if it won't release you, at least it will take me too, then we can accept the Summon together!"

"Sure," Ashe said calmly. "But when you were in the Omniscient Heaven, why did you neither choose to burn the spiderweb as a wish nor refuse to inherit the spiderweb legacy? Instead, you chose to inherit it and held onto the unfinished strands, continuing to weave the future of the Gospel?"

Deya was taken aback.

"If you choose to leave with me, it's no different from burning the spiderweb. It's like directly pulling out the civilizational foundations of the Gospel Kingdom; what follows will inevitably be the collapse of civilization," Ashe continued. "Do you think you can accept that consequence?"

"What does that consequence have to do with her?" Harvey suddenly interjected. "People only need to be responsible for themselves. If you decide to be kind-hearted and try to save the world, and it ends up failing, should the disaster be blamed on you?"

"Harvey, that's the difference between good kids and bad kids," Ashe chuckled. "There are always those who find joy in others' happiness, sorrow in others' sadness, delight in others' fortune, and rage in others' misfortune... And I don't think Lise needs to shoulder the future of the Gospel; I just want to know why she is willing to take on this responsibility."

"I don't want to be a good kid!" Deya shouted. "What do the others in the Gospel have to do with me? I hope they all just die!"

"Then why do you choose to continue weaving the future of the Gospel?"

"I just think it looks cool, and I feel like you would praise me!" Deya sniffed harshly. "I don't care about the Gospel at all, and I don't need praise from those I don't know. I just need... I just want..."

"Alright," Ashe said softly. "Then come with me."

Qenna, Yvaren, and the others' pupils dilated, and Deya was also stunned. She wiped her tears and asked, "Would you like that?"

"With a family member who possesses the power of a deity by my side, what wouldn't I like?" Ashe smiled.

"But that would destroy the Gospel," Deya recalled the images of Doomsday from the Art Ranking and other ranking lists, hesitatingly asked, "You won't blame me, will you?"

"Although I feel the term is somewhat inappropriate, my 'hometown' should be the Blood Moon Kingdom," Ashe said. "If the Gospel Kingdom were to suffer a disaster, I would sympathize with them, but I would never hold any resentment towards you. No matter which path you choose-be it the Empress's path, an ordinary path, or one of turmoil-I will be by your side."

"Although I hope you won't regret it, humans are creatures of regret. Those who don't are either Saints or Fiends. Sometimes, after arguing with Igor, I regret not having been more clever in my insults."

Igor snorted coldly.

"So, I hope you choose a path where, even if you do regret it, you can share that burden with me. As long as you don't find a place to drown alone in regret, I will always pull you up," Ashe continued.

Deya foolishly peered at him through the gaps in the vines, tears wobbling in her eyes, and sniffled, "You're breaking the rules again..."

"You're just bullying me," she said, biting her lip. "You say it so nicely because you know I won't just walk away with you!"

"Yes, that's right," Ashe laughed. "Because Lise is such a kind and good child."

"And now, the amnesiac princess has returned home, and the wandering knight should let go."

Whoosh!

Suddenly, there was a dull thump, and Harvey got entangled and pulled into the vine fortress, placed beside Ashe. Ashe was stunned, "How did you get caught?"

"Tired," Harvey replied succinctly. "I was listening to you talk and wasn't paying attention."

"But," he paused, "I wanted to come with you anyway."

"Why would you come with me?"

"Why wouldn't I?" the necromancer countered. "Now, Alice is in Banjeet's Spatial Card, and the Spatial Card is in my bag... I have nothing left behind in the Gospel."

I have nothing left behind in the Gospel, and there is nothing in the Gospel worth my attachment.

Ashe understood what he meant and shook his head helplessly. Suddenly feeling something, he turned his head and met the gaze of the Purple Moth.

Annan cradled Little Banjeet in her arms, her eyes filled with hesitant pain.

"Although these vines are easy to avoid, they still pose a danger over time," Ashe said. "You all should leave first."

Annan took a deep breath. "Ashe, I-"

"Annan," Qenna suddenly interjected, "don't forget, you still have a Pact with me. Now that you are a Senhaeser clansman, you must return to live in Vamora."

"Then break this Pact!" Annan immediately responded. "I have the Tongue of Release. As long as we both agree, it can be dissolved-"

"I don't agree," Qenna stated calmly.

"On what grounds do you not agree?"

"Because I am your mother."

"You-"

"Annan!" Ashe suddenly shouted, causing Annan to sense the vines' swift attack and instinctively dodge to safety.

At that moment, Annan saw Ashe wink at her playfully.

"Don't hesitate, Young Lady," Ashe said with a smile. "The fact that you just dodged shows that you've already made your decision. When I'm gone, take care of Lise for me. And that posture will make Little Banjeet uncomfortable; try the airplane hug like I just did."

Annan felt a mix of melancholy and relief, managing a resigned smile. "If only you had lifted the covers that night."

What?

Ashe looked slightly bewildered, but his attention was quickly drawn by someone else.

Igor.

The Con Artist, while dodging the vines and looking at the ground, seemed as if he hadn't heard their previous conversation. Sensing the Cult Leader's gaze, he looked up mockingly and asked, "What, do you think I'd foolishly follow you into the unknown like Harvey did?"

Ashe remained silent.

"Even though you still owe me a favor, following you for that alone would be too foolish," the Con Artist chuckled. "Celebrate, for you are the only one who has ever escaped the debt owed to me."

Ashe remained silent.

"Moreover, there's no better Kingdom than the Gospel to showcase my talents," he continued. "Even if Lise isn't fond of me, as long as she doesn't target me, I'm confident I can carve out a career in the Gospel. By the way, I'm now of the three wings Sanctuary, even qualified enough to start a Family consortium."

Ashe just shrugged.

"Additionally," the Con Artist suddenly moved closer to Anfel, wrapping an arm around her slender waist amidst her surprised gaze. "Just as you'd expect, I can also join the Belldate Family and take direct control of the centuries-old assets of the Angel Family... Society, connections, even fate are on my side. I have no reason not to stay in the Gospel."

Ashe finally spoke up.

"Igor," said the Cult Leader, "I still can't figure out how you're feeling-whether you're angry, happy, expectant, nervous, or something else... You always disguise yourself well. I can't guess, and I don't know what to say to you."

"But I'm grateful that the first person I met in Shattered Lake Prison was you."

Ashe smiled. "It's really great to have met you, Igor."

The smile vanished from the Con Artist's face as he looked at the Cult Leader with a peculiar gaze.

At that moment, the vine fortress was nearly complete. Outside, the vines chasing the Echoers suddenly split, accelerated, and surged forward as if their slow pace earlier was just for this explosive moment!

The vine's Scheme indeed caught everyone by surprise. However, nearly everyone here was a sorcerer. Even though the vines were nearly invincible, the floors, pillars, and walls were not, and they had many ways to teleport!

However, Yvaren felt a sinking feeling at that moment-her sister Anfel was not a sorcerer. An assault of vines of this scale was not something an ordinary person could evade!

It's over!

So, as Yvaren retreated, she called out urgently, "Anfel, get out of the way!"

"Ah!"

Hearing her sister's scream, Yvaren turned to see a shocking scene.

Anfel had run to a corner with no escape, about to be captured by the vines, but the blonde young man in front of her blocked all the vines for her.

"I told you to be careful and not to involve others."

Igor gave up resisting, allowing the vines to bind him and drag him into the fortress. Watching this, Anfel suddenly mustered the courage to rush over and embrace him. In the Con Artist's surprised gaze, she leaned in for a light kiss.

Since his body was completely bound and he couldn't even struggle, Igor could do nothing as she succeeded.

"I'll just consider myself married to you," Ms. Anfel said with sparkling eyes, "remember to come back quickly and give me a home."

When Igor was dragged into the fortress, the green vines suddenly emitted a bright green light, and the space began to distort. Ashe looked around and said, "Miss Yvaren, Ms. Anfel, Lady Qenna, Lady Nona, Young Lady Annan, Little Banjeet..."

He turned to Lise, who was sniffing and waving at him vigorously.

In the final farewell, Deya gave her chance to the Little Witch Lise.

"Dad!" Lise shouted, "I will definitely find you!"

"We will definitely come back," Ashe said.

The next second, the vine fortress collapsed into a point and disappeared from the Kingdom of the First Gospel.

"Omniscience and Omnipotence of the First Gospel, Ashe Heath! Please grant divine grace to protect all beings of the Oasis!"

Not sure if it was because this wasn't a prayer from the Four Pillars Cult, Ashe found it very pleasant to his ears. When he opened his eyes, he saw himself in a magnificent and grand palace, sitting on a stone throne, with Igor and Harvey kneeling at his sides, likely held in place by the vines.

Ashe looked up, seeing sunlight refracting through the stained-glass windows in the ceiling into the palace, combined with the exquisite and sacred torch stands, the palace was nearly shadow-free, brightly illuminated and refreshing to behold.

And the worshippers kneeling before them were not in black robes but in very proper red priest robes, with the foremost being several venerable old men with white beards, looking highly esteemed!

Not a Four Pillars Cult prayer! S

Not the Underground Hall!

Not black-robed individuals!

Watching this scene, Ashe felt oddly moved for some reason.

At that moment, a red-robed priest stepped forward and respectfully knelt before them: "We welcome the arrival of the First Gospel!"

"Hmm," Ashe exchanged looks with Igor and Harvey, instantly agreeing to maintain the identity of the First Gospel for now—"I have arrived."

"That's wonderful, truly wonderful!" The red-robed priest started crying, "First Gospel, your arrival is so timely!"

Ashe suddenly had a bad premonition, but now, as the Omniscience and Omnipotence of the First Gospel, asking questions directly would raise suspicions. He had no choice but to go along with the conversation, saying, "Now that I have arrived, fate should unfold a new chapter."

"Exactly, with the First Gospel here, the fate of the Oasis must be rewritten!"

"The doom of the villains has come!"

"The glory of the Tribulation Fire shall never extinguish!"

Just as the red-robed priests were surging with emotion, the palace doors burst open with a loud bang, and a young red-robed priest hurried in, shouting, "Disaster has struck—"

“Silence! The First Gospel has arrived, and the Tribulation Fire shall never be extinguished!” an older red-robed priest scolded, displeased. “Levish, how dare you lose your composure in front of the First Gospel, according to our doctrine-“

“Wait,” Ashe quickly interrupted. “Do you have some news to share?”

The young red-robed priest took a deep breath, bowed respectfully to Ashe, and then said:

“The Four Pillars Cult, the Four Pillars Cult is attacking!”

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

Chapter 513: Annan Extra (①)

After the patriarch of the Roland clan from the Sanctuary bid farewell and left, Annan finally relaxed her tense nerves and leaned softly against the cushioned chair.

On the desk in front of her was a cubic crystal, inside which slept an ivory platinum Pegasus with twin wings. This was the secret spirit-beast of the Roland clan-Pegasus Spirit. Once activated, the spirit-beast would transform into a two-wings Pegasus, capable of riding, assisting in combat, and fighting independently.

This was an extremely rare beast taming spirit, as summoning a spirit-beast relied on knowledge and inspiration to build the spirit-beast from scratch. Therefore, spell branches frequently encountered in daily life, such as Fist-Claw, Earth spell, Water spell, and Gunmanship, were mainstream. In other words, the vast majority of mainstream spells derived from common skills that ordinary people could master.

High-level spell branches like prophecy, fate, and Truth, which ordinary people couldn't learn, understand, or comprehend, were impossible for average sorcerers to master.

The Beast Taming Sect also possessed characteristics of these high-level spell branches-how could ordinary people really understand other creatures? If you were skilled at horse-riding, you were just proficient in riding; if you were good at dog training, you were just proficient in domination; if you adopted many stray cats, you were just proficient in kidnapping... Humans could only master human skills, and no skill allowed a human to become another creature!

Some might think they could mimic other animals, like learning from dogs, cats, or horses... But a dog's digestive system can process waste; can a human's? A cat can groom itself; where can a human lick? A horse can sleep standing up; can a human?

Even if you successfully imitated, at best you could summon a beast transformation spirit-beast, still a far cry from true beast taming. The difference between the two is as vast as learning crossdressing and actually finding a girlfriend.

Currently, the main ways to acquire beast taming spirits are to either obtain them from sorcerer projection drops or to tame virtual realm creatures and have them willingly become beast taming spirits. However, virtual realm creatures that don't even fear death are unlikely to submit to a sorcerer's domination. The best a sorcerer can do is forcibly enslave a virtual realm creature, making it nearly impossible to win its voluntary allegiance.

The only exception is the Goblin sorcerers, as virtual realm creatures often don't view Goblins with hostility. Although still a rare occurrence, a Goblin sorcerer can usually tame two or three virtual realm creatures in their lifetime, making them the primary source of Beast Taming Spirits.

However, the Roland Family is not a Goblin Family. Their Pegasus Spirits come from a stable source, and are not dependent on taming virtual realm creatures. The prevailing theory is that at some point in history, a virtual realm creature accidentally escaped into reality and mated with several mares, producing offspring recognized by the virtual realm. This is believed to be the origin of the 'Roland Pegasus' and the family's branding.

Given the difficulty in summoning Beast Taming Spirits, enhancing them is also challenging, almost solely relying on feeding them virtual realm materials. A common One-Winged Pegasus already suffices for a sorcerer's virtual realm travel needs. A Two-Wings Pegasus, with its short flight capability, makes Roland Family's gift particularly generous, as the number of such spirits in their family does not exceed ten.

However, Annan showed little interest. She had her own Movement Miracle and didn't need a Pegasus. Plus, she loved motorcycles and found mounts without steel frames and black-blooded veins to be less impressive.

I'll keep it as a toy for Little Banjeet, Annan thought, putting the spirit crystal away.

What excited her more was the respectful attitude of Roland from the Sanctuary.

The recently departed Roland from the Sanctuary was the undisputed top ranker on the Sanctuary Battle Power Ranking! In an era devoid of legends from Nabistin, he was the foremost Gospel warrior in action!

To put it bluntly, the combined strength of the Mercury Sanctuary, Kaesrei Sanctuary, Qenna, and her close friend Cleos would still fall short against Roland from the

Sanctuary! Just sitting across from him made Annan's spirits tremble-none of her friends had ever caused such pressure.

To draw an analogy, Annan's spirits were like well-trained veterans, Qenna's spirits were experienced officers, but Roland's spirits were warriors emerging from mountains of corpses and seas of blood! Annan even suspected that Roland's spirits were covered in scars!

Such a powerful figure from the Sanctuary and a leader of his family-Annan previously wouldn't have even had the chance to meet him. Yet now, he visited her personally, gifting their family's secret spirit with reverence and politeness-almost to the point of flattery!

And Roland from the Sanctuary wasn't the only one. Mercury, Kaesrei, Vastino... all these consortium families controlling the major cities of the Gospel showed immense kindness to Annan, merely a Two-Wings sorcerer. Her drawers were filled with gifts, and she had acquired quite a few properties in First-tier Cities under her name.

To say Annan didn't secretly enjoy it would be a lie. She had always had a rebellious streak that loved defying authority. Running her firm had often led to clashes with these consortium families, and now seeing them humble one by one, Annan felt a rush of exhilaration, as if she was enveloped in the white mist of Vamora, feeling refreshed from head to toe.

But she didn't let this vanity cloud her judgment. She knew these people didn't truly fear her, Annan, but rather the Empress behind her.

The sole ruler of the Gospel for the next fifty years, the one with the power to interfere with the Gospel system-the Empress Gosdeya!

Those close to power often mistakenly believe they possess it. Annan would never make such a rookie mistake. She patted her face gently, returning to compiling the "Gospel Cities' System Assessment Report," aiming to deliver it to Her Majesty Gosdeya within three days.

After Ashe and the others were teleported away, Annan thought Lise would need several days to recover from her sorrow. However, that very afternoon, Lise started fulfilling her duties as Gosdeya-quickly taking over the Royal Palace's secret guard, summoning family representatives, and announcing a seamless succession to the throne as if nothing had happened.

The only difference was a new department she established: the Sorceress Governance Bureau, appointing Annan as the First Sorceress.

Gosdeya's stance was clear: there wouldn't be any immediate changes in the Gospel, but she would soon attempt to interfere with and reshape the kingdom to her will.

PānobÈs

She might not have a strong desire for dominion herself, but whether it was to prepare a gift for Ashe or to gain complete control over the deities, she couldn't just sit on the throne meekly, acting as a mere vessel for the Gospel. S

But could Gosdeya, with her mortal form, control a deity that even legendary sorcerers struggled to command?

She absolutely could.

Because the divine light of the Gospel deity permeates every corner of the Gospel Kingdom, society operates according to its will. Simply put, it replaces the populace's thoughts with its own. This is why the Gospel Kingdom is so harmonious and peaceful: there are no barriers between people, no internal conflicts in the production and labor processes, and the state machinery functions seamlessly-because it is all under a unified will.

However, this also creates an opportunity to counter-control the Gospel. By deeply intervening in societal operations and influencing the deity's will with the thoughts of the populace, Gosdeya can replace the Gospel's will with her own!

Of course, this is just a preliminary concept. After all, Gosdeya currently cannot interfere with the Gospel system, and they haven't even decided what kind of future they want to create. Hence, the Sorceress Governance Bureau was established.

Gosdeya hopes that Annan will draft a development plan for the Gospel people based on "the future woven by the Gospel," her own field investigations, and discussions with expert advisors. Even if, after comprehensive evaluation, "the future woven by the Gospel" is deemed the best future, it must still gain the Gospel people's approval before implementation.

"To command the Gospel, I must help you reclaim the future."

Annan recalled the solemnity with which Gosdeya, clad in a pristine white Empress gown, said this. In that moment, the girl sitting on the throne didn't seem like a little girl slightly shorter than Yvaren but rather a mature Empress in her twenties.

Because of Gosdeya's decisive actions, many people have visited Annan one after another. Undoubtedly, the decisions made by the Sorceress Governance Bureau will impact countless fates. Whether they wish to join as decision-makers or seek to gain policy advantages to break through the glass ceiling, they all need Annan's favor.

Moreover, behind the scenes, they are undoubtedly forming alliances, making pacts, and conspiring. Numerous schemes are incubating, and countless agreements are being forged. These ambitions, suppressed by divine will for over a thousand years, and the wild fantasies restrained by the Gospel, are about to have their first and possibly only major eruption in the next fifty years.

As they wrest the future back from the deity, mortal politics are also experiencing a rebirth.

As for why this power was entrusted to Annan, firstly, she was willing to take it on, and secondly, Gosdeya didn't have many others to choose from.

Annan clearly enjoyed it-her desire to Blasphemy Gospel and seize the Divine Sovereign's Wish was precisely to change the Gospel Kingdom. Now that Gosdeya had handed her the brush, allowing her to paint freely on the canvas of the Gospel, it was like she was sprinting down the path of her dreams.

By the time Annan finished writing her insights on the Vamora city system, it was already past ten in the evening. Suddenly remembering something, she quickly left her office and headed to her quarters.

So much had happened today, Annan naturally decided to stay at the Royal Palace, as there were plenty of rooms. When she arrived at her quarters, she saw Little Banjeet asleep in his cradle. The attendant in charge of his care nodded at her and left to tend to other matters-they would immediately respond if Annan needed anything, guided by the Gospel.

Annan tiptoed over to the cradle, amused by Little Banjeet's furrowed brow as he slept-it was funny how he still looked so worried even as a baby.

She gently caressed his forehead and whispered, "I might not be able to be with you often..."

Little Banjeet, his tiny fists clenched and lips pressed against his blue hair, didn't hear the new thoughts in the mind of the daughter he had raised for over twenty years.

But Annan had no choice. If Gosdeya hadn't turned back into Lise or if Lise had no desire for change, she would have wholeheartedly taken Little Banjeet back to Azura, devoted herself to raising him, and poured all her care into him.

However, Gosdeya had appointed her as the First Sorceress of the Sorceress Governance Bureau-a temptation too great. Power, career, and ideals were all within reach, and Annan couldn't refuse. But this meant she wouldn't have the time to be with Banjeet, at best visiting him often, but never offering the tender care he had given her.

In the end, she still couldn't repay Dolan for what he had given to Banjeet.

If only Ashe were here...it might even have been possible for Little Banjeet to have a brother or sister...

Only now did Annan suddenly remember those she once took in but had since lost again.

It was as if they had never appeared, no one remembered them, no one noticed them, no one mentioned them, except for the residual ranking on the Weave's ranking list. They seemed to leave no trace in this Kingdom...yet the Gospel Kingdom appeared to have undergone drastic changes because of their passage.

Perhaps it was the joy of approaching her ideal that went to her head, or maybe she didn't care that much in the first place, but only now did Annan truly feel Ashe's absence.

Actually, this was perfectly normal. They had only spent less than a hundred days together, and Annan had lived just fine for over twenty years before meeting him. Love, in Annan's mind, held far less importance than her dreams-otherwise, she wouldn't have taken Ashe to Assassinate the Princess.

Though Annan abhorred Qenna and everything she stood for, Qenna's attitude of 'Family above all' had left a profound impression on her. Determining exactly what she wanted and sacrificing everything else for it-that was the law of the Six Heraldry.

Ultimately, how much did Annan's affection for Ashe really weigh?

Before the release of the Happiness Ranking, Annan merely had a fondness for Ashe, influenced by Senhaeser's Dream and Ashe's resemblance to Banjeet-undoubtedly, Annan, who had been cared for and raised by Banjeet, had her views on choosing a partner deeply shaped by him. She would subconsciously compare every man she met to the butler, and naturally, found none of them satisfactory.

At first glance, Ashe and Banjeet didn't seem to have much in common. Banjeet was recognized and blessed by the Gospel for his beauty, while Ashe, after losing his First Gospel ranking, didn't even make it onto any ranking list and was merely a 0-star nobody.

Yet, spending time with Ashe brought Annan a sense of peace. Maybe it was Ashe's unique character, or perhaps it was seeing his willingness to care for Lise, who had no ties to him. Annan, who could no longer act like a child in front of Banjeet, loved to be playful and spoiled around Ashe.

There was another aspect of Ashe that attracted Annan-his laziness.

Annan was the type of person who couldn't sit still and was always seeking the meaning of life. If she were to truly settle down and have children, she would undoubtedly push

them to study and improve themselves every day. Ideally, they would achieve silver by the age of ten, gold by fifteen, and the Sanctuary by twenty. Life couldn't be wasted, just like a moth must fly into the flame to find fulfillment.

Yet, she envied those who could appreciate a peaceful life-not the kind brainwashed by the consumerist culture of Mephila, nor the completely indifferent lifestyle of Vamora, but those who could find beauty in everyday life and feel joy and contentment in their daily routines. Yes, Annan envied Ashe.

However, this longing, this sense of peace, was at most an undeveloped fondness, a seed waiting to sprout.

The true turning point in her feelings came when the Happiness Ranking was published, and the Funeral decided to proceed with the Assassinate the Princess plan.

Suddenly, death, which seemed distant, was now imminent. Overwhelmed by fear and pressure, Annan desperately needed someone to share her burden. Ashe became her lifeline, and this fondness, encapsulated in dependency, evolved into a love that felt eternal.

Did she love Ashe the person, or the sense of peace, dependence, and life's joys she found through him?

Did she want to live her life with Ashe, or hope that Ashe could experience life's other beauties for her, allowing her to chase her dreams without reservation?

Annan looked at Little Banjeet in the cradle and softly murmured, "In fairy tales, the protagonists being together is the happy ending; no fairy tale ever recounts the mundane details of living together... perhaps this is for the best."

She returned to her room to find the floor filled with suitcases-the Court attendants had gone to the underground city and retrieved the belongings the Funeral had left at the inn.

There were her clothes and shoes, Banjeet's daily items and notebook, Harvey's surgical tools and harmonica, Igor's... wait, whose harmonica?

But soon, Annan's attention was caught by something else.

"Gifts?"

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

Chapter 514: Annan Extra (2)

In Ashe's suitcase were several beautifully packaged gift boxes.

Annan took them out and quickly realized they were gifts for others-the black box with a skull was for Harvey, the deep blue box was for Banjeet, the silver-edged gold box was for Igor, and the box with a purple ribbon was undoubtedly hers.

What about Lise's gift?

When Annan opened these gifts, she understood why there was nothing for Lise.

"Harvey, you often dig graves and perform burials, so you probably don't have much time to bask in the sun. I think this 'Radiant Ankle Chain' is perfect for you. It can help you get some sun to prevent osteoporosis and can also serve as a spotlight to light your way down the grave. It even matches the Ghost King Shackles on your hands. Isn't it beautiful?"

Annan looked at the anklet in the box. Although she didn't find it aesthetically pleasing by her standards, Harvey's taste was always unique. Maybe he would like this gift.

"Banjeet, I didn't know what to get you since you're so good at taking care of yourself and probably already bought whatever you wanted. So, I went to a shop and had dolls made of the six of us. You can keep these dolls in the game room and it will be like we're there playing old games with you. Next time, I'm sure I'll beat you in Sorcerer Duel 14!"

Annan glanced at the six dolls in the gift box. While the dolls had big, cute eyes, their outfits made it clear who was who: Banjeet's blue hair and butler attire, Igor's blonde hair and skirt, Harvey's dark skin and Ghost King Shackles, Lise's white hair, Annan's purple outfit and amethyst earring, and Ashe's dark red trench coat and Twisting Mask.

Honestly, this wasn't a great gift, considering Banjeet was over sixty years old. How could he still like dolls? But now that Banjeet had turned back into a baby, this gift perfectly matched his age. Ashe had inadvertently got it right.

"Igor, I didn't forget to return the favor! You gave me the mask, and I always remembered that. But I couldn't figure out what you might like. I can't very well give you a bathtub... Then I remembered you once said you actually hate society and want to go on adventures in mysterious ruins, which is the complete opposite of me: I love lounging around in society and hate adventures. So, I'm giving you this 'Team-Up Ticket'. If you ever find mysterious ruins and lack companions, just invite me to team up."

Annan picked up the lightweight paper and saw a line of crooked writing (he's a sorcerer yet can't even write properly)-

"Team-Up Ticket: Invite Ashe to team up; requires thirty working days notice, valid for one use only."

This was probably the most perfunctory and thoughtless gift, but Annan felt that Igor would definitely be pleased with it.

Only one gift box remained, and Annan nervously untied the purple ribbon.

Inside, she saw an... amethyst earring.

"Young Lady, I really wanted to get an original Marga Crystal, but it's too expensive, and there's no way to buy it, so I could only get an earring that looks similar."

"When you receive this gift, it also means I should have already run away with Lise. Although the Pact term has not expired yet, I hope you won't come looking for me."

"Our relationship is too strange. We're slaves and masters out of necessity, comrades and friends who went through hardships together, and we almost became intertwined paramours and lovers... If I stay, I will certainly be subdued by you. I never doubt my willpower."

"So, I must leave. Although I won't seek revenge on you for this period of domination, I can't allow myself to submit to you either. I'm not some pet that can be tamed after a few days of care, especially since this experience is a thorn, always reminding me that our meeting was full of calculation and manipulation."

"Also, how much of your feelings for me is about expressing your fear of death, and how much is the comfort and reliance from being completely dominated by me?"

"It would be easy for you to find me, but I am determined to end this unequal relationship. So, if you want to see me, I hope it's after the Pact ends, on a sunny afternoon, when you appear before me and say-"

"Nice to meet you, I am Annan Dolan."

Although she had already finished reading the note, Annan's gaze remained fixed on the last period, as if the letter had not yet ended.

No wonder Lise didn't have a gift.

This was Ashe's way of saying goodbye to everyone. He had planned to leave with Lise long before the action began.

Annan folded the letter and put it away, then picked up the earring from the gift box and couldn't help but chuckle-this is what he calls "similar"? The differences were glaring. Her original earring shone bright and clear, while Ashe's knockoff was dull and murky, obviously cheap.

She shook her head in exasperation and put the cheap earring on her other ear.

As Annan finished bathing and prepared for bed, there was a knock at the door.

It was Lise.

Standing outside in her robe, Lise looked hesitant but finally gathered the courage to speak: "Can I sleep with you?"

Annan was a bit taken aback but quickly replied, "Of course."

She paused, "But you have to call me Sister Annan."

"No problem, Sister... Annan."

Seeing Lise's nervous demeanor, Annan realized that the Empress Gosdeya was still just a little girl.

Perhaps seeing her navigate the Court with such ease during the day had led Annan to misunderstand, thinking she had quickly recovered from the separation. But now it seemed she simply didn't want to show her emotions in front of others.

Honestly, Annan's relationship with Lise was not particularly close, and she rarely spoke to her. But now, Annan was the only one Lise could turn to for comfort-because they both were left behind in similar circumstances.

As Annan lay in bed with Lise, Lise suddenly asked, "Can you read a fairy tale picture book?"

"Sure...- but I have an even better choice."

Annan picked up Banjeet's notebook and let Lise rest her head on her lap. She said, "Banjeet has been writing novels for a long time but never publishes them. I've always been curious about what he's writing. Let's read it together."

"Okay!"

Annan opened the notebook to the first page and was immediately stunned.

It wasn't until Lise urged her that she held back her laughter and began to read: "A long, long time ago, there was a boy named Banjeet. Deep within his bloodline, the power of

chaos slumbered, leading him to be cursed by the Virtual Realm. He had two handguns, one called 'Light's Judgement' and the other 'Darkness' Verdict.' He embarked on a rebellious journey against the entire world. Along the way, he met the fate sorcerer Wenna. Together, with this dashing girl in a trench coat, they faced infinite futures...-

Annan stopped reading and looked at Lise, who had fallen asleep. She gently covered the Empress with a blanket.

The ruler of the Gospel, the Empress, was actually a little girl who needed a bedtime story to fall asleep. If she hadn't seen it with her own eyes, no one would believe it.

The old era is ending, Annan thought.

She walked out to check on Little Banjeet and confirmed he was sound asleep. The Purple Moth then contentedly returned to bed.

Passing through the Gate of Truth, with souls connected to the Virtual Realm, she set out on the Time Continent.

However, when Annan opened her eyes to see the Reverse Golden Rain, she heard two screams from above.

The Purple Moth looked up to see two girls intersecting with the Reverse Golden Rain. Holding hands, each extended a silver wing, resembling a pair of falling bi-ying birds, plummeting from the sky.

A new era is about to begin, she thought.

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

Chapter 515: Sword Princesss Stage (①)

"Whew."

In the single-person training room, Sonya put down her wooden sword and exhaled hot breath. As soon as she stopped, crystalline beads of sweat slid down her temples, ran past her flushed cheeks, and dripped like pearls onto her collarbone, flowing into the crevices of her training vest.

She walked to the side and picked up a water bottle, drinking quickly. As her rapid heartbeat gradually calmed and her nearly exhausted spellforce slowly recovered, the village girl directly took off her training vest-after all, it was a single-person training room, so she could do whatever was convenient.

The vest, soaked in sweat, was so wet that a slight twist would wring out water. She stuffed it into her change bag and took out a dry towel to wipe the sweat off behind her ears, neck, forehead, and under her breasts.

After changing into clean clothes, Sonya let her tied-up hair down, grabbed her training bag and wooden sword bag, and left the training room. In the afternoon, the three luminous stars were spread out in the sky, the sunlight was bright yet not glaring. As soon as Sonya walked out of the spellcasting training hall, she saw a familiar silver advanced car and the person standing beside it.

"Need something from me?"

"Let's talk in the car," Felix said, opening the car door. "I'll give you a ride home."

Sonya didn't refuse but didn't sit in the front passenger seat either; instead, she sat in the back, making Felix look like a chauffeur. Felix didn't mind and asked while driving, "Are you nervous?"

"Hmm?"

"It's your first time at the spellcasting training hall." Felix remarked, "You never used to come here to hone your skills. I remember you once said that spellcasting miracles should be refined through virtual realm combat, and that there's no need to spend extra time hitting non-retaliatory wooden posts in reality."

Sonya thought for a moment, "Did I say that before? Then I must have been wrong."

"Ah?"

"I'm so young; isn't it normal to say the wrong things sometimes?" Sonya tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, looking at the scenery outside the window with a smile. "After all, I'm just an ordinary person who makes mistakes."

Felix paused for a moment, "In that way, you're a lot like him."

"Who?"

"Your opponent tonight." Felix avoided mentioning his name, her face clouding over. "He's been like that since he was a kid-confident, carefree, humble, sunny. As bright as a luminous star, yet never shying away from his own mistakes and shortcomings. When I pointed out his errors, he would happily correct them..."

Sonya blinked, "You must have had a tough time."

"Why do you think that?"

"The more dazzling the star of the stage, the dimmer the audience below."

Felix was slightly taken aback, her nose even tinged with a bit of sourness. She quickly gathered herself and smiled, "But you weren't always this confident and open."

"In your eyes, what was my image?"

"A proud yet insecure, ordinary village girl, never backing down, refusing to show weakness, like a porcupine full of quills," Felix stated bluntly, "The only good quality was your clear goals, never hesitating."

Sonya thought about it, nodding, "That's true. When I look back, even I find my old self somewhat annoying. But you got one thing wrong-I wasn't clear in my goals back then. On the contrary, I was greedy, wanting everything. I participated in meaningless campus activities, accumulated useless peer connections, arrogantly thinking I was hardworking and smart, but I was just wasting time, moved only by my own efforts."

"My roommates were much smarter than me. Adelle knew she was there to enjoy college life and never envied what she couldn't have; Lois loved to flaunt her family's latest fashions, and her accumulated connections could easily transform into family business; Engulite...- Engulite will definitely have the highest achievements among us in the dorm."

"As for me, having gone through so much hardship, unjustifiable ambitions arose within me. Had I continued down that path, the outcome wouldn't have been good. If it weren't for..."

Felix listened intently and asked, "If it weren't for what?"

Sonya didn't answer directly, saying, "The me of now is truly goal-oriented. I know what I want to do, and everything else can be set aside for this goal."

"Does your goal include the Meteor Trial?" Felix asked with a smile. "Do you think an extra session at the spellcasting training room will increase your chances of winning?"

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"Even though I've beaten you up pretty badly during sparring, you're not the type to hold grudges, nor would you come just to verbally humiliate me-unless you want to spar again." Sonya held her sword bag and said, "You might as well be more straightforward."

Felix glanced at her, and then a cute two-winged spirit in a green outfit emerged from her shoulder. The spirit pointed at the village girl, and Sonya immediately felt her body lighten, and even her senses like sight and hearing sharpened dramatically!

However, Sonya focused more on the spirit itself: "A two-winged 'Light Feather' spirit? Felix, you've become a two-wings sorcerer?"

Felix nodded, "Although my progress is insignificant compared to yours... yes, I'm a two-wings sorcerer now."

"How did you advance so quickly!" Sonya blurted out, "Did you find a Golden Fish?"

"How could that be? That kind of Virtual Realm legend isn't something you just encounter," Felix laughed. "I just took a few shortcuts and elevated my wind spell sect to the Golden level."

The village girl was inwardly astonished-she knew herself well and understood just how valuable her status as a two-wings sorcerer was. Had it not been for the Observer leading her to smuggle a Golden Fish, it would have taken her at least three more months to even glimpse the Golden level threshold.

Her current Golden level swordsmanship realm was also built upon immense advantages like obtaining a two-wings spirit in advance, munching on Swordsmanship Orbs, and triggering Virtual Realm adventures. If others advanced their sect realms cautiously, akin to dating-holding hands, going on dates, kissing, and then establishing a relationship, then the Observer and she were like moving in together first and then working backwards to build the relationship.

By comparison, Felix seemed incredible-she advanced a spellcasting sect to the Golden level in just over two months! Even relationships don't progress that quickly!

"Wait," Sonya suddenly noticed something. "You said you took a shortcut?"

"Yes," Felix replied. "That's what I wanted to discuss with you. I recently joined a mutual-help sorcerer group. The members are idealists in pursuit of power, but because they share unrecognized forbidden knowledge, they operate secretly. Almost no one outside the group knows of them."

"Mutual help, pursuit of power, forbidden knowledge, secret organization." Sonya quipped, "These suspicious elements make me wonder if you're just making this up."

"We're here." Felix stopped the car outside the dorm area. Since it was within the campus, it only took a few minutes, even driving slowly.

"So, you're recruiting me to join this secret organization?"

“Exactly.” Felix rolled down the window, lit a cigarette, holding it between two fingers as she observed the smoke’s direction. “Firstly, you’re undeniably a genius with immense potential, and I want to build a good relationship with you. There’s nothing like being part of the same secret group to build mutual trust. Secondly, I think you’re also someone who takes shortcuts.”

“A shortcut isn’t easier or simpler. On the contrary, it’s forbidden knowledge because it’s more dangerous than normal paths. That’s why it can’t be widely shared and only has legacies in the Virtual Realm. That’s why our organization remains secretive and niche. Even if we wanted to expand, we couldn’t-ordinary sorcerers taking shortcuts would be seeking their own doom.”

“I can be candid with you. Becoming a two-wings sorcerer involved great risks,” Felix flicked the ash from her cigarette. “But the rewards were immense-this shortcut was the only way I could barely keep up with a genius like you.”

Sonya asked, puzzled, “You’re still young; why the rush?”

“Because fate doesn’t care about age, so I have to be fully prepared.” Felix looked at her in the rearview mirror. “Although I didn’t have a great impression of you before, I don’t dislike you. I think we’re the same kind of people.”

The village girl couldn’t help but laugh. “Apart from the fact that we both have two eyes, a nose, and a mouth, I really don’t see anything we have in common, my dear Vlozrada, the second young master born with a silver spoon.”

“We both hate losing,” Felix said seriously. “There are always people who keep on winning, so why can’t that be us?”

“However, you might have your doubts right now. But when you get back, you can ask Leoni, Professor Trozan, and the others. Actually, it’s not unusual for sorcerers to join secret organizations; they also have their own small circles. Sonya, you advanced too quickly, and with being busy preparing for the Meteor Trial, you haven’t had the chance to be pulled in. After tonight, many sorcerer clubs will extend olive branches to you. I’m just giving you an early heads-up.”

Sonya nodded and got out of the car. Just then, Felix called out to her, “I almost forgot to tell you... Since our organization has shortcuts for rapidly advancing wind spell sect realms, naturally, we also have shortcuts for quickly transforming your Swordsmanship sect.”

“So,” Felix stared into her eyes and said, emphasizing each word, “do you want to become a Sanctuary Sorcerer?”

Sonya's expression immediately became bizarre, as if she had something to say but couldn't voice it. Search the NovelFire(.)net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

She finally pressed her lips together and said, "I'll think about it."

As she watched Sonya walk away, Felix rolled up the window. She took a deep drag, the cigarette burning down to the end in an instant. The ash was caught by the breeze and collected in the car's ashtray. She then exhaled a cloud of white mist, filling the car's interior.

Miracle: Mermaid Misty Scene, an auxiliary type Miracle. Inside the mist, sorcerers experienced enhanced thinking, increased inspiration, diminished pain perception, and heightened senses. Ever since mastering this Miracle, Felix had gotten into the habit of making plans while surrounded by the white mist.

"The seed has been planted; now I just need to wait for it to sprout and grow tonight," Felix mused, watching the burnt-out cigarette. "Once she suffers a crushing defeat to that person, she'll naturally feel dissatisfied. Dissatisfaction breeds ambition, and ambition leads to madness... I know this all too well."

"Lose, the more crushing the defeat tonight, the better."

"Only through excruciating failure will she see how small she still is."

"Only by facing that chasm-like gap will she realize how far she still is from becoming a Sanctuary Sorcerer."

"Tonight will be the turning point of her life."

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

Chapter 516: Sword Princesss Stage (②)

"Surrender?"

Sonya was about to turn her head when Lois pulled her back: "Don't move, you're putting on your combat attire!"

The village girl straightened her back and asked, "Do they want me to voluntarily surrender?"

“Not surrender, it’s ‘retreat after using all your skills,’” Adelle explained. “Thousand Star Entertainment believes that if you get severely injured in a national broadcast, it will affect your audience appeal and reduce your commercial value. In contrast, if you retreat after recognizing the gap, it’ll leave a positive impression on everyone, which benefits you.”

“Indeed,” Lois said while attaching ornaments to Sonya. “There has never been a precedent for a contestant surrendering in the Meteor Trial finals.”

“That’s because most contestants are third or fourth-year students, and it might be their only chance to compete in the Meteor Trial finals. They can’t afford not to give it their all until the last moment. Moreover, the Starburst Guard, Griffin Squad, and Barrier Legion closely watch the College League. Quitting due to fear would seriously affect a battle sorcerer’s prospects,” Adelle explained. “But Sonya is different.”

“Sonya is just a first-year student, reaching the Meteor Trial finals is already a miracle. Even if she voluntarily quits, no one will look down on her. She still has her second, third, and fourth years. Next year, Dimy will graduate, and she can compete in the Meteor Trial again.”

The village girl had a thoughtful expression when Lois tightened the corset, causing her to instinctively puff out her chest.

Lois looked at the filled-out, bulging clothes with a puzzled expression: “Is my combat attire too small, or have you developed more?”

Sonya’s combat attire from the Meteor Trial semi-final was severely damaged, and there was no time to repair it, so she wore her backup.

“I’ve been training my body using the Sword Body spirit recently,” Sonya said. “Maybe I’ve gained muscle?”

Lois gave it a slight push: “It’s not hard, more like soft and bouncy.”

Adelle leaned in: “Really, let me-“

“Stop it,” Sonya said. “So, do you all support the proposal from Thousand Star Entertainment?” S

“Our Stretch Paw Club leaders discussed it and agreed it’s feasible,” Adelle said. “Thousand Star Entertainment is one of the top three entertainment guilds. If you aim to become a performer or songstress, Thousand Star is a great choice. Their contract is flexible, and they’re even willing to tailor a series of TV dramas to make you famous-just like Delarose, your favorite!”

“But they made it clear if you suffer a crushing defeat and get injured in the Meteor Trial, the deal changes. Thousand Star wants not a scarred loser but a graceful young sorcerer who shines even in defeat.”

Engulite objected, “People are forgiving of failure.”

Adelle shook her head, “People are more forgiving if the failure looks good.”

“Besides,” Adelle paused, “if the battle is doomed, isn’t surrender the rational choice? You’re going to lose anyway.”

“It’s different,” Engulite said. “A battle prepared for surrender and a fierce fight ending in defeat are worlds apart for a sorcerer. The former dulls the blade, while the latter sharpens it.”

“I’m not a sorcerer, so I don’t get it,” Adelle shrugged. “Sonya, you choose-compromise the honor of a sorcerer to pursue the path of fame you’ve dreamed of, or refuse Thousand Star’s proposal and fight Dimy to the end?”

“Hmm-” Sonya opened her fingers as Lois slipped a sleeve on her middle finger. “Can I have both?”

Adelle blinked, “You mean you want to be badly beaten by Dimy and then surrender?”

The Stretch Paw Club President smiled slightly, “Please decline Thousand Star Entertainment for me. After all, a match can be unpredictable. And besides Dimy, there are four other strong contestants resurrected as losers. I might not even last to face Dimy alone. Thousand Star’s plan is too idealistic.”

Adelle noticed this wasn’t the real reason, but she had to respect Sonya’s decision.

Still, she couldn’t help but ask, “Sonya, aren’t you afraid of losing?”

“Of course, I am. Who isn’t? Especially when triggering the Death-Prevention Miracle, where losses can look particularly ugly,” the village girl replied. “For me, looking awful is much worse than losing.”

“So, do you plan to surrender?”

“Afraid of losing,” Sonya said, “but surrender isn’t the only option.”

The luminous star sets, and the stars take their place!

At the moment, the Galaxia National Sports Arena is packed and buzzing with excitement. Truth College students are already in a celebratory mode, even unfurling

banners to preemptively congratulate Senior Brother Dimy on his victory. In stark contrast, other universities remain silent.

This is quite rare-previous Meteor Trials have seen Truth College finalists, but there were often top students from other universities in the resurrection group. Sometimes, if everyone teamed up against the Truth College contestants, they might force them to exit bitterly. This happened four or five times out of ten, quite frequently.

Therefore, past Grand Finals were lively, with students from various colleges refusing to bow to Truth College, causing a commotion, and even engaging in real fighting. The Stars Trial often kicked off before the Meteor Trial even started.

Tonight's unusual calm among other colleges suggests one thing: no one believes their contestants stand a chance of winning.

After the halftime show, the Earth sorcerer reconstructs the arena's terrain, and host Arsenault's voice rises above the arena's noise-

"Thank you to First Week Zero Dance Troupe for their wonderful performance! Next up is the highlight of this year's College League, the Meteor Trial Grand Final!"

"Let's welcome the contestants!" the female host announced. "Entering the arena are the top finalists who have battled their way here: the fourth-year student from Truth College, Dimy Vlozrada, and the first-year student from Swordflower College, Sonya Therave!"

Sonya stepped onto the spotlighted stage, surrounded by warm yet not overly enthusiastic applause. Out of the eight giant holographic screens, only one captured Sonya's radiant presence, while the other seven showcased various handsome angles of Dimy!

No wonder Felix and her brother don't get along... Sonya suddenly thought.

Once the other four contestants from the resurrection group entered the arena, the Meteor Trial Final officially began at the host's command!

"To better provide commentary on this match, we've invited the Swordsmanship Professor from Swordflower College, known as the 'Rhythm Sword Saint,' Mr. Nidhogg!" Arsenault announced. "Mr. Nidhogg, what impact do you think this battlefield has on the contestants?"

"The abandoned city terrain offers ample movement, cover, and combat space. The ruined buildings divide the arena into various sections, making it a fair layout for all sorcerers," said Nidhogg, demonstrating the professional courtesy worthy of Swordflower College's hefty salary. "The more practical combat experience a sorcerer

has, the better they can find opportunities in such terrain... And already, the first contestant has been eliminated.”

“It’s Connolly from Trajectory College, unable to evade Vlozrada’s Vibration Sword Light, his chest was slashed open, triggering the Death-Prevention Miracle,” Arsenault lamented. “Not even able to withstand a single blow.”

“Avoidance was his real downfall,” Nidhogg pinpointed sharply. “While Dimy’s strike reached a three-wing level, it wasn’t insurmountable. Those who focus solely on fleeing leave their backs exposed, essentially giving up their right to life.”

“Another elimination! Therave is the one who attacked!” Arsenault exclaimed. “Mr. Nidhogg, are the other contestants... running away?”

“Indeed,” Nidhogg’s voice carried a hint of mockery. “Cowardly tricks from would-be strategists.”

“They dare not confront Dimy head-on, hoping he’ll eliminate the others first, leaving them for an easier final showdown to improve their Meteor Trial ranking. They had no intention of competing, only here to make up the numbers.”

Arsenault: “But Therave seems different.”

“Yes, she’s eager to face Dimy,” Nidhogg replied. “In terms of skill, she might not surpass the two who were eliminated, but she’s the only one qualified to remain on the field... Ah, now all the obstacles are cleared away.”

During their commentary, Sonya and Dimy had already defeated the remaining two contestants from the resurrection group.

Sonya jumped onto the rooftop of an abandoned building, gazing at Dimy from the other side. Dimy flicked the blade of his long sword and said loudly, “It’s rare to encounter a sorcerer skilled in Vibration Swordsmanship in a competition. I’ll try to suppress my power to the two-wings level for you.”

Gripping her sword hilt tightly, Sonya activated the Sharpen Sword for Ten Years Miracle to enhance her sword blade’s edge and said, “How about suppressing it to the one-wing level for an even greater challenge?”

“That won’t do,” Dimy replied. “You’re a worthy opponent.”

As soon as he finished speaking, they both charged at each other, their sword energy clashing like colliding meteors!

“Blood Moon Shattered Lake!” Arsenault exclaimed excitedly. “Therave has unleashed her original miracle Blood Moon Shattered Lake right from the start. Ordinary Defensive

Miracles can hardly withstand it... Wait, Vlozrada countered it effortlessly with just one Earth Light Vibration?"

"The disparity in Sect Realm," Nidhogg remarked. "While Blood Moon Shattered Lake is ferocious and brutal, it has numerous weak points. Dimy's Earth Light Vibration precisely targets these vulnerabilities, naturally neutralizing the attack with ease."

"Sonya's luck is just too poor. Dimy shares the same Sect and even the same path. The miracles she uses are tricks Dimy has grown tired of. All her tactical intentions are transparent to Dimy, not to mention that Dimy can even utilize Sanctuary... - It's like she's facing a more powerful version of herself."

As Nidhogg analyzed, although Sonya continuously took the initiative to attack, Dimy easily dismantled her efforts with ease. The miracles he employed never surpassed the two-wings level, and his spellforce consumption was far lower than Sonya's. To the untrained eye, it might appear that Sonya was the one with the upper hand in spellforce.

Given such a clear disparity in strength, what followed was a tedious display of one-sided domination. Many students in the audience chose to leave early, uninterested in watching Truth College flaunt its prowess.

However, on Swordflower College's side, the exit passage was blocked by Professor Trozan, leaving the Swordflower students with no choice but to return and continue watching.

As time went on, the audience started to sense that something was amiss.

"Is it just me, or does Vlozrada seem... a bit overwhelmed?" Arsenault's voice was tinged with uncertainty.

"Interesting," Nidhogg chuckled. "Sonya is mimicking Dimy's techniques! Dimy has messed up this time. He's inadvertently teaching Vlozrada's family combat arts to Sonya. As fellow sorcerers of the same Sect and path, Sonya is learning a great deal from this battle!"

"Even if Dimy decides to stop now, Sonya has already gained immensely!"

On the battlefield, Dimy suddenly asked, "Are you close with Professor Nidhogg?"

"I'm not close with him," Sonya replied, seizing the opportunity to unleash Evil Light Vibration. "I'm close with his students."

"He seems keen on you learning as much as possible from this battle," Dimy said. "If you can truly grasp the essence of Vlozrada's Vibration techniques in combat, what is there I cannot teach? Watch out!"

Dimy's presence shifted. Although he still utilized typical two-wings Miracles, his stance turned aggressively offensive, causing Sonya to fall back repeatedly!

Retreat! Retreat! Retreat!

Sonya dared not face his sharp assaults head-on. She evaded using the ruined city's terrain, trying to parry moves as she gradually countered. Eventually, she found opportunities to strike back from within Dimy's Vibration Sword web!

Blood Moon Shattered Lake!

Confronted with the overwhelming blood-red sword cascade, Dimy stepped forward and countered with Evil Light Vibration, nullifying the attack. He then launched a follow-up assault, aiming to crush Sonya's defense with relentless aggression!

At this moment, dozens of threads appeared in front of Dimy.

"Blood Moon Blossoms! Therave's original Miracle!" Arsenault shrieked. "Will it work... Ah!"

Zing!

As the threads converged, they transformed into dozens of sword light vibrations aimed to shred Dimy. He neither dodged nor blocked but allowed the vibrations to engulf him, ripples spreading across his body.

Sanctuary!

With a single thought, a fully protective Sanctuary activated!

"So close!" Arsenault nearly growled through gritted teeth. "Therave was just a fraction away from making history!"

"Indeed, just a fraction," Nidhogg stated calmly.

Arsenault nodded. "If Vlozrada didn't have enough time to activate his Sanctuary-"

"No, when I said 'just a fraction,' I didn't mean Dimy made a mistake," Nidhogg interjected, staring at the duel on the battlefield. "I meant that little girl, Sonya, made the error. She was just a fraction away from defeating Dimy."

Dimy reached up and touched his neck, finding a cut that nearly severed his throat. He was certain his Sanctuary hadn't been delayed; the wound appeared after the Sanctuary was activated.

He looked up and saw Sonya, gripping her Wooden Sword in her right hand. Beside her right hand was a faint, almost invisible phantom hand, clutching an unseen blade.

“Dimy’s Sanctuary was utterly useless,” Nidhogg said, standing up. “Sonya used ‘The Invisible Hand’s Secret Blade,’ one of the few Miracles that can completely bypass a Sanctuary!”

Arsenault was stunned. “The Invisible Hand’s Secret Blade? But isn’t that...”

“That’s correct,” Nidhogg confirmed. “It’s the signature move of ‘the invisible sword saint,’ Trozan, who once achieved fame by defeating three Sanctuary Sorcerers in a row with this very technique.”

As Nidhogg explained, the whole audience began to recall the information about this Miracle. It was basic knowledge from compulsory courses, something every student should have learned.

But according to their information, this Miracle was supposed to be...

“Wait, I’m a bit confused,” Arsenault said. “The Invisible Hand’s Secret Blade... isn’t it a form of Spatial Swordsmanship that only Sanctuary Sorcerers can learn?”

“That’s right.”

Nidhogg’s voice echoed through the Galaxia Sports Arena, reaching every corner of the stars.

“Sonya Therave is also a Sanctuary Sorcerer.”

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

Chapter 517: Sword Princesss Stage (③)

Sonya Therave, also a Sanctuary Sorcerer!

Nidhogg’s statement pierced through the audience’s eardrums, shaking their very minds.

Everyone wore a stunned expression, softly repeating the same word:

“Sanctuary...”

However, the fierce battle resuming on the field snapped the audience back to reality. They watched the Red-Haired Sword Princess, battling Truth College's top prodigy, and finally confirmed they were not dreaming-

This first-year student from Swordflower College, participating in her first Meteor Trial, Sonya Therave, was already a Sanctuary Sorcerer!

Unlike Dimy, she didn't come from a distinguished noble background; she was just a village girl from a distant rural town!

Unlike Dimy, she had been a sorcerer for less than a year... less than half a year, actually. Logically, she shouldn't even have her silver wings formed yet!

Unlike Dimy, this stage of glory and honor was never meant for her!

No one thought she had a chance against Dimy. In everyone's imagination, her best outcome was to push Dimy to reveal his Sanctuary and then gracefully accept defeat. As long as she could achieve this, no matter how dazzling Dimy was, no one could ignore Sonya's brilliance.

Everyone was waiting for the village girl's failure, also ready to embrace it.

The host, Arsenault, had stayed up all night preparing his speech, waiting for the dust to settle so he could paint her defeat as a glorious victory, bestowing her with honor and a triumphant return!

Adelle had also written a lengthy article in advance. Once Sonya lost, she planned to rally the Stretch Paw Club to dominate the school forums, vigorously promoting Sonya's diligence, talent, determination, and perseverance. Jokes like 'she sees 4 a.m. in Galaxia every day' were ready to go, along with a comparison of strengths from past Meteor Trials, clarifying that Sonya was just unlucky this time, not defeated!

Lois was planning to take Sonya shopping in a couple of days; she had long wanted to give this village girl a makeover.

Engulite had the simplest plan: she had a box of liquor stashed in her dorm, ready to drown their sorrows upon return.

The others felt the same, all bracing themselves to console her, expecting her to lose as anticipated.

However, the Red-Haired Sword Princess shattered their worldview time and again with her achievements-

She could contend with Dimy,

She was learning from Dimy's combat techniques,

She even managed to force out Dimy's Sanctuary,

And now, she had wounded Dimy!

The Stars donned their armors, the nation watched; the glory once destined for Dimy was now inevitably shared with Sonya!

Even compared to the battle-scarred Red-Haired Sword Princess, the Duke's eldest son, Vlozrada, seemed somewhat... dim!

Everyone realized that they were about to witness an even more dazzling meteor streak across the sky!

Amidst the brilliance, what captivated the sorcerers more was the fierce display from the Red-Haired Sword Princess!

"The Invisible Hand's Secret Blade!?" Sanctuary Sorcerers in the audience gasped, all eyes turning to Professor Trozan from Swordflower College.

"The Invisible Hand's Secret Blade..." Felix mulled over the words, her expression complex.

"The Invisible Hand's Secret Blade!" Engulite and others nearly jumped in excitement, while Adelle looked puzzled: "What is The Invisible Hand's Secret Blade?" RaNōbEs

"A Radiant Rainbow Upper-tier Miracle, The Invisible Hand's Secret Blade!" Engulite tried to explain with plain and direct language, suppressing her excitement: "The effect of this miracle can be summarized in one phrase-trans-spatial slash!"

"I know about Space Slash," Adelle said. "I've seen it in 'Demonsbane Blood,' where Delarose slashes through space, dividing the world-it's really cool!"

"No," Engulite chuckled, shaking her head. "That's an artistic exaggeration compromised for visual effects. At the Sanctuary level, such broad and sweeping space attacks are the least effective and easiest to counter-Sanctuary can defend against all attacks, including those from external Space Slashes."

"The truly powerful space attacks are trans-spatial attacks. You must have heard of the 'Heart Theft' story, right?"

"Of course, my mother used to scare me with that ghost story when I was little," Adelle said. "If you don't behave, the Heart Thief will come and steal your heart..."

"The Invisible Hand's Secret Blade is a miracle of the same type as Heart Theft," Engulite explained. "It crosses spatial boundaries to strike directly at the vital points!"

“The Sanctuary, although capable of withstanding all attacks, is more like armor covering the body, perfectly blocking any external assaults. However, trans-spatial attacks can bypass the Sanctuary barrier, striking directly at the originals of the sorcerer, causing damage from within!”

Adelle finally understood this time and exclaimed in surprise, “Then isn’t the Sanctuary just for show? It can’t defend against anything at all!”

“Exactly,” Engulite nodded emphatically. “Professor Trozan is hailed as one of the top ten sword saints, precisely because of her nearly unbeatable move, The Invisible Hand’s Secret Blade!”

“Then Sonya is sure to win this time!” Adelle excitedly clenched her fist. “Just a mere first son of Stargazer Duke, and president of the Stretch Paw Club, she’ll crush him!”

However, Engulite’s smile faded as she shook her head slightly, “It’s hard for Sonya to win.”

“What? Why? Isn’t The Invisible Hand’s Secret Blade very powerful?”

“It is powerful, but if Sonya knew how to use it, she would have already severed Dimy’s throat,” Engulite observed the clashing sword blades on the field. “But she doesn’t know how.”

Meanwhile, Arsenault asked the same question as Adelle, “Lord Nidhogg, if Therave has mastered The Invisible Hand’s Secret Blade, isn’t Vlozrada in danger?”

“She can merely perform The Invisible Hand’s Secret Blade, far from mastering it,” Nidhogg replied calmly. “The core spirit of The Invisible Hand’s Secret Blade is the ‘Boundless’ Spatial Spirit with three wings, probably a gift from Trozan. It’s unknown how long she has trained this miraculous technique, but she certainly can’t unleash its full potential.”

“The Invisible Hand’s Secret Blade is listed in the Star Miracles Directory. Miracles and spirits, though costly, are trivial for Sanctuary Sorcerers and are sanctuary-level miracles accessible to all. So why is it that only Trozan has earned the title of ‘the invisible sword saint’, and other swordsmanship practitioners dare not face her blade?”

At this moment, a female host made an untimely comment, “Including you, Lord Nidhogg?”

This inappropriate remark caused a brief silence throughout the venue, which Arsenault quickly glossed over, “Why don’t other swordsmanship practitioners learn The Invisible Hand’s Secret Blade?”

“Because they can’t,” Nidhogg replied as if nothing had happened. “To truly master The Invisible Hand’s Secret Blade, one needs at least to be of the Sanctuary level in the Spatial Sect, essentially requiring a complete focus on the spatial discipline!”

Nidhogg’s comments instantly made everyone aware of the challenges associated with The Invisible Hand’s Secret Blade—if a two-wings sorcerer can major in two or three types of spellcasting, a Sanctuary Sorcerer typically focuses on just one.

The reason is simple: mastering your primary spellcasting takes ten to twenty years to reach the sanctuary level. Even if you can save some time on your second type of spellcasting, it still requires several years of study, especially in the highly advanced Spatial Sect.

“These miracles that can easily penetrate the sanctuary, such as ‘The Invisible Hand’, ‘Heart Theft’, and ‘Bone Corrosion’, all require a foundation in the Spatial Sect, or rather, they are spatial miracles themselves, simply executed in different ways by sorcerers,” Nidhogg explained.

Nidhogg continued, “Sonya, this young lady, can at most scratch Dimy’s surface and is incapable of inflicting a critical wound.”

“Why is that?” Arsenault asked. “Therave just injured his neck, what if she went a bit deeper—”

“It’s exactly this tiny bit that sets the invisible sword saint far apart from other swordsmen,” Nidhogg replied. “Sonya can’t go any deeper because she ‘can’t see’. As long as her spatial attacks are reliant on vision, she won’t be able to reach Dimy’s internals, as The Invisible Hand’s Secret Blade will be defended against by Dimy’s sanctuary first.”

Arsenault asked, “Can you explain that in simpler terms? The audience might not understand.”

Nidhogg, ever patient in public, explained, “Ordinary spatial attacks, like shooting through space bullets or slashing through space sword strikes, merely make the attacks harder to defend against, akin to sharpening the weapon further.”

“But miracles like ‘The Invisible Hand’ and ‘Heart Theft’ are higher-dimensional overpowers, as they target the sorcerer’s undefendable insides, which, unless one is a physical sorcerer, are as fragile as paper.”

“However, the greatest difficulty with the Trans-Spatial Miracle lies in the sorcerers’ inability to pinpoint spatial coordinates.”

Arsenault: “Spatial coordinates?”

Nidhogg: "Ordinary spatial attacks are directed at physical objects as coordinates, such as a sword blade or a bullet. Trans-spatial attacks are different; they require the sorcerer to tear open a spatial gateway themselves, delivering the attack directly to the target. Thus, if you can pinpoint the spatial coordinates of the enemy's heart, you can easily shatter it."

Arsenault: "Is it difficult to pinpoint spatial coordinates?"

"It's very difficult," Nidhogg paused. "But you've never been to the Distant Sky Domain, so it might seem simple to you."

Arsenault: "...I apologize for never having visited the Distant Sky Domain."

"Simply put, our surrounding space is constantly changing," Nidhogg explained. "The Earth is continuously rotating, and even if we're sitting still, our spatial coordinates from one second to the next are already kilometers apart."

"The moving world is the biggest obstacle to trans-spatial attacks-without sufficient spatial knowledge, sorcerers cannot lock onto spatial coordinates!"

Arsenault seemed puzzled: "But Therave just injured Vlozrada..."

"That's because she's using visual locking," Nidhogg said with a hint of scorn. "What she's doing now is like turning a handgun into a slingshot to hurl stones-The Invisible Hand's Secret Blade is merely launched along her line of sight! While the Secret Blade can graze Dimy's skin, that's about it, as Dimy's Sanctuary will immediately neutralize the attack from The Invisible Hand's Secret Blade!"

"She needs to 'see' inside Dimy to let the Secret Blade explode outward from within to possibly defeat Dimy. Otherwise, The Invisible Hand's Secret Blade is merely a hugely costly, ordinary spatial attack for her."

Boom!

On the battlefield, the Red-Haired Sword Princess swiftly retreated amid the collapsing ruins. Her combat attire was torn in several places, with multiple injuries marking her fair, smooth face, leaving it scratched and covered in grime.

In contrast, Dimy still maintained a pristine appearance, his combat attire unscathed and even the wounds on his neck healed-naturally, he possessed the miracle of healing.

"You haven't constructed your own Sanctuary yet, you've just climbed to the Distant Sky Domain a few days ago, haven't you?" Dimy paused, "I shouldn't have felt a bit superior just now-I should feel ashamed instead. Compared to you, I feel like I've been wasting my time these years."

“You’ll be able to construct your Sanctuary and catch up to me soon, but I might not be able to keep up with your pace,” he laughed. “Perhaps tonight is my only chance to defeat you.”

While not all three-winged sorcerers can construct a Sanctuary, no one believed that Sonya would stop there. Even Nidhogg spoke of her as if she were already a Sanctuary Sorcerer, and everyone believed that it was only a matter of time for her.

Yet, it was this very layer of Sanctuary that proved to be the critical distance between victory and defeat tonight.

Injuries and blood loss were rapidly draining Sonya’s strength. As time passed, she only felt more exhausted. More crucially, Dimy could launch relentless attacks with his Sanctuary, forcing her into a purely defensive position, retreating step by step with no room for counterattack.

The initial excitement in the audience had also faded, everyone realized that although Sonya was a Sanctuary Sorcerer, this accident would not affect the outcome of tonight’s match.

Sonya wiped the bloodstained dust from the corner of her eye with her sleeve, then gripped her Wooden Sword and assumed a Stance, showing no intention of giving up.

But at that moment, Dimy stopped, sheathed his sword, and said, “Let’s call it a draw.”

“What?”

“Let’s have a draw,” Dimy smiled. “The committee surely won’t mind having two Meteor Lords this year—two Sanctuary Sorcerers in the same session of the Meteor Lord competition will make us a legend, unmatched in history and perhaps never to be seen again.”

“You haven’t lost, and I haven’t won.” He looked around: “This stage is large enough for both of us. What do you think?”

Dimy’s voice, amplified by the Miracle, spread throughout the Sports Arena. It was the first time the audience had heard someone propose a draw in the Final, but upon reflection, it seemed entirely reasonable.

Indeed, they no longer needed the Meteor Lord to prove their glory; instead, the Meteor Lord needed them to enhance its own luster. If they agreed to a draw, the committee would have no choice but to award two Meteor Lord titles.

However—

“Maybe it’s because of preconceived notions, but I also find you quite annoying now.”

Sonya calmly stated, "I'm at a disadvantage now, everyone thinks I'm going to lose. Even if I agree to a draw, everyone would still assume that my first place is due to your charity, effectively making it a factual second place. And then I'd owe you a favor, adding another scandal for others to ridicule."

Dimy shook his head, "No one dares to mock a Sanctuary Sorcerer."

"They might not dare to in person, but they would in private, and even in their hearts," Sonya replied. "Besides, I don't need your charity."

"Moreover..."

"Why do you assume I'm definitely going to lose? Be careful."

Suddenly, Sonya unleashed a Blood Moon Shattered Lake, and just as Dimy tried to counterattack, he felt the vibration of space right in front of him-

Right there!

Snap!

The Invisible Hand's Secret Blade streaked across Vlozrada's eyeball!

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

Chapter 518: Sword Princesss Stage (④)

"Eye!"

As the audience gasped in shock, Arsenault's voice rang out: "Ms. Therave successfully attacked Vlozrada's eye. Could this be the pivotal turning point in the Final?"

Boom!

Though his eye was attacked and forced shut, Dimy effortlessly countered Blood Moon Shattered Lake. Yet, instead of attacking, he swiftly retreated. This was Sonya's chance to capitalize on her enormous advantage and completely anchor her victory!

"A brilliant move," Nidhogg commented, "but Dimy-or rather, the swordsmen from the Vlozrada family-are never opponents that can be defeated by schemes alone. Only complete domination in strength can defeat the Stargazer lineage, because they..."

“Have no weaknesses.”

Within seconds, Dimy wiped away the blood from around his eye and opened it again. His damaged eye had already been repaired-remarkably efficient self-healing even in the heat of intense battle!

Sonya's hidden gambit was thus easily neutralized!

Dimy drew a circle, the circular vibration nearly shattering everything around. Sonya had to retreat to defend herself.

Then he stepped forward, speaking clearly: “I understand your intention now, Ms. Therave. Truly, my proposal for a draw was merely a patronizing gesture. Whether or not we draw, it won't dim your brilliance; in fact, a draw might only mar you. It was a careless suggestion, and I apologize for the trouble it caused you.”

“So, out of respect for you, I will exert all my strength to defeat you.”

“Moreover, I must preemptively apologize; I am a bit angry right now. The upcoming battle isn't just a competition for the Stars' glory but also a venting of frustration. So... beware!”

Boom!

Sanctuary-level Vlozrada Vibration Swordsmanship, unleashed in full force!

More ferocious than the Raging Slashing Dragon, more savage than the Savage Jackal Dragon, sharper than the White Fast Dragon!

Sonya felt as though she faced a Virtual Realm beast, with the intricate vibrations in his hands becoming sharp claws and fangs viciously tearing at her flesh!

Miracle: Moonlit Water!

Miracle: Blood Moon Shattered Lake!

Sonya fought back fiercely, but she could not penetrate Dimy's Sanctuary and was repeatedly pushed back instead! Nevertheless, she displayed fierce tenacity and didn't retreat a single step, engaging in close-quarter combat with Dimy, their vibrations clashing violently!

Crack!

With a resounding boom, the Red-Haired Sword Princess was sent flying, crashing into the rubble and raising a cloud of dust.

Dimy paused, spitting out a small, bloody piece of his tongue. It turned out that Sonya had locked her gaze on the inside of his mouth at close range, and The Invisible Hand's Secret Blade had almost pierced through to the back of his neck! RANÓB&S

However, under the protection of the Sanctuary, any attack that couldn't reach the core could only cause minor inconvenience to the sorcerer. The more Sanctuary Sorcerers valued trans-spatial attacks, the more ineffective ordinary attacks were against them.

Dimy's expression was a mix of anger and admiration: "Do you want to win that badly?"

Sonya stood up, leaning on her Wooden Sword; her combat attire was unrecognizable, smeared with dust, gravel, blood, and mud.

"Yes."

"Why?"

Sonya replied, "Because the more radiant and attention-grabbing I am, the stronger I can become."

She paused, "Right now, I'm still too weak."

"Though I can sense your determination, I won't yield, and you don't need a victory handed to you by me." Dimy sheathed his sword, "If that's the case, then let me conclude this splendid Final with the highest-caliber Miracle."

"Please enjoy what comes next: Annihilation Vibration."

Annihilation Vibration!

A secret of the Vlozrada Family, a Radiant Rainbow upper-tier Miracle capable of instantly clearing the entire battlefield!

Negus's much-anticipated "Red Lotus Sword Formation" was crushed into a pool of blood by this very technique!

Had Dimy used this move at the outset, Sonya would have lost long ago.

But the fact that Sonya forced Dimy to use this technique made her almost as good as a winner in everyone's eyes.

An honorable defeat.

But it was still a loss.

Sonya lifted her head, meeting the gazes of the audience. Some were curious, some envious, some happy, some regretful-there were myriad reactions.

Without a doubt, the Red-Haired Sword Princess at this moment had captured everyone's attention.

But why haven't I become stronger?

She was deceived by the Observer, Sonya thought.

He claimed that her Golden Blessing, 'luminous star,' would make her stronger the more attention she received in battle and the more people who liked her.

But if the Final in the Meteor Trial, the highest stage she could currently reach, couldn't bring her any further transformation, then the Golden Blessing was really useless, wasn't it?

Even obtaining The Invisible Hand's Secret Blade from Professor Trozan, Sonya knew she couldn't defeat Dimy at this stage. She was only hoping that the Golden Blessing would conjure a Miracle.

In the end, her Invisible Hand still couldn't reach Dimy's core.

Just like her hand couldn't touch the warmth of the Observer's body.

She had truly tried her best, but she couldn't draw strength from the audience's gazes or gain encouragement from their cheers.

The vanity she once longed to bask in felt somewhat meaningless now.

Maybe it was because the pair of eyes she yearned for was not among the gazes here, or the voice she wanted to hear was not in the cheers.

It turned out such things were true-two people could miss, think about, and care for each other without ever being together. Like two stars close to one another, yet still separated by a vast distance.

Sonya looked at Dimy, knowing she would lose. She had no Miracle to counter Annihilation Vibration, unless the Observer helped-just like with Blood Moon and Blood Moon Blossoms, where she had a breakthrough mid-competition and suddenly grasped a game-changing Miracle.

But alas, no help came.

Her only reliance, the Golden Blessing 'luminous star,' was utterly useless.

The name of the blessing suggested she was a 'luminous star,' but Sonya knew she only sought the vanity of being a luminous star, the attention it brought. She couldn't warm others or become the light in their hearts.

Rather than becoming a luminous star, her true goal now was to pursue her luminous star.

If she became stronger, if she shone brighter, would the distance between stars become smaller?

At this moment, it seemed the Stars finally heard Sonya's prayer. The starlight transformed into the instructive voice of a professor. Countless spellcasting insights were reconstructing and coupling within her mind, forming a stunning Composite Miracle.

She thoughtfully held her Wooden Sword horizontally, countless threads enveloping her body.

Moonlit Water?

Dimy naturally recognized this counter Miracle, but its attack range was quite short, making it meaningless here, especially since his Annihilation Vibration covered the entire arena. In a flash, Dimy swung his long sword.

Dong-

It resonated like a distant bell toll, striking the hearts of the audience. The arena seemed to isolate a spherical space, cutting off the inside from the outside. As Nidhogg explained, Dimy centered the attack sphere on himself, indiscriminately targeting everything within.

It seemed the Red-Haired Sword Princess would have to exit the stage...

Snap!

Just as the space sphere was forming, it suddenly shattered.

The arena bore no traces of Annihilation Vibration's scourge. The Moon Threads around Sonya had vanished, and beside her right hand appeared The Invisible Hand, revealing The Invisible Hand's Secret Blade in action.

Dimy stood calmly before her, asking, "Using water as guidance, space as the path, accelerated by time, and harmonized with Swordsmanship... you've actually fused the 'Boundless' time spirit into your counter Miracle. By rippling space to bind threads to me, determining spatial coordinates with these threads, and shortening the process with

the time spirit, you finally ended everything with The Invisible Hand... What do you call this Composite Miracle, encompassing various Spellcasting Sects?"

Sonya looked up and saw a meteor streak across the night sky.

This was the celebratory Ritual marking the end of the Meteor Trial; a meteor would fall every time a victor emerged.

"Look," she pointed at the meteor and said, "The tail of the meteor is the gaze of another meteor watching it."

"Even unreachable meteors carry thoughts that accompany life and death."

"This Miracle is called Meteor Trial."

Dimy was momentarily stunned and chuckled wryly, "You're not great at naming, are you?"

As soon as he finished speaking, his body erupted into floral bursts of blood, limbs severed into pieces, scattering to the ground, instantly triggering the Death-Prevention Miracle.

Witnessing this, the Sports Arena fell silent for a moment, then the cheers of the audience almost lifted the roof off Galaxia!

"The victor of the Meteor Trial Final is-" Arsenault's voice echoed through Galaxia, spreading to all the Stars: "Sonya Therave!"

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

Chapter 519: Ashe the God-slayer

Five Wings.

The graceful and radiant figure is bathed in such brilliance and sanctity, dazzling so intensely that one dares not look directly, so lofty that one dares not raise their head. The sky is crumbling, pouring out black mud, and the earth has already overturned, spilling a sea of blood. It is the only light in this world, holding up the collapsing heavens and mending the fragmented, broken abyss.

A Demigod Angel?

No, it's a Five-Winged Deity. Igor was quite certain of this. Although he had never seen an Angel before, and both Angels and deities are unimaginable non-human entities for humans, there is one thing clear from legends and myths: Angels are sorcerers that transcend humanity, whereas deities are merely personified rules.

Anyone witnessing this being, who painted the world with color, would not think it still harbored any human nature. After all, when you feel the sun's intense heat, you don't think it's licking you. Igor saw it standing in the apocalyptic world as if he were seeing the sun rise from a grave.

What are its rules? What does it want? What's happening to this world...

More importantly-what does it have to do with me?

Igor's final doubt was soon resolved.

Swish!

A sword pierced through its chest. It seemed to emit a silent scream, but it did nothing to halt the brutal assault. The long sword pinned it to a decrepit stone monument, and the sword light, black as a serpent, swept across its wings, transforming into black steel chains that tightly bound its body, locking it down like a slave!

And on the other end of the chain, stood a man in a dark red trench coat and a mask.

He was... slaying a deity!

As a sorcerer, he was hunting down the Five Wings!

The figure appeared familiar, yet he seemed utterly unrecognizable to Igor. Because this God-slayer, fixated on the deity he had chained, had a look of vengeful hatred in his eyes that made Igor shiver with fear.

It wasn't the notorious 'Cult Leader' or the world-destroying 'Source of Calamity,' but the differences between those labels and this person were so vast, like seeing Lala Fatty dressed as a warrior or disguised as a dancer, causing immense cognitive dissonance.

He could never associate that person with those two evil titles, only considering it a dull joke.

But this one was different.

This God-slaying marauder, like a vengeful spirit, gave Igor the illusion that perhaps... this was the hidden side of that person's potential.

The God-slayer suddenly turned his head, his gaze fixing on Igor. His eyes held less hatred and more cold detachment. He left the deity pinned to the stone wall, dragging the chain with his right hand as he walked towards Igor. With each step he took, the chain tightened, and the deity's wail seemed to stretch out. rãÑÓBÈS

He reached Igor and extended his left hand. Surprisingly, Igor felt no fear. It wasn't because he believed this man wouldn't hurt him, but more of a sense of release.

Like finally being pulled away from a horrible all-you-can-eat buffet.

"Hmm?"

Igor opened his eyes to see Ashe ruffling his hair, a warm green glow shimmering in his palm. At the other end of the bath, Harvey was soaking while voraciously eating Lala Fatty. Each bite radiated a greenish life energy, and Lala Fatty vanished quickly in his mouth. On his right side were several emptied plates, and to his left, a dozen more plates piled with various meats.

"...-How long was I asleep?"

"About ten minutes," Ashe said, retracting his hand with a smile. "It's the first time I've seen you sleep so soundly. This is a bathhouse in a foreign land, yet you seemed to be right at home."

"I wouldn't sleep this deeply under the Blood Moon," Igor paused, "and besides, I don't have a home."

"You do now, as long as someone is thinking about you, you have a place to return to," Ashe replied. "Were you too tired? Lise intended to help get you out of the Gospel, she should've given you a chance to rest, right?"

Igor shot him a look. "I used the Rainbow Tail Feather of the Rust Crow, dying after exploring the Distant Sky Domain for a bit. I can't enter the Virtual Realm anymore."

"But you can still sleep."

"Leaving the Gospel for another stretch of unknown journey, do you think we don't need to prepare? Lise gave us a fast-track shopping channel. My Spatial Card is filled with emergency supplies, thinking they wouldn't be needed... Harvey's Spatial Card can't be counted on, that coffin takes up most of the space."

"But Harvey told me he managed to take a nap, so there was enough time."

"My nerves are a bit more delicate. Unlike those who can sleep in a grave and take life so lightly," the Con Artist grumbled, "I can't rest easy with them around."

He paused, then quickly asked, "Why are you ruffling my hair?"

"Healing," Ashe summoned the Healing Sword. "Did you have a good dream?"

Igor recalled the scene from his dream. Although much of it had faded, he still vividly remembered the hatred in the God-slayer's eyes. Was it just a simple dream or influenced by the spirit of 'Revelation'?

The Prophecy Sect! Anyone who has experienced the Weaving Festival would definitely yearn for the spellcasting sects of prophecy, fate, and truth, especially someone like Igor, who possesses a spirit of the Prophecy Sect. It's like reading a detective novel where a character says, 'I know who the killer is,' only for that character to immediately die, and then the author also dies, leaving the story unfinished. That's how Igor felt now.

Worse than not seeing the future is seeing just a glimpse of it.

But if Igor had to choose, he'd still pick the latter-seeking bliss through ignorance is too easy for him. Emma, Anfel, or even a random person on the street-who could refuse a Con Artist's deceit? But he's the kind of madman who would rather wallow in confusion and seek genuine emotion in the absurd.

Putting the dream aside for now, Igor looked around, raising an eyebrow. "Is this the rear hall of the Tribulation Fire Temple?"

"Correct," Ashe said, sinking into the bath and stretching underwater. "We have about half an hour left to rest."

"Let me summarize our current situation," Igor quickly focused, "First, we were summoned by the Tribulation Fire Temple as the First Gospel."

"As the First Gospel with two useless followers," Ashe corrected.

Igor brought his hand down sharply, splashing water onto the face of the Cult Leader, and continued, "So, the Tribulation Fire Temple believes the First Gospel will help them. There could be several reasons for this: perhaps the Divine Sovereign or an Angel commanded it, or maybe it's due to the inherent nature of the First Gospel... In any case, they don't doubt our identity, which we could potentially use to our advantage. If we play our cards right, I could even walk away with the temple's assets, sparkling clean."

"However, just as we arrived, the Tribulation Fire Temple's enemies-the Four Pillars Cult-attacked. The temple has unwavering faith that the First Gospel can handle the Four Pillars Cult, so we're immediately faced with a challenge. Whether we like it or not, we have to deal with the Four Pillars Cult, unless they are willing to listen to our explanation and let us go." search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Ashe splashed some water on his face and said, “Though I’d love to hold out hope for the Four Pillars Cult, considering the lesson I learned from the Eternal Presence, I’d better deem them as downright villains.”

“While I don’t usually rely on others, don’t you have any use for your résumé?” the Con Artist complained. “It’s fine if you can’t earn trust within a subsidiary, but why does every place you go target you first? Have you offended the four permanent directors of your company?”

“The Four Pillars Cult is attacking the Tribulation Fire Temple. What does that have to do with me?” Ashe retorted with a sense of injustice. “You saw how the Eternal Presence treated me. Every branch of the Four Pillars Cult is extremely territorial, as if afraid others will poach their business. They absolutely don’t welcome freeloaders like me. In fact, revealing my work history might get me killed even faster.”

Igor sighed. Despite being used to dealing with unexpected events, the overwhelming scale and high stakes of this chaotic whirlpool-without any time to prepare-left even the Con Artist feeling overpowered.

He submerged himself in the bath for a moment, then came up, pushing his hair back. “I can’t believe you could say something like ‘I need a bath’ at a time like that.”

Even after receiving the urgent news from the red-robed priest about the Four Pillars Cult’s invasion, Ashe remained completely unflustered. He calmly asked how long the temple could hold out. Upon hearing they had a minimum of 60 minutes, he actually expressed his desire for a bath.

Perhaps Ashe’s composure was truly contagious, or maybe the title of the First Gospel was too prestigious. The red-robed priests didn’t raise any objections and hastily arranged a bath for them, allowing Ashe and his two companions to steal some leisure time amid the chaos.

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

Chapter 520: No Choice but to Die!

“You didn’t see the layer of dirt I scrubbed off just now.”

Ashe shrugged. "Last night, I was rolling around in the rain, fighting with the Sanctuary. I was filthy and exhausted. Even if the Four Pillars Cult barged in, or if the gods themselves came after me, I'm still having this bath!"

Though Igor was also enjoying the bath, he couldn't help but say, "If we could use this time to find an escape route..."

"Escape? How?" Harvey put down his plate, belching contentedly. "Don't be fooled by the emptiness here; there are thirteen sorcerers on guard outside, one of them a Sanctuary Sorcerer. Even if you wanted to pee, they'd send someone to hold it for you. Where's your chance to escape?"

"I'm a mental sorcerer skilled in the Dominance Sect," Igor said coldly. "I never need someone to leave gaps, and a Con Artist never counts on someone not guarding their wallet."

"But how many can you control?" Harvey replied nonchalantly. "And can you control a Sanctuary? Besides, the Four Pillars Cult has likely surrounded the Tribulation Fire Chapel. Any escape route has surely been blocked. Ashe's suggestion is correct-rather than racking our brains for a strategy, it's better to relax in a bath, recharge, and wait for fate to serve us a feast."

"Interesting. Usually, I'm the one who bathes the most often; you usually use embalming as cleaning. Now you're aware of the benefits of a bath?" Igor laughed in exasperation. "Ashe, as the First Gospel, will undoubtedly attract the highest level of attention, but you won't. You clearly have the ability and opportunity to find a way out instead of countering my suggestion with nebulous values!"

"You're too scared of dying," Harvey shook his head. "You weren't mentally prepared, so why did you come along? Regret is a blemish on your profession as a Con Artist, isn't it?"

"And you're too eager to die. But as a necromancer, I can understand that-who wouldn't want to soak in embalming fluid?" Igor's voice was full of sarcasm. "I didn't intend to come; I just got dragged into this while trying to save Anfel."

"...I'm sorry," Ashe almost sank into the water. "It's my fault for getting you involved this time."

The two were taken aback, ignoring Ashe's words.

"...Just consider it was for Anfel," Harvey said. "But instead of fantasizing about us making a clean getaway, think about how we're going to fight our way out."

"Combat is necessary, but it's not the goal-it's a means, a bargaining chip," Igor stated. "If the Four Pillars Cult can truly annihilate the Tribulation Fire Chapel, chances are we won't be able to escape. But we can surrender."

“Surrender?”

“If the Gospel thinks I can build a new Four Pillars Cult from nothing, why can’t I integrate into the existing Four Pillars Cult here, and even seize power when the opportunity arises?” Igor was already shifting his mindset. “If you can’t beat them, join them. It’s very reasonable. So even if we have to break through head-on, we need to show our value. Think of it as a job interview in a foreign land.”

“...Whatever,” Harvey lowered his eyes. “As long as you and Ashe agree.”

Tension.

Panic.

Confusion.

None of them would admit it, but Harvey and Igor were indeed affected by these negative emotions. Even though they were a necromancer and a mental sorcerer skilled at emotional adjustment, they couldn’t be immune to the influence of an unfamiliar environment. Especially after finally getting accustomed to the Gospel Kingdom, being suddenly thrown into this strange land would make anyone irritable. Even cats have stress responses.

In this light, Annan forcing them into a car filled with anesthetic spray right after capturing them seemed rather considerate—they were too exhausted to even have the capacity to worry about negative emotions. RÄNÖBES

Harvey and Igor didn’t really have issues with each other, or rather, their mutual disdain wasn’t anything new. They were just using a familiar person to relieve their mental stress, hence the explosive conversations. Blaming and deflecting anger is indeed a quick way for humans to reduce stress.

But as a Rust Crow and a Ghost King, they were both quick to adjust their psychological states. In comparison, the person who seemed completely unworried about the current situation was quite strange.

“Ashe, why do you seem completely unconcerned?” Igor asked. “Do you have a way out of here? Perhaps some trump card prepared by Gosdeya?”

“No, no,” Ashe waved his hand with a bitter smile. “If I had something like that, I’d have taken you guys out of here already. No way I’d be staying here. But I’m really not that worried.”

“To put it diplomatically, I’ve weathered a lot of storms. To put it bluntly, I’ve been beaten down by fate to the point where I don’t even bother grumbling anymore.” He shrugged. “Prison, the Blood Moon Tribunal, prison break, escaping the Blood Moon,

being sold by Annan, working for Annan, becoming a clansman of Senhaeser, being Belldate's dog, attempting to assassinate the Princess, becoming the First Gospel... and that's only half of it."

"Though our current predicament seems hopeless, which of my past experiences was any easier? Even if I were a Lala Fatty, by now I'd have grown into a Blade Fish Dragon. Besides..."

"Besides what?"

Ashe stood up from the bath, grabbed a towel, and wrapped it around himself. Looking at them, he said, "Although I feel a bit guilty saying this, I sincerely think it's great to have dragged you two into this mess."

"A necromancer who desecrates corpses and a Con Artist who plays with people's hearts. Embarking on an unknown journey with you two..." The Cult Leader couldn't help but laugh. "(* ▽*) It's truly reassuring."

"To put it nicely, it's about eliminating harm for the people. To put it bluntly, even if we all die, at least I'll have company."

At this moment, Igor suddenly reached out and grabbed Ashe by the ankle, dragging him back into the bath, causing a splash. Ashe's curses were drowned in water. As soon as he resurfaced, Harvey pushed him back down. Now the Cult Leader was enraged too; he was also proficient in the Water Sect. How dare these two mess with him?

Ashe, like a Blade Fish Dragon, dived underwater and pulled the other two down with him. The three Sanctuary Sorcerers fought in the bath as if it were a cosmic battle, until the very essence of the universe was at stake. When half the water in the bath was gone, the three of them reluctantly wrapped themselves in towels and walked away.

But Igor and Harvey seemed to have been assimilated by Ashe. The worries and confusion in their expressions had significantly lessened, replaced by a newfound confidence.

Just then, Ashe revealed an encouraging speculation: "You don't need to be so tense. The Tribulation Fire Chapel probably has a trump card against the Four Pillars Cult."

Igor asked, "Why do you think that?"

"Because the First Gospel's power is in intelligence, not combat ability," Ashe explained. "When you're being chased by a vicious dog, do you need a long staff or a handbook on 'How to Beat a Vicious Dog with a Staff'? The fact that the Tribulation Fire Chapel is thrilled about summoning the latter means..."

Igor suddenly understood, "They have the staff to beat the dog, but they just can't wield it effectively!"

Indeed, things were exactly as Ashe had predicted.

When they changed clothes and walked out of the palace, a red-robed priest was already waiting for them. "First Gospel, the Divine Hosting Ritual is ready. The beings of Tribulation Fire Chapel long for your blessings, and the heretic scoundrels fear your thunder."

Harvey took the initiative to ask, "What is the Divine Hosting Ritual?"

"It's a ceremony to draw upon the power of the Divine Spirit Demi-God," explained the red-robed priest. "The power of the Tribulation Fire Chapel's Divine Spirit will join forces with the First Gospel."

"Hosting a Divine Spirit?!" Igor was taken aback. "So you actually possess a Divine Spirit?"

The red-robed priest glanced at Ashe to see if he had any intention of explaining, and upon confirming that he didn't, the priest elaborated, "It's not a true Divine Spirit, but a power that is just one step away from becoming a true Divine Spirit."

"In our Land of Senlo, everyone possesses a form of divinity, and anyone can become a Demi-God. During the Gods' Dawn period a century ago, Senlo had a grand scene with eight hundred Demi-Gods coexisting!"

"But not everyone can use the power of a Demi-God. Ordinary sorcerers can only borrow the brilliance of a Demi-God. To counter the Four Pillars' heretics, we must fully unleash the power of the Demi-God!" The red-robed priest looked at Ashe with fervent eyes, "It's said that the First Gospel can command any Divine Spirit Demi-God. Please join me in the Divine Hosting Ritual, and then you shall wield the overwhelming divine power of the Tribulation Fire Chapel!"

Ashe blinked, and soon after his freshly bathed back started sweating again.

He had not expected that after finally escaping the First Gospel's divine corruption, he would still face the fate of being hosted by a Divine Spirit.

Moreover, the devotees were crowding tightly around, the subtle sounds of battle echoed from outside, and the urgency in the red-robed priest's eyes was unmistakable. He had no chance whatsoever to delay or hesitate!

There was truly no choice but to comply!

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