

# Sorcerer's Handbook

## - Chapter 521: Inferno of Tribulations Demi-God

The notorious trio followed the red-robed priest deeper into the palace. As they passed through a crossroad, Igor suddenly turned to look at a worn-out badge on the wall that was almost rubbed down to a cutting board. Ashe glanced at it and instantly understood what Igor meant.

Though the words on the badge were nearly invisible, and Ashe couldn't recognize the first two words-likely the local dialect of Senlo-the last three were in the universally known true language of spirits, faintly discernible: "Game Room."

Unless the Tribulation Fire Temple is a gambling sect, there's no reason for a game room inside the palace. Furthermore, Ashe had noticed many issues since their bath time-the bathhouse was undoubtedly luxurious, with the Blade Fish Dragon's inlets and the spirit-filled Miracle Wonderland murals fitting the sect's style perfectly.

However, the towels provided by the temple were ordinary cotton cloths. Forget about a Gospel; these towels wouldn't even be fit for feet at the Shattered Lake Prison, let alone for more intimate use. Similarly, the change of clothes provided by the temple was also very plain. Initially, Ashe thought that the red-robed priest's rudimentary attire demonstrated the Tribulation Fire spirit of endurance, but it now seemed their light industry was lacking.

Luckily, Igor had clothes in his Spatial Card. Although they were all his, the three of them were similar in size, so they could make do.

Besides, there were many other oddities, such as the broken ceilings, walls, and floors filled with greyish-white mudstone. Though it didn't affect usability, it was far from aesthetic. They weren't devoid of Earth sorcerers, but sorcerers could only make such repairs. Either Earth sorcerers were in short supply here, hence the shoddy work-which is implausible, as surely important locations within the sect wouldn't skimp on sorcerer labor-or they lacked the formula for the bricks and mortar used here and were doing their best.

The aesthetically pleasing and high-end brick and mortar formulas are a unique societal legacy. After all, these aren't even considered miracles and are merely luxury items under the notion of 'can't we live just fine without them?' Thus, if Earth sorcerers aren't trained, they can indeed only produce the most basic and practical grey mud.

This isn't a temple built by the Tribulation Fire Temple; it's a conquered prize, and there's a significant gap between their technical skills and those of the original builders.

However, when the red-robed priest opened the innermost room and motioned for everyone to remove their shoes, put on robes, and enter, Ashe and the others immediately realized the original purpose of this 'palace' as they were hit by a wave of scorching hot air.

Hot steam that felt like it would scald their throats filled the entire hall. They walked on dry wooden floorboards that crisscrossed beneath their feet. In the warm orange lighting, they saw a square platform made of wooden boards at the center of the hall, with an elliptical volcanic stone atop it. A white tiger, seemingly made of white jade flames, lay atop the volcanic stone. The indistinct flames didn't reveal its gender, but the five tails behind it, resembling virtual wings, identified it unmistakably.

The Five-tailed Flaming White Tiger!

Ashe and Igor were choked by the hot steam, their scalps tingling. They could immediately discern the room's primary function—a steam room in a grand bathhouse!

No wonder there was a game room along the way!

No wonder when Ashe mentioned wanting a bath, the temple promptly arranged for a magnificent bathhouse nearby!

This place was actually a spa center!

As for why the spa center was decorated in such opulent, golden, and luxurious style—it's understandable. When people are relaxing, they either seek dim and quiet surroundings or bright and noisy ones, or a mix of both. The relaxation area would be quiet, the entertainment area bustling... Using the decor style to help guests get into the right mood makes perfect sense.

But why would a deity's sect use a spa center as their temple base?

And why would a deity use a steam room's platform as their divine throne?

Ashe and the others had already realized that Senlo, this Kingdom that needed to summon the First Gospel for salvation, would likely surprise them in many unexpected ways.

Despite the penetrating hot steam, the red-robed priests, clad in their heavy robes, could still speak normally. They bowed respectfully with their hands clasped before the Flaming White Tiger: "We kindle the Inferno of Tribulations with fervent chants, gifting the sun the radiance of wisdom, never to be extinguished; we merge with the blazing

red of the Inferno of Tribulations, returning the soul's confusion to the earth, never to be shaken again. We will reunite in the ashes, but ultimately reignite in the darkness.”

“Homage to the Ten Thousand Tribulation Fire Demi-God.”

“Homage to the Ten Thousand Tribulation Fire Demi-God,” Ashe and his companions sincerely paid their respects.

On their way here, the red-robed priest had already used the simplest language to explain what the Divine Spirit Demi-God meant—it's a second fate for sorcerers after death. RÁNÖbEš

Yes, aside from falling into hell and merging with the Virtual Realm, sorcerers in the Land of Senlo have a second fate after death: transforming into a Divine Spirit Demi-God, becoming a false deity infinitely close to the power level of a Five Wings deity.

Compared to true deities, false deities cannot maintain a human form and often appear as beasts. Their power is also much weaker; not only can they self-destruct, but they can even be slain by sorcerers. However, Ashe wasn't sure if true deities could be destroyed by sorcerers either.

Sorcerers are intelligent people who seek truth and discard falsities. Naturally, they wouldn't call these false deities by the term “deities,” but calling them false deities directly also seemed disrespectful. So, they fabricated a term “Demi-God,” meaning an entity that wields powerful laws.

However, there's a point where deities and Demi-Gods are alike: they are both spirit entities without self-awareness, driven purely by an instinct to expand. The spiderweb of Omniscient Heaven merely assists; it's the inherent expansionary nature of the Gospel deity that spreads the Gospel system to every corner of the Kingdom.

The same goes for Demi-Gods, whose instinct is the ideal that the sorcerer held in life. In other words, only Saints with incredibly steadfast beliefs and ideals can potentially become Demi-Gods after death!

Thus, the Flaming White Tiger lying in this steam room is a previous sorcerer from the Tribulation Fire Temple. Even in death, their ideals and faith remained unbroken, transforming them into a Demi-God that continues to safeguard the Tribulation Fire Temple!

Sorcerer Saints, capable of conquering death with their ideals, earn the admiration of Ashe and his companions, regardless of their stance. Every sorcerer knows they stand on the shoulders of those who came before, drawing knowledge from countless past sorcerer projections to achieve their current success. They are grateful to any sorcerer who diligently sought knowledge, just as future generations will similarly appreciate them.

“The Tribulation Fire Temple originated from the greatest Fire Cat Divine Era. Every Demi-God’s ambition is to restore the Fire Cat Divine Era’s glory, to harness the sun’s fruits, and to wield the power of the Virtual Realm,” the red-robed priest declared with utmost confidence. “The Tribulation Fire Chapel will ultimately transcend the calamity of ignorance, ignite the flame of knowledge, and reclaim the light of Senlo.”

“Fire Cat Divine Era?” Harvey surprisingly managed to speak normally, seemingly unaffected by the scorching steam.

The red-robed priest looked wistfully. “It was the greatest era of the gods. The Knowing Guard Fire Demi-God and other True Goodness Demi-Gods purified the land and governed Senlo, while all beings strove to fulfill the mission of the Knowing Guard Fire Demi-God-to enable ordinary people to use the power of spirits. Because the Knowing Guard Fire Demi-God appeared as a fire cat, the era was also known as the Fire Cat Divine Era.”

Enable ordinary people to use the power of spirits!?

Igor, despite his discomfort, hurriedly asked, “Did they succeed?”

“Of course. When even newborn babies could be graced by spirits, the Knowing Guard Fire Demi-God successfully transformed and, together with countless followers, ascended to the divine realm. Besides the Knowing Guard Fire Demi-God, there were also the Circle Cicada Demi-God, who craved immortality, and the Chasing Light Demi-God, who sought to conquer death and resurrect the dead. These three Demi-Gods accomplished their missions one by one, ascending along with their followers and leaving countless valuable legacies to Senlo.”

“That was a magnificent era,” the red-robed priest’s voice was filled with a quiet reverence that the hottest steam couldn’t quench. “But that was a millennium ago.”

Ashe and his companions exchanged glances, gaining more intelligence but also generating new doubts.

Assuming the red-robed priest wasn’t exaggerating, Senlo indeed once experienced a golden era, with a level of technology far surpassing even the Gospel-ordinary people could only indirectly benefit from spirits in the Gospel system. Moreover, they managed to tackle “immortality” and “resurrection”-two epic-level challenges. Even if the conditions were incredibly taxing, the Gospel couldn’t achieve either, and the two great Saint clans of the Blood Moon only managed to achieve longevity, which is far from true immortality.

However, now the Land of Senlo is ravaged by the Four Pillars Cult... It’s as tragic as a pure, adorable maiden falling from grace due to misfortune.

But how did the followers and Demi-Gods ascend, and why did the Fire Cat Divine Era come to an end? Since Demi-Gods are a second death outcome for sorcerers, why were there only three Demi-Gods during the Fire Cat Divine Era?

Clearly, this wasn't the time for a deep discussion. The red-robed priest looked at the Flaming White Tiger and said, "The Inferno of Tribulations Demi-God is the strongest Demi-God of our Tribulation Fire Temple. If you can fully unleash the power of the First Gospel, the Four Pillars Cult would be nothing."

"The strongest?" Igor keenly picked up on the key point, coughing slightly. "Does your temple have other Demi-Gods?"

"Our Tribulation Fire Temple is one of the largest sects in Senlo, with five major temples and five Demi-Gods: the Inferno of Tribulations Demi-God, Killing Tribulation Fire Demi-God, Past Tribulation Fire Demi-God, Dust Tribulation Fire Demi-God, and Dark Tribulation Fire Demi-God," the red-robed priest declared with pride. "We are but one step away from the divine throne of Senlo."

"But you're currently being attacked by the Four Pillars Cult," Igor pointed out bluntly. "Have the other temples been destroyed?"

"Yes," the priest almost spat the words out through gritted teeth. "There was a traitor among us in the other temples. She defected to the Four Pillars Cult with her Demi-God, becoming one of their formidable warriors. She's likely the one leading their attack!"

"Defected with a Demi-God?" Igor was taken aback. "Aren't the Demi-Gods part of your temple?"

"They belong to the temple. Normally, even if someone could harness a Demi-God's power, they couldn't sway its will. But that traitor was the finest Tribulation Fire Seed in recent years and gained the complete approval of her Demi-God, allowing it to reside within her!" The red-robed priest's voice trembled. "Not only that, but she reportedly used schemes from the Four Pillars Cult to invade other temples and seize their Tribulation Fire Demi-Gods!"

Ashe blinked, feeling the plot seemed strangely familiar.

"Wait," Harvey interjected, "so this traitor now controls the power of four Demi-Gods?"

"Don't worry," the red-robed priest said confidently. "Even if she's managed to deceive the Demi-Gods, no one can wield more than one Demi-God's power at once, even if she has all four. She can't carry the might of the Four Pillars."

"But she can at least use the power of one Demi-God..."

"No matter. The Inferno of Tribulations Demi-God is the oldest and most powerful fire Demi-God, its strength far surpasses the others!" The red-robed priest was extremely confident. "This is precisely why the Four Pillars Cult attacked here last-they fear the divine might of the Inferno of Tribulations Demi-God!"

"Moreover, even the traitor can't fully unleash the Demi-God's power. Ordinary seeds can only tap into 30% of its strength; she might manage 50% at best!"

"No one in the Land of Senlo has ever perfectly hosted a deity. First Gospel, you are invincible!"

Igor asked, "Since it's a near-divine Demi-God, can ordinary sorcerers wield its power?"

"No, the Divine Hosting Ritual consumes the Demi-God's essence and isn't dependent on the sorcerer's strength. Hence, the more the Demi-God is used, the weaker it becomes until it eventually vanishes. Many sects have perished for this reason," explained the red-robed priest. "But the Inferno of Tribulations Demi-God is at its peak right now. First Gospel, you can use it freely. Burning the Four Pillars Cult to ashes won't be a problem!"

That left them with no room to refuse.

Perhaps it was too hot; Ashe and the others felt drenched in sweat. They looked at the searing Flaming White Tiger, feeling a shiver down their spines. S

"How do we perform the Divine Hosting Ritual?" Harvey suddenly asked. When the red-robed priest looked over, he continued, "Can we also try hosting a deity?"

The red-robed priest hesitated but, noticing that Ashe remained silent, said, "No problem. The Divine Hosting Ritual is simple. As long as you can touch the Inferno of Tribulations Demi-God, it counts as successful."

Harvey glanced at the others, then resolutely walked towards the Flaming White Tiger. After taking two or three steps, he felt as if he were being roasted alive, with steam escaping from every pore. Another red-robed priest immediately embraced him and carried him out.

With a splash outside, Harvey let out a blood-curdling scream. However, Ashe and Igor showed no reaction-before entering this room, they had passed by an ice water pool, and Harvey now resembled someone who had been engulfed in steam. The scream didn't come from pain but from the contrasting sensations of extreme heat and cold.

"His mindset is too different from that of the Inferno of Tribulations Demi-God," the red-robed priest said calmly. "Even our Tribulation Fire disciples must constantly observe prohibitions in their daily lives, follow the doctrines, and avoid igniting the scorching tribulation fire within. They also have to enter the Silent Spiral to become a seed to get

close to the Demi-God and pray for the Divine Hosting Ritual. Ordinary people, unless their mindset completely aligns with the Demi-God's, can't even touch it."

Aligned mindset?

Ashe had a thought. He signaled the Con Artist not to hypnotize him and then confidently walked towards the Flaming White Tiger.

Igor watched as Ashe easily passed the spot where Harvey had been scalded into unconsciousness, holding his breath in tension-both Harvey and he could afford to fail, but Ashe could not. If Ashe failed, it would expose that he wasn't the First Gospel. Or even if he truly was the First Gospel, it wouldn't matter. What the Tribulation Fire Temple needed was not the First Gospel, but a savior capable of completing the Divine Hosting Ritual!

Yet the Divine Hosting Ritual required an aligned mindset. How could any of them share the same beliefs as a devout Saint? They didn't even know what the Flaming White Tiger's faith was!

Unless they had a universal plug, who could host a deity?

The red-robed priests were also extremely tense, breathing heavily in the scorching steam as if their respiratory tracts were made of steel pipes.

Under everyone's gaze, Ashe stepped past Harvey's scalding line, and then-

Nothing happened.

Step by step, as if effortlessly, he walked up to the Flaming White Tiger, reached out, and touched the white flames on the head of this fiery big cat.

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

## **Chapter 522: Four Pillars Cult, Your Doomsday Has Arrived!**

"People always say we're living in the saddest transitional era."

"The flames of Everfire are extinguished, and new Demi-Gods have yet to ignite. Forget about the legendary Fire Cat Divine Era-we couldn't even raise the banner of Everfire. Since childhood, I've heard tales of the Temple's glory, but I've spent my whole life in the darkness."



“Many cults lost their faith, ideals, and everything during this period. Numerous people left, and I don’t blame them. When you can’t even see your ideals, how could you not lose your way? The Demi-God is not just power; it is also our goal. When people know where they want to go, the world makes way for them.”

“Will new flames really ignite in the future? Will anyone continue to chase the glory of the Fire Cat Divine Era? Shouldn’t we join other cults and believe in other Demi-Gods?”

“When others said this to me, I did not respond, nor did I stop them from seeking a better life. After all, who can predict the future? Perhaps the Everfire will completely extinguish in our generation, and no one will remember the greatness of the Fire Cat Divine Era.”

“Their abandonment is reasonable.”

“When we were driven away by other cults, Everfire could not burn them; when we fed on wind and dew, Everfire could not protect us; when we were attacked and plundered, Everfire did not respond to the ridicule of fate.”

“But I will not give up.”

“That’s right, we have no Demi-Gods to host a divine being, cannot gain the protection of the Demi-Gods, and cannot wield their power. However, ideals and faith were never chips for bargaining.”

“We cannot control our birth, our past, our death; fate never treats us kindly. The only thing we can grasp is our will.”

“Perhaps faith and ideals won’t grant me any advantages, but they will make me fearless.”

“Some say that faith is at the end, but I think faith is right under our feet.”

“Some say that those before the dawn are the most miserable, but I think watching the sky gradually brighten isn’t so bad either.”

“Some say we are the saddest transitional era, but I think I will become the greatest starting point.”

As Ashe came to his senses, the Flaming White Tiger had already transformed into a cloak, entangling him. The once mighty and majestic white flame tiger now appeared as a small, sleepy-eyed tiger perched on his shoulder.

The red-robed priests knelt devoutly on the wooden boards. Igor stared at him, a blend of surprise and tension in his eyes. He started to say “You,” but was choked by the



scorching steam, causing his face to flush red. Ashe flicked a gust of air at him, and Igor was immediately free from the oppressive heat, feeling a refreshing coolness instead.

"I haven't lost my mind to the Inferno of Tribulations," Ashe signaled to the Con Artist not to worry and then looked at the red-robed priests. "Let's go."

"It's time to sever our ties with the Four Pillars Cult."

The red-robed priests were elated, their voices filled with humility. "Please follow me, First Gospel."

"Call me Ashe."

"Yes, Lord Ashe!"

Sitting by the ice-water pool, Harvey watched as Ashe and the others emerged. He glanced at Ashe's fiery cloak, and before he could speak, Ashe waved him over.

"Hurry up and follow. I'm about to rise above the heavens, and I won't be waiting for you."

Harvey looked bewilderedly at Ashe's arrogant back and then turned to Igor.

"One moment of success, and he's babbling nonsense," Igor shrugged, smiling. "Looks like he drew a good card."

Indeed, Ashe had truly struck gold this time.

Ever since he learned that the second possible fate of a sorcerer after death was to become a Demi-God, he had been contemplating a critical question: Where do the s of these sorcerers go? **RANobE\$**

It wasn't until the red-robed priests mentioned that the biggest obstacle to the Divine Hosting Ritual was aligning with the Demi-God's ideology that Ashe realized this might be a divine opportunity-alignment with ideology, isn't that the prerequisite for reading a ? However, whether it was due to Ashe's flexible moral compass or some other reason, he could read any without obstacles!

Although Witches could also read most s, Ashe hadn't read many across the Time Continent. Yet, even the Handbooks that Witches couldn't stomach, Ashe could devour with relish!

So Ashe took a gamble and discovered that the Divine Hosting Ritual was indeed very similar to reading a ! Since he could fully read the of the Five-tailed Flaming White Tiger predecessor, he naturally could achieve a perfect divine hosting!

He had completely mastered the divine might of the Five-tailed Flaming White Tiger!

Ashe never expected that his unique talent for reading would turn out to be the highest level of aptitude in the Kingdom of Senlo!

The red-robed priests mentioned that the Land of Senlo had once seen the appearance of eight hundred Demi-Gods; even now, surely there would be at least a hundred, right? This meant there were a hundred near-divine powers for Ashe to exploit freely!

Forget about the Four Pillars Cult; unifying Senlo and returning to reclaim the Gospel was just around the corner!

Next, it's my time!

Ashe quickly changed his clothes and, surrounded by the red-robed priests, walked out of the washing center in the Tribulation Fire Temple with his head held high. Outside was a city in ruins-not laid waste by the Four Pillars Cult, but already in ruins.

The blazing sun shone down, the defensive structures built by the earth sorcerers had been completely breached, and the tribulation fire sorcerers could only retreat continuously. In contrast, the greater number of black-robed sorcerers were wantonly destroying the ruined city; neither side resorted much to guns, preferring direct spellcasting duels!

"It's over."

As the calm declaration echoed across the battlefield, Ashe raised his hand and made a pulling motion toward the sky. Instantly, countless people felt the sunlight intensify. When they looked up, they saw a colossal fireball, the size of a city, descending upon the black-robed sorcerers' positions. The searing heat nearly evaporated the moisture from everyone's faces!

Descent of the Fiery Tribulations!

There were undoubtedly more sophisticated and superior ways to utilize the power of the Ten Thousand Tribulation Fire Demi-God, but having only just mastered it, Ashe didn't have time to develop them. He could only crudely unleash its flame power-big meant good, big meant beautiful!

"It's the Ten Thousand Tribulation Fire Demi-God! We're saved!"

"Homage to the Ten Thousand Tribulation Fire Demi-God!"

"The tribulation fire will never die!" S

The tribulation fire sorcerers were ecstatic, completely unafraid of the scorching flames of the Descent of the Fiery Tribulations. They eagerly watched the divine intervention punish their enemies!

Compared to the tribulation fire sorcerers, the black-robed sorcerers also looked up at the descending fireball, but their eyes were not filled with fear; instead, they were more indifferent.

“Full power of the Descent of the Fiery Tribulations?”

As a curious female voice sounded, the immense fireball suddenly shrank and shrank until it was the size of a chocolate, which was then swallowed by a rabbit.

It was an Orange Flame Rabbit, lying on the shoulder of a black-robed female sorcerer. Unlike the other Four Pillars Cult members, she wasn't wearing standard black robes; instead, she wore a custom-fitted black dress with a black butterfly-patterned headpiece, revealing only her mouth.

She held a book in her hands and seemed not to have participated in the battle, hiding in the back reading all the while.

At first glance, it didn't seem like much, but considering the state of light industry here, her distinct attire indicated her status.

When the red-robed priests behind Ashe saw her, they gritted their teeth. “Traitor!”

“Lord Ashe, she is the traitor who defected from the Tribulation Fire Temple and stole other Demi-Gods' powers! We have already stripped her of divine status; you must kill her and reclaim our Tribulation Fire Demi-God powers!”

Could it be that she also has a flexible moral compass to host so many Demi-Gods? A strange thought crossed Ashe's mind, but he maintained a calm demeanor. He nodded slightly and began descending the stairs, walking toward her leisurely.

Truth be told, he wanted to unfurl his Twin Wings and fly over, but he hadn't practiced flying and could only build momentum through walking. With each step he took, the power of the Descent of the Fiery Tribulations seeped into his body, transforming him completely into a fiery figure!

Power, power was surging within him!

This was the power of a deity, this was the might of a deity!

The traitor stood in front of the black-robed sorcerers, watching Ashe with great interest. “So you're the First Gospel prayed for by the Tribulation Fire Temple? I heard you come from another Kingdom? Is it very different from Senlo?”

“First, my name is Ashe,” Ashe said calmly. “Second, you still have time to surrender.”

As Ashe declared this, another even larger fireball fell from the sky, like the descent of the sun itself!

“Why so hasty? I was hoping to chat with you a bit more,” the traitor smiled slightly. From her shoulders, elbows, and thighs, new flame creatures emerged-a Blue Flame Squirrel, a Red Flame Lizard, and a Green Flame Snake-along with the Orange Flame Rabbit from earlier, revealing she carried four Demi-Gods with her!

However, Ashe breathed a sigh of relief-no matter how strong a Demi-God might be, she could only host one at a time, and just judging by appearances, the Demi-Gods she possessed were no match for the Flaming White Tiger.

I’ve got this!

Ashe’s era of dominance would be kicked off by taking down the Four Pillars Cult!

Thinking of all the suffering the Four Pillars Cult had caused him, Ashe couldn’t help but feel emotional. The Four Pillars Cult, your doomsday has come!

But the traitor cheerfully uttered four words:

“Strength.”

The Red Flame Lizard transformed into a five-winged Angel, wielding a lance and clad in red battle armor. It raised its lance high, bestowing her with the divine power of strength!

“Wisdom.”

The Blue Flame Squirrel transformed into a five-winged Angel, donning a blue cap and holding a notebook. It opened the book, blessing her with the divine power of wisdom!

“Life.”

The Green Flame Snake transformed into a five-winged Angel, wearing a luminescent green cap and holding a flute. It played music, granting her the divine power of life!

“Joy.”

The Orange Flame Rabbit turned into a charming, pink, and adorable five-winged Angel. It kissed her cheek lightly, infusing her with the divine power of joy!

In the blink of an eye, halos of light radiated from the traitor, and her overwhelming divine might unexpectedly dismantled Ashe’s Descent of the Fiery Tribulations!

Ashe rubbed his eyes.

Wait, this scenario seems familiar!

I remember now-the next part is where you get captured!

Worshipping the Four Pillars, you're bound to get screwed!

"Stubborn!" Ashe shouted fearlessly as he transformed into a blazing meteor and charged-

Boom!

With a thunderous collision, a massive heat wave spread out like a storm, causing the ground to shake violently. The residual shockwave from the fight nearly knocked everyone off their feet!

Before the Tribulation Fire Temple, the plaza cracked like a spiderweb, and Ashe was flung into a crater shaped like the letter 'X,' his form reverting to normal. The Flaming White Tiger he just acquired and barely had time to warm up to was now a tiger cub, dangling from the traitor's grip by its scruff.

The traitor placed the Flaming White Tiger atop her head while she sat on Ashe, crossing her legs clad in black stockings. She opened her notebook and started writing, "Ashe..."

"Alright, Ashe, you're now in my grasp," she said with a slight smile. "Not in a hurry anymore, are you? Let's continue our conversation. I'd like to know more about you."

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

## **Chapter 523: Prison Experience Specialist**

"Has visiting the prisons of every country become one of our regular tourist activities? If reality were a game, we definitely would have unlocked the 'Prison Experience Specialist' achievement by now."

Ashe muttered to himself while feeling the padding on the wall.

"Not just that, you could also unlock 'Defeated in One Second,' 'Best at Getting Beaten,' and 'Losing by a Little Still Counts as a Win' achievements," Igor replied, lying on the padded floor with a look of sheer boredom.

“Exactly. I was so close to turning the tables,” Ashe said, biting his nails. “Unfortunately, I haven’t mastered the Inferno of Tribulations long enough. Plus, she managed to combine the powers of four Demi-Gods to ambush me, a newcomer... If it weren’t for the incorrect intelligence from those Tribulation Fire Temple followers, if I had more time to train, if she hadn’t used her seemingly non-combative appearance to deceive me, victory would have been mine!”

Igor glanced at him. “What I meant wasn’t ‘you lost by a little, so it counts as a win,’ but rather ‘you lost so badly yet you still find so many excuses for yourself; what else can I do? I’ll have to count it as your win.’”

Ashe crossed his arms and nodded repeatedly, “I completely understand now. In your eyes, I have already won. I’m so touched!”

Igor’s face twisted in anger, while Harvey next to him couldn’t help but chuckle. “Still, it wasn’t Ashe’s responsibility this time. Even the First Gospel couldn’t have turned the situation around... Could it be that the Omniscient Weaver anticipated this and that’s why they sent Ashe, a substandard proxy, to make do?”

“Possible. The First Gospel is, after all, the Omniscient Weaver’s proxy. This was originally a brilliant opportunity for the Omniscient Weaver to infiltrate this Kingdom, yet they chose to send Ashe instead...” the Con Artist mused. “Either the Omniscient Weaver doesn’t value this Kingdom, or sending the First Gospel wouldn’t have made a difference anyway. So they decided to cut their losses and used Ashe to handle the Tribulation Fire Temple.”

“Can you save the insults for when I’m not around? Let’s focus on escaping this cell first,” Ashe grumbled. “Why do you all look so relaxed, like you’re at home?”

Harvey responded, “To be honest, your anxiety is what’s weird to me.”

“And why do you think we have any chance of escaping?” Igor added. “Outside is the headquarters of the Four Pillars Cult. Even if we break out of this cell, how far do you think we can get?”

Ashe retorted, “You weren’t saying that earlier. You were all about escaping when we were in the Tribulation Fire Temple. Why the change of heart once the Four Pillars Cult caught us? How much did they pay you?”

“I didn’t know much about the Tribulation Fire Temple,” Igor said with a sigh. “But the Four Pillars Cult? This is our third encounter with them, assuming we count you as their Cult Leader. By now, we’re practically old friends, aren’t we?”

“Also,” the Con Artist sat up, patting the padded wall, “we can’t break out of this cell. This is clearly-“

“Your office?” Harvey interjected.

Igor shook his head. “I may have dabbled as a psychological Healer, but I’ve never worked as a mental health rehabilitation specialist.”

They found themselves in a roughly 25-square-meter enclosed space. The floor, walls, and ceiling were all covered with blue padding. Even the toilet seemed to be made from a soft, slime-like material. Warm light seeped through the seams of the padding, filling the room with a gentle glow and leaving no shadows.

Though the three of them had never been in such a place before, the environmental clues were unmistakable-this was an infirmary for holding mentally ill patients.

After Ashe’s defeat, Igor immediately surrendered, bringing Harvey along. Interestingly, once the Inferno of Tribulations Demi-God was captured, the red-robed priests lost all will to fight and offered no resistance. The die-hard Tribulation Fire Temple disciples also surrendered completely, and the Four Pillars Cult refrained from massacring them. They simply demolished the entire Tribulation Fire Temple, took over the area, and captured all the sorcerers.

It seemed the wars in this world followed an unspoken rule-Demi-Gods were everything. With a Demi-God, anything was possible. Without one, all was lost.

Their mode of transportation was equally fascinating: a magnetically levitating train pulled by pack beasts. Yes, that’s right-a series of hovercar-like train cars pulled by animals that resembled a cross between cows and horses, floating above the ground without the need for tracks. Even Igor, Ashe, and Harvey had to admit the design was an eclectic blend of modern and traditional aesthetics.

To be honest, the “cow-horse train” wasn’t slow at all. It was quite comfortable and far more stable than the hovercars back in the Blood Moon Kingdom. This journey would have been their best opportunity to escape, but Ashe was constantly questioned by their captor, and Harvey’s multiple attempts to break free were stopped by Igor. After a few hours, they arrived at the Four Pillars Cult’s headquarters.

The headquarters of the Four Pillars Cult was similar to the Tribulation Fire Temple, both built atop ruined cities. It wasn’t until they were locked up in this cell that they realized the original purpose of this place-it used to be an asylum!

It’s worth noting that the Blood Moon Kingdom does have mental hospitals. Mental illness can be either congenital or acquired. While congenital cases are usually dealt with at birth, acquired illnesses remain a challenge, being complex physiological and psychological conditions that even skilled Healers find difficult to treat.

Interestingly, in the Blood Moon Kingdom, seeking regular psychological help is common. Ironically, the highest proportion of patients in mental hospitals are actually



psychologists. Those who frequently rescue others from the mire can sometimes find themselves sinking into it.

Although not all newborns in the Blood Moon Kingdom are given the chance to live, those who do survive enjoy comprehensive social benefits, such as state-sponsored childcare, healthcare, and elderly support. Employment assistance is also available for the jobless.

Yes, if one avoids the pitfalls of consumerism, sugar, gambling, and the mud and tea houses, they can live a laid-back life in the Blood Moon Kingdom without working, with the state providing for their needs until they become subjects for the Blood Saint's experiments. Apart from enduring long advertisements while watching shows and mandatory participation in game testing, ordinary people live quite luxuriously, enjoying the full benefits of modern technology. RANòBEŞ

However, in a kingdom rife with anxiety, discrimination, mania, and temptations, it's impossible to avoid moral decay as there's no safe haven for personal sanctity.

In that sense, the mentally ill are the only ones that can resist corruption. They have finally found a place where they belong.

The main bathhouse being in the Tribulation Fire Temple while the mental hospital is guarded by the Four Pillars Cult seems odd at first, but thinking about it, it actually makes some sense.

Now, they faced a new problem: they couldn't break out of the cell!

Their spellforce wasn't restricted, nor were their spirits banned, yet the three Sanctuary Sorcerers couldn't cause any damage to the cell at all!

The padded walls absorbed all kinetic energy and nullified any spellcasting damage that Ashe, Harvey, and Igor could muster. Whether it was Ashe's Honey Sword, Harvey's deathly corrosion, or even the silenced handgun Igor pulled from his Spatial Card, nothing left a mark on the padding.

No wonder the Four Pillars Cult felt secure locking them in here-they couldn't even damage the toilet!

Ashe and the others started to wonder if this place was custom-built to imprison legendary sorcerer lunatics. But then Igor recalled seeing something-one of the black-robed sorcerers had the same blue padding hidden under his robes.

This meant the Four Pillars Cult had likely stripped the soft padding from the other cells in this mental hospital to make armor for their disciples!

Of course, using such damage-resistant material for something as luxurious as mental hospital padding seemed like a waste. Using it for armor made so much more sense!

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

## Chapter 524: Consensus

“Coexistence of the backward and the advanced, a great civilization that can only be reminisced through paper, religion controls everything, and civilization is built upon ruins...”

Igor calmly stated, “This Kingdom is probably in the post-Doomsday era.”

“This Kingdom should also have the protection of the Divine Sovereign, right?” Harvey was puzzled. “Would the Divine Sovereign just watch as Doomsday arrives?”

“Yes,” Ashe affirmed without hesitation. “If not for so many unexpected occurrences, the Gospel Kingdom would have already lost the Gospel system and entered the Doomsday countdown... To the Divine Sovereign, Doomsday is just a ‘gap’ of a century or two; civilization will inevitably revive. It’s like you know a flower will bloom again after wilting, so you naturally wouldn’t care much.”

“People who have met Angels speak with such certainty, as if you’ve lived for hundreds of years,” Igor mocked Ashe before continuing, “And because of that, we might not need to escape from the Four Pillars Cult.”

“Why?” Ashe was taken aback. “Do you think people after Doomsday will be particularly kind?”

“I think people after Doomsday will be particularly greedy.” The Con Artist smiled. “Wow, the social environment here is way better than in the Gospel-overwhelming greed, no rules, no oversight, only profit! Although it’s a bit desolate, it’s much better suited for hunting than a big city.”

“Moreover, we possess the bait they crave-advanced knowledge from other Kingdoms!”

Ashe patted the invincible cushion, barely containing the sarcasm in his voice. “Us, advanced?”

“Without a doubt, the great civilization that once existed here, possibly the Fire Cat Divine Era, was far more advanced than Blood Moon Gospel. But precisely because of this, there’s such a massive break in civilization,” Igor explained. “The people here are like a One-Winged Sorcerer obtaining a Four-winged Spirit-they can’t learn or decode any technology from it, so they resort to the most rudimentary ways to harness its power-for instance, having Pack Beasts pull maglev trains or using cushions from psychiatric wards as armor.”

“And the resources they can’t find from the ruins, their technological level is practically stuck at the dawn of civilization-they can’t even mass-produce artifacts to restrain sorcerers!”

Ashe and Harvey were taken aback, suddenly recalling that it was their first time being captured without having their spellforce restricted-a treatment unimaginable in both Blood Moon and Gospel.

Careful consideration reveals that restricting spellforce greatly tests the depths of a civilization, because spellforce is intangible, and the artifacts to bind spellforce can only be crafted personally by a creation sorcerer. This implies a well-developed sorcerer training system and thriving creation industry.

In the post-Doomsday era, most factions naturally find it difficult to meet these two conditions. Those ‘creation products’ taken for granted in stable societies are rare commodities here.

“No wonder that person kept asking me about the daily life in Gospel...” Ashe murmured.

“Even if we don’t know the specific technical data, just explaining the evolution process of the technology would greatly benefit the people here,” Igor said. “They’re like sorcerers who have received a Four Wings inheritance, but they are only One-Winged or Two-Winged. If we just paint them a picture of what Three Wings looks like, and prevent them from taking the wrong paths, they can inherit the great legacy faster.”

“So, there is room for cooperation between us and them-or rather, with the woman who defeated Ashe-she understands our value.”

“Since they haven’t restricted our spellforce, we might as well wait for an opportune moment to resist. In the meantime, we can try to find collaboration opportunities. After all, this is a new world, and the best way to integrate is to join one of the factions, just like we joined the Funeral.”

“More importantly,” Igor paused, “Harvey and I are both Three Wings sorcerers, but we haven’t constructed our Sanctuaries yet. If we can buy enough time, we’ll be able to protect you better when you leave-“

“Ah, actually, I’m also a Sanctuary Sorcerer,” Ashe said. “But just like you guys, I haven’t constructed my Sanctuary either.”

It took Igor and Harvey several minutes to accept that Ashe had reached the Distant Sky Domain without any ‘tricks.’ But judging by their expressions, Ashe had the feeling they might hold his head in a toilet while he was asleep.

Ashe quickly changed the topic: “So, are we really going to collaborate with the Four Pillars Cult?”

“Why not?” Igor tilted his head slightly. “Compared to the Tribulation Fire Temple, we’re more familiar with the Four Pillars Cult, right?”

Ashe understood that Igor was making a lot of sense.

Since there were people within the Four Pillars Cult willing to cooperate with them, this was the best opportunity to learn about this world. Even if they didn’t want to fully commit to the collaboration, they could employ delay tactics and feigned cooperation until the three of them constructed their Sanctuaries and became formidable tactical forces. At that point, they could break free from the Four Pillars Cult if necessary.

Harvey didn’t care about the Four Pillars Cult; he wouldn’t have much resistance even to collaborating with Abyssal monsters. As for Igor, he regarded the Four Pillars Cult as his second-choice goal. After all, the Weaving Festival had prophesied that he would become the leader of the cult, the ‘Rust Crow.’ Naturally, Igor wanted to gain some management experience here, and he might even be thinking about taking control of the cult.

Ashe had long realized that Igor’s material desires were not high. He sought the thrill of high-stakes deception, particularly the excitement that came from walking the line between life and death, which stimulated the pituitary gland of the Con Artist. A post-Doomsday society was like a vast amusement park to him.

Harvey was the same; he longed for a grand finale. In stable societies like Blood Moon and Gospel, he could only find such opportunities through crime. But here, he might finish his in the next second. *faNobEş*

In this mental asylum, aside from himself, it seemed no one was wrongly confined.

Though the other two probably thought the same way about themselves.

But Ashe didn’t want to get entangled with the Four Pillars Cult.

Neither Heath nor Eternal Presence had brought anything but trouble to Ashe. He had even developed a belief that getting close to the Four Pillars Cult would bring misfortune.

If possible, he still wanted to distance himself from that group, even if it meant sleeping under a bridge with a cardboard box.

However, compared to Igor's thorough considerations, such 'timid and cowardly' reasons were hard to articulate. Moreover, Ashe had to take into account the thoughts of his two companions. They had been accommodating him all along; now it was his turn to accommodate them.

Ashe took a deep breath to calm his nerves, sat down next to a cushion, and turned the Finger Ring from Gospel.

No reaction.

Sure enough, once outside the deity's radiation range from Gospel, the Gospel Book couldn't be summoned anymore.

The ring was now useless... Although he thought that, Ashe didn't remove it. It served as a memento from Gospel.

What memento did he have from Blood Moon? Igor and Harvey?

Lost in his thoughts, Ashe summoned the "Aurora's Sorcerer Handbook." Without the boost from the Gospel Book, the graphics quality of the game interface reverted to the equivalent of a doorbell camera. Unless Ashe could find better audiovisual equipment here, he couldn't enjoy the high-definition images of the Sword Princess.

After collecting the daily Source Crystal rewards, Ashe looked at the "Operator Search" section.

Since all they could do was wait, he decided to try a card draw!

"For a Pristine Blue World Limited Search (Thanksgiving reward event releasing ten weeks after launch)"

"Increased odds of obtaining Limited Operators 'Yolan Vesser', 'Purple Grudge Shadow Consort', and 'Blood Veil Empress' ↑↑"

"Increased odds of obtaining Limited Outfits 'christmas gift: Sword Princess', 'Lunar Star Swimsuit: Sword Princess', 'Empress in the Rain: Witch' and 'christmas gift: Witch' ↑↑"

"Ends on July 10th at 00:00"

Ten weeks?

Ashe calculated and realized that he had indeed been traveling for ten weeks. But this event seemed a bit ridiculous: instead of giving Source Crystals or characters as a Thanksgiving reward, they were offering another limited event!?

Who exactly was giving thanks, and who was receiving the reward?

The “Bewitching Girl” operator and the “Bridal: Sword Princess” outfit from the last search event were gone, replaced by three new operators and outfits for Sword Princess and Witch-thank Aurora, there was finally no outfit for the apocalypse observer this time.

But the “christmas gift” outfits... Ashe smirked. There was no Christmas here, so this didn't fit the world lore at all!

Wait, does this world have “Bridal”? Oh, never mind then.

Just like before, there was no preview for the outfits, which made Ashe very curious—were the operators giving christmas presents, or were they dressed up as christmas presents?

The “Lunar Star Swimsuit” and “Empress in the Rain” outfits seemed nice too. As long as the pool didn't include an outfit for the Observer, Ashe figured he couldn't lose no matter what he drew!

Something else caught his attention... Ashe looked at the Limited Operator “Yolan Vesser” and found it odd. The other operators were referred to by codename, so why was she listed by her actual name?

Could she be a main storyline character?

“Here.”

Ashe and Harvey took the chocolate bars Igor tossed over, ripped open the packaging, and bit into them to replenish their energy. As he ate, Harvey suddenly said, “Alice mentioned she doesn't really like staying in the Four Pillars Cult.”

Your Alice is still in the coffin, the coffin is in the Spatial Card, and the Spatial Card is in your pocket. How exactly did you communicate with Alice through all those layers...?

Igor lightly bit into his chocolate, snapping off a piece with a soft crack, and said as he chewed, “No matter which Kingdom you're in, the dead don't get a vote.”

“However,” he paused, “we don't necessarily have to cooperate with the Four Pillars Cult.”

“As long as we get a chance to leave this room, we can find a way to escape the Four Pillars Cult. Then we can seek out other factions with better reputations to collaborate with. What do you think?”

Noticing both Igor and Harvey looking at him, Ashe blinked and let the chocolate's sweetness melt on his tongue before swallowing. He nodded firmly, “I want to leave as soon as possible.”

“Unanimous decision,” Igor said cheerfully. “Then it’s settled.”

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

## Chapter 525: Triple the Joy

After winning three rounds of rock-paper-scissors with a face full of disdain, Igor watched as Ashe opened the “Supply Purchase” and spent 328 points on “A Box of Source Crystals”!

He obtained 66 source crystals!

Triggered the first purchase bonus and got another 66 source crystals!

Added to the 32 source crystals accumulated from daily sign-ins, the total was 164 source crystals! That means he could draw 54 times!

If only Ashe could draw from this limited pool in Gospel. He could pray for the Gospel blessing “Strengthen Intent”. He firmly believed that with his strong will, he could at least draw the outfits of the Sword Princess and the Witch! If it was the ‘Bridal’ series, his intent might even twist the probabilities of the Search System!

But now, he could only accumulate luck by being defeated by Igor in rock-paper-scissors, hoping for the Search System to be merciful.

Still, 54 draws, it’s not possible that there would be no results, right? Surely no one can draw five ten-pulls and still not get what they want, right?

“Confirm expenditure of 162 source crystals for 54 searches?”

“Confirm!”

First, there were 30 white lights polluting the pool, yielding energy potions, experience potions, Basic Combat Cards, and career potions!



Next, 18 purple lights, consisting of 8 Spirit Delight Potions, 7 Pure Luminescence Elixirs, 1 Advanced Trial Card, 1 new artifact "Aurora's In-Car Unethical Navigation System", and 2 new potions, "lightless sanctuary potion"!

And finally, 6 golden lights!

"Death Maniac Sword Princess Silver Coin"!

"The Magic Mirror Shards of the Black and White Witch"!

"Aurora's Dream Treasure House"!

"Yolan Vesser"!

"Empress in the Rain-Witch"!

"Lunar Star Swimsuit-Sword Princess"!

Ashe was stunned, rubbing his eyes in disbelief to double-check the rewards he had drawn.

A moment later, the closed eyes of the resting Igor opened. He saw Ashe crawling towards him and said irritably, "You want another round of rock-paper-scissors? -" R&Do B&S

The Con Artist's words were cut short as Ashe lunged forward, hugging him tightly. By the time Igor realized what was happening, Ashe had moved on to wrap an arm around Harvey. Harvey's head was almost thrown off by Ashe's enthusiastic shaking, but the necromancer was not about to lose out as he reached over to pull on the Cult Leader's face.

After some playful antics, Ashe retreated to a corner of the room with his back to them, waving his hand, "It's nothing, really, nothing at all. Just ignore me!"

Your voice is barely able to contain your laughter, you know that, right? Igor and Harvey couldn't help but notice that Ashe had encountered some good fortune. But since they were all stuck in this mental ward with no means of outside communication, and even captured by the Four Pillars Cult, where exactly did Ashe come across this stroke of luck?

Did he break through a realm in his Sect? Summon a new spirit?

Igor glanced at Harvey. Harvey checked his pocket for his catnip cigarettes and Snow White candies and shook his head-none of his smokes or candies were missing, so Ashe wasn't high from those.

You come across some good fortune, but you don't want to talk about it; you can't hide your laughter, and yet you just have to share the joy with us-is your happiness really meant to be shared among three people?

The Con Artist and the necromancer exchanged glances, each seeing the helplessness and curiosity in the other's eyes, but they couldn't help but let smiles creep onto their faces.

After a while, Ashe finally calmed his excited heart.

He had drawn it!

He had really drawn the outfits for the Sword Princess and the Witch!

At long last, he could give them a gift! And everyone got something!

Just drawing those two outfits made it all worth it!

Ashe took a deep breath to steady his pounding heart and began to check the other new artifacts he had drawn.

First, the new white-light artifact.

"Career Potion": When operators are managing their professional activities, they will find it easier to burst with inspiration, showcase their talents, and enjoy life. Lasts for seven days.

First up is this newly appeared white-light artifact. Unlike the stamina potion and the experience potion, the career potion is not meant for training activities, which means it has no effect on the operator's strength and might even have a negative impact-involving oneself in career-oriented activities often runs counter to refining one's Spellcasting skills. Just like work and play, if you spend most of your day working, it's easy to experience an 'electronic impotence' where you can't enjoy large-scale games.

In the past, Ashe, who was solely focused on exploiting the combat strength of the operators, would have definitely thrown the career potion into storage to collect dust. After all, the sword Princess and the Witch were not the types to enjoy rigorous training. The sword Princess had aspirations of being a performer and songstress, while the Witch would rather let her sisters do the training for her. If he gave them these potions, they'd only become even more distracted.

Ashe assumed the career potion was meant for those "I want to become the Sorcerer King" type operators, allowing these super-studiers to squeeze out their potential even outside training activities.

But now, Ashe's perspective had changed.

Maybe it was because he constantly heard the sword Princess boasting about her achievements. Ashe found himself curious about her life, wanting to see the TV drama where she played the second female lead, listen to her upcoming album, and... Oh right, the Final of the Meteor Trial was happening soon. He really wanted to sit in the audience and watch her dazzling performance. Regardless of winning or losing, Ashe would undoubtedly stand up and applaud her.

The Witch, although she rarely mentioned her real-life activities, in moments of danger when her hair color would become dirty from fear, it was not Ashe or the sword Princess but her family who pulled her out of that terror. The sword Princess only needed to ask her, "Is someone waiting for you to come home?" and the Witch would instantly find courage, with each strand of her hair regaining its luster.

Be it in the Virtual Realm or real life, they were always fighting hard.

Moreover, the sword Princess's Golden Blessing "Luminous Star," and the Witch's Golden Blessing "Rebellion" were both related to their professional lives. Using career potions on them could indirectly enhance their combat strength.

Even without the Golden Blessing, Ashe hoped he could hear more about the sword Princess and the Witch proudly sharing their professional lives in the Virtual Realm. He wished the sword Princess could fulfill her dream of becoming a luminous star and hoped the Witch could spend every day spoiling the ones she loved.

The bond between them seemed to be about more than just sharing spellcasting experience; it was about sharing their happy emotions too.

Seeing the smiles on their faces made Ashe's own heart feel warm.

There were 8 bottles of career potion. Ashe decided to use the "Alchemist's Refining Bottle" to refine them all. One attempt failed, but he managed to get 3 bottles of "Advanced Career Potion."

"Advanced Career Potion": When operators are managing their professional activities, they will achieve optimal performance and subtly receive the favor of fate. Lasts for seven days.

Next up are the newly introduced purple-light artifacts.

"Advanced Trial Card": Allows an operator to undertake a high-difficulty trial, gaining substantial experience, slightly increasing operator bond, and making the operator more obedient to your commands. Can only be used by each operator once per week.

"Aurora's In-Car Unethical Navigation System": A navigation system for the Aurora Self-Driving Car. It plans the best route based on the owner's exploration goals and automatically eliminates any lower-level threats along the way.

“Lightless Sanctuary Potion”: Instantly completes the construction of a sanctuary or accelerates sanctuary synchronization. Note: sorcerers completing sanctuary construction will automatically resist the Ritual of Prohibited Synchronization of Wind, Flower, Snow, and Moon, significantly weakening the spatial insights gained from the ritual. Use with caution.

There’s not much to say about the Advanced Trial Card, except for the part about making the operator more obedient to your commands. That sentence made Ashe feel a bit uneasy-does it mean beating the operator into submission?

The navigation system, of course, is excellent. Even though Ashe has a virtual realm map, it doesn’t diminish its usefulness. The location of the Golden Flow in the Time Continent is not fixed; on several occasions, Ashe advanced following the map only to be blocked by the Golden Flow. Additionally, the navigation system is incredibly unethical, automatically eliminating sorcerer projections and ordinary virtual realm creatures such as the Blade Fish Dragon. It’s practically an essential tool for villainy.

But the issue is, Ashe was no longer in the Time Continent.

The Distant Sky Domain clearly lacks a proper use for a sports car. It’s like being twenty-five years old and finally getting that gaming console your parents wouldn’t buy you when you were thirteen-it’s great, but not useful anymore.

The only noteworthy purple-light artifact is the Lightless Sanctuary Potion.

Instantly completing sanctuary construction would undoubtedly transform Ashe and his companions’ combat strength. Moreover, they would no longer need to endure the Ritual of Prohibited Synchronization of Wind, Flower, Snow, and Moon during their next exploration of the virtual realm. However, the problem lies here-the ritual is both a trial and a reward, enabling all sorcerers to rapidly advance their Spatial Sect realm.

Completing the sanctuary construction in advance is equivalent to forgoing this rookie package.

If considering the future, it seems like the lightless sanctuary potion shouldn’t be used. However, Ashe and his companions are different-due to their bond, Ashe can gain spellcasting experience from other operators. This means that even if he uses the lightless sanctuary potion, the Sword Princess and the Witch will naturally help elevate his Sect Realm within the Spatial Sect.

However, Ashe felt that he could construct the sanctuary without relying on the potion.

This wasn’t arrogance. During his transformation into Ashpel, he had rolled in the rain with dozens of sanctuaries, breaking more sanctuary barriers than an average person breaks windows. Additionally, the Omniscience and Omnipotence of Ashpel rapidly

enhanced his Spatial Sect realm. Ashe felt he was just a step away from completing his sanctuary.

In that case, could these two potions be reserved for the Sword Princess and the Witch? Worst case, they could compensate later by consuming Spatial Orbs...

Ashe set this matter aside for the time being and turned his attention to the exciting golden-light artifacts.

The Death Maniac Sword Princess Silver Coin and The Magic Mirror Shards of the Black and White Witch! Ashe was one step closer to maximizing both their potential and bond levels!

After using these two artifacts, both the Sword Princess and the Witch experienced new changes in their profiles:

“Death Maniac Sword Princess.”

“Human – Female – 18 years old.”

“Bond Level: 4 (75% Experience Sharing).”

“Bond Resonance – Insatiable Greed: While journeying together, you have a chance to obtain better loot.”

“Bond Resonance – Unwavering Determination: While journeying together, the Sword Princess is more likely to obtain Experience Orbs.”

“Black and White Witch.”

“Human – Female – 19 years old.”

“Bond Level: 4 (75% Experience Sharing).”

“Bond Resonance – Playing with People’s Hearts: Even without relevant Mental Spirits, you and the Witch also possess the supernatural ability to influence people’s hearts.”

“Bond Resonance – Promising Future: Even without relevant fate spirits, you and the Witch also possess the supernatural ability to influence fate through agreements.”

Incredible! Initially, the bond resonances were words like “Insatiable Greed” and “Playing with People’s Hearts,” exclusive descriptors for villainous roles. Now, the second resonances have all become positive like “Unwavering Determination” and “Promising Future.” Is this a collapse of morality, or a twist in human nature?

However, the effect of “Unwavering Determination” is excellent-it can yield more Experience Orbs, which is a godsend for them since their Sect Realm is severely lagging. Ashe also understood the origin of this resonance; it likely refers to the Sword Princess’s pursuit of glory, status, and career.

On the other hand, “Promising Future” was quite baffling. Although it seemed impressive, how exactly does it influence fate? Does it mean that any promises he makes will be fulfilled by the world in some way?

In comparison, Ashe then realized that the Witch’s Bond Level had also unknowingly reached Level 4, which left him somewhat puzzled-wasn’t the Sword Princess always speaking ill of him to the Witch? How had the Witch’s favorability towards him increased so rapidly, reaching the same level as the Sword Princess?

Could it be that he wronged the Sword Princess, or perhaps the Witch saw things clearly? S

Next, Ashe noticed an intriguing new artifact:

“Aurora’s Dream Treasure House”: When you enter a Dream Phantom, you can draw three items from the treasure house. After meeting the required number of broken Dream Phantoms, you can draw another item from the treasure house. Items are only effective in the Dream Phantom and do not carry over to the next adventure or affect reality.

Here are some item descriptions:

“Colorful Collection – Myriad Glories Hand: Restore 2% of maximum spellforce with each effective attack.”

“Golden Collection – Omniscient Veil: Within your field of vision, you can enhance or weaken any spell you know (regardless of whether it belongs to you or your enemy), with enhancement up to 50% and weakening up to 100% (the limit is proportional to your understanding of the spell). Only one spell can be affected at a time.”

“Silver Collection – Blood Saint Guard Death: Each kill (including but not limited to sorcerer projections, virtual realm creatures, and residents of the Dream Phantom) grants one stack of damage amplification blessing, lasting 30 seconds, up to a maximum of 10 stacks.”

Dream Phantom is a unique scene mechanism in the Distant Sky Domain, which means this artifact is specially designed to assist in exploring the virtual realm of the Distant Sky Domain.

Ashe had long realized the difference between the Distant Sky Domain and the first two layers of the Virtual Realm while climbing through the Distant Sky Domain. In the Sea of

Knowledge and the Time Continent, sorcerers were still in a state of ignorance. Therefore, both the “Endless Sea” and the “Endless Road” were excellent trials, transforming nearly every sorcerer into a formidable seeker of truth. To rely heavily on others, as Ashe did, was simply disgraceful for a sorcerer.

Upon reaching the Distant Sky Domain, the “journey” no longer posed any challenge to the sorcerers. Hence, the Virtual Realm generously opened spatial passages for them, breaking the “two hours of traveling for five minutes of fighting” norm. According to the principle of pressure compensation, Sanctuary Sorcerers who no longer had to expend effort on travel naturally faced battles of much higher intensity.

However, this was the first time Ashe had seen artifacts that so blatantly enhanced combat power. Even if it was virtual realm power, such artifacts were exceedingly rare, making the Golden Collection truly well-deserved.

Not to mention, the effects of these collections were astonishing. For example, Myriad Glories Hand could restore 2% spellforce with each attack... How many more than 50 slashes did the Sword Princess's Blood Moon Blossoms have? Equipping the Sword Princess with this collection would almost grant her infinite spellforce!

Still, the names of these collections seemed familiar-Myriad Glories, Omniscient, Blood Saint... It felt as though the , seeing how weak Ashe was, had stolen them overnight from the Divine Sovereigns' treasury.

Then came the introduction of the third new operator, “Yolan Vesser”!

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

## **Chapter 526: Yolan Vesser**

“Yolan Vesser”

“Human – Female – 24 years old”

“Bond Level: 0 (30% Experience Sharing)”

“Profession: Veil Shadow”

“Class Trait: When the target cannot see you, any of your spell miracles can achieve their maximum effect.”



“Innate Talent – the Fates (upper-tier): Gain 200% additional Truth and Fate experience, with a low chance to gain 10,000% Truth and Fate experience, occasionally attracts the attention of the Phantom Mirror Dragon (Talent levels unlockable upon strength upgrade).”

“Personal Skill – Revelation of Truth: The mountains are high, the waters long; there is a unique scenery in every place. Infinite truth, with every inch of progress comes an inch of joy. In combat against unknown enemies, Yolan Vesser’s insight +10; when enemy intelligence exceeds 80% in comprehension, Yolan Vesser’s critical rate reaches 100%.”

“Silver Blessing – Yolan Vesser’s Protective Color: A weak scholar always receives more compassion. Once you have had a favorable impression of Yolan Vesser, it becomes difficult to harbor ill will towards her.”

“Golden Blessing – Yolan Vesser’s Armament Color: A clever scholar always finds the right prey. Target locked by Yolan Vesser easily becomes foolish and dumb. When the situation is clearly in favor of the target over Yolan Vesser, they will find traces from details indicating that Yolan Vesser still has hidden cards, causing them to be fearful and voluntarily retreat. When the situation is clearly in Yolan Vesser’s favor, the target will use various reasons to convince themselves that they have the advantage, abandoning escape and voluntarily meeting their demise. But their intelligence quickly returns to normal.”

“Items: None”

“Controlling Spirits: Delusion, doll, moonlight, thousand changes...”

“Truth Sect: Sanctuary Level”

“Fire Sect: Golden Level”

“Mental Sect: Silver Level”

“Time Sect: Silver Level”

“Physical Sect: Silver Level”

“Fist-Claw Sect: Silver Level”

“Swordsmanship Sect: Silver Level”

“Gunmanship Sect: Silver Level”

“ ... ”

“Knowledge Curse: Vortex Secret Toxin, Mirror Dragon Secret Toxin.”

“Training Strategy: Not set”

The new operator is a sanctuary sorcerer!

But what surprised Ashe even more was her spellcasting sect mastery – not only did she possess a sanctuary level in the Truth Sect, a golden level in the Fire Sect, but she also had as many as twenty-four silver level spellcasting sects!

The number of spellcasting sects she mastered even exceeded her age!

Although the Innate Talent ‘the Fates’ seems to be a talent of both the Truth and Fate sects, making it initially appear far superior to that of a sword princess or witch, she has only mastered the Truth Sect, clearly lacking in the entry into the Fate Sect. If Ashe is correct, she likely first became a two-wings sorcerer through the Fire Sect before entering the Truth Sect-since the Prophecy, Fate, and Truth sects cannot be entered through conventional means. RANQObÊs

Thus, the ‘the Fates’ talent may not necessarily be better than that of a ‘sword princess’ or ‘witch’. If the new operator has not yet entered the Truth Sect, this talent equals having none. It’s akin to an orc’s spatial talent, where they remain subservient until they step into the Distant Sky Domain.

However, this was Ashe’s subconscious attempt to downplay the new operator, or rather, to convince himself that ‘she’s just as strong as the sword princess and witch’- because the new operator’s specifications on paper are truly outrageous!

Sanctuary level Truth Sect!

A genuine three wings sorcerer!

She’s not a stowaway trying to blend in at the Distant Sky Domain like them; the new operator is recognized by the Virtual Realm, summoning a three-wings spirit on her own merit, thus opening the Gate of Truth leading to the Distant Sky Domain!

Leaving aside how rare the Truth Sect is, the sheer number of Spellcasting Sects she has mastered is terrifying. Notably, she hasn’t mastered the silver level Spatial Sect, which means she hasn’t formed a sanctuary yet, and her Virtual Realm progress is about the same as Ashe’s group-this gave Ashe mixed feelings, as he was relieved yet regretted not finding a powerful ally.

She also mastered two secret toxins, including the known Vortex Secret Toxin. The Mirror Dragon Secret Toxin is evidently related to her talent, needing more inquiry in the Virtual Realm.

Moreover, she possesses an extremely rare spirit-Thousand Changes.

This was a precious spirit casually mentioned by the sword princess when discussing the 'Five Spirits of the Peerless Secret Sword', and even a one-winged version fetches a price equivalent to that of a four-winged spirit, with sanctuary and even legendary sorcerers having a keen desire to acquire it.

The most notable feature of this spirit is its lack of any feature-it can transform into any spirit.

Naturally, there are many restrictions; it requires the sorcerer to know, have, or have touched the target spirit, and post-transformation, the spirit's wings must match those of Thousand Changes. But this trait alone is enough to make sorcerers flock to it.

The Swordsmanship Sect has the 'Five Spirits of the Peerless Secret Sword', and naturally, other Spellcasting Sects have their own lists of extremely rare yet powerful spirits, such as the 'Six Spirits of the Ancient Scroll' or the 'Eight Spirits of the King of Fighters'. Normally, if a sorcerer wants to acquire these rare spirits, they either resort to coercion and enticement or rely on luck in the Virtual Realm. The former is rare-unless it's very obvious, it's difficult to tell what spirits a sorcerer possesses. Those that can be recognized at a glance typically have common effects.

Those who dare to flaunt their rare spirits are often two-wings or even sanctuary-level powerhouses. Their social standing is high enough to ensure they are not plundered and have the confidence to refuse any trades. The strength of the Thousand Changes Spirit lies in the fact that it doesn't require other sorcerers to part with their precious spirits; it can transform into the corresponding imitation on its own.

If you don't want to sell your spirit, there's no harm in letting me have a quick look, right?

Moreover, sanctuary legends and legendary sorcerers often possess one or two extremely key rare spirits, with importance comparable to that of a spouse. If they die in the Virtual Realm and lose a key spirit, it could even lead to the collapse of their spirit system, much like a crucial card missing from a deck. Having a Thousand Changes Spirit as a backup spouse at least helps them survive the most dangerous period.

Undoubtedly, the new operator surpasses Ashe and his companions in terms of Spellcasting Sect expertise, spirits, and talents. However, Ashe isn't too concerned about getting along with the new operator because he saw Yolan Vesser's portrait-a bespectacled young woman dressed in a trench coat, wearing a small round hat, quietly reading a book on a sofa.

She doesn't seem like a 24-year-old sanctuary sorcerer; rather, she resembles a student still in school, with a youthful appearance even more so than the sword princess or the witch.

The new operator seems to be a Scholar focused on Spellcasting. The 'Protective Color' and 'Armament Color' blessings indicate that she doesn't enjoy conflict much. Her role as a 'Veil Shadow' suggests that she leads a life without much attention, possibly working as a librarian or conducting research in a Laboratory-in short, a homebody.

She should be easy to get along with, Ashe thought.

The new operator might not excel in combat, possibly leaning more towards support and reconnaissance, but their team already has enough attackers. The new operator perfectly fills this gap. Not to mention, the 'Armament Color' Golden Blessing is incredibly useful-it directly lowers the target's intelligence, causing the strong to flee and the weak to deliver themselves as prey. Even a momentary impact can turn the tide of battle.

Sword Princess and Witch should be able to accept such a teammate, right?

Although it seemed like there wouldn't be any issues, Ashe decided to use the 'Advanced Trial Card' he had on the new operator. He wasn't expecting her to be completely obedient, but hoped to at least form some Bond.

Ashe had a feeling he would get along well with the new operator.

Because they both have substitute spirits!

As long as you like using substitute spirits too, it's like being kindred spirits!

Next up is the highlight of this draw: two outfits!

"Lunar Star Swimsuit – Sword Princess: When using Composite Miracles from multiple Sects, spellforce consumption is reduced by 10% (requires active gifting and operator approval)."

"Empress in the Rain – Witch: All water spell miracle effects are increased by 50% under the Rain Curtain (requires active gifting and operator approval)."

What?

Ashe blinked and opened the details for these two outfits, and his pupils immediately contracted-the resolution wasn't very high, but it was indeed a new portrait!

The Sword Princess wore a pure white swimsuit with a fully transparent, off-the-shoulder outer garment over it. She looked a bit shy but her eyes were bright, seemingly asking, "Do I look good?"

The Witch, on the other hand, stood in the rain wearing a black and white Gothic skirt. Although it was called a skirt, it only had a back hem, and she wore shorts and stockings underneath, allowing full leg movement. She was soaked to the skin, with her clothes clinging tightly to her body, looking like a little abandoned cat in the rain, evoking sympathy.

Honestly, both outfits are fantastic, and with such striking portraits, how stunning must they be in real life?

But the issue is, they require active gifting and operator approval?

Ashe initially thought that he could simply equip the outfits for the operators, and then the next time they entered the Virtual Realm, he would get to see them in those outfits. Even if they got mad, at worst, he'd endure a bit of backlash and revert it, but at least he'd get a moment of enjoyment.

However, personally handing them the swimsuit and dress with stockings was entirely different-it was like submitting a blank holiday assignment and getting caught by the teacher, as opposed to blatantly declaring that you weren't going to do any holiday work. The former is a sneaky prank, while the latter is openly challenging someone.

If there was a chance to negotiate with the Witch, it would be out of the question with the sword Princess. Ashe feared he'd end up getting slashed while still holding the swimsuit.

Darn it, these operator outfits actually come with such requirements. Does this mean he'll have to draw only the more modest outfits in the future?

Wait a minute, does this mean the Bridal outfit would also require...?

Just as Ashe was seriously contemplating how to handle getting a Bridal outfit in a draw, Igor suddenly asked, "Actually, we could have escaped back then."

"Hm?"

"When you realized that you couldn't beat the Four Pillars Cult, you could have used the power of the Inferno of Tribulations Demi-God to blaze a path out for us. That woman was strong, but as their leader, she couldn't leave her post. We had a good chance of escaping."

Ashe paused, nodding, "Yeah, you're right, but at that time, I thought I still had a chance of winning."

Igor couldn't understand. "After she summoned the blessing of the Four Pillars God, she dispersed your meteor fireball just with her aura. How did you think you had a chance?"

“What if she wasn’t good at close combat? What if her Four Pillars God blessing dissipated quickly?” Ashe scratched his head. “Besides, I’ve been blessed by the Four Pillars God before, but Gerard quickly took me down. I thought I could do the same to her, but who would have thought...”

Harvey interjected, “What’s your point?”

“I’m just puzzled by Ashe’s actions back then,” Igor mused. “It was like a Lala Fatty suddenly turning aggressive... Unless it’s a battle with no way out, like when we were being chased, Ashe rarely shows such eagerness to fight. The Four Pillars Cult wasn’t targeting us specifically, and Ashe controlled the Inferno of Tribulations Demi-God, which gave him the upper hand. He could have stood against the Four Pillars Cult and gained more at the negotiation table, yet he recklessly charged in for a fight to the death.”

Harvey shrugged, “What’s so strange about that? He just gained a powerful force and got overconfident, thinking no one could stop him.”

“Exactly,” Ashe nodded along. “Hanging with you guys all the time, isn’t it normal for me to occasionally lose my senses?”

Seeing that both Ashe and Harvey had said their piece, Igor couldn’t argue further. However, it did make him more vigilant inwardly.

One of the main reasons Igor had chosen to give up on cooperating with the Four Pillars Cult was that, upon reviewing the day’s battle, he found the woman who defeated Ashe increasingly inscrutable.

Moreover, there was a familiar scent about her.

A scent of being the same kind.

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

## **Chapter 527: Myself from Another World Line**

The night had fallen, and the obscure night sky was devoid of stars and moon, like an eternal darkness descending upon the land, threatening to devour every colorful thing.

Around the hospital camp stood four statues-a valiant general, an elegant middle-aged scholar, a kind elder, and a pure maiden. The statues seemed to form a boundary between light and darkness, with an abyssal darkness outside and the bright, bustling camp buildings inside.

In the office at the top of the hospital, she observed as the disciples below began their nightly Carnival-bloody Deathmatches, procreation, storytelling, games, and entertainment. Not only the disciples of the Four Pillars Cult but even the captured Tribulation Fire sorcerers, who once practiced abstinence, quickly assimilated without the slightest resistance.

No one found it strange, as other Four Pillars disciples were followers of other Demi-Gods just days, months, or years ago. Once they lost their Demi-God, they were instantly drawn to the Four Pillars, abandoning untouchable ideals and readily embracing a life of indulgence.

Let alone these ascetic Tribulation Fire sorcerers, who were the most prone to fall. They believed they were resisting desire and Tribulation Fire through sheer willpower, unaware that this resistance was itself an influence of the Tribulation Fire. The more they drew from it, the deeper they became infected, gradually transforming into tireless, selfless, and desireless beings.

However, saying "infected by Tribulation Fire" would clearly provoke resentment. Instead, framing it as "resisting Tribulation Fire to maintain will" gained the disciples' support. Among the various cults of the Land of Senlo, the Tribulation Fire Temple differed from others by not demanding its disciples' wholehearted devotion. Instead, it required them to be wary of Tribulation Fire, to resist and examine it, making it the cult with the strongest cohesion and a formidable competitor in the divine wars.

Yet, she glanced at the Flaming White Tiger on her shoulder and the other slumbering Demi-Gods in the office.

Losing Demi-Gods meant losing everything.

In this long night, one could only rely on two things for protection: ideals and desires-or perhaps, these two were essentially one and the same.

The Tribulation Fire Temple has become a term of history. Even if a sorcerer inheriting the will of Tribulation Fire becomes the next Demi-God, it won't be the Tribulation Fire; it will be a new flame.

In the Land of Senlo, the vast majority of people are like fallen leaves, and sorcerers are no exception. Sometimes they are lifted by the winds of Tribulation Fire, sometimes by the winds of justice, drifting wherever the wind takes them, unable to grasp their own fate. If the wind stops, they can only fall into the soil of desire, gradually decaying.



She no longer watched the commotion below and returned to her desk to continue examining the four cards.

After a moment, she confirmed that all four were genuine. It was no wonder the Tribulation Fire Temple had such deep roots; these cards were even more valuable than the Inferno of Tribulations Demi-God because they were “Dragon Array Shopping Cards”!

These cards, which required no identification and were valid until the year 9999, were considered strategic resources in the Land of Senlo. Whoever possessed these shopping cards could easily obtain resources from the era of the divine!

“Where did you get shopping cards at this time?”

Hearing the question from beside her, she was slightly startled and quickly put the shopping cards away. However, when she turned and saw the Uninvited Guest, she breathed a sigh of relief. “Oh, it’s you.”

“You should say, ‘Oh, it’s me,’ right?”

A quiet girl suddenly appeared on the sofa next to her. She closed the book in her hand, glanced at the Blue Flame Squirrel lying on the sofa, and said, “Nice to meet you, Yolan Vesser.”

“Nice to meet you, myself from another world line,” the squirrel said with a smile. “You seem to be much older than me.”

The other Demi-Gods looked puzzled at the squirrel talking to itself and then at the female sorcerer silently sitting in the chair, unable to understand what was happening, as if caught in some illusion. RÄNobESQ

“Why? I clearly look just like you.”

“Voice, intonation, gaze,” the squirrel replied. “That’s probably the annoying part of the Truth Sect.”

The quiet girl nodded. “Makes sense. But you don’t seem surprised by my appearance?”

“Counting carefully, you should be the 24th ‘me’ I’ve met,” the squirrel said. “The Mirror Dragon seems to take an interest in me from time to time.”

The squirrel wasn’t surprised by the quiet girl’s appearance, as this wasn’t the first time. On the very first day she became a sorcerer, she encountered another version of herself from a different world line in her room, which she later learned was a prank by the Mirror Dragon.

Whenever the Mirror Dragon took an interest in her, it would bring a different world line's Yolán Vesser to her. Although most of these meetings ended amicably, with knowledge exchanged, a few began with a fight.

While intelligence from different world lines was challenging to reference, the knowledge 'they' shared was genuine. Perhaps because they were all herself, the efficiency of exchanging spellcasting knowledge among them was extraordinary. With each new encounter, she almost always mastered a new Spellcasting Sect.

The squirrel was eager to extract new spellcasting knowledge from the quiet girl, but she keenly sensed an issue: "Why do you think I shouldn't have shopping cards at this point in time?"

The quiet girl pointed to the Flaming White Tiger. "Did you just return from the Tribulation Fire Bathing Camp and successfully seize the Inferno of Tribulations Demi-God? These shopping cards are from the Tribulation Fire Temple, right?"

"That's right. Why?"

"Then my world line is quite similar to yours," the quiet girl said with a smile. "I also went to the Tribulation Fire Bathing Camp, but I couldn't defeat the person wielding the Inferno of Tribulations Demi-God, so I didn't gain these rewards."

"You couldn't beat him?" The squirrel was a bit surprised. "Even though he could perfectly host the Inferno of Tribulations, he was quite weak, with even a moral compass. If he had decided to wipe out other followers first and then engage in guerrilla tactics against us, it would have been a bit troublesome. But he naively tried to scare us off at first and, unsurprisingly, fell for my armament color."

"Ahaha," the quiet girl replied nonchalantly, "it might have been a different person. The one I encountered wasn't as merciful as yours. Not only did I fail to destroy the Tribulation Fire Temple, but under that person's leadership, it grew stronger and launched a counterattack against us."

"But that's precisely why I survived."

The squirrel squinted her eyes. "What do you mean?"

"When I took the position of Tactile Sense, I realized that Tactile Sense had wanted to eliminate me for a while. But with the Tribulation Fire Temple's aggressive attack, she had no choice but to rely on me to continue resisting the fire."

"Now that the Tribulation Fire has been extinguished," the quiet girl said, watching the squirrel with a smile, "do you think Tactile Sense has any reason to let you live?"

Bang!

As soon as the quiet girl finished speaking, a gunshot rang out through the long night!

The alluring and mysterious female sorcerer, sitting in her chair with her back to the window, had her head blown off by a single shot!

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

## Chapter 528: Silver Lantern

The sound of gunfire had no effect on the Carnival in the camp. The disciples were even more fervent, their reckless laughter so wild that even the darkness dared not approach.

“Is she dead?”

At the corner of the hospital building, Sally used a makeshift aerial mirror formed from water vapor to observe the situation in the top-floor office.

She was aware of the importance Tactile Sense placed on this purge. Not only had they dispatched Sally, a member of the Four Pillars guard, but they had also used up the last allowance of the space gate to instantly transfer her from the Raven Annihilation Zone to the Tribulation Fire Zone in pursuit of speed.

Because of this, even though the target was already in pieces, Sally remained vigilant. According to Tactile Sense, the target was likely just a two-wings sorcerer, with a slight chance of being a sanctuary sorcerer. However, regardless of whether they were in a sanctuary, the target could not possibly withstand her shot—a shot fired from the annihilation sniper rifle with a holy-breaking bullet.

Currently, on the Land of Senlo, gun sorcerers were exceedingly rare. This was due to the fact that gun machinery from the Gray Fox Divine Era required identity verification, and after the cataclysm, all factory production lines had disintegrated. At best, various factions could only produce very inaccurate muskets, which were less effective than bows and arrows.

On the flip side, every gun sorcerer active today in the Land of Senlo was terrifyingly powerful, without exception, as they had only found this path of Spellcasting through serendipitous acquisition of a Gray Fox gun.

Sally was formerly a sorcerer in the Fog Extinction Cult, following the Fog Annihilation Demi-God. Her coming-of-age Ritual involved touching the Gray Fox gun treasured by

the cult, which carried a low probability of passing the Gray Fox identity verification-a feat she had been the only one to achieve in the past ten years.

As she rose to prominence, the influence of the Fog Extinction Cult expanded until the complete dispersion of the Fog Annihilation Demi-God. At that point, she, along with the annihilation sniper rifle, turned to follow Tactile Sense.

The power of the annihilation sniper rifle was undeniable. Even without any spirit enhancement, its tremendous kinetic energy could pierce through all buildings within 1000 meters. Additionally, Sally used a holy-breaking bullet, designed for the annihilation sniper rifle, which could release spatial turbulence to tear open sanctuaries upon contact. She only had three of these bullets left.

Even though she was just a two-wings gun sorcerer, she had already used this setup to snipe three sanctuary sorcerers.

In Senlo, the most dangerous sorcerers are not sanctuary sorcerers or even legendary sorcerers, but rather heritage sorcerers-those who have inherited the divine era heritage!

Through the Light Sound Prism, Sally saw two other assassins enter the office. They were not disciples from the Tribulation Fire Zone but High Priests from the Light Spiral Zone and the Ice Breaking Zone, both sanctuary sorcerers. Tactile Sense had deployed three sanctuary-level forces to eliminate a traitor who might not even be a sanctuary sorcerer.

"Great Mercury Trojan Horse," Sally murmured, "Goodness follows you, evil admires you..."

Meanwhile, in the top-floor office of the hospital, the two High Priests quietly approached the headless corpse.

Their bodies were enveloped in sanctuaries, and they held their weapons at the ready, prepared for any tricks the target might employ.

They couldn't afford to be careless. Even within the Four Pillars Cult, the target was a top-tier figure. Most disciples capable of performing the Divine Hosting Ritual would never surrender, preferring to fight to the death with the Four Pillars Cult rather than abandon their ideals. The target not only mastered the Divine Hosting Ritual but could also host multiple Demi-Gods, even receiving blessings from the Four Pillars-a privilege even Tactile Sense did not have.

No matter how weak her original form was, her ability to host Demi-Gods made her combat power comparable to that of a legendary sorcerer. There was no way the High Priests could relax.

They were wary not only of the corpse but also of the Demi-Gods' actions. Yet, the Demi-Gods seemed unconcerned by their host's death. The Flaming White Tiger paced on the desk, while the rabbit, lizard, and snake looked at them as if to say, "Make yourselves at home."

The High Priests breathed a sigh of relief. They had feared that the Demi-Gods, skilled protectors, might seek revenge. Unlike spirits, which could be easily crushed, Demi-Gods would not dissipate before exhausting their essence. However, even the most powerful Demi-God required a Divine Hosting Ritual to exert its full power. As long as the target was dead, the Demi-Gods, even if desirous of revenge, could at most only cause them minor harm.

When the distance to the target was reduced to three steps, both High Priests struck simultaneously. The force of fists and moonlight obliterated the target and the chair into dust!

In the burst of blood mist, the two High Priests saw four cards drop to the ground, remarkably undamaged. When they focused on the content of the cards, they instinctively exchanged glances.

Dragon Array Shopping Cards from the Gray Fox Divine Era!

With these shopping cards, they could locate a Gray Fox shop and obtain the gray fox heritage!

However, they quickly realized another issue-Sally, the sniper, certainly witnessed this scene as well. Their devotion to the Four Pillars Cult overcame any fleeting greed, and they immediately discarded any weak desires, carefully inspecting the other items on the desk amid the bloodstains. ~~Ř&NoBÊø~~

"By the way, what was her name?" the Light Spiral High Priest suddenly realized, "She was a High Priest in the Tribulation Fire Zone, but I've never heard her name before..."

"She has no name," replied the Icebreaker High Priest.

"No name?"

"She was once the saintess of Dust Tribulation Fire. After emerging from the Silent Spiral, she mastered a miracle that concealed her name, allowing her to evade nearly all reconnaissance miracles. Moreover, she doesn't use a code name for herself, nor does she respond to any title-she's a true nameless one."

"How do you know so much about her?"

"My former cult was an enemy of the Tribulation Fire Temple. When she appeared as the saintess, I made several attempts to assassinate her, but each time she managed to

evade me for various reasons. In battle, she left no survivors, consistently ambushing our forces, and gradually depleting our cult's strength. Eventually, the Tribulation Fire Temple took the offensive against us, and with the disappearance of our Demi-God, our cult was destroyed," the Icebreaker High Priest recounted. "At that point, the Four Pillars Cult took me in, and filled with resentment, I offered strategies to Tactile Sense, hoping one day to see the fall of the Tribulation Fire Temple. However..."

The Light Spiral High Priest understood the complexity of his feelings: while the Tribulation Fire Temple was indeed destroyed, it had nothing to do with him. The adversary who had caused him countless troubles had instead become a colleague, far surpassing him in power and even receiving greater favor from the Four Pillars.

Perhaps that was why Tactile Sense sent him... The Light Spiral High Priest continued to ask, "Surely you had some way to refer to her? Did you really just call her 'that person,' 'that woman,' or 'her'?"

The Icebreaker High Priest nodded. "Pretty much, because she once followed the Dust Tribulation Fire Demi-God, we referred to her as the saintess of Dust Tribulation Fire. Later, after she joined the Four Pillars Cult, the Tribulation Fire Temple stripped her of her surname, so we called her the Silver Lantern saintess."

"Silver lantern saintess?"

"In the Tribulation Fire Temple, a Holy Son is called a golden lantern, while a saintess is referred to as a Silver Lantern. However, there were multiple Holy Sons and saintesses, so this name was not exclusive to her," the Icebreaker High Priest paused, then suddenly chuckled, "but now all the Holy Sons and saintesses of the Tribulation Fire have been slain by her, and she remains the lone Silver Lantern saintess-though she is soon to reunite in the Virtual Realm with those comrades she betrayed."

Whoosh.

The two High Priests suddenly felt a chill at their backs, a cold sensation piercing through their bodies. They looked down to see a hand of blue flame breaking through their chests. Their blood froze into ice, and the cold fire spread through their veins to every corner of their bodies, even their eyeballs began to frost over!

Activating their sanctuary now would be too late; the sanctuary couldn't protect their insides! S

But how was this possible? They had personally torn their target to shreds. Unless it was the legendary Time Sect Miracle of "Localized Time Reversal," or the Physical Sect's legend of "Blood Rebirth," resurrection from being reduced to a bloody mist should be impossible-

Bloody mist?

They momentarily dazed, realizing that the floor and desk were spotless, without a trace of blood or gore. But how could this be, given the mess from her shattered head? What about the blood that sprayed when they tore her apart?

They blinked, seeing that what they mistook for blood was merely wood grain, shadows, and tile patterns. Why had they been so deceived?

"I'm not particularly fond of the title 'saintess.' If you insist on calling me something," her voice crackled with distortion, "you can call me Silver Lantern."

"On second thought, forget that. I would prefer that there's no information about me in your ."

With great difficulty, the two High Priests turned their heads and saw a spectral figure of blue flame extending a hand towards them.

Dust Tribulation Fire Demi-God!

Sally's heart sank. Through the Light Sound Prism, she witnessed a sudden burst of blue flame on the ground, piercing through the backs of the two High Priests, leaving them no time to activate their Sanctuary.

Without a doubt, this blue flame originated from the Dust Tribulation Fire Demi-God. But when did the target perform the Divine Hosting with it? Moreover, shouldn't the Dust Tribulation Fire Demi-God be incapable of reviving someone with their head blown off?

Wait a minute, Sally suddenly remembered seeing the Dust Tribulation Fire Demi-God!

That Blue Flame Squirrel!

But the Blue Flame Squirrel was clearly in another part of the office, not involved in any Divine Hosting. What was going on here-

Sally suddenly froze.

She carefully observed the light sound prism, confirming that the only creatures in the office were the Flaming White Tiger, a rabbit, a lizard, and a snake. The squirrel that had been there moments ago was nowhere to be found.

A person who's been shot in the head can't survive; their soul quickly descends into the abyss...

Ordinary sorcerers can't be resurrected by blood rebirth, but for a Demi-God, as long as their essence isn't completely depleted, they can recover instantly...

At that moment, Sally felt a slight pressure on her annihilation sniper rifle.



Looking down, she saw a squirrel pressing down on her gun barrel.

In her astonishment, she watched the squirrel transform into a young woman wearing glasses.

Though she had never seen her before and her appearance differed entirely from any known data, Sally realized that this was her assassination target, the nameless one... or the name she'd just chosen for herself, Silver Lantern!

Silver Lantern brushed Sally's gun aside with her right hand and gripped her throat with her left, her expression as calm as a lake.

Sally finally understood the magic's secret: "You... turned the Demi-God into an avatar!?"

"Don't panic," Silver Lantern said calmly. "Compared to the tranquility of the Virtual Realm, reality is but a momentary pain. Once you return to eternity, you'll find it was all an illusion."

Sally struggled to resist, but Silver Lantern's hand held her throat like a vice, squeezing out a few words: "Mercury Trojan Horse..."

"In fact, I've been considering whether to leave the Four Pillars Cult. Thanks to Tactile Sense for helping me make up my mind."

Boom!

Suddenly, an explosion echoed through the night sky. Silver Lantern turned her head to see chunks of stone blasted from the hospital's outer wall in the distance.

Although the darkness obscured the scene, she recalled that the blast seemed to hit... the cell where those interdimensional travelers were being held.

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

## **Chapter 529: The Wind Has Risen**

"Gunshot."

Harvey immediately stood up and took out the coffin from the Spatial Card, urging Alice to get up.

“Internal strife? Invasion?” Igor frowned slightly. “Unless they’re coming to rescue us specifically, this incident will only delay our escape. As long as that leader questions us about the Blood Moon Gospel’s technical system at some point, the three of us sanctuary sorcerers will easily find an opportunity to escape. If that leader ends up being distracted by the chaos and forgets about us, or if she simply dies, we’ll be stuck here indefinitely.”

Ashe murmured, “Stuck here indefinitely...”

“Are you scared?”

“I was just thinking, if we have to live here for years, how will we divide the territories?” Ashe asked. “Will it be three equal parts or four equal parts?”

“We have only three people, why would we...” Igor started to say, but then noticed Alice looking at him and fell silent.

“If we’re staying for a long time, I’d want a research area,” Harvey said seriously. “Also, there needs to be space for maintaining and modifying Alice.”

“Even if you have space, where will you get the materials?”

Harvey seemed puzzled. “Aren’t we all materials?”

Igor was at a loss, unsure whether to first argue, “We’re not; it’s just you,” or “Why would you take materials from living people?” Each time Igor thought he understood Harvey’s limits, he found Harvey silently managing to reach new breakthroughs, eternally youthful and always moved to tears.

“In that case, I need a bathtub,” Ashe raised his hand. “Not bathing is unbearable.”

Igor couldn’t contain it anymore: “Even if you had space, where would you get a bathtub?”

Ashe pointed to the coffin.

Harvey thought for a moment. “It’s doable, as long as it’s dried afterwards, Alice won’t mind.”

Igor suddenly felt a bit out of place. “Are you serious!?”

“If we’re stuck here for days, Igor, would you bathe?”

“Of course, I’d... bathe!” Igor tugged at the corners of his mouth and joined the conversation with resignation. “In that case, I suggest we hang a curtain for personal privacy!”

“No way,” Ashe, Harvey, and Alice all objected together.

“Why? You can discuss these ridiculous ideas, but you all reject my reasonable proposal?”

“Because there’s no space left, with the bathtub and research area,” Ashe spread his hands. “We’ll definitely have to sleep crammed together. We might even have to share blankets, and you still want a curtain?” ṚANOBÊ\$

“On second thought, we can all fly, so we don’t have to be confined to the small ground area.” Ashe stood up and patted the padded wall. “For example, we could attach furniture to this wall, and then-“

With a muffled explosion, the padded wall shattered. Ashe stepped back, raising his hand to block the dust, and saw a figure appear in the hole. He quickly drew the Honey Sword and stood with the others.

Igor and Harvey were also on high alert. Alice hugged Harvey from behind, and the Ghost King Shackles on Harvey’s hands glowed green, ready to merge. Igor hid behind Ashe, his lips slightly parted, as a Mental Scream gathered at his throat.

Their tension was understandable because the visitor was truly bizarre.

He wore a menacing, sharp raven mask and a cloak woven from what looked like hair. A necklace made of nails hung around his neck, and he wore a black and red jacket that reeked of blood. His chain belt held various tools like a hand axe, dagger, darts, and rope, and his black steel boots were covered in spikes.

This appearance would not pass scrutiny even in a TV drama in the Gospel, and even in Blood Moon, it was considered an extremely avant-garde postmodern style, the kind that would secure the top spot in the Blood Moon Tribunal.

“Is the First Gospel here?” a deep voice emerged from behind the raven mask.

Ashe asked, “Why are you looking for him?”

“I heard from a disciple of the Tribulation Fire Temple that they had summoned the First Gospel, who could perform a Demi-God level Divine Hosting. But the disciples of the evil Four Pillars Cult ambushed him, causing his downfall. The Four Pillars Cult both fear and covet the power of the First Gospel, so they captured him intending to use his power against Senlo,” the figure in the mask explained. “First, I want to see what the First Gospel is capable of, hopefully to challenge him.”

Ashe glanced at the large hole behind the figure. "I don't think there's any First Gospel in this world..."

"Second, I want to rescue the First Gospel and will use all my cult's resources to protect him from the Four Pillars Cult's harassment," continued the masked figure. "Are you the First Gospel?"

"I can be," Ashe replied confidently.

"Let's go." The figure leaped down decisively, and Ashe and the others followed suit. Though the third floor was quite high, their virtual wings allowed them to descend smoothly and safely.

There weren't many people around, and it seemed there were no patrols. Despite the commotion Raven caused, no one came to check. Not far away, a campfire was burning in the camp, and the air was filled with laughter and joy. Just looking from a distance, Ashe felt an urge to join in.

Raven didn't find it strange and led them through the shadows between the buildings, skirting the edge of the camp. As they got closer to the center, Ashe and the others saw how frenzied the disciples were-dancing, clinging to each other, fighting, and self-harming. Everyone was making a racket, crying, and laughing loudly, as if the bonfire was a whirlpool pulling everyone in.

No wonder there were no patrols or anyone coming to check; everyone here was too busy!

"Hey!"

Igor gave him a pull, and Ashe realized he'd unconsciously moved a bit closer to the center, breaking into a cold sweat. Raven glanced at him, warning, "If you're not a disciple, stay away from their worship ceremony."

Worship?

Ashe looked at those reveling so wantonly, and couldn't see how it related to 'worship.'

Suddenly, he squinted and stared intently toward the bonfire.

Igor nearly smacked him, quickly pulling him away. "You're still daring enough to keep looking?!"

"Yeah, yeah."

Ashe averted his gaze, having noticed an unusually calm person standing by the fire, so out of place with the surroundings. Although curious, now was clearly not the time for distractions.

Soon, Raven led them to the edge of the camp and into an abandoned house. "We'll wait here until dawn before leaving. If the Four Pillars Cult comes after us, we'll need to hold out until daybreak."

"Why?" Igor asked, puzzled. "Are there guards outside? With our strength, ordinary guards wouldn't"

"No. No camp would have guards at night," Raven shook his head. "There's nobody outside in the dark."

"Then why don't we just leave?"

"Because," Raven sat down by the door and said, emphasizing each word:

"There's nobody outside in the dark."

Near the bonfire, the Carnival was gradually winding down. Silver Lantern stood amidst the collapsed crowd, her serene demeanor resembling a mystical lotus blooming in chaos. A squirrel peeked out from her small round hat, only to be swiftly pushed back by a Flaming White Tiger.

"In this way, your world line and mine are completely different now."

The quiet girl beside her, also watching the bonfire, said, "I, on the other hand, never left the Four Pillars Cult till the end and never activated that backup plan."

"I wish things had gone as smoothly for me as they did for you," Silver Lantern sighed. "Maybe I should have spared the Tribulation Fire Temple, or even found a way to help them regain their strength. Sadly..."

"Isn't this good too?" the quiet girl smiled. "Since you've heard from me what future awaits if the main plan succeeds, why not explore the landscape of the backup plan yourself, and unlock both endings?"

"That makes sense." Silver Lantern couldn't help but glance at her. "Your thinking really resembles mine, unlike the 'me' from other world lines that the Mirror Dragon brought. I thought the Mirror Dragon merely fabricated hypothetical versions of 'me' from different world line choices, differing just in labels. But you seem very real to me, as if I've truly lived many years on another world line."

"You find me real because you're seeing a reflection of yourself in me," the quiet girl smiled. "Following that logic, do you think everyone around you is fake?"

“Exactly.”

“So, are you really going to use that thing?” The quiet girl looked around. “Eighty percent of the people here are sorcerers. The Four Pillars Cult’s elite forces in the Tribulation Fire Zone are all here, and Mercury Trojan Horse is definitely going to hate you for this.”

“I’m not staying in the Four Pillars Cult anyway. If she’s got guts, she can come after me.”

With that, Silver Lantern pulled out a crystal skull key from her pocket. She infused it with spellforce, pushed it forward as if inserting it into an invisible keyhole, and turned it clockwise, resulting in a crisp ‘click’ sound. Lines of light spread out in the air, finally forming a Holographic Screen.

This was Silver Lantern’s greatest find over the years-the Gray Fox Heritage!

One of the auxiliary cultivation tools used by sorcerers in that glorious era!

“Welcome to the Dragon Blood Cultivation System, esteemed user!”

“User not logged in. Would you like to log in now? As a guest, you can experience only one type of Primary Dragon Blood. Remaining system uses: 1/3.”

“...User data collected!”

“...Environmental data collected!”

“Please select the dragon blood factor you wish to refine: ① Silver Dragon Blood ② Golden Dragon Blood (locked) ③ Color Dragon Blood (locked) ④...”

“Silver Dragon Blood selected!”

“Please confirm the life energy collection range. Note: It is recommended to use Blade Fish Dragon, Foxlamp Dragon, or other virtual realm creatures as the source of life energy.”

A map of the surroundings appeared on the Holographic Screen, with a movable, diminutive red circle. Silver Lantern expanded the circle to cover the entire hospital camp and confirmed the selection.

“Basic life energy required for 1 drop of Silver Dragon Blood: 100 units. Current life energy within the collection range: 54,111,300 units. Total Silver Dragon Blood that can be refined: 541,113 drops.”

“Warning: Detected energy from some life units resembling intelligent creatures. Continue?”

“Confirm to continue. The Dragon Blood Cultivation System will conduct three safety checks.”

“...No formal citizens detected.”

“...No formal citizens detected.”

“...No formal citizens detected.”

“Commencing cultivation. Please remain still while the system refines and transfuses your blood.”

It brushed the back of the cultist’s neck, taking away all his energy, leaving only a withered body and a weakened soul. A new Whirlpool formed, gentle yet cruel, as one by one, the cultists closed their eyes in exhaustion, sorcerers fell in the virtual realm, and everything became silvery energy converging around Silver Lantern.

The Whirlpool grew larger, capturing not just the bonfire but the houses, kitchens, extending to the camp’s edge, until the largest camp in the Tribulation Fire Zone was ensnared.

“This scale of death would rank in the top ten even in my history,” the quiet girl remarked. “It’s rare to snuff out so many lives at once.”

“Compared to eternity in the virtual realm, a moment in reality is merely an illusion,” Silver Lantern said. “Death is not an eternal slumber, but waking from a dream.”

“If they’re returning to their homeland,” Silver Lantern smiled slightly, “they might as well leave everything to me.”

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

## **Chapter 530: Choking Green**

“What lies in the darkness outside?”

With the light sneaking through the window, Ashe and the others could roughly discern that this place seemed to be a junk warehouse. Though dubbed as ‘junk’, the items within were far from worthless – peculiar parts of Dawn Powder, brilliant gold-black



panels, and even a dust-covered yet remarkable Snow White engine. Undoubtedly, this warehouse housed the fragmented, sweet souls of the old era; they were the essence of wisdom, the details of civilization, greatness in the trivial.

But now they could only be piled up in this cold earth house haphazardly created by Earth spells, serving as seats for Ashe and his companions, quietly awaiting the erosion of time.

Faced with Igor's question, Raven didn't immediately answer and instead asked in return, "In your Kingdom, can people walk into the night at will?"

"Not just in our Kingdom, in the vast majority of Kingdoms, the night is merely an ordinary change in lighting; darkness itself isn't something to be feared."

"How do you know about the situation in other Kingdoms?"

"Because I've read quite a few s," Igor replied with great certainty. "Though I haven't read a lot, if darkness were prevalent, the likelihood of it being mentioned in the s should be high. Yet, I've never seen a single handbook mention such a thing."

Ashe felt a bit puzzled. Igor's words sounded reasonable at first, but in reality, they were quite illogical – he himself had read numerous s, yet never encountered any that mentioned the Bloodline Prohibition Law of the Blood Moon or the Gospel Ranking of the Gospel. To the residents of each Kingdom, the familiar things are not worth noting in a handbook of spells, just like nobody would boast about sunlight, peace, air, and sustenance – things they have never lacked, and thus never learned to cherish.

However, he glanced at Igor who was leaning toward Raven and understood immediately that the Con Artist was getting into his element – he remembered Igor mentioning that knowledge is a Con Artist's best protective color, confidence their sharpest dagger.

Because people subconsciously follow authority, most lack the ability for independent thought. Although there are more clever individuals among sorcerers, laziness is a human trait. When they encounter someone whose wisdom appears far superior to their own (even if it's an illusion), they develop a reliance, much like children waiting to be picked up from kindergarten.

Ashe and Harvey are prime examples. Most plans are devised by Igor now, and if Igor wanted to deceive them, it wouldn't be much harder than cooking a Lala Fatty dish.

However, Harvey isn't exactly following Igor. He's more like a fallen leaf on the ground, lifted by the winds of Ashe and Igor. Whenever he lands again, that's when his journey would end. Ashe, on the other hand, simply entrusts his mind and back to the Con Artist.

This Raven seems to be a close combat sorcerer, most likely a physical sorcerer. Although there's no large-scale data analysis, it's generally believed that martial sorcerers find it more challenging to read the compared to academic sorcerers.

Martial spellcasting includes Swordsmanship, Fist-Claw, and physical spellcasting, which relate to the body. Martial sorcerers are not unintelligent, but since they spend a lot of time honing their craft, they read less frequently and their views tend to be straightforward, often uncompromising. For instance, swordsmanship sorcerers typically don't let a grudge last overnight.

Academic spellcasting requires reading extensive academic materials. Academic sorcerers have a high reading volume, leading to more complex perspectives and more flexible moral boundaries, thus having a potentially broader reading range than martial sorcerers.

Of course, these are just general impressions. In this world, you have witches who can compartmentalize their personalities for reading handbooks, so other sorcerers might have methods to temporarily alter their personal biases as well.

"?" Raven was slightly taken aback, nodding thoughtfully. "Oh right, you can gain knowledge from other Kingdoms in the Virtual Realm..."

He was actually bluffed. It seems this is indeed a less-read physical sorcerer.

Raven paused and then said, "In the darkness of your Kingdom, there might truly be nothing. But in the night of this land, there is a color that can turn people into monsters – Choking Green." R&NÖ&ES

The three were slightly stunned: "Turns people into monsters?"

Raven nodded. "Ordinary people tend to transform into various bizarre green monsters with extreme aggression. They gain a super-regenerative ability in sunlight, but they're not difficult for sorcerers to deal with. The real trouble comes from those sorcerers who turn into monsters – Choking Green creatures like the Blade Fish Dragon, Foxlamp Dragon, and Raging Slashing Dragon."

"Aren't virtual realm creatures easy to handle?" Ashe said with a yawn, "It's not like you're in the Virtual Realm; you can team up in reality."

"Do creatures in the Virtual Realm not form teams?" Raven calmly countered.

Igor's pupils shrank. "Are you saying–"

"Choking Green creatures tend to gather and attack human camps. Some small cults have even been wiped out because of this," Raven explained. "However, whenever signs of Choking Green gathering appear, it attracts the attention of larger cults who

sweep in to exterminate the threat. Otherwise, these Choking Green creatures might even form a civilization. We refer to a gathering of these creatures as the 'Green Calamity.' Currently, there are several Green Calamities roaming the wilds of the Land of Senlo, beyond the reach of any cult."

"Can't you use Mental or Dominance Sects to control these Choking Green creatures?" Ashe asked curiously. "Aren't they a perfect subject for study? Maybe they could even be cured."

"I've heard that someone tried," Raven replied lightly. "The result was that the sorcerer also turned into a Choking Green creature. There's a theory that these creatures are already tainted, and any link a sorcerer forms with them spreads the contamination."

"So, never step into an unlit night. Choking Green will turn anyone into a monster."

Wouldn't turning every ten steps into a streetlamp city fix this? Just as Ashe was thinking this, Igor confidently stated, "Light alone can't dispel the darkness of the night. What protects this camp is something else, isn't it?"

"Yes," Raven replied. "Ideals, faith, the future, hope... They go by many names but take the same form to protect people – the Demi-God."

"The Demi-God can protect people from the darkness, and those who follow it receive its protection. Losing the Demi-God means losing hope, losing life, losing everything."

Ashe suddenly recalled the Inferno of Tribulations Demi-God disciples who lost their will to fight after it was taken from them earlier that afternoon.

"But the Four Pillars aren't the Demi-God, right? They don't belong in the same category as reason or hope," Harvey said while rubbing his eyes and leaning on Alice. He pointed out a flaw, "So how do the Four Pillars protect the camp?"

Before Raven could answer, Igor figured it out. "Desire?"

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

## **Chapter 531: Raven Annihilation**

"I'd rather call it giving up."

Raven said, "Not all the disciples of the Four Pillars Cult are bad people. They were previously believers of other cults. The original Four Pillars Cult seemed to have originated from a cult that had lost its Demi-God."

"In the past, everyone chose to follow the Demi-God to resist crossing the night, and the Four Pillars Gods offered them another option: indulging in the present. After all, without a Demi-God, not everyone can hold on to their ideals and continue crossing the night. Now that there's an easier choice, the Four Pillars Cult naturally spread like wildfire."

"Moreover..." Raven sighed, "It's been a long time since the Gray Fox Divine Era, over two hundred years without a Demi-God transforming, making ideals seem out of reach. That's why the Four Pillars Cult could rise."

"So," he paused and said resolutely, "the Four Pillars Cult must be uprooted, or Senlo will never see another divine era."

"What does the Gray Fox Divine Era have to do with the Fire Cat Divine Era?" Ashe leaned against the wall, half-squinting as he asked.

"The Fire Cat is the second divine era, Gray Fox is the fourth divine era." Raven pointed to the board beneath Ashe. "These scraps probably were excavated from the Gray Fox Ruins."

Igor asked, "Is the divine era when everyone follows the Demi-God, dedicating their lives to achieving the ideals of the Demi-God?"

"Yes, it was a beautiful era that only exists in legends." Raven remarked with a sigh, then continued, "I find it hard to imagine a Kingdom without a Demi-God. Are you all like candle peers, able to steadfastly strive for your ideals even without the Demi-God's guidance?"

Harvey: "Yes."

Igor: "Of course."

After a brief silence, the three of them looked at Ashe. Ashe tugged the corner of his mouth, realizing that in this room, he was the closest to a Four Pillars Cult member-Is it wrong to have no ideals? Is it wrong to indulge in an ordinary life? Waking up naturally, eating Lala Fatty at every meal, heading to the Virtual Realm after gaming-what's wrong with such a life?

Turns out, I'm truly a disciple of the Four Pillars Cult!

"Wait," Igor noted a problem. "According to what you're saying, does that mean as long as someone is an idealist, they can cross the night?"

“Yes,” Raven replied. “But they must be very pure, steadfast people who won’t be tainted by Choking Green even when crossing the night. Because they often become new Demi-Gods after death, such individuals are also called candle peers, meaning future Demi-Gods about to ignite.”

“Though I think I might be one, I’m not willing to bet on it,” Raven glanced at them. “Would you dare to gamble?”

Both of them shook their heads, then looked toward the thoughtful Harvey, who also shook his head under the intense gaze.

“Has Choking Green always existed?” Igor rubbed his temples to stay alert. “It sounds like some aftermath of a disaster.”

“At least since before the Dove Divine Era, over a thousand years ago,” Raven responded. “Eras change, environments change, and species change, but Demi-God and Choking Green have never changed.”

Ashe suddenly thought of the sword Princess and asked, “With such a harsh environment here, wouldn’t it be incapable of resisting Abyss disasters?” Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

“What Abyss?” Raven asked.

At that moment, Harvey suddenly said, “Something’s wrong.”

The drowsy-eyed Ashe and Igor immediately realized they were completely out of energy, feeling incredibly fatigued and sleepy, to the point that they hadn’t noticed their spellforce rapidly depleting! RΛ□ÔbE8

They immediately cast suspicious glances at Raven, the only one able to move normally. Without hesitation, Raven stomped the ground, punched forward, kicked back, then uppercut, directly blasting the warehouse into pieces!

There were no disciples outside trying to capture them; instead, the surroundings were eerily silent, with only the distant crackling of a bonfire. Raven turned to look beyond the camp, his voice cold with a hint of urgency: “The night is approaching.”

The warehouse was approximately fifty meters from the night’s edge, but now only twenty meters remained. The night seemed to have devoured the streetlight’s glow. Any later, and they would have become part of the night without a trace!

Raven swiftly lifted Igor and Ashe, then turned to see Alice carrying Harvey. Among the three sanctuary sorcerers, Harvey was the only one still combat-capable despite the unknown attack.

Harvey smiled at Ashe and Igor. "Now you see the benefits of the Necromancy Sect?"

Ashe and Igor's mouths twitched-damn it, he had upstaged them!

As the night approached, they were forced to retreat to the center of the camp. Along the way, they saw many dried corpses inside the buildings and on the ground, as if the place had been a graveyard for years.

But as they got closer to the center, Ashe and the others noticed tiny particles of silver sand emanating from their bodies, drawn like a Whirlpool towards the bonfire in the square. With each bit of silver sand lost, they felt their souls and bodies weakening.

"Stay... away..." Igor said weakly. "If we get any closer... we'll become like the things you crushed..."

"Behind us is the night," Raven replied. "Are you sure about being a candle peer?"

Igor responded, "Better than... watching ourselves... be drained dry."

"If the contamination is related to my actions in the Virtual Realm," Ashe exhaled lightly, "then I'll probably become a Blade Fish Dragon."

Alice suddenly spoke in Harvey's voice, "Even if we move closer, it's useless. The Four Pillars Cult's protection seems to have failed, and the night will eventually consume the entire camp."

"That's correct." Raven nodded. "There are probably very few survivors left in the camp now. The Demi-God's power is tied to the number of followers. Although the Four Pillars Cult isn't a Demi-God, the principle is likely similar... ideals aren't realized by the Demi-God, but by its disciples. The camp's protection seems to be from the Four Pillars Gods, but in reality, it comes from the disciples themselves."

Raven then put down Ashe and Igor, telling Alice, "Watch over them, don't let the night swallow them. I'm going to pass judgment."

Alice nodded, carrying Harvey on her back and holding the two sanctuary sorcerers by the nape of their necks like cats.

"Judgment?" Ashe asked, forcing himself to stay awake.

"This camp is a nest of the Four Pillars Cult. If the attackers are here to dismantle it for justice, that's understandable. But I'm sure if I mention there are some innocents inadvertently caught up here, they'd stop this indiscriminate slaughter. That's the good raven."

“But if they don’t intend to stop and disregard your lives, I’ll judge them as the evil raven.” Raven said calmly, “And for an evil raven, the only option is destruction.”

“By the way,” he addressed the three sorcerers seriously, “if I fail and you die, I hope you’ll record me in your . If future generations see my deeds in your handbooks, maybe they’ll follow my path.”

“I am Tamashi, judgment warrior of the Raven Annihilation Cult. Our ideal is to eradicate evil ravens, trample sinners, and derive joy from combating evil, creating a society where everyone delights in crushing wickedness, eliminating deceit, assassination, antisocial behaviors, and any criminal act.”

Con Artist Igor, Kaimon’s number one assassin Harvey, Cult Leader Ashe: “...”

“You think our ideals are great, too, right?” A distorted laugh emanated from behind the raven mask.

“Since they’re all deserving of death, why not use them as a stepping stone for doing good?”

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

## **Chapter 532: Youre Lying**

While time is long, it is worth waiting.

As the silver dragon blood gradually replaced her ordinary blood, Silver Lantern could distinctly feel her body radiating an unprecedented ‘joy,’ and her spirit becoming increasingly ‘fervent.’ This was a vitality the previously frail and sickly girl had never experienced before.

The soul and body have always interacted with each other. Even if ordinary academic sorcerers do not exercise regularly, their physical condition improves as long as they continuously refine their soul in the Virtual Realm. A strong soul naturally cultivates a robust body.

Conversely, a strong body can also nourish the soul.

The relationship between the body and soul is not like a boat and its passengers, but rather an ocean and the sky, complementing each other, reflecting one another. Consciousness is merely the ripple created when they embrace.



In spellcasting, cultivating the body is considered the forte of the physical sorcerers. The Dragon Blood Cultivation System is the pinnacle of achievement for Gray Fox physical sorcerers.

The Physical Sect has two paths. One is prosthesis, reconstructing one's body with ores, machinery, plants, and related spirits, examples being the Diamond Body, Oak Tree Form, or Mechanical Nemesis.

This path is exceptionally painful, characterized not only by physical cruelty but also mental torment—those who haven't lost their flesh cannot grasp the importance of a complete body to one's personality. Some sorcerers, who lost their Demi-God abilities and sought to avoid the Choking Green creatures, transformed themselves entirely into mechanical beings. Although they successfully evaded the Choking Green, they invariably developed severe mental deficiencies, despising the living even more than the Choking Green creatures. Their spellcasting realm regressed rather than progressed. These physical sorcerers exist in limbo, neither truly alive nor dead, like the stench of decay in a mire.

However, the Physical Sect does have its advantages. Firstly, their defensive capabilities are astonishing, and they generally have substitution abilities. Stones, soil, electricity, sunlight, and wind can all serve as their sustenance. Consequently, many physical sorcerers reside in Senlo. For instance, in the Tribulation Fire Temple, many people survive by eating stones, and Silver Lantern has also eaten in the Silent Spiral.

Undoubtedly, in a society with abundant resources, a normal person would never train in the Physical Sect. Even the people of Senlo, who have never ventured outside their Kingdom, can infer this. The Gray Fox Divine Era was undeniably a time of extreme resource abundance. Logically, the Physical Sect would occupy the lowest rung of the social hierarchy, ignored by all.

However, the Gray Fox Divine Era had the Misty White Demi-God, a follower of the Fire Cat Divine Era's Circle Cicada Demi-God. The ideal of Circle Cicada was immortality, while the Misty White Demi-God aspired not only to long life but also to live with passion and boldly pursue one's ideals. This explains why Misty White Demi-God became one of the victors: its ideals did not conflict with the majority of other Demi-Gods and even complemented them.

Because of Misty White Demi-God's existence, the Physical Sect successfully entered the prestigious circles of the Gray Fox, leading to the creation of the second path: evolution!

Flesh is weak, so it must be replaced with ores, plants, or machinery to navigate the painful reality. But those great beings, Angels, Virtual Realm Dragons, Abyss Lords, their flesh is not weak!

Of course, it didn't mean directly replacing the sorcerer's body with that of an upper-tier creature, which would be no different from the prosthesis path. If prosthesis is about

implanting immortality into flesh, evolution is about moving the ordinary closer to legend-the approach of Gray Fox sorcerers is to allow the sorcerer's body to evolve spontaneously, gradually approaching those great beings while maintaining bodily integrity!

Is there a medium that can stimulate the entire body and transform it without compromising its integrity? The answer is obvious-blood.

By injecting the sorcerer with compatible upper-tier blood, the body's comprehensive evolution naturally follows!

However, in reality, upper-tier creatures do not exist, and the flesh and blood of virtual realm creatures are difficult to extract from the Virtual Realm. So how does one obtain high-tier blood? Gray Fox sorcerers are undeterred by this challenge; the Dragon Blood Cultivation System is the solution. It purifies the flesh and soul of lower-tier creatures into high-tier blood, enabling a comprehensive blood transfusion for the user!

This is the answer of the era and a luxurious finale. The Dragon Blood Cultivation System wasn't created out of nothing. Instead, Gray Fox sorcerers had the foresight to seal hundreds of miracles within the Virtual Realm. When someone uses the key to start the Dragon Blood Cultivation System, these miracles automatically activate to serve the user.

Moreover, these miracles are at least at the sanctuary level.

Silver Lantern has no idea how many miracles are sealed in the Virtual Realm or how many Sanctuary Legends spent countless days and nights perfecting this system, all in pursuit of the ideal of the Misty White Demi-God. What she witnesses is a grand feast of miracles spanning several centuries, and what she hears is the final Echo of that beautiful era. ㄟNǒǝǝǝ

"Task progress has reached 90%. You are free to move about. The remaining 10% will be managed by the sub-system 'Blood Seed' until the final drop of dragon blood is extracted."

"This service has successfully concluded. If you have any suggestions regarding the Dragon Blood Cultivation System, you are welcome to email the Institute of the Blood of the Eternal. Professor Parase Blood Saint Misty White welcomes your valuable feedback."

A double surname?

Silver Lantern glanced again at the name of the system's creator. In Senlo, there is no tradition of middle names; the name following the surname is also the name of the Demi-God, just like she used to be named Dust Tribulation Fire.

There appears to be no Demi-God named Blood Saint from the Gray Fox Divine Era...

Swoosh.

Upon hearing the sound of something breaking through the air, Silver Lantern immediately turned her head. However, the wind from the flying stone still grazed her delicate cheek, leaving a mark and a trail of silver blood.

"Your blood is not red."

The word 'you' echoed from about twenty paces away, but by the time 'red' was uttered, it was already right next to her, accompanied by the sharp thunderous sound of a sonic boom.

And then came the shockwave wrapped in white mist!

This was a supersonic strike!

Even though Silver Lantern quickly activated the Defensive Miracle 'Flame Stream Shield,' it couldn't mitigate the damage. Fortunately, thanks to the enhancement from the silver dragon blood, her physical reactions were much faster than before, even without the spirit's support, allowing her to deflect the attack away from her heart, though it still pierced her shoulder!

Miracle: Flame Stream!

Silver Lantern transformed into a stream of flames and quickly distanced herself by several dozen paces but had to revert to her human form after three seconds. Her skin felt hot and could not sustain another use of 'Flame Stream' in such a short time. However, her injury healed as silver blood filled and repaired the hole in her shoulder.

She wasn't adept at fleeing or direct defense; typically, the sanctuary level could compensate for this weakness, but the Mirror Dragon Secret Toxin had left her soul extremely fragile. Three months ago, she underwent the Ritual of Prohibited Synchronization of Wind, Flower, Snow, and Moon in the Virtual Realm and hadn't fully recovered since. Another ritual might be needed to construct her sanctuary.

This was one of the reasons why Silver Lantern decisively defected: without a sanctuary, she would have to rely on the protection of the Tribulation Fire Temple or the Four Pillars Cult. However, as she was on the verge of becoming a sanctuary sorcerer, she no longer needed a faction to conceal her vulnerabilities. Plus, the silver dragon blood could strengthen her soul, allowing her to perform the Ritual of Prohibited Synchronization of Wind, Flower, Snow, and Moon with confidence.

Indeed, the Divine Sovereign never allows us to dream peacefully... Silver Lantern eyed her attacker and raised an eyebrow. "Without the Demi-God's influence, have the

disciples of Raven Annihilation Cult resorted to killing every living person to satisfy your twisted joy?"

Raven stood by the bonfire, with the intense flames casting menacing shadows over his mask.

"First, you don't look like you're any kind of good person."

"What if I am?"

"Secondly, as long as I don't hear your defense, you'll die as an evil person." Raven said calmly, "Now, please stop this Ritual immediately. My friends are in great agony, and the night is approaching."

Silver Lantern shook her head. "I can't."

"And why is that?"

"This is not my power; it's the Gray Fox heritage. Once activated, everyone in the camp will be drained dry of their essence until they die." Silver Lantern explained. "I'm truly sorry about your friends' plight, but the only consolation is that this death should be painless, like falling asleep. By the way, why are you unaffected?"

Raven retorted, "You're lying."

Silver Lantern insisted, "I'm not—"

"It is indeed the Gray Fox heritage, and it truly can't be stopped until everyone's essence is gone," Raven said. "But when you claim to be truly sorry, that's a lie. You have no remorse. I've seen people like you before. The biggest difference between an evil raven and a good raven is that the good ones can apologize because they feel the weight of their conscience. People like you have no conscience, and your apologies are as hollow as air. All I can sense is the stench of rot."

"Moreover, the essence extracted from these victims is that silver substance, right?" Raven stared at the silver trace on Silver Lantern's face. "Silver blood—I've never seen anything like it before."

"You are the Ritual's beneficiary. If I just kill you, the Ritual will have to end."

Silver Lantern shook her head. "Do you have any evidence that I'm the bad one? I accidentally activated this device and didn't expect these consequences. I didn't intend to benefit from it. You can't just harm an innocent to save others, right?"

Raven suddenly laughed. “In the old days of the Raven Annihilation Cult, your question would be our weekly discussion topic: ‘When you encounter someone who seems evil but have no evidence of their wrongdoing, do you let them go or eliminate them?’”

“There were radicals who believed in killing with no mercy, and conservatives who advocated for imprisonment until the truth was clear. My mentor was a centrist, suggesting we break their limbs first, then, if proven innocent, bring them back with apologies and compensation.”

“And my stance is this-” Raven leaned slightly forward. “If I’m wrong, I’m willing to endure a thousandfold, millionfold, even billionfold of your pain in hell. Hold your grudges and wait for me in hell, for I’ve long anticipated this.”

“When all ravens are slain and hell is filled, then it’s my turn to suffer.”

“But until that time-“

“My duty is to send you all to hell!”

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

## **Chapter 534: Three Crises**

Tactile Sense.

This wasn’t the first time Ashe had encountered this term, nor did he expect it to be the last. Since arriving in this world, no matter which Kingdom he was in, the watchful eyes of the Four Pillars were ever-present, much like a follower you can’t shake off each time you move, or the welcome messages from service providers you receive every time you visit a new place.

From the depths of his soul, Ashe asked the existential question every terminal patient seems to ponder: “Why me?”

Mercury Trojan Horse replied, “You have the scent of the Tactile Sense.”

“That’s the Eternal Presence, a little gift from the Gospel region’s Four Pillars distributor,” Ashe grumbled with evident frustration. “Reaching this point in my life, I owe it all to that little gift.”

Interestingly, over time, the “Eternal Wanderer” profession not only wasn’t nerfed, but even got buffed with each new version. Back when Ashe was a two-wings sorcerer, its

effect was a +5 Luck Check in normal situations and a -50 in critical moments. As he climbed to the Distant Sky Domain, it buffed to +10 Luck Check in normal situations and -100 in critical moments.

There was no doubt Ashe's misfortune resulted from triggering the -100, and as for the +10, it probably got applied when Ashe was doing card draws-his good luck being used up on draws like the "Lunar Star Swimsuit Sword Princess" and the "Empress in the Rain Witch."

"It's not her." Mercury Trojan Horse knelt down and reached out to touch Ashe, but Tamashi grabbed her wrist. Unperturbed, she continued, "Her scent is as different from yours as this bonfire is from the night-the fire's bright, but the night is deeper."

Ashe skeptically sniffed his own hand and then offered it to Igor, who was in the middle: "I can't smell anything. Do you think I have a scent?"

Igor, ignoring him, focused on the Mercury Trojan Horse and asked, "You glanced at me just now. Does that mean I also have the scent of the Tactile Sense?"

"You don't have it, but you have the potential to become a Tactile Sense," Mercury Trojan Horse said. "Each Tactile Sense perceives the world differently. The Eternal Presence you mentioned earlier likely perceives the threads of fate, which is why she could leave such a curse. What I perceive is the truth."

"For me, nothing in the world can hide. I can discover each person's innate talent, unlock their potential, and guide them on their path. That's why the Four Pillars Cult was able to defeat and assimilate countless cults and become the leading power in Senlo in just a few years."

At this, Harvey and Igor couldn't help but glance at Ashe-the fact that the Eternal Presence in Gospel was ultimately wiped out by the Red Hat was already impressive, considering how operating a cult in Gospel was a hell-level difficulty, and she managed to escape unscathed, even setting Ashe up a bit; Mercury Trojan Horse, on the other hand, successfully expanded the Four Pillars Cult into the number one force in Senlo, making her the star distributor of the cult.

Among the three cult leaders they had encountered, it was hard to compare the talents of Eternal Presence and Mercury Trojan Horse due to differing circumstances, but it was beyond doubt that Ashe ranked at the bottom-his performance might be the worst among all Cult Leaders in any Kingdom!

Feeling disparaged by their pitying eyes, the Cult Leader retorted with irritation, "Why are you looking at me like that! I'll hit you!"

Igor, retracting his gaze, smiled at Mercury Trojan Horse and asked, "Besides unlocking others' talents, you can also parasitize them, can't you?"

“That’s just a precaution,” she said, touching her neck covered in a sheen of mercury. “For those I value as Advanced talents, I leave a bit of mercury in their bodies. Should they face insurmountable harm, the mercury will repair their bodies and allow me to take over, steering them out of danger-“

Snap!

Just as Tamashi was about to punch Mercury Trojan Horse, Alice quickly grabbed his wrist. The combat glove stopped right in front of Mercury Trojan Horse’s face, creating a thunderous boom out of thin air. R̂AÑôßÈ\$

Mercury Trojan Horse let out a muffled groan, taking a step back as blood trickled from her nostrils, eyes, ears, and mouth. Yet, she remained unfazed, wiping away the blood and smiling. “You see, unless they’re a sanctuary sorcerer, even the most talented people can lose their lives easily. Death is the harshest merchant, and the mercury I leave in them gives them the capital to bargain with death.”

“You’re lying!” Tamashi’s distorted voice was almost a scream. “You treacherous evil raven, greedy and monstrous in your pursuit of power! You just want to control everyone, manipulate everything! How dare you speak as if you’re innocent? If it weren’t for you, if it weren’t for you...”

Mercury Trojan Horse kept silent, her gaze fixed on Ashe. Igor sighed, noting, “The area illuminated by the bonfire is getting smaller.”

And the night was drawing closer.

Tamashi was not one to act impulsively without reason. He took a deep breath, turned away, and sat cross-legged facing the bonfire. He appeared to be in meditation, though the slight tremble of his shoulders suggested his inner turmoil had yet to settle.

“What exactly is the Tactile Sense?” Ashe asked the question everyone was curious about.

“The Tactile Sense is just that-Tactile Sense, without any extended meanings,” Mercury Trojan Horse looked at Ashe with some confusion. “Don’t you know? Aren’t you a Tactile Sense yourself?”

Ashe understood she was referring to Heath’s situation, but now wasn’t the time to delve into that. He said straightforwardly, “I forgot. Could you explain it in more detail?”

Raising an eyebrow, Mercury Trojan Horse replied, “There’s not much more to say, as it’s not a complex matter. The Tactile Sense is simply the Tactile Sense of the Four Pillars.”



“So, you mean,” Harvey interjected suddenly, “the Four Pillars rely on you to perceive this world?”

“Exactly.” Mercury Trojan Horse nodded. “But everyone’s aptitude is different, so the world the Four Pillars perceive through us varies. For instance, in my case, the Four Pillars can only perceive reality, so everything I see in the world is orderly, with all information clearly marked out.”

“I didn’t ask your names because I already know them: Ashe Heath, Igor Bukin, Archibald Harvey. I am fully aware of your ages, personalities, interests, spellcasting sects, and spirit systems. When I look at you, I see a résumé.”

Is the Tactile Sense really the sensory perception used by the Four Pillars to understand the world?

Ashe found it difficult to understand. “Why do the Four Pillars need to go through such trouble? Aren’t they the Divine Sovereigns?”

“They are not the Divine Sovereigns,” Mercury Trojan Horse replied calmly. “The Divine Sovereigns are merely a group of thieves who have stolen the Virtual Realm. The Four Pillars are its true masters. They have existed long before sorcerers reached the sixth level of the Virtual Realm.”

Ashe and the others didn’t say a word, their expressions conveying a sense of resignation, as if thinking, “This fanatic is beyond reasoning, might as well go along with her.”

“Now is not the time to delve into whatever vile nonsense is cluttering the mind of this evil raven cultist,” Tamashi remarked coolly.

Ashe asked, “Why does becoming a Tactile Sense allow one to save themselves?”

Mercury Trojan Horse explained, “You currently face three crises. The first is that your bodies are parasitized by the ‘Blood Seed’ miracle. The Blood Seed corresponds with the Blood Core, continuously siphoning your life force into the Blood River. Although the Blood Core is now at a distance from you, over time, it will inevitably drain you dry.”

“Removing the Blood Seed is extremely difficult as it is a miracle sealed by a legendary sorcerer. Unless you possess the correct method of dissolution, it can only be violently unraveled by a legendary sorcerer.”

Although Ashe and the others had never heard of the term Blood Seed, the description of this ritual gave them a strong sense of déjà vu.

“The second crisis is the Choking Green creatures in the night. However, this isn’t an urgent issue because all three of you are candle peerage who can endure the Choking Green.”

Before Ashe and the others could feel relief, Mercury Trojan Horse added, “But you are not perfect candle peerage, so surviving the night will inevitably lead to contamination. If you were to spend a night in the dark, you would each acquire negative traits of ‘lust’, ‘fear of corpses’, and ‘coldness’, respectively. You can endure a maximum of 15, 30, and 8 nights before you burn out and transform into Choking Green creatures.”

Ashe mused, “Coldness is a negative trait?”

Igor pointed at Harvey. “But fear of corpses certainly is.”

Ashe paused, then understood Igor’s point—just like how for someone who loves gaming, ‘digital impotence’ is a negative trait, but it’s irrelevant to someone who doesn’t game. Traits similarly have no absolute good or bad and can affect different people in different ways.

“Besides these two crises, do we face a third?” Igor asked.

“There is,” Mercury Trojan Horse said, “The woman who will soon become a Tactile Sense is using the Blood Core that drains your life force to search for the divine treasure of the Fire Cat Divine Era.”

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

## Chapter 535: Please Heed My Command

“Divine treasure?”

The Mercury Trojan Horse suddenly pulled out a small knife. As Tamashi looked over, she cut off her own hand and tossed it into the bonfire. Her flesh melted like snow in the flames, and as the tongues of fire rose, the night seemed to halt its advance.

“It’s the treasure of the deity,” she said calmly. “You’ve been here for just a day. What impressions do you have of Senlo?”

Harvey replied, “Maggots emerging from decaying corpses. To put it nicely, it’s as if new buds sprout from old, withered branches.”

Igor added, "The environment here is extremely harsh, with external threats like the Choking Green of the night, as well as internal strife from clashes between different Demi-God ideologies."

"A chaotic Kingdom of wasteland," Ashe said. "You once seemed to have a glorious era. I can't understand how you ended up like this. It's already 1668, yet you're still stuck in an era of war."

"A very accurate assessment," the Mercury Trojan Horse remarked. "For Senlo, cult holy wars are inevitable, as the ideals of the Demi-Gods are often vast, targeting even the entire Senlo populace. For instance, the Fire Cat's ideal of 'allowing ordinary people to wield spirits' requires unifying Senlo first to gather everyone's strength to tackle obstacles."

"Senlo once had four divine eras. Starting with the Fire Cat Divine Era, sorcerers realized that holy wars were a brutal and inefficient method of competition. To address this, they created a new system of competition using the Silent Spiral: the divine fire system."

"Through the divine fire system, they could select the Demi-God of the next era with minimal intensity, allowing the smooth transition from the Fire Cat Divine Era to the Gray Fox Divine Era. However, when the Gray Fox Divine Era encountered the 'cataclysm,' the divine fire system was scattered, causing Senlo to regress to the era of cult holy wars."

She paused. "The divine treasure sought by the New Tactile Sense is precisely the divine fire system."

Ashe blinked. "Didn't you say the divine fire system was scattered?"

"It was scattered, which means it can naturally be picked up and reassembled. Many cults are secretly gathering intelligence on the divine fire system, but the technology is too profound. Even if a cult finds parts, they don't know how to reconstruct it," the Mercury Trojan Horse explained. "The Tribulation Fire Temple collected the most parts, and when the New Tactile Sense destroyed the Tribulation Fire Temple, they took those parts as well."

"Furthermore, no matter how complex a system is, it was created by sorcerers themselves. The successors may not necessarily be inferior to their predecessors. She believes she has the ability to recreate the divine fire system."

Igor commented, "But she isn't a Demi-God... Even if she reassembles the divine fire system and immediately sacrifices herself to become a Demi-God, how does that benefit her?"

“First, every candle peerage values their ideal more than their own life. If they are certain their ideal will be realized after their death, no candle peerage would hesitate,” the Mercury Trojan Horse stated. “Secondly... the ‘cataclysm’ of the Gray Fox Divine Era is rumored to have been caused by a Demi-God.”

Igor frowned. “The Demi-God’s ideal caused the cataclysm?”

“No,” replied the Mercury Trojan Horse. “It was just the Demi-God, simply the Demi-God.”

Harvey asked, “The Demi-God developed self-awareness?”

“Demi-Gods inherently have self-awareness; otherwise, they wouldn’t have ideals,” the Mercury Trojan Horse said. “But ordinary Demi-Gods mostly only have ‘instinct.’ However, those recognized by the divine fire system seem to retain the memory and thought from their lifetime, meaning they have a personality, or rather, deity status.”

“So that woman wants to use the divine fire system to turn herself into a Demi-God with a personality?” Ashe asked. “Sure, seeing someone who harmed us so much soar to success is infuriating, but it doesn’t really endanger us, apart from raising our blood pressure.”

“First, once a Demi-God is recognized by the divine fire system, all other Demi-Gods in Senlo will perish,” the Mercury Trojan Horse explained. “The sorcerers of the Fire Cat Divine Era reportedly sealed numerous destructive Miracles in the Virtual Realm.”

“Secondly,” she smiled, “do you know what her ideal is?”

Ashe said, “I suppose it can’t be worse than turning the entire world into the undead.”

“I’m not interested in turning the world into the undead either,” Harvey said flatly. “I must emphasize again, the Necromancy Sect’s goal is not to create death but to transform the cherished aspects of the living into immortality.”

“Perhaps even worse,” the Mercury Trojan Horse said. “In simple terms, she believes that all Kingdoms are just a dream of the Divine Sovereign. What we call reality is merely an illusion that we are under while imprisoned by the Divine Sovereign; the Virtual Realm is our eternity.”

A dream?

Ashe, Igor, and Harvey were stunned. Even Tamashi couldn’t help but glance over, though he quickly turned away, slightly angling his head to watch them out of the corner of his eye.

“Her surface ideal is to pierce through all dreams, end all suffering, terminate all fates, and release all ‘prisoners,’” the Mercury Trojan Horse explained. “She likely has a deeper ideal, but I don’t know it.”

“...I never thought I could hear two different types of delusional fantasies from two evil ravens in one night,” Tamashi scoffed. “Rotten thoughts do indeed produce tedious excretions.”

Igor asked, “...Even with such a doomed ideal, would the divine fire system recognize it?”

“Do you think the Fire Cat’s ‘Allow ordinary people to wield spirits,’ the Circle Cicada’s ‘Immortality,’ or the Light Chaser’s ‘resurrection of the dead’ are inevitably successful ideals?” the Mercury Trojan Horse asked. “Besides...”

“What if she succeeds?”

They looked at the Mercury Trojan Horse, who remained calm. “Can you be certain that reality isn’t just a dream?” Search the [novelFire.net](http://novelFire.net) website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Igor immediately responded, “For consensus propositions like this, it’s the responsibility of the skeptic to provide contrary evidence.”

“Why don’t Kingdoms interconnect? Why can only our souls enter the Virtual Realm, yet virtual realm passages can connect different Kingdoms? Why do we remain in the Virtual Realm after we die?” the Mercury Trojan Horse questioned. “These are just random reasons I thought of. Since she is steadfast in her ideals, she must have found more convincing evidence.”

“Even if reality is just a dream, that’s no reason to destroy it,” the Mercury Trojan Horse said, cutting off a piece of her forearm with a small knife and tossing it into the bonfire. “Just as you wouldn’t choose to walk into the night to test whether you’re part of the candle peerage, we don’t need to pin our hopes on an eternity after death. Life isn’t about what’s real or fake; it’s about happiness and regrets.”

“Moreover, even if her ideal doesn’t succeed, once all the Demi-Gods are gone, you’ll only survive in Senlo by following her. If you don’t, every person from Senlo you encounter will be your enemy. Right now, you might not have to follow a Demi-God, but during the era of the divine, not following meant being an evil heretic.”

“Not to mention, if she fully becomes the Tactile Sense, she could control the Four Pillars Cult. Then, how would you ever solve the Blood Seed issue with her?”

Ashe couldn’t help but ask, “Since you know how dangerous she is, why haven’t you taken care of her sooner?”

The Mercury Trojan Horse gestured to her own mercurial neck. "She defected from the Four Pillars Cult because I sent someone to assassinate her. This neck was broken as a result of my efforts. As for why I accepted her in the first place-well, I've never met her in person; our conversations were always remote. Plus..."

"Everyone has flaws. You were confident you could control everything, so you weren't worried about her madness and only wanted to use her talents," Igor said calmly. "That's the way of using people, though this time, it backfired on you."

"Wait a minute," Ashe suddenly remembered something. "Is she both the Tactile Sense and a Demi-God?"

"There hasn't been a precedent for that, but I don't rule out the possibility," the Mercury Trojan Horse replied. "However, when the fifth era of the divine arrives, the Four Pillars Cult will inevitably enter a period of dormancy."

"Nice way to put it-just means they'll crack down on you," Ashe silently grumbled.

Through the Mercury Trojan Horse's analysis, they understood the urgency of the three crises. The most immediate threat was the night; if it wasn't resolved, Harvey would grow to resent Alice. Next was the Blood Seed issue; without solving it, they'd eventually be drained. Lastly, there was the divine treasure: if they didn't destroy that person's ideal, they would eventually become sacrificial offerings to it.

But...

"How does becoming the Tactile Sense help solve these crises?" Ashe asked, clearly puzzled. "Can the Four Pillars sense three wishes in me?"

The Mercury Trojan Horse gestured toward the night outside. "This camp was overrun not just because everyone died but also because the Four Pillars shifted their gaze away. Once you become the Tactile Sense, the camp's statue will reactivate, naturally continuing to resist the night."

"As for the Blood Seed and the divine treasure, at their core, they're problems caused by that person. You don't need to solve the issues; you just need to deal with the person. Becoming the Tactile Sense means you can prevent her from controlling the Four Pillars Cult, and you can command the cult to pursue her."

"Sounds like a risk-free venture," Igor remarked. "But why recruit Ashe, an outsider, instead of someone closer to you?"

"Not everyone can become the Tactile Sense," the Mercury Trojan Horse said. "Including you all, I've only encountered four people fit for it."

"Then why-"

“Because if she becomes the Tactile Sense, she definitely wouldn’t spare me-she holds grudges,” the Mercury Trojan Horse explained. “With you, I at least have a chance to escape.”

While the answer might still be a lie, all pressing issues had been addressed, and the bonfire’s vicinity fell silent as everyone pondered.

“Indeed, I can’t pass up such an opportunity,” Igor suddenly announced. “Becoming the Tactile Sense not only grants near-divine abilities but also control over a cult poised to dominate this land... Ashe, you’re not planning to steal my opportunity, are you?”

With just a few words, the Con Artist had staked his claim on the opportunity as if any of Ashe’s intentions would be morally questionable. Yet at this point, Ashe struggled to sit up and looked beyond to Raven.

“Tamashi, did you know her before she became the Mercury Trojan Horse?”

“Yes.”

“What was she like before?”

“A cheerful, confident girl who loved pranks and laughter.”

“And afterward?”

Tamashi turned to meet Ashe’s gaze.

“My mentor was pierced through the throat by this very grey fox blade,” Tamashi pointed to the weapon on his elbow. “And many, many others-Arnoi, Ye Lu, Qieshu...”

Tamashi paused. “I killed them all with my own hands.”

“When I tried to assassinate Tanomoo, my mentor, my friends, my comrades, and my juniors were all controlled by her to surround and attack me.”

After speaking, Raven turned back to stare at the bonfire.

The Mercury Trojan Horse remained unfazed by these accusations, as if she were merely hearing someone else’s story.

“It seems becoming the Tactile Sense might lead to a dramatic change in personality,” Ashe noted. “Igor, I can barely handle you as you are now. If you become a hundred times more evil, I doubt I could pull you back. What about you, Harvey?”

Harvey replied, “I’ll try to be a hundred times more evil.”



"I forgot you're not exactly a nice guy either..." Ashe muttered, rubbing his forehead. "But if it were me who became a hundred times more evil, it'd be easier to manage, right? After all, Igor, you still hold one of my wishes, and you're a mental sorcerer."

"The future me will be in your hands."

Igor attempted to sit up, but Ashe gently pushed him back down.

"...Wait, was it my wish, or yours?" Igor asked with a puzzled expression.

Ashe's lips curled into a sly smile. "That's what's called a sunk cost, Mr. Con Artist."

"Mercury Trojan Horse, I've decided. Let it be me."

"It was always meant to be you," the Mercury Trojan Horse said calmly. "The Tactile Sense is not a test you pass by merely qualifying; it's a competitive position."

"If Igor is considered qualified, then you and that woman are exceptional. But only one Tactile Sense can exist in each Kingdom, meaning you'll have to compete with her for the favor of the Four Pillars."

"What a terrible way of putting it," Ashe lamented.

Ashe chose to become the Tactile Sense not only out of a sense of adventure but also due to an underlying curiosity. He wasn't a fool; every time he entered a new Kingdom, he encountered the Four Pillars Cult first. Aside from the influence of the Eternal Wanderer, his biggest suspicion was Heath.

Heath's past was a tangled mess, and becoming the Tactile Sense might be the key to unraveling it. After all, running wasn't a solution. He hoped to resolve all issues with his current body before finally confronting the sword Princess.

"What do I have to do?" Ashe asked.

"It's simple. I'll activate the potential within you, and all you need to do is call upon the Four Pillars," the Mercury Trojan Horse instructed. "You know their names, right? Don't forget to add their titles."

Ashe nodded, clasping his hands together and chanting:

"O Supreme Lord of Myriad Glories."

"Pure azure Lord of Wind, Rain, and Snow."

"Eternal fiery heart of the undying wanderer."

“Dreaming free spirit in every nook and cranny.”

“Great Four Pillars,” Ashe called out loudly, “Please heed my command!”

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

## Chapter 536: Favor of the Four Pillars

“Great Four Pillars, please heed my command!”

As Ashe spoke, Mercury Trojan Horse’s emotionless face, seemingly sculpted from cement, paused momentarily.

Harvey’s expression remained calm, not sensing anything amiss. After all, for someone like him, who navigated social interactions with the same phrases-whether facing partners, corpses, or ordinary people-lines such as “You’re getting stiff,” “I’ll be gentle with you,” or “You’re so responsive” sufficed. Thus, to him, Ashe’s words felt natural. If a sorcerer could command a corpse, commanding the Four Pillars seemed equally plausible.

Tamashi turned his head and gave Ashe a thumbs-up.

Only Igor felt deeply conflicted.

Although he often called Ashe a fool, Ashe couldn’t be unaware of the current situation. Yet he managed to make such a blunder-this wasn’t his first encounter with the Four Pillars Cult. It was akin to spilling food on a demon while serving them, and doing it three times in a row-besides being intentional, what else could it be?

So why would he do this? Hearing such a silly question, the child hiding in the darkest corner of the Con Artist’s mind, who could only sleep locked in a closet, sneered with an answer: “He’s trying to deceive you.”

“As long as he speaks disrespectfully during the prayer, he can incur the Four Pillars’ displeasure and naturally lose his eligibility to become the Tactile Sense. He’s unlike you or Harvey; he’s a flawless sanctuary sorcerer, with potential to become a legendary sorcerer, possibly even a demigod angel. Becoming the Four Pillars’ Tactile Sense is a burden, a curse for him.”

“You think he doesn’t know he’s the top candidate? Mercury Trojan Horse has her eyes on him from the start; he can’t decline. His noble sacrifices are just to earn your goodwill and gratitude. Now, by sabotaging intentionally, he’d leave only you as the candidate.”

“To protect her interests, Mercury Trojan Horse will undoubtedly help you become the Tactile Sense, allowing him to avoid any risks without losing anything, making you the scapegoat.”

“He’ll undoubtedly feign ignorance, provide a perfect excuse, and claim it was an innocent mistake.”

“Speaking altruistically with a selfish heart. Others pay the price, he reaps the rewards. Adapting to circumstances, diverting misfortune...”

“Isn’t this the Mask we’ve always worn?”

The deep, familiar undercurrent quietly flowed within, as if he had never left the Blood Moon. For someone like him, the Blood Moon was inescapable, regardless of where he went.

Igor looked at Ashe, who turned to face them, appearing utterly bewildered.

“I didn’t mean to say that,” the Cult Leader said dumbfoundedly. “Though I do harbor some disdain for the Four Pillars... Could it be that I’m so righteous now that I can’t even lie?”

What a poor excuse; only a fool would believe it.

Igor sighed helplessly, holding his forehead and shaking his head.

“Idiot.”

Ashe found himself questioning reality, uncertain if he made a slip of the tongue.

Suddenly, Mercury Trojan Horse spoke up: “I see, the former Tactile Sense was already on guard against you seeking favor.”

“Huh?”

“The Eternal Presence you encountered previously left a little ‘surprise’ in the mark they gave you,” Mercury Trojan Horse explained. “The moment you attempt to pray to the Four Pillars, your luck plummets to its lowest. In other words, it’s impossible for you to conduct a sincere prayer-your praises will inevitably transform into insults through distractions, nausea, wild thoughts, or drowsiness.”

“Though she can’t see the truth like I can, she knows your potential, and used this method to prevent you from gaining favor.”

“A very childlike tactic, as if conceived by a child, yet undeniably effective.”

Ashe was taken aback: “Just because my posture was slightly elevated, the Four Pillars won’t pay attention to me? Shouldn’t the Four Pillars be magnanimous, not sweat the small stuff, indifferent to mortals’ disrespect, and be such grand entities that they can brush off any insult with a smile?” ~~RaNo~~BE S

That posture wasn’t just slightly elevated, and you were in the cell earlier saying the Four Pillars were a bunch of relentless pyramid scheme crooks... Igor and the others thought to themselves.

“The Four Pillars indeed don’t care for mortal disrespect, but the issue is you’re vying for a position beyond the mortal realm,” Mercury Trojan Horse explained. “Would you accept your own eye speaking disrespectfully to you? You’re not the only eye, after all.”

“Moreover, within the Four Pillars, the Lord of Myriad Glories, the Lord of Wind, Rain, and Snow, and the Dreaming Free Spirit are particularly irked by such condescending tones. While the Eternal Fiery Heart might not care, responding to you would mean compromising their own dignity to appease you.”

“Are the Four Pillars really that petty?”

“The Four Pillars are quite petty,” Mercury Trojan Horse continued. “Their doctrine contains no mention of goodness, benevolence, or forgiveness-traits considered ‘altruistic.’ Instead, it emphasizes ‘self-serving qualities’ such as courage, cunning, and delight. In the Four Pillars Cult, pettiness is seen as a desirable trait; one of the doctrines actually encourages us not to compromise our own feelings for the sake of others’ experiences.”

“So what should I do?” Ashe asked, a bit anxious. “Is there any way to gain more of the Four Pillars’ favor... to catch their attention? Do I need to perform some talent?”

Mercury Trojan Horse shook her head. “There’s no way. Speaking so irreverently, the Four Pillars are unlikely to respond to you-unless...”

Whoosh!

The bonfire’s flames suddenly surged, light breaking free like an unbridled beast. The night was pushed back, coughing up the streetlights, fire pits, and all the light sources it had claimed moments before.

In an instant, the camp was illuminated once again, and the statues of the Four Pillars on the perimeter began to faintly glow.

“...They really do favor you.”

Ashe could no longer hear Mercury Trojan Horse's remarks. Sound, light, colors, airflow... everything he sensed was disassembling and reassembling. It was as if what he had experienced before was merely a facade, and now he was wiping away the dust on the glass, peering at the truth hidden beneath.

With a silent plunge, Ashe felt himself fall into the depths of the ocean, the cold seawater stinging his skin and flooding his nostrils, the sour sensation reaching his eyes, melting his eardrums.

A bubble, he seemed to have become a bubble.

In this daze, he saw eight figures.

They debated, they fought, they entwined fiercely. In the end, the first died, their corpse lying in a pool of blood. Then, the second died, their body resting atop the first. It didn't bleed, but from a wound below it, a small white soul emerged, lifting the second corpse up...

With a silent pop, Ashe suddenly jolted upright from the ground. Seeing the people surrounding him, he asked, "What happened?"

"Don't jump ahead with the question we're dying to ask," Igor responded. "You suddenly collapsed and then just as suddenly woke up. You were out for about ten seconds. What happened?"

"I felt like I dreamt of becoming a bubble," Ashe said, still unsure. "And I saw some really strange things..."

"As you become the Tactile Sense, not only can the Four Pillars use you to touch the world, but you also gain the ability to reach out to them," Mercury Trojan Horse explained. "However, for us mere mortals, the Four Pillars are like dragons in a dark room-no matter how we fumble around, we can only touch an insignificant part of Them, so you end up receiving incomprehensible information."

"Right, the Tactile Sense!" Ashe exclaimed, looking at his hands. "Am I the Tactile Sense now? What's my tactile ability? Is there some kind of beginner's guide-"

Smack!

In a swift, unexpected move, Mercury Trojan Horse was pinned to the ground by Tamashi! The menacing Raven straddled the female gunslinger, pinning her remaining uninjured hand with a dagger, while his hatchet was poised just next to her neck, ready to release a crimson geyser with just a slight press!

Ashe and company were about to speak but fell silent when they saw the expression on Mercury Trojan Horse's face.

Mercury Trojan Horse was smiling.

It was her first genuine smile since she appeared-a pure, innocent smile that sent shivers down their spines.

“Speak,” Tamashi’s distorted voice was full of hatred. “What tragedy are you orchestrating this time?”

“Tamashi, you’ve truly misjudged me this time,” she replied cheerfully. “The Four Pillars are far beyond my ability to manipulate. I just didn’t expect the situation to turn out ideally... Praise the Four Pillars.”

She paused, then turned to Ashe, “The Four Pillars truly favor you. Even in your disrespect, they’re willing to forgive.”

“But for now, you’ve only become a Half Tactile Sense.”

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

## Chapter 537: Half Tactile Sense

“The other half of the tactile sense is that woman, right?” Igor said. “Can tactile senses be divided into two?”

“Each Kingdom can only have one tactile sense; this is an unchangeable rule,” Mercury Trojan Horse explained. “But the Four Pillars have four, and there can only be one tactile sense, so they sometimes have disagreements.”

“Even though the Four Pillars favor you greatly, the other one receives almost as much affection. Without a consensus among the Four Pillars, both of you have been made half of the tactile sense until they agree, or until one option remains, at which point the true tactile sense will be chosen.”

“So for you, it remains good news-at least that person is not a complete tactile sense yet and cannot command the Four Pillars Cult to protect themselves.”

“The bad news is that we can’t command the Four Pillars Cult either,” said Igor, evenly. “Since Ashe is not a complete tactile sense, he cannot automatically become the leader of the Four Pillars Cult, which is why you’re delighted-until the birth of the true tactile sense, you still control the Four Pillars Cult!”

“Yes,” Mercury Trojan Horse chuckled, “even though my tactile sense will gradually fade, the cult I built singlehandedly will still operate according to my will.”

For Mercury Trojan Horse, this truly is the best situation. Whether Ashe or that person becomes the tactile sense means she would have to relinquish power over the Four Pillars Cult, and being such a power-driven monster, on top of having built the cult in Senlo from the ground up, how could she willingly hand over her painstakingly established domain?

For her, the shift in tactile sense is an unforeseeable accident. Who would have thought the Four Pillars would redirect focus after a massacre (killing even the cultists of the Four Pillars Cult)? Mercury Trojan Horse must feel unhappy about it, but to survive, she must cut her losses.

With the tactile sense not yet established, Mercury Trojan Horse has more time to prepare for her exit. How could she not be pleased? However, Igor is sure she won't gracefully bow out. While she may not dare kill Ashe or that woman (since either's death would bring about a new tactile sense), she will certainly find ways to prolong this standoff.

“Does Half Tactile Sense not include abilities like Eternal Presence or Mercury Trojan Horse?” Ashe asked.

“Half Tactile Sense is like having a disabled organ. Can a disabled organ be used? Yes, but it requires extensive training and luck,” Mercury Trojan Horse replied. “But if you don't even know what your disabled organ is, how can you train it?”

“Can't you tell?” Igor asked.

“My ability is already declining,” Mercury Trojan Horse said with a look of regret. “Tactile ability is a deeply hidden secret, and I can't see it.”

Not just Tamashi, but even Ashe could tell she was lying; she simply didn't want to disclose it to avoid Ashe developing his tactile ability.

Shameless, greedy, full of schemes, and evil-natured. As a leader of the Four Pillars Cult, she undoubtedly fits the role.

Ashe's tone also grew colder: “Is there anything else you want to say?”

“Even though you've become Half Tactile, your crisis remains unchanged,” Mercury Trojan Horse continued. “Blood Seed is still constantly consuming your bodies. I can send someone to deliver some Gray Fox supplies to slightly replenish your life force, but this is merely treating the symptoms, not the cause.”



"The Dragon Blood Cultivation System is too domineering. As long as the blood core exists, you are being drained of Blood Seed. You wouldn't want your years of accumulation to be completely drained by others, right? So, you still need to eradicate the blood core."

"I will provide you with intelligence on the blood core and will assist in your pursuit as much as possible. However, once the blood core is dead, it means, Ashe, that you will fully become Tactile-Are you really ready to serve the Four Pillars God for life?"

Ashe's expression shifted slightly: "Even if I become Tactile, I will not serve the Four Pillars God."

"I'm sorry, my choice of words misled you. 'Serve' sounds like it's our own active choice, but in reality, the relationship between Tactile and the Four Pillars God is not master and servant, but symbiotic," Mercury Trojan Horse explained. "Even if plants leave the earth, sunlight turns away from the sun, and directions betray bullets, Tactile cannot defy the Four Pillars God."

"By then, your will would hardly matter, as your life is inherently dependent on the Four Pillars God. Even if fingers detest the body, they must still serve it."

Ashe and the others looked extremely troubled-they needed to kill the blood core to survive, but doing so would mean Ashe becoming the tactile sense, changing his life forever.

"Increase what they desire, gift what they need," Igor suddenly said. "It seems you have a proposition we can't refuse."

"Very simple," Mercury Trojan Horse stated. "You need to kill the blood core while ensuring Ashe doesn't become the tactile sense. Just make the blood core a perfect tactile sense first, then kill her immediately, and you'll solve all your problems."

"But isn't the tactile sense achieved when one of them dies, allowing the other to become perfect?"

"I have another way," Mercury Trojan Horse smiled. "Bring her to the Four Pillars Cult, and I'll solve all your problems."

Ashe's lips moved slightly, but seeing Igor remain silent, he also held his tongue.

The proposal from Mercury Trojan Horse seemed plausible, yet her killing intent was far too obvious-they would bring the blood core to the Four Pillars Cult, and with both half tactile senses present, Mercury Trojan Horse would only need to kill them both, leaving the Four Pillars with no choice but to favor her! RĂNŎBĚŚ

Even without Tamashi's testimony, Ashe had no doubt about Mercury Trojan Horse's evil nature! Or rather, she didn't hide it; she brazenly exposed her malicious intentions.

Because Mercury Trojan Horse wasn't offering advice, but a challenge!

She would help Ashe survive, assist in capturing the blood core, and meanwhile prepare a perfect trap for them. If Ashe and the blood core perished, she would remain the Mercury Trojan Horse; if Ashe succeeded, she would help them resolve their issues.

And crucially, if Ashe wished not to become the tactile sense, he had no choice but to accept this challenge!

"Even without tactile ability, you surely manage the Four Pillars Cult effectively," Igor remarked. "Seizing every opportunity, understanding every nuance of human nature—your success and that of the Four Pillars Cult is no coincidence."

"Likewise," Mercury Trojan Horse replied. "Oh, there's one more thing I need to tell you, Ashe. Even though you haven't yet enjoyed the benefits of being the Tactile Sense, you will still have to pay its price."

"What kind of price?" Ashe asked. "Do I need to thank the gods for giving us Lala Fatty before every meal?"

"It's not really a significant price," Mercury Trojan Horse laughed. "Starting from the Third Layer of the Virtual Realm, the Tactile Sense becomes disliked by the Virtual Realm."

Disliked by the Virtual Realm?

"Wait!" Ashe noticed a contradiction. "Didn't you just say the Four Pillars are the masters of the Virtual Realm? If I'm their Tactile Sense, why would I be disliked?"

"Because the Virtual Realm has been usurped by other villains, and now it turns against its original masters," Mercury Trojan Horse explained. "Just like if the blood core becomes the Tactile Sense, the Four Pillars Cult I built could become my enemy."

"Speaking of which," Harvey said, "it's one thing for us not to know that person's name, but why don't you use a name to refer to her either?"

"She hid her true name using a Miracle, and since I've never truly met her, I don't know her name," Mercury Trojan Horse said. "Her former title was 'Silver Lantern Saintess of the Dust Tribulation Fire,' and she seems quite fond of the name Silver Lantern."

Silver Lantern... As Ashe and the others pondered the name, Tamashi suddenly asked eagerly, "Tanomoo, any more advice?"

“That’s all for now. Next, let’s discuss how the Four Pillars Cult can support you-“

Swoosh.

Tamashi promptly and decisively decapitated Mercury Trojan Horse, tossing her head into the bonfire. As if that wasn’t enough to vent his anger, he threw the rest of her body in as well. Dusting off his hands, he seemed slightly embarrassed and casually asked Ashe and the others, “Shall I fix you something to eat? What would you like?”

“Red Flame Lala Fatty.”

In the night, a streak of red light was moving swiftly.

Though visibility was nonexistent, the Five-tailed Flaming White Tiger moved effortlessly across the wilderness. Silver Lantern sat atop its back, with a collar of vivid, glowing green around her neck, resembling a noose ready to tighten at any moment.

“Oh, I almost forgot. There’s one more little thing I need to tell you.”

Silver Lantern glanced back over her shoulder. Behind her, the quiet girl brought by the Mirror Dragon was still there, clinging to her waist with interest.

The quiet girl spoke, “Because your world line is quite similar to mine, I was thinking that the events I encountered back then might happen to you next.”

Silver Lantern said, “If it’s related to the Four Pillars Cult, then it has nothing to do with me.”

“Not exactly unrelated, but the connection isn’t that deep,” the quiet girl replied casually. “There’s someone who can team up in the Virtual Realm, able to explore the Virtual Realm with other sorcerers, and you might get pulled into this team.”

Sorcerers teaming up to explore the Virtual Realm?

Even though she had no reason to doubt her, Silver Lantern couldn’t help but show a ‘are you kidding me’ expression. Nevertheless, she nodded. “I’ll keep that in mind.”

“Even without my reminder, you’ll know what to do,” the quiet girl said. “I should be going now. May you glimpse the Truth before your dreams end.”

“Thank you,” Silver Lantern replied. “I hope you can have a sweet dream in your world line.”

“My dream has already ended.” The quiet girl smiled, gradually fading like wisps of smoke.

As Silver Lantern turned to continue on her path, another message from a different world line lingered in her ear:

“By the way, the leader of that sorcerer team is called the Apocalypse Observer.”

“His real name is Ashe Heath.”

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

## **- Chapter 538: Coveting**

### **Chapter 538: Coveting**

Stars Kingdom, Swordflower College.

“Huh? Doesn’t she really like those particular dishes? I see her getting the same ones every time she goes to the Dining Hall.”

“Sonya always chooses those dishes because they’re the most cost-effective. The taste, nutrition, price, and energy are all impeccable-even our Swords Sect often opts for them. But since you have plenty of living expenses and don’t eat much, you might not have noticed the prices. However, Sonya doesn’t seem to be short on money recently, yet she still goes for those dishes. It shows that she’s not much driven by culinary cravings.”

“I see... Next question, the places Sonya frequents these days-besides her dorm, the training building, the library, and the Meditation Building, she doesn’t seem to go anywhere else, right? Ever since she became a sorcerer, she hasn’t attended any social gatherings.”

When Lois returned to the dorm, she found Adelle and Engulite in a serious discussion about someone else’s private matters. She couldn’t help but ask, “What are you doing?”

“Researching Sonya,” Adelle replied.

“I know you’re researching Sonya, but what’s there to research?” Lois placed her backpack on the desk, looking puzzled, “If you want to know something, why not just ask her when she gets back?”

“No way, I can’t let the Stretch Paw Club President know that I’m researching her,” Adelle said. “I’m doing something bad.”

“How could you be doing something bad? You’re not that kind of person.”

“Lois!” Adelle felt deeply touched. “I never expected you to have such faith in my character!”

“It’s not your character I believe in; it’s your intelligence. You gave up cheating on the final exam because it was too bothersome. I honestly can’t imagine you doing anything bad,” Lois sat down and said. “I think your maximum evil act would be buying cream puffs and using a straw to suck out the cream in advance.”

“Lois, you don’t know me well enough,” Adelle huffed. “If I bought cream puffs, there’s no way I’d stop at just sucking out the cream. At most, I’d leave one for each of you!”

Lois: “Alright, alright, Engulite, you take over.”

“Adelle’s family wants her to gather intelligence on Sonya, like her connections, eating habits, and places she frequents,” Engulite said calmly. “In short, they’re trying to figure out Sonya’s secrets.”

Lois paused with her backpack half-open.

“...What?”

“I can’t help it,” Adelle complained. “When I went home, my mother pulled me into a room and started talking about how bad things were and how my father’s career and noble title could advance-all complicated-sounding issues. I finally escaped to hang out with Frey, and everything was fine at first, but when we were stargazing together, he suddenly started talking about Sonya-bringing up another woman on a date is a big deduction!”

“The root of the problem isn’t your parents or fiancé,” Lois said. “I remember your father holds a shield peerage, and your fiancé’s family is lance peerage. Your family hasn’t produced a sanctuary sorcerer in ages, so they wouldn’t dare covet the secrets of a sanctuary sorcerer... Your family is just a pawn; the real players here are the inner court nobility.”

Stars nobility is also known as the guard palace nobility because there are two entirely different systems: the inner court nobility and the guard palace nobility.

Inner court nobility is divided into dukes, marquises, earls, and viscounts, while guard palace nobility is divided into armor, bow, lance, shield, and sword peerages. The two not only have different noble title systems but also vastly different roles: members of the Court, the legislative assembly, and the House of Nobles are only selected from among the inner court nobility, whereas the Government Affairs Department, law enforcement officials, and city magistrates mostly come from the guard palace nobility.

Simply put, the guard palace nobility forms the national civil service system, executing the Empress's orders, while the inner court nobility forms the Council cabinet, acting as advisors to the Empress. Although it isn't explicitly stated, inner court nobility cannot serve as government officials, and vice versa.

If inner court nobility genuinely wants to engage in administration, they must forfeit their noble title inheritance and, like commoners, pass various exams to become the lowest rank, a sword peerage, and start on the government official path.

Although the inner court nobility is hereditary, they can be demoted. The House of Nobles has its own complex calculation system; simply put, if inner court nobility underperforms, they may be transferred directly to the guard palace nobility.

Overall, the inner court nobility holds a higher social status than the guard palace nobility. However, for those with political ideals who aspire to wield power, the guard palace nobility is the only answer. ㄹㄴŎᄆᄆᄆ

The shield peerage and lance peerage that Lois mentioned are two ranks within the guard palace nobility. One major difference between the guard palace and the inner court nobility is that the latter is quite difficult to advance in rank-often, generations hold the same noble title. In contrast, no matter what noble title the previous generation held, the next generation in the guard palace nobility always starts from the sword peerage.

Therefore, a guard palace noble title doesn't represent your family background but rather your personal rank-within the government official system, promotion usually equates to a noble title upgrade. Even if your parents are commoners, becoming a city magistrate means you will at least have an armor peerage; conversely, even if your parents hold an armor peerage, if you're an ordinary operator, you'll only have a sword peerage. The primary significance of a noble title is related to the convenience you enjoy, the permissions you unlock, and your post-retirement benefits.

It's evident that the names of the five guard palace peerages originate from melee weapons warfare, with the shield superior to the sword, the lance stronger than the shield, and the bow having an advantage, while the armor is the most crucial. Adelle's family is of shield peerage, and her fiancé's family is lance peerage, making them well-matched.

Guard palace nobility doesn't fear "dropping a rank," but the inner court nobility is different. The House of Nobles has a stringent indicator for them: the cultivation of sorcerers. For each sorcerer cultivated, they earn a certain number of points, differing for silver, gold, sanctuary, and legend sorcerers. Simply put, a duke needs to cultivate a sanctuary sorcerer every thirty years to maintain their title (generation-after-generation sanctuary), while a viscount can relax this to 120 years (a sanctuary every four generations).

Although it's possible to meet these indicators by recruiting sanctuary sorcerers, this is often challenging, as sanctuary sorcerers can become nobility themselves and may not align with you. Additionally, if you're aiming to secure a sanctuary sorcerer, so are dukes and marquises, making competition fierce. Hence, counts and viscounts who anticipate a downgrade often voluntarily shift to guard palace nobility to avoid wasting their lives in the Council.

This is why Lois is so certain that Adelle's family is just an intermediary. Guard palace nobility has little desire for sanctuaries, with an attitude of "we can live just fine without them." Only the inner court nobility seeks the secrets to achieving sanctuary status, as it truly affects class stability.

"Ugh, I'm under pressure that's just not right for my age," Adelle sighed. "The taste of maturity is really quite bitter."

"Stop pretending," Lois said as she gave Adelle a playful smack on the head and took her notebook. "The things you've written here, if you posted them to the Stretch Paw Club, people would just dismiss them as trivial gossip about Sonya! And this note about her underwear brand-cross it out. It has absolutely nothing to do with the Sanctuary."

"Why? You can't just jump to conclusions!"

"I'm using the same brand. She's copying me."

"But your size-"

Smack!

Adelle, rubbing her sore head, grabbed her notebook back and exclaimed, "Then why don't you take a guess at what Sonya's secret is!"

"Why should I bother guessing with you all..." Lois sighed, moving her chair closer to seriously analyze the situation. "The most striking thing about Sonya right now is just how quickly she achieved Sanctuary status."

"From when she summoned her first spirit in April to the Meteor Trial five days ago, it's only been a little over seventy days. If we start counting from the day she demonstrated her two-wings capability at the Friendly Match, she went from one-winged to two-wings in just over twenty days. That means she took only fifty days to time travel across the Time Continent and reach the Distant Sky Domain."

"But the Time Continent isn't the same as the Sea of Knowledge. The Sea of Knowledge has the Whirlpool as a shortcut, allowing sorcerers with extraordinary talent to rapidly achieve the silver wing and Sect Realm transformations, but the Time Continent doesn't have such a mechanism."



“The Stars recorded the fastest breakthrough from two-wings to three-wings as the ‘hundred-day Sanctuary’ by legendary sorcerer Magus five hundred years ago. But this was based on Magus mastering the Movement Miracle, along with his soul energy being twice that of an average sorcerer, effectively giving him twice the exploration time.”

“Sonya not only broke his record but cut the time down to half,” Lois sighed. “It’s only natural that everyone suspects she has mastered a powerful Exploration Miracle.”

In the world of sorcerers, talent doesn’t explain everything.

After all, no matter how high your talent is, it can only help you break through the Sect Realm and remove the concept of a plateau from your dictionary. However, spellforce is a hard metric directly tied to exploration time, much like pregnancy-if it takes a genius one year, but you manage it in six months, everyone will marvel at your exceptional gift; if you do it in one hundred days, people will think you’re extraordinary but might still accept it; but if you need only fifty days and still look like any normal person, who wouldn’t believe there’s a miracle involved?

“But most Exploration Miracles are used to repair soul damage and negate the costs of death,” Engulite mused. “Speaking of which, Sonya did recover surprisingly quickly after her few Virtual Realm deaths.”

Lois nodded. “I had a faint suspicion back then, but I never expected she was hiding such a trump card... To condense the Golden Wing within fifty days, she must either have mastered a miracle that allows safe and rapid movement in the Virtual Realm, or she has a way to increase her spellforce absorption rate. Either way, it’s something inner court nobility dream of.” Search the NôveFire(.)net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Some might wonder why saving a few years on condensing the Golden Wing matters. Does saving this time mean you can break through to become a sanctuary sorcerer?

But let’s not forget that there’s a golden period for learning, between the ages of 20 and 30, which is the best window for sorcerers to make breakthroughs. The sooner you condense the Golden Wing, the more spellforce you can use to train your spirit, increasing your chances of breaking through the Sect Realm. Moreover, while the punishment for Virtual Realm deaths isn’t severe enough to hinder actions, it does impede a sorcerer’s ability to focus and hone their skills.

Even if a sorcerer dies only three or four times a year (which is actually quite low), they still nearly waste half of their lives, and the golden ten years fly by quickly. Those inner court nobles who wield Exploration Miracles dramatically reduce the consequences of death for sorcerers, which is why their probability of producing sanctuary sorcerers far exceeds ordinary families.

Now, with the emergence of a miracle that potentially accelerates the condensation of spellforce, how could inner court nobility not covet it? How could they resist employing some means to acquire such a secret?

However...

"Even if they want it badly, they can at most exert pressure on Adelle's family to make her probe Sonya's secret," Engulite remarked with a chuckle. "Sonya now has the ability to protect her own secrets."

If Sonya were still a two-wings sorcerer, even if the Stars nobility couldn't break the law, they'd still find ways to manipulate a two-wings sorcerer within the confines of the rules. For example, Adelle's parents, being two-wings sorcerers but also government officials, are under pressure they can't refuse.

But the issue is, Sonya is already a sanctuary sorcerer.

Even though she hasn't yet constructed her sanctuary, it's only a matter of time. A sanctuary sorcerer is equivalent to nobility, at a level where most tactics are ineffective. Unless the Empress were to personally intervene, even the five Dukes couldn't make Sonya bow.

"Yeah," Lois nodded slightly. "She's not like us anymore."

"Hey, hey, aren't you here to help me? Come on, help me think of what else I can write, so I can finish my assignment," Adelle urged, biting on her pen.

"Adelle, why do you seem so unconcerned?"

"What do you mean unconcerned? If I didn't care, I'd already be lying in bed watching Delarose's new drama."

"I mean, you don't seem worried about being caught between your family and Sonya," Lois pointed out. "On one hand, you're not planning to hide Sonya's intelligence, and on the other, you just want to fulfill your obligation to your family... I thought in this situation you'd either secretly gather Sonya's private information or feel wronged for being pressured by your family."

"Because worrying doesn't help, it just keeps me from peacefully watching my shows," Adelle replied. "And I'm no good at collecting private information. My stealth skills are so poor Sonya would definitely notice me right away."

"As for being pressured by my family... Okay, I do feel a bit upset. I finally get to visit home and both my parents and Frey want me to betray a friend. But Sonya is my friend, not theirs, so it's understandable. Besides that, they're still my loving parents and the fiancé I've grown up with. Any upset feelings I have dissipate quickly."

“Moreover, they know who I am; if there were any other option, they wouldn’t have come to me. They must be under pressures I know nothing about, which is why they troubled their most adorable daughter and fiancée. How could I blame them?”

“So I need to be diligent with my writing. That way, I can complete my assignment, and they can fulfill theirs too.”

Lois couldn’t help but glance at Engulite, who shrugged and continued helping Adelle with her assignment.

No wonder Engulite, who normally acts aloof, is willing to help...

“But you’re really in a tough spot. If Sonya finds out, who knows what she’ll do to get back at you. Last time when you borrowed her Wooden Sword and swung it around recklessly, you screamed so loud that people in the next building heard you.”

Adelle clasped her hands together in a pleading gesture. “Lois, please don’t say anything! Engulite already promised me she wouldn’t spill the beans!”

Lois didn’t interrupt them any further and went back to tidying up her place. She hadn’t been back for days, and dust had already settled on her desk.

After the College League ended, Swordflower College took a five-day break, followed by a two-month ‘sorcerers’ self-training period,’ also known as summer vacation. Students could choose to train at home or return to school. Any student with ambition would return to school since the training facilities there were unmatched compared to home.

So, Adelle must have returned half for escapism and half out of obligation. After all, she’d be binge-watching shows anywhere, and the bed at home is definitely more comfortable than the dorm bed.

Originally, Lois was planning to stay home; she had lined up lots of social activities for her summer vacation. But after being inspired by Sonya and Engulite, she decided to pursue her dream of becoming a water sorcerer.

Besides, she had her own reason to come back.

As the luminous star set in the west, Adelle put down her pen and stretched. “I’m so tired!”

Engulite replied, “I’ve been doing all the talking. Why are you tired?”

“Writing is exhausting!” Adelle declared, getting up. “Let’s get something to eat! Lois, are we going to the Dining Hall or eating out tonight?”

“You go ahead,” Lois said, still focused on her book. “I indulged too much while I was home and need to watch my weight a bit. I’ll just have some fruit for dinner.”

“I think you need to eat more if you want to catch up to Sonya-I mean in size, you can’t hit me! Engulite, let’s go!”

Engulite glanced at Lois and then followed Adelle out.

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

## Chapter 539: Jealousy

After the footsteps of her roommates gradually faded away in the stairwell, Lois opened her backpack and took out an instrument resembling an eyeball.

She aimed the instrument at Sonya’s seat and activated it. The eyeball emitted a light blue beam, and everything covered by the blue light glowed with varying shades of purple. The more intense the purple, the more frequently the item had been touched, such as the handle of Sonya’s Wooden Sword, which was almost dyed purple.

Yes.

Even Adelle was pressured by her family, so how could Lois, the daughter of a merchant, remain unaffected? On the surface, everyone might try to please Sonya, the red meteor, but secretly, how could they not spy on her?

Sonya had become a sorcerer too recently, which made her both coveted and vulnerable-she hadn’t had time to establish her social circle yet. Typically, every sanctuary sorcerer would either have sponsors eager to win favor or like-minded, talented sorcerers around them, leaving no gaps for others to exploit.

But Sonya was different. She advanced too quickly, while the people around her remained as weak as before.

So weak that they couldn’t even protect themselves.

Lois rummaged through Sonya’s drawers and slightly turned her head to see her reflection in the makeup mirror.

In the mirror, she saw her own gloomy face, her thin lips pressed tight, her hair in disarray, and only her eyes burning with a light from an unknown source.

Was she really doing this just because her father asked her to?

Why did she agree so readily, why avoid others, why did Sonya keep recurring in her mind?

When Sonya won the Meteor Trial, Lois genuinely applauded her; the joy she felt was not false at all.

But when the night grew quiet, the searing jealousy and resentment in her heart that nearly ached her soul were just as real.

This wasn't a sudden burst of envy; it was a seed that had gradually sprouted. Back during the Friendly Match, when she prepared combat attire for Sonya and watched her shine on stage, she couldn't help but think, "Why isn't that me up there?"

But that was just an intercollegiate friendly match, so those minor feelings quickly dissipated. However, at the College League, Top Sixteen, Top Eight, Top Four, Semi-final, Final... every time Sonya stood higher and drew more spotlight, Lois's happiness for her also made her own feelings rise like a tide.

"Why isn't that me up there?"

Then, Sonya achieved Sanctuary, Sonya defeated Dimy, and Sonya won the Meteor Trial.

Everyone Lois met talked to her about Sonya; when she returned home, her father discussed Sonya with her; when she opened the school forum, it was filled with posts about Sonya.

When she joined the Stretch Paw Club's discussion group, every word felt like a thorn.

Just months ago, she could still overshadow Sonya; even if Sonya was a bit prettier, her family was part of the Galaxia Heya Battle Attire Business Association, while Sonya was merely a village girl from a distant town!

But now, Sonya was the most luminous star in Galaxia, like a shining star in the sky.

Standing next to the sword Princess, Lois dimmed to the point of nonexistence, like a sky with no other stars.

But she also wanted to be dazzling and radiant!

She wanted to shine brightly too!

She used to be the most brilliant and proud person in this school!

Lois knew that Sonya's success didn't hinder her shine; she also knew that because Sonya set an example, she was willing to give up useless socializing and focus more on learning water spells. ραΝοβΕŠ

Yet, yet.

Forgiving a friend's mistake is simple; a drink can clear the air. But swallowing a friend's success is difficult, like a fishbone stuck in your throat.

It's all fine; just let me discover your secret.

Guided by the purple glow, Lois rummaged through Sonya's personal items without restraint: library books, unmarked bottles, cosmetics, hair clips, combs...

Anything would do.

As long as it allowed her to betray Sonya.

So Sonya would hate her, and she could move out of the dorm and stay away from her.

Then, where Sonya wasn't around, she could flaunt her charm, her family background, and the fact that she knew Sonya Therave.

Only stars as luminous as those in the sky can hang together; those ordinary stars daring to get close to the luminous will eventually vanish without a trace.

Snap!

Lois pulled out a notebook with a deep purple hue, and a photograph fell out, clattering precisely into the gap between the desk and wardrobe.

Rather than hurriedly retrieving the photo, she decided to open the notebook first to see what was inside.

“① Bringing up past help from others suddenly can effectively increase their goodwill.”

“② Even the best relationships require maintenance, and even the worst can be mended. Giving gifts is always the right move; according to the previous note, when you mention that a gift is a return for past help, it doubles the goodwill.”

“③ Complimenting others' strengths has a mediocre effect, but praising their flaws is more effective, especially when they try to cover or beautify these flaws. It's most effective to compliment then! For example, freckles, nose bridge, face shape, eyebrows, eyelids... these flaws are easiest to fix, so when they've put in effort here, don't hold back on your flattering words!”

“(4)…”

Lois got swept up in the more than thirty ‘guidelines.’ After all, her social skills were maxed out, and validating these notes led to new insights.

As she flipped further, she found intelligence pages for each person:

“Adelle”

“Loves sweets → particularly fond of cream puffs (high priority gift)”

“Enjoys watching dramas, always watches new releases immediately → watching together can be very useful”

“Dislikes doing homework → when she needs to do it, boast in front of her about not having to do your own. This doesn’t help much, but it’s fun to tease her.”

“…”

“She founded the Stretch Paw Club → ☆☆☆☆☆☆☆”

“She helped me during a forum argument → ☆☆☆”

“She got Delarose’s autographed photo for me → ☆☆☆☆”

“…”

“To-do list: Plead with the professor to waive a failed subject for her, offset ☆☆☆ (completed).”

“Get her a Dona autographed photo, offset ☆☆☆☆ (completed).”

“Next performance, help her secure a supporting role, offset ☆☆☆☆☆.”

Lois was amazed-Adelle’s intelligence notebook seemed like a child’s essay compared to this one.

On the next page, Engulite.

“Engulite”

“…”

“To-do list: Speak favorably about her in front of Professor Trozan, offset ☆☆☆☆ (ongoing)”



“Help her commission a customized Moonshadow sword, offset ☆☆☆☆☆ (ongoing)”

“Once I develop a version of the Sword Body Miracle that reduces pain, I can lend it to her, offset ☆☆☆☆☆”

There were also entries for Professor Trozan, Leoni, and even Felix.

Soon, Lois turned to her own page.

“Lois”

“Image-conscious → Don’t dress more flamboyantly than she does when going out shopping.”

“Beauty-loving → She’s never satisfied with a specific part of herself each day and spends a lot of time perfecting it. Just acknowledge the details she’s concerned about; no need for excessive praise.”

“Food-lover → Although she craves the snacks Adelle brings back, she refrains from eating them to maintain her figure. Offering to split a piece with her will make her gladly accept.”

“ ... ”

“She has prepared combat attire for me multiple times → ☆☆☆☆☆☆, ☆☆☆☆☆☆”

“She helps manage the Stretch Paw Club → ☆☆☆☆☆”

“She assists with picking clothes, and I really can’t compare to her taste → ☆☆☆☆”

“Before competitions, she organizes information on my opponents → ☆☆☆”

“ ... ”

“To-do list: Fully showcase her family’s combat attire, offset ☆☆☆ (completed).”

“Apply to wear her family’s combat attire in the next film shoot, offset ☆☆☆☆☆.”

“When I give her the Riptide spirit, supply two additional spirits that form a Miracle together, celebrating her becoming a sorcerer, offsetting ☆☆☆☆☆.”

“Before she becomes a sorcerer, reduce visits to the dorm room, appear less in front of her, and avoid discussing Sanctuary-related matters with them; I know why she went home early the day after her Meteor Trial ended. Putting myself in her shoes, if I were in

her position before, just seeing someone familiar become a Sanctuary sorcerer right before me would make me unbearably upset. Offset: ☆”

“Once she becomes a sorcerer, invite her to the secret garden for drinks, just the two of us; the conversation will be more effective then. Offset: ☆☆”

So she knew.

Lois could almost picture her returning to the dorm after the celebration, asking where she was, only to find out she had already gone home, with a look of surprise and understanding on her face.

Lois could almost see her writing down those words, a bittersweet smile mixed with anticipation on her face as she leaned over the desk.

Suddenly, Lois remembered something. She crouched down, trying to grasp the photo that had slipped into the gap, but it was just out of reach. A mysterious sensation arose from deep within her, and then she found herself holding the photo.

The gap was naturally filled with dust, and the photo was coated with it, yet it couldn't hide the youthful charm of the girls in the picture. Adelle was at the front striking a cute pose, Engulite stood in the back looking a bit bashful in her dress, Lois herself had a perfect gentle smile, while Sonya seemed a bit tense, her smile slightly stiff, her eyes averted.

On the back of the photo, it read: “First Group Photo”

First?

Upon reflection, Lois realized it truly was their first. Their relationships hadn't been good before, and this was their first time going shopping together. A photographer along the way insisted on taking their picture, so they ended up with a few mementos.

“A secret is a secret, but...” Lois looked down at the notebook, her vision blurring slightly. “This isn't the outcome I wanted at all.”

Plop.

A teardrop fell onto the notebook, but instead of soaking into the paper, it quickly took shape and transformed. Moments later, it had turned into an adorable little girl with a wing on her back, who fluttered up to Lois's face to wipe away her tears.

“Seriously...” Holding the new spirit, Lois took a deep breath and smiled broadly, saying, “It's just too pathetic.”

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

## Chapter 540: Stretching Paw Sword Saint

Swordflower College, Flower Library.

Similar to the Forest Library, the Flower Library fulfills students' longing to read among the blossoms. Designed with five floors, its exterior walls are made of refracting prisms. Whether the sky is illuminated by a luminous star or a lunar star, light filters in from all directions, offering sunrise in the morning, blazing sun at noon, warm sun in the afternoon, and moonlight in the evening.

There are no bookshelves in the Flower Library. Flowers are all around, and books lie beneath the flowerbed. Students need to find their designated flower according to a number. When pulling out a book, the flower transforms into a protective book cover, and when placed back, it returns to being a flower. Hence, the library requires no additional Protective Miracle for books.

Unlike those who lounge in the shade, basking in the fresh ambiance while reading, Sonya sits upright at a long table, surrounded by a dozen books: "Star Journey," "Unscientific Spirit," "This Dream is Too Real," "The Eerie Sorcerer"... Though numerous, none qualify as reference books; they mostly consist of essays and travelogues by sorcerers.

Although Stars has not locked away information above the sanctuary level, it is still challenging for ordinary sorcerers to access such intelligence-the sanctuary sorcerers haven't organized it.

For one, sanctuary sorcerers believe there's nothing worth sharing. Sonya has encountered the sentiment of "you'll understand what the Distant Sky Domain is when you reach it" more than once in travelogues. Even Professor Trozan, when discussing the Third Layer of the Virtual Realm, expressed a sentiment of "there's nothing to discuss, just push through."

After all, to ordinary people, even the least competent sanctuary sorcerer seems like a genius. To them, the mechanisms of the Distant Sky Domain are too trivial to note. Though they face hardships there, enduring challenges is part of being a sorcerer. Who becomes a sorcerer expecting an easy life?

If the Distant Sky Domain were an exam paper, at worst they couldn't solve it, but the questions themselves are understandable by anyone, so documenting them seems unnecessary.

As for creating a guide for solving the problems, sanctuary sorcerers can't compile one- because the questions in the Distant Sky Domain's exam are constantly changing.

Lately, Sonya has been studying the essays and travelogues of sanctuary sorcerers, extracting useful intelligence from them. She's preparing for the upcoming virtual realm exploration and, at the same time, looking to dodge a few days of trending topics.

The Thousand Star Business Association's offers, collaboration invitations from various associations, school-level invitations... In the past few days, numerous people have tried to connect with her both online and offline. This is not only because she is a sanctuary sorcerer but also due to her remarkable performance on the national stage of the College League. Coupled with her striking appearance, her commercial value far exceeds that of an ordinary sanctuary sorcerer.

The only person who can compare to her is Dimy, but how could the heir of Vlozrada possibly be lacking in funds?

Sonya also realizes that many of these overtures are probing attempts to understand how she advanced to the sanctuary level so quickly.

In the past, a village girl like herself would have tried to leverage their resources without losing any of her own benefits-she doesn't actually possess the rumored Exploration Miracle, nor does she have much to lose. But now, faced with opportunities she would never have dared to dream of before, Sonya has turned them all down, choosing instead to hide away in the library with her books.

It's not that she's lacking courage or feels unworthy of the recognition. In fact, she's confident that she could seize those opportunities.

The morning after the Meteor Trial, an "Advanced Career Potion" appeared on her desk. According to the Observer's notes, this potion would allow her to always perform at her best in her career and life, even subtly gaining the favor of fate, avoiding disasters, adding splendor to success, ensuring her albums as a lead artist sell well and any TV drama she appears in becomes a hit.

Yet the very appearance of this potion caused Sonya to resolutely refuse the olive branches extended by the outside world. Instead, she continued to train and read voraciously, absorbing knowledge, and honing her skills.

Whether it was genuinely related to her career or just her imagination, Sonya felt like her learning ability had improved even further. She could even faintly discern traces of a secret toxin in these sorcerer's travelogues.

"I used to think power was everything."

Sonya looked up to see the handsome yet delicate second son of Vlozrada sitting in front of her.

“Now that I’ve grown up,” Felix said with a smile, “I still think that’s true.”

“Congratulations, Ms. Therave. Have you thought about your holy title?”

“You used to just call me Sonya,” Sonya replied with a smile, shaking her head. “With my level, how could I gain bestowal of sainthood? Don’t let the forum rumors fool you; at best, I’m just a two-wings sorcerer who’s glimpsed the scenery of the sanctuary.”

αNOΒÊΣ

In the Stars Kingdom, a bestowal of sainthood doesn’t just signify that you are a sanctuary sorcerer-it also represents a royal Boon. The royal family holds a Miracle of prestige; being granted a title by them means sorcerers receive a blessing and enhancement from the title. For instance, Professor Trozan’s title of “the invisible sword saint” allows her to wield The Invisible Hand’s Secret Blade almost without leaving a trace.

After the Meteor Trial, the hottest topic on the Swordflower College forum was Sonya’s possible holy title. For sanctuary sorcerers in swordsmanship, the suffix is invariably “sword saint.” Currently, the leading prefix contenders are ‘Fierce Blood,’ ‘Blood Moon,’ ‘Red Comet,’ and ‘Stretch Paw,’ making it sound like the village girl is destined for the royal court’s bestowal of sainthood.

But gaining bestowal of sainthood isn’t that easy-there are only one or two slots available each year. If a legendary sorcerer emerges, the next five years’ slots for sainthood are often used up just for them. Not all sanctuary sorcerers in Galaxia have titles. Sonya knows her actual abilities, and being conferred a title within three years would already be considered lucky.

“As I recall, when you say that, it usually means you’re being modest but actually showing off. But your expression doesn’t quite match that now,” Felix said. “Have you changed, or has your power changed the way I see you?”

“Isn’t it interesting? In just a few days, classmates start to respect you, outsiders want to cozy up to you, former malice vanishes, and the favors extended to you become ever so thoughtful. It seems like the whole world treats you gently,” Felix mused.

“To be honest, I’m quite surprised. I expected you to revel in the pleasures that power brings, savoring the fruits of your hard work and reclaiming all the gentleness the world owes you. I didn’t expect you to remain so composed, returning to your usual lifestyle,” Felix added. “I admire your current calmness far more than your performance during the Meteor Trial.”

Felix's words reminded Sonya of dorm life, and she replied with a hint of annoyance, "Get to the point. You waited five days to congratulate me; surely you're not here just to discuss interpersonal dynamics?"

Felix chuckled, gazing at the flowers nearby, and suddenly asked, "Did I seem foolish or ridiculous to you that day?"

"Hmm?"

"You were already a sanctuary sorcerer that day, and yet I tried to entice you with the 'shortcut to becoming a sanctuary,'" Felix said, with a wry grin. "I wanted to come to you sooner, but the memory of that incident made me shrink back in embarrassment."

"If I said I didn't laugh inwardly, that would be a lie," the Stretch Paw Club President chuckled. "It wasn't overly hilarious... okay, it was a memorable moment. After all, you're the noble young master of Vlozrada. It might have been my only chance to leave you speechless."

"It was more than surprise; it was admiration and reverence," Felix confessed. "Sonya, you've succeeded. There isn't a single noble in all of Stars Kingdom who has the right to look down on you now. Your origins are not a flaw but a highlight, making you even more dazzling."

"Thank you," Sonya said. "But I suspect you didn't come here just to praise me."

"Not entirely, but I needed to express it, given this chance. I didn't expect any peer to compel my admiration like this," Felix acknowledged. "Back to the main topic-you may not receive bestowal of sainthood anytime soon, but becoming nobility is inevitable. So..."

"Do you want to be inner court nobility or guard palace nobility?"

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