

# SORCERER'S HANDBOOK

## Chapter 611: The Quartet

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The sky was overcast, and the rain poured like a deluge. Motorcycles carved clear tire tracks into the soggy earth, their steel frames resembling both boats braving a tsunami and paintbrushes recklessly doodling across the land.

In the ruins of a house with a broken roof, a Green Beast almost entirely made of bright green crystals was taking shelter from the rain. It appeared half-human, half-dog, about the size of a child, with a crystalline tail that seemed to be a part of its body. Dressed in tattered human clothes, it was dozing with eyes half-closed.

From its appearance, it was clear that this was the lowest tier of the Green Calamity, a “Shallow Grass.”

Green Calamities not only devour humans but also consume each other. Although the strength of a Green Beast is linked to its former life-like a sanctuary sorcerer transformed into a Green Beast would be far more powerful than other Green Calamities-the darker the color of a Green Beast, the more it has devoured both humans and beasts. This consumption allows the Green Beast to enhance itself and even gain extraordinary abilities, naturally making it stronger.

The levels range from “Shallow Grass” to “Ink Beast,” “Deep Sea,” and “Black Tide.” A Black Tide-level Green Beast can trigger a widespread Green Calamity, destroying several cults at best, or overthrowing half of Senlo at worst, though one hasn’t appeared in many years. Even a Deep Sea-level Green Beast would be hunted by nearby cults, so most Green Beasts that still exist in Senlo are either Shallow Grass or Ink Beasts.

As the name suggests, Shallow Grass Green Beasts are at the bottom of the food chain, merely “producers” destined to be food. If a sorcerer or adult warrior transforms into a Shallow Grass, they might quickly grow into an Ink Beast, even rallying other Ink Beasts to wreak havoc on towns.

But a Shallow Grass the size of a child wouldn’t dare approach other Green Beasts, fearing it would become prey. It could only wander the wilderness alone, even needing to hide from the rain.

Rumble-

Even amidst the cacophony of raindrops, the screech of tires braking was piercingly clear. Always in a light sleep, it jolted awake, hurriedly grabbing a small crystalline knife, baring its sharp teeth and claws. Its body crouched low, crystals glowing, and green flames flickered on its four legs-a stance that had scared off other Green Beasts before.

The ruined house had no door, and the stone blocking the entrance was kicked to pieces. Four humans walked in, clad in black raincoats still dripping with rain. Though the house was spacious, their presence filled it like mountains. Their footsteps were loud, with more than one pair of shoes having steel soles, and the sound of their steady steps on the wet ground was like a mournful wail.

As they moved, their raincoats parted to reveal shirts of various styles, all made of exquisite silk. Some wore gold-trimmed white tailcoats, as if attending an important banquet, while others donned white shirts and black coats, clean and understated yet impossible to ignore.

Clean, handsome.

They were so clean, so handsome!

Having wandered the wilderness for so long, it understood an important rule: anything clean and handsome was either too weak to withstand a blow or so strong that it couldn't withstand them!

These people, able to traverse the Rain Curtain, were certainly not the former. They were likely those powerful beings known as "sorcerers."

Instinctively, it wanted to flee, but the only exit was blocked by them, and the walls were too high to jump over. It could only retreat to a corner, curling up but still gripping the crystalline knife tightly, baring its teeth at them.

"What day is it today?"

"It's August, not sure which day."

"Move aside, I want to let Alice out."

"There's no sun, and it's raining. Why let him out?"

“Alice likes the rain, especially the feeling of raindrops hitting his eyes.”

“Wow, impressive. As someone who has to close their eyes to put in eye drops, I’m a bit envious... Igor, I’m feeling down lately. Since we have time now, can you perform that Miracle for me again?” rãŁbÊs

“Get lost.”

Amidst their casual chatter, a fire quickly rose, dispelling the chill brought by the rain.

Pop. A round, golden cicada suddenly appeared out of nowhere, startling it.

The Round Cicada fluttered around the room, its gaze following the cicada’s trajectory closely. When the cicada approached, it barely resisted the urge to pounce, but the cicada seemed to know it was holding back, teasingly hovering in front of it until the person with the pleasant voice gestured, and the cicada flew back.

Soon, it was no longer distracted by the cicada-the humans opened cans and placed them over the fire to heat, the rich aroma of the food making its throat gulp involuntarily.

By now, it realized these people were different from others, seemingly without the intent to kill it. However, it dared not move recklessly, much less attempt to escape, and remained huddled in the corner.

But when they began eating the canned food, it couldn't suppress its hunger any longer. It quietly released the crystalline knife, picked up a small stone, and chewed it finely with its teeth.

The sound of its crystalline teeth grinding against the stone was crisp and clear, even with the rain as background noise. It noticed their movements paused slightly, and one of them even glanced its way, prompting it to quickly spit out the stone and grip the crystalline knife again.

Soon, the sound of chewing resumed in the ruined house, as if nothing had happened. The person wearing the raven mask stood up and walked towards its corner, causing it to tense up, emitting a low growl.

However, the raven stopped three steps away, sat on the ground, back to the others, and removed the menacing mask.

Initially, it was ready to explode its outermost crystals (bristle), but upon seeing the face beneath the raven mask, its eyes widened, and all wariness vanished.

Its crystals quickly retracted, and it lay down, no longer biting the crystalline knife, eyes unblinking as it watched the raven, its crystalline tail wagging.

When the raven began eating the canned food, it tentatively approached, finding the raven seemingly indifferent. It slowly moved closer, retracting its crystalline claws, gently nudging the raven's leg with a blunt paw, once, twice, thrice.

After a while, it grew bolder, nestling its head into the raven's lap, looking up at the canned food in the raven's hand, letting out a yearning whimper, its tail wagging rapidly.

As the raven seemed to finish the canned food, it grew more expectant, as if seeing the raven leaving the leftovers for it.

However, it watched as the raven scraped the greasy residue from the can's interior with a finger and put it in his mouth until the can was empty. Even then, the raven didn't leave the can for it but instead crushed it into a metal ball in his palm.

It stared blankly at the metal ball until the raven flicked it, sending it through the wall, prompting it to scurry back to the corner, nervously gripping the crystalline knife.

The raven donned the mask again and rejoined the group. Once they finished eating and the rain outside had lessened, the uninvited guests donned their raincoats and left the ruins, continuing their unknown journey.

The Round Cicada flew in front of it, fluttered twice, then vanished with a pop.

Rumble...

It took a long time after the motorcycles' roar faded for it to cautiously emerge, still not daring to approach the still-burning fire but instead throwing stones to test for potential traps.

Once it confirmed safety, it rushed over to the discarded cans, finding them still containing a fair amount of food, with the lids fully opened so it could easily eat.

Great!

It vaguely sensed this was intentionally left by the three people, feeling a surge of gratitude, though slightly annoyed at the stingy raven.

It wasted nothing, first finishing the food inside, then gnawing on the can like sugarcane until its mouth was full of indigestible scraps, which it spat out before moving on to the next meal.

As the rain gradually lessened, Ashe and his companions reached a particularly rugged section of the road. They switched their motorcycles to "mountain mode," the tires expanding, reducing speed but significantly decreasing the bumpiness.

“Tamashi, I’m sorry,” Ashe suddenly said.

The raven glanced at him. “Hmm?”

“I know Green Beasts are humanity’s enemies, and I know feeling pity for them is meaningless,” Ashe said, staring ahead. “It’s just, thinking that Green Beast might have been a child... I’m sorry.”

Igor and Harvey both glanced at the raven. After a moment of silence, the raven said, “You don’t need to apologize to me.”

“But don’t you hate-“

“Ashe,” Igor interjected smoothly. “The ever-righteous Raven didn’t immediately crush that Green Beast cub into pulp upon seeing it, even allowing it to live. That’s already his greatest act of kindness.”

Ashe ignored Igor’s embellishments, scratching his head. “Huh? Tamashi, you don’t mind? That’s great, because this time it wasn’t just me; even Igor and Harvey left a bit-“

“Let me clarify,” Harvey said lazily. “I only did it because I guessed you would, Ashe. I have no sympathy for little monsters, purely accommodating your feelings.”



Ashe nodded in understanding, never having expected moral standards from the necromancer, then looked at the con artist beside him.

Igor's mouth twitched. He wouldn't feel an ounce of sympathy for a monster, even if it were a human child, but...

He could only say, "I felt a tiny bit of compassion and now deeply regret doing something so pointless."

Even with the con artist's admission, the cult leader's lips curled into a lighthearted smile. "Hehe."

What are you laughing at! Igor had to take a deep breath to quell his inexplicable annoyance.

"Tamashi, if you don't hate it, why scare it like that?" Ashe asked. "You're not a bad person."

"But I have to be a bad person," the raven replied.

## Chapter 612: The Silver Lanterns Capture

“Must be the villain?”

Ashe was puzzled. “What do you mean?”

Raven explained, “I am a judgment warrior of the Raven Annihilation. Outsiders call us ‘Black Crows’ because we always present ourselves as villains.”

“Why?”

“Because evildoers don’t fear the good,” Raven replied. “A kind-hearted strongman, a rule-abiding good person, a sorcerer who loves animals and helps the weak... cannot intimidate those who seize every opportunity to commit evil.”

“So, we must be ugly, fierce, lawless, cruel, and even inhumane to make villains tremble at the sight of a Black Crow and panic at the mention of Raven Annihilation.”

Ashe hesitated, “Then-“

Raven seemed to anticipate his question and continued, “Within the Raven Annihilation Cult, besides the judgment warriors, there are blessing priests. Just as warriors are called ‘Black Crows,’ the priests are known as ‘White Crows.’ The basic setup of a Raven

Annihilation team is one warrior and one priest. If the mission is more difficult, there might be multiple warriors and one priest.”

“The warriors handle the killing and destruction, while the priests are responsible for healing and comforting,” he said. “All the work of helping others is done by the White Crows.”

“The more fear the villains have for the Black Crows, the more joy the good feel at the sight of the White Crows. So White Crows cannot kill, and Black Crows cannot save, each complementing the other.”

“All the hatred and fear are borne by the Black Crows, and all the gratitude and love are carried by the White Crows.”

“Black Crow Announces Death, White Crow Announces Life-this is the rule of Raven Annihilation.”

Ashe said, “So that’s why you were so cold earlier?”

Raven nodded. “Moreover, the colder and more ruthless we Black Crows appear, the more the rescued will understand that our justice isn’t a given. Then, when they receive help from the White Crows, they’ll be even more grateful and cherish it.”

“A carrot and stick approach,” Igor mused. “A very basic psychological application.”

“One handles the facade, the other the substance,” Ashe said thoughtfully. “So you anticipated we would leave food behind?”

Raven nodded again. "When I used to team up with a White Crow, she took care of these matters. Now, teaming up with you, since you're willing to perform the White Crow's kindness, I'll naturally continue to maintain the Black Crow's malice."

Ashe asked, "But won't that just make people fear you, distance themselves from you, even hate you? Can you accept that?"

"Of course, when I became a judgment warrior and donned the mask, I was already prepared for this," Raven's distorted voice couldn't hide his pride.

Igor suddenly asked, "Do those who become White Crows have this realization too?"

Raven looked at the Con Artist. "What are you trying to say?"

"I suppose you think the psychological burden of a Black Crow is much heavier than that of a White Crow, but that's not the case," Igor said. "You don't need to help others, which means you're far from life and death separations. White Crows have to clean up your mess. Those you accidentally hurt, those you didn't save in time, those you saved but were later retaliated against... The difficulties you face are merely unfinished killings, while the White Crows face irreparable tragedies."

"At least Black Crows can use the sacred martyrdom mindset to alleviate psychological pressure, but White Crows have no such excuse. They can only witness tragedy after tragedy unfold, yet still have to uphold your cult's image, smiling to face tomorrow."

“You’re not the only one in pain,” Igor said, looking ahead. “Others have feelings too.”

Watching Raven lower his head as if in a daze, Ashe sighed.

They had been pursuing the Silver Lantern within the Four Pillars Cult’s territory for over ten days.

During these days, Tamashi had noticeably reminisced about his past more frequently. Although he hadn’t mentioned who his White Crow partner was, everyone could guess it was the former Mercury Trojan Horse.

Ashe didn’t understand why he was reopening those painful memories. He had tried to interrupt him several times but was stopped by Igor.

“If you rip off the scab after a wound heals, it will never heal,” Igor explained to Ashe. “That crow isn’t just tearing off the scab; he’s deliberately enlarging the wound to remember the pain.”

Ashe finally understood Tamashi’s thinking.

After all, when they captured the Silver Lantern, they would face the Four Pillars Cult. This might be the best opportunity to assassinate the Mercury Trojan Horse, so Tamashi

kept recalling the past's beauty. This way, when he faced the Mercury Trojan Horse, he could strike more decisively and ruthlessly.

Because the initial encounter was so beautiful, the resentment now ran so deep.

The team had different attitudes towards Raven's thoughts. Harvey was indifferent but supportive, as the necromancer's attitude was, "What's wrong with revenge being the whole of life?"

Igor, on the other hand, opposed it.

The Con Artist didn't think Raven shouldn't be immersed in revenge; he simply disliked Tamashi, something even Ashe could see.

Speaking of which, Ashe was also a bit confused. He didn't know how the two had become adversaries...

As a Mental Sanctuary, Igor's methods of manipulation were naturally exquisite. By carefully listening to Tamashi's memories and pointing out inconsistencies, he could plunge Raven into deep confusion.

Under Igor's guidance, Tamashi realized that his proud memories seemed to have long hidden contradictions and undercurrents. And he couldn't find answers anymore because he was one of the last two remnants of Raven Annihilation.

Though Igor wasn't well-intentioned, Ashe didn't stop him.

Because after each moment of confusion, Raven would become more determined and sharper the next day. The Con Artist's words were like a whetstone, making him sharper and more ferocious.

Every time Ashe exited the Virtual Realm and opened his eyes to see Raven, he worried whether Tamashi would mistake him for an evil raven due to emotional entanglements and cut him down.

Rumble!

After crossing the rugged mountains, Ashe and his team soon arrived at their destination-a massive pit suddenly appeared on the distant horizon. The closer they got, the more they realized the pit was boundless.

When they reached the edge, they saw that the pit contained a city in ruins. Skyscrapers, highways, decaying traffic chaos-all were clearly visible.

But most striking were the symbols and writings everywhere.

Every inch of wall, every patch of ground, every brick was covered in symbols and writings. Some could barely be discerned as letters, while others were almost self-created symbols, completely incomprehensible.

The entire city seemed tattooed, with no clean spot, making one wonder who had been so bored to deface the city with such effort.

“You’re late.”

The four turned to see a strange female sorcerer with golden and silver wings flying over from the pit.

“But you could say you’re right on time,” the Mercury Trojan Horse smiled, her eyes filled with unfathomable depth.

“The Silver Lantern is already under the control of the Four Pillars Cult.”

## Chapter 613: The Sanctuary of the City of No Disasters

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The elevator system of the sunken city had long since broken down, but the stone pathways along the edges were still usable, seemingly serving as a form of mountain climbing exercise.



However, Ashe and his companions were all sanctuary sorcerers with Twin Wings. Even if they weren't experts in aerial combat, they could still manage to fly over the city directly.

Except for one person.

When Ashe carried Raven on his back, it felt as if he was carrying a slender, lightweight girl. The first time he carried Raven, he was surprised at how light Tamashi was. After all, setting aside Raven's own body weight, his clothes, weapons, artifacts, and armor added up to over a hundred pounds, so it shouldn't have been possible for him to be so light.

Raven explained that he had a martial technique to counteract gravity, which allowed him to offset some of the weight.

When Ashe and the others heard this, they found it hard to believe. How could someone resist gravity without a miracle? Had he been sneaking some of Harvey's candies? But according to Raven, the principle was quite simple and straightforward.

First, he could perform short-distance air steps, though he couldn't maintain it for long. His method of flying was akin to treading water. He discovered that as long as the frequency and force were sufficient, he could use the reaction force to lift himself out of the water. And being in the air was similar to being in water, just a bit harder to grasp.

But Raven was already capable of creating shockwaves with his bare hands, a master of material culture heritage. Once he understood one principle, he understood many. Since

he could strike the air to create shockwaves, he could also strike the air to gain enough reaction force to counteract gravity.

“Compared to my troublesome method that only offsets weight, your virtual wings let you fly effortlessly without consuming energy. Isn’t that more impressive?”

Although Raven continued to defend himself with such statements, and while he wasn’t wrong, this ‘ordinary person’ became increasingly mysterious and enigmatic in the minds of Ashe and the other sorcerers. Igor even suspected that Tamashi was deliberately saying nonsensical things to maintain an air of awe among the group.

So, although it seemed like Raven’s entire weight was on Ashe’s back, his feet were actually stepping rapidly in the air, allowing him to offset the weight of over a hundred pounds.

As for why Ashe was the one carrying Raven... well, whenever they encountered a flying segment, someone had to carry Raven. After carrying Tamashi once during Nightfall, Ashe had become the designated flying mount for the Death Raven.

Mercury Trojan Horse noticed Raven’s hands resting on Ashe’s shoulders, lying quietly and obediently. Her eyes showed a hint of something unusual, but she said nothing.

“You’ve already captured Silver Lantern?” Igor asked.

Mercury Trojan Horse was a villain, Lala Fatty’s fodder, Senlo’s number one disaster, but she was also someone who could be trusted.

Even though their positions differed, they had never received false intelligence from Mercury Trojan Horse. Moreover, a lie that could be easily exposed would bring her no benefit.

Therefore, when Mercury Trojan Horse said Silver Lantern was under control, everyone felt a sinking feeling in their hearts. Was this chase finally reaching its endgame?

Ashe and his companions hadn't forgotten that they had two enemies in Senlo: Silver Lantern and Mercury Trojan Horse.

If Silver Lantern was their prey, then they were Mercury Trojan Horse's prey.

Mercury Trojan Horse had always helped them wholeheartedly, but it was merely a strategy of driving the tiger to swallow the wolf, gathering all the troublesome matters together. In her plan, Ashe and Silver Lantern either both lived or both died; one couldn't live while the other died.

Because both Ashe and Silver Lantern were half tactile, if either died, the survivor would automatically receive all the Four Pillars' favor, becoming the new tactile of Senlo and gaining control over the entire Four Pillars Cult.

And Mercury Trojan Horse, the 'temporary agent' and 'retired rehired' former tactile, would naturally be relegated to obscurity, dethroned to make way for the new favorite.

Ashe naturally didn't want to become the Four Pillars' happy tactile. He even cursed the Four Pillars as four pyramid scheme peddlers whenever he had the chance, hoping to lower his favorability with them. But just like money flows to those who don't need it, love flows to those who don't need it. Ashe, who never stirred up trouble, continued to receive the Four Pillars' sponsorship.

Not to mention that a power-hungry villain like Mercury Trojan Horse would never willingly hand over the Four Pillars Cult she painstakingly built. More importantly, Tamashi had been pursuing her relentlessly. If she lost the protection of the Four Pillars Cult, she wouldn't escape Raven's pursuit.

Thus, the conflict between Mercury Trojan Horse and Ashe was irreconcilable, a matter of life and death. They could cooperate previously only because Silver Lantern was still on the run.

Ashe needed to capture Silver Lantern to resolve the Blood Seed and half tactile issues;

Mercury Trojan Horse needed to capture both Ashe and Silver Lantern to completely eliminate these two contenders for the Four Pillars' favor.

Worse still, Ashe needed Silver Lantern to become a complete tactile so he could rid himself of the half tactile threat-not just because of the occasional "curse affix," but also because he feared becoming a twisted tactile if Silver Lantern died. However, Ashe didn't know how to achieve this, and only Mercury Trojan Horse claimed to have a solution.

But Mercury Trojan Horse required both Ashe and Silver Lantern to be present simultaneously to help one of them become a tactile while they were both alive.

In this regard, Mercury Trojan Horse might not have lied, but her intention to eliminate both was undoubtedly genuine.

However, Ashe and his companions were no longer the weaklings they once were. Even Igor had begun to form a sanctuary.

Sanctuary sorcerers were called tactical weapons because they had the confidence to escape even if they couldn't win. Even if Mercury Trojan Horse harbored ill intentions, they were three sanctuary sorcerers plus an exceptional warrior. Ashe could always perform Divine Hosting, and even if they had to face the Four Pillars Cult head-on, they weren't without a chance.

So, if Silver Lantern was indeed captured, the next step would be to break with Mercury Trojan Horse.

Yet Mercury Trojan Horse shook her head, "Not captured yet."

Hearing this, Ashe's heart skipped a beat, feeling a strange mix of emotions. Raven seemed to sense Ashe's unease and shook his head slightly.

"But she's already trapped. Surrender is only a matter of time," Mercury Trojan Horse smiled. "If she doesn't want to die in this city."

“Forgive my boldness, but you should know that Silver Lantern is also a sanctuary sorcerer, right? And a master of illusion and disguise,” Igor said. “Can you really trap her?”

Ashe suddenly thought of something, “Could there be some mechanism here that seals spellforce?”

“There is a mechanism, but it’s not sealing; rather, it’s enhancing,” Mercury Trojan Horse said. “You might understand better if you experience it yourself...”

Whoosh!

As she spoke, Mercury Trojan Horse suddenly pointed at Ashe’s head, and a streak of ghostly blue starlight shot from her fingertip!

Ashe’s first instinct was to raise his sanctuary, but at that moment, his body felt a chill, as if he were soaking in the Golden Flow; more importantly, he noticed the entire world had changed.

The world had slowed down.

He saw Igor's calm eyes slowly fill with shock and anger, saw Harvey's left hand begin to vaporize, saw Mercury Trojan Horse's fingertip release a sharp starlight.

Yet the starlight flew slowly, creating ripples in the air. Ashe felt like the only person moving at normal speed in the world. He easily tilted his head to dodge the starlight's path, and the next moment, the world returned to normal.

Snap!

Clang!

Boom!

Raven, lying on Ashe's back, flicked his finger, and the wind from his finger shattered the starlight;

The Con Artist's eyes locked onto Mercury Trojan Horse, and suddenly, a sword's hum erupted in the air, and Mercury Trojan Horse's body burst with blood marks;

The necromancer's left hand vaporized into a giant ghostly green claw, grabbing Mercury Trojan Horse!

“If sacrificing this body can slightly appease your anger, I don’t mind,” Mercury Trojan Horse remained calm. “But if you’re willing to listen to an explanation, I can avoid losing a two-wings sorcerer.”

This was the most infuriating aspect of Mercury Trojan Horse-her tactile ability could turn most people into her trojan horses. No matter how hard Igor and Harvey fought, they couldn’t harm her true body.

Igor glanced at Ashe, who nodded to indicate he was unharmed, and then Harvey released the ghostly claw.

Mercury Trojan Horse politely nodded to Harvey in thanks, wiped the blood from her mouth, and explained, “This is the City of No Disasters, where the grand power of a gray fox heritage still envelops the entire city. As for the effect of this heritage... Ashe Heath, could you describe your experience?”

“When I encounter mortal danger, my sensory time is drastically elongated,” Ashe thought for a moment and said seriously, “And the trigger isn’t ‘the moment before I encounter mortal danger,’ but ‘when I’m on the timeline of death.’ Simply put, if someone shot at me from afar, and the bullet took 10 seconds to reach my head, the mechanism would trigger the moment the bullet left the barrel.”

Mercury Trojan Horse clapped lightly, “Your analysis is spot on. I have little to add. This is the effect of the City of No Disasters’ heritage, ‘Sanctuary’-when you encounter a crisis, whether you’re aware of it or not, your sensory time will be extended to the limit until you’re out of danger.”



The Sanctuary of the City of No Disasters!

The sorcerers immediately realized the power of this gray fox heritage-true to its name, it was indeed a sanctuary for all under its protection, blending high-tier miracles from the Fate Sect, Prophecy Sect, Time Sect, and Physical Sect (accelerating bodily senses)!

It completely turned “accident” into history, allowing everyone to avoid disasters!

Although Ashe had previously witnessed the “Kaleidoscope” heritage of Black Robe Town, the “Blind Sight” heritage of Blind Town, the “Twin System” and “Golden Flow” of Nightfall... those heritages either leaned towards entertainment or could only be applied by sorcerers.

But this “Sanctuary” could benefit everyone, keeping ordinary people constantly protected by miracles, completely insulated from danger!

“Wait.” Ashe immediately realized a problem, “If that’s the case, how did you trap Silver Lantern?”

The others caught on too-yeah, if encountering danger elongated sensory time, then mutual attacks here would be nearly impossible.

“Trapped at a distance from danger,” Mercury Trojan Horse smiled, “This rule benefits Silver Lantern and us. When neither side can act, it’s a battle of miracles.”

By now, they were nearing the city's center, seeing a Four Pillars feather-lock Light Prison enclosing an entire area, with many two-wings sorcerers patrolling the perimeter. Without any hints, Ashe and the others knew Silver Lantern was trapped within the Light Prison.

Raven stared at the heavy black feather chains entwining the Light Prison, slightly dazed, "This is..."

"You pray to the Demi-God, and we can pray to the Four Pillars," Mercury Trojan Horse said. "Although Silver Lantern can host all four Pillars alone, having four sanctuary sorcerers host one Pillar each is no problem. Then, just find Silver Lantern's location and pray for the Four Pillars' prison to trap her."

"The City of No Disasters allows me to send sanctuary sorcerers into battle without fearing they'll be ambushed by Silver Lantern."

Raven suddenly asked, "If it's a miracle of the Four Pillars, why are the Raven Annihilation's feather chains entwined outside?"

Mercury Trojan Horse glanced at him expressionlessly.

"Because I'm the one praying, and the Four Pillars responded to my imagination," she said. "Well, if thinking 'this detail represents my lingering attachment to the past' makes you feel better, I don't mind you thinking that."

Then she looked at Ashe and the others, “Should I thank you for making this Raven soft?”

“Do you know the steps of forging a blade?” Ashe immediately replied, “Quenching and hammering are important, but cooling is indispensable. It’s because there’s a soft spot in the heart that the hands are unbreakable.”

“I hear the sound of sharpening every night,” he said coldly, “It scares me.”

Raven said nothing, just lay quietly on Ashe’s back.

Mercury Trojan Horse smiled slightly and whispered, “I can hear it too.”

“Can you end the bird talk?” Igor asked, “Didn’t Silver Lantern try to destroy this prison?”

“She can only host one Demi-God at most now, far inferior to the Four Pillars’ power,” Mercury Trojan Horse looked at Ashe, “You should know this best.”

Ashe’s face darkened.

He had hosted one of the wasteland's strongest Demi-Gods, the 'Inferno of Tribulations,' on his first day in Senlo, only to be punched into submission by Silver Lantern hosting the Four Pillars.

Igor: "The Four Pillars don't mind you bullying their new favorite?"

"There's still a candidate beside me," Mercury Trojan Horse said leisurely, "Besides, the Four Pillars might want to 'forge' Silver Lantern through my hands-Ashe and Silver Lantern must not fully satisfy the Four Pillars, or a new tactile would have been chosen long ago."

"You both have qualities that attract the Four Pillars' attention, but you're not good enough, not perfect enough," she seemed to be evaluating merchandise, "So the Four Pillars let you continue to endure the wanderings and torments of fate, or rather, let you 'develop' a bit more."

"After all, becoming a tactile means you're completely set."

"I've wanted to ask for a long time," Ashe said, "What quality of mine attracts the Four Pillars? Is it too late to reform?"

At this point, the others couldn't help but look at Silver Lantern-they all wanted to know how the evil Four Pillars determined their chosen ones.

“How could I comprehend the Four Pillars’ far-sightedness? Their gaze isn’t for a day or two, a year or two, but grand plans spanning centuries,” Mercury Trojan Horse said. “But based on my shallow understanding, what the Four Pillars value should be the potential of a tactile.”

“Potential?”

“For example, my potential should be to destroy the cult, overthrow Senlo, and beyond that, I can’t imagine,” she said. “The Four Pillars value you two so much, which can only mean your potential far exceeds my limits.”

“Silver Lantern’s potential is easy to understand; she’s never hidden her desire to destroy reality. I feared her before because her potential more easily attracted the Four Pillars’ attention, and indeed it did.”

“But you, Ashe Heath,” Mercury Trojan Horse looked at Ashe, “I still can’t understand why the Four Pillars favor you so much. What unspeakable desire lies in your heart that puts you on par with Silver Lantern, who seeks to destroy the world?”

Now the pressure was on Ashe.

Whether it was an illusion or not, Ashe felt Raven’s hands seemed a bit closer to his neck.

“...I swear, my most unrealistic desire is just to be with someone I like.”

“Heh,” Mercury Trojan Horse chuckled, “Seems your taste is quite unique.”

## Chapter 614: Dead City

“But what’s the point of trapping Silver Lantern like this?”

They landed on the rooftop of a tall building closest to the Light Prison. Igor, always direct, asked, “Day after day, night after night, do you really think you can trap Silver Lantern to death?”

Undoubtedly, this prison was sealed from both inside and outside, making it impossible to attack from the outside. Even if a large force was gathered to prepare a Miracle to take down Silver Lantern, the gray fox heritage “Sanctuary” would extend sensory time to the extreme. In such infinite time, no matter how dense the attacks, there would always be gaps.

Not to mention, Silver Lantern was a sanctuary sorcerer. Even if there were no gaps, she could tear one open herself.

Let’s not forget, Silver Lantern could perform Divine Hosting, instantly boosting her combat power beyond legendary levels, with various transformation forms to handle different situations. This was why, despite being pursued by the Four Pillars Cult for half a month, they couldn’t even catch a glimpse of Silver Lantern-she was like a walking natural disaster.

Silver Lantern herself was the top combatant in Senlo, skilled in counter-reconnaissance and disguise. If not for Mercury Trojan Horse's prophecy Miracle, they wouldn't even be able to trace her.

Compared to their futile efforts, Silver Lantern had made several gains during these days, stealing the Demi-Gods preserved by the Four Pillars Cult.

In the Four Pillars Cult, those Demi-Gods, which could destroy cults, were used as mediums for the descent of the Four Pillars. If Mercury Trojan Horse used disciples as trojan horses for possession, then the Four Pillars used Demi-Gods as trojan horses for descent.

But these Demi-Gods lacked the energy replenishment from disciples, so they would disappear once used, akin to disposable suits for the Four Pillars. When Silver Lantern appeared before them, they would rather laugh in the arms of a beautiful girl than cry in the temple of the Four Pillars.

Ashe and his group were naturally pleased to see Silver Lantern and the Four Pillars Cult fighting each other. No matter who suffered, they wouldn't lose-these villains might as well bash each other's brains out.

"It's indeed impossible to directly harm Silver Lantern," Mercury Trojan Horse admitted, "but Silver Lantern will definitely surrender."

"Why?"

"Because in the City of No Disasters, besides the 'Sanctuary,' there's another mechanism."

“Wait a minute,” Raven suddenly said. “I remember now, is this place... the Dead City?”

“That’s right.” Mercury Trojan Horse looked at Ashe and the others. “Aren’t you curious why, despite having such a wonderful gray fox heritage, this city is still in ruins?”

That’s right.

Even places like Blind Town and Black Robe Town, with significant flaws in their ‘heritage cities,’ became major trade centers in the Qinyi Alliance simply because they were safe. The City of No Disasters, without a doubt, should have been occupied by major cults, influencing surrounding areas, and becoming the premier city in Senlo!

“During the day, the City of No Disasters indeed serves as a ‘Sanctuary,’ keeping everyone away from danger. But at night, it turns into a Dead City.”

Mercury Trojan Horse looked at the gray sky. “Anyone who stays here until nightfall, without exception-“

“Will die in the city.”

“More than one cult has tried to settle here, establish a camp, and then everyone was dead the next day.”



“So, compared to the Sanctuary’s protection, its more profound impression is as an ‘unenterable Dead City.’”

Ashe asked, “How do people die in the city? Doesn’t the ‘Sanctuary’ extend sensory time to avoid danger? Does it stop protecting them at night?”

“I don’t know,” Mercury Trojan Horse said. “I’ve conducted multiple repeated experiments, considering race, age, strength, faith, and found the experimenters’ corpses in the city. They had no injuries, were in perfect health, and showed no signs of Greening, but they were just dead.”

Repeated experiments...

Ashe and the others pondered this term, once again acutely aware that the thing speaking beside them was merely a monster wearing someone else’s skin.

“If there’s anything to note, it’s that they all seemed to have carved words before they died.”

Carved words?

Ashe and the others were taken aback, looking around at the city filled with traces of words and symbols, a sense of unbelievable fear rising in their hearts-were these words left by those swallowed by the Dead City?

“However, I don’t need to investigate how the Dead City consumes people,” Mercury Trojan Horse said lightly. “I just need to use this mechanism to achieve my goal.”

“So,” Harvey asked calmly, “are you planning to trap Silver Lantern until nightfall? To perish together with her?”

“I said, I need her surrender,” Mercury Trojan Horse replied. “Even if my people withdraw, the Four Pillars Prison can last for another 30 minutes. My plan is to confront Silver Lantern until 30 minutes before nightfall, then leave the City of No Disasters and camp outside.”

Following Mercury Trojan Horse’s direction, Ashe and the others vaguely saw a camp at the edge of the deep pit on the west side.

“If Silver Lantern surrenders before then, it would be a joyous outcome,” Mercury Trojan Horse said calmly. “If she surrenders in the last 10 minutes, I can still save her.”

“But if she holds out until the last 10 minutes...” Her voice carried a hint of mockery, “then she’ll have to pray for the Four Pillars’ favor.”

“Do you have any objections to this plan?”

Everyone looked at Ashe, who gazed at the Four Pillars Prison before him, slightly lost in thought.

To be fair, Mercury Trojan Horse's plan was flawless. Even Ashe hadn't thought they could capture Silver Lantern alive without risking her life-that would be playing with their own lives-now the risk was all on Silver Lantern, which was ideal.

The only risk was if Silver Lantern was swallowed by the Dead City, Ashe would automatically ascend to Tactile Sense. If there were objections, it could only be for this reason, and Igor and the others would likely agree, but...

Ashe closed his eyes, thought for a moment, then opened them and said, "I have no objections."

Mercury Trojan Horse said, "Then, will you be camping at our site tonight?"

"Thanks for the offer," Igor immediately replied. "We haven't camped outdoors in days, and we're itching for it, so we'll pass on your beds."

In the past ten days, Ashe and his group had made significant progress, attempting to cross the night.

The results were gratifying; everyone could resist the Choking Green, and even without a town, they weren't afraid of the night. It made sense for Tamashi and Harvey to resist the Choking Green, but Ashe and Igor were surprised by their own iron will, as they always considered themselves relatively weak.

Harvey hit the nail on the head with their confusion: "Look at what you've been through these days."

Not to mention the adventures before Senlo, after arriving in Senlo, they had been chasing Silver Lantern, which was already extremely arduous. Adding the Nightfall experience, Ashe was forced to separate from them, enduring the vast rush of the Golden Flow; Igor spent days without sleep, sifting through information to find the key to opening the Abyssal Passage.

Unknowingly, they had learned to 'allow' themselves to endure hardship, to 'allow' the world to be mostly unsatisfactory.

So, the night also 'allowed' them to live in darkness.

They no longer needed the Four Pillars Cult's nighttime protection and could survive a night in the dark.

Mercury Trojan Horse acknowledged with an "oh" and said no more.

Instead, Ashe suddenly asked, "Was that a Star Sect Miracle you used earlier?"

“Yes, why?”

“I’m just curious, since it’s rare to see this sect.”

“Oh, that’s normal, as there aren’t many sorcerers in this sect. Recently, the Star spirits suddenly self-destructed a part, significantly reducing the power of Star sorcerers,” Mercury Trojan Horse said calmly. “That’s also why I’m meeting you with this body.”

As time passed, dusk fell, and the sky darkened. In the distance, the Four Pillars Cult’s camp lit up, and the vast Dead City was gradually swallowed by shadows, with the Four Pillars Prison becoming the largest light source.

“Silver Lantern, if you come out and sever your limbs, drain your silver blood, we will unlock the prison and save you...”

The persuasion echoed in the prison, the conditions extremely harsh, but considering the opponent was Silver Lantern, it seemed these conditions were still not thorough enough.

Ashe squinted at the light on the horizon. “How long until nightfall?”

“About 45 minutes,” Raven replied.

“You should leave now; I need to let the perimeter patrols go,” Mercury Trojan Horse said. “Since you’re not coming to the camp, as for the outcome... Ashe, you’ll know it faster than I do.”

Everyone understood Mercury Trojan Horse’s implication: if Silver Lantern didn’t die, Ashe wouldn’t become Tactile Sense; if Silver Lantern died, Ashe would immediately become Tactile Sense.

The group exchanged glances, Ashe carried Raven on his back, then spread his virtual wings and flew away.

Once they were far from the Four Pillars Prison, Ashe asked, “Will it really succeed?”

“In theory, Silver Lantern should surrender,” mental sorcerer Igor analyzed. “She’s not the type to die unyieldingly; she would exhaust every last drop of blood in a desperate situation to find a Miracle.”

Raven noticed Ashe’s body trembled slightly at the mention of ‘exhaust every last drop of blood.’

“It’s just too easy,” Harvey said. “It’s hard to imagine Silver Lantern surrendering so easily... perhaps she has a Spatial Miracle, a way to teleport out of the Dead City.”

“The Four Pillars Prison must have an anchoring effect on space; such a loophole is impossible,” Ashe frowned. “But it is indeed a bit strange...”

Boom!

Suddenly, an extremely piercing roar came from behind!

The group was almost shaken off balance. They turned to see the Four Pillars Prison had collapsed!

As they turned back to check the situation, they found Mercury Trojan Horse catching up. “Hurry, Silver Lantern found the ‘Sanctuary’ heritage’s core and is trying to take it! Two of my four sanctuary sorcerers have been severely injured; you must go and help!”

The group exchanged glances, looked at the still-bright horizon, and without hesitation, turned back to rush in!

The ‘Sanctuary’ effect was terrifying. If Silver Lantern obtained the ‘Sanctuary,’ unless an Angel descended, no one in Senlo could stop her!

However, when Ashe and the others returned to the scene, they found that although one corner of the Four Pillars Prison had collapsed, three pillars were still functioning.

As everyone knew, three points could form a plane.

The area of the three-pillar prison was much smaller, but it could still trap a portion of the city. Ashe and his group looked at this scene, immediately realizing something was seriously wrong!

“Too late.”

They looked up and saw the sky, which should have been bright, suddenly turned pitch black. Or rather, it had long been swallowed by the night.

It was the Four Pillars Cult camp on the west side, using light spell Miracles to create the illusion that it wasn't dark yet!

Ashe and the others turned to see Mercury Trojan Horse leisurely flying back.

“I don't need to know how the Dead City consumes people,” she said. “I just need to use this mechanism to achieve my goal.”

## Chapter 615: The Battle of the Sanctuary

Ashe and his companions had been cautious.



Knowing that the Four Pillars Cult was the enemy, they had always stayed far away from the Four Pillars Prison; they had planned to retreat half an hour early; they hadn't fully trusted the words of the Mercury Trojan Horse...

But what they hadn't anticipated was that the Mercury Trojan Horse hadn't deceived them in their actions, nor had she concealed any crucial information.

She had deceived the sky.

The cult's camp outside the city used a Miracle to alter the celestial phenomena, leading the city's people to believe that it wasn't yet dark.

Stripped down, it was just a trivial scheme, but it brought disaster upon Ashe and his companions.

On reflection, Miracles that briefly changed the weather weren't rare; whether it was the Blood Moon, the Gospel, or Senlo, there were meteorological sorcerers specifically trained to adjust the weather, otherwise, the main conflict in Senlo should have been about resources, not religion.

Although Senlo was a wasteland of the apocalypse, it wasn't lacking in food, as greenhouses could be seen everywhere. Even if the fantasy creations within had failed, the seeds and other such things were still there. After two hundred years of slow adaptation and learning, Senlo hadn't returned to the prosperity of the Gray Fox Divine

Era, but yielding tens of thousands per acre was still no problem; otherwise, the various cults wouldn't be desperately buying "Infant Incubators" to boost their troops.

On the other hand, with an unending source of food and no shortage of origins, the fact that Senlo's cults hadn't restored civilization or seen a population boom indicated how intense their usual wars were.

Wars, heritage, Green Calamity... Life here was as fragile as straw; it would fall with the wind, and even without wind, it would still fall.

Faith is the wheel of history, and death is the wear on the axle.

Ashe and his companions knew well that the main theme of Senlo was life at dawn and death at dusk; they also knew that the Mercury Trojan Horse was unscrupulous. Why did they fall for it this time?

Because the price paid by the Mercury Trojan Horse this time still exceeded the limits of Ashe and others' imaginations-it was four sanctuary sorcerers capable of Divine Hosting!

Even if one had left early, three still remained in place!

At this point, Ashe and his companions naturally wouldn't doubt whether there was a Silver Lantern in the Three Pillars Prison-if the Mercury Trojan Horse went to such lengths just to trap Ashe, that would be like making a bridal gown for the Silver Lantern, handing over her Tactile Throne on a platter!

Upon calculation, it still seemed like a profitable trade: three sanctuary sorcerers for the deaths of Ashe, Silver Lantern, Igor, Harvey, with Tamashi as a bonus, three for five, a glorious victory.

But the problem was, the enemies of the Mercury Trojan Horse weren't just Ashe and Silver Lantern, but also the Qinyi Alliance!

The Qinyi Alliance, with its many cults combined, was inherently stronger than the Four Pillars Cult, but their mutual internal sabotage, like the princes of the eighteen states, had given the Four Pillars Cult a chance to grow and strengthen.

In the Four Pillars Cult, there were only eight sanctuary sorcerers in total, including the Mercury Trojan Horse herself. With three dead here, it was akin to losing half of their high-end combat power. The Qinyi Alliance, already eager to move, would surely take this opportunity to invade now that the Four Pillars Cult was greatly weakened.

The actions of the Mercury Trojan Horse were like cutting off her own arms, giving the Qinyi Alliance the confidence to unite and invade!

But soon, Ashe realized his misunderstanding: why did he think the Mercury Trojan Horse cared about the life and death of the sanctuary, or the size of the Four Pillars Cult's territory?

Was it because the Mercury Trojan Horse never let sanctuary sorcerers confront the Silver Lantern directly?

Was it because in the ‘Plan to Eliminate the Silver Lantern’ proposed by the Mercury Trojan Horse, she often ensured the safety of the participants?

Was it because the Mercury Trojan Horse had acted so normally that everyone almost forgot that she was not only a rebellious ambitious figure but also a... Dark God Tactile!

“I don’t know if Tamashi has ever told you, but I never lie.”

The abyss engulfed the city like a torrent, and the Mercury Trojan Horse deliberately kept her flight height above Ashe and others, looking down on those poor souls about to be swallowed by the Dead City: “But I don’t lie, I only lie to the dead.”

“Because this way, there is no need to mend the gaps in lies afterward, nor to deal with the consequences of the lies.” She continued: “Reality proves my caution is meaningful—over so many years, I’ve only made a mistake once. Although it was because of that one time that I created a nightmare I am eternally fearful of.”

“Lies must be concluded with death.” She said: “I finally don’t have to fear losing the favor of the Four Pillars, nor will I hear the sound of knives sharpening at night again.”

Harvey wasn’t indulging her, directly materializing a ghostly claw to grab her. The Mercury Trojan Horse did not resist, instead, her face bore a slightly mocking smile, as if asking Harvey whether he hadn’t eaten.

Igor glanced at the completely darkened sky: “Do you have a way to save your sanctuary sorcerers?”

“No way, if there was a way, it means you also have a chance to survive. I never doubt the judgment of the Four Pillars, Ashe and Silver Lantern are definitely human Miracles who can survive any perilous situation.” The Mercury Trojan Horse chuckled: “You might be worrying about how to deal with me, but I am equally troubled about how to deal with you.”

“As long as you and Silver Lantern are completely dealt with, then what’s there to regret sacrificing a few sanctuary sorcerers?” She stated: “When the prophecy spoke of Silver Lantern infiltrating the City of No Disasters, I knew this was my best opportunity.”

“Although the power of the Four Pillars Cult is immense, it’s not enough to annihilate you and Silver Lantern, not to mention you could potentially become Tactile, stealing my authority.”

“I should thank Silver Lantern for being so obedient.” The voice of the Mercury Trojan Horse grew softer: “Perhaps she also realized that although the Four Pillars Prison can last for 30 minutes unattended, because it is a rootless source, she only needs a momentary burst to easily break the prison... She thought this was just another probe, another encounter.”

“You all think the same, you don’t believe this is the final battle, nor do you believe that catching Silver Lantern is possible. You are not underestimating the enemy, but rather you understand the enemy’s strength too well and believe in your own power.”

“You have been strong for too long, you have forgotten the way of the weak.”

Ashe said: “Why do you speak as if you are the weak?”

“I have always been weak,” the Mercury Trojan Horse stated: “The kind of weak that cannot survive without relying on others... That’s why I became a Tactile.”

Her body shuddered slightly, her voice breaking: “The Dead City is about to be completely sealed, my Tactile cannot extend here... So, goodbye everyone.”

She turned to Raven: “Tamashi, do you have anything you want to say to me?”

“Yes,” Raven spoke: “But I will save it for the next time I appear before you. If possible, I’d like to say it while stepping on your face.”

“I see...” The Mercury Trojan Horse smiled: “Then to celebrate, I’ll apply a face mask tonight.”

“Farewell, Raven Annihilation.”

Seconds later, the mockery and pride in her eyes vanished, replaced by fear and panic.

Igor approached her, using some Miracle to determine, the Con Artist shook his head: “That’s not the Mercury Trojan Horse.”

Ashe watched the surroundings cautiously: “She said the seal of the Dead City would prevent her Tactile from extending here... Indeed, if it were possible to observe or even control those inside the Dead City from afar, its secrets would have been deciphered by sorcerers long ago, not remaining an unsolved mystery.”

“But she has already deceived us once, this might also be her lie, we can’t dismiss the possibility of her coming again.” Harvey handed the female sorcerer to Raven with a very smooth and natural motion: “Here.”

The necromancer wouldn’t deliberately facilitate Tamashi’s revenge, but he wouldn’t hinder Raven’s venting either. Ripping apart the skin that the Mercury Trojan Horse had descended into was naturally something Raven, with deep-seated hatred, would relish.

The female sorcerer didn’t beg for mercy, didn’t talk tough, just looked down at her chest. But her slightly trembling shoulders made Raven silent for three seconds.

Yet, Raven still slowly raised his hand, gently pressing it on her head. Everyone knew that with just a bit of force, Raven could easily tear apart all the tissue and organs in her brain, leaving mostly a whole corpse apart from the bleeding from all orifices.

“Wait.”

The speaker wasn't Ashe, nor Raven, nor Harvey.

Igor flew in front of the female sorcerer, lifted her chin, brushed the hair from her face, and stared into her brown eyes, "What's your name?"

"Gwen." Her voice trembled: "Gwen Morningstar... but now just Gwen."

Those who leave their cult naturally could no longer use the cult's surname. Theoretically, followers of the Four Pillars Cult should all change their surnames to Four Pillars, although the Four Pillars don't seem to have the habit of being a father.

Igor asked: "What was your position in the Four Pillars Cult?"

"Proxy." She said: "A direct institution under the Throne, responsible for overseeing local administrative situations and... responsible for the descent of the Throne's will."

"So, you know a lot of the internal affairs of the Four Pillars Cult?"

She didn't answer, nor did she deny. Igor straightened up and said: "Harvey, let her go. Since we've broken with the Mercury Trojan Horse, we should also understand the enemy's Intelligence... I'll be responsible for extracting her secrets."



Ashe blinked, suddenly spoke harshly: “No! What if the Mercury Trojan Horse descends upon her again? There’s no need to carry this hidden bomb, let’s kill her now and be done with it!”

“I am her jailer, she is my prisoner. If the Mercury Trojan Horse descends again, I will be responsible for killing her.” Igor calmly stated: “I can judge whether she is Gwen or the Mercury Trojan Horse.”

“Do we need a whole person to interrogate secrets?” Harvey said: “At least her limbs are unnecessary, right? Eyes and nose seem a bit excessive, right?”

“Yeah, yeah.” Ashe chimed in: “We don’t lack healing methods, why not disable all her capabilities first, then heal her after we leave? Besides, followers of the Four Pillars Cult are all crazies, if we don’t let them taste pain, how will they willingly spill secrets?”

You guys are really enjoying this, aren’t you... Igor felt a headache coming on, too lazy to argue with them, he just stared at the mist claw, a sword chant echoed in the air, and then Harvey’s mist claw was shredded. He reached out and wrapped his arms around Gwen’s waist, stating: “You are now a prisoner, understand?”

Gwen silently nodded, unfolding her golden and silver Twin Wings to follow behind Igor.

Igor wasn’t truly interested in interrogating any Intelligence, they just saw that Raven couldn’t bring himself to act on the ‘temporary skin where the Mercury Trojan Horse was no longer present.’

If the Mercury Trojan Horse were still there, Raven wouldn't hesitate; but with the Mercury Trojan Horse gone, Raven hesitated.

If he really wanted to kill, he would have already shaken Gwen's brain to pieces, not slowly raising his hand like a fairy tale villain.

But Raven couldn't actively let Gwen go, not just because of the 'Black Crow Announces Death' principle, but also because he couldn't let the Mercury Trojan Horse know he could be merciful.

A brutal and cruel Raven could make the Mercury Trojan Horse wary, a merciful Raven would only make the Mercury Trojan Horse laugh in her dreams.

Thus, the role of the good guy had to be played by Ashe and the others, and using the reason of 'interrogating Intelligence' was the most appropriate. They talk terrifyingly as if they would break Gwen's legs if she tried to escape, but it was all just to give Raven a reason not to act.

In reality, as long as Gwen left quietly without disturbing anyone, everyone would deliberately pretend not to see her.

At this moment, not far away, the Three Pillars Prison finally collapsed, and three sanctuary sorcerers soared into the sky. Upon seeing Ashe and the others, they rushed over immediately.

“Your Excellency, wasn’t there supposed to be more than half an hour until nightfall?”

As they approached and saw Gwen, they immediately realized that Mercury Trojan Horse was no longer there, and with panic in their eyes, they asked, “Messenger, did Your Excellency leave any message? Don’t worry, we’ll get you out of here right away!”

“You’re sanctuary sorcerers, stop deceiving yourselves,” Igor sneered. “Your Excellency Mercury Trojan Horse decided to have you three buried with us and Silver Lantern to completely resolve the issue. Aren’t you honored to be the cornerstone of her great cause? When she becomes infamous, she surely won’t forget your contributions!”

The sanctuary sorcerers were shaken. They weren’t fools; they had already suspected the truth.

Now, rushing over to find Mercury Trojan Horse was nothing more than hoping for an impossible miracle.

Only one of them roared, “You’re lying! She must have a way to leave the Dead City. Hand her over!”

As he spoke, he raised a fox-shaped Demi-God, clearly intending to perform a Divine Hosting transformation. Ashe immediately revealed his transformation belt, inserting the Transcendent Demi-God card, ready to fight them!

However, nothing happened.

Ashe didn't transform into the Transcendent Hell Mad Dragon Knight, and the other didn't perform a Divine Hosting of the Four Pillars. The other two also had drastic changes in their expressions, quickly taking out their own Demi-Gods, only to find them motionless, as if they had turned into mere toys.

Does the Dead City's night mechanism seal Demi-Gods?

However, their spellforce and spirits were still functioning normally, and only the Demi-Gods were sealed, which didn't significantly affect them.

"Hand her over, or you'll still be-" The Cult sorcerer was engulfed in flames, "doomed!"

He reached out and grasped the air, and a black flame spiral greatsword shot up from his hand, slicing through the entire night! His flames weren't black, but by combining the Spatial Sect and Fire Sect, each flame could burn space continuously, making the light of the flames unable to pass through the spatial cracks!

Undoubtedly, if the body touched these black flames, they couldn't be extinguished. They would devour all enemies just like burning through space! Even when attacking a Sanctuary, the black flames could cling to the outside, continuously consuming spellforce, and if the sorcerer moved, it would consume even more spellforce!

Miracle: Void Flames!

The other two sanctuary sorcerers also acted immediately, coordinating with the fire spell Sanctuary to attack Ashe and the others!

One of the sanctuary sorcerers cupped his hands around his mouth and blew gently, releasing chaotic winds and pale gray gas. If the Sanctuary was hit by the winds, countless ripples would accelerate spellforce consumption; if the Sanctuary touched the pale gray gas, it would cling to the outside, obstructing vision!

Miracle: Wicked Winds!

The last sanctuary sorcerer held a spear. Unlike the other two, he simply thrust forward silently.

Then, he unleashed a barrage of blood-red spear shadows, like a hailstorm engulfing Ashe and the others!

Miracle: Blood Blossom Scene!

It was evident that these three Cult sorcerers were battle-hardened combat sorcerers, each possessing miracles targeting Sanctuaries, aiming to deplete, obstruct, and imprison the Sanctuary's existence!

The strength of a Sanctuary lies in its ability to perfectly convert spellforce into life force, allowing the sorcerer to be nearly immune to all damage until the spellforce is exhausted. Whoever depletes the opponent's spellforce first wins!

Facing the fierce assault of black flames, winds, and spear shadows, Ashe quickly ascended to evade while throwing a short sword to the ground. Then, he summoned the 'Heart Sword' and swiftly drew a circle in front of them, leaving a circular sword mark!

The next moment, a warm yellow circular barrier suddenly appeared in front of them. Even though it was immediately torn apart by the black flames, winds, and spear shadows, it quickly repaired itself, reducing the intensity of the three sanctuary sorcerers' attacks by 90%!

This was the new miracle Ashe created under the guidance of the Sword Princess, combining the "Heart Pen," "Sword Body Barrier," and "Single-minded Devotion: Love Sword"-the "Heart Wall"!

No matter what pattern he drew, it could serve as a medium for the "Sword Body Barrier" to form a defensive wall, and the enhancement effect of "Love Sword" also applied to physical miracles-something he discovered accidentally when he used a "Love Sword" on a Substitute. With the support of Prismatic spellforce, all spirits could exert a three-wing effect, making the "Heart Wall" stronger than a Sanctuary, yet consuming less and recovering quickly, making it a perfect defense against attacks!

While Ashe defended, the Con Artist and necromancer launched their counterattack.

Igor focused on the three sanctuary sorcerers, and the air erupted with the sound of swords clashing, creating ripples on their Sanctuaries!

Miracle: Visualization Overlap!

In Igor's vision, the area around the Cult Sanctuaries wasn't empty but filled with hundreds of 'Ashes' attacking them, hence the sound of sword clashing and the ripples on their Sanctuaries.

This was the attack method of "Visualization Overlap": the Con Artist, through regular visualization, preset a template of "Ashe attacking," and when needed, overlapped it with the real enemy, turning visualization into reality and creating the effect of 'countless Ashes attacking the enemy.'

Some might wonder, why not visualize a more powerful template?

There are two reasons: first, if the sorcerer doesn't know the template well, the damage will be significantly reduced. For example, Igor could visualize a dragon breathing fire, but the effect would at most roast a Lala Fatty; second, if the real template becomes stronger, the effect of "Visualization Overlap" will also enhance, meaning if Ashe's combat power increases, Igor's miracle will become even more formidable.

Ashe is the only person Igor knows who is willing to showcase his strength without reservation, and Ashe's upgrade speed is as absurd as Tamashi's combat power. Using him as a template is both the only choice and the best choice.

While Igor was unleashing his power, Harvey had silently merged with Alice, transforming into a non-living, non-dead Ghost King.

His body, though cold and fiery, still yearned for the moment of burning out.

His right hand turned into a massive skeletal dragon head, then spewed forth a black-green tide of decay!

Partial Dragon Lich transformation!

Although Harvey hadn't fully unlocked the penultimate troop type of the "Ghost King Shackles," the 'Dragon Lich,' he could already apply partial limb attachment in combat. The Dragon Lich is a sanctuary-level troop type, and its 'Decay Breath' is comparable to the Golden Flow Water, causing everything to age rapidly!

The Cult sorcerers took the damage from Igor and Harvey with their Sanctuaries, their expressions grim. Ashe focused on defense, while Igor and Harvey attacked, each expending one portion of spellforce; whereas they had to both attack and defend with their Sanctuaries, expending two portions of spellforce.

Although the calculation wasn't that straightforward, and the outcome was uncertain, given that Ashe and the others had only recently ascended to Sanctuary level and likely had limited spellforce, everyone realized that fighting wouldn't yield much advantage.

So they retreated to a safe distance, exchanged glances, and the fire spell Sanctuary said, "Return the messenger to us."



Not hand over, but return. This wording indicated they wanted to reason, not fight.

Igor almost immediately wanted to agree, as they didn't really need Gwen and were looking for an opportunity to get rid of her. Now that the fire spell Sanctuary needed an excuse to back down, they could also discard this burden they picked up. Why not?

However, Gwen still hid behind Igor, clutching his sleeve tightly. Though she remained silent, this time she looked up and stared at the Con Artist, her gaze reminding Igor of those dirty stray cats and dogs.

I don't like pets... Igor instinctively looked at Ashe, only to find Ashe quietly watching him.

The team's diplomatic rights had always been held by Igor, and Ashe would listen to him on such matters.

No, Igor thought, when he didn't immediately make a decision and looked at Ashe, he was actually seeking the Cult Leader's support to shift the responsibility.

So... it's all Ashe's fault.

In Gwen's anxious gaze, Igor grabbed her arm and firmly said to the fire spell Sanctuary, "This is our captured prisoner and intelligence source. We can't just hand her over-when Mercury Trojan Horse broke with us, we were already in a hostile state, and you still want to take our spoils?"

The fire spell Sanctuary, hot-tempered, seemed ready to fight again, but the wind spell Sanctuary stopped him. "If we're going to fight, let's leave the Dead City first. It's been so long, and there's been no other movement. Maybe there's still a chance to leave-"

"There is movement," Harvey said. "The Sanctuary effect has disappeared."

Everyone was stunned, realizing that although they had erupted into battle earlier, it hadn't triggered the time-slowng effect of the "Sanctuary."

Though danger hadn't immediately descended, unease lingered in their hearts. Ashe and the others immediately flew towards the city outskirts, while the three fire spell Sanctuary sorcerers exchanged glances and followed from a distance.

Soon, they reached the edge of the Dead City and encountered an invisible air wall-they couldn't break through no matter how they flew.

The sanctuary sorcerers naturally didn't believe it, trying various miracles to break through the barrier. Even Raven tried the Grey Fox Blade, but to no avail.

Ashe touched the air wall, finding it not ‘hard’ but ‘slippery.’ When they flew towards it, they didn’t crash into it like mosquitoes on glass; it was more like encountering a smooth slope and sliding back.

This sensation reminded Ashe of the slope at the end of the Golden Flow underground during Nightfall...

“Right,” he realized immediately, “where’s Silver Lantern?”

## Chapter 616: Saints, Monsters, and Ordinary People

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“I don’t know.”

The fire spell Sanctuary sorcerer had calmed down completely. “We’re all trapped in the Dead City. Are we really supposed to follow Mercury Trojan Horse’s orders and fight Silver Lantern to the death? Silver Lantern is probably trying to leave the Dead City just like us.”

Igor chuckled. “You’ve switched from calling her ‘Your Excellency’ to ‘Mercury Trojan Horse.’ It seems the Four Pillars Cult’s faith isn’t that strict if a mere threat of death makes you lose respect for your leader.”

“That so-called leader is just nonsense,” the fire spell Sanctuary sorcerer replied dismissively. “She’s merely a mouthpiece for the Four Pillars. We respect the Four Pillars, not her.”

Ashe and the others exchanged glances.

Come to think of it, this was the first time they’d heard the inner thoughts of a Four Pillars Cult member. Outside, any member could be remotely controlled by Mercury Trojan Horse, so they were never foolish enough to have heart-to-heart talks with cult members.

But now, with Mercury Trojan Horse unable to infiltrate the Dead City and the fire spell Sanctuary sorcerers filled with resentment due to the threat of death, it was the perfect opportunity to delve into the minds of the Four Pillars Cult followers.

“There’s no point in lingering here,” Igor suggested. “Why don’t we search the city together for any other anomalies?”

Unconsciously, Igor included everyone under the term ‘we,’ even encompassing the fire spell Sanctuary sorcerers. But the latter didn’t object. After all, the Dead City was perilous, and moving together at least provided some warning. Besides, with everyone having a Sanctuary, they weren’t afraid of being backstabbed.

But the thing about authority is, once you give a little, you won’t mind giving a little more. And inch by inch, subtly and imperceptibly, blurring the lines between right and wrong, is as simple as breathing for a con artist.

They flew over the Dead City, using various illumination abilities to survey the ruins below.

“It’s said that most corpses in the Dead City have no wounds,” Igor initiated the conversation. “Perhaps it’s some form of mental attack.”

“The spellforce is also acting strange,” Ashe suddenly remarked. “It hasn’t recovered at all.”

Enough time had passed since the battle, and the Sanctuary sorcerers naturally noticed that the spellforce they’d expended had barely replenished.

Spirits could be used, and spellforce wasn’t sealed, but the Demi-God and Divine Hosting were blocked?

This situation left everyone feeling a bit bewildered, but Ashe and the others expressed a willingness to exchange intelligence. The wind spell Sanctuary sorcerer reciprocated, calmly stating, “The night has fallen, but the Choking Green hasn’t appeared.”

Ashe and the others were taken aback, realizing there was no Choking Green around their necks.

When camping outdoors, as soon as night fell, glowing green tendrils resembling nooses would wrap around their necks. Those with weak wills would be strangled by the Choking Green and transformed into beasts.

Ashe and the others didn't camp outdoors often, so they hadn't immediately noticed. Compared to the anomalies with spellforce and the Demi-God, the absence of Choking Green was even more peculiar-it almost defied the natural laws of Senlo.

"Didn't Mercury Trojan Horse tell you anything about the Dead City before you acted?" Igor asked, holding Gwen. "Compared to this two-wings sorcerer, you, as Sanctuary sorcerers, would be more valued by Mercury Trojan Horse."

The fire spell Sanctuary sorcerers understood this logic, but their earlier agitation had prevented them from thinking clearly. After a moment of silence, the fire spell Sanctuary sorcerer said, "She only told us to trap Silver Lantern and that we could retreat with thirty minutes left; she had other plans."

"Indeed, she had other plans," Ashe remarked, his tone more contemplative than mocking.

"Facing something as dangerous as Silver Lantern and entering the Dead City, you didn't have to listen to her. You're Sanctuary sorcerers; you don't have to risk your lives for her. You could join the Qinyi Alliance, where many cults would welcome you," Igor said, steering the conversation in a different direction with just a few words.

"But aren't all cults the same?" the spear spell Sanctuary sorcerer couldn't help but say. "Equally great, equally noble, equally unattainable..."

Ashe commented, "Isn't that what ideals are?"

“Yes, that’s what ideals are,” the spear spell Sanctuary sorcerer replied. “That’s why we stayed with the Four Pillars Cult. We don’t need to fill ourselves with empty ideals; we just need to live honestly.”

“The Four Pillars Cult destroyed their cult and broke their spirit,” Raven, perched on Ashe’s back, said calmly. “The Demi-God’s destruction made them feel they could never reach their ideals, so they fled into reality, willingly becoming mediocre, powerless, and corrupt, and they dismiss others’ ideals as ‘meaningless’ to comfort their fragile egos.”

“They, even the most powerful sorcerers in Senlo, have lost the qualification to become a Demi-God.”

Igor felt a stir in his heart but didn’t stop Raven’s insults.

However, the spear spell Sanctuary sorcerer didn’t start a fight. He merely glanced coldly at Raven. “I know you, the remnant of Raven Annihilation, still clinging to its doctrine after its fall... just like countless saints who founded cults in the past.” RANÓBĚš

“But to me, you’re the most pathetic one.”

“Do you know the purpose of the Demi-God’s existence? Do you know the truth of the divine era?” he asked. “Do you know that other Kingdoms are completely different from Senlo, with no Demi-God and far fewer cults?”

“Senlo has divine era competition and Demi-God ascension only to nurture powerful deities!”

“The Chasm Sovereign of Senlo treats this Kingdom as a coliseum, where only the fiercest and strongest beasts that survive can become the deities it needs! The ideals you shed blood for are just rotten meat to incite the beasts to fight!”

“You said I have no chance to become a Demi-God. Do you think I care about becoming a beast after death, participating in this endless battle, striving to be a deity used by the Chasm Sovereign of Senlo?” the spear spell Sanctuary sorcerer shook his head, his expression cold. “No, I don’t care at all.”

“And if it weren’t for the many Demi-God and countless cults, Senlo would have restored the era of civilization long ago, instead of remaining a war-torn wonderland of cults.”

“So, remnant of Raven Annihilation,” he stared at Raven, “Senlo hasn’t unified in two hundred years because there are too many people like you with devout faith.”

Ashe and the others exchanged glances.

The Four Pillars Cult spread like a virus across the Land of Senlo because the soil was fertile enough. What the spear spell Sanctuary sorcerer said wasn’t a secret; it was even a wasteland consensus, and it was all true.



The wasteland persisted, the Chasm Sovereign of Senlo's poison was endless.

"Because pursuing ideals is harmful, you give up on ideals, is that what you mean?" Raven's distorted voice was full of mockery. "Then you shouldn't be alive because living brings pain, so you should commit suicide right away."

"Have you forgotten that the food you eat comes from the technology of the Gray Fox Divine Era; the spellcasting you learn comes from the remnants of the Gray Fox Divine Era; even you yourself crawled out of the Gray Fox heritage 'Infant Incubator.'"

"Other Kingdoms aren't as special as Senlo, but Senlo's level of civilization surpasses other Kingdoms, right?" At this point, Raven was a bit unsure and looked down at Ashe, who nodded in affirmation.

"Your life is the culmination of countless past ideals. You only need to look down to see the brilliance paved by the divine era, yet you look up at the darkness of the night and decide nothing is worth it, forgetting you're still walking on a path of light."

"Of course, I know that Demi-God ascension leads to becoming a deity, and I know the root of the wasteland chaos is the Demi-God itself," Raven said. "But life is about pros and cons. You, as a sorcerer, are less sensible than a child-a child wouldn't be so unreasonable as to only want the good and not the bad."

“Not to mention the Fire Cat Divine Era has already designed the divine fire system. As long as civilization is restored and the divine fire system restarted, the next wasteland era can be avoided.”

This string of words left the spear spell Sanctuary sorcerer momentarily speechless, but he quickly retorted, “But your Demi-God is dead.”

“So what?” Raven said. “Faith may not grant me anything, but it allows me to cross the night without fear.”

Clap. Clap. Clap.

The fiery-tempered fire spell Sanctuary sorcerer was actually clapping softly. “Well said, truly well said.”

“I used to think the same way,” he said. “When Silver Lantern destroyed our cult, I didn’t immediately join the Four Pillars Cult. I wanted to follow in the footsteps of the saints and rebuild the Tribulation Fire Temple.”

Although Ashe had vaguely anticipated it earlier, he hadn’t expected this person to actually be a Sanctuary sorcerer from the Tribulation Fire Temple, no wonder he was so fiery-tempered; he must have been an enthusiastic participant in raiding and looting.

“It’s just that I found I couldn’t persist,” the fire spell Sanctuary sorcerer looked at Raven. “Does someone without ideals not have the right to live? Should they be strangled by the Choking Green and become a fallen monster?”

Raven was taken aback.

“Before the Four Pillars Cult appeared, Senlo only had saints and monsters,” the fire spell Sanctuary sorcerer said. “Now, at least I can be a selfish ordinary person and feel at ease in the night.”

For a Sanctuary sorcerer to claim to be an ordinary person was a bit shameless, but everyone understood what he meant.

In the silence, Ashe and the others returned to the area where Silver Lantern had been confined. He glanced around and suggested, “Why don’t we see if Silver Lantern left any clues?”

No one objected, and they descended to the ground to search for traces of Silver Lantern.

Igor took a few steps and noticed the prisoner clinging to his sleeve hadn’t followed. Turning, he saw Gwen standing still, wondering if she was finally planning to escape. But upon closer inspection, he saw she was tearing her clothes to bandage her wounds.

Those wounds were caused by Harvey and Igor, though they had targeted Mercury Trojan Horse, the consequences were borne by this female sorcerer... However, Gwen should have known this outcome, and judging by the Sanctuary sorcerers' attitude towards her, she was highly respected in the Four Pillars Cult due to her position as a proxy, hardly deserving of pity.

Still, Igor walked back and asked, "Don't you have a Healing Spirit?"

Gwen nodded, then shook her head.

"If your mouth is useless, sew it shut."

"My previous healing miracle required a Star spirit," she whispered. "Two months ago, the spirit was gone."

Igor remembered that Mercury Trojan Horse had sent her on a suicide mission because she was a useless Star sorcerer.

What a bother... But Igor himself didn't have a Healing Spirit, so he turned and called out, "Ashe, heal her."

"What?" Ashe deliberately replied in a harsh tone. "Why heal a prisoner? It's already good enough not to break her arms and legs! But since you asked—"

“Hurry up,” Igor wasn’t interested in playing role-playing games with Ashe.

Gwen quickly stood up. “No need, the wounds aren’t bleeding anymore. I have a foundation in the Physical Sect, so I can recover quickly-“

As she stood, she aggravated her wounds, and with a thud, she fell to the ground, hitting her forehead on a stone and bleeding.

Igor casually kicked the stone away and helped her up.

But soon, Igor’s gaze shifted from Gwen, and he called out loudly, “Ashe!”

“Coming, coming, didn’t expect you to be so eager...” Ashe hurried over and applied a “Joy Sword” to Gwen. “You’ll recover soon.”

“Look over there.”

Following Igor’s finger, Ashe saw a stone suspended in mid-air.

Yes, suspended, as if frozen.

The two exchanged glances, and Ashe reached out to touch it. No problem, he picked it up, no problem.

Ashe tossed the stone away-

About a meter away, the stone stopped mid-air again.

Igor threw a handful of stones, and they all froze in mid-air.

As if time itself had stopped.

The entire city seemed frozen, except for them.

“Time stopped?” Igor immediately thought of the most coveted divine intervention of the Time Sect.

“No, it’s not stopped. If time had stopped, our vision would be completely dark, as light would also stop and not reflect onto our retinas to form images,” Ashe murmured. “This isn’t a stop.”

“It’s a slowdown.”

“The ‘Sanctuary’ hasn’t failed,” he said. “It’s just that the slowdown has been magnified to infinity.”

## Chapter 617: The Real Danger

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“Did you see it move?” the fire sorcerer said bitterly.

Ten minutes ago, the sorcerers had gathered in the clearing, and Raven had lifted a large stone sphere, used as a road decoration, with one hand and hurled it forward.

The sphere flew with fierce speed for a meter, then stopped in mid-air, as if mocking the feeble gravity of the earth.

Ten minutes later, the sanctuary sorcerers surrounding the sphere, applying various reconnaissance miracles, finally had to admit that they couldn’t perceive any sign of movement from the sphere.

But they had been observing for ten minutes.

If one second was slowed to one minute, the sphere should have traveled ten seconds' worth of distance; if one second was slowed to an hour, the sphere should have traveled a sixth of a second's path.

"Could it be that one second is slowed to a day?" the wind sorcerer tried to remain calm. "The effect of the 'Sanctuary' is terrifying."

"How long will the night last now?" Ashe suddenly asked.

"At least 10 hours," Raven replied. "That's 36,000 seconds."

"If one second is slowed to a day, 36,000 seconds become 36,000 days, which is about 98 years," Ashe said. "And the Dead City has two characteristics-most of the dead show no obvious changes in appearance, and no one can survive the night in the Dead City."

"So, our bodies will age according to real-time, won't grow old or hungry, only our minds will be affected by the perception of time. But a mere 98 years, without any material limitations, can no one survive?"

The fire sorcerer's face turned grim. "There might be other murder mechanisms later."

"But the biggest possibility is that there are no other mechanisms. You Senlo sorcerers haven't found any other mechanisms in over two hundred years, which is enough to show that the Dead City's heritage is only the 'Sanctuary'," Igor said. "Everyone's soul is forced to live until death because their perception of time is stretched to an unbearable limit."



“So, one second is definitely not stretched to a day; a 98-year night is not enough to kill all the ‘refugees’ entering the Dead City,” Ashe said. “Generally speaking, miracles related to time usually reference seconds, minutes, hours, days, months, years.”

“If one second is stretched to a month, then the night becomes a three-thousand-year long night,” Ashe looked at Igor. “Can a soul’s lifespan endure that long?”

“It’s hard to say,” Igor shook his head. “The soul and body complement each other, inside and out. Body aging leads to the soul weakening, and if a sorcerer dies in the Virtual Realm, the soul’s damage will affect the body’s functions.”

“If our bodies truly don’t age, then our souls are unlikely to perish.”

However, the terrifying concept of three thousand years is enough to shatter most people’s mental defenses. It’s worth noting that it’s only 1668 now-the recorded time is only 1668 years!

It’s just half of three thousand years!

They have to survive twice the known historical time to leave the Dead City!?

Moreover, there's an even more terrifying possibility-

“What if one second is slowed to a year?”

Harvey was the only one not observing the sphere; he sat on the coffin lid, holding hands with Alice inside, calmly said, “That means we have to live here for over thirty thousand years to leave.”

“Even the Divine Sovereign might not live as long as us,” the necromancer could still laugh.

Thirty thousand years!

No wonder the time didn't slow down during their battle; they were already in the highest level of time deceleration, unable to magnify the speed further. *RaNoBĚš*

No wonder spellforce wouldn't automatically recover; spellforce is drawn from the Virtual Realm, where time flows normally! The recovery speed of spellforce can't keep up with their sensory speed!

No wonder they couldn't invoke the Demi-God, because the 'Sanctuary' only affects people, not other things-including Lala Fatty and the Demi-God.

Moreover, invoking the Demi-God requires spellcasting time, usually one second. If lucky, Ashe might transform into the Hell Mad Dragon Knight a month later; if unlucky, it would be on an anniversary.

It's strange, sorcerers should be a group pursuing immortality, 'Round Cicada' and 'Misty White' are the best examples, countless sorcerers have pursued this illusory ideal, exhausting their wisdom. Yet, when Ashe and the others learned they might live for thirty thousand years here, they only felt endless fear and oppression.

It's like those malicious fairy tales, you become immortal but turn into stone; you find the beautiful princess in the coffin, but she's a hungry vampire who slept for a hundred years; you gain endless wealth but are trapped beneath a mountain cave...

"Impossible!" the fire sorcerer gritted his teeth. "I won't be trapped here for thousands or tens of thousands of years! There must be a way to leave!"

"The effect of the 'Sanctuary' is too outrageous," the wind sorcerer couldn't hold it anymore, touching the sphere. "Pulling multiple people into a real dream lasting tens of thousands of years, this is already in the realm of divine intervention!"

"Moreover, why can't our Sanctuary shield us from the 'Sanctuary's' influence? Normally, Sanctuary should counteract all miracle distortions!"

Ashe wasn't surprised by this point. "The 'Mirage Prism' in Black Robe Town, the 'Blind Sight' in Blind Town also ignore Sanctuary; sanctuary sorcerers still turn into Mirage Prism beauties in Black Robe Town, and lose their eye senses if they violate rules in Blind Town. Although 'Sanctuary' is outrageous, other places have similar heritage."

"You shouldn't be surprised," Igor said. "Most gray fox heritage has this characteristic; the activation priority is always the highest, neither Sanctuary nor miracles can nullify the heritage... But speaking of which, even if the Gray Fox Divine Era was a great civilization, could they really create so many fantasy creations comparable to divine interventions?"

Perhaps Senlo people don't feel much, but for Ashe and these outsiders, the divine era heritage they've encountered along the way has left them deeply puzzled-the gap between the Gray Fox Divine Era and other nations' civilizations is too exaggerated.

If using sorcerers as productivity units, the Blood Moon Kingdom's civilization level is probably where everyone (including ordinary people) has the productivity equivalent to a One-Winged Sorcerer; the Gospel Kingdom's civilization level allows ordinary people to create production value close to a Two-Wings Sorcerer.

And the Senlo Kingdom's outrageous level is to unite the power of the entire society, creating a total production equivalent to millions of legendary sorcerers!

Don't think this quantity is exaggerated; comparing it to the Gospel system makes it clear. The Gospel system's operation requires not only deities but also dozens to hundreds of legendary sanctuaries as energy batteries at all times, yet even so, it has to use 'Gospel points' to reduce service pressure.

And although the gray fox heritage isn't as widespread as the Gospel system, the problem is, the heritage doesn't require any energy supply!

Mirage Prism, Blind Sight, Sanctuary, Twin System... They have all lasted over two hundred years without any maintenance, still displaying effects comparable to divine interventions!

Ashe only realized these days-the Twin System creating a Fate Twin identical to him, even replicating spellforce and spirit, is already akin to divine intervention.

Creating people is inherently the domain of deities!

If gray fox sorcerers truly pre-sealed miracles in the Virtual Realm to support gray fox heritage, then the Gray Fox Divine Era's social productivity is at least equivalent to millions of legendary sorcerers, and likely underestimated! Besides the heritage Ashe and the others encountered, many heritage were damaged in the 'cataclysm'; they don't know how many greater creations the gray fox sorcerers made beyond the 'Sanctuary'!

"Wait, the Virtual Realm!" the spear sorcerer suddenly remembered. "We can hide in the Virtual Realm to restore normal time flow!"

Everyone's spirits lifted, and they immediately tried to open the Gate of Truth. Ashe blinked and silently opened "Aurora's Sorcerer Handbook," selecting "virtual realm exploration."

“No.”

The spear sorcerer’s face turned pale. “My soul can’t pass through the Gate of Truth.”

“It’s probably the same reason we can’t leave the Dead City,” the wind sorcerer looked at his palm, muttering. “No wonder I always felt the ‘Sanctuary’ has the power of spatial confinement... After triggering the time deceleration effect, we’re effectively trapped in the Sanctuary, unable to enter normal time flow, so we can’t leave the Dead City or enter the Virtual Realm!”

It was clear the wind sorcerer had a high level of expertise in the Spatial Sect, something Ashe and the others didn’t perceive. However, this wasn’t good news-they truly had no means to escape the Dead City!

Except for one person.

Ashe looked at the “Team Composition” showing “apocalypse observer,” “Death Maniac Sword Princess,” “Black and White Witch,” “Yolan Vesser,” with only his status as ‘ready,’ while others were ‘preparing.’

Once everyone is ‘ready,’ the virtual realm exploration naturally proceeds. But the agreed time to go online is still thousands or tens of thousands of years away...

However, Ashe can forcibly pull them online. After unlocking the operator Level 3 Bond, Ashe gained some management permissions, and ‘forcing team members online without permission’ is the most valuable permission.

Incidentally, Yolan Vesser’s Bond also quietly unlocked to Level 3; Ashe thought it must be his extraordinary personality charm and Yolan Vesser’s gentle and amiable character forming an organic combination, allowing the Bond Level to rapidly increase in the mundane.

As for whether “Aurora’s Sorcerer Handbook” would be nullified by the ‘Sanctuary,’ Ashe wasn’t worried at all—he realized in the Gospel that the priority of the Sorcerer’s Handbook already surpassed deities, even the Gospel deities couldn’t weave the secrets of the Sorcerer’s Handbook.

So, Ashe can force teammates online into the Virtual Realm at any time to escape the Temporal Cage of the ‘Sanctuary.’

Whether it’s three thousand years or thirty thousand years, it means nothing to him.

However...

Ashe glanced at the Con Artist, necromancer, and Raven beside him, waved to exit the Sorcerer’s Handbook interface, and said, “Let’s find a way to escape the confinement of the ‘Sanctuary.’”

“What other way?” the fire sorcerer’s tone grew increasingly hysterical. “We can’t leave, can’t enter the Virtual Realm, are we supposed to find the ‘Sanctuary’s’ originals? It’s been dug up by countless people over two hundred years!”

“There is a way.”

Everyone looked at Gwen behind Igor, Gwen looked at Igor. The Con Artist raised his eyebrows, walked in front of her to block the others’ view, and Gwen made a throat-slitting gesture but used another hand to block her throat.

Blocking death.

Igor immediately understood her meaning, turned to the others, and said, “There is indeed a way, and it’s an absolutely effective correct method.”

“What way?”

“Escape the danger.”

Igor said, “The mechanism of the ‘Sanctuary’ is that it triggers when you encounter danger and deactivates when you escape danger. If I’m not mistaken, the speed of time deceleration is related to the level of danger we encounter; the greater and more urgent the danger, the larger the deceleration, giving us more time to resolve the danger.”



“In other words, the reason we can’t leave the ‘Sanctuary’ is because...” He looked around. “It considers us to be facing a danger that requires thousands or tens of thousands of years to resolve.”

## Chapter 618: The Sanctuary That Cant Shelter

Without a doubt, the “Sanctuary” is a gray fox heritage meant to save lives. After all, trapping people for thousands or even tens of thousands of years just to kill them slowly isn’t beyond the realm of a sorcerer’s depravity, but creating such a near-divine fantasy creation solely for that purpose would be too pointless, even for the dreamers of the Gray Fox sanctuary.

The original intention of the “Sanctuary” must have been to extend a person’s sensory time when they encounter danger, giving them enough time to detect and avoid it. For instance, a close-range gunshot would trigger the advanced setting of [1 second = 1 hour], while merely tripping over a passing Lala Fatty would only activate the normal setting of [1 second = 1 minute].

So, the fact that Ashe and his companions have triggered the ultimate setting of [1 second = 1 month/1 year] can only mean one thing-

In the eyes of the “Sanctuary,” they are about to face an unimaginably terrifying disaster.

“But what exactly is the danger?” the Fire sorcerer looked up at the night sky. “It can’t be the Choking Green, can it?”

“It can’t be the Choking Green,” Igor replied. “The Choking Green has been a disaster in Senlo since ancient times. If it were the Choking Green, the ‘Sanctuary’ would have plunged everyone around it into an eternal night from the moment it was created, and it wouldn’t have had the chance to be passed down.”

“Did the rumors about the Dead City start two hundred years ago?” he asked. “After entering the wasteland era, was this place uninhabitable?”

“I don’t know,” the Wind sorcerer said. “They say it’s been decades or a century, but the cult’s history only records the rise and fall of the cult, not these rumors. Even if they were recorded, they would have been lost due to destruction or relocation, so we can’t be sure if the Dead City was always a Dead City. We can only say that in recent decades, no one has survived.”

Igor’s first reaction to the danger was the iconic event that plunged the divine era into wasteland-the “cataclysm.” However, Senlo’s historical records over the past two hundred years are as blank as a student’s summer vacation homework, leaving him without enough reasoning material.

“So, we don’t know what danger we’re facing or how to solve it, so the ‘Sanctuary’ has given us an extended period to find and deal with it,” you find.”

Everyone nodded silently. The Dead City was shrouded in unknown darkness, and even though they were on opposing sides, they understood the need for sincere cooperation. To put it bluntly, if there were indeed other mechanisms for killing, staying together at least reduced their individual chances of misfortune.

Ashe didn't have any reconnaissance miracles. In the Virtual Realm, reconnaissance was Vesser's responsibility, while in reality, it was handled by Igor. Therefore, he could only try to heighten his sensory acuity to see if he could detect anything.

Hiss... hiss... he heard it, a faint, eerie sound in the darkness, like a snake flicking its tongue or a spider spinning its web. An indescribable monster lurked in the unknown, threatening their lives...

Ashe squinted and saw Harvey filing Alice's nails.

He walked over and saw that Harvey was not only shaping Alice's nails but also buffing them with a sponge file until they were smooth, trimming the cuticles, applying a base coat, two layers of pale green polish, and a top coat...

Sitting on the coffin lid, Harvey noticed him and made some room. "Care to join?"

"Can't Alice take care of her own nails?" Ashe asked.

"I generally don't let the dead maintain themselves," Harvey replied. "Caring for the dead is part of a necromancer's professional ethics-deodorizing, cleaning, muscle massage, dental checks... If a necromancer can't be bothered with these basic tasks and loses respect for their own creations..."

"What happens then?"

“Then they lack professional ethics,” Harvey said. “Nothing more.”

“I thought necromancers who personally care for their dead would be much stronger than those without ethics,” Ashe chuckled.

affected combat power, it wouldn’t be an unenforced ‘ethic,’ but a necessary ‘rule,’” Harvey explained. “Following rules allows you reality, while adhering to ethics lets you crush opponents on a mental level. True victory is achieved only when you win on both fronts; otherwise either the lament of the defeated, like those cults wiped out by the Four Pillars Cult, or the unease of the victor, Mercury Trojan Horse constantly evading Raven.”

Harvey’s words were intriguing, but Ashe was more interested in another point. “You don’t seem set down Alice’s hand. “I don’t care if I escape this thirty-thousand-year prison.”

“For me, the dynamic world different. Although there won’t be more corpses to study, researching Alice alone could occupy my entire remaining life.”

Among all of them, Harvey was perhaps the most composed. Rather than being world-weary, this dark-room-like environment suited his artistic temperament.

No time passing, no external disturbances the need for sleep or food-isn’t this the ideal creative environment? Creators should be thrown into the “Sanctuary’s dark room work.

“So, if you have a way out, don’t worry about me.”

Ashe widened his eyes.

“Even though you to me for psychological counseling,” Harvey said, “I sometimes eavesdrop to see if you guys are talking bad about me behind my back.”

“You care about that?”

“I’ve started to care recently.”

The necromancer said calmly, “You’re someone who sticks with us all the time romantic troubles, a love triangle even, and it’s fresh... We’re not idiots.”

“But I’m not surprised. You are the type to get caught emotional entanglements.”

Ashe scratched his head. “Did you mix up the comments about me and Igor... That sounds more like say about a male Bewitcher!”

“In any case,” Harvey said, “we’re ready.”

We?

Ashe turned around and saw behind him at some point.

“When did you get here?”

Raven didn’t answer such a trivial question and said seriously, “Remember, help crush the Mercury Trojan Horse’s face.”

Ashe shook his head. “That’s something you should do yourself.”

Raven said nothing more and.

Harvey, resting his chin on his hand, remarked, “Speaking of which, if even I can eavesdrop, then naturally who knows everything except miracles, wouldn’t miss a thing.”

Ashe suddenly felt an indescribable awkwardness-he thought he had hidden it turned out everyone knew he was in a chaotic and turbulent romantic situation.

He quickly turned his head as if nothing had happened, just in time to see Igor standing on the rooftop of a small building. Gwen was still obediently following the Con Artist, and the Con Artist seemed to notice the gaze directed at him, looking down at Ashe.

Their eyes met in the air, and Igor gave him a slight nod before turning to study other areas.

Though no words were exchanged, Ashe understood that Igor had already confirmed he had a safe way out. It was his overly calm demeanor during the discussion, or perhaps for other reasons... Ashe wasn't too surprised by this; he couldn't hide anything from.

More importantly, Igor and the others had already mentally prepared themselves for the possibility that they couldn't leave.

For over two hundred years, countless had failed to break the Temporal Cage of the Dead City. Why would they be any different? Although there was a way out, everyone knew it was: whether there was a crisis, what the crisis was, how to solve it... they had no information.

And these were things ten days or half a month would have thought of, right? They weren't Truth sorcerers or fate sorcerers, so why would they be all the cult sorcerers who had tried to break the Dead City in the past two hundred years?

Everyone knew that the upcoming plot was just being gradually worn away. People in the Dead City couldn't save themselves.

So, the only ones who could save them were...

At that moment, the Spear sorcerer suddenly shouted, "I've found a way!"

Everyone gathered immediately, and the Spear sorcerer asked, "Did you find any clues?"

After everyone shook their heads, he continued, "Even if we can't find anything now, as long as we spend time, we can definitely find clues left by those imprisoned for millions of years in the Dead City."

"But since no one has ever left the Dead City alive, it only proves that all efforts and attempts have failed. Even if we find clues and information, it will probably only let us experience the feeling of hope being shattered again and again."

"By ourselves, we can't escape the Dead City," the Spear sorcerer said. "We need to rely on external forces."

External forces?

Igor immediately realized something, and Harvey curiously asked, "What external forces?"



“The Four Pillars.”

The Wind sorcerer said, “The Mercury Trojan Horse miscalculated one thing: the Dead City doesn’t indiscriminately kill everyone, which is why Ashe and Silver Lantern are still alive.”

“Because Mr. Bukin deliberately leaked information a while ago, we all know that you and Silver Lantern are Half Tactile, which is why the Mercury Trojan Horse wants to kill you both-only when you’re both dead can she secure her position as Tactile.” He continued, “Although we won’t side with you just because you’re Half Tactile, your status can be the key to breaking the deadlock.”

“We should kill Silver Lantern,” spear sorcerer said, “and make you the Tactile.”

“No matter how powerful the ‘Sanctuary’ is, it can’t glory of the Four Pillars! They will surely break this Temporal Cage to save you!”

Exactly.

When they mentioned the Four Pillars,-he could become Tactile and rely on the power of the Four Pillars!

Although becoming Tactile might have many catastrophic consequences had some confidence in his willpower and believed he could resist the Four Pillars' influence. Moreover, he was sure that Igor and the him, perhaps by taking him away from Senlo to escape the Tactile identity, or by other means.

However, compared to, if Ashe didn't act, everyone's souls would be trapped in the Temporal Cage until they perished!

But this also meant they had to completely Lantern here-

"Even if we don't do this, Silver Lantern will surely think of using the Four Pillars' power to escape," the Spear sorcerer and his companions approached, staring at Ashe. "This is a zero-sum game. We will inevitably have a life-and-death battle with Silver Lantern. We have no choice."

Would Silver Lantern really kill me to survive... Ashe quickly extinguished such untimely thoughts, took a deep breath, and nodded. "Alright, let's cooperate."

The Spear sorcerer sighed in relief. "You should reveal a bit of your miracle expertise, and we'll share some information too, so we can coordinate in battle. After all, the Silver Lantern, and even if we have the advantage in numbers, we must not underestimate her."

This request was reasonable, and Ashe had no. He nodded in agreement and pondered how much information to disclose.

At this moment, Igor noticed that the fiery-tempered Fire sorcerer and was looking at Ashe with an unnatural gaze. His tense expression revealed his inner turmoil-a common flaw among Fire sorcerers, who, whether hot-tempered or calm, were not good at hiding their emotions.

Something's wrong!

The Con Artist's gaze swept over, and he Spear sorcerer was already within three steps of Ashe!

When the Con Artist noticed him looking, the Spear sorcerer knew he had, so he didn't hesitate to unleash his strongest miracle!

Target-Ashe Heath!

Indeed, the only way to break the Temporal Cage was

Four Pillars.

But the potential Tactile wasn't just Ashe; it was also Silver Lantern!

Logically, teaming up with Ashe and the others be easier than attacking Ashe. But let's not forget, Silver Lantern was a sorcerer skilled in disguise and concealment. If she wanted to might not even find her!

Moreover, Silver Lantern's cunning and combat prowess had left a deep impression on them. Compared to Silver Lantern and his group seemed like the easier target. If they seized this opportunity to ambush, they could solve all their problems!

They only needed new Tactile to emerge in the Dead City, and they didn't care who it was!

Therefore, the Spear sorcerer planned to as a cover to unleash the fastest and fiercest miracle, aiming to pierce Ashe's head before he could react!

Ashe was still information to reveal when he noticed something amiss. By then, the spear tip was almost touching his eye-

However, while the Spear seeking an opportunity to assassinate Ashe, someone else was also hunting them.

Snap!

Ashe leaned back, instantly raising his Sanctuary, effortlesslying the dissipating spear shadow.

The Spear sorcerer failed at the last moment.

Because he was dead.

The “Sanctuary had already activated once, pulling them into the highest-level Temporal Cage. But if they continued to kill each other within the cage, the “Sanctuary” was powerless.

Ashe saw the Spear sorcerer suddenly shatter into pieces before him, his body resembling both a meatball and a squashed mosquito. The blood droplets, fragments, organs, and bones, which were about to scatter, froze in mid escaping the Temporal Cage’s hold and entering normal time flow the moment their owner died.

In this gruesome tableau of shattered remains, Ashe saw figure not far away. Her arm, clad in long gloves, bore a gleaming Square Cicada. Tonight, she wore a dark red a veil, and a small hat, as if attending a banquet-noble, alluring, yet dangerous.

Silver Lantern!

She had appeared and instantly killed the Spear sorcerer!

In the “Sanctuary,” the first casualty had emerged.

## Chapter 619: Leaping into the Future

Sartapal of the Wind Sanctuary was not originally a sorcerer specializing in wind spells.

He was a member of the Wance Sect, whose doctrine was to “fully restore the glory of the Gray Fox Divine Era” by pursuing the end-all strategy known as “Wance End,” making it one of the most persistent sects in the wasteland dedicated to unearthing relics and competing for heritage. At its peak, the Wance Sect even dared to attack the Tribulation Fire Temple to steal their Gray Fox heritage.

Compared to the Tribulation Fire Temple, the Wance Sect was more notorious for its aggressiveness, as the former merely dominated the surrounding areas while the latter traveled far and wide for heritage, earning a fearsome reputation. However, this also meant the Wance Sect often undertook long-distance missions and could not call for reinforcements in time, making them vulnerable to ambushes by the Raven Annihilation Cult.

To better utilize the heritage, the Wance Sect’s spellcasting techniques were naturally similar to those of the Gray Fox Divine Era, focusing on Physical, thunder spells, and Mental as their three main streams. Although Sartapal showed an early aptitude for wind spells, both his faith and the available resources compelled him to abandon his personal interests.

Yet, his talent and fortune were remarkable. Not only did he advance to the Sanctuary level using the Mental Sect, but he also managed to elevate his wind spells to the Golden level despite limited resources. Although his Divine Hosting rate was only 5%, far below the minimum requirement of 20%, everyone still regarded him as the future Bishop of the sect.

However, when the Four Pillars Cult erupted like a virus, and Sartapal emerged from seclusion to find the Wance Sect relegated to history, he felt no anger or resentment, but rather a profound sense of relief.

After the death of the Wance Divine Hosts, he led his followers to surrender and pledged loyalty to the Mercury Trojan Horse. Later, when he learned that the Mercury Trojan Horse had originated from the Raven Annihilation Cult-a sworn enemy of the Wance End-he was quite anxious and always ready to flee.

Yet, the Mercury Trojan Horse did not mistreat him, instead appointing him as the regional Bishop to continue managing the Wance Region.

Working for the Four Pillars Cult was not easy, and the Mercury Trojan Horse was no benevolent ruler. Previously, Sartapal needed only to focus on his cultivation, but now he also had to spend a great deal of time handling affairs to meet the Mercury Trojan Horse's assessments.

However, Sartapal felt his life becoming more hopeful, as if reborn, bursting with unprecedented vitality.

The Four Pillars Cult also had its doctrines, but the commandments of the Four Pillars were: no rules, only peace of mind.

Anger, kill until you bathe in a sea of blood; a thirst for knowledge, pursue until you uncover all the dark and eerie secrets; desire arises, indulge until you satisfy all unspeakable fetishes...

Although the Wance Sect was not a strictly rule-bound cult, it appeared overly conservative compared to the completely unrestrained Four Pillars Cult. Sartapal's status hadn't improved much, but at least he no longer had to bear the gaze and expectations of others. As long as he completed the tasks assigned by the Mercury Trojan Horse, he could indulge himself in his free time.

He didn't need to pursue distant grand narratives, only to plan tonight's entertainment,

Most people, including Sartapal, quickly converted to the Four Pillars Cult, even more devoutly than before. They did not consider this a fall from grace but a step towards enlightenment.

It was during this year that Sartapal managed to elevate his wind spell sect to the Sanctuary level. He obtained the heritage of wind spell sects from other kingdoms in the Distant Sky Domain, ingeniously integrating wind spells with the Mental Sect.

Although he only used wind spell miracles, as the battle dragged on, his wind spell miracles silently weaved a Mental Wind Domain, directly affecting sorcerers through sight and sound, which even those at the Sanctuary level couldn't resist.

So when Mond (Sanctuary level spear sorcerer) suggested targeting Ashe and others, Sartapal immediately agreed. Compared to the elusive Silver Lantern, Ashe and his group were easier to keep in the same area, making it more convenient for his Mental Wind Domain to take effect.



Sartapal neither liked Silver Lantern nor disliked Ashe; he simply chose the survival strategy with the highest probability.

He could not be trapped in the Temporal Cage; he had to leave the Dead City.

His new miracle, "Hearing the Wind and Fleeing," was almost ready, and he had many ideas for composite miracles. He wanted to become a dual legend in both wind spells and the Mental Sect. This was a new field in the history of Senlo and sorcerers, and he would leave an indelible mark like 'Wheel of Time' Mess and 'Dreaming Songstress' Kina-

Snap!

In the next instant after the spear sorcerer Mond was torn apart, the Wind Sanctuary's Sartapal was also unravelled from the inside out, like a bag of chips bursting open from being opened too forcefully.

His hot and calm eyeball, due to excessive eyeball pressure, was squeezed out along with the vitreous body. His hands, sensitive to the slightest movement of air, were dismembered, exposing the white bones. His desires, like his body, were completely frozen in time at that moment.

In the "Sanctuary," a second death occurred.

At that moment, everyone, including the fire spell Sanctuary, opened their sanctuaries; Gwen hid within Igor's Sanctuary, and they all looked sternly at the distant Silver Lantern.

They couldn't help but be nervous-even though Silver Lantern was attacking by surprise, her method of killing was too terrifying!

The biggest difference between sanctuary sorcerers and ordinary sorcerers lies in their ability to instantly activate their sanctuaries, almost completely ignoring all surprise attacks, significantly enhancing their security.

Although there are sorcerers whose assassination speed can catch sanctuary sorcerers off guard, like the spear spell Sanctuary just trying to kill Ashe, there are two problems with such assassinations: 1) The spear spell Sanctuary needs to close the distance to a "trust distance" of three steps for his miracle speed to possibly catch Ashe off-guard; 2) He only has time for one strike, and if Ashe doesn't die, he can raise his sanctuary defense the next second!

The spear spell Sanctuary was certainly no weakling, and Ashe was almost successful. However, compared to Silver Lantern, the tricks of the spear spell Sanctuary seemed so childish.

Silver Lantern was more than ten steps away from them but could instantly tear their bodies apart to an extent that made resurrection impossible, and moreover, she killed both the spear spell Sanctuary and the wind spell Sanctuary in succession!

Honestly, Ashe and others were still stunned. Silver Lantern's demonstration of slaughtering sanctuaries like slaughtering Lala Fatty had indeed shocked their minds-they had just planned to hunt Silver Lantern, but now it seemed that Silver Lantern could turn them into minced meat just by beckoning.

When Silver Lantern turned her gaze to the fire spell Sanctuary, he, regardless of his previous attempt to assassinate Ashe and others, quickly hid beside Ashe and the others. A few seconds later, Silver Lantern unfolded her golden and silver Twin Wings and left without a word, blending into the still night.

Even though Silver Lantern had already left, no one dared to disperse their sanctuaries, with the two about-to-disperse corpses still in front of them.

However, Ashe soon voluntarily dispersed his sanctuary and thoughtfully said, "I understand now."

He raised his hand, and a golden, glowing Round Cicada emerged on his arm, crawling up and down: "I understand the secret of Silver Lantern's move now; her Square Cicada ability must be just as we speculated."

The fire spell Sanctuary naturally didn't understand this, but Igor and the others immediately realized.

Ashe's Round Cicada effect was to overwrite the status from three seconds ago to the present, which he called "Three-Second Cicada Lurk." Used well, it could almost evade all fatal injuries.

So they all guessed that Silver Lantern's Square Cicada effect must be to overwrite the status from three seconds in the future to the present!

The reason she could instantly kill two sanctuary sorcerers is that neither had raised their sanctuaries, so in the timeline observed by Square Cicada, Silver Lantern could tear them apart in three seconds, then overwrite that future to the present, hence their bodies were completely shattered!

She clearly wanted to attack the fire spell Sanctuary just now, but since the fire spell Sanctuary had already raised his sanctuary, and Silver Lantern couldn't break the sanctuary in three seconds, Square Cicada couldn't observe that timeline, so she had to give up and turn away.

Back to the point, leaping into the future!

Compared to Round Cicada, Square Cicada's effect seems even more absurd, but it also depends on who uses it. Like Round Cicada in Ashe's hands can only save people, but in Silver Lantern's hands, it might become some kind of self-destructing weapon restoration device.

Moreover, Silver Lantern's move is not unstoppable-just make sure she can't kill you within three seconds.

She had a reason for hiding this move until now. If she had revealed it early, then both Ashe and the Four Pillars Cult would have armed themselves with triggered miracles, that is, delayed miracles activated upon being hit, so that Square Cicada couldn't observe their deaths three seconds later!

Normally, such delayed miracle defenses aren't good, and they have instantly raised sanctuaries, so they naturally wouldn't spend time on this. But facing the threat of Silver Lantern, no matter how troublesome, everyone would set up defensive traps for themselves before getting out of bed in the morning.

However, they now couldn't escape the Dead City, so naturally, they couldn't find help!

Silver Lantern also saw this point, so she confidently displayed her new trump card. Unless they constantly maintain their sanctuaries, Silver Lantern could take their lives at any time!

Except for one person.

Ashe and Igor exchanged glances, a strange light flashing in their eyes.

He was the one protected by delayed miracles.

Just a few days ago, while chatting with them, Igor suddenly raised a question: "Three-Second Cicada Lurk" is very strong, but what if you, Ashe, die first?

Although Ashe didn't think he would be such a drag, for safety's sake, he cuddled and hugged the Round Cicada for several days, and to his surprise, the Round Cicada vaguely agreed-if Ashe entered a state of death, it would activate "Three-Second Cicada Lurk" on its own to bring Ashe back!

Therefore, the spear spell Sanctuary's assassination was doomed from the start.

Ashe might be killed once, but he has three lives.

And with these three lives, Ashe could use them himself or give them to others!

From this point, Round Cicada is no less than Square Cicada-Ashe can not only use Round Cicada to protect himself but also protect others!

If he had to choose again, Ashe would still want the Round Cicada, just like Silver Lantern would probably still prefer the Square Cicada.

Moreover, Silver Lantern's relationship with Square Cicada should also be a semi-master state, just like Round Cicada only gives Ashe three chances a day, Silver Lantern should be similar. And she has already used it twice now, while Ashe hasn't used it once!

Thus, Ashe doesn't need to fear Silver Lantern's surprise attacks!

However... Ashe looked at the Round Cicada, thinking that it was also pulled into the "Sanctuary." It's not really his spirit, more like a stray cat living on the steps outside his door. Does this mean that "Sanctuary" targets the soul?

He retracted the Round Cicada and looked at the fire spell Sanctuary, surrounded by Igor, Harvey, and Raven.

In the blink of an eye, his companions were almost completely wiped out, leaving him alone facing three Sanctuaries and a Raven. The ups and downs of life were truly thrilling.

Moreover, running away was useless-Silver Lantern's glance at him was enough to indicate her attitude. If he hid alone in the Dead City, he would just be waiting to follow in his companions' footsteps, found by Silver Lantern, and then turned into fragments frozen in time.

Although he could evade death by constantly maintaining his sanctuary, deploying a sanctuary itself consumes spellforce. Now that their spellforce recovery rate was  $\frac{1}{31,536,000}$  of the original, the fire spell Sanctuary would eventually run out of spellforce and become a helpless Lala Fatty waiting to be slaughtered.

The fire spell Sanctuary also realized that he was on a dead end no matter what and very straightforwardly dispersed his sanctuary, pulling out a piece of paper from his bosom and passing it over: "I actually vaguely felt that there's a hidden space in the Dead City. I can take you there."

Harvey let Alice take the paper, glanced at it, and immediately showed a strange expression, passing it to Igor.

Igor also raised his eyebrows in surprise: “Senlo shouldn’t have this kind of pact paper, right?”

“Obtained from the dream phantom.”

“Why didn’t you use this paper to enslave others, but instead wrote it as your own indenture available for saving your life at any time?”

Yes, what the fire spell Sanctuary took out was indeed a contract of his own indenture, already signed and marked by him. The terms could be summarized as two points: the fire spell Sanctuary would obey the commands of his master; the master cannot intentionally send the fire spell Sanctuary to his death.

A sanctuary sorcerer actually carrying such a thing made one wonder if he had some special inclination.

The fire spell Sanctuary’s expression was also a bit gloomy as he looked at Raven: “Did you recognize me?”

Raven said, “I have a bit of an impression, but I’m not sure, did you wear a helmet before?”

The fire spell Sanctuary nodded and explained to them: “There was a team of Raven Annihilation chasing me within the range of the Temple, so I took action and drove them away...”



“That time you almost burned Tanomoo to death. She was severely burned all over her body and took almost half a year to recover.” Raven said indifferently, “I was very angry back then, now I just feel it’s a pity.”

Igor twirled the contract paper, a smile playing on his lips: “So you originally intended to hand this contract over to the Mercury Trojan Horse in exchange for a way to live?”

Now Ashe and the others finally realized, the plot of the Mercury Trojan Horse was simply a revenge drama route. The Raven Annihilation Cult was clearly unwelcome among other cults in Senlo, and because of this identity, the Mercury Trojan Horse also faced many dangers. Now, as the Tactile Sense of the Four Pillars Cult, she had destroyed those cults that had once offended her along the way, and those once invincible strong ones could only beg her for forgiveness meekly.

Ashe then asked, “Were those two people also previously involved with the Mercury Trojan Horse, or the Raven Annihilation Cult?”

The fire spell Sanctuary was startled, then his complexion became extremely ugly, grinding his teeth and saying, “That one Sanctuary sorcerer who left early, was the one who had never had any dealings with the Raven Annihilation...”

Raven wasn’t surprised at all: “Tanomoo is very vengeful.”

A sanctuary-level combat power picked up for nothing, don't take it for nothing, not to mention he was originally the Four Pillars Cult's regional Bishop. If he could leave the Dead City, he could definitely be squeezed for more value.

Igor and the others exchanged glances, and Ashe was the first to shake his head, his eyes showing deep disdain-because of the twisted relationship with Annan, he felt extremely disgusted with such relationships.

Raven was interested, but he was despised by the Virtual Realm, so he couldn't become the master of the contract miracle.

Igor was actually a bit interested, but seeing how much Ashe despised it, he didn't have much idea either.

But Harvey suddenly thought of something, took the contract paper over. The fire spell Sanctuary watched wide-eyed as Harvey handed the contract paper to Alice, teaching the Necromancy to sign the contract by hand.

As the contract paper turned into light smoke and solidified in the air, Harvey said, "Alright, from now on, you're Alice's pallbearer. From now on, you'll be responsible for Alice's coffin. I actually didn't want Alice to always lie in the Spatial Card."

Everyone had no objections-fire spell Sanctuary was originally an enemy, and he had just tried to assassinate Ashe, so it was more than reasonable for Harvey to kill his prestige.

The fire spell Sanctuary got angry: “I, the former Bishop of the Tribulation Fire Temple and the regional Bishop of the Four Pillars Cult, a Sanctuary level fire sorcerer, actually have to be a pallbearer for a corpse? And you clearly have better transportation methods, just for the sake of a better living experience for the Necromancy, you let me do such a lowly job?”

“Good, worthy of being the master of my new master!” He stood tall and proud as he went over to lift the coffin, his face showing pride.

## Chapter 620: Link of Truth

The true name of the Fire of Slaughter sanctuary sorcerer is Chikara, an orc. This explains why he can vaguely sense the hidden space within the Dead City, while Ashe and the others cannot-his spatial sect has reached the sanctuary realm. It’s an orc sorcerer’s racial talent, something others can only envy.

“I heard that orcs are discriminated against in other kingdoms, is that true? But with my good looks, I’d surely be adored wherever I go, right?”

“She’s your prisoner, and I’m your slave, so my status should be higher than hers, right? I know just as much about the Four Pillars Cult as she does. You can ask me anything! Surely a sanctuary sorcerer’s status can’t be lower than a two-wings sorcerer, can it?”

“You wouldn’t join another cult, would you? Or are you thinking of starting your own? Why don’t we find a way to kill Silver Lantern, let Ashe take Mercury Trojan Horse’s place, and control the Four Pillars Cult?”

“If you don’t want to spend money on me, just let me go on raids occasionally! We from the Tribulation Fire Temple are great at killing and arson, just ask that Raven! I’m easy to keep and very capable, definitely worth it!”

Ashe was certain that being a chatterbox wasn’t a racial trait of orc sorcerers. Whether it was the Four Pillars Cult that made him this way or if he was naturally like this, Chikara was unabashedly self-promoting. Contrary to his rugged exterior, he had an unexpectedly submissive and compliant nature, easily slipping into the role of a slave while trying to elevate his status. Igor initially thought Chikara was feigning simplicity to lower their guard, but upon closer inspection, it seemed Chikara was genuinely a bit slow-witted.

Perhaps the racial talent of orc sorcerers was a form of compensation.

When faced with strangers, Harvey naturally resorted to his tried-and-true conversation starter: “What pattern of livor mortis do you like?”

“Red Lotus Fire!” Chikara answered immediately.

“Alright.” Harvey was intrigued. “Like flames burning on the skin? I haven’t tried that yet.”

Seeing the two of them chatting so amiably, Ashe couldn’t help but marvel at the diversity of Senlo’s species-this was the first time he’d seen someone naturally follow Harvey’s peculiar train of thought without any prior exposure.

Guided by Chikara’s spatial sensing, they quickly found the location of the hidden space. It wasn’t concealed very deeply; it was right in the center of the Dead City, in the ruins of a church. As they flew over, they could see a flickering deep blue door.

They landed in front of the ruins, looking at the blue door that flashed every two seconds, exchanging puzzled glances.

“Strange, I remember passing by here during the day and didn’t see this door,” Chikara scratched his head.

“Why didn’t you mention this information earlier?” Ashe, seeing the door, was now certain Chikara hadn’t lied. “If there’s a way out inside, perhaps things wouldn’t have escalated to that point.”

Chikara replied, “I actually told Mond (Spear spell sanctuary) and Sartapal (wind spell sanctuary), but Mond said that after killing you, if it didn’t work out, we could explore it later.”

The orc paused, then added, “Maybe it was because Mond was angry. He leans more towards the Lord of Myriad Glories.”

The Lord of Myriad Glories, also known as the Tyrant.

Ashe and the others hadn’t expected that among the three sanctuary sorcerers, the one with the worst temper wasn’t the seemingly aggressive Chikara, but the cold and silent Mond. Perhaps when Raven debated faith with him and he couldn’t out-argue Raven, the seeds of hatred had already been sown.

“And which faith do you lean towards?”

“Me? I want them all,” Chikara said proudly, still holding the coffin firmly. “The courage of the Lord of Myriad Glories, the wisdom of the Lord of Wind, Rain, and Snow, the divine machine of the eternal fiery heart, the joy of the dreaming free spirit-why should I give up any of them? Why didn’t the Four Pillars choose me as their Tactile Sense?”

Perhaps they didn’t want to experience what it’s like to have water on the brain... Igor looked at the blue door that appeared and disappeared intermittently, frowning. “Is this a mechanism that only appears at night?”

“Not necessarily,” Ashe said. “Don’t forget, we’re experiencing time at a crawl, but inanimate objects aren’t affected. This means that at this slowed time rate, we can see this flickering blue door.”

“In normal time flow, we wouldn’t notice this door at all. At most, we’d feel a flash of light in our vision, but we’d just think it’s... a delusion.”

At this point, Gwen tugged on Igor’s sleeve and pointed to the clean, smooth ground. Igor understood her meaning and nodded. “This door is so obvious, others trapped in the Temporal Cage will eventually find it. The ground here is free of rubble, not even dust, indicating someone was here recently-Mercury Trojan Horse said she conducted repeated experiments in the Dead City, these might be traces of those people.”

Ashe suddenly thought of something. “So Silver Lantern could also find this place... could she already be inside?”

“Possibly, there’s likely a heritage ‘Sanctuary’ hidden inside. She might have already obtained it,” Igor said. “But this is the first time I wouldn’t mind her succeeding. If she gets the ‘Sanctuary,’ we could naturally escape the Temporal Cage-though no one has managed to take the ‘Sanctuary’ in over two hundred years, I’m pessimistic about it.”

Ashe said, “By the way, was Silver Lantern really outsmarted by Mercury Trojan Horse?”

“What do you mean?”

“She doesn’t seem like someone who’d be trapped for a whole day without acting,” Ashe said. “Could it be that her original goal was to enter the Dead City at night?”

“Impossible!” Igor shook his head decisively. “Silver Lantern isn’t foolish. Even if she knew the Dead City’s secret, there’s no need to enter the notorious Dead City herself. She could easily leak the information to others, let them take the risk, and then snatch the victory-this is Silver Lantern’s way of thinking.”

Indeed, this is Silver Lantern’s way of thinking-meticulous, cautious, and ruthless. Igor had studied Silver Lantern’s character thoroughly, but Ashe still held onto his own view.

“Caution is just a facade she uses to disguise herself,” Ashe said earnestly. “At her core, she’s a romantic and radical idealist.”

Igor was silent for a moment. “You should just call her a lunatic.”

Without much hesitation, they all opened their Sanctuaries and quickly passed through the blue door during its two-second duration.

Then, a bright spacious hall unfolded before them. They stood on seamless white floors, their reflections faintly visible, and everyone seemed to glow.

It was as if the ruins of the Dead City on the other side of the blue door were just a dream.

A massive Fog Wall blocked the hall’s passage, with golden runes faintly visible in the ethereal mist. When Ashe looked at the golden runes, countless thoughts mind: “Why can the Mirage Prism so easily alter a person’s physical structure?” “Why can the Twin Abyss create a perfect avatar?” “Why doesn’t Senlo have an Abyss?” “Why is there Choking Green in the night?”...

He quickly averted his gaze, and the storm of thoughts in his mind gradually subsided. Harvey, similarly affected, grunted and turned away, while Raven seemed unaffected, and Chikara even made a retching sound.

Only Igor was entranced, muttering to himself as he stared at the golden text, instinctively pulling out a Spatial Card to jot down notes. He wrote so quickly that his pen flew out, and Gwen promptly caught it and handed it back to him.



“What is this?” Ashe couldn’t help but ask.

“Link of Truth,” surprisingly, it was Chikara who answered didn’t expect to find such a rare thing here...”

Indeed, it was extremely rare. Ashe and the others had traversed half of Senlo anything like it. The orc gave his head a hard punch, clearing his mind somewhat, and turned his back to the Fog explain, “The ‘Link of Truth’ is a knowledge transmission mechanism from the Gray Fox Divine Era. Those Gray Foxes were directly impart knowledge to others. They insisted that their apprentices deduce the truths they discovered step by step...”

Chikara rambled on, and it took and the others a while to grasp the purpose of the Link of Truth-essentially, it’s a learning aid.

Normal learning aids rely on techniques such as questioning, prompting, and hinting. The unique aspect of the ‘Link of Truth’ is that it only stimulates a person’s thinking based on their existing knowledge, allowing anyone to deduce the truth indicated by the ‘Link of Truth’ through their own reasoning.

If there were a Link of Truth explaining “L’Hôpital’s Rule,” even a grade-schooler could, through their existing knowledge, reason their way upward until they understood the rule.

So it’s not surprising that even Chikara found it odd—why not present the truth directly? Why complicate things with such details? Is it all just for the sake of education?

Is high productivity that impressive?

Harvey attempting to pass through, but was predictably blocked.

This time, the Fog Wall displayed text everyone could understand: “You are not qualified.”

“So, we have to deduce this truth to be qualified to pass through the Fog Wall?” Ashe scratched his head. “What if we can’t it-“

“Exactly, that’s the only possibility!”

While they were discussing, Igor had unknowingly written several pages.

He looked at the golden text on the Fog Wall, his face showing an uncharacteristic mix of fear and longing, as if both dreading and craving something the only possibility, there are no other possibilities...”

Ashe quickly stepped over, placing a hand on Igor’s shoulder and covering his eyes.”

The Con Artist complied, but his porcelain face still flushed with excitement. “Ashe, listen to me, you must believe what I’m saying...”

Of course, I believe you,” Ashe said. “Count to three silently, then tell me the truth you’ve deduced.”

Igor ex breath, and after a moment, he calmly said, “Ashe.”

“Senlo is not real.”