

## SORCERER'S HANDBOOK

### Chapter 671: You, a Sanctuary Sorcerer

Boom, boom!

The golden hall shook continuously, shedding sparkling fragments.

Ash gazed at the Virtual Divinity before him, which now resembled a giant structure about five meters tall, filled to 40% capacity. But it was only 40%.

Conservatively estimated, completing the Virtual Divinity would require at least another 24 hours, assuming Ash continued to burn his soul capacity to sustain everyone. The sorcerers outside, fiercely attacking the Specter's Inheritance, were unlikely to grant them that time.

"You need to go out and confront the intruders to buy time," the nightmare suddenly said.

Upon hearing this, Ash and the others were not surprised. They had long known they were mere cannon fodder. The Nightmare Angel, in order to create a Nightmare Deity, would certainly prioritize sacrificing expendable forces to increase the chances of success.

"But we're just ordinary Sanctuary sorcerers, capable of holding off one or two of the same level at most," Ash replied. "Does it really make a difference?"

“Of course, it’s not about using your own strength to confront the intruders,” the nightmare explained. “The originals have left behind contingency plans.”

Ash exchanged glances with Vesser and the others, a hint of surprise in their eyes-had the Nightmare Angel anticipated even this? And had a foolproof plan in place? Could it be some divine intervention, instantly sending intruders to the recycle bin?

“The contingency plan left by the originals is the Inheritance of other Demigods,” the nightmare continued. “Though the originals couldn’t predict the future, with their example of failure, any Demigod leaving an Inheritance in the Dreaming Celestium would certainly consider how to fend off intruders. You just need to utilize the arrangements of the Specter Seer to effectively block the intruders.”

This nightmare had no mercy in its critique of the originals...

Yet Ash’s heart grew colder, for nothing was harder to accept than acknowledging failure. The Nightmare Angel’s ability to consider the repercussions of his own failure demonstrated a clarity and calmness that was far from the isolation of a failing individual setting up an Inheritance in his final moments.

“When sorcerers reach the 90th level of the Specter’s Inheritance, if the interior of the Dreaming Celestium is invaded, the sorcerer closest to the Codex can manipulate the levels to attack the intruders,” the nightmare explained. “The Truth sorcerer must remain to create the Virtual Divinity, while two of you must go to confront the intruders, leaving one to replenish the Truth sorcerer’s soul capacity.”

With the nightmare’s words, it was evident that the ones to confront the intruders would be the sword Princess and the Witch.

Ash exchanged glances with them, then opened “Aurora’s Sorcerer Handbook” to check the operator profiles:

“Death Maniac Sword Princess”

“Human – Female – 18 years old”

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

“Bond Resonance – Insatiable Greed: While journeying together, there’s a chance to obtain better loot.”

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

“Class: Specter Swordsman / Frenzied Dancer / Dead Apostle”

“Class Traits: ① Any soul sword strikes you perform deal +15% damage;

② Attacking the same target increases attack speed by 2%, accumulates up to 5 times, switching attack targets immediately invalidates;

③ Has a 5% chance to deal true damage to the target's soul."

"Silver Blessing – Carnival / Brutality: Each enemy defeated increases critical rate and critical damage. Different traits can be triggered based on the operator's training route."

"Golden Blessing – Luminous Star / Lunar Star: Each battle increases insight, willpower, and charisma. Different traits can be triggered based on the operator's training route."

"Virtual Wings: Rainbow full-winged / Golden full-winged / Silver full-winged"

"Controlling Spirits: Four Wings Heart Sword Spirit, Four Wings Flower Rebirth Spirit, Three Wings Vibration Sword Spirit, Three Wings Unbounded Spirit..."

"Black and White Witch"

"Human – Female – 19 years old"

"Bond Level: 4 (75% Experience Sharing)"

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

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

“Class: Specter Warrior / Sorceress”

“Class Traits: ① Any soul punches you perform deal +18% damage;

② You have a 5% chance to inflict a special status on the attack target, lasts for 5 seconds (affection, infatuation, admiration, obsession).”

“Silver Blessing – Witch’s Taboo: Secrecy grants you power, concealment is your weapon. The fewer people in reality know your true nature, the stronger you become in the Virtual Realm. Currently, the Black and White Witch’s concealment level is 80% (little known), granting an 80% spellforce recovery speed bonus. (Observer’s observation not included)”

“Golden Blessing – Witch’s Rebellion: Rebellion grants you power, desire is your weapon. The more you wish to rebel against those who love you, even harboring ill intentions towards them, the stronger you become in the Virtual Realm. Currently, the Black and White Witch’s rebellion level is 96% (filial piety distorted), granting 96% extra spellforce.”

“Virtual Wings: Rainbow full-winged / Golden full-winged / Silver full-winged”

“Controlling Spirits: Four Wings Sword Mark Spirit, Four Wings Snowbreak Spirit, Three Wings Claw Spirit, Three Wings Mask Spirit, Three Wings Witness Spirit...”

Since Ash no longer set training strategies for them, he simply fed them stamina potions, career potions, and experience potions to boost their status. He hadn't paid much attention to their training reports lately, and only now noticed that both the Sword Princess and the Witch had become Specter Swordsman and Specter Warrior-likely due to the influence of exploring the Specter's Inheritance.

After completing the 'Dead Apostle' and 'Sorceress' class tasks respectively, the Sword Princess became a triple-class, and the Witch a dual-class, their secondary classes undoubtedly enhancing their combat capabilities. Coupled with the recent high-density challenges, their virtual wings quickly solidified, and their strength was undoubtedly that of three-winged formal sorcerers.

Yet Ash was still uneasy, so he spent two Source Crystals to use the Soul Ignite Chart on them, instantly boosting the Witch's soul count to four hundred Human Souls, and the Sword Princess to three hundred Human Souls!

“Nightmare,” Ash suddenly asked, “Will the ones going to intercept return later?”

“They must return,” Nightmare replied, “You need to guard the Virtual Divinity until it's complete.”

Ash felt reassured. As he turned around, he suddenly found himself with a soft embrace, looking down to see the Witch's little head nestled against him, her hair slightly disheveled from nervousness. He held her close, gently stroking her hair, then glanced at the Sword Princess standing quietly nearby.

"See you later."

"See you later."

With those words, Sonya and Deya vanished from the golden hall.

Ash continued with the Spirit Convergence, his expression serious, as if truly intent on completing the Virtual Divinity. After a while, Nightmare signaled for them to stop, "Your efficiency is starting to drop; it's time to replenish your enhancement."

It's worth mentioning that Nightmare's method of sacrificing one person to boost everyone's divine intervention not only invigorates others with heightened spirits and thoughts but also stimulates Ash, whose soul limit has been reduced, to a state of clear consciousness.

The essence of this refreshment isn't about 'increasing soul limit,' but rather the process of 'increase' and 'decrease.' In real-life terms, both happiness and anger can excite a person, as can comfort and pain. Ash and the others had their souls wearied and stiffened by the monotonous task of Spirit Convergence, so using change to activate their souls was necessary.

Therefore, Ash's sudden surge from Ignite Soul wasn't particularly useful; production line work doesn't become less tedious just because you're energetic today. Fatigue will still set in, so sacrificing only his soul to enhance the group is the most cost-effective approach.

Since the discovery of the Dreaming Celestium's invasion, Nightmare's demand for their work efficiency has been to maintain it at the highest level. Any slight drop prompts a refreshment, with yesterday's highest KPI becoming today's minimum requirement, shortening the refreshment interval to once every hour.

The familiar pain arrived as expected, and Ash groaned, kneeling down, instinctively reaching forward to grab something-until the next second, he remembered that the Sword Princess and Witch had gone out to confront the enemy.

Yet, his hand was still caught by a pair of soft hands.

"They're not here," Vesser said softly, "Let me help you share the pain."

"Thank you." Ash didn't refuse her kindness, his body tensing as he took a deep breath, smiling, "Come to think of it, this seems to be... our first time alone together? Well, if we don't count Nightmare watching."

"Yes, before, at least one of the Sword Princess or Witch was present. Now it's just you and me."



“How strange,” Ash’s breathing quickened, “You’ve been in the team for two months, and I still haven’t found a chance to chat with you alone...”

“Now you have the chance.” Vesser said, “What do you want to talk about?”

“Well, for instance...” Ash forced himself to stop his shoulders from trembling, asking lightly, “Do you have someone you like?”

“I do.” Vesser replied calmly.

She could see that even amidst the soul-tearing agony, Ash visibly relaxed upon hearing her answer. She quickly understood his thoughts and chuckled, “Are you afraid that I like you? No, you’re not afraid of me; you’re afraid of her.”

“But you, a dignified sanctuary sorcerer, are afraid of your lover to this extent...”

“You say that as if everyone isn’t a sanctuary sorcerer!” Ash felt embarrassed and quickly changed the subject, “Let’s not talk about me, let’s talk about you. How are things with the person you like?”

“Not much going on.” Vesser said, “We’re not together.”

“Why?” Ash was quite surprised, momentarily forgetting the pain, “You, a dignified sanctuary sorcerer, can’t even win over a lover?”

“No reason, it just doesn’t work.” Vesser shrugged, “Sometimes it’s just like that.”

She looked down at her hand holding Ash’s, speaking softly, “Some people can’t become lovers, yet you can’t bear to let them go to someone else.”

## Chapter 672: Conversation

“Why do you make it sound like you’re a bad woman who toys with people and then won’t let go?”

Vesser’s choice of topic was surprisingly effective in alleviating Ash’s soul-sapping pain. His curiosity was piqued, and he sniffed the air with interest. “Why can’t you become lovers?”

“Because...” Vesser pondered for a moment, “the gap between our realities and the conflict of our careers.”

“Wow.” Ash was so intrigued that he managed to sit up straight, gazing into Vesser’s eyes. “Is it that you’re from two different worlds, and you’re driven by your career ambitions, making it impossible to be with them?”

At that moment, Ash recalled the melodramatic TV shows he used to watch with his mother: the wealthy Young Lady falls for a poor boy, but reality keeps them apart. The Young Lady pursues her dreams abroad while the poor boy remains at home, striving for success. Years later, they reunite, unable to blush with joy, only to meet with tears in their eyes...

Vesser could tell Ash had misunderstood, but she needed him to misunderstand. It was the only way their rare one-on-one conversation could continue.

Moreover, for some reason, she and the Observer could now chat like bystanders, discussing the tales of Silver Lantern and Ash, which eased her tense heart. “Something like that.”

Ash asked, “Is the gap between realities insurmountable?”

“I tried,” Vesser shook her head, speaking softly. “We are different people. I’m not the kind of girl who treats life gently, as he prefers.”

“Everyone starts off gentle,” Ash remarked. “What about your careers? Can’t you strive together?”

“No, my dream is a phantom that others can’t comprehend,” Vesser explained. “I could make him understand, but I know he’s not the type to accept such a dream, so there’s no need to force him to chase after fleeting illusions with me.”

“So complicated,” Ash murmured. “I thought my situation was already messy enough, but it seems you’re even more entangled.”

“I always thought that the more powerful the sorcerer, the harder it is to fall in love. After all, Truth and power are far more alluring than mere romance.”

“You’re right,” Vesser nodded. “Generally, sorcerers above the Sanctuary level have no room for love. Even if they have multiple partners, it’s merely an outlet for lust; if they pursue others or have tangled relationships, it’s likely driven by interests and a desire for conquest.”

However, ‘multiple partners’ and ‘tangled relationships’... Vesser couldn’t help but glance at Ash, who widened his eyes sensitively. “Why are you looking at me?”

Vesser stifled a laugh. “Don’t misunderstand. I know your relationship with the sword Princess and the Witch isn’t just about lust, interests, and conquest.”

“Not just that?”

Ash felt a bit embarrassed, but he knew he was at fault, so he quickly changed the subject. “How did you come to like them? Was it a fateful encounter before reaching Sanctuary?”

“No,” Vesser shook her head. “I used to think I wouldn’t like anyone. When we first met, we were adversaries. Initially, I was just curious about him...”

“A textbook example,” Ash remarked, “Curiosity leads to closeness, and before you know it, you’re caught in the web. Especially since you’ve never liked anyone before, you’re more susceptible... Unlike me, who has no secrets and can be read like an open book. Even Con Artists trust me completely.”

Vesser gazed at Ash, who raised his eyebrows, refusing to back down as he stared right back. After five seconds, it was Vesser who first conceded, averting her gaze and admitting, “You’re right.”

“But I don’t think you’re the type to give up just because of obstacles,” Ash probed with curiosity. “You may seem gentle and soft-spoken, but deep down, you’re resolute and stubborn. If you truly want something, no matter how many hurdles stand in your way, you’d find a way to overcome them.”

“Not all obstacles can be removed,” Vesser lowered her eyes, “For instance, he already has someone he likes.”

“What?” Ash perked up at the topic, “Then... use underhanded tactics to win him over? With your pure and adorable charm, he’d surely falter, doubt himself, and then you could fan the flames-“

Vesser shook her head, smiling wryly, “I’ve already tried underhanded tactics, so I know I can’t win.”

“You’ve tried already?” Ash regarded her with newfound respect, “And he still didn’t cave? He’s no ordinary person; you need to go all out!”

“Exactly, because I’ve tried, I know I have no chance,” Vesser explained, “I’ve seen how he looks at the person he likes, and I’m certain he doesn’t feel that way about me.”

“At most, he just... pities me.”

At this point, Ash refrained from speaking recklessly, instead squeezing Vesser’s hand gently.

However, Vesser smiled brightly, her tone light, “Don’t worry about me. I’ve moved on. His appearance was a huge surprise, and now I’m just back on track, nothing’s changed. Normally, I wouldn’t discuss this with you, but seeing the sweet reliance between you two tonight made me a bit envious.”

Ash replied awkwardly, “I’ll be more mindful in the future-when teaming up in the Virtual Realm, we’ll maintain a normal teammate relationship, ensuring it won’t affect combat or exploration, nor team dynamics-“

“Relax, I’m not criticizing you,” Vesser shrugged, “I just wanted to say, even without romance, I’m doing just fine. Not just sorcerers, most people don’t have love; at most, they feel attraction due to looks, voice, income, or family background. But all that love is self-serving. They love the vanity of being loved, the sense of existence when tormented,

or the tragic longing of unrequited love. In the end, they love the emotions they've imagined, not actual love."

"Escaping this tedious hormone trap should be something you congratulate me for."

Ash was nearly ready to applaud, nodding repeatedly, "No wonder you're a Truth sorcerer, such profound insight!"

"But..."

He looked at Vesser earnestly, "You said you don't mind getting drenched, so why are you using this long speech as an umbrella?"

Vesser paused, then pressed her lips together and murmured softly, "The sword Princess has learned all your flaws."

"I've picked up her nitpicking habits too," Ash shrugged. "Vesser, you know I'm no expert in relationships, haven't really been in love..."

Vesser couldn't hold back and burst into laughter.

Unfazed, Ash continued, “So I won’t tell you to move on, or spout clichés like ‘you’re so beautiful, you’ll find someone better.’ Liking someone is liking them, not getting them is not getting them. It’s not like creating a Virtual Divinity where you can find a spirit substitute... Some things, like the soul’s divinity, require specific spirits and certain Rituals to achieve the desired outcome.”

Vesser felt a stir within and glanced at the nightmare from the corner of her eye, speaking calmly, “I know.”

“Good that you know.” Ash nodded slightly. “In the end, feelings are a matter between two people-“

Vesser interjected, “Or maybe three.”

“You’re relentless, aren’t you!” Ash’s mouth twitched, continuing on his own, “So I can’t encourage or advise you, can’t even console you. The only thing I can do is what you’re doing now.”

“If you’re tired, just sleep, even if it’s crying yourself to sleep. If you’re in pain, share it with us; we’ll always be waiting in the Virtual Realm.” Ash tightened his grip on her hand, gazing into her eyes. “Companions might not always share the same ideals, but they can always support each other.”

Vesser was stunned for a moment, her lips quivering as if she might cry, but eventually, she smiled. “Alright.”



Ash paused, weakly adding, “But when the sword Princess and the Witch are around, you might want to go to them...”

## Chapter 673: The Sanctuary's Honor Must Not Be Tarnished!

“Witch, can you hear me?”

“I hear you. It’s surprising that we can communicate within the Specter’s Inheritance!”

Sonya and Deya were transported to the Underground Halls of the 95th and 96th levels, respectively. They were supposed to face trials, but upon arrival, they saw a stone throne rising in the hall, with two stone spheres on its armrests.

Once they sat on the stone throne, their souls received a series of messages-

“The Specter’s Inheritance is under external attack.”

“Expel them all without exception to pass this level.”

“You are now a guardian of the Specter’s Inheritance, temporarily granted control over the specter’s dream. You can control 10 orbs of specter’s dream to move and attack.”

As they grasped the stone spheres, the entire Underground Hall suddenly became transparent. Looking up, they could see thousands of Sanctuaries in the dim Dreaming Celestium, along with countless Black Orbs flying and colliding!

It was as if they were pilots sitting in the cockpit of a Black Orb!

Moreover, they could sense other Black Orbs through their fingertips. With just a thought, they could change the direction of the orbs.

Seeing this situation, there was no need for further explanation. The Sanctuaries were attacking the Black Orbs to seize the Inheritance, and Sonya and Deya’s task was naturally to control the orbs to knock all the Sanctuaries away!

The Specter Seer had clearly considered this when placing the control authority beyond the 95th level-any Sanctuary that forcefully attacked the Dreaming Celestium to seize the Inheritance must have felt hopeless in passing the trials, hence their willingness to muddy the waters.

However, if a sorcerer had already reached beyond the 95th level, they would surely believe their chances of obtaining the Inheritance were high. In their eyes, everything within the Specter’s Inheritance was already in their grasp, and they would naturally not want outsiders to destroy it!

This was a blatant strategy, with the interests of the invaders and the Trial Takers completely opposed. To protect their future interests, the Trial sorcerers would undoubtedly strive to expel the invading sorcerers!

However, there was a significant flaw in this mechanism: what if, when the Dreaming Celestium was invaded, no sorcerer had reached the 95th level yet?

The Specter Seer was clearly aware of this flaw but couldn't resolve it.

If the threshold were lowered, allowing Trial sorcerers from the 90th, 85th, or even 80th levels to become guardians, it would indeed ensure sufficient manpower, but the likelihood of traitors would also increase-if the guardians colluded with the invaders, it would be like handing over the orbs of specter's dream for free!

Only sorcerers beyond the 95th level could be trusted to protect the Specter's Inheritance!

Moreover, the Specter Seer had precisely calculated this. He knew the extent of the Divine Sovereign's interference in the Distant Sky Domain and could naturally estimate how long the Dreaming Celestium would withstand attacks. In his calculations, by the time the sorcerers sent by the Divine Sovereign invaded the Dreaming Celestium, someone should have already reached the 95th level.

But there was one factor the Specter Seer hadn't accounted for-the decline of the Soul Sect!

In his era, Elves were the darlings of the world, and the Soul Sect was their trump card in spellcasting. The Specter Seer's calculations assumed the future emergence of a genius soul sanctuary. However, after his death, the Six Nations gradually emerged, and the Elf

tribes, caught in the tides of history, continuously split and evolved. The Blood Moon Elves and Gospel Elves were almost considered two different species.

More importantly, the Soul Sect, much like the Physical Sect, is considered too grueling for sorcerers. While the Physical Sect aids in survival, the Soul Sect is all about enduring hardship for the sake of power.

With so many other spellcasting sects available, why choose one that demands such suffering? It's worth noting that one reason the patriarch of the Six Heraldry of Vamora subtly respects Qenna is because she is a soul sanctuary-someone who is so ruthless to herself naturally commands others' awe.

As societal competition diminishes and people begin to seek stability and enjoyment, the decline of the Soul Sect and the rise of the Mental Sect is an inevitable historical shift.

The Specter Seer could predict human nature but failed to foresee the grand trends of history.

Moreover, let's not forget that the Wishflux Inheritance at Ruby Mountain is far more significant than the Specter's Inheritance. The Divine Sovereign's main focus is actually Ruby Mountain, thus only a fraction of attention is given to the Distant Sky Domain.

Originally, the Specter Seer estimated that the Dreaming Celestium would be breached within half a month. Yet now, nearly a month has passed without even a single Trial Taker reaching the 90th level!

This glaring loophole should have been the key to the Specter's Inheritance's downfall. However, the nightmare lurking in the shadows unexpectedly stepped in to clean up the mess for the Specter Seer.

Boom!

Sonya and Deya, with a little trial and error, suddenly redirected twenty orbs of specter's dream towards the densely packed cluster of Sanctuaries in the distance. Although they could control their own Black Orbs to fly over, unless they had a penchant for witnessing the embarrassing reactions of sanctuary sorcerers up close, there was no need to risk themselves.

The test proved highly effective. Faced with the unrestrained orbs of specter's dream, the once-dominant sanctuary sorcerers could only scatter to avoid them, lest they be knocked back a hundred meters.

The Sword Princess and the Witch observed for a moment and quickly identified their primary targets for expulsion-the three groups consisting of Blood Moon, Cursed Elves, and Parasitic Sorcerers, who were relentlessly attacking a Black Orb!

Unlike the scattered and disorganized onlookers, these three groups, though small in number, were professional teams capable of mutual cooperation and even power integration.

No one understood better than the Sword Princess and the Witch how formidable a sorcerer team could be-they themselves were beneficiaries of such teamwork.

Additionally, the nightmare had informed them in advance that three sorcerer teams possessed divine intervention, enabling them to breach the Dreaming Celestium. Clearly, these three groups were the plunderers sent by the Divine Sovereign to sabotage the Specter's Inheritance.

After a brief discussion, Sonya and Deya simultaneously launched an attack, directing twenty orbs of specter's dream to collide with the three teams!

Although the teams were attacking the orbs of specter's dream, they were also vigilant of their surroundings. Seeing the orbs approaching in dense formation, they quickly scattered. Sanctuaries with superior flying skills could even gracefully weave through the orbs, their movements as elegant as butterflies.

However, this time, the Black Orbs could change direction!

With a flick of Sonya and Deya's fingers, the twenty orbs bizarrely shifted direction in mid-air, as if rebounding off an invisible wall, their momentum undiminished as they poured towards a single target-

The Blood Moon team!

Yes, they didn't expect to take down all three teams; in fact, even handling one team would be a challenge. Sanctuary sorcerers aren't fools, and with the protection of their Sanctuaries, they can't be taken down easily. Even with control over twenty orbs of specter's dream, causing significant damage would be difficult.

Their goal was to severely weaken one team, creating an imbalance of power. With two strong teams against one weakened team, internal strife would naturally arise. If they could further instigate suspicion among the teams about who might possess the Specter's Inheritance, Sonya and Deya wouldn't even need to lift a finger; the teams would turn on each other.

As for why they targeted the Blood Moon team, they simply chose the team whose Miracle effects seemed the most dazzling-focusing their attack on the team with the most flashy effects!

Seeing their team suddenly surrounded and crushed by twenty Black Orbs with no escape, Abyssalith and the Blood Moon Sanctuary members remained surprisingly calm.

Their forms flickered, transforming into little bats and wolves. The bats became blood shadows, flying swiftly, while the wolves leapt as moonlight, slipping through the gaps before the orbs could close in, escaping the collision zone entirely!

Many sorcerers from other lands were witnessing the Blood Saint and Moonshadow clans for the first time-these spellcasting races, continuously optimized by the Blood Moon Sovereign, naturally possessed unique advantages.

In the Sea of Knowledge, Blood Saints could transform into bats to fly over the ocean; on the Time Continent, Moonshadows could disguise themselves as virtual realm creatures to traverse the land. At the Sanctuary stage, Blood Saint bats and Moonshadow wolves could briefly transform into blood or light, allowing them to evade damage and move rapidly, even extending their unique Miracles!

Sonya and Deya were also seeing the Blood Saint and Moonshadow transformations for the first time and hadn't anticipated such a maneuver. Even when they redirected their focus to the Cursed Elf nearby, they couldn't form an encirclement-not because the orbs of specter's dream were incapable, but because they were.

Their method of controlling the Black Orbs was rather crude, akin to selecting all the orbs and directing them at a single target. However, in the Specter Seer's vision, a sorcerer capable of reaching the 95th trial should manage at least six tasks simultaneously, coordinating ten orbs to torment intruders to the brink of despair.

Yet, the Sword Princess and Witch had only recently passed the 50th trial, and they were working as a team. When precision was required, Ash and Vesser usually handled it-but they weren't here!

Deya could switch to the White Queen to manage three tasks at once, but Sonya could only manage two. Under these circumstances, the Black Orb assault, though grand and fierce, was more intimidating than truly damaging.

On the other side, Abyssalith and his team realized the orbs were being controlled by someone.

Mirehex gracefully dodged the orbs' assaults, her movements as elegant as if she were dancing at a ball. Her lips moved slightly, her voice echoing through the Dreaming Celestium: "Devil, Angel?"



“Impossible!” Abyssalith replied with certainty. “If it were the Specter Seer transformed into an angel or devil, their control would be far superior! Even the lingering will of the Specter Seer could easily turn this place into a graveyard!”

“The Specter Seer had no chance to become an Angel or Devil,” Malgrath remarked with a light tone. “Before departure, the Deity Lord informed us that the Specter Seer’s death was under heavy scrutiny. Leaving behind an Inheritance was already his limit; the Sorcerer’s Handbook had long been divided and torn apart. No Demigod or Divine Sovereign wanted him to continue existing-no matter the form.”

“A prophetic Demigod is something even a Divine Sovereign would fear.”

“So, these Black Orbs are controlled by sanctuary sorcerers,” Abyssalith surveyed the other Black Orbs within the Dreaming Celestium. “Though their skill is crude, they do manage to disrupt us. Unless we find the controller, we can’t continue to dismantle the Black Orbs...”

Boom!

As the three teams evaded the Black Orbs’ pursuit, a sudden explosion echoed.

A Parasitic Sorcerer, who was flying, suddenly froze mid-air, then was struck by multiple Miracles simultaneously, followed by three Black Orbs crushing him. The Sanctuary shattered completely, and his soul was severely damaged, forcing him back to reality.

When Abyssalith, Mirehex, and Malgraith looked over, a large gap had formed around the Parasitic Sorcerer. The surrounding sorcerers silently floated in the air, over two thousand pairs of eyes silently observing those teams being hunted by the Black Orbs.

A chilling sensation gripped the hearts of Abyssalith and his companions.

This was just the beginning; more was yet to come.

Abyssalith and his team represented the Divine Sovereigns in destroying the Specter's Inheritance. Did the ordinary Sanctuaries have no objections?

Impossible.

A well-organized, slow-paced event with potential grand prizes was suddenly disrupted, and the prizes were likely to be snatched away by them. Even if the Sanctuaries weren't resentful, they at least hoped the sorcerer teams would meet a swift demise.

These Black Orbs weren't futile; they couldn't cause effective harm, but they did manage to split Abyssalith's team, providing the outer Sanctuaries an opportunity.

The Parasitic Sorcerer's demise wasn't the work of just one Sanctuary.

More importantly, if casualties occurred and Abyssalith's team couldn't retaliate immediately, it would incite even more malice.

Abyssalith's judgment was spot on; even if the outer sorcerers bore no malice, there were ambitious ones stirring it up!

"With the Black Orbs aiding in disruption, these Divine Sovereign lackeys can't fight collectively. Our chance has come!"

"Kill them, force them back to reality, and we have a chance to seize the Specter's Inheritance!"

"Why should the Angelic Heritage be handed to the Divine Sovereigns? It's clearly the Specter Seer's Inheritance meant for us!"

"What of the Divine Sovereigns? Can they chase us from the Virtual Realm to reality?"

"The Distant Sky Domain belongs to the Sanctuaries. If the Divine Sovereigns dare to reach out, their hands should be severed!"

"These Sanctuaries willingly serve the Divine Sovereigns because they receive Boons, with a chance to reach Ruby Mountain or even the Divine Dominion. We, the ordinary sorcerers who have painstakingly cultivated, finally encounter the opportunity of the Specter's Inheritance. How can we just hand it over?"

“It’s time to show the Divine Sovereigns that we’re not livestock at their disposal.”

“Sanctuary cannot be insulted!”

Igor, along with dozens of Mental Sanctuaries, incited and agitated, as fierce battle intent and accumulated resentment gradually swept through a thousand Sanctuaries.

To be honest, when it comes to the Specter’s Inheritance being taken, most of the Sanctuaries aren’t that concerned. After all, they don’t really believe they could claim the Codex of the Specter themselves.

What truly stirs up the Sanctuaries’ resentment and fear is the aggressive assault by the three teams on the Dreaming Celestium to seize the Specter’s Inheritance.

It’s like this: imagine there’s a prize locked in a safe, and only the winner with the key can claim it. Most people are prepared for the possibility that they won’t be the winner, and seeing someone else win doesn’t spark much resentment.

But if a group ignores the rules and comes in to blow up the safe, that incites public outrage!

The experiences in virtual realm exploration naturally lead sorcerers to the simple belief that opportunities in the Virtual Realm are fair, and everyone must rely on themselves. For sorcerers, who have likely witnessed much injustice and inequality in reality, the equality of all beings in the Virtual Realm is precious.

The three teams' actions, using the Divine Sovereign to invade the Specter's Inheritance, undoubtedly trample on the purity of the Virtual Realm, shattering the sorcerers' wishful thinking!

It turns out, even in the Virtual Realm, opportunities can be unequal!

If the three teams were progressing smoothly, it might be different. But now, with their progress hindered, the malice of the outer Sanctuaries naturally swells and ignites-they are not only trying to seize the Specter's Inheritance but also to protect the cherished purity of the Virtual Realm!

Even the Divine Sovereign cannot-

Rule the Virtual Realm!

Even if we are The Crowd, we are a crowd composed of sanctuary sorcerers. We might not succeed in achieving something, but can we not succeed in causing trouble?

Bang!

A Cursed Elf discovered her Sanctuary had been shot, and when she turned to look, she saw a storm of Miracles descending like a torrential rain.

She almost melted instantly, with only a few soul fragments escaping back to reality.

Sonya and Deya stood stunned, watching the chaotic battle of Sanctuaries erupt in the Dreaming Celestium. The hundreds and thousands of Miracle rains were more dazzling than fireworks.

For a long moment, the sword Princess snapped back to reality: “Quick, put on the cloaks. We can’t take them off from now on. We absolutely cannot reveal that we triggered this war!”

## Chapter 674: The Core of the Specters Inheritance

Chapter 674: The Core of the Specters Inheritance

“The Ouroboros is my name, devouring its tail to master its own heart!”

Witnessing her clansmen being melted by the Miracle storm, Mirehex abandoned her usual reticence and urgently recited an incantation. Her voice was ethereal like wind chimes, yet every sorcerer who heard it was seized by a chilling dread, as if worms were burrowing into their ears and penetrating their brains!

An invisible giant serpent emerged from Mirehex, swiftly weaving through all the Cursed Elves, including the one whose soul had been shattered. As the serpent completed its loop and turned back to bite Mirehex, the previously deceased Cursed Elf suddenly reappeared beside her.

The Sanctuaries watched with steely eyes, their understanding of the Cursed Elves refreshed-less than half a second had passed from the Cursed Elf's demise to resurrection, and despite the two hundred meters separating Mirehex from the deceased, she had effortlessly revived them at high speed!

Even if this wasn't true resurrection, but merely a revival within the Virtual Realm, such a rescue ability was terrifying! Not even a legendary sorcerer, let alone a healing Sanctuary, could achieve this level of prowess!

"No wonder she's a descendant of the conceptual Ancient Sprite!" Malgrath exclaimed in admiration. "Even as a remnant branch of the Cursed Elves, their souls contain fragments of concepts, allowing them to invoke conceptual laws through collective action, performing racial divine interventions, akin to the Virtual Realm's divine races... Ah! Why aren't there any Cursed Elves in the Abyssal Depths? I wish I could mate with a Cursed Elf!"

Virtual Realm's divine races!

Mortal bodies wielding divine interventions!

But for the outer Sanctuaries, this was far from good news-the Blood Moon Sanctuary excelled in swift evasion, and the Cursed Elves could revive collectively, making it difficult to inflict effective damage.

No one was foolish, not even Sonya and Deya, who, upon witnessing the situation, tacitly intensified their attacks on the Parasitic Sorcerers, creating opportunities for the outer Sanctuaries to strike!

“Oh, are we being seen as the easiest prey?” Malgraith danced joyfully among the Black Orbs. “What a rare experience this is. So, everyone, don’t treat us like delicate flowers, please-“

“-ravage us thoroughly!”

In the blink of an eye, the Parasitic Sorcerers shed their black robes, revealing sharp horns, long tails, scales, and claws, transforming into fearsome dragon beasts!

Foxlamp Dragon, Blade Fish Dragon, Mud Fish Dragon, Fierce Fire Dragon, Sorrowful Dragon... They appeared as if virtual realm creatures had gained sentience and taken form, their bodies brimming with dragon beast ferocity, yet retaining the intelligence of sorcerers!

As the leader of the Parasitic Sorcerers, Malgraith’s body was covered in pitch-black scales, his waist slender enough to be grasped with one hand, yet his fingernails extended over a meter long, making him appear as thin as a shadow.

However, when he raised his hands, fingers grasping the air, a volatile black energy rapidly gathered above him, and everyone immediately recognized what dragon beast he had become-



The most ferocious Tyrant of the Distant Sky Domain, the Shadow Evil Drake!

“Transmutation Sect?” A Sanctuary questioned uncertainly. “But wasn’t that ancient spellcasting replaced by the Alchemic Sect, how come...?”

The diverse skills of the Blood Moon Sanctuary, Cursed Elves, and Parasitic Sorcerers were truly eye-opening for the Wandering Sanctuaries. Dreaming Celestium seemed to transform into a Virtual Realm symposium, where everyone freely showcased their spellcasting achievements.

However, in the world of Sanctuaries, exchanges must be punctuated by death!

Boom!

The dragon beast warriors transformed by the Parasitic Sorcerers, though seemingly losing the flight capability aided by virtual wings, gained a special ability akin to infinite leaps. With a powerful stomp, they could solidify space into a platform, enabling rapid directional shifts!

In an instant, they breached the Black Orb’s blockade, crashing into the outer sorcerer groups like cannonballs. With the seamless fusion of dragon beast and spellcasting, they held their ground even when outnumbered!

Since the Parasitic Sorcerers initiated the assault, the retaliation from the Blood Moon Sanctuary and Cursed Elves naturally followed suit!

The Moonshadow Sanctuary, not fond of nor adept at combat, praised the supreme benevolence of the Blood Moon Sovereign. The dazzling moonlight wrapped around the Blood Saints, causing their Sanctuaries to emit a soft, secretive cool hue. The Blood Moon Sanctuaries seemed to vanish into the dimness of Dreaming Celestium.

The miracle of the Moonshadow Sanctuary was to bestow blessings like ‘stealth,’ ‘dodge,’ and ‘refraction’ upon the Sanctuaries. With this protection, Blood Saint sorcerers would only reveal a fleeting shadow when attacking, swiftly retreating into the embrace of darkness, practically invincible!

Unlike the close-combat Parasitic Sorcerers and mid-range Blood Saint sorcerers, the Cursed Elves were almost entirely long-range sorcerers. They extended their hands, and massive bows materialized before them, differing in elements like fire, water, mental, and spatial, yet all primarily focused on archery, supplemented by other spells!

Draw the bow, aim the arrow, and fire!

Though there were only a hundred Cursed Elves, the swift and fierce rain of arrows cut through the outer sorcerers like a scythe!

Parasitic Sorcerers, Blood Moon Sanctuary, and Cursed Elves responded to the Wandering Sanctuaries' malice with iron and violence, without hesitation!

So how would the Wandering Sanctuaries respond? Would they crumble at the first touch?

-Of course, they would crumble at the first touch.

Then retaliate amidst the chaos!

What about the sorcerer teams? What about miracles never seen before? As long as you don't use divine intervention to instantly break my Sanctuary and kill me, I have the ability to strike back!

The Sanctuaries scattered immediately, their formation of two thousand easily pierced by the three teams. Yet their counterattack was equally fierce, countless miracles hurled at the Parasitic Sorcerers as if cost was no concern. The best part was they didn't fear hitting the wrong target; they simply unleashed their spellforce with abandon!

However, among the retaliating Sanctuaries, there were those who quickly fled, hoping to watch the chaos unfold from a safe distance. But these Wandering Sanctuaries who actively isolated themselves were soon found and surrounded by the stealthy Blood Moon Sanctuaries.

A few minutes later, the entire Dreaming Celestium had turned into a battlefield of Sanctuaries. The Cursed Elf Archery Team was scattered, forced to shoot while clinging to the outer walls. Each Parasitic Sorcerer had to contend with ten close combat Sanctuaries, switching battlefields every five seconds, the clash of steel and flesh resounding like thunder everywhere. The Blood Moon Sanctuaries hunted isolated Sanctuaries, but the sanctuary sorcerers were no pushovers. They instinctively counterattacked and redirected chaos, playing a game of hide and seek with the Blood Moon Sanctuaries.

Trozan, the invisible sword saint, casually executed a Moonshadow Sanctuary from afar.

Qenna of the soul sanctuary engaged in a shootout with a Cursed Elf archer.

Igor had formed an eight-member team, currently ganging up on a Parasitic Sorcerer!

Most absurdly, even Wandering Sanctuaries were fighting among themselves! The reasons for these skirmishes varied-perhaps related to kingdoms, races, or spellcasting-but more likely, it started when A hit B during the chaos, B retaliated, and it escalated from there.

Chaos, absurdity, wonder, grandeur!

Inside the orb of specter's dream, Sonya and Deya were utterly bewildered.

This... seemed like there was no room for them to intervene?

They had come to delay and prevent the Sanctuaries from attacking the Specter's Inheritance, yet the Sanctuaries were fighting among themselves, as if they had come just for the brawl, leaving the Specter's Inheritance neglected.

What could Sonya and Deya do? They could only let them manage themselves.

They even suspected that even if all three teams were driven out, the remaining Sanctuaries might continue fighting until their numbers dwindled to a certain point, only then would this sudden world Sanctuary battle cease.

Of course, they hoped this situation would continue until the Virtual Divinity was complete. However, while the Wandering Sanctuaries might treat this as a war game, the three teams had important missions to accomplish.

"I said earlier, we should have cleared the field first."

Amidst the chaotic melee, the leaders of the three teams finally found a chance to meet. Even in this situation, Malgraith's tone remained nonchalant: "Look at us now, like helpless maidens dragged into an alley, silently enduring this unexpected violation."

Mirehex: "We can't continue like this."

Abyssalith sighed, losing count of how many times he had sighed that night: “This was my strategic error. If we had acted together outside, we could have driven these Wandering Sanctuaries away. But in the Dreaming Celestium, the sorcerers controlling the Specter’s Inheritance won’t let us gather our strength. We’re forced to scatter and counterattack.”

“But this gives other Sanctuaries the chance to catch us alone.” He bit his fingernail, “I’ve already lost eight Sanctuaries on my side.”

“I’ve lost thirteen dear friends and brothers!” Malgrait covered his face with a long sigh, trying to feign heartbreak, but the purple-black scales of the Shadow Evil Drake only revealed his amusement. “They’re so badly hurt, they won’t be getting out of bed for months. So, I guess I’ll have to take responsibility and take good care of their girlfriends! Ah, I think I saw a Foxlamp injured. Though we’re not very acquainted, I’ll help her with her daily needs-“

“Nineteen times,” Mirehex stated, revealing the number of times her clansmen could still use the resurrection miracle. Although the Cursed Elves hadn’t suffered any losses yet, the resurrection miracle clearly had its limits.

“Unless we voluntarily withdraw, there’s no way we can end this chaotic battle on our own,” Abyssalith remarked. “But if we use a power that surpasses the Sanctuaries...”

“If we employ the attack miracle, it should be able to intimidate them,” Malgrait suggested. “Mistakes in judgment should come with consequences, right? Sanguil, you wouldn’t want the Blood Moon Sovereign to lose face in the Divine Sovereign circle, would you?”

“I will use the miracle,” Abyssalith declared, “but not to intimidate them.”

“I need your help. Malgraith, I want your Parasitic Sorcerers to lure other Sanctuaries, dispersing them as much as possible throughout the Dreaming Celestium. Mirehex, once the Parasitic Sorcerers have scattered, I want you to conduct a full sweep, attacking every corner of the Dreaming Celestium.”

Without a word, Malgraith and Mirehex glanced at Abyssalith before swiftly departing. Soon, the Parasitic Sorcerers began to actively target sorcerers far from the battlefield, causing the Wandering Sanctuaries to scatter.

Following this, the Cursed Elf Archery Team started to swiftly circle the outer walls, unleashing a storm of arrows that covered every area of the Dreaming Celestium. Although the precision kills were few, nearly all Sanctuaries were included!

When the arrow storm ceased, the Blood Moon Sanctuaries suddenly emerged from their stealth, as the surge of spellforce within them was beyond what a miracle could conceal!

Miracle: Blood Moon Alliance!

Abyssalith once again harnessed the energy of all Blood Moon Sanctuaries, gripping the lightning in his hand. However, he didn't focus on the Wandering Sanctuaries that disrupted their plans or even attacked them; instead, he fixed his gaze on an orb of specter's dream!

Few knew that although Abyssalith was the most vicious and brutal Deputy Director of the Sanguil Research Institute, he wasn't skilled in combat, nor was he proficient in the Blood Spell, the strongest spellcasting of the Blood Saint clan!

The reason he had heterochromia was because he was already a two-wings sorcerer when he joined the Blood Saint clan. Even with the legendary Blood Saint reshaping his bloodline, only one of his eyes turned into a blood-colored pupil.

His rise to his current position was mainly due to a stroke of luck in the Virtual Realm, where he obtained a prophecy sect inheritance! Moreover, it was a minor inheritance left by the Omniscient Weaver in his early years!

Abyssalith excelled in gathering intelligence, analyzing it, and deducing the truth!

"The initial number of Black Orbs totaled 199."

"Most Black Orbs moved chaotically, without control."

"Most Black Orbs had impacted sanctuary sorcerers."

"But there was one Black Orb that not only avoided impacting sanctuary sorcerers, but if there was an obstacle in its path, it would actively change direction. Facing the recent Cursed Elf arrow rain, it cleverly utilized the intervals between two waves of arrows, skillfully dodging the arrow assault!"



“The Specter Seer’s trap of Black Orbs, while effectively repelling invaders, had a hidden risk-the core heritage was also inside one of the Black Orbs! If an invader had extraordinary luck and happened to break the inheritance Black Orb, the Specter Seer’s setup would completely fail!”

“To prevent this, the Specter Seer must have set the inheritance Black Orb differently from the other reckless Black Orbs. It had to be secretive, low-key, extremely difficult to break, and wouldn’t actively collide with invaders.”

“So, I found it!”

Snap!

A massive scarlet lightning bolt illuminated the entire Dreaming Celestium!

Abyssalith focused on the Black Orb that suddenly veered away in an attempt to escape, took a deep breath, and then hurled the lightning in his hand!

The core of the Specter’s Inheritance was right there!

# Chapter 675: I Need Your Help for Resurrection

Meanwhile, the Wishflux Inheritance at Ruby Mountain reached another critical juncture.

Although the turmoil in the lower Distant Sky Domain had been ongoing for several hours, Mercury Trojan Horse was oblivious to any news, as she had been at Ruby Mountain for 30 hours now.

During these 30 hours, she hadn't returned to reality even once, continuously extracting the souls of disciples to replenish her soul energy. This was not only out of fear of missing an opportunity but also because... the competition at Ruby Mountain was so fierce that almost every hour someone managed to climb to the summit!

Since the last time she almost seized the Heart of Wishes, the Divine Sovereigns seemed to have dropped their pretense and revealed their true intentions, directly engaging in divine interventions.

First, there were sorcerers who could withstand the immense gravity of Ruby Mountain, attempting to fly directly to snatch the Heart of Wishes, only to be struck on the head by a meteor, which then rolled down the mountain, sending all the legends back to the foot of the mountain. Then, some sorcerers suddenly turned into skeletons, completely ignoring the corrosive Bloodfly Benediction, trying to rush to the summit from all directions, but were quickly pulled back by hundreds of spider threads.

In just this short period, Mercury Trojan Horse had witnessed nine types of divine interventions, leaving her numb to the spectacle.

Even though Ruby Mountain is the place closest to the Divine Dominion, and legends are the sorcerers closest to the divine realm, making divine interventions appear at Ruby Mountain is no easy feat. Mercury Trojan Horse estimated that the Divine Sovereigns must have utilized the groundwork laid over thousands of years at Ruby Mountain to accumulate this wave of divine intervention offensives.

Now, she once again climbed to the critical line 50 meters away from the summit. Beyond that was the high-risk area of Bloodfly Benediction that had bent countless legends to its will.

However, for Mercury Trojan Horse, she had already crossed the Bloodfly Benediction once before, and now she was ready to challenge it again with ease.

But at this moment, Mercury Trojan Horse raised her head, staring blankly at the Heart of Wishes atop the mountain.

And the man about to obtain it.

He was a sorcerer with an extremely peculiar appearance, and if one had to describe him, he looked more like a virtual realm creature, enveloped in violet strange fire, with fangs like a lion or tiger, arms extending into blade-like shells, and horns growing from his head resembling a helmet.

The violet sorcerer was less than five steps away from the Heart of Wishes, clearly able to reach it within a second, yet he continued to climb the Bloodfly Benediction with remarkable composure, as if he was in no hurry at all.

However, he was entangled with hundreds of spider threads, specks of light, and even a large swarm of Bloodflies-not the diluted Bloodflies from the Benediction, but genuine divine intervention Bloodflies!

Despite being entangled and obstructed by countless divine interventions, the violet sorcerer remained unaffected, as a faint light emanated from the Heart of Wishes, weak yet resolute, enveloping the violet sorcerer, protecting him from any external influence!

Even divine interventions couldn't touch him!

Seeing this, Mercury Trojan Horse realized that the Wishflux Inheritance had a backdoor. The violet sorcerer likely carried a token in his soul that the Wishflux Inheritance recognized, which was why the Heart of Wishes actively shielded him.

The Wishflux Inheritance might be divided into both a real-world and a Virtual Realm inheritance. Only when someone inherits the external inheritance and becomes a legendary sorcerer can they undertake the internal Inheritance Trial on Ruby Mountain to inherit the Wishflux Celestium. Now, not only has the internal inheritance been pulled out, but it seems the external inheritance has also been seized by the Divine Sovereigns, which is why this violet sorcerer has appeared.

“No chance left...”

“The Abyssal Depths did this on purpose. They found the token of the Lord of Wishflux long ago, but waited until the Divine Sovereigns exhausted themselves against the hidden setups on Ruby Mountain before leisurely sending someone to claim the victory.”

“The Abyssal Depths barely used any of their reserves this time. If a similar Virtual Realm event is triggered again, they can leverage their accumulated advantage to win once more... The Abyssal Depths are set to win twice!”

At this moment, quite a few legendary sorcerers had climbed to the 50-meter threshold. Watching the violet sorcerer about to claim victory, they couldn't help but voice their opinions.

Mercury Trojan Horse watched in a daze, her expression bitter, tears streaming down her face.

In the end, the players in this world are always those six lofty great beings, while everyone else is merely a side character to enhance their gaming experience.

The legendary sorcerers of this era are fortunate because they can at least witness divine interventions that transcend the Virtual Realm. Yet, they are also unfortunate because even the tip of the iceberg revealed by the Divine Sovereigns is beyond their ability to contend with.

Just as everyone was preparing to witness the conclusion of the Wishflux Inheritance, a blinding light illuminated the entire Ruby Mountain from behind.

Mercury Trojan Horse turned around and saw a sun.

A sun, slowly rising beside Ruby Mountain.

Then, a strange sense of joy surged into her mind, causing her to almost involuntarily lift her right hand, press her middle finger against her thumb, and flick towards the sun.

It wasn't just her; at this moment, every legendary sorcerer who saw the sun made the same gesture, flicking towards the sun from afar.

As if they could really flick the sun, it began to shrink and flew towards Ruby Mountain, eventually becoming a tiny bead, shooting towards the mountain's peak!

But its target wasn't the violet sorcerer; it was-

The Heart of Wishes!

Although it seemed like a long time, from the sun's appearance to it shooting towards the Heart of Wishes, it all happened in less than a second. The violet sorcerer had no time to rush over before seeing the tiny sun pierce through the Heart of Wishes, and then-

Boom!

The Heart of Wishes shattered, releasing a torrent of Benediction that swept all the legendary sorcerers down to the mountain's base, including the violet sorcerer! Moreover, the Bloodflies seemed to lose their restraint, quickly spreading into all the Benediction, though their concentration was greatly diluted, still causing significant trouble for many legends!

“Wishflux is but an illusion, all thoughts are void.”

Mercury Trojan Horse barely managed to maintain her stance amidst the Benediction torrent, looking up to see a white figure dissolving at the mountain's peak, beneath which was a slightly smaller Heart of Wishes.

It was then that Mercury Trojan Horse realized her spellforce was nearly depleted. Clearly, the solar divine intervention had consumed the spellforce of these legendary sorcerers to drive it, and they themselves were the catalysts for the divine intervention!

Even the legendary sorcerers who had witnessed numerous divine interventions today found it hard to suppress the dread within their hearts-being controlled, having their spellforce drained, and being driven by divine interventions they couldn't comprehend!

Compared to irresistible violence, this kind of unavoidable control was even more despairing and demoralizing. Every time they thought they understood the Divine Sovereign, he would remind them of their ignorance.

If someone were to observe both the Distant Sky Domain and Ruby Mountain simultaneously, they would find it quite peculiar: the sanctuary sorcerers, who barely understood the Divine Sovereign, were fiercely resisting the sorcerer teams sent by the Divine Sovereign; whereas the legendary sorcerers, who knew much about the Divine Sovereign, were left with nothing but deep reverence.

Suddenly, a cheerful voice echoed in everyone's mind:

“The last will of the Lord of Wishflux has been extinguished. Now, whoever obtains the Heart of Wishes will no longer be influenced by the Lord of Wishflux. Naturally, the tokens left by the Lord of Wishflux have also lost their effect.”

“With the control of the Wishflux Will gone, the Wishflux Celestium and Ruby Mountain have partially overlapped. Now, none of you can use spirit or spellforce, but likewise, divine interventions cannot take effect.”

“Charge forward boldly, sorcerers of wonderland, I believe you are the best!”

After listening to this message, Mercury Trojan Horse realized that the Heart of Wishes had a trap-the influence of the Wishflux Will! Although the Wishflux Will might not intend harm, if it did, could a mere legendary sorcerer resist the modification and usurpation by the Will of the Divine Sovereign?

Now that the Heart of Wishes was shattered, the Wishflux Will extinguished, and the Wishflux Celestium overlapped with Ruby Mountain, everyone's progress was reset to zero.



However, this time, there would be no divine intervention; everyone stood on the same starting line!

Yet, for some reason, this message meant for the sorcerers of wonderland was received by all sorcerers. Could it be because they provided the spellforce for the solar divine intervention?

Only the sorcerers of wonderland knew the reason: their Divine Sovereign was always so careless in details... most likely, he forgot to switch the [everyone] channel back to the [wonderland] channel when writing the message.

Snap!

Mercury Trojan Horse extended her hand and began climbing towards the summit of Ruby Mountain once more!

Her tears hadn't dried, but her eyes burned with a fierce determination, her face was calm and resolute, and her entire being exuded an all-or-nothing aura.

She knew that the Four Pillars Cult she had painstakingly built might have been for this very opportunity.

However, as Mercury Trojan Horse climbed, she suddenly remembered something-

The Wishflux Inheritance had the will of the Lord of Wishflux, but... what about other inheritances?

The core of the Specter's Inheritance was right here!

A crimson lightning carved a fierce blood arc across the sky. Although the Black Orb immediately turned to flee upon seeing it, no matter how fast it escaped, how could it possibly evade a lightning bolt?

Sizzle!

The orb of specter's dream, pierced by the crimson lightning, emitted the sound of an eggshell cracking, revealing the secret of the inheritance hidden within.

Abyssalith originally thought he would see a sorcerer receiving the inheritance, see the spirit treasury, or even see a deity... but what was hidden inside the Black Orb still surprised him.

It was a vast library, and an Elf dressed in a black and silver trench coat was sitting on a redwood armchair reading a book. He was handsome, gender ambiguous, with a lazy expression, embodying elegance just by sitting there.

When the Black Orb was torn open, he closed his book and looked up at the sanctuary sorcerers outside.

“Primordial Angel, that damnable lastling.”

He spoke with venom and anger, gritting his teeth as he said, “I barely foresaw the apocalyptic arrival, intending to resurrect after the apocalypse, yet this damnable lastling dragged me out prematurely... breathe, don’t be angry, it consumes too much will.”

As he stood up, all the books in the library flew out and opened automatically, each book releasing a tortured soul. As he stepped out of the Black Orb, a legion of specters numbering in the tens of thousands stood behind him, their boiling wails filling the Dreaming Celestium.

“Good evening, friends,” he said. “Or not, it’s up to you.”

“I am the Specter’s Will.”

“And you are now souls.”

“So,” the Specter’s Will clapped his hands lightly, “I require your assistance for my resurrection.”

# Chapter 676: Divine Intervention: Second Dreaming Soul Refining Prohibited Ritual

Chapter 676: Divine Intervention: Second Dreaming Soul Refining Prohibited Ritual

The voice of the Specter's Will was gentle yet indifferent, resonating clearly in the ears of the 2,216 sanctuary sorcerers.

There was no disguise of killing intent or malice, nor any use of scheming rhetoric to sow discord among the crowd. His words were so straightforward that there was no room for misunderstanding-

Everyone here must die.

No one questioned the weight of his words, even though standing before him were 2,216 sanctuary sorcerers, each a pillar of society from the six great Kingdoms, each a genius sorcerer, and even the protagonist of their own fortuitous life stories.

They were the present of spellcasting, the future of spellcasting, and would become an undeniable part of its past.

Yet, all of this held no significance before the Specter's Will.

Demigod Rank!

The gap between a sanctuary sorcerer and a Demigod was as vast as two wings, a gap so large that a simple example could illustrate it: the difference between a silver sorcerer and a sanctuary sorcerer was also two wings.

A sanctuary sorcerer could slaughter silver sorcerers, and a Demigod was even more formidable!

Crack!

Suddenly, the Specter's Will was tainted with a greenish hue, and in an instant, he solidified into a piece of crystalline jade!

When the Specter's Will appeared, Malgraith had already been secretly preparing a divine intervention. He didn't seem so nonchalant because, although this divine intervention didn't require the combined power of other sorcerers, it did consume his most crucial asset-virtual wings!

Not spellforce, but virtual wings!

The first time he used it, it exhausted Malgraith's silver wing! Unless he found a way back to the Sea of Knowledge, he would forever lack the silver wing and would never be able to gather silver spellforce again!

Although practically speaking, lacking a silver wing didn't seem like a big deal since sanctuary sorcerers primarily used Rainbow spellforce, it's akin to a human losing a couple of fingers-while it might not greatly affect hand function, a disability is a disability, forever incomplete!

Despite Malgraith's seemingly indifferent demeanor, when it came time to sacrifice, he didn't hesitate for a moment. To unleash a second divine intervention, he resolutely sacrificed his Rainbow wing.

Some might wonder why he didn't expend the Golden Wing this time. Naturally, it's because he still had a future in the Distant Sky Domain, and even if he used up the Rainbow wing, he could reform it; moreover, the higher the rank of the virtual wing he sacrificed, the more powerful the divine intervention would be!

As a result, this time Malgraith's divine intervention was not only instantaneous but also left the Specter's Will with no chance to react, instantly transforming him into jade!

Then, Malgraith extended his fist and clenched it tightly!

Crack!

The sanctuary sorcerers held their breath, watching as the jade shattered with a resounding crash.

Then, a sigh of bewildered relief echoed continuously in the Dreaming Celestium.

“And now?”

The Specter’s Will was covered with a layer of wraith shield, and Malgraith’s Miracle only shattered a dozen wraiths: “Infinity Green confines, Crimson corrosion. Back then, the Crimson Angel rampaged for decades with this divine intervention because it combined a dozen spellcasting sects, leaving no effective counter... If it were a complete Crimson Divine Punishment, it might have troubled me, but just half a move is somewhat disappointing.”

Whoosh!

Specter’s Will raised a hand slightly, and suddenly a Black Orb shot out at high speed. As the sanctuary sorcerers hurriedly dodged, they realized that the orb’s target was none other than the only breach connecting the Dreaming Celestium to the outside world!

At that moment, a dozen sanctuary sorcerers were heading towards the breach. These were seasoned warriors, cautious by nature, and the appearance of Specter’s Will had triggered their alarm systems into overdrive. They were stealthily trying to escape, hoping to avoid this sudden crisis.

But with a resounding “snap,” the Black Orb completely sealed the breach!

Although the rewards within the orb burst forth instantly, no one cared about them anymore. Their eyes were fixed on the entrance through which they had come-the remnants of the Black Orb had blocked it!

Then, a dazzling light illuminated the dim Dreaming Celestium!

It was Mirehex and her conjured orange Giant Bow!

The Cursed Elf leader hesitated not a moment and unleashed the divine intervention, Glory Arrow, striking at the breach in the Dreaming Celestium!

Boom!

The brilliant arrow shot through space, striking the edge of the Celestium, causing the entire Dreaming Celestium to tremble. To everyone's excitement, the breach that had been sealed was not only reopened but widened, allowing light from outside to spill into the Celestium!

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!



Yet before the sanctuary sorcerers could seize the chance to escape, three more Black Orbs flew over, sealing the torn breach like pliable clay!

“Continue,” Specter’s Will said leisurely. “The Dreaming Celestium is already on the brink of collapse. If you can maintain such divine intervention, next time I’ll need 7 specter’s dreams, the time after that 13, and the time after that 19... You only need to perform 7 more divine interventions, and the Dreaming Celestium will completely crumble, and I won’t be able to hold you.”

Specter’s Will’s candidness did not ease the sanctuary sorcerers; instead, it pressed down on them like a heavy shadow!

Almost everyone here had read the Specter Handbook and knew that the Specter Seer had used the ‘Second Cycle’ deity’s rebirth. He had slain all the prodigies he remembered to ensure his dominant position, ruthless in his methods, brutal in his tactics, yet extremely self-preserving, always planning meticulously. If kidnapping, murder, threats, or intimidation could increase his safety, he would have no qualms. The Specter Handbook recorded 23 instances of clan exterminations and city massacres, half of which were due to his belief that ‘he was planning something bad and thought this Family might retaliate, so he preemptively exterminated them’-a testament to his caution.

Now, since he dared to reveal the weakness of the Dreaming Celestium, it meant that before he killed everyone here, the Dreaming Celestium would not collapse!

“What is today’s exact date?”

Specter's Will suddenly asked an odd question. After a brief silence, Abyssalith, who was closest, replied, "September 4, 1668, according to the Six Nations' common calendar."

"1668, that's not a calendar I'm familiar with, and the Six Nations... By the most conservative estimate, I've been dead for nearly two thousand years." Specter's Will rose into the air, surrounded by clouds formed by countless Vengeful Souls. "This is a rare opportunity, so I'll give you a chance to resist. But in return, please unleash your ultimate miracles."

"Can you, as the new generation of Sanctuary sorcerers, give this ancient being a bit of a surprise?"

As he spoke, Specter's Will surged towards the crowd, accompanied by a torrent of Vengeful Souls, sweeping over the Sanctuary sorcerers like a flood!

He was indeed challenging two thousand Sanctuaries single-handedly!

Whoosh!

Bang!

The first to respond were naturally the Cursed Elf Archery Team and hundreds of Gunmanship Sanctuaries! Countless arrows and bullets, seemingly with eyes of their own, rained down on Specter's Will like a storm!

“The improved elf archery by the Sage of Twilight, it’s nostalgic to see an old friend’s skill, but why is there no progress, even a slight regression?”

“Hmm, this mechanical rapid-fire crossbow does have some novelty, efficient and easy to use, probably the mainstream spellcasting now? But it lacks depth; if you want to advance further, you might have to switch to the Mechanic Sect...”

“As expected, no matter how many years pass, the Physical Sect is still the same old routine.” Specter Seer waved his hand lightly, and the cloud of Vengeful Souls surrounding him split into strands, quickly taking human form and engaging the Sanctuary sorcerers in battle-these wailing souls possessed Sanctuary-level combat power!

“Surprise, my friends, can you translate what surprise means?”

Specter’s Will moved past countless Sanctuaries, with no one able to stop him for even a second. The Vengeful Souls he left behind were enough to entangle the Sanctuaries in a desperate struggle. “I don’t want to be harsh, but your spellcasting bores me; I’d rather continue reading. After thousands of years, I still haven’t fallen behind? Have you sorcerers done nothing but breed for thousands of years, without a thought to advance spellcasting even a little? ... Oh?”

Specter’s Will suddenly tilted his head, a ripple appearing on the shield of Vengeful Souls around his neck. One soul let out a long sigh of relief before gradually dissipating.

Though the attack left no trace, Specter's Will looked far into the distance at a female sorcerer, his tone full of admiration: "Impressive, quite similar to the divine intervention conceived by the Thousand Ten Angels, with a hint of Night Moonwalker. With this miracle alone, even a legendary sorcerer would fall at your hands! Interesting, interesting!"

Trozan felt a chill in her heart-her invisible blade was exchanged from the Astral Hall, and after successfully cultivating it, she learned that the invisible blade indeed originated from the heritage of the Thousand Ten Angels.

Her adventure in the Virtual Realm had granted her the Angelic Heritage of the Night Moonwalker! Her invisible blade combined the essence of the Night Moonwalker, making it so unpredictable!

It wasn't frightening that the invisible blade was blocked, but the fact that he could trace her lineage from just this move... It's important to note, this was merely the will of the Specter Seer, not the Specter Seer himself!

"Don't be fooled by him!" Abyssalith's voice echoed throughout the Celestium: "He's merely a consuming will, even if he can exhibit some of his pre-death powers, he's like a rootless duckweed, unable to replenish! Once his will is exhausted, he'll self-destruct!"

"He's not a Demigod, not even a sorcerer, just a phantom using a Demigod's heritage!"

The Sanctuaries were invigorated. Many here were initiates of the Mental Sect and naturally understood the difference between thoughts, will, and emotions. Among them,

thoughts were the most fragile, emotions the most resilient, but regardless, they were consumables, needing the originals to sustain them.

And the original of the Specter's Will had been dead for thousands of years. Where would he get replenishment from?

The more he fought and thought, the faster his will would deplete!

"You're right, I am constantly consuming. But if you continue using these dull spells that I can see through at a glance, I'm afraid you won't make me expend many more thoughts..."

Suddenly, the Specter's Will casually flicked, and three Vengeful Souls entangled a female gunslinger, relentlessly gnawing at her Sanctuary barrier!

"The Soul Sect is inherently destructive, it doesn't need this mechanical Rapid Fire crossbow for assistance," the Specter's Will stated coldly. "Let alone your clumsy integration."

"Apologies," Qenna swiftly maneuvered to evade, her dual guns never ceasing fire, as countless soul bullets traced paths towards the Specter's Will. "The Soul Sect is outdated in my Kingdom, and I'm quite satisfied with my soul Gunmanship. I don't need a dead man to criticize me!"

"Hmph."

The Specter's Will scoffed, casually conjuring a wave of Vengeful Souls to expose the Blood Saint sorcerers attempting a sneak attack. At that moment, several figures broke through his Vengeful Soul barrier, their powerful claws and fists creating sonic booms!

"Impressive."

Before the Specter's Will, several Vengeful Soul warriors appeared. Though they were instantly dispersed by the attackers, they reformed in the next moment, entangling them tightly!

From start to finish, the Specter's Will only utilized the Vengeful Soul abilities, yet it was enough to push two thousand Sanctuaries to the brink of collapse. These Vengeful Souls could be used for flight, three-dimensional defense, long-range attacks, and even transform into independent combat power, showcasing the prowess of a demigod sorcerer to the Sanctuaries-no need for flashy Miracles, mastering one ability was enough to cover all scenarios!

"Curious, your monstrous forms don't seem like they're from the Transmutation Sect, there's a natural feel to them," the Specter's Will mused, observing the half-dragon, half-human Malgraith. "Even your souls have changed, yet you haven't trained in the Soul Sect... Which Kingdom do you hail from, and which Divine Sovereign backs you?"

"The Deity Lord ruling over a hundred thousand Abyssal Depths greets you."

Malgraith attempted multiple times to break through the Vengeful Soul warriors' defenses, but each time he advanced, new Vengeful Soul warriors blocked his path.

"Abyssal Depths, huh? I'll remember that, might visit someday."

The Specter's Will continued to effortlessly crush the sanctuary sorcerers. Some tried to flee, only to be hunted down by dispatched Vengeful Souls. Soon, nearly all sanctuary sorcerers were entangled by Vengeful Souls, the entire Celestium echoing with ghostly wails, resembling a descent into hell.

Abyssalith was still searching for an opportunity.

The Specter's Will wouldn't engage everyone just to understand spellcasting development- he was merely a will, with the sole objective of resurrection, never doing anything unnecessary.

This meant the Specter's Will's current actions were undoubtedly in preparation for resurrection. Abyssalith realized this but was powerless-the gap in strength was too vast, and with the Celestium sealed, they were utterly unable to stop the Specter's Will!

At that moment, Abyssalith suddenly noticed a Black Orb that had been heading towards him abruptly change direction. It wasn't just him; Mirehex, Malgraith, Trozan, and several other sanctuary sorcerers also observed this phenomenon.

As the Specter's Will was about to complete a circuit and no sanctuary was willing to approach him, the nearest object to him became a flying Black Orb.

Suddenly, twenty Black Orbs around him simultaneously shifted direction. Ten of them intercepted and repelled the Vengeful Souls surrounding the Specter's Will, while the other ten charged directly at him!

At the same time, Abyssalith and the other sanctuaries broke free from the entanglement of the Vengeful Souls and focused their attacks on the Specter's Will!

Everyone understood that the sorcerer who had previously manipulated the Specter's Inheritance to block them was now aiding them in besieging the Specter's Will! If they didn't seize this opportunity to completely defeat the Specter's Will, they would all perish!

However, despite the Black Orb assault and the storm of miracles, the Vengeful Soul barrier remained as solid as a fortress, leaving the Specter's Will unscathed!

"What a pity. I could have used a few servants to help me get accustomed to this world," the Specter's Will remarked, eyeing the two distant Black Orbs. "But I've grown used to it. Those who have only lived once never learn to truly value their lives."

"Let's begin."



Thirty-two Source Crystals appeared around the Specter's Will and shattered simultaneously!

Then, the Vengeful Souls that had been pursuing the sanctuary sorcerers suddenly penetrated their sanctuaries, delved into their souls, and took over their consciousness!

Meanwhile, the few sorcerers and the sword Princess Witch still lingering in the Specter's Inheritance suddenly found the Underground Hall enveloped in darkness, a vast and desolate solitude overwhelming their senses.

Divine Intervention: Second Dreaming Soul Refining Prohibited Ritual!

## Chapter 677: I Will Strive to Let You Die Without Regrets

The Specter Seer had no deity in his lifetime.

The only deity he ever possessed, "Second Cycle," also vanished completely after use. Though his path of cultivation was smooth sailing in his new life, as his power increased, the Seer's advantages diminished, and by the time he reached the Demigod Rank, his resources were utterly depleted.

Moreover, even though he advanced the Prophecy Sect to the demigod realm, he repeatedly faced setbacks, cursed by terrible luck. Even with detailed plans, his opportunities would always be snatched away by others.

Thus, within centuries of striving to become a deity, he contested for divine power dozens of times, all without success.

It was not until the Specter Seer elevated the Time Sect to the demigod realm that he began to understand: The impact of using the “Second Cycle” deity to restart his life was too profound and far-reaching, and yet so conspicuously abrupt. Like a fish in a river, if it swims downstream making minor adjustments, it remains safe; but if it swims upstream, flapping its tail, it creates ripples that eventually grow into a towering wave that sweeps the fish away.

The Specter Seer had once preemptively killed all prodigious talents, which indeed felt gratifying, but the ripple effect accumulated until he could no longer grasp the future. Simply put, his luck turned so poor that any advantage he could have seized ended up mistakenly in the hands of others.

However, as an Evil Sorcerer, the Specter Seer naturally had no regrets about his past actions and simply sought new paths to exert effort.

For a demigod sorcerer, while deities are indeed the best mediators of divine laws, it does not mean that divine interventions cannot be invoked without them.

Concepts and the World Secret Domain can substitute for deities to manipulate the laws!

After decades of planning, the Specter Seer finally killed the twelfth master of the Dreaming Celestium, becoming its thirteenth owner. Although the Dreaming Celestium was already shattered, it still retained some secret domain power. Thus, he delved into research, utilizing the Dreaming Celestium to create numerous divine interventions, even improving upon one to create the Prophetic Dream!

It was because of the most crucial prophecy of the Prophetic Dream that the Specter Seer decisively chose to forsake a mere existence and opted for resurrection in the future.

But resurrection itself is a divine intervention, especially for a demigod? After extensive research, as his life neared its end, the Specter Seer inadvertently entered the Fate Sect, where he discovered that he had always been protected by a mark of fate-this mark was derived from the Second Cycle deity's law of fate!

As a one-time-use deity, the Second Cycle not only included the time law that allowed him to return to the past but also imprinted him with the law of fate to help him withstand the backlash of the ripple effects.

Without the protection of the fate mark, the Specter Seer would have been severely backlashed due to hunting prodigies even during his mortal days. The effect of this fate mark was to delay these backlashes until after he became a demigod, gradually manifesting until his death rendered it ineffective.

Leveraging the power of the fate mark, combined with the law powers of the Dreaming Celestium, the Specter Seer finally created the divine intervention that enabled his resurrection: the Second Dreaming Soul Refining Prohibited Ritual!

He had just engaged the two thousand sanctuary sorcerers and surveyed contemporary spellcasting to attach the Vengeful Souls to the sorcerers and exhaust the sanctuaries' spellforce. The less spellforce they had, the harder it would be to resist this divine

intervention. The Black Orb was crafted from Vengeful Souls, and the sorcerers within were naturally doomed.

The effect of this divine intervention was extraordinarily peculiar; it would trap the recipient in a Dream, reliving their life within it! Of course, the recipient wouldn't possess memories of the future but would instead experience their life again according to their original fate Trajectory.

However, regardless of how their life unfolded, the resurrection event of the Specter Seer would occur in their Dream, and at the opportune moment, they would encounter the Specter Seer's attack, ultimately being possessed and replaced by the Specter Seer without exception!

With their life in the Dream as a backdrop, they would naturally believe they had truly transformed into the Specter Seer. Then, the Specter's Will would extract their souls for Soul Refining without any rejection.

More crucially, since they willingly underwent Soul Refining, their spellcasting knowledge would also be inherited by the Specter's Will!

With two thousand sanctuaries as a foundation, even if much knowledge was lost in the process, he could still become a modern sorcerer proficient in all spellcasting!

Thus, this divine intervention actually consisted of two steps: Second Dreaming and the Soul Refining prohibited ritual!

Of course, this was merely the first stage of resurrection. To fully resurrect, he still needed to venture into hell to retrieve the lost soul fragments.

As the Specter's Will pondered, the Second Dreaming had already concluded. He then flew to the center of the Dreaming Celestium to begin executing the Soul Refining prohibited ritual.

Walala...

All the sanctuary sorcerers, like cattle waiting to be slaughtered, opened their mouths, and clusters of soul essence surged from their eyes and mouths, converging onto the Specter's Will like thousands of streams.

These souls, from different races, genders, spellcasting, and personalities, fused perfectly at that moment, merging into the Specter's Will's body, continuously reconstructing.

The Specter's Will sighed inwardly.

If it were after the apocalyptic event, whether going to hell or doing anything else would be much more convenient. At least the Divine Sovereign would have changed by then, and no one would remember who the Specter Seer was... Now, not only did he have to face the obstruction of 'old acquaintances,' but he also had to find a way to survive the apocalyptic event, which was truly...

All because of that damnable lastling, the Primordial Angel.

As the Soul Refining prohibited ritual entered its latter half, with the sanctuaries being drained to mere phantoms, the Specter's Will suddenly raised his head, noticing a sorcerer in the distance radiating starlight.

Brilliant, dazzling starlight.

The Specter's Will's eyes widened-Stars concept!?

In the next moment, a starry sky emerged over the dim Dreaming Celestium. The soul connections between the sanctuary sorcerers and the Specter's Will were instantly obliterated when illuminated by the starlight.

The sanctuary sorcerers awoke as if from a dream, but after the baptism of a lifetime in the Dream, they couldn't immediately regain their senses, their consciousness still immersed in the rapidly fading Dreaming memories, leaving only life's three great questions in their minds: 'Who am I?', 'Where am I?', 'What am I supposed to do?'

But soon, the starlight penetrated their minds, dispelling their confusion and drowsiness, continuously healing their souls and guiding them with a clear direction: Destroy the Specter's Will!

"The Stars Sovereign! The Sovereign has intervened!"

“We almost died without a sound...”

“Your Stars’ Divine Sovereign has acted, why not break through the Dreaming Celestium? Why keep us trapped here?”

“Watch your tone!”

“Because the Specter’s Will has acquired souls,” Abyssalith shook his head, dispelling the excess memories from the dream, and said, “If the Celestium is broken, it would give him a chance to escape. So not only will the Stars’ Divine Sovereign not break the Celestium, but he will also seal it from the outside.”

“How do we get out then?”

“The only way is to destroy the Specter’s Will. This starry sky continuously replenishes our soul energy and spellforce, so we can fight harder.” Malgrath stared at the Specter’s Will and asked, “Did you have a grudge with the Stars’ leader before?”

The Specter’s Will remained expressionless: “The twelfth owner of the Dreaming Celestium, known as the Starlight Angel.”

After a brief silence, the war between Sanctuaries and Demigods erupted once more.

When the sword Princess and Witch were transported back to the Golden Hall, Ashe immediately rushed forward to embrace them tightly. Vesser turned her head, gritting her teeth, and questioned the Nightmare, “Why did you save them only now!?”

Ashe and Vesser had been unaware of the events outside until the sword Princess and Witch were soul-drained. Due to the Oneiric Schism’s chain reaction, they vaguely sensed something had happened to their companions.

Seeing the dazed expressions of the sword Princess and Witch, not only Ashe but even Vesser felt a burning anger, disregarding everything as she summoned her spirit and aimed it at the Nightmare!

Ashe, too, had somehow drawn his sword, resting it beside him. He sat down with Sonya and Deya, the Heart Sword’s faint glow dancing around them, as if offering a bit of warmth.

“They were under the control of the Specter’s Will. Transporting them back would have exposed this place’s secret,” the Nightmare said calmly. “However, now there’s no need for them to delay time outside.”

Vesser’s gaze turned cold, “If needed, would you send them to delay time again?”

“Certainly,” the Nightmare replied. “Everything prioritizes the Nightmare deity.”



Vesser closed her mouth, turned back, and crouched down to look at Ashe and the others. She exchanged a glance with Ashe, both reaching a resolution.

“Cough, cough.”

Deya suddenly coughed twice, her eyes gradually brightening. Because she and the sword Princess were inside the Black Orb, they hadn’t received the starlight’s aid, only now regaining clarity.

“Nightmare, reduce my soul limit for a collective enhancement,” Ashe said calmly.

“As you wish.”

After the Nightmare cast the spell, Ashe took a deep breath to ease his pain. He turned his head and saw the Witch staring blankly at him, a faint smile appearing on his lips, “It’s alright now, I’m here.”

“Mm.”

The Witch reached out to wrap her arms around his neck, gently leaning against his shoulder, “You’ll protect me, you’re the real one.”

Ashe chuckled, “Is there a fake Observer?”

“There are not only fake Observers but also fake Witches,” Deya hugged him tightly, “Luckily, they are fake, and we are real.”

Feeling the Witch’s trembling, Ashe was moved, gently kissed her forehead, then pressed his forehead against hers, “Don’t worry, everything you’re afraid of won’t happen.”

Deya nodded vigorously, finally managing to relax a bit.

At that moment, the sword Princess suddenly let out a whimper. Ashe looked her way and saw tears in her eyes and a bewildered, aggrieved expression, like a child in kindergarten left unattended.

“Sword Princess?”

“Observer!” Sonya sniffled, pushing Deya aside and hugging Ashe with a sound like boiling water, “I-I almost died-“

She clutched at Ashe’s shirt, her voice breaking into sobs, “I was so scared.”

Ashe paused for a moment, finally realizing something.

Indeed, this was the first time the sword Princess had faced a life-threatening crisis.

Unlike him, who frequently skirted so close to death that he joked about getting shoulder inflammation from it, the sword Princess had always lived in school. The most dangerous activity she ever participated in were competitive matches, but even those were safeguarded by the Miracle, ensuring even the gravest injuries could be healed.

Although they had encountered several assassination attempts in the Virtual Realm, they had managed to narrowly escape each time, never truly facing death directly. And no matter the danger, he was always by the sword Princess's side.

But this time, she almost died silently, unknowingly, without even a chance to leave last words.

"Don't be afraid," Ashe whispered softly. "I'm scared too."

"Do you remember what you promised me?" Sonya sniffled again.

"So many promises, which one?"

“You promised to come to the Stars.” Sonya lifted her head, her eyes misty as she looked at him, “Entering the Stars is bound to bring lots of trouble, and if I go out with you, it will definitely be dangerous... but I’m more scared of not being with you.”

“I don’t want to die with so many regrets.”

Such childish thoughts...

Ashe couldn’t help but laugh. But he understood; facing a great terror between life and death for the first time could indeed shock one’s worldview, easily giving rise to thoughts and emotions that wouldn’t normally occur.

He looked at Sonya, still overwhelmed by her emotions, and gently kissed the tear at the corner of her eye.

“I’ll make sure you die without regrets.”

The stretching paw sword saint was startled, his rationality snapping back at those words.

## Chapter 678: Starlit Miracle

Chapter 678: Starlit Miracle

“When she travels with the winds of destruction across the Moon Void, above all her attachments, there is nothing to bind her flight, nor shadows to obscure her path.”

Four-winged Spirit of Wind Formation, Four-winged Spirit of Moon Void, Four-winged Spirit of Bond, Four-winged Spirit of Wind and Dust, Four-winged Spirit of Shadow...

Following the guidance of the mythic poetry, Ashe meticulously assembled the Divinity Fragments.

Not all Divinity Fragments come with corresponding poetry; if the Nightmare Angel didn't leave it behind, then it simply doesn't exist.

The Nightmare Angel left behind 133 mythic poems, each corresponding to one of the 133 Divinity Fragments.

It's worth noting that the Nightmare placed great importance on these mythic poems. It wasn't until Ashe and the others advanced the completion of the Virtual Divinity to 70% that it revealed these poems to them, treating them as the most guarded secret of the Nightmare's Inheritance.

In truth, the importance the Nightmare placed on these poems was justified. Ashe initially estimated that the final 30% would require at least 16 hours of intense effort, but with the guidance of the mythic poems, their progress accelerated dramatically. Not only did Vesser succeed in Spirit Convergence every time, but even when Ashe, Sonya, and Deya failed, there was no backlash to their souls. The remaining time was likely reduced to under 6 hours.

These poems didn't follow a clear sequence; they seemed to each praise and extol the power of a deity. Clearly, the protagonists of these poems were the yet-to-be-born Nightmare deities.

Why did the poems left by the Nightmare Angel aid in the convergence of Divinity Fragments? More importantly, why were there only 133 poems?

Every time Ashe and his companions thought they understood the Virtual Divinity School, the Nightmare teacher would present them with new insights. Although they resented the Nightmare, they couldn't deny that participating in Godsmithing firsthand had greatly broadened their horizons.

Forget sanctuary sorcerers; most legendary sorcerers might not have such an opportunity.

They could only deduce that the Nightmare Angel didn't intend to create a complete mythology, but his abilities only allowed for these 133 pieces. If a complete mythology encompassing all Divinity Fragments existed, then even ordinary sorcerers might complete a Virtual Divinity by following the myth, without needing the involvement of Truth sorcerers.

However, these mythic poems could likely only be crafted by sorcerers who had stepped into the Divine Dominion. For Demigods, even without the poems, they could forcibly converge Divinity Fragments, making the mythology non-essential.

As Ashe pondered, he conjured another Divinity Fragment.

With a gentle wave, the fragment floated towards the massive crystal at the center of the hall. As it settled in, it seamlessly became part of the crystal.

The completion of the Virtual Divinity reached 85%, and its outline was now clear: a land of disaster filled with flames, thorns, dark clouds, swamps, and bones.

Initially, Ashe thought the Divinity was the core soul of a deity, but now it seemed that at least the Virtual Divinity shaped the external scene of the deity-much like the background in a portrait.

Boom!

Suddenly, a powerful tremor shook the hall, causing Vesser, Sonya, and Deya to jolt as a burst of Inspiration flashed before their eyes. The external disturbance led to a failed Spirit Convergence, with a slight backlash affecting them.

They looked up and could directly see the battle unfolding in the Dreaming Celestium through the glass Firmament.

The chaotic clash between the Specter's Will and the sanctuary sorcerers' Spellcasting was continuously undermining the foundation of the Dreaming Celestium, causing the dazzling Rainbow that had been enveloping the Golden Hall to rapidly dissipate.

Clearly, the moment the dazzling Rainbow completely vanished would be when the Golden Hall was exposed to the world!

At that point, even if the Specter's Will was as detestable as ever, it wouldn't be able to draw any attention away from Ashe and the others-a failed resurrection of a fallen Demigod could hardly compare to a deity on the brink of birth.

Once Ashe and the others were discovered, both the sanctuary sorcerers present and the Divine Sovereigns above would undoubtedly try every means to besiege and divide their achievements!

Not to mention the deity itself, Ashe and the others, having successfully created the Virtual Divinity, were already a tremendous asset. Extracting the complete procedure for the Virtual Divinity from their minds would be equivalent to acquiring half a lifetime of the Nightmare Angel's accomplishments!

It was only now that Ashe and the others realized their predicament, but they were already too deeply entrenched to escape.

The Nightmare Inheritance and the Virtual Divinity were indeed their greatest Adventure so far, but they lacked the ability to protect this wealth. Once the Golden Hall was exposed, they would face boundless greed and malice from the outside world.

Even escaping might not be possible. While in most cases, a sorcerer dying in the Virtual Realm would only suffer severe soul damage, outside there were two thousand sanctuary sorcerers from various Kingdoms and Sects!



Forget about complete soul destruction; even if someone among them could forcibly dominate and enslave a peer sanctuary sorcerer, Ashe wouldn't be surprised.

From the moment they were pulled into the Golden Hall by the nightmare, they had no way out.

If they didn't participate in Godsmithing, they would be turned into materials by the nightmare;

If they did participate, they would become the treasure sought after by the sanctuary sorcerers!

The only option now was to successfully complete Godsmithing, to weather the storm of external malice and embrace the Rainbow after the rain!

Thus, Sonya, Deya, and Vesser, despite being injured, did not rest and quickly resumed their work on Spirit Convergence for the Divinity Fragments. By now, they had been in the Virtual Realm for over a day and night, constantly under the nightmare's relentless pressure. Yet, when they occasionally exchanged glances, their eyes held no darkness, only a light full of anticipation.

"Close combat groups three, disperse; Ranged Group, attack!"

“He’s about to cast a mass soul shriek; those targeted, don’t move. I’ve marked you with a red light; everyone else, stay away from the red light!”

“Close combat group two, move up and don’t let him charge through; groups one, four, five, and six, follow the plan to restrict his movement! Curse Group, cast your spells!”

“Explosion fire group, prepare!”

“Frost cold group, prepare!”

Countless mental communications echoed within the Dreaming Celestium, as Igor and thirty-three other mental sanctuary sorcerers formed a temporary command center, jointly managing the collective operations of two thousand sanctuaries!

Several hours ago, the Stars Sovereign officially intervened, utilizing the concept of the Stars to initiate the Starlit Miracle, providing protection to all sanctuaries within the Dreaming Celestium.

During the duration of the Starlit Miracle, the spiritual energy of all Sanctuaries was continuously replenished, their wounds healed rapidly, and their spellforce recovery rate greatly increased-in essence, they were nearly in a state of locked health and mana.

However, even with such significant advantages, facing the full onslaught of Specter's Will, dozens of Sanctuaries fell within minutes! Due to the complete blockade by the Dreaming Celestium, their deaths were absolute, their souls even refined directly by Specter's Will into members of his Vengeful Souls legion!

These sanctuary sorcerers, influential figures in reality, still died so effortlessly, so trivially, as if they were mere ants scalded to death by boiling water!

The Sanctuaries were not fools. Motivated by a shared sense of loss, even if they were strangers with conflicting interests a second ago, the next moment, they had to become closely cooperating comrades in arms!

No conflict was greater than the struggle between life and death!

Soon, a Mental Sanctuary initiated the "Mental Link" miracle, connecting all Sanctuaries to the same mental channel. This miracle was quite unique as it automatically consumed the recipient's spellforce, thus managing to link a total of two thousand people.

However, organizing two thousand people into a sorcerer legion was not something one could do alone. Therefore, other Mental Sanctuaries quickly joined the command system, including Igor.

They formed the Curse Group, Ranged Group, and Melee Group based on the Blood Moon Sanctuary, Cursed Elves, and Parasitic Sorcerers respectively. After several intense attacks and defenses, and the fall of hundreds more Sanctuaries, they finally tightened into a team capable of contending with Specter's Will.

Of course, there were Sanctuaries reluctant to follow orders, especially the Melee Group who were forced into close contact with Specter's Will. Many of them were frightened by Specter's Will and dared not face him directly. But the thirty-four commanders were not to be underestimated; they constantly monitored the overall contributions of the team members. If you were not providing damage or support, the Mental Sanctuary would mark you with a dazzling color.

This mark served as a reminder to Specter's Will: this person you may kill at will, we do not care.

Although surely some were dissatisfied with the Mental Sanctuaries commanding from a safe zone, the Cursed Elves, Blood Moon Sanctuary, and Parasitic Sorcerers all supported the command. Moreover, the majority of the Sanctuaries were willing to obey orders!

They all realized that if they did not unite, even with the ongoing support from the Starlit Miracle, they would be annihilated by Specter's Will!

Sanctuary sorcerers were not fools, nor were they lacking in courage!

They had just been 'inspected and evaluated' at the whim of Specter's Will. While some were terrified, many more felt humiliated and angry!

Suddenly, Specter's Will plummeted downward, his Vengeful Souls legion completely retracted into his soul. His body was covered with a thin layer of black gauze, constantly rippling with millions of waves, as if countless Vengeful Souls were wailing for help.

Three hundred Melee Sanctuaries followed closely behind, intercepting him like a swarm, blocking all his paths!

"It's about time..."

Suddenly, Specter's Will charged towards a Black Orb and immediately shattered it upon impact.

The Black Orb shattered, and the rewards inside immediately scattered in all directions. The pursuing sorcerers paused briefly, unable to resist dividing the spoils among themselves. However, Igor and other sorcerers from the Mental Sanctuary quickly noticed that Specter's Will was also competing for the spirits!

"Specters are reclaiming their former spirits! Stop them!"

From the beginning, Specter's Will had only been using the Vengeful Souls legion in combat, involving only a few spirits that were left in the Codex of Specters. It wasn't that he couldn't use more spirits, but driving spirits required the expenditure of thoughts, and thoughts would consume willpower. With only a bundle of will left, he naturally had to 'choose carefully.'

Although he hadn't fully resurrected, he had also gained a soul entity. As a soul demigod, he probably had a way to consume souls to replenish his will, meaning he could now retrieve most of his pre-death spirits, allowing the eerie terror of the Specter Seer to once again descend upon the world!

Now, he was no longer just a flickering will of a specter in the wind, but a Specter Seer who could persist in the world!

"Using Source Crystals for casting might be too extravagant... but I can't worry about that now."

Facing the pursuing sanctuary sorcerers, the Specter Seer suddenly turned and waved his hand, releasing a burst of violet mist behind him. Even with the protection of the Sanctuary, many sorcerers quickly fell into a deep sleep, disarmed in front of the Specter Seer!

Divine Intervention: Soul's Obsession!

With the blessing of the Dreaming Celestium, this miraculous move ascended to the level of a divine intervention. Moreover, it could contaminate the spirits of the sorcerers along their line of sight, making the Sanctuary virtually irrelevant!

However, just as the Specter Seer surged back to reap them, specks of starlight emerged on the sanctuary sorcerers, immediately breaking their slumber.

“Stars!”

The Specter Seer scoffed and swiftly retreated to avoid the counterattack from the sanctuaries. He looked up at the fake starry sky of the Dreaming Celestium, silently invoking a miraculous prophecy, rapidly depleting the will in his soul!

Soon, he discerned the secret of the Starlit Miracle, his expression turning slightly cold.

“These sanctuary sorcerers must be exhausted for the Starlit Seal to be lifted...” the Specter Seer murmured. “So, are they trying to deplete my reserve of Source Crystals?”

## Chapter 679: Only One Step Left

As the Specter Seer expended a significant amount of thoughts to calculate, he immediately uncovered the insidious nature of this Starlit Miracle.

This divine intervention had silently connected to the entire Dreaming Celestium. Clearly, while the Starlight Angel governed the Dreaming Celestium, the Stars Sovereign had extensively studied it as well.

The intervention had two effects: completely sealing the Dreaming Celestium and providing comprehensive support to the sanctuary sorcerers, helping them restore soul energy, heal injuries, and accelerate spellforce recovery.

But here's the catch: where does the energy to maintain this miracle come from?

Naturally, it comes from the two thousand sanctuary sorcerers themselves!

Though the sanctuary sorcerers seemed unaffected now, once they left this false starry sky, they would find their Rainbow virtual wings reduced by a quarter!

If the Starlit Miracle continued, their Rainbow virtual wings might even vanish entirely, potentially affecting their golden and silver virtual wings as well!

The Specter Seer couldn't even sow discord because the sanctuary sorcerers hadn't yet lost their virtual wings; all consequences would only manifest after they left. If he wanted to escape the Starlit Seal, he would have to eliminate all the sanctuary sorcerers, plunging this starry sky into profound darkness!

But with the starry assistance, killing them wasn't impossible; it just required using a vast number of miracles, consuming a tremendous amount of spellforce!

The problem was, the Specter Seer wasn't even a sorcerer now. He couldn't generate spellforce, and his very existence required miracles to sustain-each thought he had was produced by consuming soul energy through miracles, to avoid depleting his original will!

He had been squandering the Source Crystals left from his lifetime to drive spirits to perform miracles!



To maintain a month of the Specter's Inheritance, he had already used up more than half of his Source Crystals. Just now, he had also initiated the Second Dreaming Soul Refining prohibited ritual to reshape his soul entity, further depleting his already scarce reserves.

The Stars Sovereign seemed to be aiding the two thousand sanctuaries, but in reality, they were using their lives to drain the Specter Seer's Source Crystal reserves! Even if the Specter Seer won, his Source Crystal reserves would be critically low, making it impossible to proceed to the second phase of resurrection. He would struggle to survive, with his life ticking down to the final countdown!

How insidious, how ruthless, how inescapable!

Yet, the Specter Seer's expression remained unchanged. As he evaded the sanctuary sorcerers' pursuit, he rapidly consumed soul energy, countless thoughts colliding and reorganizing in his mind!

He had faced countless crises like this in his lifetime, even being hunted by the Stars Sovereign himself. At his worst, his physical body was obliterated, leaving only a wisp of his soul to escape. If the Stars Sovereign were here in person to execute him, that would be one thing, but this was merely a divine intervention. What did he have to fear?

Suddenly, the Specter Seer used the Black Orb to attack the sanctuary sorcerers. They dodged, but the Ranged Group seized the opportunity to target the Specter Seer.

However, the Specter Seer hid among the Black Orbs, using them to shield against the sanctuary sorcerers' ranged attacks, and once again used the Black Orbs to meaninglessly collide with the sanctuary cluster. After several rounds, Igor and the other Mental Sanctuaries realized-the Specter Seer was stalling for time.

Yes, this was the method the Specter Seer had devised to break the situation.

There was no need to engage in a prolonged battle with the sanctuary sorcerers. The Starlit Seal, soul energy restoration, and accelerated spellforce recovery were all consuming the virtual wings of the Sanctuaries. As long as he could stall, once their virtual wings were depleted, the Starlit Miracle would naturally dissipate.

The orb of specter's dream was a creation of the Specter Seer from his past life, and controlling the Black Orb required only a minimal expenditure of thoughts. While this approach might waste some time, it allowed the Specter Seer to conserve a significant amount of Source Crystals for future use.

However, while the Specter Seer aimed to delay, the sanctuary sorcerers had no such intention. Unaware of the true nature of the Starlit Miracle, they adhered to a basic principle: whatever the enemy supports, they oppose.

Since the Specter Seer sought to stall, they resolved to act swiftly and decisively. After a brief and efficient mental exchange, the sanctuary sorcerers received a new directive: attack the Black Orbs and seize the Specter's Inheritance.

Without dealing with the Black Orbs, they couldn't reach the Specter Seer. Therefore, they decided to clear out the Black Orbs entirely, which aligned with the interests of most sanctuary sorcerers-they were there to claim the Specter's Inheritance, after all.

The Specter Seer noticed their shift in tactics and immediately began relocating the Black Orbs to prevent them from concentrating their fire. Although the Black Orbs would automatically regenerate their durability, the sheer number of sanctuary sorcerers meant they could destroy one within minutes and eagerly divide the rewards within.

As time passed and the number of Black Orbs dwindled to below 100, the Dreaming Celestium felt emptier. And perhaps it was a delusion, but they sensed that the Celestium's darkness seemed to lighten somewhat.

When the count of Black Orbs fell below 50, the Dreaming Celestium took on a grayish hue, as if dawn was approaching. Simultaneously, they noticed star-like cracks appearing on the outer walls of the Celestium, transforming it into a massive birdcage.

With fewer than 10 Black Orbs remaining, the Specter Seer still refrained from counterattacking, and the Dreaming Celestium was nearly illuminated.

Abyssalith sensed something and asked, "Are the Black Orbs the pillars of the Dreaming Celestium?"

"They are the Dreaming Celestium," the Specter Seer replied calmly. "Once you destroy all the Black Orbs, the Dreaming Celestium will be reduced to a mere shell, and perhaps you'll be able to leave."

Leaving was certainly impossible, but the Starlit Miracle, in its effort to seal a shell of the Dreaming Celestium, would inevitably increase the virtual wing consumption of the sanctuary sorcerers. This was why the Specter Seer hadn't significantly hindered their destruction of the Black Orbs-whether they chose to delay or destroy, it would save him Source Crystals.

As they attacked the final Black Orb, some sanctuary sorcerers approached the outer walls, ready to escape, while more surrounded the Specter Seer. With the situation demanding combat, the Specter Seer showed no hesitation. He glanced at Abyssalith, Mirehex, Malgraith, Trozan, Igor, and others who had excelled in the preceding battle.

He had always had a penchant for hunting prodigies, and in this unprecedented sanctuary melee, the more of these leaders he could eliminate, the easier it would be to deal with The Crowd. The order of killings, the methods employed, the opportunities for sowing discord... he spared no soul energy, generating numerous thoughts to swiftly devise a flawless slaughter plan.

If killing could be considered a spellcasting sect, then the Specter Seer was undoubtedly a demigod sorcerer within it.

Snap.

With the final Black Orb shattering with a resounding crash, the Dreaming Celestium was flooded with light, almost completely connecting with the outside world, save for the starry cage still imprisoning them. Those sanctuary sorcerers who attempted to flee found themselves thwarted by finer cage lines at the edges, crashing into them as if hitting a wall!

As if receiving a signal, the sanctuary sorcerers and the Specter Seer simultaneously sprang into action. Vengeful Souls, flames, ice, bullets... countless miracles poised for action!

Yet at that moment, in the center of the Celestium where there should have been nothing, a transparent golden sphere suddenly appeared!

Inside the sphere was none other than the Golden Hall!

Within the hall were four sorcerers in black robes and a bizarre nightmare devil!

But the most captivating sight was at the center of the hall-a crystal spirit base formed by countless spirits!

At this moment, the black-robed sorcerers were inserting the final fragment into the crystal spirit base, and its flames, thorns, clouds, swamps, and bones quickly took on their respective colors, as if the scorched earth was calling for its master.

Merely gazing at this spirit base made the sanctuary sorcerers feel as though their throats were being constricted, unable to breathe. The intense fear left their minds blank, even causing the spirits within their souls to crouch down, trembling in terror!

“This power, this might...” Malgraith’s eyes widened in disbelief. “Is it a deity!?”

“It’s a Divinity!” The Specter Seer displayed a greedy, fervent expression. “A complete Virtual Divinity!”

The nightmare gazed at the Virtual Divinity before it, its deep voice sounding both like a proclamation and a lament:

“When all beings enter dreams, the nightmare begins to descend!”

“Now, only the final step remains!”

## **Chapter 680: Coercion and Temptation**

“This deity is destined to be mine!”

Even the Specter Seer, who was solely focused on resurrection, couldn’t help but be swayed by the allure of the Virtual Divinity.

Among everyone present, none understood the rarity of deities and the value of Divinity better than he did!

The Virtual Divinity School allows all Demigods to start Godsmithing from scratch, but to develop a complete Virtual Divinity procedure is as challenging as climbing Ruby Mountain!

First, a sorcerer must reach the Demigod Rank in the relevant Sect, which is the basic requirement. Then, they must seize a conceptual Incarnation and spend time understanding it-often measured in years. Finally, they must find the right direction, or they might spend a lifetime researching without any results, or worse, results that cannot be realized!

A deity is unique!

If you aim to create a deity that has appeared in history, there's a problem: does this deity already exist, perhaps in someone else's possession, or hidden in the Virtual Realm in a wild form?

It's possible for a Demigod to spend decades developing a Virtual Divinity procedure, only to repeatedly fail in Godsmithing, finally realizing that the deity they wish to create already exists. Unless the old deity is destroyed, they will never be able to convert their research into results.

The most frightening scenario is when you are certain that the old deity has been destroyed as you begin your research. Yet, during your study, someone else creates the old deity before you, and you remain unaware...

Thus, sorcerers prefer to create new deities from scratch rather than recreate ancient ones.

But new deities have a significant issue-whether the corresponding Virtual Realm laws are complete? Or, can they truly be created?

Like the Oneiros Deity initially envisioned by the Nightmare Angel, due to the slow development of the Dream Sect, he realized after years of attempts that success was impossible, forcing him to shift focus to the Nightmare Deity.

The Specter Seer also once dreamed of Godsmithing, but he never managed to seize a conceptual Incarnation, making it impossible to proceed. He did acquire several Virtual Divinity procedures and even created Virtual Divinities, which made him understand the value of the Golden Hall's Virtual Divinity.

Virtual Divinities are ranked!



The lowest tier Virtual Divinity has a resonance rate of only 10%. If it fails to resonate with the concept, all spirits will explode, and the process must start anew.

A normal Virtual Divinity has a resonance rate of only 25%. Bad luck can still lead to an explosion.

More terrifying is that a Virtual Divinity with a nascent law form exploding will unleash the Illegal Wind. The Illegal Wind is a destructive force that can obliterate all laws, severely injuring nearby sorcerers, even leading to their death and soul annihilation!

Aside from being extremely dangerous, the Illegal Wind's currents will sweep through the Virtual Realm, shaking reality. Simply put, once the Illegal Wind rises, other sorcerers will know someone is Godsmithing and what deity is being created!

The Virtual Divinity procedures the Specter Seer obtained in the past mostly hovered around a resonance rate of 10% to 25%, showing that the completeness of Divinity procedures is a major challenge in Godsmithing.

Yet the Virtual Divinity before him was more perfect than any he had ever seen! Even though he no longer possessed the insight of a Demigod Rank, he could judge that the resonance rate was likely over 50%!

In other words, once a concept is embedded into the Virtual Divinity, a deity can essentially be born! And it would be a deity from the Dream Sect!

Every owner of the Dreaming Celestium has mastered the Dream Sect, and the Specter Seer is no exception. Although he doesn't quite match the prowess of the Nightmare Angel, the creator, his Dream Sect has reached the realm of a Demigod!

If the Specter Seer were to obtain this new deity, he could not only put it to immediate use but also use it as a core to create more divine interventions of dreams!

While everyone was still lost in thought over the Golden Hall and the Virtual Divinity, a soul, shimmering with silver light, suddenly appeared before the Specter Seer. Compared to other Vengeful Souls, this silver soul was not only more solid but also possessed a soul quality so dense that even sanctuary sorcerers felt oppressed!

Five Source Crystals shattered beside the Specter Seer, and the silver soul transformed into a silver torrent, fiercely striking the transparent barrier outside the Golden Hall!

Divine Intervention: Soul Pressure Tide!

Though termed a divine intervention, the Specter Seer was merely commanding Four-winged Spirits, albeit fifty-three in number, and each time he used this technique, five spirits would perish from exhaustion.

The core of this divine intervention, however, was the deity soul under the Specter Seer's control! It was a Demigod Vengeful Soul left behind after the Specter Seer hunted a Demigod and used thirteen divine interventions in a short span!

Despite never having a deity, the Specter Seer was never short of divine intervention methods. During his life, he could even rival Demigods with deities, thanks to this deity soul!

With the amplification from the deity soul, the power of Soul Pressure Tide was enough to rival genuine divine interventions!

Other sanctuary sorcerers initially planned to seize this opportunity to ambush the Specter Seer, with the Blood Saint sorcerer even using invisibility to sneak closer. However, as they approached the Specter Seer, they found their souls being drawn towards the silver tide-sorcerers lacking sufficient strength might not only be hit by the divine intervention but could also be swept away just by nearing it!

Naturally, they were frightened and scrambled away, only able to attack the Specter Seer from afar. But the Specter Seer had left a bit of silver stream around him when he activated the divine intervention, and sanctuary miracles landing on it could only cause ripples.

Facing the fierce assault of Soul Pressure Tide, the Nightmare calmly opened the treasure chest behind it, causing several Source Crystals inside to quickly shatter, and then dozens of layers of bubbles appeared outside the Golden Hall!

Divine Intervention: Dream Phantom!

The silver tide fell upon the bubbles, which absorbed a layer of water before bursting. After ten layers were pierced, the silver tide was depleted, yet there were still over thirty layers of phantoms remaining.

The Specter Seer's face darkened; he immediately recognized that this defensive divine intervention was leveraging the power of the Dreaming Celestium. If he wanted to forcefully attack the Golden Hall, he would have to expend Source Crystals in a battle of attrition against the devil inside-he not only lacked enough spellcasting spirits but was also in dire need of Source Crystals!

Thus, he turned to the four black-robed sorcerers within the Golden Hall, clapping his hands and saying, "When I broke out of the prison of death, only to see these mediocre sanctuaries, I was quite disappointed. Yet, I didn't expect to find such a surprise."

"Even in my era, achieving a Virtual Divinity with a mortal body was an unheard-of feat. Your existence makes me reevaluate this era with newfound respect."

“But deities are not a power that sanctuaries can possess. The Divine Sovereigns behind you will definitely take it away, granting you glory for only one lifetime at most. However, if you are willing to hand over the deity to me, the Specter Seer, I am willing to take you as my students. Not to mention entering Ruby Mountain, I will also do my utmost to help you step into the Divine Dominion!”

“Not a single punctuation mark that Specter Seer says can be trusted!”

Abyssalith immediately shouted loudly: “You can see just how deceitful and shameless the Specter Seer is from the ‘Specter Handbook’! Hand the deity over to our Blood Moon Sovereign, and even if you are not from the Blood Moon, the Blood Moon Sovereign will grant you the great lineage of immortality!”

“Is immortality all you Blood Moon people have to offer?” Malgrath immediately said: “Our Deity Lord is willing to guide you to the Celestium of Immortality, no matter which kingdom you are from!”

“Lord of Wonderland, absolutely, generous rewards,” even the typically reticent Mirehex couldn’t help but say: “Lord of Wonderland, definitely not, stingy!”

The sanctuary sorcerer watched these spokespersons for the Divine Sovereigns waving their flags and shouting, as if seeing salespeople vying for customer orders. Just then, an even more impactful voice spread throughout the Dreaming Celestium:

“Stars Sovereign is willing to grant each of you a wish, as long as He can fulfill it.”

The speaker was the sanctuary sorcerer who carried the concept of the Stars!

“He just contacted me and made this promise,” said the calm Stars sanctuary: “Others, because they did not consult the Divine Sovereign, dare not promise too much, and even if you accept, their Divine Sovereigns can easily renounce it.”

“How dare you insult the Sovereign!?”

“How presumptuous!”

Abyssalith, Malgraith, and Mirehex glared at the Stars sanctuary, as if they were about to rush over at any second to let him know the price of insulting a Divine Sovereign.

However, the Stars sanctuary didn't care and continued speaking to the four in the Golden Hall: "Stars Sovereign told me to first hand over the concept of the Stars to you. This way, even if Stars Sovereign reneges, you can destroy the concept of the Stars-although it's not as significant as a deity, it would still be a great loss for a Sovereign."

"As for what wishes can be granted, most mortal wishes are within the Sovereign's power to fulfill, such as immortality, resurrection, helping you achieve legend, etc., but it doesn't guarantee that you can step into the Divine Dominion."

Other sanctuaries were already dumbfounded.

This was a personal promise from a Divine Sovereign! A wish for each person!



Unlike the unattractive invitation from the Specter Seer, no one would doubt the promise of the Stars Sovereign. For a Divine Sovereign, fulfilling the wishes of mortals, though costly, is not impossible.

Although they didn't know what the concept of the Stars was, even the Specter Seer didn't stir up trouble, showing that the Stars Sovereign truly had sincere intentions.

At that moment, one black robe sorcerer looked towards another, seemingly seeking advice, showing that they too were tempted!

The Specter Seer then scoffed, "The Stars Sovereign indeed has sincere intentions, but..."

His lips curled up, unmasking his malevolence: "Can you really survive long enough to make a wish from the Stars Sovereign?"

Threatened by a ferocious and shameless demigod, anyone would be terrified.

However, more people were looking towards the Devil in the Golden Hall. It was obvious even to those who think with their toenails that this bizarre upper-body-only devil was the true master of the Golden Hall.

As the deities were about to be handed over by these black robe sorcerers to another, what would it do? Offer bribes, or cause internal strife?

Yet, nothing happened.

The nightmare raised its hand, causing the crystal wall sealing the Into Dreams concept to rise and unlocking the crystal seal, exposing the sleeping fox to the black robe sorcerers.

“Come,” the nightmare said indifferently, as if it didn’t care about the external threats and temptations to the black robe sorcerers: “Complete the final step of Godsmithing-infuse the concept.”