

SORCERER'S HANDBOOK

Chapter 681: Breaking the Cage

The Specter Seer knew all too well that he was not the first choice for the black robe sorcerers. The “Specter Handbook” had exposed too much of his methods, leaving no room for trust from any sensible person. Yet, the Specter Seer was compelled by necessity; “spreading knowledge of the Specter Seer through Inheritance” was a crucial step in his resurrection.

Thus, if he wanted to seize the deity, he couldn’t allow these four black robe sorcerers to succeed in their Godsmithing. Once the deity recognized its master post-Godsmithing, it would be impossible for him to snatch it away.

The Specter Seer quietly invoked a Miracle, squeezing out numerous thoughts to fuel a storm of ideas. Suddenly, he recalled something-during his original life, he had failed to notice that the Nightmare Angel had left behind an Inheritance!

Not only him, but the previous twelve owners of the Dreaming Celestium had also failed to discover the Nightmare Inheritance. However, upon looking up, the Specter Seer understood: the Nightmare Inheritance was hidden in the weakest part of the Dreaming Celestium, its final pillar. Unless an owner was insane enough to want to completely destroy the Dreaming Celestium, it was impossible to uncover the handiwork of the Nightmare Angel.

But the question remained, why was the Nightmare Inheritance hidden until now, eluding all Demigods, and meant only for mortal sorcerers to find?

More often than not, Angelic Heritage would be acquired by other Demigods, with only a few leaving their Inheritance in the lower Virtual Realm. After all, when facing death, would you care whether your successor was a mortal or a Demigod?

However, when the Nightmare Angel fell, the Specter Seer had already ascended Ruby Mountain and was unaware of the true circumstances of the Nightmare Angel's demise. Regardless, the Nightmare Angel's death must have been sudden and frantic, leaving little time for elaborate plans. Yet, he still made 'secrecy' and 'only passing to mortals' the core rules of his Inheritance...

This could only mean one thing: the Nightmare Angel did not genuinely intend to leave an Inheritance. If other Demigods acquired the Nightmare Inheritance, it would ruin his plans; only mortals could be deceived by him!

Being an Evil Sorcerer himself, the Specter Seer found the Nightmare Angel's thought process utterly transparent!

"If you wish to survive, you'd better stop now," the Specter Seer sneered coldly. "If I'm not mistaken, the deity you intend to create is the Nightmare Deity, isn't it?"

The black robe sorcerers hesitated slightly.

"You've been deceived," the Specter Seer continued. "Yes, you might indeed create the Nightmare Deity, but the real question is, will it be your Nightmare Deity?"

"The Nightmare Angel spent years devising the Nightmare Deity. Do you think it would be so easily yours? Especially when you're merely sanctuary sorcerers, that Devil could snatch the Nightmare Deity with ease."

“Moreover, it could use the Nightmare Deity to invade your souls directly, completing a rebirth within you. If you don’t want to become vessels for the Nightmare Angel, stop now and wait for us to break this Golden Hall. As long as you relinquish the deity, no one will stop you from leaving!”

Though the Specter Seer spoke with conviction, much of it was fabricated. However, he was certain that the Nightmare Angel had no good intentions, and these black robe sorcerers surely harbored doubts. By preventing them from continuing their Godsmithing, he would have a chance to muddy the waters!

Hearing the words of the Specter Seer, the Nightmare, though expressionless, beckoned with a finger, urging, “Quick.”

As it moved its finger, the shadowy chains around the necks of the four black-robed sorcerers began to manifest.

The Specter Seer thought to himself that this was not good-the Nightmare Angel was so despicable, using a curse miracle to control these sorcerers, just like him!

Indeed, the black-robed sorcerers couldn’t resist the Nightmare’s command. One slender black-robed sorcerer stepped forward and gently picked up the small fox from the crystal wall.

“Embrace the concept of Into Dreams and enter the Virtual Divinity,” the Nightmare’s voice seemed to grow urgent. “When all beings enter dreams, the nightmare begins to descend!”

At this moment, not only the two thousand sanctuary sorcerers but even the Specter Seer couldn’t help but hold their breath.

The birth of a deity was a moment even the Specter Seer had never witnessed!

The sanctuary sorcerers were even more excited, barely able to contain themselves-most mortals had never seen a deity, let alone witnessed such a historic moment!

Even beneath the Nightmare’s calm, deadpan face, there was a deep sigh of emotion:

“Finally, the moment has arrived.”

Just as everyone’s hearts were swirling with anticipation, greed, and jealousy, they saw that the black-robed sorcerer holding the small fox didn’t move towards the Divinity but instead took a step back.

“Finally, the moment has arrived.”

Vesser smiled slightly and activated a miracle on the still-sleeping small fox in her arms.

Truth Miracle: Misguided Love!

If Ashe could rely on his innate talent to connect with any Senlo Demi-God for Divine Hosting, then Vesser's ability to steal so many Senlo Demi-Gods depended on this Misguided Love Miracle!

Under the influence of the Misguided Love Miracle, all Senlo Demi-Gods would see Vesser as a kindred spirit with aligned beliefs!

Upon discovering that the cults of the Senlo wasteland were very similar to the 'incubation method' of the Soul Divinity School, and that Demi-Gods and concepts seemed to be the same kind of existence, Vesser speculated whether her Misguided Love Miracle could also affect concepts.

This was the premise of all her plans because normally accepting a concept required a long time. If she couldn't incorporate the concept into her soul now, their plan would be impossible, and they would have to obediently become tools for the Nightmare!

However-

The small fox slightly opened its eyes, lazily yawned, and then burrowed into Vesser's arms, directly merging into her soul!

Seeing this, both the Specter Seer and the Nightmare were shocked!

How could this be possible!?

How could the concept be fused so quickly?!

Before they could react, Vesser called out softly, “Observer!”

Ashe immediately grabbed Vesser’s hand and said to the sword Princess and the Witch, “Hold onto us!”

As the four of them held hands, Ashe immediately activated the Specter’s Appendix he had obtained-Miracle: Soul Merge!

In an instant, the souls of the four merged into one, indistinguishable from each other!

The Nightmare was about to use Oneiric Schism to harm others to threaten Vesser, but seeing this, it stopped immediately.

It couldn't and dared not harm Vesser-the Into Dreams concept was within Vesser, and if Vesser died, the Into Dreams concept would dissipate as well!

Ashe asked nervously, "What do we do next?"

"Fly out!" Vesser said resolutely.

At this moment, Ashe and the others placed their complete trust in Vesser. The four of them unfurled their three wings and soared into the sky, leaving the Golden Hall behind, heading towards the Specter Seer and the Sanctuary coalition forces!

Sonya and Deya each unleashed a Miracle upon the dream phantom enveloping the Golden Hall, attempting to pierce through thirty layers of bubbles.

Although the Specter Seer was unsure of what was transpiring, the situation was undoubtedly advantageous for him. He once again invoked the divine intervention, Soul Pressure Tide, to assault the dream phantom!

Not only the Specter Seer, but other sanctuary sorcerers also received orders to relentlessly attack the dream phantom!

Igor, who understood the situation, quickly convinced Abyssalith, Mirehex, Malgraith, and other sorcerer leaders that the more chaotic the situation, the greater the benefits. If they could capture these four black-robed sorcerers, there was even a chance of obtaining a deity. But first, they needed to let the black-robed sorcerers escape!

Under the assault from both inside and outside, the thirty-plus layers of the dream phantom shattered in an instant. However, the greatest credit did not belong to the Specter Seer and the Sanctuary coalition, but rather to Sonya and Deya!

The dream phantom had extremely high resistance to external damage, but internally, it was vulnerable!

Their Offensive Miracles easily pierced through most of the bubbles!

As Ashe and the others flew out of the Golden Hall, they were greeted by a barrage of malicious Miracles!

“You’ve made a wise decision.”

The Specter Seer spoke kindly, but with a wave of his hand, he unleashed several Vengeful Souls that transformed into shackles, entangling them!

“Don’t be afraid!” Vesser and Ashe shouted simultaneously, their hands tightly clasped, resembling a bird crashing into the Specter Seer’s Miracle!

Just as they were about to become prisoners, a bubble enveloped them, effortlessly blocking the Specter Seer’s assault!

It was the nightmare!

It overturned a treasure chest, continually consuming Source Crystals to cast Defensive Miracles for Ashe and the others!

“Indeed,” Vesser’s voice echoed in their minds, “Into Dreams is our best hostage. The nightmare is merely a rigid execution program. As long as we collectively hold the Into Dreams concept, it must protect us!”

“So, fly without worry!”

With virtual wings spread wide, the four of them charged towards the sky in the bright and dazzling Dreaming Celestium, under the watchful eyes of two thousand sanctuary sorcerers and the Specter Seer!

Suddenly, a drumbeat surrounded them, but its effect was not on them directly, but on the surrounding space! As the drumbeat played, the space began to thicken, even attempting to push Ashe and the others back!

Miracle: Retreat Drum!

At this moment, the Specter Seer caught up with them, unleashing dozens of Vengeful Souls. These souls emitted long snoring sounds, and other sanctuary sorcerers who heard the snores were suddenly trapped in pink cages, and they themselves began to snore, about to fall asleep!

Miracle: Return to Slumber!

In addition, many Miracles and individuals directly blocked their path, trying to keep them-or rather, their concept-behind!

“Don’t be in such a hurry to leave!” Malgraith, transformed into the Shadow Evil Drake, reached out to capture them.

“Stop!” Mirehex led the Cursed Elf Archery Team to shoot at them.

“Why not consider following us, Sovereign...” Abyssalith, accompanied by Blood Saint sorcerers, obstructed their way.

No matter what miracles or obstacles they faced, Ashe and his companions ignored them all, focusing solely on reaching the edge of Celestium. Every attack against them was blocked by the dream phantoms conjured by the nightmare, and anyone who stood in their way was simply bounced away by the same phantoms.

“You won’t escape!” The Stars Sanctuary shouted as they caught up, “Dreaming Celestium is already sealed by the Starlit Miracle! Stop and hand over the concept to me, and the Stars Sovereign’s promise still stands!”

Indeed, even with the nightmare’s full support, one formidable barrier remained before Ashe and his companions-the Starlit Miracle!

The Starlit Miracle had sealed Dreaming Celestium, with vertical star lines forming a cage that trapped everyone inside. As Ashe and his companions approached the edge of Celestium, they naturally saw the tightly closed birdcage embedded in the walls of Celestium!

Knowing this, the Specter Seer, sanctuary sorcerers, and even the nightmare were not anxious, for in their view, no one could escape from here!

“What do we do?” Ashe asked, “Vesser, do you have any cards left to play?”

“No!” Vesser shook her head, “My plan was hastily formed, with too many uncertainties. Getting this far is already a stroke of luck formed by many coincidences. How could I have a card left to counter a divine intervention?”

Sonya, tense yet hopeful, asked, “Does this mean we have no choice but to surrender to the Stars Sovereign?”

“Wait!” Deya exclaimed through mental communication, “Look at the Into Dreams concept!”

Everyone turned their gaze inward to their souls, noticing that the closer they got to the edge of Celestium, the more excited the little fox became, eagerly watching the outside of Dreaming Celestium, as if it too couldn’t wait any longer!

In a flash of insight, Vesser and Ashe’s voices rang out simultaneously, “Bet!”

“We’ve come this far, how can we not try!?” Ashe shouted through gritted teeth, “Charge out!”

As they were about to collide with the starry birdcage, the little fox let out a cheer, painting them with a dreamlike iridescence!

Snap!

Covered in iridescence, the four of them created a massive breach in the starry birdcage that even the Specter Seer was powerless against, and two thousand sanctuary sorcerers could only watch in awe!

The star lines crumbled, the divine intervention shattered!

At that moment, the sanctuary sorcerers observing from outside Dreaming Celestium seemed to see an iridescent phantom bird burst forth. The light from the Distant Sky Domain fell upon the phantom bird, coating its iridescence with shimmering arcs of light, mesmerizing both those inside and outside!

Some birds cannot be caged; every feather on their bodies glows with the light of freedom.

“How is this possible!?”

“The Starlit Miracle was broken just like that?”

“Wait, are they courting death!?”

Under countless astonished gazes, Ashe and his companions followed Vesser’s lead, directly dismantling their own Sanctuary! The nightmare attempted to shield them with miracles, but they had already left Dreaming Celestium, beyond its reach!

It was well-known that without Sanctuary protection in the Distant Sky Domain, souls would succumb to the Ritual of Prohibited Synchronization of Wind, Flower, Snow, and Moon, leading to death!

And this was precisely Vesser’s aim!

“It’s starting,” Vesser’s voice echoed in the minds of the three, filled with nervous anticipation, “The true Godsmithing Ritual!”

Ashe added, “It’s also our Godsmithing Ritual!”

Indeed, their plan was also Godsmithing, but not targeting a Nightmare deity, nor using the Virtual Divinity School!

They intended to use the Ritual Track of the Soul Divinity School!

They aimed to create a deity that had never been seen before, an unknown god!

Chapter 682: The Arrival of the Deity!

Unlike Ashe and the others who harbored a glimmer of hope, Vesser never expected the nightmare to truly hand over the Nightmare Inheritance to them. She had seen through the nightmare, or rather the Nightmare Angel, from the very beginning, realizing it had no genuine intention.

Don’t forget, she was born into the orderly evil of the Tribulation Fire Chapel, a place that, despite engaging in production and trade, never abandoned its ancestral skills of murder and robbery. The disciples of Tribulation Fire were a paradoxical bunch; ruthless

and heartless to outsiders, yet strictly adhering to their own codes, never indulging in excess. Most of the spoils they seized were prioritized for the non-sorcerer common folk, while the sorcerer disciples often practiced the Physical Sect, requiring minimal resources to survive. In fact, the treatment of sorcerers in the chapel was inferior to that of ordinary people.

Because they did not profit personally from their raids, the disciples of Tribulation Fire had no doubt about their righteousness, believing they were committing ‘small evils for a greater good,’ not driven by personal desires to kill and plunder.

Perhaps this sense of moral sacrifice, of ‘bearing the burden of sin,’ made their faith exceptionally devout, allowing the chapel to support five Demi-Gods and rank among the top cults in the Senlo wasteland.

Regardless of whether the Tribulation Fire Chapel considered itself just, one thing was indisputable: they were professionals in the art of plunder.

Even more cunningly, the chapel did not merely raid; they also provided security for caravans, enticing them to trade with the chapel, only to later masquerade as other cults to raid those caravans. As these caravans belonged to various cults, this back-and-forth could incite conflicts among them, further solidifying the chapel’s advantageous position.

As a silver sorcerer, Vesser had been part of the ‘Sin Tribulation Counsel,’ drafting schemes for the chapel. During that time, she learned not only the art of deception and intrigue but also how the chapel dragged other cults into the Abyss.

The Tribulation Fire Chapel was an industrialized, systematic, and devout group of Evil Sorcerers.

Later, as the silver lantern saintess, she defected to the Four Pillars Cult, honing her skills even further. If not for the Mercury Trojan Horse's assassination attempt, she was confident she could gradually undermine and overthrow the Four Pillars Cult.

This was where Ashe, Sonya, and Deya could not compare-Vesser was a trained, practiced, and even successful Evil Sorcerer!

From the moment the nightmare offered them empty promises and bound them with Oneiric Schism, Vesser realized they were already halfway to hell.

Yet, the nightmare's simple tactic remained effective even after a thousand years-it only needed to take one hostage, and the others would have to comply!

Moreover, Vesser suspected that the nightmare might not even need a hostage to perform Oneiric Schism! Evil Sorcerers never reveal all their cards at once, often feigning weakness, waiting for the victim to think they have found an opportunity to retaliate, only to then reveal their true strength and crush the victim's psychological defenses.

So, to escape, their first step was to make the nightmare hesitate, ensuring it not only refrained from harming them but also had to protect them.

Thus, Vesser set her sights on the Into Dreams concept.

The concept of Into Dreams is indispensable in the Ritual Track that leads to the birth of a Nightmare Deity. As long as they can control the Into Dreams concept, even the nightmare, solely focused on creating a Nightmare Deity, becomes a power they can utilize.

Therefore, Ashe and his companions exerted themselves to create Virtual Divinity, because only when the Virtual Divinity is complete will the nightmare hand over the Into Dreams concept to them.

Even though Vesser's Misguided Love Miracle has no effect on the concept, they could still threaten the nightmare by capturing the Into Dreams concept.

But this was just the first step.

The Nightmare Angel, although an Evil Sorcerer from thousands of years ago, still has his schemes perfectly effective to this day: the Nightmare Inheritance is triggered only when the Dreaming Celestium is on the verge of collapse, besieged by internal strife and external threats. If the inheritors manage to escape the protective embrace of the Golden Hall, they will inevitably be discovered by sorcerers from the outside.

He cleverly manipulated the adverse situation, setting a dilemma for the inheritors thousands of years later: not engaging in Godsmithing would get them killed by the nightmare; attempting to flee would make them a target for surrounding sorcerers.

Whether for greater gains or merely to save their own lives, the only option for the inheritors is to complete the Nightmare Deity and reorganize the Dreaming Celestium, thus giving them a sliver of hope for survival!

Of course, such a sliver of hope never truly existed.

Vesser was unaware of the nightmare's real plan and did not believe the threats from the Specter Seer were genuine, but she clearly understood that the Nightmare Angel did not craft this millennium-long scheme to bless his descendants!

If Ashe and his group were to truly complete the Nightmare Deity, perhaps death would be their best outcome.

Despite currently using various coincidences to escape the Dreaming Celestium, they are still in danger.

Returning to reality from the Distant Sky Domain takes at least thirty seconds, but it only takes a few seconds for sorcerers inside the Dreaming Celestium to emerge, and those outside won't just watch them leave-they only need to strike Ashe and his companions with a Miracle from afar to disrupt their return!

Even if they discard the Into Dreams concept right now, their experience in Godsmithing is a treasure coveted even by a Divine Sovereign.

It can be said that although Ashe and his companions have escaped the birdcage of the Dreaming Celestium, they have entered an even more perilous cage.

However, from the moment Vesser learned that the nightmare possessed the Into Dreams concept, she already had a bold idea. Later, during the "longing for" Ritual, she obtained the detailed Ritual Track of a Static Deity from someone else, and her plan was fully formed.

The foundation of this plan was something the nightmare had once mentioned about the Concept Aggregation Phenomenon: when the laws of the Virtual Realm mature, concepts will automatically aggregate various materials and transform into deities.

At first, Vesser was somewhat puzzled: Do concepts have their own will, seeking out materials by themselves?

But she quickly realized-it wasn't that the concepts sought out materials, but that the environment of the Virtual Realm continuously evolved, bringing materials to the concepts!

So, are there examples of concepts that, after consuming materials, transform into deities?

Certainly, such as the secretive Ritual Track of the Static Deity known to Vesser and her associates. But beyond that, there was another Ritual Track, recently discovered by all sorcerers below the level of legend!

The faded dream!

The "Lake Handbook," "Time Handbook," and "Specter Handbook" all document that by feeding the spirit of Into Dreams with the Wound of the Wind, Language of Flowers, Scattering of Snow, and Crystal of the Moon, one can obtain the faded dream spirit!

This is almost identical to the Godsmithing Ritual Track!

So, do they have the spirit of Into Dreams?

No, they don't, nor do they know how to create it. It seems that only when the Dreaming Celestium is complete can the concept of Into Dreams give rise to such a spirit.

However, they can grasp the concept of Into Dreams!

Thus, Vesser conceived a wild idea: to create a faded dream deity!

To create a brand-new deity that has never been born and may never be born!

Yet, the only ritual track they are sure of is that the concept of Into Dreams needs to be fed with the Wound of the Wind, Language of Flowers, Scattering of Snow, and Crystal of the Moon. But these materials have long been obliterated in the changes of the Virtual Realm.

However, these materials can be substituted with spirits, but the substitute spirits are of the Four-winged level. Do they have them?

Of course, they don't, but the nightmare gave them an opportunity to steal spirits from the Virtual Realm-through the divine intervention of longing for!

Longing for is the most outrageous auxiliary Miracle they've ever seen, allowing them to freely steal any Four-winged spirit. But thinking about it, this is a Miracle that only a Demigod can perform, and it requires killing a sanctuary sorcerer-or at least putting them in bed for a year-so it seems somewhat acceptable.

Thus, Sonya, Deya, and Vesser stole the spirits of Wind Formation, Flower Rebirth, Snowbreak, and Moon Void, and dispersed them within their souls to avoid the nightmare's detection.

Vesser believes the Nightmare Angel knew about this ritual track, but perhaps the Virtual Realm environment wasn't mature enough at that time, or perhaps he didn't need the faded dream deity, so he turned to study the Oneiros Deity and Nightmare Deity instead.

Having solved the material problem, there remains a major hurdle for the sorcerers: what Virtual Realm curse is needed for the birth of the faded dream deity?

After all, the Static Deity requires the static domain curse to be born, so naturally, the faded dream deity would also need a specific ritual.

However, Vesser didn't even need to say it out loud. Once Ashe and the others vaguely guessed Vesser's intention, they all thought of the most crucial mechanism of the Distant Sky Domain: the Ritual of Prohibited Synchronization of Wind, Flower, Snow, and Moon!

Every modern sorcerer who ascends to the Distant Sky Domain inevitably faces this equalizing mechanism!

Every three-wing sorcerer who wishes to master the Sanctuary must undergo this perilous trial!

Everyone knows it, yet everyone is accustomed to this Virtual Realm phenomenon!

But thousands of years ago, even in the era closest to them, the time of the Specter Seer, the Ritual of Prohibited Synchronization of Wind, Flower, Snow, and Moon had not yet formed. Now that it has become the prevailing rule of the Distant Sky Domain, could it be understood as the Virtual Realm itself urging the birth of the faded dream deity?

In this light, the Concept Aggregation Phenomenon has actually been occurring all along, but the Dreaming Celestium and the Nightmare Inheritance have been sealing the concept of Into Dreams, delaying the birth of the faded dream deity.

Now, Vesser and the others have brought the concept of Into Dreams out of the Dreaming Celestium and spread the Sanctuary, allowing their souls to undergo the baptism of the Ritual of Prohibited Synchronization of Wind, Flower, Snow, and Moon!

However, there's a contradiction here: ordinary sorcerers perish after enduring the Ritual of Prohibited Synchronization of Wind, Flower, Snow, and Moon. Even if Godsmithing fails, if they are left with only a remnant soul, they must wait thirty seconds to return to

reality. During this time, if other sorcerers possess soul-control Miracles, they have no means to resist.

But will they die from enduring the Ritual of Prohibited Synchronization of Wind, Flower, Snow, and Moon?

Ashe and Vesser find it hard to say, but Sonya and Deya most likely won't.

Because they have mastered the Sanctuary by themselves, having fully passed the test of the Ritual of Prohibited Synchronization of Wind, Flower, Snow, and Moon!

Ashe and Vesser, on the other hand, are mere products of the "lightless sanctuary potion," hastily achieving Sanctuary, leaving them unable to resist the Ritual of Prohibited Synchronization of Wind, Flower, Snow, and Moon. The old saying in the Virtual Realm proves true: all the lessons you skip, you'll eventually have to make up.

Yet, the external knowledge gained from the Specter's Inheritance allows Ashe and Vesser to continue cheating in the makeup exam!

Soul Merge Miracle!

This Miracle not only unites them, preventing the nightmare from initiating Oneiric Schism; during the Ritual of Prohibited Synchronization of Wind, Flower, Snow, and Moon, the sword Princess Witch can help Ashe and Vesser cheat, enduring it together!

Now, the Ritual begins!

Whoosh.

An almost inaudible breeze permeates their souls, disassembling every inch into nothingness, as the four rapidly disintegrate and vanish. The wind effortlessly tears their souls apart, carving new voids within each particle of their soul entities.

However, under the guidance of the sword Princess Witch, their souls scatter but do not collapse, showing a faint tendency to reorganize!

Ritual of Prohibited Synchronization of Wind, Flower, Snow, and Moon: Wind Formation.

Meanwhile, the little fox grabs the Wind Formation spirit within Vesser's soul. The Wind Formation spirit resembles a balloon ready to float away at any moment. The little fox rolls around with it twice, finding it hard to hold onto, then plucks a hair to use as a string, securing it tightly with its paw.

Then their dispersed soul entities begin to assemble piece by piece, gradually reconstructing their forms, as if petals were rebuilding their bodies, while the void within their soul entities completely consolidates, forming a new, independent space equal in size to their originals.

Ritual of Prohibited Synchronization of Wind, Flower, Snow, and Moon: Flower Rebirth.

The little fox leaps into the sword Princess's soul, pinning the Flower Rebirth spirit, resembling petals, onto its head like a beauty-loving little girl.

Soon, the roughly formed space within them begins to self-destruct, splitting again into pieces and particles. Yet, under the sword Princess Witch's guidance, their shattered souls show a tendency to reorganize!

Ritual of Prohibited Synchronization of Wind, Flower, Snow, and Moon: Snowbreak.

This time, the little fox enters the Witch's soul, gently passing through the Snowbreak spirit, resembling a snowflake. The snowflake disperses on the little fox, transforming into a cloak draped over it.

Finally, their souls regroup, forming new soul entities in spherical shapes, like tiny bubbles. Normally, at this stage, the soul bubbles would soon vanish, but due to the sword Princess Witch's efforts in the previous steps, their soul bubbles become exceptionally sturdy, even on the verge of restoring their original forms!

Ritual of Prohibited Synchronization of Wind, Flower, Snow, and Moon: Moon Void!

The little fox returns to Vesser's soul, locating the final Moon Void spirit. The Moon Void spirit appears as a blank glass sphere, and the little fox, holding Wind Formation, adorned with Flower Rebirth, and cloaked in Snowbreak, dives into the glass sphere!

In an instant, the interior of the glass sphere bursts with iridescent waves, even cracking the surface-a great presence eagerly awaits its birth!

Outside, Ashe and the others reach their limits; if they don't unfold their Sanctuary now, the second round of the Ritual of Prohibited Synchronization of Wind, Flower, Snow, and Moon will utterly destroy their souls!

Sanctuary unfolds!

Simultaneously, the glass sphere shatters completely, and a graceful, divine figure leaps from their souls, boldly proclaiming its arrival to the world!

It appears as a five-year-old girl, with peach-pink short hair and drooping fox ears, dressed in a snow-white and light blue dress, legs wrapped in white silk, holding a wand entwined with a swift wind, with five fluffy tails peeking from beneath her skirt!

Though she looks adorable, aside from Ashe and the others, whether it's the Specter Seer or Abyssalith and other sanctuary sorcerers, their souls tremble when gazing upon her, and the spirits within them shiver, not daring to act out!

The deity has descended!

Chapter 683: Faded Dream and the Inheritance of ①②③④ Wishes

“Am I dreaming...?”

“It’s so beautiful...”

“What kind of deity is this? How could they create it just by undergoing the Ritual of Prohibited Synchronization of Wind, Flower, Snow, and Moon?”

“Who are they, really!?”

Witnessing the birth of a deity, the sanctuary sorcerers were either excited, yearning, or dumbfounded. Even Igor, who vaguely knew the inside story, was struck silent, too astonished to react.

Compared to ordinary sanctuaries, the Specter Seer was undoubtedly more shaken. He was absolutely certain this was a deity that had never appeared before, meaning these four black-robed sorcerers had somehow used the Soul Divinity School to create a brand new, unknown deity through a Ritual Track whose success was uncertain!

Is this unprecedented?

Not entirely, as the Specter Seer knew of a few examples.

The problem is, the protagonists in those examples later became Divine Sovereigns.

And their stories, without exception, became myths!

These black-robed sorcerers are walking the path of myth!

The nightmare within the Golden Hall was equally dumbfounded.

The Nightmare Angel had left behind many contingency plans, even considering the possibility of the Into Dreams concept being hijacked. But it never considered the Into Dreams concept transforming into another deity! Although the Virtual Divinity was completed, the Into Dreams concept couldn't be reclaimed, leaving the nightmare completely stumped, essentially crashing.

Ashe and the others stared blankly at the Foxling.

They weren't affected by the deity's pressure, but they hadn't expected their desperate gamble to succeed.

The Foxling clutched the staff, looking at them with a timid expression, its five tails swaying nervously, its childish voice tinged with uncertainty and curiosity: "Are you... all my masters?"

Boom!

Suddenly, a loud noise erupted from the Dreaming Celestium, as the Specter Seer collided with the Starlit Miracle's cage. He shouted at the sorcerers outside, "Keep them here! They can't command the deity without spellforce! Hey, you damnable lastlings, unlock the Starlit Miracle, or no one will claim the deity!"

This revelation snapped the sanctuary sorcerers back to reality. Sorcerers often can't command spirits beyond their level; even a three-winged sorcerer exhausting all their spellforce could only wield one percent of a Four-winged Spirit's power, let alone these four black-robed sorcerers commanding a deity two levels above!

The sanctuary sorcerers outside quickly became greedy, closing in on Ashe and the others, even launching Miracle attacks from afar.

The Stars sanctuary within the Celestium anxiously contacted the Sovereign, afraid to act without permission to lift the Starlit Miracle.

The Specter Seer turned sharply, questioning the nightmare within the Golden Hall, "Devil, you didn't give them any Source Crystals, did you?"

"No," the nightmare instinctively replied, "All Source Crystals are under my control."

“That’s good,” the Specter Seer sighed in relief, “Without Source Crystals, sanctuary sorcerers can’t possibly command... a deity!?”

Feeling the overwhelming wave of law from outside, the Specter Seer turned in disbelief, seeing the Foxling raising the staff high, poised to exercise divine authority!

“How is this possible!?”

The Specter Seer’s thoughts were indeed correct; the combined spellforce of Ashe and his companions was insufficient to unleash even a fraction of the deity’s power.

But who could have foreseen that Ashe, a three-wing sorcerer, could purchase Source Crystals at will from Aurora’s Sorcerer Handbook?

It was precisely because Ashe had revealed to Vesser and the others that he possessed Source Crystals that Vesser dared to devise this plan. Without Source Crystals to substitute for spellforce, their Godsmithing would be meaningless!

However, unlike the shocked outsiders, Ashe and his group were enveloped in silence.

In their eyes, whether it was the Dreaming Celestium or the sanctuary sorcerers gathering outside, the entire Distant Sky Domain seemed to have hit the pause button, frozen in place.

After the Foxling cast its spell, the world began to lose its colors.

Except for them and the Foxling, everything around was left in a gray weave of black and white, and the Distant Sky Domain became blurred and shaky, almost as if...

“A faded dream,” Vesser murmured. “This deity isn’t a faded dream, but its spellcasting effect makes dreams lose their color...”

“Just like the dream phantom is a sorcerer’s dream, the entire Distant Sky Domain... is someone else’s dream.”

Realizing this truth about the Virtual Realm, the group fell into silence, momentarily unable to react.

Ashe suddenly asked, “Do you remember that any sorcerer who reaches Ruby Mountain through a faded dream encounters an Angel at the summit?”

“Yes,” Deya nodded emphatically. “Sorcerers are even asked by the Angel to leave behind the first half of their Sorcerer’s Handbook.”

“Everyone thought the faded dream transported sorcerers to the summit of Ruby Mountain,” Ashe said. “But now it seems everyone was mistaken.”

“The faded dream actually allows sorcerers to exit the Angel’s dream.”

“It’s just that the Angel happens to be at the summit of Ruby Mountain, so that’s where the sorcerers appear.”

Sonya remarked, “The Distant Sky Domain is a dream, and the dream phantom is another dream. A dream within a dream... this design reminds me of the plot from ‘The Turin Doctor’ I watched a couple of years ago.”

Ashe took a deep breath and spoke with a light tone, “Alright, everyone, gather your thoughts and take one last look at the Distant Sky Domain.”

They gazed at the boundless domain, at the distant dream phantom, at the blurred figures of the Specter Seer, sanctuary sorcerers, and nightmare within the Dreaming Celestium...

Adventure, exploration, crisis, and encounters...

Ashe and Sonya undoubtedly felt the deepest connection; in the Sea of Knowledge, they left unnoticed; on the Time Continent, although they had prematurely sparked the Appointment War among the Six Nations, they were merely insignificant pawns within it.

No one knew them, no one paid attention to them.

Yet this time, whether they wanted it or not, they were destined to shake the Six Nations, make their mark in the Virtual Realm, and even draw the gaze of Demigods and Divine Sovereigns!

Their grand performance would become an enduring topic among sorcerers, perhaps even a new epic myth!

Mortals would aspire to be like them, sorcerers would learn from them, and Divine Sovereigns would watch them!

And now, they were about to step onto an even higher stage!

“And then,” Ashe looked at the Distant Sky Domain spreading like ink on water, “wake up.”

Ruby Mountain.

After hours of climbing, the contest for the Wishflux Inheritance had reached its final stage.

Mercury Trojan Horse lay in the Bloodfly Benediction, watching the other three legendary sorcerers ahead of her, her eyes filled with deep-seated venom.

How many geniuses are there in the world? Only now did Mercury Trojan Horse realize she had never been first; the other legendary sorcerers had anticipated the Divine Sovereign's inevitable interference and even foresaw the Lord of Wishflux's meddling, thus refraining from competing with her.

Now that the Lord of Wishflux's influence had been dispelled and the Divine Sovereign no longer intervened, everyone was showing their true abilities in the competition. Even though Mercury Trojan Horse was giving it her all, were the others not doing the same?

She was now just ten steps away from the Heart of Wishes, but the leading legend was only five steps away. At this rate, she was bound to lose!

Ten steps-the chasm between victory and defeat!

Her expression wavered, but soon transformed into a cold determination.

She took a deep breath, ignoring the hindrance of the Bloodfly Benediction, and climbed with all her limbs, swiftly surpassing all competitors!

"Is she mad?"

"Courting death?"

“Wait, why is she unharmed!?”

Even though the Bloodfly Benediction enveloped her soul, Mercury Trojan Horse continued to climb forward. But as a consequence, adults over 25 and children under 10 within the Four Pillars Cult perished at a rate of ten thousand per second, dying silently and painfully, like stalks of wheat crushed by the wind.

But it was all worth it!

She overtook the leading legendary sorcerer, now only four steps away from the Heart of Wishes!

Three steps!

Two steps!

One step!

The Wishflux Inheritance is mine!-

Snap.

As Mercury Trojan Horse eagerly reached out, she only touched a leg.

A black-robed sorcerer suddenly appeared before her, blocking her path to the Heart of Wishes.

And because she touched his leg, the black-robed sorcerer reflexively kicked back.

Though the force was light, Mercury Trojan Horse, whose soul was already weakened, had no strength to resist and was sent tumbling down the mountain peak.

Only then did Mercury Trojan Horse see clearly that it wasn't just one black-robed sorcerer on the peak, but four. And there was a Foxling with five tails perched on their shoulders. They surrounded the Heart of Wishes, ensuring that whichever path she took to climb up, she would be blocked.

She watched as one of the black-robed sorcerers bent down, effortlessly, leisurely, with ease, and grasped the Heart of Wishes she had been longing for.

Mercury Trojan Horse slowly closed her eyes, not even activating the tactile ability of the Trojan Horse Tower, allowing the Bloodfly Benediction to devour her soul completely, vanishing from Ruby Mountain.

Chapter 684: Bewitching Inheritance



Virtual Realm, Time Continent, Eternal City.

The layout of Eternal City is remarkably unique. If one could observe it from outside, they'd notice that every side view of the city forms a triangle: the outermost walls are the shortest, and as one moves toward the central area, the buildings rise higher, with the Time Tower at the core being the tallest structure in the entire city.

Moreover, the buildings are not standalone; all the high-rise structures are interconnected by bridges, making the entire Eternal City a three-dimensional labyrinth.

What troubles sorcerers the most is the constant shifting of bridges, walls, and even the city's roads-every hour, Eternal City transforms into something new!

This is why, for a month now, not only has no one managed to seize the Inheritance of Time, but not even a complete strategy guide has been compiled-the intricate structure of Eternal City makes its exploration far more extensive than imagined.

Not to mention, encountering other sorcerers in Eternal City is as common as breathing, with battles, alliances, betrayals, and the drama of valor and ugliness unfolding every moment within its walls.

The operation of Eternal City is powered by the continuous supply from the Golden Flow. Its tributaries spread like veins throughout the city, with the excess Golden Flow Water turning into golden mist that permeates every corner. Every adventurer who enters the city breathes in this mist, which settles in their souls and weighs heavily on their hearts, turning the kind suspicious, the suspicious ruthless, the ruthless greedy, and the greedy insane.

Yet, the immense allure of the Inheritance compels sorcerers to willingly enter this bloody grindstone, despite knowing its dangers.

Interestingly, Eternal City does not prohibit spirits, and two-wings sorcerers, who are just beginning to form their spirit system without Sanctuary defenses, find themselves in a high-attack, low-defense power tier. Eternal City merely

needs to provide the right stage, and they naturally respond with a dance of death under the gaze of the King of Time.

Elegant, brutal, sinister, indifferent.

The phantom of the King of Time stood tall atop the Tower, observing the chaotic and grotesque drama enacted by the sorcerers.

The Time Handbook did not mention whether the King of Time was proficient in the Prophecy Sect or the Mental Sect, but these hair-raising designs of Inheritance were enough to prove his insight and disdain for human nature.

At this moment, his gaze shifted to the nearby aerial platform.

“Watch out, it’s coming!”

A colossal alchemical golem stood on the platform, facing the assault of three female sorcerers. Suddenly, it ceased its attack, slammed its arms down, and inserted them into the grooves on the ground!

Beneath the grooves were pipelines connected to the tributaries of the Golden Flow-it was absorbing Golden Flow Water to recharge!

Boom! Countless golden runes appeared on the platform, and simultaneously, Annan, Sivirin, and Freya noticed a new link on their bodies, connecting them to phantoms identical to themselves!

They sighed with relief-during their last challenge against the alchemical golem, their inability to see their phantoms led to a crushing defeat. If not for their timely escape, they might have been killed by the golem. Through exploration and research, they discovered that to overcome the golem, they must first acquire the key Inheritance, the “Eye of the Future,” to possibly unravel this Miracle!

Freya saw a massive golden Greatsword pierce through her moving phantom!

Sivirin saw her phantom suddenly halt, getting completely shredded by stationary gears!

Annan saw her phantom unharmed, but the surrounding space suddenly collapsed!

This was the divine intervention of Predestined Death!

After confirming their respective futures, Annan immediately ran to the edge of the platform, while Sivirin and Freya moved to the opposite corners. The Bewitcher and little bat were spaced two positions apart, with the Bewitcher standing still and the little bat moving erratically.

Three seconds later, Predestined Death descended, causing a large area centered around Annan to collapse into a spatial implosion. Any sorcerer without Sanctuary caught in it would perish, but the Bewitcher and little bat, standing at the farthest points, narrowly avoided the affected area.

A golden Greatsword pierced Freya, but since Freya remained still, it caused no harm;

Countless stationary gears appeared around Sivirin, but because she was moving erratically, the gears did not harm her.

If it were true Predestined Death, there would be no countermeasures. However, this was merely an alchemical golem, and to unleash such divine intervention was already impressive. Moreover, the King of Time ultimately left behind Inheritance, not a truly fatal obstacle.

Predestined Death was the most challenging mechanism, and the subsequent threefold ground fire was easily overcome by the trio. With a resounding explosion of shattered gears, the alchemical golem collapsed, and the aerial pathway to the Tower was unsealed.

The female sorcerers panted, staring blankly at the fallen alchemical golem.

After a while, Sivirin plopped down on the ground, letting out a long sigh, “We made it through!”

The Bewitcher excitedly jumped up and hugged the nearby Purple Moth, who happily spun around with her. But soon, Freya broke free from Annan’s embrace, crossed her arms, scoffed, and turned away from Annan.

Annan exchanged a glance with Sivirin, shrugged, and gave a wry smile.

“Is there a reward?”

“No, it just opened the path to the Tower.”

“The Inheritance of Time is too stingy, defeating an elite enemy and getting nothing...”

While the Purple Moth and little bat were discussing, the Bewitcher had already stepped onto the aerial passage, calmly stating, “Let’s go, it’s time for the next challenge.”

“Not taking a break?” Sivirin asked.

“What’s there to rest for?” Freya pouted, saying sourly, “I don’t have a man to play with...”

Sivirin glanced at Annan, who sighed and went over to tug at the Bewitcher's hand. When she didn't budge, Annan leaned in and wrapped her arm around the Bewitcher's, "Are you still mad at me?"

"Of course not," Freya immediately retorted, puffing up, "Back then, I had nothing to do with you or him, so why would I be mad at you?"

Watching Bewitcher pout like a little girl, Annan couldn't help but laugh and cry. Recently, Ashe had finally updated his journal with the plot involving Nabistin, or more directly, the night he almost got "devoured" by Annan.

Since then, Bewitcher had started to clash with Annan, even though they still explored the Eternal City together every night. However, she was no longer as affectionate as before, and if Annan tried to talk to her, Bewitcher would often ignore her.

Aren't the people of Blood Moon supposed to be mature? Isn't a Bewitcher supposed to be astute like Igor? Annan thought all Bewitchers were like Igor, but Freya had taught her otherwise-she had to deal with little girls like Lise in reality, and pamper yet another little girl, Freya, in the Virtual Realm!

“It’s not really like what’s written in the journal,” Annan said. “You misunderstood!”

“If Ashe wrote it that way, it must be true! You must have used a slave pact to control him and forced him to kiss you!”

“Let me explain.”

“Alright, explain!”

“Actually, we did more than just kiss, but Ashe didn’t write that part.”

Bewitcher paused, staring blankly at her.

Annan playfully smacked Bewitcher’s bottom, making a satisfying smack sound. Bewitcher covered her bottom, turned around, and looked at Annan with a pout.

Purple Moth strode past her, heading toward the Tower, and casually said, “Aren’t we supposed to continue exploring? Hurry up!”

Dealing with someone as immature as Freya, who hadn’t even graduated from kindergarten, meant not always indulging her whims. Sometimes, standing up to her was necessary to maintain control.

Sivirin patted her bottom and followed along, with Freya nervously trailing behind Annan, asking, “You’re definitely lying to me, right? Aren’t you, Annan, you trickster?”

“Maybe~”

“What did you guys do? How was it? Was he, he, impressive? “

“Who knows~”

As they spoke, the trio entered the interior of the Tower, only to find themselves in a grand and impressive study-if not for the overly conspicuous desk, it could even be mistaken for a library.

“Is this challenge supposed to take place in a study? ” Sivirin analyzed. “Then it’s not a combat challenge. The Inheritance of Time doesn’t want us to damage a single blade of grass in the Eternal City. “

“This is not a test, ” said a golden phantom appearing on a throne behind the desk. It had five silver virtual wings and one patched golden virtual wing. It had no pupils, but the female sorcerers felt it watching them.

“This is your final destination, ” it said. “Your adventure in the Inheritance of Time will conclude here. “

Freya immediately assumed a combat stance, “Are you going to kill us?”

“Idiot! “

Sivirin yanked on Bewitcher's cheek, "The King of Time means we've received the ultimate Inheritance-we can now inherit all the heritage of the King of Time!"

"What? " Bewitcher blinked. "It's over already? "

The King of Time gently waved his hand, and three red leather chairs moved on their own towards the female sorcerers, "Please sit, inheritors. "

The three exchanged glances, understanding that if the King of Time harbored any malice, they would be powerless to resist. So, they obediently sat down, their rounded hips sinking into the padding.

"This place was originally named Nesser, the office of the Eternal City's ruler," the King of Time said, raising his head to gaze at the magnificent Firmament. "It's said to be the origin of the world worshipped by Ancient Sprites, though no one knows what the term represents anymore. Naming the ruler's office after it was meant to inspire the ruler of the Eternal City to always walk the path of Truth, seeking knowledge and mystery."

"After I became the ruler, I renamed it Windmill. Do you know why?"

Annan and Sivirin remained silent, but Freya pondered for a moment, “Windmill? I remember there’s a huge windmill tower next to the Garden main city-“

“That was meant to be our Elf city!”

Suddenly, the King of Time’s aura exploded, a powerful Vibration sweeping through their hair, causing the entire Eternal City to tremble slightly!

Even though the King of Time was emotionally charged, Freya dared to respond, “But now, not only does no one know that was your city, even the Eternal City is unknown-if not for the Inheritance of Time appearing, no one would know that Ancient Sprites once inhabited the Time Continent!”

Annan stared wide-eyed at Sivirin, who nodded seriously-once offline, she would storm Freya’s house and teach this Bewitcher a lesson, making her understand that it’s not always appropriate to speak up.

If they ever had the chance to go offline...

However, the King of Time, instead of getting angry, withdrew his aura and lowered his head, dispirited. “Yes, we are... history.”

Seeing the King of Time in such a state, Freya felt a bit embarrassed and shrank her head. “Sorry... but even though your race is extinct, the appearance of the Inheritance of Time and the Eternal City will surely attract many modern Elves to follow your path. You may be gone, but not completely, and you can definitely rise from the ashes!”

“Freya!” Sivain pinched the Bewitcher’s plump thigh in frustration. “Can you stop talking?”

“The great Eternal City, reduced to mere embers...” the King of Time laughed self-deprecatingly. “When I was young, our Elves and sorcerers fought a war in the windmill area, known as the Windmill Battle. Our upper-tier sorcerers suffered heavy casualties, and the Eternal City fell into decline.”

“I renamed this place Windmill to remind myself of the failure of the Windmill Battle, to restore the glory of the Elves, and to cleanse the shame of the windmill!”

“But in the end,” the King of Time looked at the three of them, “you’ve seen the outcome.”

After speaking, the King of Time fell into a long silence, and the sorcerers dared not speak. Even the most oblivious Freya realized that the decision the King of Time was about to make could become a crossroads in their lives.

After an indeterminate amount of time, the King of Time continued, “I originally intended to choose a legitimate Elf as my successor, imprinting the thought of ‘restoring Elf glory’ in their mind, so they would inherit the Eternal City and bear our Elves’ millennial mission.”

“But you...”

The King of Time glanced at the three of them, “Not only are you not Elves, but you also spoke disrespectfully...”

Freya sat up straight, as if the King of Time wasn’t referring to her.

“So, I have a new idea.”

The King of Time said, “As you mentioned, we are already the embers of history, at most only capable of rising from the ashes... ha ha, rising from the ashes!”

“Embers, how can they rise again!”

“Rather than letting the Eternal City linger like a slum, allowing the glory of the Elves to be humiliated once again by those Blood Moon Stars bastards, it would be better to go out with a bang! If the Elves are extinct, what meaning does the Eternal City hold?”

“I can’t lead the Eternal City to a grand prosperity, but I can ensure its glorious demise!”

“I want those who occupy the Elven city to know,” the King of Time turned his gaze, as if looking through walls to a distant place, “If I don’t give you the Elven treasures, you can’t take them!”

“So, I’ve changed my mind.” He turned back to the female sorcerers, “The Eternal City, I won’t let you inherit it. But no one else will inherit it either, because soon the Eternal City will host a grand funeral, making the earth wail, making the Divine Sovereign rage!”

“I want you sorcerers to remember, the Eternal City may not be eternal...” the King of Time declared proudly, “But the glory of the Elves never fades!”

What could Freya and the others say? They could only nod repeatedly.

“Of course, you won’t leave empty-handed,” the King of Time looked at them, “I will give you the rewards you deserve...”

“Wait!” Freya suddenly interjected, “What about the Blank Concept? I just want that, I want to make a wish!”

“...You don’t need to make a wish,” the King of Time replied, “Once I recognized you as victors, the Blank Concept already read your desires, forming the prototype of a new law.”

“How can that be!” Bewitcher was dumbfounded, “But, but everyone agreed to give me the Blank Concept! What if it read someone else’s wish, what if it read mine when I was thinking about something else-“

“I don’t actually understand the workings of the Blank Concept,” the King of Time admitted, “And proportionally, the Blank Concept from the Inheritance of Time only accounts for two-tenths of the total share, even if you got it, it wouldn’t greatly affect the final outcome.”

Bewitcher wilted instantly, sulking in Sivirin’s embrace. Sivirin stroked her hair and asked, “Then what do you plan to reward us with?”

“Blood Moon’s little brat, disgusting stench...” the King of Time spoke coldly to Sivirin, “We Elves are particularly skilled at utilizing the Golden Flow Water, which involves many advanced miracles from the Water Sect. Within the Unmatched Inheritance of the Eternal City, there is a water spell inheritance, perfectly suited for someone like you.”

With that, he gestured lightly, and a glass book shimmering like water flew from the bookshelf behind, landing in Sivirin’s hands.

Sivirin's face fell, but she still replied, "Thank you."

"As for you," the King of Time turned his gaze to Annan, "You possess a faint Elf bloodline, along with a certain talent for soul and time. Although your main focus is on a unique weapon unfamiliar to me, this Golden Flow Inheritance, compiled by generations of Elves, is sufficient to guide you to Ruby Mountain."

A golden tome leapt from the desk, landing in Annan's hands. She felt its weight and nodded solemnly, "I won't disappoint the King of Time's expectations."

"And you, the impudent one..."

The King of Time looked at Freya, "Your talents in soul and time are mediocre at best. It seems you haven't even been a sorcerer for a year, yet somehow you managed to make it here..."

"However, your Elf blood concentration is the highest among all the adventurers."

“What?” Annan, Sivirin, and Freya were all taken aback.

“Are you sure you’re not seeing things?” Freya asked directly, “I’m a Bewitcher!”

The King of Time remained silent, his form gradually blurring into an elegant figure: long pointed ears, black hair resembling serpents, golden vertical pupils, and a ring of light purple fur on his arm!

Soon, he reverted to a golden phantom, but his message was clear: pointed ears, serpent-haired, vertical pupils, and Bewitcher traits are all characteristics of Ancient Sprites!

“Though you lack time talent, your mental talent is quite promising,” the King of Time remarked, “Coincidentally, I am a Demigod specializing in the Mental Sect.”

“Wait!” Even Annan couldn’t hold back, “Aren’t you a Demigod of Time?”

“That’s what everyone believes, but I realized early on that Demigods of Time have a fatal flaw-over-reliance on the Golden Flow,” the King of Time explained, “Without the Golden Flow, the power of Time Miracles diminishes to less than one-fifth. To address this, I eventually shifted to the Mental Sect.”

“In places devoid of the Golden Flow, Time Miracles can only consume the Golden Flow Water produced by the sorcerer, leading to weakened miracles due to scarce production. But what if I could utilize the Golden Flow Water produced by my enemies?”

“Thus, I needed to bewilder my foes, tricking their bodies into believing time was accelerating, thereby generating copious amounts of Golden Flow Water, which would amplify my miracles... If I lack the Golden Flow, then let everyone become my Golden Flow!”

“Upon entering the Divine Dominion, I even bewildered all things, harnessing the Golden Flow Water they produced, enabling me to command the Golden Flow anywhere!”

“Mastering the thoughts of all beings allows mastery over their time!
Bewildering all things enables bewilderment of the Golden Flow!”

“When you can bewilder yourself, preventing your Spirit Body from producing
Golden Flow Water, you are not far from immortality.”

The King of Time opened a drawer in his desk, extracting a book enveloped in
pink mist. He fondly stroked the cover, gently handing it over, transforming it
into a cloud of mist that settled into Freya’s hands.

“This is the Bewitching Inheritance I personally compiled during my lifetime.”

Chapter 685: Dreamwake, Seeing You

In the Virtual Realm, within the Distant Sky Domain, the Gospel dream phantom unfolds.

“They managed to seize the Wishflux Inheritance after Godsmithing, inheriting the
Wishflux Celestium?”

In a quaint café, the Specter Seer sat perched on a high stool, observing the barista
meticulously grind a cup of coffee, its rich aroma mingling with a purple haze.

Beside him stood a diverse group of individuals, some youthful and beautiful, others radiant and handsome, and a few cold and brooding. Yet, at this moment, they all gazed respectfully at the Specter Seer's shoes.

"Sir, here's your hazel mushroom coffee."

The Specter Seer lifted the cup, sipping gently. The coffee lacked any bitterness, instead offering a delightful aftertaste of hazelnut and orange. But more than the flavor, he was attuned to the subtle shifts within his soul.

He discerned that after drinking the coffee, a trace of dull silver had been brushed across his soul entity. The change was so minute that ordinary mortals couldn't perceive it; only someone like the Specter Seer, who retained the Demigod realm of the Soul Sect, could sense this slight alteration.

Most sorcerers view the dream phantom as merely a challenge, focusing solely on exploring affixes. Even those intrigued by the dream within the phantom rarely delve deeper, seldom uncovering its true value.

Only someone like the Specter Seer, who has lived through two lifetimes-or three, counting resurrection-could, through various secrets, realize what he had once overlooked.

While 'talent' is innate, 'ability' can be shaped by one's environment. This influence isn't from entertainment, parental guidance, or survival pressures, but rather something as simple as-food!

In the Specter Seer's era, spirits weren't sustained by mere silver coins; each spirit was incredibly picky, making it nearly impossible for sorcerers to survive independently without organizational support to nourish different spirits.

The Specter Seer chose a path of chaos and destruction partly to eliminate prodigies, but also because he refused to join any organization, yet needed to feed his spirit, thus resorting to relentless violence.

Feeding spirits was an art; basic ingredients could sustain, but advanced ones could trigger autonomous evolution, akin to the essence materials of the Time Continent. Modern sorcerers, though only needing to feed spirits silver coins, have lost the Inheritance of spirit nourishment.

Even if spirits don't consume them, the ingredients persist, leading sorcerers to eventually consume spirit food, even considering it traditional cuisine.

Most sorcerers don't believe consuming spirit ingredients has any effect, as the impact takes years, even decades, to permeate the soul through the body, making it hard to observe directly.

What are spirits? They are beings of knowledge.

If you consume spirit ingredients extensively and consistently, you'll notice heightened sensitivity in certain spellcasting, often able to extrapolate and innovate.

This could be seen as an increase in sorcerer ability, but the Specter Seer believes it's because the sorcerer's soul becomes 'fragrant,' attracting knowledge that favors his essence.

However, the spirit food in each region is influenced by the sorcerers there. Simply put, if there are more Swordmasters in a region, then that area is more likely to produce swordsmanship-related spirit food (which was originally intended to feed spirits). Thus, each region has different spirit foods, which in turn affect the talents of the sorcerers in that area...

The unique feature of the dream phantom is that it allows sorcerers to easily consume spirit foods from all regions, directly through the soul, bypassing the physical body as a middleman, resulting in absorption efficiency that is hundreds or even thousands of times greater. If a sorcerer persists in consuming every dream phantom, within a few years, they can illuminate the talents of all Spellcasting Sects-though this is merely talent, not reaching the level of innate ability.

Like the dull silver hue painted on the Specter Seer's soul by this hazel mushroom coffee, it has unlocked his talent in Gunmanship.

Yet, at this moment, the Specter Seer isn't aiming to illuminate talents; rather, he is using the food to investigate the spellcasting levels of various regions.

"The quality of spirit food in various regions is far superior to what it was in my time... which is only natural, given the passage of years. Spellcasting development is like sawing wood; although sometimes it moves forward and sometimes backward, overall, it progresses in depth."

“The explosive growth of silver sorcerers across all Kingdoms also proves that the threshold for sorcerers is becoming lower.”

“But the population ratio of Sanctuary, Golden, and Silver is very peculiar. According to the population ratio from my time, the total number of sanctuary sorcerers should have long surpassed ten thousand... Except for Abyssal Depths and Senlo, which are somewhat normal, other Kingdoms’ Sanctuary and Golden do not match the population base of silver sorcerers. Is it due to a lack of wars?”

“Six Nations...”

After pondering the gathered Intelligence, along with some lingering thoughts, the Specter Seer couldn’t help but recall the four black-robed sorcerers who created a new deity before him.

After the black-robed sorcerers drove the deity and suddenly vanished in front of everyone, a war erupted in the Dreaming Celestium.

Although the concept of Into Dreams was gone, the Nightmare Inheritance remained an extremely valuable asset-not to mention that the Nightmare still held a Virtual Divinity procedure with a resonance rate exceeding 50%!

However, as the Golden Hall was about to fall, the Nightmare detonated the Virtual Divinity, creating the Illegal Wind!

Although all sorcerers managed to exit the Dreaming Celestium in time, the Illegal Wind was capable of destroying all law-formed entities, directly shattering the Dreaming Celestium on the brink of destruction, leaving not even a fragment behind, completely dissipating into the Distant Sky Domain.

Dreaming Celestium, Nightmare Inheritance, Specter's Inheritance... all gone.

This perfectly aligns with the Nightmare Angel's personality: if he can't have it, then no one else should!

Yet, in the long run, this is actually beneficial for the Virtual Realm.

Because the concept of Into Dreams is gone, and the Dreaming Celestium has assimilated with the Virtual Realm, as long as it undergoes evolution over hundreds or thousands of years, when a new concept of Into Dreams is born, a new Dreaming Celestium-or another form-will naturally emerge.

As long as the Dreaming Celestium isn't stolen into the Celestium, the Virtual Realm will inevitably ensure its 'rebirth.'

Hundreds of years later, sorcerers will become accustomed to the existence of the Dreaming Celestium in the Distant Sky Domain-just as the Specter Seer never imagined the Dreaming Celestium would shatter.

During this period when the Dreaming Celestium was destroyed and hidden, it was actually an anomaly in history. It's just that this period has been so lengthy that everyone is almost considering it as the norm.

In this great battle of Inheritance, the black robe sorcerers were undoubtedly the only winners. The Specter Seers thought their creation of a new deity and journey on the Path of Origin to reach Ruby Mountain was all they had achieved, not realizing this was merely the insignificant first half-the Wishflux Inheritance they snatched in the latter half was far more important than any deity!

Even the Specter Seers, who were once Demigods, felt a heart-wrenching envy towards these people-they had never experienced such a whirlwind of adventures in their lives, not even in a rebirth!

It was as if the Virtual Realm was spoon-feeding them!

Were those black robe sorcerers really experiencing life for the first time? How could they be so inhumane!?

After calming his envy, the Specter Seer exhaled a breath of turbid air and turned to look at the sanctuary sorcerers behind him.

He drew a strange symbol in the air, asking, "Have you seen this symbol before?"

Everyone shook their heads.

“Good, draw this symbol on your clothing, and for the next ten days, expose it as much as possible when you go out, until someone contacts you, then return to the Virtual Realm and inform me.”

Now, the primary goal of the Specter Seer was to acquire a physical body. This was easy for him; any of these sanctuaries could serve as his vessel, but once the Spirit Body merged, switching bodies again would come at a great cost-a price he couldn't afford now.

To control these sanctuaries and understand the situation, he consumed several Source Crystals... His existence was now on a countdown.

Thus, he had to choose a suitable Kingdom to hide in.

Blood Moon, Gospel, Stars, Abyssal Depths, Wonderland, Senlo.

Although the environments of each Kingdom were different, none suited the Specter Seer's preferences. He required an extremely chaotic environment, like a world war among the Six Nations, to truly thrive. But now, the Six Nations had somehow isolated themselves...

However, he didn't need to worry because the originals, before their death, had made many preparations for their resurrection plan. His first step was to inherit these heritages.

And his first ace was a secret deal with one of the Four Pillars. This mark was the signal for that trade.

Indeed, the originals' deal with the Four Pillars was set to settle thousands of years later upon resurrection! This was why the Specter Seer wasn't afraid of the Pillars reneging; vested interests were stronger than any promise!

The Specter Seer finished his hazel mushroom coffee, stepped out of the café, and into the fierce sunlight of the Phantom, squinting slightly.

Suddenly, he realized he had forgotten something. Generating several thoughts by consuming some spirit, the Specter Seer quickly remembered-the Blank Concept!

Since he was the sole inheritor of the Specter's Inheritance, the Blank Concept naturally belonged to him, engraved by his wishes. Although it was only a tenth of the Blank Concept, it would still influence the final new laws.

The ultimate wish of the Specter Seer was clearly resurrection, but knowing the journey was long, he also had an interim goal. If the Blank Concept truly listened to his interim goal, the new laws it formed would accelerate the speed of his resurrection.

And transform into a wave sweeping across the world.

“Umm...”

Sonya made a soft sniffing noise, feeling her arm against the cold floor tiles but her head resting on a pillow, slowly opened her eyes, ready to yawn widely-

Hmm!

She immediately closed her mouth, holding back the yawn.

Ashe’s sleeping face suddenly entered her view. The proximity of their faces made Sonya feel that even a slightly forceful yawn might cause their noses to touch.

Her head resting on Ashe’s arm looked as though she was lying in his embrace. Although they had many intimate contacts before, this classic scene of ‘waking up to see you’ still made the stretching paw sword saint’s heart flutter.

The village girl’s eyes darted around, not immediately recalling why this situation had arisen, but what she needed to do was clear-continue pretending to sleep!

Not satisfied with just pretending, she adjusted her position a bit to snuggle in more comfortably and then closed her eyes. However, she soon felt a tickle in her heart, her lips curling up into a stealthy smile, slightly opening her eyes to take a peek-

Hmm?

Was it a delusion, or did Sonya feel like she saw something...

She stared at Ashe for a while, and after several seconds, she saw his eyelashes flutter.

“ ... ”

Chapter 686: Dreamwake Deities and the Wishing Pool

“We actually slept here for an entire day and night...”

As the Witch sat up, letting out a thunderous yawn, she proceeded to rouse everyone else. Ashe and Sonya had no choice but to wake up obediently.

Upon waking, they noticed Vesser lying beside them, her lips curled into a mysterious smile that left both of them feeling uneasy.

Ashe quickly changed the subject: “Is this the Wishflux Celestium? Why is it so... so...”

“Desolate,” Vesser accurately defined.

Bearing the name ‘Celestium,’ the Wishflux Celestium was naturally vast and expansive. The four of them stood in a palace on a high slope, unable to see the horizon’s end.

But all they saw was cracked, barren land. If that were all, it might have been bearable, but they could see various disasters lurking in the distance, causing the earth to wail and the sky to change color!

The sky was divided into three hues, converging right above their palace. Under the red sky lay a sea of blood-colored maggots, spawning countless Bloodflies every minute; beneath the blue sky was a transparent, clear azure lake, surrounded by monochrome tones; under the yellow sky, every ten seconds, a massive mushroom cloud erupted, emitting scorching rays that melted everything, followed by a shockwave that flattened all!

However, these disasters were enveloped by a gentle white light, only affecting the surrounding areas, unable to impact other parts of the Celestium.

Regardless, this was far from the Dreaming Celestium they had imagined, making them wonder if they were still dreaming.

After finding the Heart of Wishes, Ashe and the others were transported to the Wishflux Celestium, where they immediately fell into a deep sleep.

They were utterly exhausted.

Technically, they shouldn't have needed sleep, as their souls entering the Virtual Realm served as a substitute for rest. But let's not forget, they had endured two consecutive days of intense Divinity tasks, had their spirits forcibly replenished by the nightmare's Miracle, and had to plan their escape under the nightmare's watchful eye... They were subjected to severe physical and psychological challenges.

Then, upon reaching Ruby Mountain, they unexpectedly seized the Wishflux Inheritance, inheriting a Celestium coveted even by Demigods!

Faced with such dramatic highs and lows in life, it was a testament to their exceptional mental resilience that they hadn't gone mad on the spot. Falling into a deep sleep upon confirming their safety in the Wishflux Celestium was likely their stress response mechanism kicking in.

However, the most probable cause was the influence of the warm, radiant pool beside them.

Ashe and the others turned their gaze to the only structure in the Celestium that felt like a worthwhile gain.

The Wishing Pool!

The Wishing Pool contained no water, only Benediction concentrated to the extreme, resembling milk squeezed into it, tempting one to soak in it. The pool wasn't empty;

numerous spirits frolicked within, along with several Hearts of Wishes bobbing up and down.

The five-tailed Foxling was currently lounging in the Wishing Pool, whether by choice or not, surrounded by other spirits forming a life ring, allowing it to float lazily and comfortably.

Noticing the gazes of their masters, Foxling gently leaped to the pond's edge and then sprang up to hug everyone, exclaiming excitedly, "Masters, you're finally awake!"

Eventually, Foxling ended up in Deya's arms-although everyone wanted a hug, Deya had firmly claimed her hold- and the group gathered to summarize what they had gained and lost this time.

"Feels like we've gained so much, I don't even know where to start..." Ashe was experiencing this sweet dilemma for the first time, looking at Foxling, he asked, "First off- what's your name?"

Up until now, they didn't know the deity they had created.

The faded dream was just a phenomenon, not the name of the deity, but through it, they had roughly guessed Foxling's true identity.

Sure enough, Foxling tilted its head as if they had asked a very odd question: "The name of Dreamwake is Dreamwake!"

Its foundation is the Into Dreams concept, its effect enabling them to escape the Angel's dreams, clearly making it a deity that could awaken one from dreams.

However, hearing Foxling's response left everyone somewhat disappointed.

Undoubtedly, Foxling was the bane of all Dream Miracles, like Soul's Obsession, Oneiric Schism, and longing for. Whenever Ashe activated Foxling, he could immediately dispel these miracle effects.

But for Ashe and the others, they rarely encountered enemies specialized in the Dream Sect. If they had mastered it, perhaps they could have used Foxling to study some miracles, but whether it was the Specter's Inheritance or the Nightmare Inheritance, the Dream Sect was tightly hidden; they couldn't even get started!

However, Foxling was far from worthless; on the contrary, its true value was enormously disruptive, even capable of overturning the entire sorcerer world!

"Wakey," Deya said as she rubbed Foxling's fox ears, loving the feel: "If a sanctuary sorcerer is in the Distant Sky Domain, and you cast a spell on their physical body in reality, could you also awaken them from the dreams of the Distant Sky Domain?"

Foxling bit its thumb, unsure: "Maybe? But as long as they are dreaming, I can wake them up!"

The four exchanged glances, fear in Sonya's eyes, contemplation in Deya's, calm on Vesser's face, only Ashe seemed to remember something and looked delighted.

"But."

Foxling looked at them, puzzled: "Masters, why are you separated now... I only recognize you when you're merged!"

"It's Soul Merge, not just merging!" Ashe corrected.

"Is there a difference?" Foxling was confused.

"Do all four of us need to be together for it to work?" Sonya asked. "Can't we do it just one at a time?"

Foxling shook its head repeatedly: "I'm very principled, I won't serve strangers-even if the stranger is a master!"

"So, it means we can't use the Dreamwake deity for now," Vesser stated. "If we want to use the Dreamwake deity on others in reality, we need to take Dreamwake out ourselves, but we can only gain Dreamwake's recognition through Soul Merge, which can only

happen in the Virtual Realm... This is an unsolvable problem, a deadlock, at least for now.”

Vesser spread her hands: “If the Ritual Track process was completed individually, we wouldn’t have this issue. However, in that environment, the spirit material had to be distributed among us. The Observer was responsible for the Soul Merge, the sword Princess and the Witch had to withstand the Ritual of Prohibited Synchronization of Wind, Flower, Snow, and Moon, and I was in charge of carrying the concept of Into Dreams... Together, we could only collectively create the Dreamwake deity. “

“But maybe for this reason, it seems we have not been influenced in personality by the Dreamwake deity, ” Vesser looked at Foxling. “I have heard that mortals who control deities are often manipulated or even have their personalities altered by them. The four of us sharing control over the deity must have diluted Dreamwake’s influence. “

Deya added, “It might also be because Wakey was just born, too young, and hasn’t grown enough to influence us yet. “

The Witch felt particularly authoritative on this topic-inside her resided a Gospel Deity, an ancient deity that had existed for at least thousands of years. Every host who had controlled the Gospel had developed highly similar personalities. This was also why she was so fond of Foxling; besides being cute, Foxling was also well-behaved and quiet, unlike the terrifying and fierce old lady Gospel!

“Wait a second, ” Sonya suddenly noticed an issue. “Where will Wakey stay when we return to reality? “

“I can stay here! ” Foxling eagerly volunteered. “There’s no other deity here. I can help you manage the Wishing Pool! “

“Manage the Wishing Pool? ” Everyone was surprised.

Foxling nodded vigorously, broke free from Deya’s embrace, and lay by the poolside, dipping its little feet wrapped in white silk into the water, attracting a swarm of spirits to flock around it.

“Being able to manage the Wishing Pool, I feel I could grow up faster! ” Foxling thought for a moment, then said with a shy look, “But managing the Wishing Pool, I can only do a little... Maybe I can increase the yield by 20%... 25%! And I might also produce new special materials! I’ll do my best! “

Foxling and the Wishing Pool affecting each other was something Ashe and the others had already guessed-as Dreamwake deity belonged to the Dream Sect, a secondary spellcasting method recombined from the Soul Sect and Mental Sect, and the Wishing Pool was an intersection of the Mental Sect and Fate Sect forming a World Secret Domain. It was no surprise that Foxling enjoyed playing in the Wishing Pool.

But they hadn’t expected Foxling to actively propose managing the Wishing Pool and to declare it could increase its production by 25%!

They could hear the longing in Foxling’s words; clearly, managing the Wishing Pool was also greatly beneficial for it!

They knew that demigods and Divine Sovereigns placed great value on World Secret Domains, such as the Dreaming Celestium, and the now-vanished Six Colors in the Time Continent. They also knew how much demigods and Divine Sovereigns valued deities, like the Nightmare Angel who had longed for the Nightmare deity for many years, and the special societal environment in the Senlo wasteland that allowed deities to ascend...

But they hadn't realized that there was such a relationship between deities and World Secret Domains!

For a moment, they felt as if they could see the veil woven together by the demigods and Divine Sovereigns, which they were now quietly lifting a corner of.

Chapter 687: Celestium Management System

To appoint the Foxling as the overseer of the Wishing Pool, a ceremonial ritual was required: granting the Foxling access within the Celestium Hub.

If it weren't for the Foxling's reminder, they wouldn't have realized that the Heart of Wishes they possessed was actually the Celestium Hub with the highest management authority.

Anyone who channels spellforce into the Celestium Hub can activate the management system of the Wishflux Celestium:

“Wishflux Celestium”

“Spatial Domain: 6.6”/”Temporal Domain: 1.2”/”Virtual Domain: 1.1”

“Governor: None”

“Secret Domain List: Wishing Pool”

“Wishing Pool (Dreamwake Deity): Produces 4.1 Hearts of Wishes/month, 26.5 spirits/month, 0.003 deities/month.

Effect after Dreamwake Deity’s residence: Produces 5 Hearts of Wishes/month, 31.8 spirits/month, 0.003 deities/month, with potential to generate new materials/spirits.”

“Curse List: Sea of Corpses Bloodfly/Doomsday Particles/Dead Lake”

“Celestium-wide Divine Intervention List: Wishflux Anchor”

“Wishflux Anchor: A divine intervention that marks time anchors within its influence range. Upon any malignant influence, Wishflux Anchor suppresses and expels the malignancy, restoring the area to the state marked by the time anchor; upon any benevolent influence, it records and observes, compiling a log every 15 days to remind the Governor whether to update the time anchor (reminder interval can be modified). Currently, maintaining Wishflux Anchor requires a monthly consumption of 4 Hearts of Wishes and 25 spirits.”

“Please appoint a Governor promptly; the position can be held by a Demigod or deity.”

“You are currently in an agent status, unable to obtain management authority over Wishflux Anchor.”

“You are currently in an agent status, unable to obtain management authority over curses.”

“You are currently...”

At first glance, the Celestium Hub seems quite comprehensive, but in reality, the information is limited, with many terms lacking further detailed explanation. This system was likely written by the Lord of Wishflux, who naturally understands it, while Ashe and the others have to rely on guesswork.

Firstly, “Spatial Domain: 6.6” is assumed to describe the spatial information of the Celestium, but whether it refers to size or area, and the basic unit, remains unknown; they only know the Wishflux Celestium has 6.6 units of space.

“Temporal Domain: 1.2” and “Virtual Domain: 1.1” are simpler, as the Foxling is highly sensitive to laws and perceives that time here is 1.2 times that of the outside world, with a resonance rate with the Virtual Realm of 1.1 times. This means that 12 days here equate to 10 days outside, and the recovery speed of spellforce here is 1.2 times that of the Virtual Realm, enhancing the power of spirits accordingly.

The Governor is undoubtedly the most important position in the Celestium, but unfortunately, they cannot assume it-only a demigod sorcerer or deity can wield the Governor's power!

As for why they are restricted as agents, it's likely because they activated the Celestium Hub with mortal spellforce instead of demigod spellforce. If even the Governor requires a demigod sorcerer, how could a mortal possibly be the true master of the Celestium?

There might be considerations from the Lord of Wishflux, as sorcerers who aren't even demigods lack the vision and strength to meddle with the Celestium's arrangements.

However, as long as they control the Heart of Wishes Command, inheriting the complete Wishflux Celestium is only a matter of time, so there's no rush.

Besides, the Wishflux Celestium's assets consist solely of the Wishing Pool and the three curse liabilities: Sea of Corpses Bloodfly, Doomsday Particles, and Dead Lake. Nearly all resources produced by the Wishing Pool must be used to maintain the divine intervention Wishflux Anchor, barely suppressing the three curses.

Calling this place impoverished would be an understatement; if anything, it's akin to selling the house to invest in stocks only to end up trapped in a losing position.

But what surprised Ashe and his companions the most was the complete absence of any deities within the Celestium. Even the Nightmare Angel almost managed to create a deity,

yet the Lord of Wishflux, who owned the Celestium, was somehow poorer than the Nightmare Angel?

After they granted the Governor's authority to the Foxling, it let out a startled cry and fell into the Wishing Pool, causing Ashe and the others to fear the Lord of Wishflux had come back to life. However, the Foxling, clutching its head nervously, claimed it needed a Heart of Wishes to cure its headache. While speaking, it slyly observed Ashe and the others, prompting Ashe to allow it to consume a Heart of Wishes from the Wishing Pool.

The Foxling wasn't merely indulging itself; after consuming the Heart of Wishes, it appeared revitalized and explained that it had accessed the Wishflux Celestium's log records. Since Ashe and his companions couldn't directly view the logs, they had to rely on the Foxling's narration to understand what had transpired in the Wishflux Celestium.

Initially, after the Lord of Wishflux's demise, the Wishflux Celestium was jointly managed by four deities, supported by two World Secret Domains, with precious resources scattered across the land. However, there were also nine curses looming over the Wishflux Celestium.

Once the Celestium's entire reserve of Source Crystals was depleted, the deities could no longer suppress the spread of the curses, and the precious resources were the first to suffer. These resources were also the deities' sustenance, and losing their food source drastically weakened the deities, making it even harder to resist the curses.

Adhering to the Lord of Wishflux's will, the deities remained steadfast in their protection of the Celestium, ultimately perishing in the war against the curses. Yet, their deaths were not in vain; each deity's demise at least managed to completely obliterate one of the curses.

Eventually, the other World Secret Domain couldn't be defended and was entirely destroyed and corrupted by the curses. However, the demise of the World Secret Domain significantly weakened the curses, as they were originally aimed at the World Secret Domain.

When the dust settled, it resulted in the stable state Ashe and his companions encountered upon receiving the Wishflux Celestium: the divine intervention, Wishflux Anchor, barely sustained by the Wishing Pool, managed to contain the three major curses from further spreading. However, the land was left shattered from the previous wars, all deities were extinct, and not a single Source Crystal left by the Lord of Wishflux remained.

“And that's how it is.”

As the Governor, the Foxling seemed to empathize with the Celestium's suffering over the years. It gazed at the desolate land in the distance, its fox ears twitching with emotion, and asked poignantly, “Do you hear the earth's cries, masters? Do you feel the earth's pain?”

Pain, so much pain... The thought that they could have inherited four deities and a World Secret Domain made Ashe and the others feel a deep ache in their hearts.

Thus, they turned their gaze to the Wishing Pool, hoping to find spirits they could utilize.

Although most spirits were used to maintain the Wishflux Anchor, over time, the Wishing Pool accumulated a considerable number of spirits, mostly One-Winged and Two-Winged, with fewer Three-Winged and Four-Winged ones. The spirits primarily belonged to the Mental Sect, including ‘Willing’, ‘Willingness’, ‘Readiness’, and ‘Voluntary’.

The 'Willing' spirit could generate willingness, making it suitable for assisting in contemplating one's aspirations, such as how to spend lottery winnings, how many children to have with a beloved, or how to show off in tonight's game. In essence, it helped make daydreams more vivid and detailed.

If an opponent hesitated during negotiations, the 'Readiness' spirit could expedite their surrender; if one wanted to implant specific thoughts in others, the 'Voluntary' spirit could disguise false thoughts as their own ideas.

Honestly, while these spirits were useful, they weren't particularly powerful. Ashe knew that Igor possessed several spirits capable of achieving similar effects.

However, their uniqueness lay in their connection to the laws of fate! The Wishflux Anchor, for instance, was constructed using these spirits to create a divine intervention that could resist the fate of curses. Clearly, just as the Nightmare Angel concealed its Dream Sect, the Lord of Wishflux also kept its Wish Sect hidden, never allowing it to spread widely. Other sorcerers, even if they obtained Wish Spirits from the Virtual Realm, would only use them as Mental Spirits.

Although Ashe and his companions were proficient in the Mental Sect, none of them specialized in it, rendering these spirits less significant-except for Ashe.

He tentatively exchanged the Four-Winged spirits for points and was pleasantly surprised to find the exchange rate was an astounding 1:50!

Logically, as a Four-Winged sorcerer, the exchange rate for Four-Winged spirits should be 1:10. Perhaps because Ashe hadn't yet condensed a single drop of Four-Winged spellforce, Aurora's Sorcerer Handbook still considered him a Three-Winged novice, granting him the Three-Winged sorcerer's recharge discount.

Yes, a discount.

After a series of adventures in the Dreaming Celestium, Ashe realized he had misunderstood this mobile game system. Source Crystals were undoubtedly advanced resources coveted even by Demigods, and he could continuously purchase them by selling a few spirits for recharge. If this wasn't a discount, what was?

Thus, Ashe took all the Four-Winged spirits from the Wishing Pool for recharge, finally accumulating over 600 points!

At this moment, Sonya suddenly realized something and summoned a Four-Winged spirit.

"Hey?" Ashe was taken aback. "Isn't that..."

"A Four-Winged Heart Sword spirit," Sonya explained. "When I was gathering spirits with longing for, I deliberately stole one. Since this is no longer the Virtual Realm..."

She gently touched it, severing the soul link with the Heart Sword spirit.

The Heart Sword spirit seemed a bit dazed, yawned, and fell asleep on the ground.

“Indeed!” Sonya’s ruby eyes sparkled with excitement. “Even if we sever the spirit, it won’t disappear! We can exchange spirits here!”

Sonya had long wanted to exchange spirits with the Observer and others. Her original plan was to collect enough of The Unrememberable Wood and then commission an alchemist to craft a box capable of exchanging materials in the Virtual Realm. Unfortunately, The Unrememberable Wood was not available for sale, and she did not have enough of it herself, so the plan had been shelved.

In fact, Felix also had a container made from The Unrememberable Wood. Sonya first learned about the possibility of storing materials in the Virtual Realm from Felix. However, she knew she couldn’t offer a price that would tempt Felix, so she never even asked; later, given Felix’s dubious intentions, she was even less likely to voluntarily give up her leverage.

Unexpectedly, this need was easily resolved in Wishflux Celestium!

Deya also took out the Four Wings Sword Mark spirit and, with eyes wide, handed it to Ashe, her expression screaming ‘come on, praise me’.

Ashe opened his mouth, but saying thank you felt too formal, so he silently accepted the Sword Mark spirit. However, he shook his head at Sonya: “Sword Princess, you should

take it back-you are of a higher realm in the Swordsmanship Sect, and the Heart Sword spirit would be more helpful to you. Don't you want the Heart Sword spirit?"

"Five Spirits of the Peerless Secret Sword, which Swordmaster wouldn't want it?" the village girl replied. "Of course I want the Heart Sword spirit-so why don't you hurry up and release your Heart Sword spirit?"

"Ah?" Ashe was startled. "But my Heart Sword spirit is only two-wings..."

Watching the smiling Sword Princess, Ashe's voice gradually faded away, and finally, he helplessly released the Heart Sword spirit that had been with him for several months, gesturing for it to fly towards the Sword Princess.

Sonya caught the two-wings Heart Sword, her lips curving into a slight smile as she absorbed it into her soul.

Ashe carefully held the Four Wings Heart Sword, and after completing the soul link, the Four Wings Heart Sword immediately burrowed into his soul, strutting proudly. Apart from the Four Wings Sword Mark spirit, all other spirits were at least one rank lower, but even the Sword Mark spirit subdued its aura, dutifully acknowledging the supreme status of the Heart Sword spirit.

Chapter 688: Rainbow Blessing

After completing a round of Spirit Exchange, the most thrilling moment of tallying the harvest arrived.

“Even though we fell asleep as soon as we entered the Celestium, however...” Ashe opened Aurora’s Sorcerer Handbook, “the Virtual Realm didn’t withhold our blessings.”

“Death Maniac Sword Princess”

“Human – Female – 18 years old”

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

“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.”

“Rainbow Blessing – Serenity / Tumult: Each victory enhances the Sword Flash spellcasting technique.”

“Additional Blessing Trait – Serenity: The sword Princess hopes to preserve her small happiness, live a quiet life, and become a cherished little girl. This route triggers the ‘Serenity’ effect, increasing the activation chance of Sword Flash. The calmer her daily life, the higher the enhancement, reaching up to a 100% activation chance (capable of rebounding any attack not exceeding her own limits).”

“Additional Curse Trait – Tumult: The sword Princess cannot endure a peaceful life, yearning for a whirlwind of adventure, becoming a trusted companion. This route triggers the ‘Tumult’ effect, enhancing the power limit of Sword Flash. The more thrilling her adventurous life, the higher the enhancement limit, capable of defying divine intervention (capable of rebounding miracles).”

“Knowledge Curse: Vortex Secret Toxin, Expel Secret Toxin, Golden Fish Secret Toxin, Bronze Dragon Secret Toxin, Conceptual Secret Toxin, Rainbow Tail Secret Toxin, Faded Dream Secret Toxin.”

As Ashe finished reading the sword Princess’s new blessings, he looked up to find her already leaning over, her eyes wide as she watched him.

“What?”

“Waiting for you to tell me what my blessing effects are,” Sonya said matter-of-factly. “After all, you understand my blessings better than I do.”

Ashe blinked, feeling a bit hesitant, and asked, “Do you know about Sword Flash?”

“Huh? How did you know I just mastered Sword Flash?” The stretching paw sword saint was a bit surprised. “It’s a high-level technique that only a sword saint might master—relying solely on the sword and spellforce enhancement, it can break through any spirit miracle, and even rebound the miracle’s power back into one’s swordsmanship.”

“I only recently managed to execute Sword Flash once successfully, and I’m still far from mastering it, unlike Professor Trozan, who can easily rebound some two-wing miracles... Your swordsmanship sect is nearing Sanctuary, right? I can teach you.”

So that’s how it is... Ashe glanced again at the sword Princess’s Rainbow Blessing. Without a doubt, the serene path was far superior to the tumultuous path, as the former could achieve a 100% rebound, while the latter, despite being able to rebound divine intervention, had a probability issue.

More importantly, rebounding divine intervention implies being attacked by enemies above Demigod level. If one is already under attack by Demigod enemies, what good is rebounding a miracle once or twice?

Looking at the different paths, it’s clear that the enhancements each one offers have their own significance. In the serene path, the Sword Princess is unlikely to encounter any trouble, and if she does, Sword Flash could easily handle it; in the tumultuous path, any trouble the Sword Princess faces would be a major issue, and if attacked by a Demigod, Sword Flash would allow her the leeway to figuratively flip the bird, allowing her optimism to be passed down through the Sorcerer’s Handbook.

Ashe, both from a cost-effectiveness and personal preference standpoint, hopes the Sword Princess will choose the serene path. After all, she is now a legendary sorcerer, having reached the pinnacle of her life-something she couldn’t even dream of entering the Sanctuary a few months ago. Now, instead of striving for further heights, her task is to maintain this advantage and truly enjoy life.

Frankly, even if the Sword Princess were to become a legendary freeloader from this point on, she would still be at the zenith of her life.

However, Ashe can't help but wonder, does the Sword Princess genuinely enjoy a tranquil and lavish lifestyle?

If this were asked a few months ago, the answer for both the Sword Princess and Ashe would be unequivocally clear.

But now, having ascended Ruby Mountain and inherited the Wishflux Celestium, and with various adventures under their belts, even Ashe, who considers retirement the ultimate goal, can't help but question if he should strive a bit more, just as one might think of buying more shares seeing their funds skyrocket.

Greed, after all, is a common human trait-particularly among sorcerers.

During a moment of deep meditation, Ashe finds the Sword Princess looking at him, puzzled.

For some reason, he suddenly blurts out, "Sword Princess, I'm sorry."

"Hmm?" Everyone-including the Foxling, still attuned to the mourning of the earth-immediately turns their gaze to Ashe.

Ashe is surprised by his own reaction but decides not to hide anymore: “I never truly told you about the blessings of silver, gold, and Rainbow...”

He confesses, revealing the content of the blessings related to each path, “I made a choice based on my own considerations, and looking back, I realize that wasn’t quite right.”

Vesser chimes in, “But Observer, you weren’t trying to harm the Sword Princess; you were just helping her make a better choice-“

“It’s still not right.”

Surprisingly, Deya doesn’t side with Ashe this time, stating earnestly, “Observer certainly didn’t have bad intentions, but it should be the Sword Princess who decides, not just be presented with one path while hiding crucial information she deserved to know.”

Deya had spent the first several years of her life in a state of naïve seclusion, imprisoned in a tower. Had she not accidentally heard the secret of Armored Sanctification and fostered a desire to escape, she would now be Queen Gosdeya.

Therefore, she is particularly sensitive to secrecy and utterly detests the notion of ‘arranging someone else’s life.’ Even though Ashe is now being open and showing good intentions, she still harbors a slight resentment, which might take days to dissipate.

Meanwhile, the village girl, now contemplative, asks, “The brutality path and the Carnival path are quite similar, you only told me about the Carnival path because...”

“I didn’t want to upset you,” Ashe says. “I also prefer not to explore with companions who are in a bad mood.”

“But the Lunar Star path is clearly stronger than the luminous star,” Sonya interjects, “Why did you only tell me about the luminous star path? And for you, isn’t the Lunar Star path more...”

“Ashe replied candidly, ‘Because I thought it was better for you. You mentioned wanting to shine brightly, to be admired by everyone, to be loved by all... Compared to being a Lunar Star that revolves around others, becoming a luminous star clearly aligns more with your life goals.’

‘For my own good,’ Sonya narrowed her eyes slightly, ‘so you decided for me?’

‘I’m sorry,’ Ashe admitted sincerely.

‘But why aren’t you making the decision for me this time, and why bring up the past?’ Sonya questioned. ‘If you hadn’t said anything, I would never have known.’

Ashe was silent for a while before slowly saying, ‘I don’t know.’

‘If I had to say, maybe it’s because, subconsciously, I feel obligated to protect you.’

‘Not just you, but the Witch and Vesser too. I can conjure a small boat in the Sea of Knowledge, drive a sports car on the Time Continent, summon the Dream Treasure House in the Distant Sky Domain, and I can gather you all together... I’m too important. Even if your combat abilities surpass mine, I still feel like I’m your guardian. I organize you, lead you, and I must protect you.’

‘Choosing your blessing route was my way of protecting you.’

Vesser gazed at Ashe, sensing that the following words might be ones she didn’t want to hear, but she asked anyway, ‘So by confessing now, does that mean you’ve given up on this idea of protection?’

‘Yes,’ Ashe replied. ‘In the Dreaming Celestium, when we couldn’t communicate normally, were separated to perform different tasks, and faced imminent death threats... I played an important role in that adventure, but your contributions were no less significant than mine. I realized that in terms of strength, will, and determination, you are not inferior to me, and perhaps even far surpass me. In fact, it’s you who are protecting me now.’

‘Though it might sound arrogant, this is the only way to accurately express my feelings,’ Ashe continued. ‘You’ve earned my respect.’

The atmosphere shifted.

Vesser looked down at the ground, sensing a subtle change in the team's dynamic. While the overall combat strength of the team might not have increased significantly, everyone's mood had changed.

Previously, the relationship between the sword Princess, the Witch, and Ashe was half love, half friendship, with trust mixed with dependency. Now, a feeling different from love or friendship, yet more binding, was quietly taking root, ready to grow into a towering tree.

It was the feeling Vesser had always longed for.

A yearning she could never fulfill in reality.

'I'll remember this,' Sonya said, crossing her arms. 'If I find out you're hiding something from me again... hmph.'

'By the way,' Deya suddenly recalled something, 'is the sword Princess on the luminous star route now?'

Ashe and Sonya's expressions turned peculiar."

Chapter 689: The Faded Dream Secret Toxin

Ashe didn't ask which path the Sword Princess was planning to choose-he knew that even she found it hard to decide at the moment.

Serenity represented her past ideals, while tumult stemmed from her restless emotions; the two paths embodied desires that the Sword Princess couldn't reconcile. It was like pondering which of the top domestic universities to attend in her childhood-indeed, the Sword Princess needed some time to deal with this sweet trouble.

However, fate is as sharp as a knife, and human hearts are unpredictable. Even if the Sword Princess made a decision, reality might not agree with her choice. Perhaps she would resolve to take a risk, only to find her family needing her care; or she might wish for stability, only to be thrust into the limelight by an accident...

Compared to that, the Witch's Rainbow Blessing was more stable:

"Black and White Witch"

"Human - Female - 19 years old"

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

"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."

“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.”

“Rainbow Blessing – Witch’s Trouble: Trouble grants you power, dissatisfaction is your weapon. The more dissatisfied you are with your current self, the stronger you become in the Virtual Realm. Currently, the Witch’s dissatisfaction level is 99% (eager for transformation), providing a 99% extreme effect spellforce capacity.”

“Extreme Effect Spellforce Capacity: Sorcerers can enhance the effect of a single spell by consuming more spellforce, currently up to an additional 99%, achieving a 99% enhancement.”

“Knowledge Curse: Bronze Dragon Secret Toxin, Golden Fish Secret Toxin, Rainbow Tail Secret Toxin, Faded Dream Secret Toxin.”

The Witch’s Rainbow Blessing not only proved immediately useful but was also perfectly suited for her. Her Silver Blessing increased her spellforce recovery speed, her Golden Blessing provided extra spellforce, and the Rainbow Blessing’s extreme effect spellforce capacity allowed her to fully leverage her mana bar advantage.

However...

“Are you really that dissatisfied with yourself now?” Ashe asked the Witch worriedly, inquiring earnestly, “What about you is bothering you? Can we help?”

“It’s nothing much...” Deya’s lips twitched, her eyes wandering, “Just some dissatisfaction with my appearance and figure... it’s common among girls!”

Sonya and Vesser immediately scrutinized the Witch’s beautiful features and slender, fair physique. It’s known that one’s appearance in the Virtual Realm almost perfectly mirrors reality, as the soul represents your true self-perception. So, whatever you look like in the Virtual Realm, you surely look the same in reality.

Regardless of her face, the Witch might indeed be dissatisfied with herself, but in terms of physique, her figure was definitely what Sonya and Vesser considered ideal.

Although she was a martial sorcerer, the Witch’s limbs hadn’t become bulky, maintaining a perfectly healthy state. Sonya had recently noticed her own thighs getting meatier from too much sword practice.

In other aspects, the Witch’s figure was just right-neither too much nor too little, making her the perfect clothes hanger. Sonya had always been dissatisfied with her own chest; it was too large, forcing her to give up on some beautiful clothes, and after practicing swordsmanship, the weight caused noticeable shoulder pain. Engulite didn’t have this problem. Vionelle, born with a weak soul and body, could only maintain health even after training in the Physical Sect, yet she inherited all of Vionelle’s body advantages without exception. For ease of movement, she usually kept herself wrapped up, naturally preferring the Witch’s healthy physique.

Whether men liked it or not was unknown, but the Witch definitely had the perfect figure that women adored. And yet, she was dissatisfied? A whole 99% dissatisfied!?

Noticing the ‘are you showing off?’ look in Vesser’s eyes, Deya felt a silent grievance.

What she was dissatisfied with was her real-life appearance as a white-haired young girl!

The Witch wasn't without solutions to this problem. With spirits like Reverse Month and Reverse Year, she could revert from a white-haired young girl to her 18-year-old adult form.

But the issue was, she didn't dare to reverse until she dealt with the Gospel Deity!

If she returned to her original form and Ashe suddenly returned to the Gospel, seeing an Empress Yisuo identical to the Witch in the Royal Palace, he would instantly figure out the truth, and Deya would lose her secrecy, leading to the Gospel Deity taking over.

Therefore, Deya had to maintain Little Lise's appearance, even if Ashe returned, she had to keep up the act until the Gospel Deity was dealt with before revealing her true self.

For this reason, Deya's 99% dissatisfaction with her white-haired young girl form was understandable. The remaining 1% might be her inner desire to play a prank on Ashe- imagine, when Ashe returned to the Gospel, one night Little Lise insisted on sleeping with him, and then the next morning, he woke up to find a beautiful woman in his arms... That would definitely be fun!

Although Ashe is somewhat concerned, since Deya wants to gloss over the topic lightly, he won't probe further. Respect means acknowledging the other person's autonomy and offering help when they need it.

“Yolan Vesser”

“Human – Female – 24 years old”

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

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

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

“Rainbow Blessing: Yolan Vesser’s Perception Color: The solitary Scholar tends to avoid crowds, and Yolan Vesser can sense the movement of everyone within a 100-meter radius. Additionally, whenever someone harbors thoughts of pursuing Yolan Vesser, she becomes aware of it. This effect does not apply to those Yolan Vesser wishes to see.”

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

After listening to Ashe introduce his Rainbow Blessing, Vesser remained silent for a moment before suddenly asking, “Do you know all my blessings?”

“Yes,” Ashe replied, only to realize why Vesser’s expression was so peculiar.

Protective Color and Armament Color!

Unlike others’ blessings, Vesser’s Silver Blessing, Protective Color, is a passive aura that immediately affects anyone who holds goodwill towards her, including Ashe and his companions.

Even though they currently have no conflicts, knowing about the Protective Color means that the next time they have a disagreement and compromise, Ashe might inevitably wonder: Was he influenced by the Protective Color to compromise with Vesser?

The strength of the Protective Color lies in its ability to affect others without their awareness, but its weakness is that once known, it can cause endless apprehension.

Not to mention the Armament Color, a formidable weapon that catches people off guard with its aggressive blessing.

Vesser was well aware of this. To enemies, her talents might not surpass those of the sword Princess or the Witch, but as a teammate, her talents were overwhelmingly advantageous.

The Mercury Trojan Horse had vaguely sensed this, which is why they brought in additional personnel from other areas to assassinate her, rather than directly ordering her subordinates.

She was a traitor blessed by the Virtual Realm, surviving by consuming trust as an infiltrator.

However, Ashe pondered for a moment and revealed the effects of Vesser's Protective Color and Armament Color to the sword Princess and the Witch. Just as Vesser's heart began to sink, Ashe spoke of his own blessing effects:

“Silver Blessing: Observer's Visage: Your appearance is deceptive; unless you make an unusual move, others will subconsciously ignore your presence. Enhanced in the Virtual Realm, unless there is a close bond, others cannot see your appearance clearly.”

“Golden Blessing: Listener's Woe: Your existence is deceptive; unless you actively seek death, others' hostility towards you will decrease by one level. Enhanced in the Virtual Realm, unless there is a close bond, others find it difficult to harbor killing intent towards you.”

“Rainbow Blessing: Bard’s Words: Your language is deceptive; unless your statements are too outrageous, others will tend to believe your words. Enhanced in the Virtual Realm, unless there is a close bond, others will believe your words for at least one second.”

This time, Ashe was quite satisfied with his Rainbow Blessing!

Although it doesn’t amplify attack power like the sword Princess, enhance spell effects like the Witch, or improve reconnaissance like Vesser, compared to the stealth-oriented “Observer’s Visage” and the hostility-reducing “Listener’s Woe,” “Bard’s Words” is at least an active skill!

Not only in everyday life, but Bard’s Words can also yield remarkable effects in battle. For instance, if Ashe shouts “I’m your Dad” during a fight, anyone would believe him for a second!

Unless faced with someone who would mercilessly kill even their own father, anyone would hesitate for a second! In a legendary level battle, that one second is enough for Ashe to turn the tide!

Both the sword Princess and the Witch expressed that such a skill shouldn’t fall into Ashe’s hands.

“Won’t it be too easy for the Observer to deceive people in the future?!” Deya, who only allows herself to deceive others but not be deceived, was quite anxious.

“Deception is secondary; the real strength of this blessing lies in its ability to gradually brainwash,” Sonya said softly. “If he keeps feeding us some odd values, we might unknowingly be transformed into his puppets-“

“Stop, stop, stop!” Ashe shouted. “This is clearly the Virtual Realm praising my honesty and kindness. How can you assume I’ll use this blessing for evil? I wouldn’t deceive anyone!”

“So, you might be feeding us strange values then?”

“Isn’t it normal to have some value clashes during casual chats? As the saying goes, Truth becomes clearer through debate. We can chat more about current affairs, like whether a game should be exclusive to a single platform or available on all platforms...”

“Are you really talking about games?”

Vesser watched them bicker as usual, suddenly feeling a lump in her throat, and couldn’t help but laugh.

She understood Ashe’s underlying message-yes, your blessing is particularly effective against teammates, but mine isn’t bad either! If blessings lead to trust issues, then I would be the prime suspect for distrust.

Just as the sword Princess and Witch wouldn't doubt Ashe, she too had earned everyone's trust, perhaps through daily interactions or perhaps due to the Shared Life in the Dreaming Celestium.

Finally, they reached the part everyone was most curious about-the faded dream secret toxin!

“Faded Dream Secret Toxin”

“Number of Secret Toxin Infections: 10”

“Secret Toxin Strength: 10%”

“Current Effects of the Secret Toxin: ① You can convert Rainbow spellforce into Primary Color spellforce at a conversion ratio of 60:40; ② When you use Primary Color spellforce to drive spirits below Four Wings, you can achieve effects equivalent to Four Wings; ③ While holding this secret toxin, all your colorless spellforce will convert into Primary Color spellforce, using Primary Color spellforce to drive Four-winged Spirits can reduce spellforce consumption by 10%, and same-color spirits receive a significant enhancement. (Strength reaching 11% will reduce enhancement).”

Chapter 690: Return

The faded dream secret toxin is quite similar to the Rainbow Tail secret toxin, with its most significant effect being the transformation of spellforce. Although Ashe and his

companions haven't gathered any colorless spellforce, they can convert silver spellforce, golden spellforce, and Rainbow spellforce into Primary Color spellforce whenever they wish.

The question that puzzles them now is-what exactly is Primary Color spellforce? How does it differ from colorless spellforce?

"Colorless spellforce isn't truly colorless."

In such situations, it's naturally Sonya, the diligent student, who takes the lead: "True colorless virtual wings don't exist in this world. It's just that the legendary sorcerer's legendary virtual wings initially have such a faint color that they're referred to as colorless."

"In reality, legendary virtual wings are far from colorless; they're actually multicolored, and each legendary sorcerer's wings are unique. Professor Sister told me that when sorcerers reach Ruby Mountain, they no longer gather generic spellforce but instead gather spellforce in different colors based on the spellcasting they specialize in."

"For instance, a Fire sorcerer's legendary virtual wings might be composed of flame-colored spellforce. When driving fire spell spirits, flame-colored spellforce not only consumes less but can also unleash several times, even tenfold, the power. However, as a trade-off, using flame-colored spellforce to drive other spirits will greatly increase consumption without any enhancement."

"However, legendary sorcerers generally don't gather pure color virtual wings." Sonya shrugged: "I don't know the exact ratio, but it's likely a Composite Color, mixing multiple Spellcasting Sects to amplify the majority of spirits they commonly use."

“As for this Primary Color spellforce...”

Sonya closed her eyes and suddenly drew her long sword, swinging it toward the ground from afar!

An evil vibration, like a winch, plowed through the ground, carving out a deep pit!

The Foxling let out a howl, gazing at everyone with wide eyes, as if asking, ‘Why are you plowing the obedient earth?’

“Greatly enhancing the effect of swordsmanship spirits and reducing spellforce consumption,” Sonya explained. “This Primary Color spellforce is the pure color spellforce of our main spellcasting, like how I would gather sword color.”

Vesser pondered, “In that case, this secret toxin might have some drawbacks for us. Normally, we would gather Composite Color virtual wings, but now we’re forced onto the path of pure color.”

Deya, who had been holding back for a long time, finally couldn’t resist speaking up, “Do you know how long it takes to dye legendary virtual wings?”

“Huh?”

“Legendary virtual wings are called colorless for another reason-they remain without color for a long time, requiring the sorcerer to gradually adjust and infuse spellcasting to dye them.” Unlike Sonya, who had heard bits and pieces, Deya, having learned the details from the Gospel Book, naturally knew more, “This process usually takes three to five years. Before that, using colorless spellforce to drive Four-winged Spirits not only lacks amplification but also increases spellforce consumption.”

“And pure color spellforce is more precious than Composite Color.”

Deya stated earnestly, “Whether in battle or production, pure color represents a higher casting limit. Compared to the casting endurance provided by Composite Color, the casting limit is evidently more significant for sorcerers.”

There was one more thing Deya didn’t mention: for a legendary sorcerer to obtain Pure Color virtual wings is far more challenging than Composite Color. If it takes three to five years to dye Composite Color, then Pure Color requires at least ten years to gradually filter out the impurities that were previously infused.

Nevertheless, the information from the Witch was enough to make Ashe and the others understand the superiority of Pure Color spellforce. Most sorcerers don’t have much need for casting endurance. Even if they encounter a prolonged battle, they can always retreat if necessary. After all, with a Sanctuary, escaping isn’t an issue.

Increasing the casting limit means more possibilities. Wounds that couldn’t be healed before can now be treated, attacks that couldn’t be blocked can now be withstood for a moment, providing a chance to flip the bird...

After some testing, Ashe and the sword Princess naturally had Swordsmanship Steel Color, Deya had Time Gold, and Vesser had Truth Green.

Having taken stock of their gains, they turned to the Foxling.

Ashe pondered for a moment and asked, “Wakey, what do you think Wishflux Celestium can offer us?”

“Huh?” The Foxling blinked with wide, confused eyes. “It can... offer you a place to sleep? It’s so big here, you can sleep anywhere you like!”

In other words, apart from the resources from the Wishing Pool, they couldn’t gain much from Wishflux Celestium... Ashe looked into the distance, curious, and asked, “What’s outside Celestium? The fifth layer of the Virtual Realm? The sixth?”

However, the Foxling shook its head. “Celestium doesn’t have an outside.”

Sonya said, “But Celestium is only so big; there must be walls, right? Beyond the walls is the outside, isn’t it?”

“There are no walls.” The Foxling paused. “If you keep walking forward, you’ll end up back at the Wishing Pool.”

Everyone, being versed in the Spatial Sect, naturally understood that the Foxling meant the space here is like a connected sphere. Ashe asked again, “What about the sky and the ground? If we keep flying up or digging down...”

The Foxling hopped on its toes. “If you fly high enough, you won’t get any higher. As for digging, you can dig very deep, and there are plenty of resources underground, but the deeper you go, the more you can dig!”

“Can you send us out of Celestium?”

Suddenly, the Foxling’s eyes welled up with tears, and it clung to Ashe’s leg like an octopus, refusing to let go. “Master, don’t abandon me! I’m very obedient! I’ll eat less and work more, and I won’t cause any trouble for you!”

In truth, Ashe and the others were simply curious about what lay beyond Celestium, but it was clear the Foxling couldn’t fulfill that wish.

However, the Foxling’s words reminded them of a very important and even terrifying matter: “Wakey, what do you eat?”

“Dreamwake, of course, eats dreams.” The Foxling sniffled, gesturing. “They float around, with blue wings and red bodies, and they sprinkle lots of light...”

The Foxling described for a while before Vesser made the connection. “Your food is the Into Dreams spirit?”

The Specter Handbook describes the Into Dreams spirit as butterflies with blue wings and red bodies!

“Yes, yes.” The Foxling couldn’t help but bite its fingers, almost drooling. “They’re crispy, sweet, and smooth, so delicious. The more wings they have, the better they taste.”

Ashe and the others exchanged glances, not particularly surprised. After all, Dreamwake deities were known to be the nemesis of all Dream Spirits, so it made sense that their food source would be the foundational Dream Spirits-Into Dreams.

But where could they possibly find Into Dreams for the Foxling?

The concept of Into Dreams had just been used up, and the Dreaming Celestium was now gone. Unless they stumbled upon some in places like Miracle Wonderland, they couldn’t think of any other way to obtain them.

“However, you were quite tasty just now,” the Foxling added.

“What?” Ashe quickly checked his soul. “What did you eat just now?”

“Dreams,” the Foxling replied. “You all slept for a day. It wasn’t a lot, but it was quite delicious!”

Everyone suddenly understood-besides Into Dreams, the Foxling could also survive by consuming human dreams!

Though they weren't sure how to find people for the Foxling to feed on dreams, it was certainly easier than the elusive Into Dreams. Plus, the Foxling wasn't hungry at the moment, so it wasn't an urgent issue. They all breathed a sigh of relief.

But the ultimate question remained-how would they leave?

"This place can open the Gate of Truth," Vesser quickly pointed out. "And it's connected to our physical bodies in reality, not Ruby Mountain."

"So we can return to reality and re-enter the Virtual Realm to reach Ruby Mountain," Ashe said. "But how do we return to the Celestium... Oh, the Heart of Wishes Command!"

They had been transported here by finding the Heart of Wishes Command, so couldn't they just repeat the process next time?

However, the Foxling poured cold water on their hopes: "Masters, if you want to teleport directly inside the Celestium, you'll need to use up a Heart of Wishes."

Ashe was taken aback. "How many Hearts of Wishes do we have left?"

“132,” the Foxling counted on its fingers. “After deducting the monthly divine intervention costs, we can save one each month.”

Darn it!

Unless they stayed in the Celestium permanently, visiting even weekly would be a stretch!

Even though they had nothing specific to do in the Celestium, the idea of being able to pop in anytime versus having a limited number of visits felt completely different! Like having unlimited internet data versus a 100 MB cap, or an unlimited gym membership versus a limited one!

As they reevaluated the value of the Celestium, Vesser suddenly asked, “Can we teleport in from reality too?”

“Yes,” the Foxling thought for a moment. “As long as you touch the Heart of Wishes Command.”

Before the Sword Princess Witch could speak, Ashe interjected, “Should I teleport in to eat Wakey?”

The Foxling looked horrified, as if saying, ‘Why eat such a cute Dreamwake?’

The Sword Princess Witch fell silent.

Indeed, there was nothing to eat here, let alone for Ashe. Unless he cultivated the Physical Sect to the point of eating dirt for sustenance, he wouldn't survive in the Wishflux Celestium.

Of course, Ashe could teleport into the Wishflux Celestium and then head elsewhere, but the problem remained-how would he reach other Kingdoms?

Forget reaching other Kingdoms; once his physical body entered the Celestium, he wouldn't even know how to get out!

"Let it be you to keep it," Vesser handed the Heart of Wishes Command to Ashe. Sonya and Deya both agreed, and Ashe didn't hesitate. Despite its many flaws, the Wishflux Celestium was indeed the best escape route. If they ever faced life-threatening danger, retreating into the Celestium and waiting for the sword Princess Witch to feed them wasn't a bad option.

As Ashe took the Heart of Wishes Command, he suddenly gazed at Vesser. Vesser blinked, "What's wrong?"

Ashe said, "The Blank Concept."

Vesser was taken aback and shook her head, “I don’t feel the Blank Concept.”

It was then that the sword Princess Witch realized-right, what about the most important Blank Concept? They initially wanted to obtain the Blank Concept so Ashe could time travel across Kingdoms!

“But you were the one who picked up the Heart of Wishes. If there really is a Blank Concept, then its recognized owner should be you,” Ashe said. “Perhaps it has already heard your wish... Vesser, do you have any wishes?”

“I...”

Vesser opened her mouth slightly, then gave a small apologetic smile, “I have too many wishes.”

However, the Blank Concept was always a lottery-like hope, and given their current abundant gains, missing out on it wasn’t too painful. So they didn’t dwell on it much. After agreeing to rest the next day and resume exploring Ruby Mountain the day after, Ashe opened the “virtual realm exploration” module and selected “end exploration.”

Thirty seconds later, their consciousness reconnected with their bodies, beginning their return to reality.

But unlike returning from the Virtual Realm to reality, this time they seemed to encounter some resistance. They felt as if they were swimming deep underwater, their speed slightly slowed...

In the distant darkness, Ashe and the others seemed to sense a grayish path appearing before them, with dozens of branching routes. They had a strong awareness that if they stepped onto it, they would be utterly lost!

Divine Intervention: The Lost Path.

At the same time, a blood-red mist drifted from behind. This mist coalesced into the shape of dog teeth, looking grotesque and disgusting. Just being aware of its existence made them feel as if a chunk of their flesh had been bitten off!

Divine Intervention: The Fanged Mist.

In the end, the Divine Sovereign was not willing to concede defeat, allowing these mere mortal sorcerers to inherit the Wishflux Celestium. Instead, they lay in ambush on their path back to reality! These divine interventions wouldn't take their lives but would certainly control them!

Yet Ashe and the others could do nothing! Let alone resist, even thinking was incredibly difficult at this moment!

Caught between illusion and reality, this was the most perilous time for a sorcerer!

They could only watch helplessly as the divine interventions descended, paying the price for their unworthy gains-

“Huh?”

“Isn’t it almost dead...?”

“Interesting.”

“You dare-“

Rustling sounds reached the ears of Ashe and the others, and then they saw the gray path and blood mist suddenly sprout with dark green grass! These grasses, though wilted, stubbornly absorbed the energy of the two divine interventions. As they grew rapidly, the divine interventions quickly diminished!

The gray path disintegrated, and the blood mist dissolved!

Divine Intervention: The Death Calculating Grass!

Just as they were about to escape unscathed, someone seemed unwilling to let it go, causing the blood mist to swell and transform into a giant dog tooth, viciously biting Ashe and the others!

It felt just like being bitten by a dog, with excruciating pain spreading throughout their bodies!

Ashe suddenly sat up, gasping for air as if he had just awoken from a Nightmare. But the numbness in his right hand reminded him that everything that happened in the deep darkness was all too real.

Two shameless Divine Sovereigns had attacked them! Yet, inexplicably, one of them had intervened to help them out once. It was surprising to find such a benevolent Divine Sovereign in the sorcerer world, where materialism and indifference prevailed.

However, Ashe and his companions hadn't escaped unscathed; their souls had suffered severe damage, and it was uncertain how long it would take to recover.

Suddenly, a warm towel gently wiped away the cold sweat on his forehead. Ashe looked up to find Raven sitting by his bedside.

Before he could ask, Raven's distorted voice spoke first, "You've been asleep for three days and two nights."

Ashe couldn't help but feel as if he had been transported to another world; though it was only three days and two nights, it felt like thirty chapters of a grand narrative had passed.

"Thank you for taking care of me."

"How do you know I've been taking care of you all this time? Maybe I just got here."

"But my pants wouldn't change themselves, would they?"

"Couldn't they have-"

"No," Ashe chuckled. "I bet Igor asked you to. Harvey might be good at guarding my life, but if Igor entrusted him with my care, he'd treat me like a corpse... If there was no one else, Igor would probably watch over me himself, but with you here, he obviously trusts you enough to leave me in your care. He really believes in you."

"Talking up his virtues won't work on me," Raven replied.

Ashe shrugged. "Could you call Igor over?"

"When you woke up, I already notified him, but he's outside now, so it'll take a while for him to come back," Raven said. "Is the person you trust most the Con Artist?"

“No, this time I want to show off something to him,” Ashe said mysteriously. “I now possess the ability he’s been longing for!”

Raven asked curiously, “What ability?”

“The ability to make people believe whatever I say!” Ashe exclaimed excitedly. “Isn’t it amazing? I can’t wait to see Igor’s jealous expression!”

When Ashe saw the effect of the Bard’s Words, his first thought was of Igor! If Igor had this blessing, it would be a game-changer! But it fell into my hands, and this, my friend, is what you call top-tier stationery with a slacker.

“Impressive,” Raven said. “But it doesn’t mean much for you.”

“What?” Ashe asked curiously. “Is it because I don’t lie much?”

“It’s because you already have that ability.”

Raven suddenly turned to look at the door. “He’s back, that was quick.”

However, it took a full ten seconds before the door was pushed open. The Con Artist walked into the room with an air of calm, his appearance immaculate. He glanced at Ashe and said to Raven with a calm demeanor, “Don’t call me back for nothing; if there’s something, just call Harvey to handle the corpse, understand?”

“Igor.”

Ashe said weakly, “I’m dying.”

Igor paused, closed his eyes in silence for a moment, then slowly opened them, his words sharp as icy blades: “If you want to lie to a Con Artist, I’ll make sure you die in a spectacular fashion.”

Ashe turned to Raven, looking puzzled. “Why do I feel like this ability isn’t as useful as I thought...”

Raven silently regarded him for a while before slowly speaking:

“Did you just lie?”