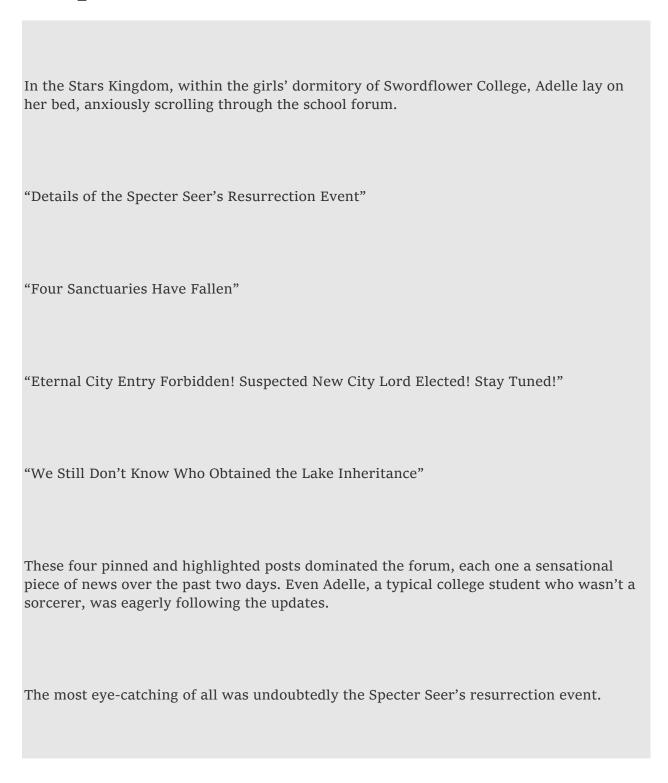
## **SORCERER'S HANDBOOK**

## Chapter 691: Did the Sword Princess Die?



Although most people had no chance to partake in the Specter's Inheritance, the "Specter Handbook" had become the best-selling book in Galaxia. In the past month's book sales ranking list in Galaxia, the "Specter Handbook," "Time Handbook," and "Lake Handbook" occupied the top three spots. After all, books like these, filled with intrigue yet free from copyright fees, were a publisher's dream.

The sales of the "Specter Handbook" were several times that of the other two combined, and rumors circulated that the Thousand Star Business Association was already planning a TV drama about the Specter Seer. With keywords like 'rebirth,' 'ruthlessness,' 'cunning,' and 'revenge,' the Specter Seer was a magnet for directors and screenwriters.

In such a media environment, the news of the Specter Seer's resurrection was like a spark igniting the sorcerer community in Stars. The Specter Seer was a character full of dramatic tension on the Holographic Screen, but if he were to appear in reality, who could withstand him?

Moreover, the resurrection of the Specter Seer wasn't a distant event; four Sanctuaries in Stars had already perished due to his resurrection, and this number was far from final. Many Sanctuaries preferred solitary research, and assessing their survival status would take time.

The pinned post detailing the resurrection event was essentially the 'official version' circulated by the Sanctuary professors of Truth College. Additionally, other Sanctuaries had released embellished versions, offering various perspectives on the perilous journey through the Dreaming Celestium.

The dissemination of this news was no accident: when the four Inheritances first appeared, the House of Nobles had launched a forum dedicated to Inheritances and established an information scoring system. All valid information regarding Inheritances could be exchanged for nobility points on the forum, accelerating the process of gaining titles or redeeming various rewards, and this information was freely available to any browser.

Due to the inertia of information sharing, when the Sanctuaries returned to reality, they naturally rushed to the forum to discuss the Specter Seer's resurrection event-especially since they had been in the Virtual Realm for nearly a day and night. Sanctuaries were the backbone of society, and their collective disappearance had already attracted widespread attention.
Initially, Adelle had been enjoying following the updates, but now, as she looked at the forum, she was trembling with anger, gritting her teeth, wishing she could drag the posters out through the Holographic Screen and give them a good beating.
"Rhythm Sword Saint, Invisible Sword Saint, and Other Sanctuary Professors Are Safe!"
"Ms. Therave Hasn't Appeared for Over 60 Hours; All Sanctuaries Should Have Returned to Reality 24 Hours Ago"
"Weapon Master Mentioned Seeing the Red-Haired Sword Princess in the Dreaming Celestium"
"When the Tide Recedes, You Discover Who's Swimming Naked"
"Has there been absolutely no news about Therave? After all the effort to bring forth a Swordflower that eclipsed even Truth itself, and she just falls like this?"
"The ones who should return have already returned; those who shouldn't, can't."

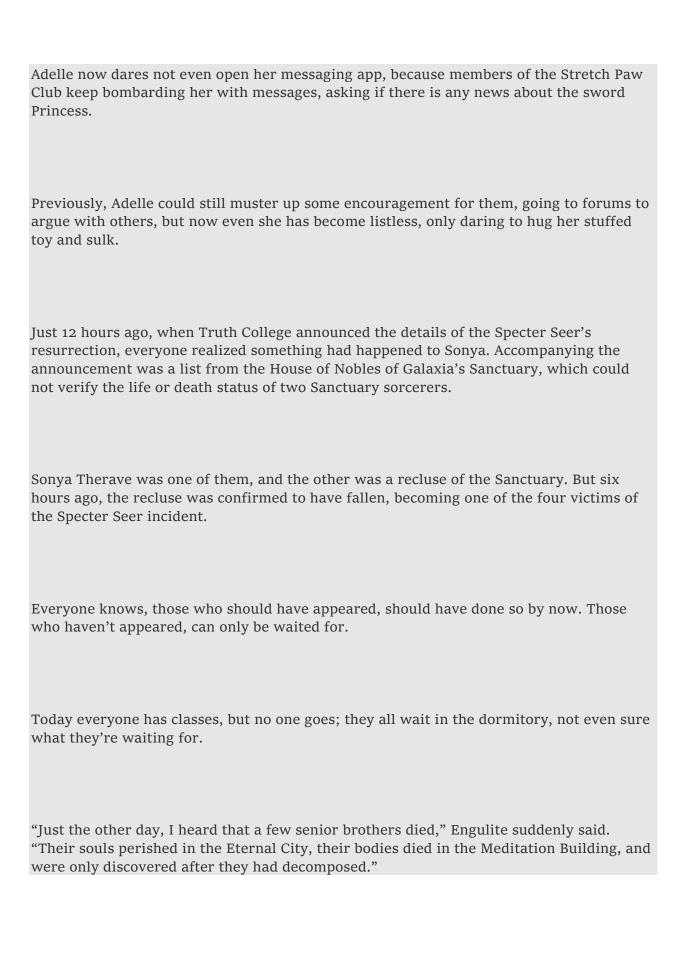
Adelle clicked into the forum post to read the responses, and was so infuriated that she rolled on the bed, her legs almost kicking the ceiling. "What are you ranting about now?" Lois asked. "Those people on the forum are all being sarcastic and cursing Sonya!" Adelle said, sounding as though the curses were directed at her.

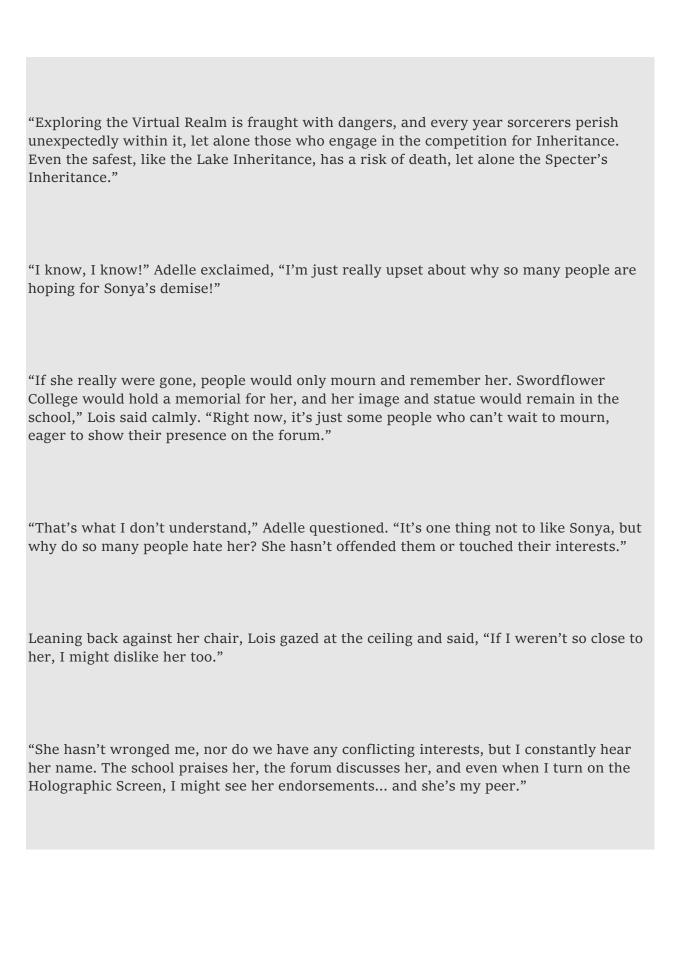
Of course, that couldn't actually be the case. Although freedom of speech exists, cursing someone to death clearly violates moral and legal standards-in a world filled with the Miracles of sorcerers, such remarks that could become part of the Ritual Track are especially scrutinized. But the creativity of the masses is boundless, not to mention that the main users of a university forum are the most intellectually developed and also the most idle group of people. While they can't curse others to death, they can bless them to live.

Adelle opened posts mentioning Sonya, each feigning concern for her situation, with comments like 'hope she's alright,' 'if it's true, then I hope it's false,' and 'a meteor fleeting yet brilliant,' followed by various emoticons. If anyone accused them of being sarcastic, they could even turn it around and report others for cursing the sword Princess... They've clearly mastered the mechanics of the forum.

Of course, these people only dared to be sarcastic now. If Sonya were still around, she would have forum admin privileges herself. The Stretching Paw sword saint wouldn't ban these people, but would directly expose their real identities in the forum-and she had already done this once; every account she named ended up deleting itself.

Now, the problem is, she isn't here.





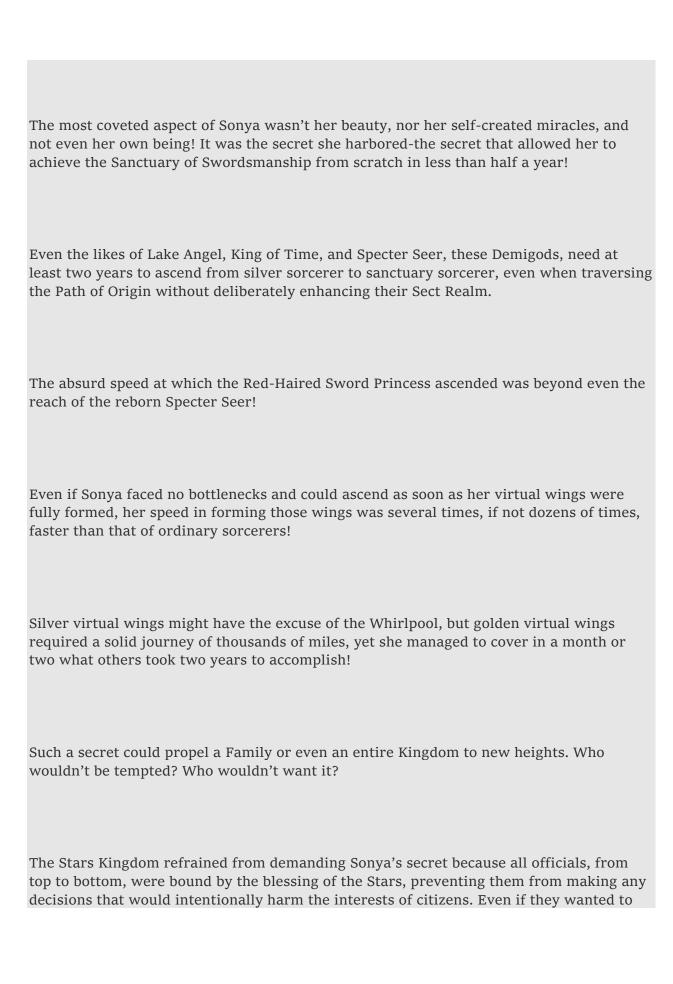
"Some people will admire her for her excellence, but others will find her annoying and dislike her," Lois said indifferently. "She makes me anxious, makes me jealous, and more importantly, she's not flawless."
"She's not like Dimy, who comes from nobility; she's just a village girl from a small town. She went from becoming a sorcerer to advancing to Sanctuary in just a few months, and the process was shrouded in mystery Even Dimy is disliked by many Truth students, so how could someone like Sonya possibly be loved by everyone?"
"Do those people on the forum really hate Sonya? How could they? Most of them haven't even met her; they're just going with the flow," Lois looked at Adelle. "If you're bored, come down and pick a TV drama to watch with me. I could use a break anyway."
Adelle nodded silently, came down in her pajamas, pulled up a chair next to Lois, and after selecting a TV drama on the Holographic Screen, she suddenly asked, "Do you think she might not come back?"
After a brief silence, Engulite, who was doing inverted sit-ups with her legs hanging off the bed, jumped down. She was steaming with heat, her workout shirt completely soaked. She took a sip of water and said, "Should we go look for her?"
"The school has already checked the Meditation Building; she's not there," Lois replied. "Do you know anywhere else she might spend the night?"
"Her boyfriend's place?"



After a pause, Lois tapped the Holographic Screen to start watching the TV drama, adding with the background music playing, "But maybe, deep down, I was also hoping she would just disappear."
Engulite went to change her clothes, then moved a chair over to join them in watching the TV drama. Just as the drama was reaching its first climax, the sound of keys turning in the lock was heard.
The three turned to stare blankly at the door, but instead of the Red-Haired Sword Princess, six strangers in black uniforms appeared before them.
It was evident that these six were also surprised by their presence.
The leading male and female exchanged a glance, then flashed their badges and said, "We are from the school administration office, and we are here on a task. Please vacate the dormitory temporarily."
They glanced over and indeed recognized the two as the male and female deputy directors from the administrative office.
Adelle let out an "Oh," and stood up to change her clothes, but Engulite and Lois were puzzled.

"What task does the administrative office have that requires sneaking in with a spare key to open a student dormitory?" Lois asked calmly. "It's class time, theoretically we shouldn't even be here. Were you planning to steal something while we were out?"
"Students are becoming increasingly disrespectful," the female deputy retorted sharply.  "The student dormitories are school property, and the administrative office has the right to manage them!"
"Then you could have informed us and asked for our cooperation," Lois argued. "What is it that you can't let us know about?"
"There are many things students shouldn't know," the female deputy said disdainfully.  "Who do you think you are? A sanctuary sorcerer?"
"No comment." Compared to the female deputy, the male deputy was more reserved and beyond reproach. "Students are obliged to cooperate with the school's operations. Please leave immediately."
Engulite started, "But how can you prove-"
"Fine."
Lois cut her off, standing up to prepare to leave, "We'll change our clothes and then leave-

## Chapter 692: Why Are You Only Back Now?



use the greater good to threaten a village girl, the constitution reminded them that the greater good included these common folks.
However, the Stars Kingdom wasn't in a hurry. Sonya accepting the blessing of the Stars was only a matter of time, and if there was indeed a secret, it would surely remain within the Stars Kingdom.
But for others, it was a different story. If Sonya's secret was limited, whoever got it first would benefit their Family immensely!
Adelle and Lois, for instance, had previously been pressured by their Families, both openly and covertly, to find ways to steal the secret of the stretching paw sword saint. But as their relationship with Sonya grew closer, and with Lois also becoming a sorcerer, the Family pressure gradually eased-after all, maintaining good relations with a promising sanctuary sorcerer wasn't a bad idea.
Lois had long anticipated that someone would covet Sonya's belongings. But she hadn't expected that even before the death was confirmed, someone would be so eager to raid the place!
Upon reflection, she understood-if the death was confirmed, they wouldn't even have the chance to snatch the belongings.
Smash!
The male deputy charged in with a powerful punch, shattering the chair to pieces! As for the Riptide beneath his feet, it hardly affected him!

Fist-Claw sorcerer!
Lois and Engulite's pupils contracted sharply. In the cramped environment of a dorm room, the advantage of a fist-claw sorcerer was nearly limitless! Engulite's swordsmanship couldn't be fully utilized, Lois's water spell required spellcasting time, while his fist-claw techniques could be freely deployed!
He was well aware of this, stepping steadily into the room, "It's already over-"
The male deputy's voice abruptly choked, for he saw the weakest and most powerless person in the room, Adelle, holding a megaphone-something she had picked up while helping at the Masquerade Ball some days ago.
"Help! There's a thief attacking girls in the dorm!"
Adelle's voice pierced through the entire dorm building: "These thieves pretended to be from the administration, pried open our doors, and when they couldn't steal, they resorted to robbery, striking at the female students! Help, there are thieves, come quickly, there are extra credits for acts of bravery!"
In this situation, the male deputy calmed down. He said to the people behind him, "Hurry up." Then, turning to the female deputy, he added, "You come with me to subdue them."

The female deputy was deeply resentful: "Aren't you enough by yourself?! What do we do now? Everyone knows! It's all your fault. If you hadn't chosen this time to come, none of this would have happened!"
"I can defeat them, but I can't stop them from damaging property," said the male deputy. "Stop complaining, since we've already messed it up, we at least have to complete the minimum task."
Lois laughed, "Hard to believe you can still be so amiable. If it were me, I would have slapped this menopausal old lady flying by now."
The female deputy immediately turned her gaze toward Lois. Indeed, Lois's words were biased. The female deputy, though no longer delicate, was still considered beautiful. In her youth, she might have competed with Lois for the title of Swordflower, but her resentment made her features profoundly terrifying, each blackhead seeming to exude bitterness.
Whoosh! Suddenly, the female deputy pointed at Adelle's water cup, and the cup exploded sending a stream of black water towards Lois-it turned out she was also a water sorcerer!
The black water, likely mixed with a shadow spirit, sped towards Lois's face at an incredible speed. Even though it wouldn't be fatal, it would leave a terrifying scar on Lois
An ordinary silver sorcerer, even if aware, could not dodge this miraculous attack.  However, Lois showed no fear! Water marks appeared under her feet, and though she exerted no force, her body slid out with the flow of water, incredibly fast!

Riptide spirit!
This was precisely the reward Lois had received from the Lake Inheritance!
Lois didn't just slide randomly; she slid right up to Sonya's desk and shot a burst of riptide at the four men in black, forcing them to defend. The female deputy wanted to retaliate but had to consider the relics behind Sonya!
At that moment, Engulite had already drawn her Wooden Sword, and her Sword Shadow strike aimed at the female deputy!
Clang!
The male deputy caught Engulite's Wooden Sword with his fist, unknowingly wearing a Chain Glove. Despite being struck, the glove rang out, yet he was unscathed!
Engulite's eyes turned cold, and her Wooden Sword split into numerous afterimages that slashed at the male deputy! The male deputy seemed overwhelmed and could only passively defend, the room filling with the sound of countless crackling thunders!



"I request to notify Professor Trozan," she said.	
The female deputy immediately responded, touching Adelle's face, clearly not as a gest of affection.	ıre
"We're just nobodies," said the male deputy calmly. "Of course, we fear the invisible sword saint, but our backers do not."	
"Do you fear the Stretching Paw Sword Saint then?"	
As soon as the voice rang out, the male deputy instantly threw a miraculous punch, and the female deputy instinctively pulled Adelle in front-	
But it was useless!	
Their bodies slipped out of their control, their throats tightly gripped by an iron hand, in an instant, they were pressed to the ground, dragged out like rags and slammed into the balcony!	
Boom!	

Lois weakly collapsed to the ground, asking breathlessly, "Why did you come back so late?"
"Slept a bit, took a bath, got a haircut, changed clothes."
Sonya, holding their throats, forcefully smashed their heads into the balcony tiles, then turned around smiling, "How could I come back to the dorm not looking my best?"
Chapter 693: The Frenzied Sword Princess of the Underworld Forces

Impossible!

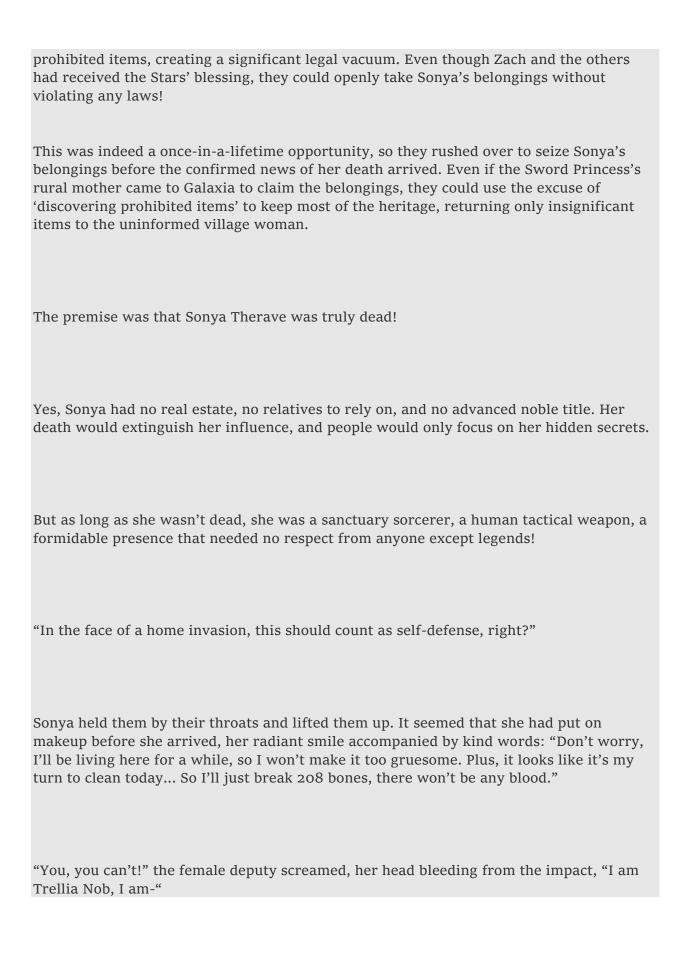
Zach was filled with disbelief and a sense of betrayal. His position at Swordflower College was not only due to his status as a two-wings fist-claw sorcerer but also thanks to the influence of his Family. His mother was a Griffin Meteorologist in the Griffin Squad, holding the noble title of armor peerage. Their Family was well-regarded even within Galaxia.

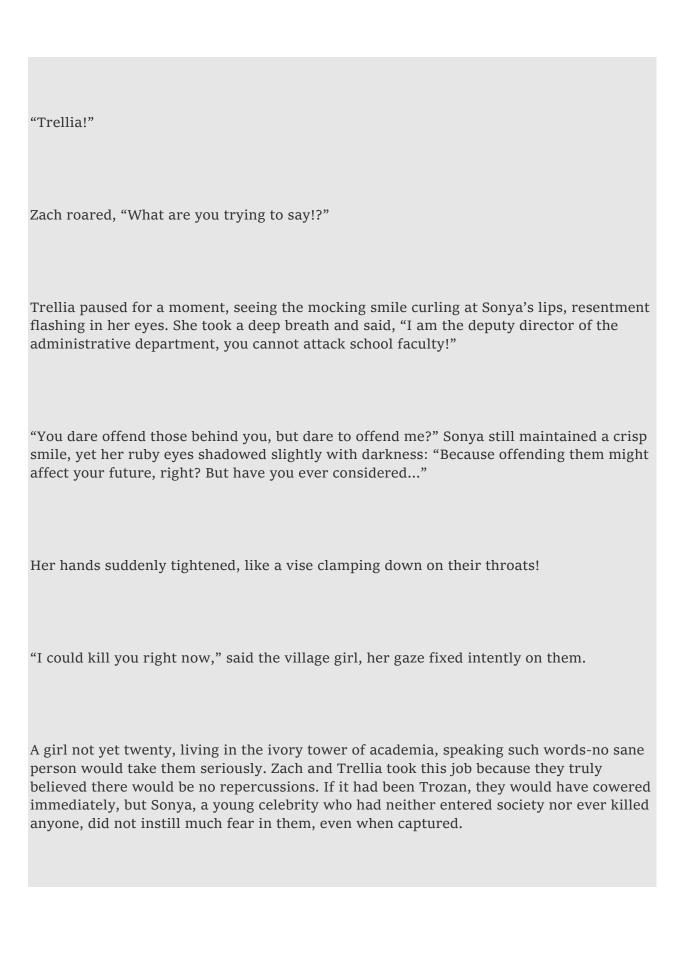
However, without the support of a Sanctuary, a Family like his could rise and fall within a generation. Once his mother passed away, they would revert to their original state. Furthermore, while the guard palace nobility wielded power, they struggled to accumulate wealth. As a result, they often had to rely on the prosperous inner court nobility, forming complex interest groups. Zach's Family was aligned with a Count's Family that boasted a sanctuary sorcerer.

Even though Zach received orders from the Count to act as a front-runner, he could have refused if he sensed danger. He dared to seize Therave's heritage because the Count assured him that the Red-Haired Sword Princess was dead! This wasn't merely a logical deduction. After failing to contact the Sword Princess, several nobles commissioned a prophecy from the Sanctuary, confirming that Sonya was no longer in the Distant Sky Domain! If she wasn't in the Distant Sky Domain and couldn't be reached, what other possibility was there besides death? The situation was even more advantageous because, despite Sonya's significant secrets, she had no real estate at the time. Her only relative was her mother, a simple village woman far away in the countryside. Had she owned property, they couldn't have bypassed regulations to search her home. Only the Police Department would have the authority to handle Sonya's belongings. If she had a legally recognized sorcerer partner, even the Police Department couldn't hold onto her belongings; they would have to be handed over to her partner for heritage distribution. For instance, the heritage of the four fallen sanctuary sorcerers in the Stars Kingdom was no less valuable than Sonya's. Yet, no one coveted their heritage because, firstly, their relatives were sorcerers, and secondly, their heritage was stored in their own property, making it impossible to act without legal repercussions.

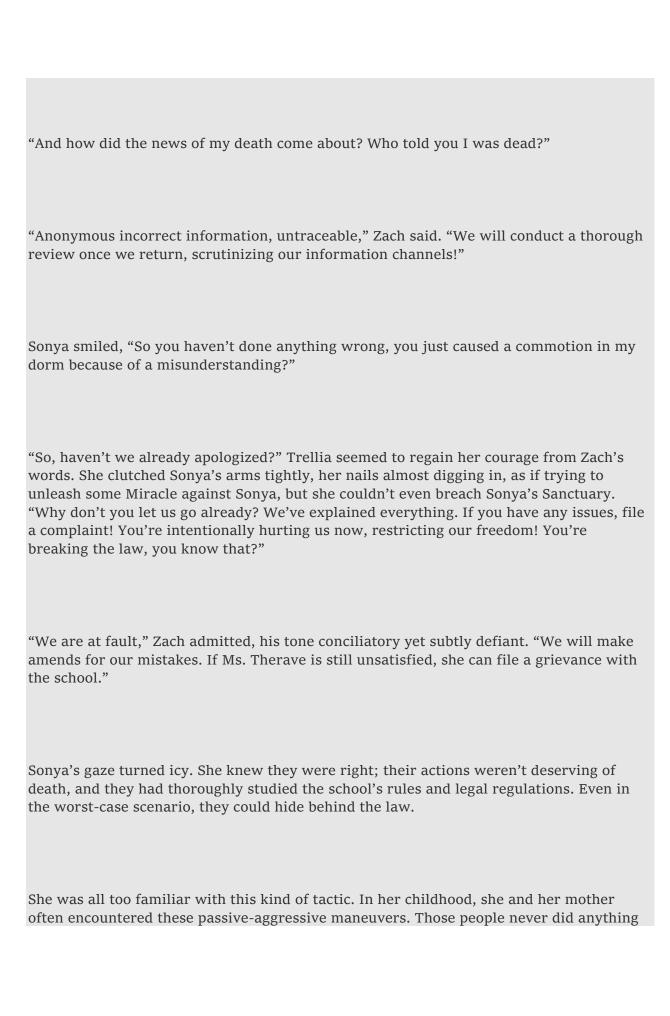
However, the college dormitory was a unique area where both the school and students

had management rights. The school could inspect dormitory hygiene and handle

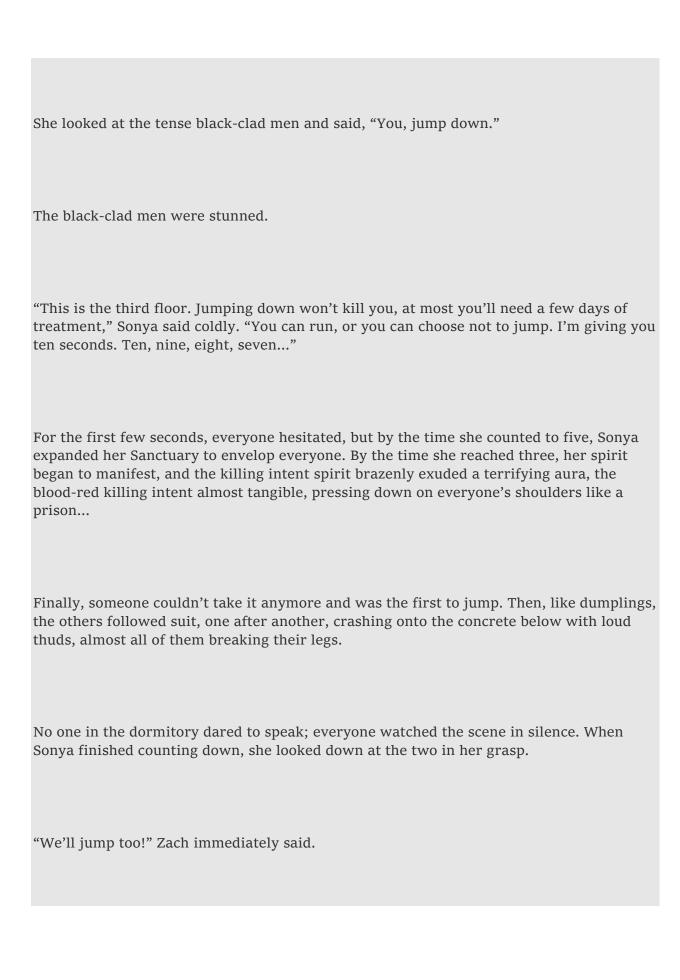


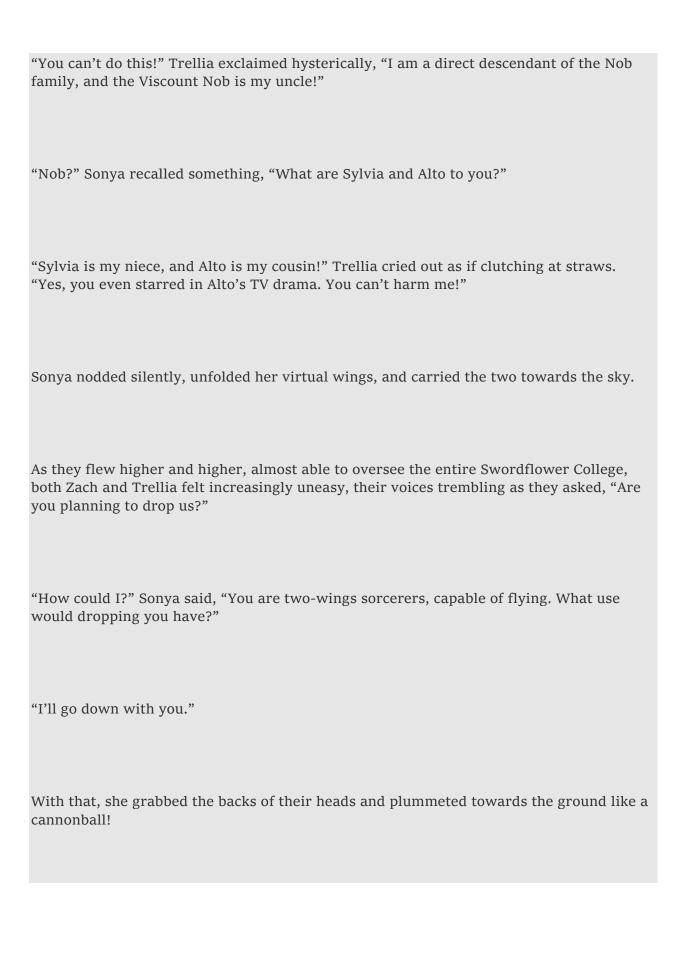


Yet at that moment, their hearts felt like they had plunged into icy depths, their minds blank.
The pretty young girl before them seemed pure and kind, made of love and candy, but they felt as if they were being watched by a fierce beast, ready to crush their necks at any moment!
"Sonya!"
It was then that Lois called out, and Sonya slowly relaxed her grip, allowing the two to catch their breath from the lack of oxygen.
"We're just nobodies!" Zach hurriedly explained: "Even if we stepped forward to testify, it would be useless, there's no substantial evidence. And indeed, we haven't broken any laws this time; we just received news from Ms. Therave about your suspected death, so we came early to sort out your belongings-this is a function of the administrative department!"
Trellia was already too scared to speak.
"Will my belongings be returned to my mother?" Sonya asked calmly.
Zach could only reply tactfully, "They will be returned after inspection!"



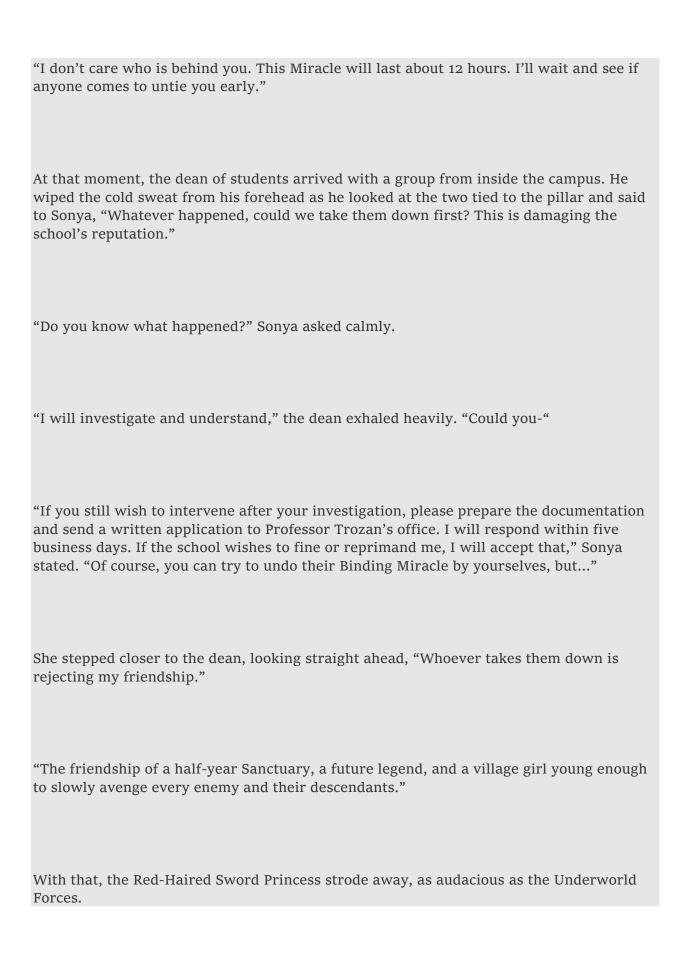
overtly wrong, yet they managed to disgust you. Complaints would enter a lengthy processing period, and ultimately, she had to adhere to her mother's frustrating yet practical approach to life-endure.
Of course, Sonya's status was different now. Swordflower College would undoubtedly provide her with a satisfactory resolution, ensuring she wouldn't have to see these two again at school.
But how was this any different from the past?
I'm so strong now, yet why do they still dare to flaunt their arrogance in front of me? Why do they still dare to disrespect me!?
"Sonya!"
Adelle whimpered, complaining, "They hit me!"
Sonya turned to look at them, seeing Adelle sitting on the floor, her pajamas dirty, one side of her face swollen from a slap; Engulite was leaning against the wardrobe, sweating profusely, her hands hanging naturally, blood dripping from her palms; only Lois seemed unharmed, but she shook her head slightly at Sonya, her eyes full of concern.
However, witnessing this scene, the stretching paw sword saint made up her mind. She dragged the two out of the room, where several floors were crowded with students who had just returned from class, along with the black-clad followers these two had brought.





300 meters!	
200 meters!	
100 meters!	
The scenery zoomed in rapidly, and despite spreading their wings, the two couldn't resist the rapid descent! Trellia screamed wildly, scratching around, while Zach tried to resist by turning around. However, Sonya was now performing the three-wings Swordsmanship Miracle 'Vibration Surge,' far beyond what two-wings sorcerers could contend with.	
Students from the dormitory buildings who saw them plummeting began to scream until loud crash echoed as Sonya, carrying them, smashed into the ground, raising a huge cloud of dust!	
"Ah!-"	
Zach's eyes widened as he saw the gravel on the ground, his head merely five centimeters from hitting the earth, saved only by Sonya halting their kinetic energy at the last moment.	S
"Uh"	

Trellia broke down crying, with a suspiciously foul liquid seeping through her trousers. Zach was no exception, though his pants absorbed more of it.
But it wasn't over yet, as Sonya lifted them again. Just when they thought they were in for another drop, they found that Sonya had flown to the front gate of the college.
It was the afternoon, and the entrance of Swordflower College was already a bustling commercial area, dense with people. Thus, the nearby citizens and students stared in disbelief at the renowned Red-Haired Sword Princess, who hung the two on a pillar at the entrance.
Not only that, but Sonya also summoned the Heart Sword to draw several sword bonds, securely binding them with Miracles.
Originally, she wasn't much for Control Miracles, but just as the Observer's Heart Sword spirit and Sword Mark spirit stepped back, they filled this gap, unexpectedly coming in handy right now.
Being tied to the college gate, and soon to be the spectacle of thousands of passersby, ever as some began filming, Zach's face turned ashen, and Trellia muttered, "You can't do this I am of the Nob family don't you know Sylvia and Alto?"
"Yes, I do know them, and I treated them with the respect they deserved when we were in a relationship," Sonya stated calmly. "Now, it's to see if they will respect me."



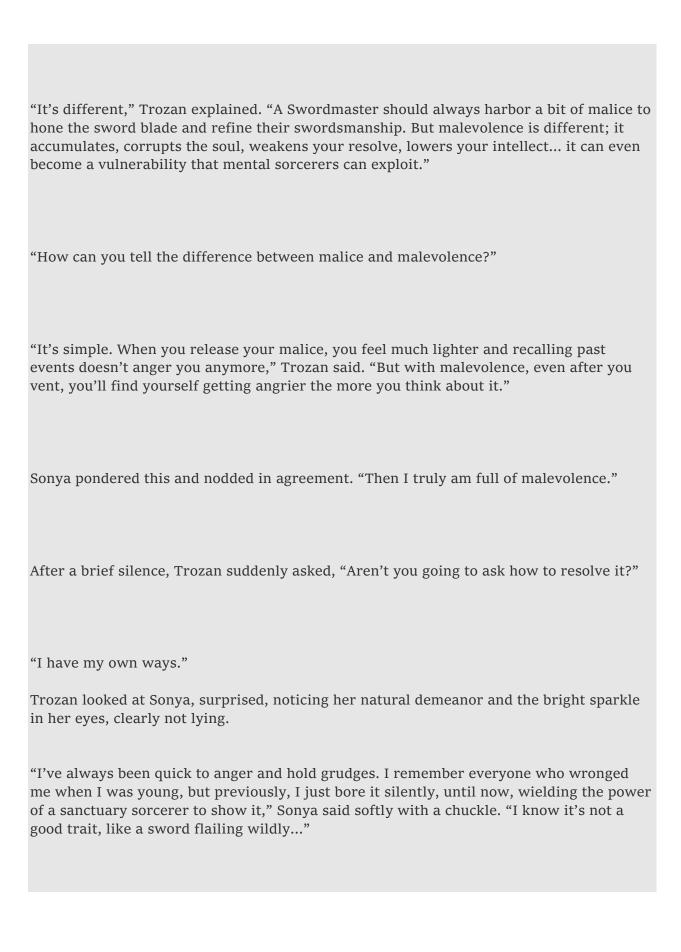
The dean and others looked at each other, and finally, the dean could only say, "Notify the principal, let the principal decide."
Someone asked, "But didn't the principal say he was injured at Ruby Mountain and needed to recuperate?"
The dean looked at him as if he were a fool, "That's why we need the principal to decide. Otherwise, would you go and take them down?"
"I can't undo a Sanctuary Miracle," the latter shook his head repeatedly.
Chapter 694: Void Abyss
"You have such a strong aura of malevolence."

In the office, Trozan was arranging flowers, sorting them by height-blooming flowers at

"Isn't that how we Swordmasters should be?" Sonya sat across from her. "You're the one who said it, elder sister-seek revenge from dawn till dusk, never let the stress linger into

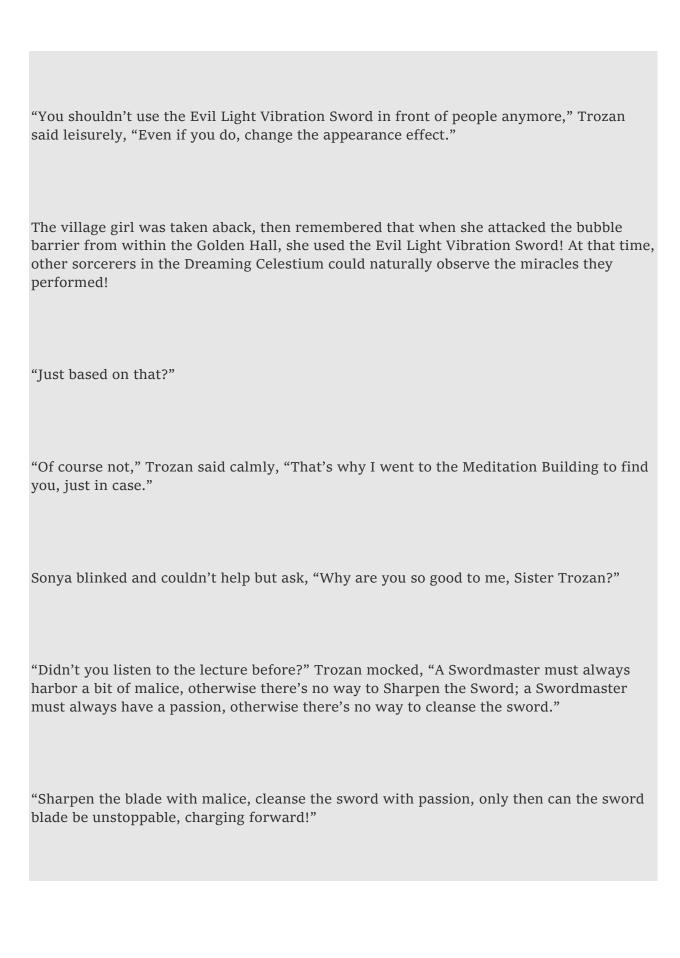
the bottom and smaller buds on top, creating a pleasing display.

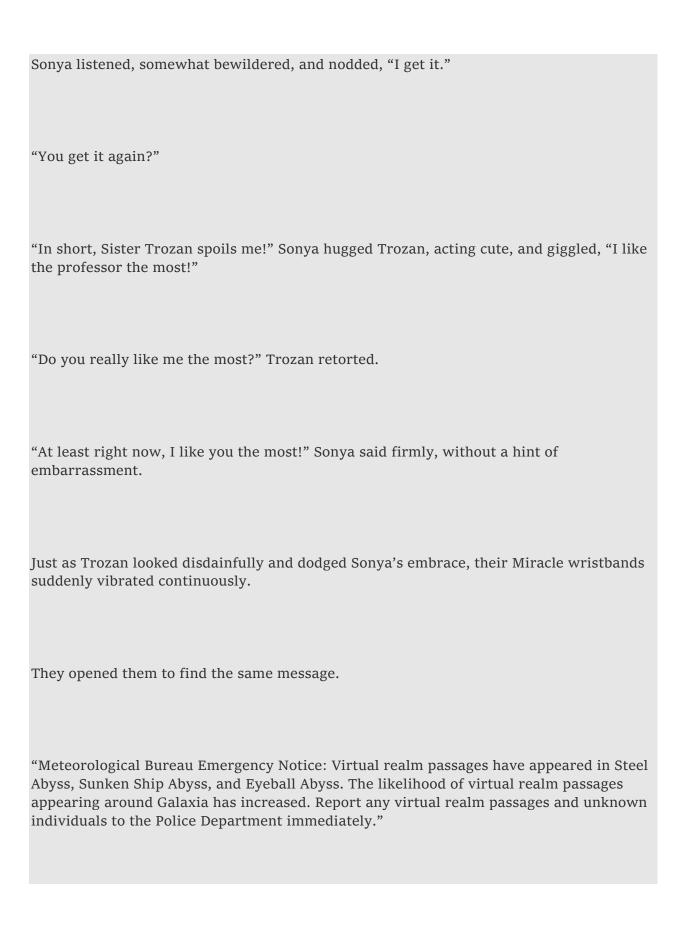
sleep!"

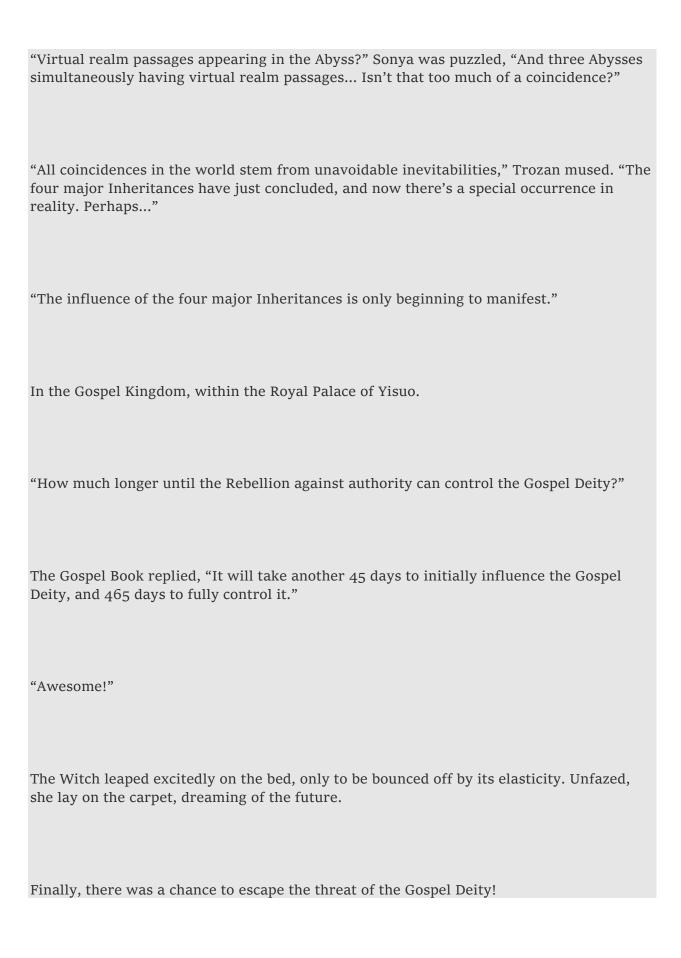


Her cheeks tinted a light blush, her voice softening, "But I've already found my sheath."
"Hmph, you're going against the true path of a Swordmaster." Trozan said coldly. "A sheath will only slow your draw."
"But this way, everyone will think you hid all day just to spring a trap, punishing those coveting your secrets with the news of a fake death," Trozan said calmly. "I'll tell people you were hidden here with me all along-which is indeed the case."
Sonya walked over and hugged Trozan, affectionately pressing her face against the professor's, sweetly expressing her gratitude, "Thank you, Professor Sister!"
Sonya was actually logged into the Virtual Realm in the Meditation Building, but as soon as Trozan returned from the Virtual Realm, she quietly took Sonya away. That's why the school couldn't find Sonya-she had been with Trozan, asleep the whole time.
"Any united sorcerer Kingdom is surely tallying the sanctuary conditions now," Trozan said, fiddling with a vase. "Not just to see who fell in the Specter Seer's resurrection event, but also to identify the heir to the Wishflux Kingdom. After all, sanctuary sorcerers who have left the Dreaming Celestium would surely rush back to reality to rest, except for the four black-robed sorcerers who might inherit the Wishflux Celestium and could linger in Celestium for a long time."
"If any sanctuary sorcerer remains asleep too long without quickly returning to reality, especially if they've recently advanced to legend, it will certainly raise suspicions."

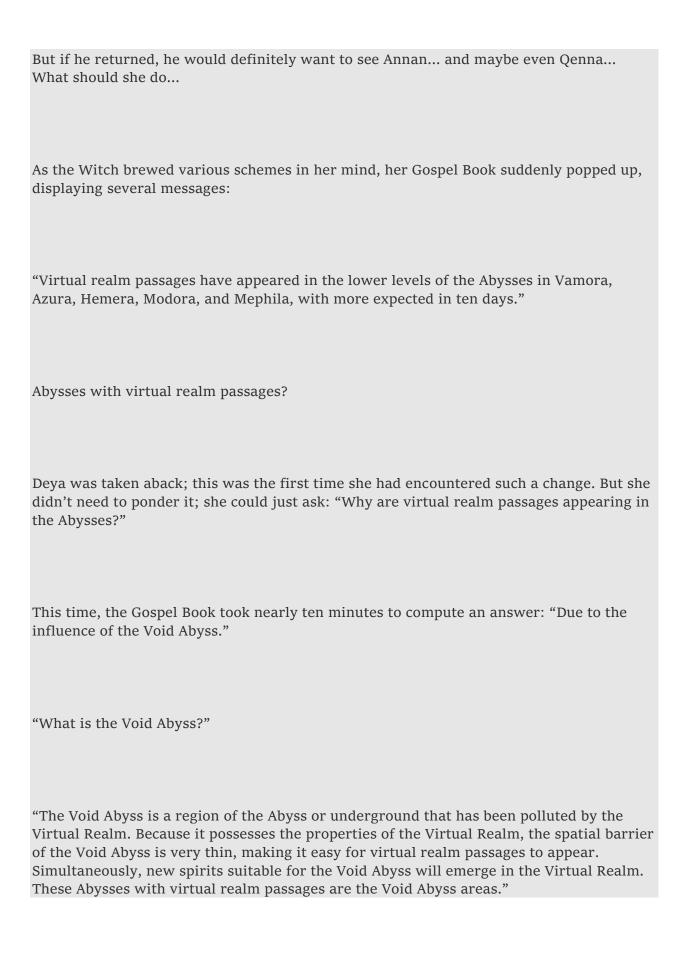
Sonya widened her eyes as she looked at Trozan. She naturally understood Trozan's warning and slowly nodded, whispering, "I get it. Only half a year as a Sanctuary, not half a year as a Legend."
Hearing this, Trozan couldn't help but twitch the corner of her mouth. She stood up, offering her seat with a sarcastic tone, "Come, Ms. Therave, you sit. I'll stand. How could I dare call myself a professor in front of you?"
Sonya couldn't help but laugh and pulled Trozan back to sit down, saying, "Professor Sister, you can take me down with one hand now; you're definitely still my professor. Plus, my soul's a bit hurt, so I might not be able to enter the Virtual Realm for a month or two. You might just climb up Ruby Mountain during this time!"
The higher the tier of the sorcerer, the harder it is for their soul to recover from injuries. At the Sanctuary Legend stage, it could easily take half a year or more. For old sorcerers like the Alchemist King, whose battle damage rate reaches 90%, they might not be free from diapers until this time next year.
Sonya dared to say she only needed a month or two because she had the Observer's potion support, which could speed up soul recovery.
"Legend" Trozan couldn't help but feel a bit wistful, "When you have time, tell me about your friend's experiences on Ruby Mountain."
Sonya chuckled and nodded repeatedly, "Of course. By the way, Professor Sister, how did you recognize me?"







This time, the greatest beneficiary of the legend advancement was Deya. As sorcerers ascend to higher levels in the Virtual Realm, their souls undergo a transformation, allowing them to accommodate more advanced spirits.
For Deya, bearing the Gospel Deity with a Sanctuary-level soul versus a legend-level soul was a completely different challenge. Originally, it would have taken a year to resist the Gospel Deity's brainwashing, but now, in just 58 days, with the Rebellion against authority procedure spreading nationwide and leveraging the people's power, she could achieve a balance with the Gospel Deity!
By then, even if she confessed to everyone that Lise Deya was the Witch, she wouldn't be reformatted by the Gospel Deity!
Her soul recovery would also take over a month, so she had plenty of time to wait!
Deya had considered 'building a relationship with Ashe from scratch,' but the sword Princess had too strong of a head start. If not for Ashe's own psychological issues, she wouldn't have had any chance at all. Even if Ashe accepted her, their relationship felt too flimsy, like a sandcastle in the wind and waves-dispersed by the slightest breeze or the sword Princess's interference.
Clinging to old thoughts was no longer appropriate. Once the Rebellion against authority Miracle was complete, she would confess directly, using their Shared Life and death experiences to add weight, and find a way to lure Ashe back to the Gospel Kingdom. After that, everything would be easier!



"Summarize the impact of the Void Abyss on sorcerers in one sentence."
Gospel Book: "Sorcerers can more easily time travel to other regions using the Void Abyss."
Deya found it odd: "Why haven't I heard of the Void Abyss before?"
Gospel Book: "Because it's a new concept that emerged 20 hours ago."
Chapter 695: Void Gate Spirit
In the Black Robe Town of the Mirage Prism

The whiteboard used for recording intelligence in the Foxlamp Ice Room hadn't been taken down. Although the Four Inheritances had concluded nearly a week ago, the exchange of information was a fundamental need for sorcerers. This need had long been suppressed among the Senlo sorcerers, and now that it had erupted, it wasn't going to be stifled again-much like how once you get used to sleeping naked, underwear becomes a nuisance.

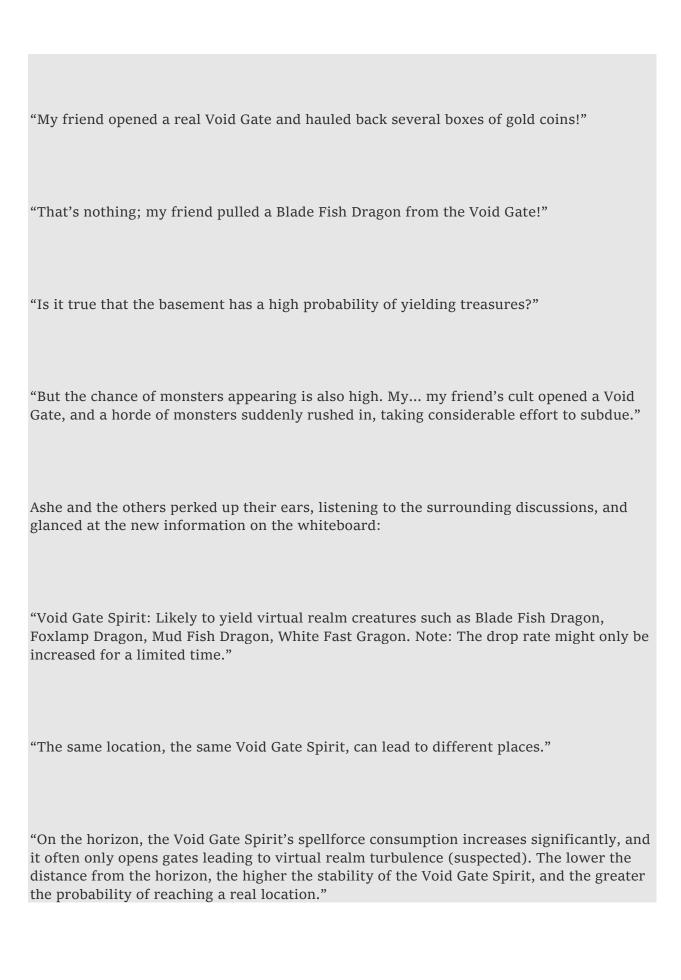
Moreover, let's not forget that the Senlo wasteland was still embroiled in the war between the Qinyi Alliance and the Four Pillars Cult. Black Robe Town, being a crucial

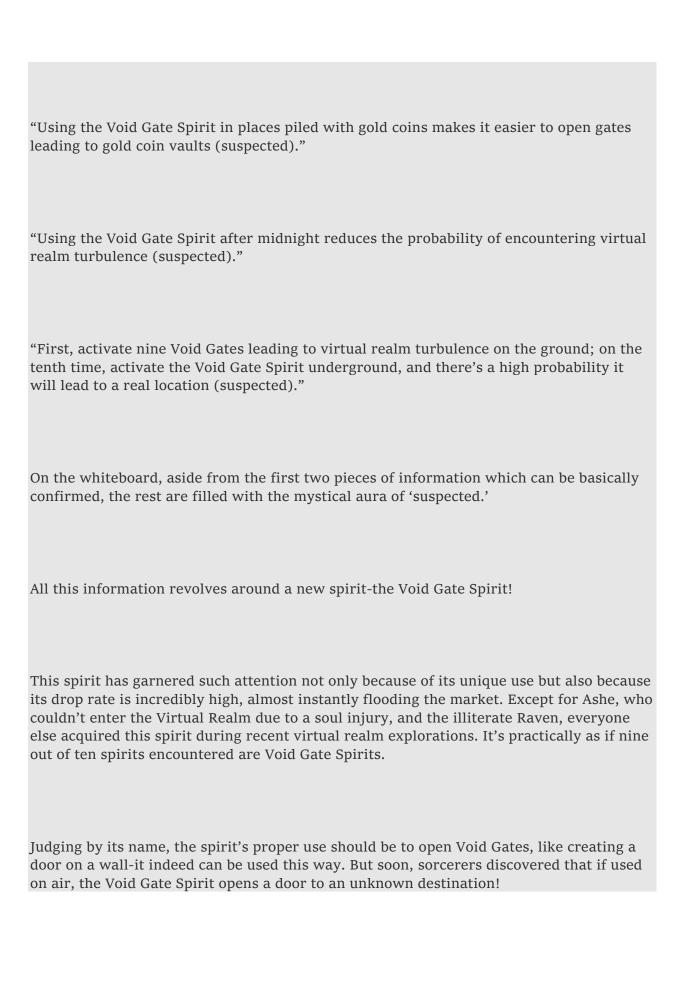
transportation hub, was constantly flooded with intelligence. At the same time, the new developments in the Virtual Realm made sorcerers eager to explore and exchange ideas.
"Why are there fewer dishes again? And why has everything gotten more expensive?" The pretty red-haired girl complained as soon as she sat down.
"Because the price of steak has gone up," the peach-like female manager lazily leaned against the counter. Her ample chest was flattened against the table, the buttons on her shirt straining like the teeth of a death warrior, barely holding on and threatening to pop at any moment.
"But I'm having the Lala Fatty combo, not steak!"
"But I eat steak," the manager shrugged. "If you don't like it, you can pay in gold coins. It's even cheaper that way."
Ashe was momentarily speechless and turned to Igor. "About tonight's dinner expenses'
"The budget remains unchanged," Igor said calmly.
"I'm not saying I need to eat so much, but Harvey and Chikara still need to grow. They won't get enough to eat like this"
"Oh, don't worry about me," Harvey said. "If I really don't get enough, I can share Alice's meals. Chikara too, since he's Alice's slave anyway."

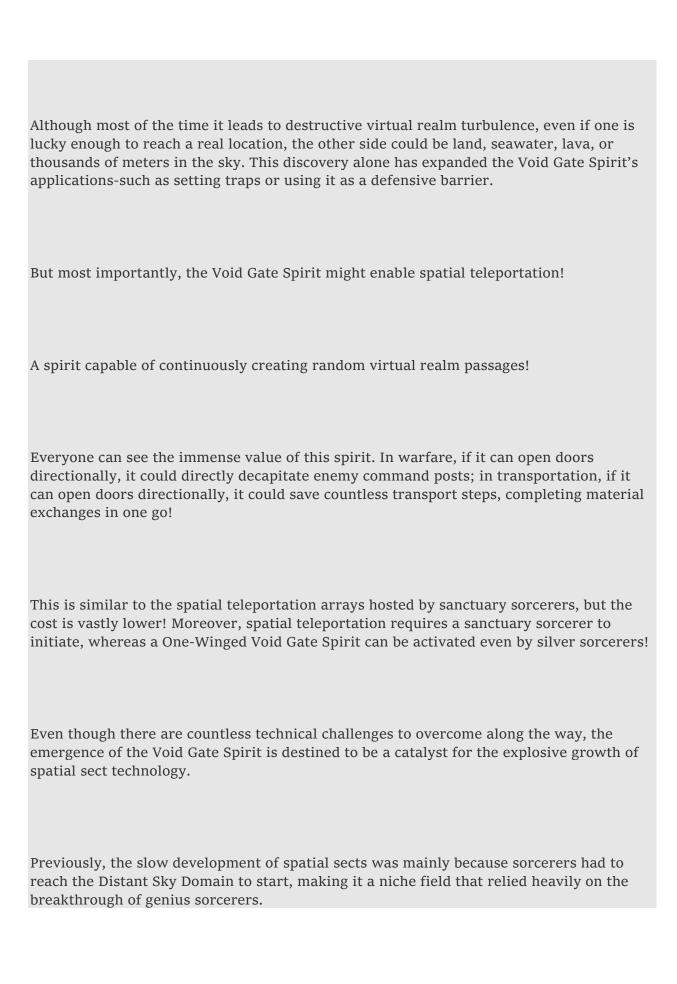
Alice the meals for that corpse I seem to remember
Ashe covered his mouth to stop himself from retching. Chikara clearly had his own opinions but dared not speak, while Gwen nearly spat out her drink. Igor raised an eyebrow. "Who knew necromancers could be useful occasionally-your appetites have decreased, right? Perfect, eat less."
In recent days, the cost of living in Black Robe Town had skyrocketed as if it had grown wings, increasing exponentially compared to before the war.
The main reason was that gold and silver coins, as general equivalents that could serve as strategic resources, were naturally hoarded and reclaimed during wartime. This caused the value of the coins still in circulation to soar.
In theory, this meant that those with money could do nothing and watch their assets appreciate with the changing circumstances!
-In theory, that is.
However, gold and silver coins were divided into silver coins and gold coins. Gold coins were strategic resources for two-winged and three-winged sorcerers, as both two-winged and three-winged spirits could be nourished by gold coins. Two-winged and three-winged sorcerers were also the core combat strength and middle-level cadres of various cults.

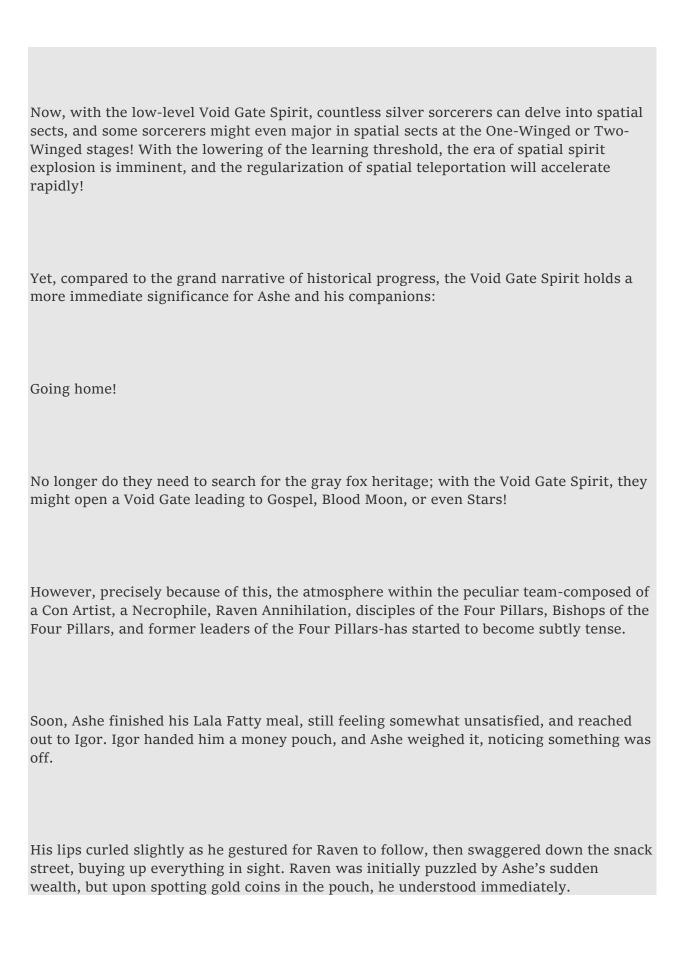
In contrast, silver coins could only sustain a One-Winged Spirit, and One-Winged Sorcerers found it difficult to play a significant role in war, mostly serving as support personnel. On one hand, you had the resources needed by support personnel, and on the other, the resources required by core combat strength. Naturally, the consumption rate of gold coins far exceeded that of silver coins. As the value of gold coins rose, the value of silver coins plummeted! In a peaceful kingdom, the exchange rate of silver to gold coins might be 1:100, but in the past, Senlo was 1:150, and now it's nearly 1:1000. In a few days, it could even reach 1:1500! Instances like the Foxlamp Ice Room, where silver coin prices have risen while gold coin prices have dropped, are not uncommon in Mirage Prism Black Robe Town. Even street vendors selling skewers are advertising 'super low prices' for gold coin payments. The reason behind this is simple: silver coins are the main assets for ordinary people and One-Winged Sorcerers, and the consumption rate of silver coins is far lower than that of gold coins. During wartime, gold coins are akin to luxury goods, while silver coins are closer to 'general equivalents,' and thus, they are mercilessly harvested. Initially, the cults tightened their gold coin reserves for strategic purposes, but now they're doing it to speculate. Whoever holds the most gold coin reserves can leverage economic advantages to crush other cults post-war. It's a chance anyone can see!

However, before economic victory arrives, an economic crisis is bound to erupt first. The reduction in dishes at the Foxlamp Ice Room is a sign; in a few months, it might close down with nothing to sell-silver coin depreciation is so severe that producers prefer bartering over accepting silver coins!
In other kingdoms, an economic crisis would be a serious social event. But in Senlo wasteland, where economics have lost their inheritance and there's no currency system, an economic crisis is hardly noteworthy-the cults are closer to a pastoral feudal society, capable of self-sufficiency even without commercial trade. They can endure until the holy war is won, and then all of Senlo will be theirs!
Moreover, with thousands dying daily on the front lines, can an economic crisis kill more efficiently than sorcerers?
It's tough for Ashe and other flexible employment sanctuary sorcerers.
After the high-intensity battle in Dreaming Celestium, Chikara, Igor, and Harvey's Three-Winged Spirits were famished, consuming nearly a month's worth of gold coins to recover, causing a sharp drop in gold coin reserves. Ashe also has the Heart Sword and Sword Mark, two Four-winged Spirits, which he dares not fully feed, maintaining basic combat power with just five gold coins a day, significantly increasing the team's expenses
Daily living expenses could have been covered by silver coins, but with such severe depreciation, they dare not spend gold coins recklessly, naturally tightening their budget.
Yet, the Foxlamp Ice Room remains bustling, filled with lively chatter and cheerful voices. But the topic of discussion isn't the war; it's the recent changes in the Virtual Realm.

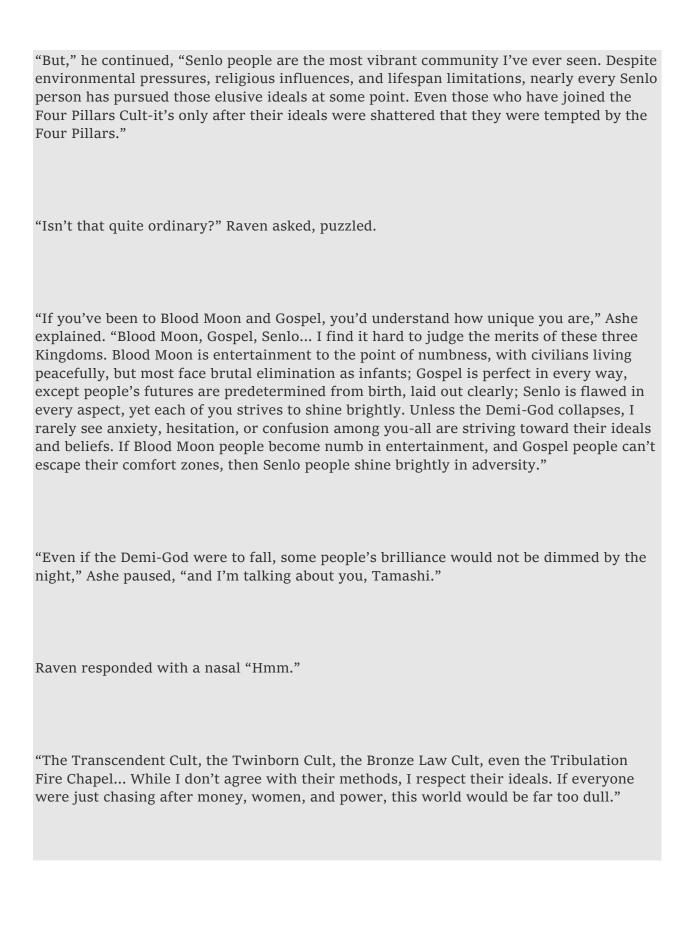


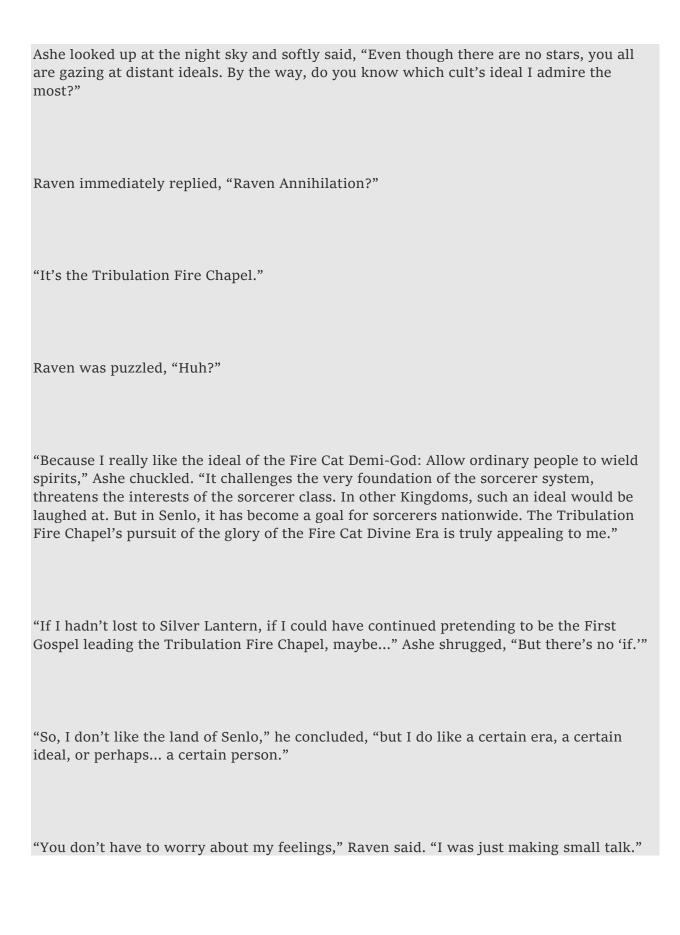












"Ask Igor when I've ever cared about anyone's feelings?" Ashe scoffed, then curiously asked, "But why are you suddenly interested tonight? You rarely start conversations, and even when you join in, I always feel like you're eyeing Igor's neck, looking for the best angle to chop it off..."

Raven replied, "Because you've never mentioned when you plan to leave."

## Chapter 696: A Fresh Start

Currently, the Void Gate Spirit has been discovered to have three uses:

For walls with a thickness not exceeding 10 centimeters (One-Winged), 50 centimeters (two-wings), or 3 meters (three wings), it can directly open a temporary passage, which requires a constant consumption of spellforce to maintain.

When used in the real world to create a portal, 99% of the time it opens into the virtual realm turbulence that can shred anything, and it's extremely unstable, possibly collapsing the next second.

When used in the Virtual Realm, it creates a Void Gate, which is currently meaningless.

The Void Gate Spirit has a limited number of uses. A One-Winged can be used up to three times before self-destructing, and if used twice within 24 hours, it will also collapse from exhaustion. A two-wings can exist permanently but requires a 24-hour interval before the second use, or it will self-destruct. A three wings can be used three times in succession, but any more will lead to self-destruction.

In fact, spirits have always had usage limits, but most sorcerers only use them for commuting between the Virtual Realm and reality, so the market doesn't allow them to overwork the spirits. Therefore, it's rare for anyone to reach this limit. It was only during the Specter Seer's resurrection event that many sorcerers fought continuously for over ten hours, occasionally causing spirits to collapse from exhaustion. The surviving spirits had to consume a lot of gold coins to recover from their weakened state.

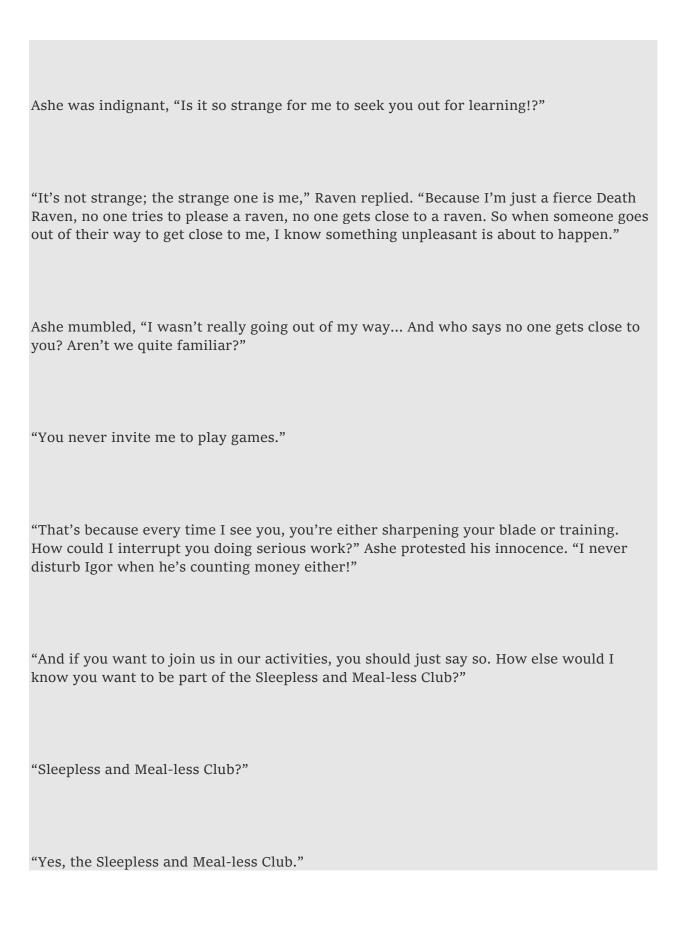
Consumable spirits like the Void Gate Spirit have always existed, such as the Reverse Year time spirit. Their common feature is that their effects far exceed their wing level. For example, a One-Winged Reverse Year can reverse a year of time, and a One-Winged Void Gate can open a portal-power far beyond their rank, naturally leading to restrictions.

Thus, even though the drop rate of Void Gate Spirits has increased, research into their use will be a long process. Even major powers may not yet have feasible methods for utilizing them, let alone Ashe and his group, who are essentially a black market operation.

However, when faced with Raven's question, Ashe was surprised, "You noticed?"

"The first day you learned about the Void Gate Spirit, you were happy; the second day, you went out during the day to gather information, full of anticipation; the third day, you rented a basement for research and began to feel anxious; the fourth day, you spent the morning playing cards with Chikara and Harvey and only went to the basement in the afternoon, showing a bit of slack."

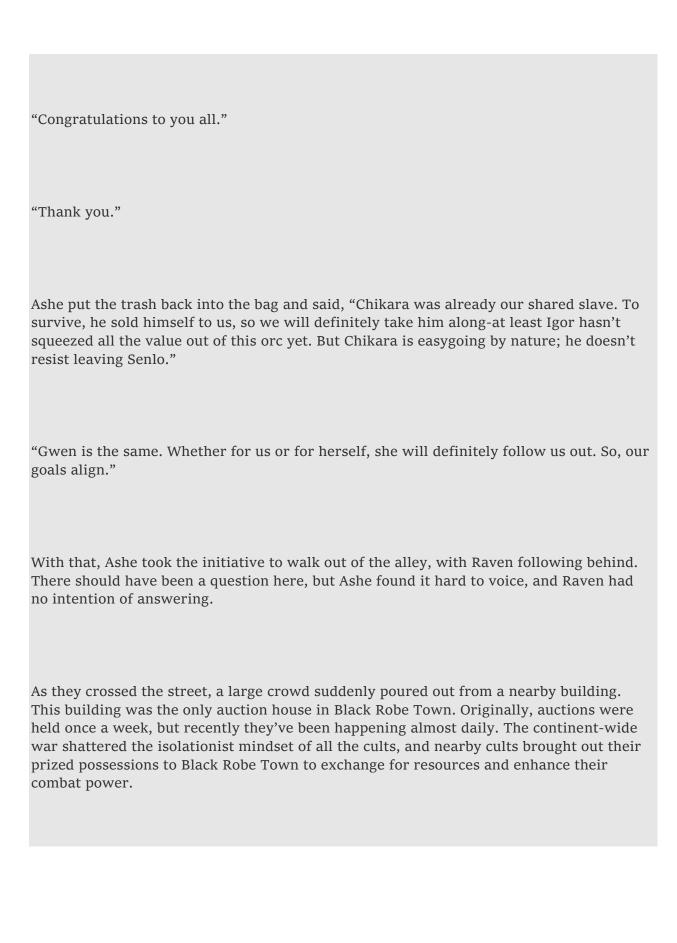
"And then yesterday and today, you didn't go to the basement, nor did you play with Chikara," Raven said. "More importantly, you actually asked me for advice on combat skills and even sparred with me. That's when I knew you had found a way to leave."





"Your appearance is indeed intimidating, but goodwill is something felt with the heart, not seen with the eyes. A good person who looks fierce is still a good person, and a bad person who looks beautiful is still a bad person And not only can I sense it, but even Harvey and Igor, who are notoriously sensitive and aloof, are considerate of your feelings. You've already earned their recognition."
"I don't need their recognition."
"But you've already acknowledged them, haven't you?"
Ashe continued, "From now on, there's no White Crow to accept goodwill for you, so you need to learn to accept it openly and also learn to express kindness proactively. Don't hide behind Raven's mask, wallowing in self-pity like an immature teenager Did I make myself clear?"
"Yes."
"Sigh, having to worry about a grown man like this," Ashe sighed, "I've given too much to this team."
After a brief silence, Ashe slowly said, "We plan to leave Black Robe Town tomorrow and start our journey home. It'll probably take about ten days to reach our destination."

"It wasn't supposed to be this soon. Although we have the Void Gate Spirit as a crucial means, creating a space gate to another Kingdom still presents many technical challenges challenges we can't overcome."
He shrugged, "But Gwen's luck changed everything."
No one expected that the key intelligence for returning home would come from Gwen, the captive they brought back from Dead City. Gwen, a two-wings sorcerer, had ventured into the Time Continent and accidentally entered the Fate Questioning building.
She successfully answered two fate questions, and as a reward, she was allowed to ask the Virtual Realm a question. Her question was, "What's the best way I can achieve time travel across Kingdoms?"
The Virtual Realm responded, "Reach the lower level of the Senlo Kingdom and use the Void Gate Spirit there. This will create a stable space gate, greatly reducing the chance of encountering virtual realm turbulence, and may randomly lead to other Kingdoms."
After Igor verified it, the intelligence turned out to be true. As for why Gwen asked this question, she claimed it was "because everyone has been worried about this issue lately," but Igor believed she wasn't being altruistic; it was simply the smartest choice. After all, Senlo was about to become a bloody grindstone, and she had already offended the Four Pillars Cult. Asking how to leave was clearly more practical than any other question.
Regardless, Ashe and the others finally had a clear goal: reach the lower level of Senlo, and keep refreshing the Void Gate until they open a portal to the Gospel Kingdom.



Ashe was initially interested in the auction, as it was a classic element of a fantasy adventure. Not triggering competitive bidding, robbery, or finding hidden treasures would make the time travel pointless, wouldn't it?
But after experiencing one auction, Ashe completely gave up on the activity.
Finding hidden treasures was impossible, and competitive bidding and robbery couldn't happen in Black Robe Town. More importantly, the auction items were mostly useless to them-Ashe was from the Swordsmanship Sect, Igor from the Mental Sect, and Harvey from the Necromancy Sect. These three sects were considered the lowest of the low in the Senlo wasteland, with few practitioners and naturally scarce related outputs!
The Senlo wasteland favored Physical, thunder spell, fire spell, Earth spell, and Senlo, which were spellcasting sects capable of withstanding harsh environments. These were versatile spells that could both fight and produce. It's like buying the cheapest entry-level car; customers naturally expect it to handle grocery shopping, cargo transport, and long-distance driving.
Swordsmanship and Mental, being delicate spellcasting sects, were obviously not in demand. The only relevant sect, Necromancy, had no development ground due to the Green Beast-if bodies were buried, the Green Beast would dig them up from the graves to eat, so cremation was popular in the Senlo wasteland.
With no desire for shopping, Ashe naturally skipped the auction.
Curiously glancing at the auction house, he noticed three girls in tight outfits, loaded with many bags, running towards them.

"Run!"
From afar, the girls tossed two treasure bags to Ashe and Raven, then disappeared into an alley like a gust of wind. Ashe instinctively caught them, and immediately saw a group of people bursting out of the auction house, some heading straight for him
"Damn!"
Cursing, Ashe grabbed Raven and ran. Pedestrians on the road parted ways for them, some even clapping and cheering them on to run faster.
"Why are we running?" Raven, quickly grasping the situation while still able to talk during the run, asked, "Can't we just return the stuff? We're not accomplices of those
three."
"But they don't know that!" Ashe shouted back. "It's not just that they won't believe us; we'd get beaten up before we could even explain. More likely, we'd be dead before we could get a word out!"
"That's impossible."

"How is it not possible? Right now, I'm in a Mirage Prism state, unable to use spirit spellforce, and I can't carry you away! Quick, let's jump onto these crates and run across the rooftops!"
Raven was about to say something but then fell silent, taking the lead and leaping onto the rooftop. Ashe roared and tried to follow, jumping onto a crate but failing to grab the eave-he had misjudged his own height and jumping ability! However, Raven quickly grabbed his hand and pulled him up.
People from the auction house cursed from below. Some tried to follow their method by climbing crates, while others fetched ladders from nearby shops to pursue them. Occasionally, someone would shoot at them with dirt guns-most Gray Fox firearms required spellforce to operate and were useless here.
Ashe and Raven ran and jumped across rooftops, crossing balconies and climbing beams. The street vendors and pedestrians stopped to watch their escape. The torches and shouts from below seemed to compose a flowing melody, accompanying them on their escape.
Tonight, Black Robe Town danced for them.
A sense of absurdity spread within Ashe as he ran. He thought of himself as a legendary sorcerer, now fleeing in panic from a group of ordinary sorcerers with at most two-wings Although he didn't know what was in the bags, he was sure they weren't anything he needed or even cared for.
Reaching the edge of a roof, Ashe jumped forcefully but his jumping power was indeed lacking. It seemed he would crash into the wall like a squashed mosquito, but Raven grabbed his arm and pulled him up.

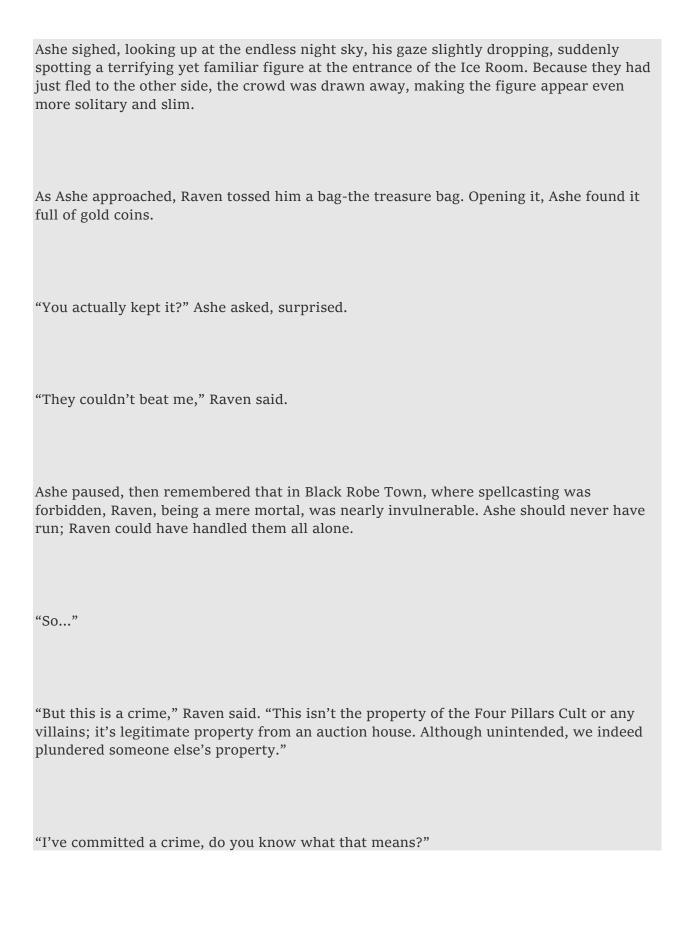
Ashe looked up, and the ink-black night sky filled his vision.
Strangely, despite the close clamor and bright lights, they felt distant to Ashe; though the night sky was far and deep, it seemed as if he was enveloped within it. A subtle sense of alienation quickly grew within him.
He knew this was a typical melodramatic thought anyone might have upon reaching a rooftop, but he also felt as if the wasteland was acknowledging his intentions, bidding him farewell in its unique way, and reminding him not to forget his baggage.
He exhaled deeply and said, "Tamashi Raven Annihilation."
Raven turned to look at him.
"Give up your revenge, give up your homeland, and come with us," Ashe said, gazing at the Death Raven. "Then, start anew."
Chapter 697: Judge Ashe

After saying those words, Ashe felt a weight lift off his shoulders.

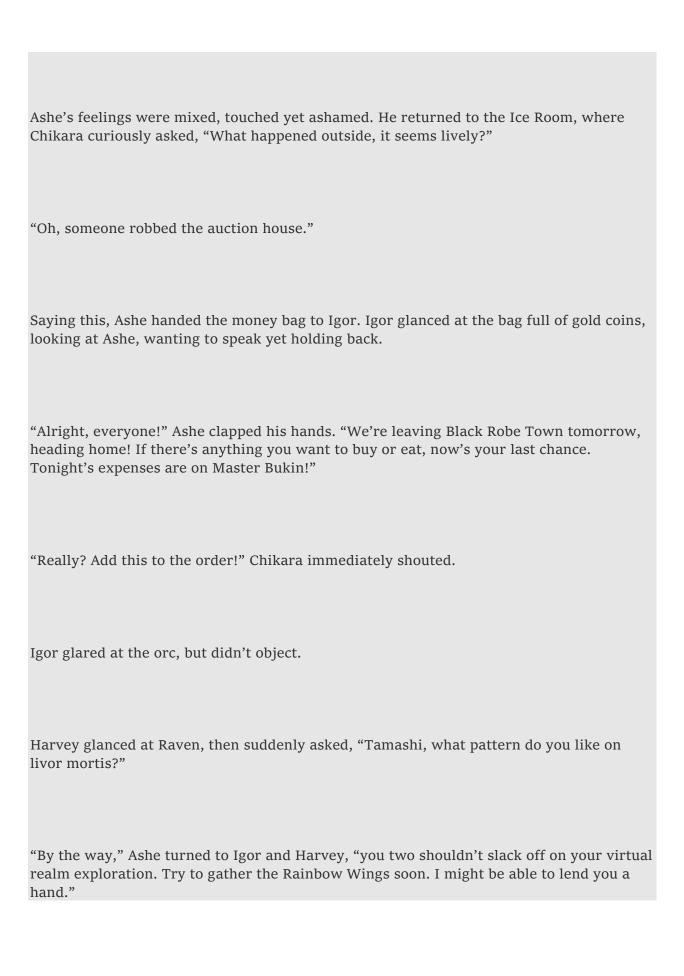
He was well aware of how rude and arrogant his statement was.
Unlike him, a social drifter with no attachments, Raven bore the heavy burden of avenging his cult's massacre, the revival of Raven Annihilation, and his deep attachment to this land.
Especially the revenge against the Mercury Trojan Horse, which was not only the inevitable path to realizing Raven's ideals but also his greatest motivation to live. Before meeting Ashe and the others, Raven was consumed by his hatred for the Mercury Trojan Horse. If he could personally kill it, he would die content the next second.
Abandoning revenge and leaving Senlo would almost negate all the values Raven had lived by.
The last time Ashe asked Raven if he wanted to leave together, Raven said he needed to think about it, but Ashe didn't hold out much hope.
With short lifespans and intense beliefs, every Senlo person had a self-destructive tendency to bloom urgently. Raven would never abandon revenge out of fear of death.
In fact, with over ten days of travel left, Ashe could have slowly discussed it with Raven or teamed up with Igor to subtly imply and soften Raven's resolve, rather than using such direct, almost commanding language to express his deepest request to this friend who had shared life and death with him multiple times.

Raven looked at him quietly, silent for so long that Ashe almost thought he was going to be hit, before Raven softly said, "I-"
Boom!
Suddenly, the rooftop exploded. Someone inside had triggered something, blowing the entire roof apart!
Ashe and Raven were on opposite sides of the eaves, instinctively kicking off to avoid the blast, as if fleeing along two separate routes. By the time Ashe realized what had happened, Raven had disappeared to the other side, and he had nearly fallen to the ground, with shouts of pursuit echoing behind him.
"Stop!"
"Run again and I'll shoot!"
"Damn thief!"
Ashe quickly darted into an alley, a place easier to escape from, and suddenly remembered something. He tossed the treasure bag behind him: "Take it back!"
Without bothering to see what was inside, he slipped into the alley, rolling up his sleeves, pulling off the black stockings, dismantling the red ponytail, and reversing his jacket. By

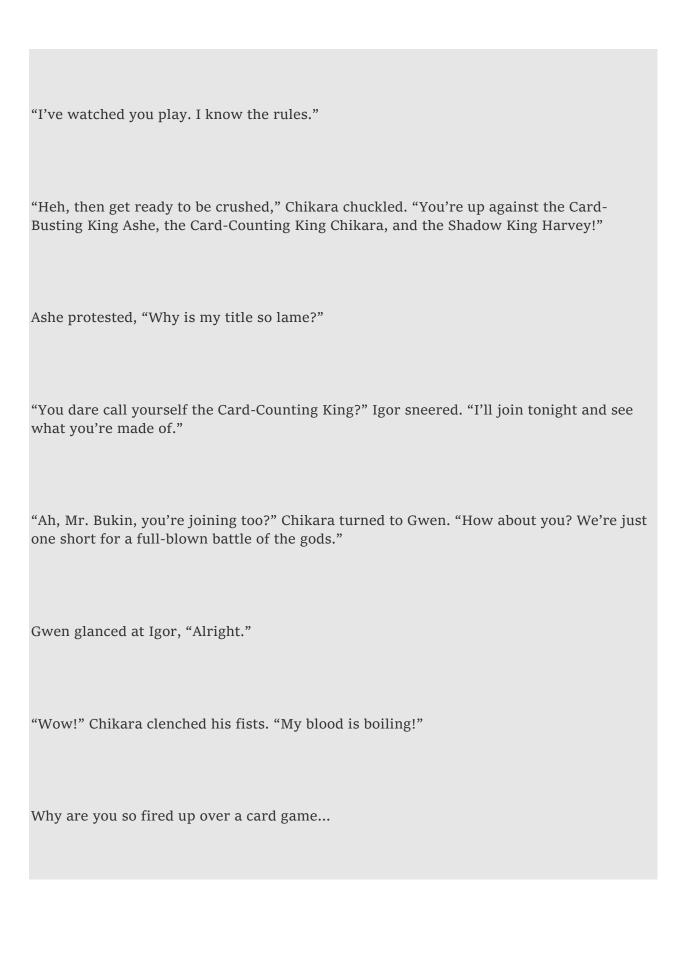
the time he emerged from the alley, he had completely changed his appearance, and those chasing him glanced at him before rushing past.
Luckily, he had been transformed into the Sword Princess by the Mirage Prism, and having seen the Sword Princess's magical transformations a few times, he managed to replicate it.
Ashe nonchalantly weaved through the crowd, heading back to the Foxlamp Ice Room, but couldn't help feeling a twinge of regret.
He should have said that if there's a way to leave, there's a way to return, and once his spellcasting skills were honed and he could fight alone, he would come back to help Raver kill the Mercury Trojan Horse; or perhaps he should have simply invited Raven to take a short trip to Gospel.
Escaping is much easier to accept than giving up, even if the chance of returning is slim, at least it's still there.
Now that there's no excuse for self-deception, Raven must choose between revenge and departure. Compared to seeking refuge in an unknown kingdom-a feeling inevitable in foreign lands-pursuing revenge aligns more with Raven's interests and emotional needs.
Perhaps Raven has already left quietly. Since their destinations differ, there's no reason to travel together. He continues his mission to assassinate the Mercury Trojan Horse, while Ashe and the others embark on their journey home.



Ashe blinked, tentatively asking, "Means you're tainted?"
"In the Raven Annihilation Cult, judgment warriors who commit crimes must undergo seclusion for reflection, temporarily suspending their duties. Crime must be punished, as it reflects both Raven Annihilation's expectations for all beings and the demands on oneself."
"During seclusion for reflection, the warrior needs a Judge to monitor their reflective process and mental state. Whenever the Judge deems the reflection complete, the warrior can resume their duties, under the Judge's control during this period," Raven explained. "Who do you think would be suitable to be my Judge?"
Ashe immediately answered, "Igor."
Raven just stared at him quietly. Ashe looked at the money bag in his hands and quietly tucked it away. "Ahem, actually, I think 'Judge Ashe' has a nice ring to it."
Raven nodded, then turned and walked into the Ice Room.
"I will try my best."
Try what? To reflect? Or to give up?



Ashe knew they had probably guessed some of his secrets. Igor might even have figured out that he was one of the four black-robed sorcerers-after all, Ashe had returned from the Virtual Realm a whole day late, which was a glaring oversight.
Yet, Igor hadn't asked anything, and Ashe hadn't offered any explanations. But he remembered that both Igor and Harvey had used external means to ascend to the Distant Sky Domain, which meant they could never independently summon a Four-winged Spirit and thus had no chance of reaching Ruby Mountain.
Now that Ashe had the Dreamwake deity, although he couldn't bring it into reality just yet, he would eventually solve this issue. When the time came, he could use it on Igor and Harvey, allowing them to walk the Path of Origin to reach Ruby Mountain.
"Tonight's the last night, so we don't need to go to the Virtual Realm, right?" Chikara suggested. "Starting tomorrow, we'll be roughing it, and tonight's probably our last night in a hotel. Let's stay up all night playing cards!"
Ashe's eyes lit up, "Sounds good to me."
"I'm in too."
Everyone turned to Raven in surprise, eyes filled with disbelief, as if the words had come from the Mask itself. Chikara paused, then asked, "Do you know how to play?"



Raven suddenly asked, "By the way, where exactly are we headed?"
Igor replied, "Didn't Ashe tell you? We're going to the very bottom of Senlo. That's the only way to ensure the Void Gate passage is stable enough."
"The very bottom of Senlo" Raven recalled something, "The underground of the Twin cult?"
"There's a level even deeper than that," Chikara explained. "You probably haven't been there, Raven, but Gwen and I have. It's a trial ground shared by all cults, the origin of Senlo, the belly scales of the earth-"
"The Silent Spiral."
Chapter 698: Silent Spiral

"I see, I completely understand now."

In Blind Town, within a dimly lit hotel room, two identical girls were engaged in a mental exchange. They were none other than Vesser and the phantom created by the Mirror Dragon from another world line.

With the Willingness spirit, Vesser had crafted a small miracle called "Mutual Consent," allowing for rapid information exchange between two souls. However, this miracle had a significant side effect: the personalities and memories of the two could easily become confused. For Vesser and the phantom, this side effect was negligible, as the phantom was merely Vesser's shadow.
After acquiring all the spellcasting knowledge from the other, Vesser felt her Mental Sect was nearly touching the threshold of the Sanctuary realm. She looked at the phantom in the darkness and sincerely said, "Thank you."
"No trouble at all. I'm the one who benefited the most," the phantom replied. "If there's nothing else, I'll be going."
"But are you really going to execute that plan?"
Vesser remained silent, and the phantom said no more, gradually dissolving into the air and vanishing without a trace.
"Mirror Dragon" she murmured softly.
Previously, her spellcasting realm was insufficient, leading her to believe the Mirror Dragon truly summoned a phantom from another world line to converse with her. But now, it seemed this so-called 'self from another world line' was merely the Mirror Dragon extracting her memories and blending them with other knowledge from the Virtual Realm to create a haphazard phantom.
In simple terms, the Mirror Dragon was helping her steal knowledge of the virtual. As for the 'self from another world line,' it was merely a character setup to facilitate her

absorption of knowledge.
How could there truly be other world lines?
No matter what decision is made, it will only lead to one outcome, with no turning back,
no regrets.
Thus, the phantom's final question was actually born from her last shred of hesitation.
But that hesitation vanished completely when Ashe obtained the Heart of Wishes Command, allowing for a retreat to the Wishflux Celestium at any time.
"Just as well, I haven't been able to log into the Virtual Realm lately. The Demi-God has been sufficiently collected, and everything is ready."
Vesser opened the window, gazing upon this city devoid of light, where everything she saw was shrouded in darkness.
"Then, during this interval, let's make a trip to the Silent Spiral and start the countdown for Senlo."
"This Kingdom is truly fascinating."

In the main hall of the Raven Annihilation Zone, Four Pillars Cult.
At this moment, the main hall had been cleared of all servants, and all confidential documents were laid out, being rapidly read by a handsome cold man.
Opposite him sat the Mercury Trojan Horse. Even though she had descended using a secure container, and even though the container, if damaged, could not harm her originals, she still sat uneasily, avoiding any eye contact with the cold man.
"No wonder He dares to guarantee that this Kingdom will present the opportunity I need" the cold man mused for a moment, then suddenly asked, "To enter the Silent Spiral, is a Demi-God required?"
"Yes," Mercury Trojan Horse answered immediately. "A Demi-God is a necessary condition to open the Silent Spiral."
"But now, there's someone named Silver Lantern who is frantically seizing Demi-Gods?"
"That's right," Mercury Trojan Horse replied. "She's a deranged woman. Her theory is that 'reality is just a momentary delusion, and the virtual realm is the eternal future.' She believes reality is nothing but a false dream, and her goal is to pierce through this dream and destroy Senlo."

The cold man couldn't help but pace back and forth in the hall, pondering for a long time before suddenly saying, "Necessary expenses are indeed unavoidable"
Mercury Trojan Horse was startled, watching as the cold man suddenly slumped to the ground, falling asleep just like that. Yet even so, she dared not approach him, remaining seated and waiting quietly.
She didn't have to wait long before the cold man rubbed his eyes and woke up, grumbling, "Indeed, without Dreaming Celestium, the Prophetic Dream can't foresee much of the future, but it's enough"
He commanded, "Next, you need to go to war with the Qinyi Alliance and keep the battle lines near the Silent Spiral, minimizing obstacles for Silver Lantern's entry into the Silent Spiral."
"Yes," Mercury Trojan Horse replied without any dissent, for the Oracle of the Four Pillars dictated that she must unconditionally follow this man's orders.
However, the cold man's earlier question and final command sparked a curious thought in Mercury Trojan Horse, prompting her to ask, "Could Silver Lantern really pierce the dream and destroy Senlo? But if that's the case, why are we helping her?"
The cold man glanced at her, prompting Mercury Trojan Horse to immediately lower her head. "I apologize for my rudeness."

"It's alright. It's better for you to understand the truth and know the details, to prevent you from making unforgivable foolish mistakes," the cold man said kindly. He sat down and picked up a document, saying, "I think using this matter as a starting point is perfected you remember, two months ago, the Tribulation Fire Chapel summoned the First Gospel?"
"I remember," Mercury Trojan Horse replied. "The First Gospel was named Ashe Heath, but he didn't possess the abilities of the First Gospel and was defeated by Silver Lantern Wait, could he actually be the true First Gospel, but has been hiding his talents?"
"Don't be so hasty," the cold man said. "What do you think the First Gospel came to Senlo for?"
"To suppress the Four Pillars Cult," Mercury Trojan Horse answered. "The captives from the Tribulation Fire Chapel said they heard the Chasm Sovereign of Senlo's decree that the First Gospel would come to save Senlo, so they summoned the First Gospel."
"You see, the First Gospel is here to save Senlo, not to destroy the Four Pillars Cult," the cold man explained. "You misunderstood from the very beginning."
Then, the cold man briefly explained the truth about the Senlo wasteland and the Green Beast, as well as the fate that awaited the Senlo wasteland as it would fall into eternal torment with the death of the Chasm Sovereign of Senlo.
Mercury Trojan Horse listened, drenched in cold sweat, not only because what the cold man said corresponded perfectly with the intelligence, but also because she, despite being a sorcerer of the Prophecy Sect, had no perception of these secrets. This made her

increasingly aware of the power of a Demigod in the Prophecy Sect-despite having the same intelligence sources, this man could uncover the world's truth in such a short time!
"So, the First Gospel isn't here to destroy the Four Pillars Cult; it might even join them," the cold man concluded. "The Kingdom of Senlo is like a bleeding wound for the Chasm Sovereign of Senlo. The faster we eliminate its people, the more we save them and help the Chasm Sovereign stop the bleeding. The Four Pillars Cult is the perfect tool for the First Gospel."
Mercury Trojan Horse suddenly realized something. "Then Silver Lantern"
"If he were the true First Gospel, he would immediately collaborate with Silver Lantern, assisting her in controlling the Four Pillars Cult, then annihilating all beings and destroying the world. The First Gospel's prophecy abilities surpass mine; he undoubtedly knows the right way to save Senlo."
"Unfortunately, the First Gospel is a fake," the cold man shrugged. "We'll have to handle it ourselves."
Mercury Trojan Horse trembled. "But Senlo is doomed to destruction. Aren't we on a path to death?"
"That would be the case, but you're incredibly lucky," the cold man chuckled. "The Void Gate Spirit gives you a chance to escape Senlo-though it's just a chance."

Mercury Trojan Horse had tried using the Void Gate Spirit, but it only resulted in the loss of hundreds of cultists without any success.  "As long as you reach the lower level of the continent, the success rate of the Void Gate Spirit will increase exponentially," the cold man explained, fully aware of the Void Gate Spirit's effects. "As for where the continent's lower level is, you surely know better than I do."  Mercury Trojan Horse sat in silence for a while, then asked, "But why are you helping Silver Lantern?"  "That's something you don't need to know."  The cold man spoke leisurely, "Besides, although I'm just a trivial will now, I'm still your master's trading partner. Is it too much to ask for a little respect?"  "Apologies, Specter Seer."  "Don't use that title. If I'm not mistaken, several Divine Sovereigns have cursed that name. The more you use it, the more likely you are to attract their attention." The cold	
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"Call me by my Elf name, Vichy."

## **Chapter 699: Interrogation**

Dozens of meters away in the darkness, rustling sounds continuously emerged, occasionally mixed with crisp crunching noises, reminding Dilo Ge of her favorite dish-Rice Roll.

She had grown up in the Dust Tribulation Fire district of the Tribulation Fire Chapel. The Dust Tribulation Fire controlled a vast area of Gray Fox farms, with 50% of Senlo wasteland's food supply coming from these farms. With such abundant food resources, culinary efforts naturally flourished. Dilo Ge's top three gourmet recommendations included the deep-fried dough called "fried ghost" and the steamed rice batter known as "rice noodle roll." Combining a fried ghost inside a rice noodle roll created her beloved Rice Roll.

The rice noodle roll soaked in soy sauce exuded a fresh aroma while the skin remained as smooth as milk. The fried ghost was crisp and sweet. Chewing slowly, the fragrance of the fried dough filled the mouth. Eating the Rice Roll, one would first feel the smooth skin almost kissing the lips, followed by the salty flavor of soy sauce awakening the entire palate, and then the crispy fried ghost bursting between the teeth, its sweet taste seeping into every crevice.

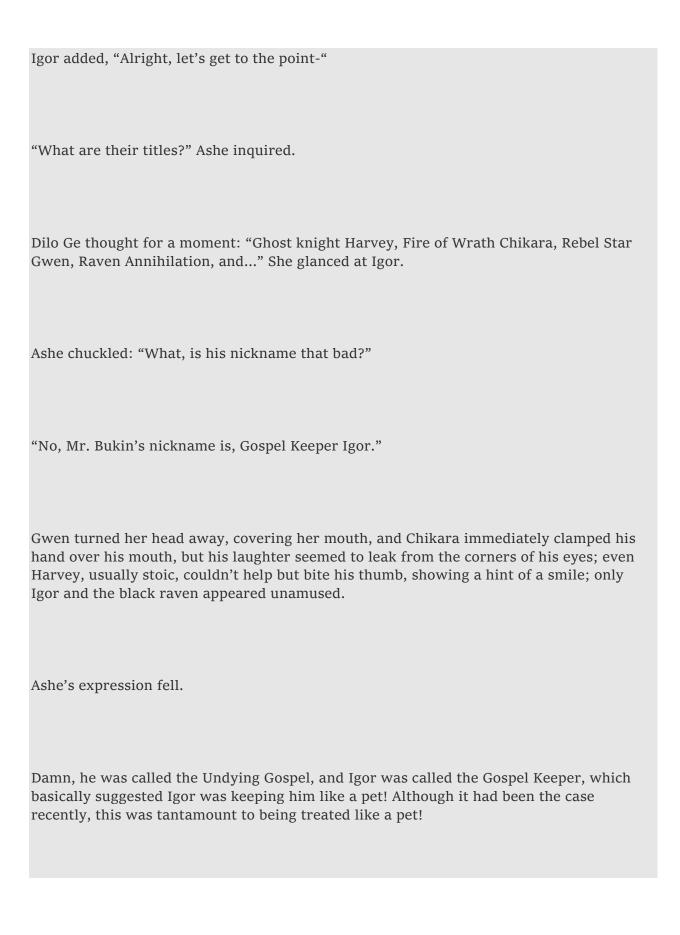
Every morning, Dilo Ge loved to start her day with a serving of Rice Roll. Even after returning from the disorienting Virtual Realm, it felt like this carbohydrate delight was what brought her back to the dusty reality of the wasteland. Even after trying various other expensive and rare delicacies, she still craved a plate of Rice Roll the most.

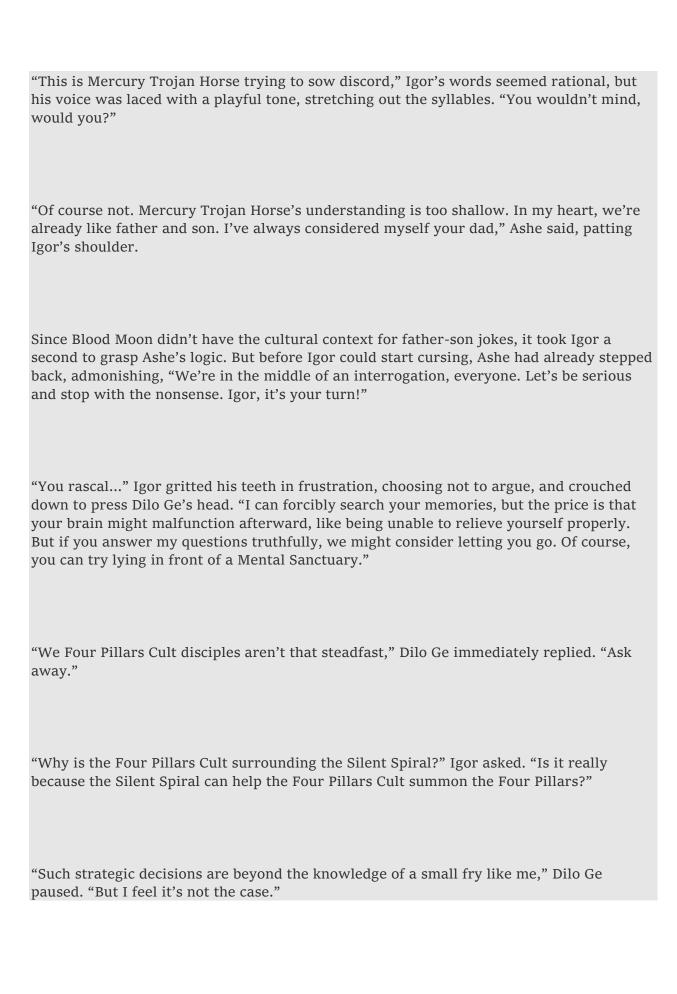
However, the noises coming from the darkness were not from someone eating Rice Roll.
It was the Green Beast gnawing on bones and sucking marrow.
Tens of thousands of discarded corpses had attracted countless herds of Green Beasts. They dared not approach during the day, only daring to dig up these bodies at night to feed on the flesh, tendons, organs, bones even the blood-soaked sand, as if their insatiable hunger had dried up all their sanity.
It was only because so many had died this time that they couldn't finish eating in just two days.
Had it been only a few dozen people, the ground would be licked clean by the next day.
Dilo Ge stood guard on the watchtower, tens of meters away from the Choking Green night where even the light of faith could be swallowed. Behind her was a massive fortress erected over the past two days by the Four Pillars Cult.
Constructed by thousands of Earth spell and Senlo sorcerers working together, they forged the colossal Vine Giant City from blood-stained corpses and vines!
Among the builders, not a single necromancer was present; the reason the walls were covered in corpses was purely due to using materials readily available-just three days ago, this area was under the control of the Qinyi Alliance. However, the Four Pillars Cult suddenly launched a full-scale attack, disregarding all other battle lines, concentrating all forces here. Even the legendary sorcerer, the Pope of Annihilation, Oreyva, joined the

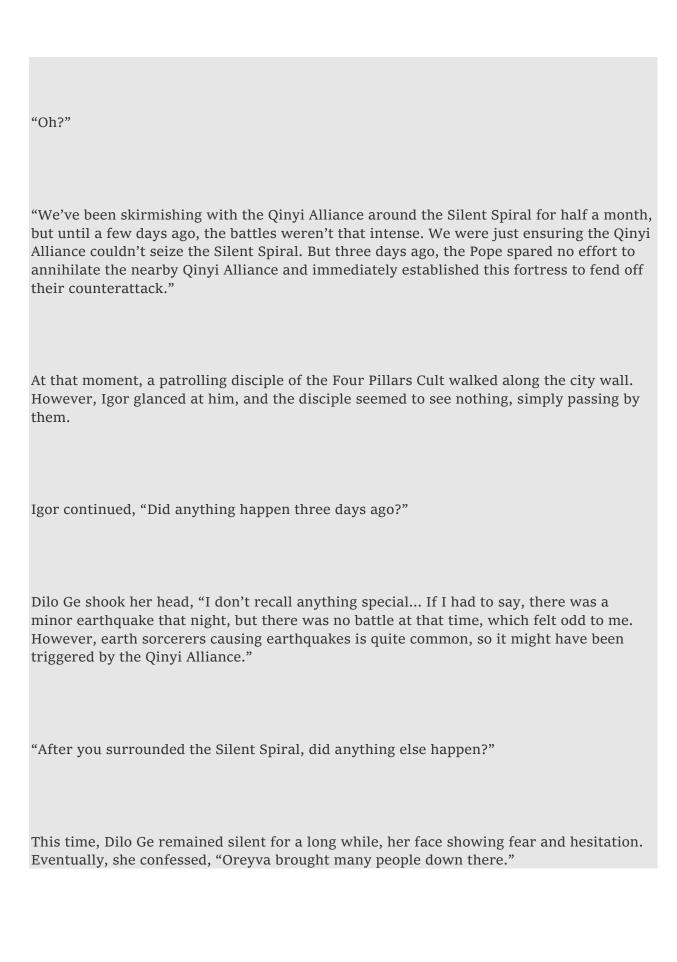
fray, slaughtering the thirty thousand-strong sorcerer army of the Qinyi Alliance, turning the area into a river of blood with corpses strewn all around!
Dilo Ge took a deep breath, the pungent stench of decay filling the air, even causing a slight itch in her throat. She gulped, turning to open a glass bottle on the table and drinking deeply from the blood-red wine inside.
Tribulation Fire disciples could hardly enjoy life, with delicacies being the limit, and alcohol strictly forbidden. Dilo Ge had never cared much for alcohol, but after joining the Four Pillars Cult, she found herself unable to put down the bottle.
However, as a physical sorcerer, sobering up was just a thought away for her, so it didn't really matter. She even summoned a 'spirit of indulgence' that made her more attractive the more she drank.
Nevertheless, she refrained from drinking while at work. The Four Pillars Cult had no taboos, but negligence on the job was punishable by death. Everyone knew that the High Seat could possess any disciple at any moment to check if their work was satisfactory. Who would dare slack off under such circumstances?
Yet this bottle of wine was truly exceptional, making Dilo Ge feel her spirit of indulgence scratching at her heart. Moreover, with recent fierce battles, although the Qinyi Alliance suffered heavy casualties, weren't there also countless bodies of Four Pillars Cult members within those blood-stained city walls?
Thinking she might die tomorrow made the prospect of a performance review by the High Seat seem less daunting. Dilo Ge sipped her wine, her gaze unfocused, and pulled a black crystal from her pocket, rubbing its oily surface, lost in thought.

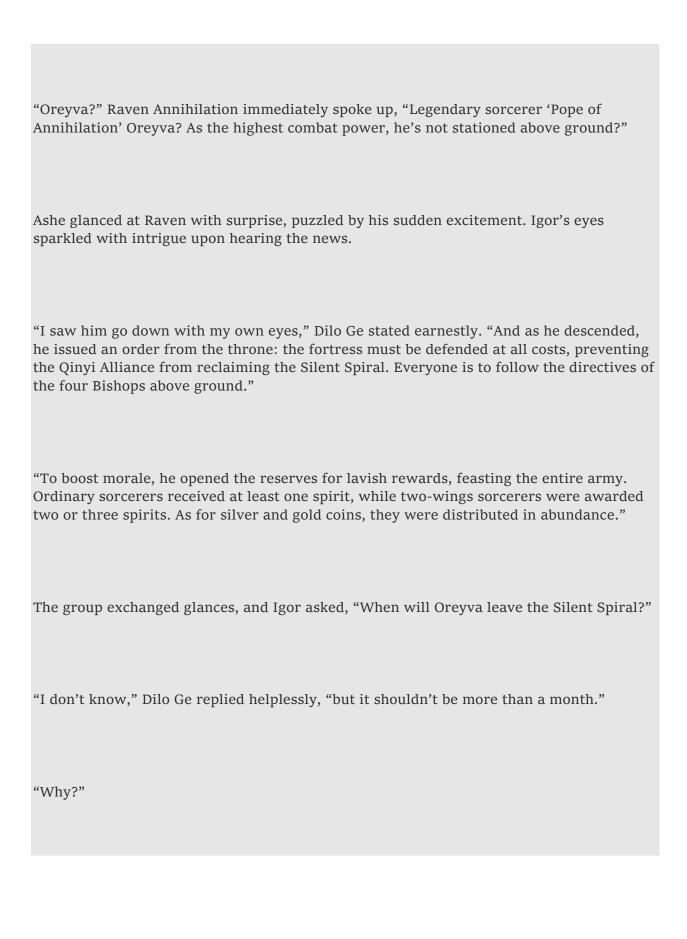
Suddenly, her consciousness blurred.
When she came to, she found herself tightly embraced, unable to move. She tried to scream for help, but only managed a mosquito-like whisper: "An~ attack~"
Spirit of Flashing Fire!
Since she was on guard duty, she naturally had the ability to raise alarms! This spirit could shoot a blinding white flame visible even a hundred meters away, potentially blinding those nearby.
However, the white flame exploded in her face before it could launch! Even as the master of the Flashing Fire spirit, the bright light made her eyes tear up.
Mental control!
Sanctuary!
Dilo Ge, battle-hardened, immediately realized she was trapped in a Sanctuary. A Sanctuary could protect one as well as confine others.

A chill went through her as she realized she was in a dire situation, being just a silver sorcerer, yet targeted by a sanctuary sorcerer!
Seconds later, her vision cleared and she looked up to see three men, one woman, one beast, and a black raven staring at her. She turned her head back and saw a pale and beautiful young girl holding her, not only incredibly strong but also unnaturally cold to the touch, and the strong smell of decay invaded her nostrils.
In a flash, Dilo Ge knew who these people were: "The Undying Gospel, Ashe?"
"Although that's not really what I wanted to ask," Ashe crouched down curiously. "But why is my title the Undying Gospel?"
"Because you escaped from the Dead City," Dilo Ge replied. "The High Seat commanded that if we encounter the undead Ashe, we are to abandon our missions and flee."
"But I wasn't the only one who escaped."
"I'm not sure, but it seems everyone thinks you led the others out of the Dead City, and since we've never been able to catch you, and you were previously considered the First Gospel, that's why they call you the Undying Gospel."

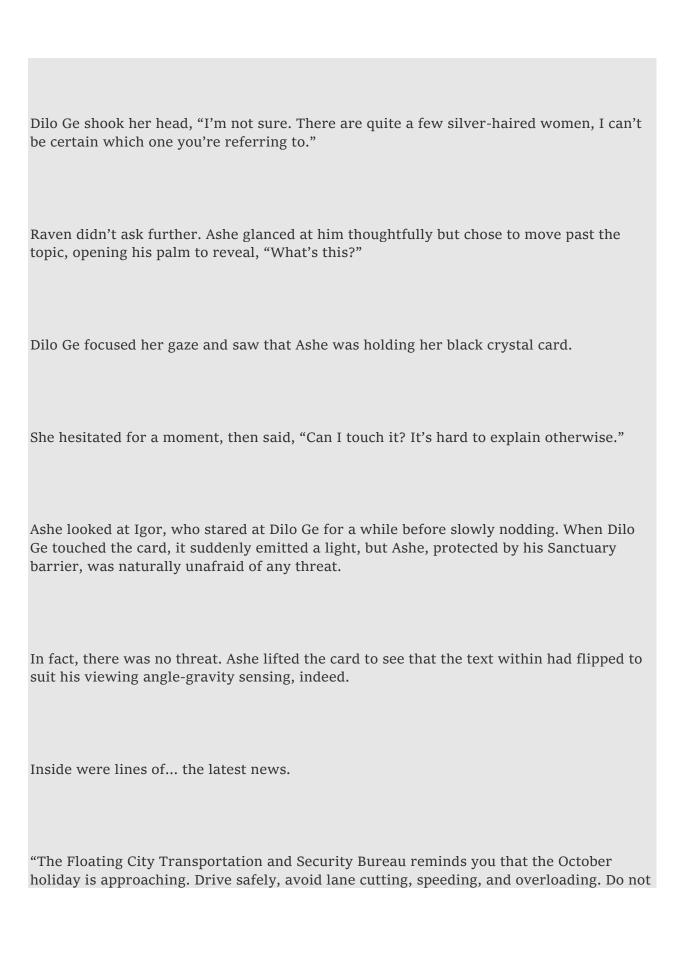




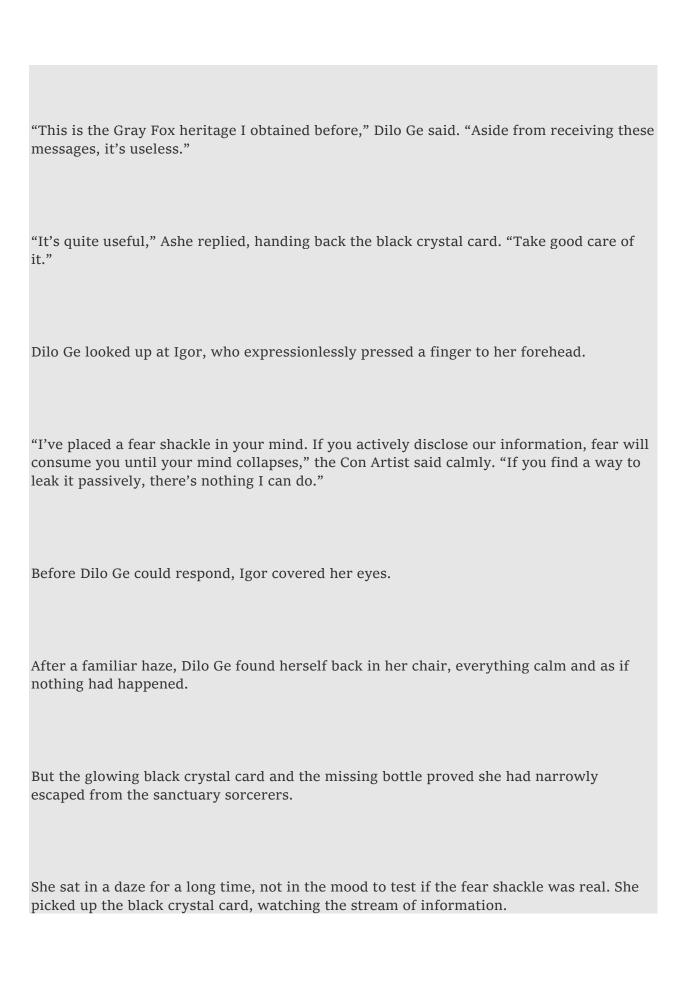








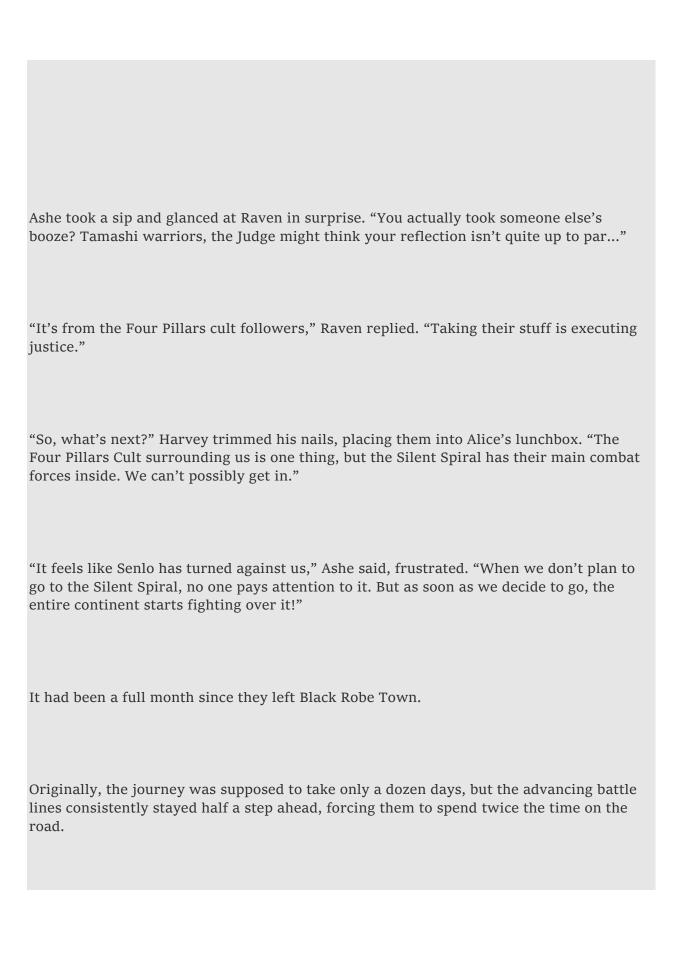
drive while fatigued, and always wear your seatbelt. The autopilot system is only for use on highways; unauthorized modifications are illegal."
"The Floating City Weather Station advises that from the 10th to the 11th, most areas will experience light to moderate rain, with heavy rain or storms in some regions. Roads will be slippery, so drive carefully. All outdoor workers should take leave as per regulations."
"Exciting news! Floating City is now fully covered by the augmented reality system and has been awarded the title of Model City for Augmented Reality! We invite you to experience premium augmented reality services. For more details, contact us"
"[Gray Fox Literature] Author Suo Ren's new book 'For a Darkened World' has been available for 77,302 days! Don't miss out!"
"Floating Traffic Butler: The north-to-south route is currently clear. Safety first, please adhere to traffic laws."
Ashe and the others looked around, surrounded only by the stench of decay, walls made of bones, and barren land.
Perhaps this was once Floating City, perhaps the ground beneath them was once a highway, but now there was no trace of Gray Fox civilization.
Yet, the information system left by the Gray Fox sorcerers was still operational. Countless invisible signals continued to travel through the air.



Her previous role at the Tribulation Fire Chapel was as a researcher, tasked with excavating Gray Fox ruins. This card was a heritage she had unearthed, deemed useless enough to fall into her hands.
Before this, though she held the faith of Tribulation Fire in her heart, the idea of "reviving civilization" felt more like a slogan, akin to "I want to unite the world" or "I want to kill everyone on the other side for freedom."
However, after obtaining this card and receiving constantly updated information daily, Dilo Ge realized for the first time that this was the civilization the Tribulation Fire Chapel sought to revive.
This was the ideal she was chasing.
From then on, she threw herself into her work with passion. Though just a silver sorcerer she became one of the top researchers at the Tribulation Fire Chapel.
Until the Four Pillars Cult overran the Dust Tribulation Fire district.
Then she abandoned relic exploration, became a sentinel, and indulged in hedonism, making up for twenty years of missed pleasures.

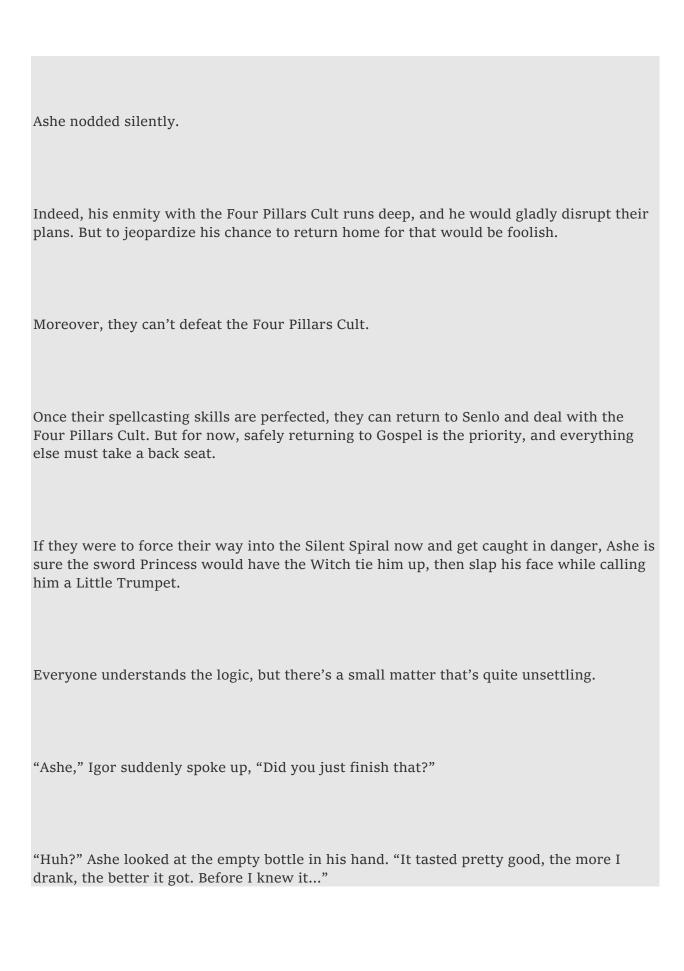
But
Dilo Ge pulled a small bottle from her pocket, took a few swigs, her face flushing as her consciousness grew hazy.
"Ah," she exhaled, lazily slumping in her chair.
"I still want to drink in the ruins, and then have a plate of Rice Roll."
Chapter 700: The Disappearance of Raven
Sorcerer's Handbook
Crunch, crunch.
Several Green Beasts, enjoying the crispy sensation of bones, suddenly looked up and scattered in all directions.
In the distance, a massive Green Beast raised its head, its eyes glowing like green flames, a deadly trap enticing anyone to approach. It was unmistakably a Deep Sea Level Green Beast! Yet, it quickly shut its eyes, fearing attention, and stealthily slipped away.

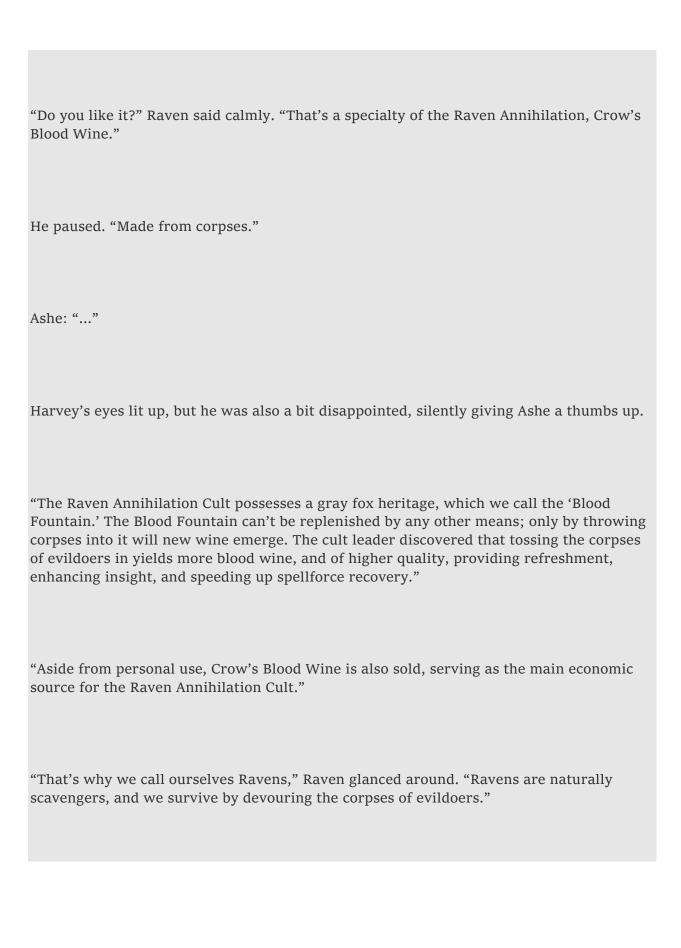
Before long, a group of sorcerers traversed the battlefield of corpses, arriving at a wind-shielded spot by a mountain wall. They hammered stakes into the ground, erected a large tent, laid down mats and moisture-proof cloth, and crawled inside. After days of camping, they had learned how to make their outdoor stay comfortable.
Chikara took out a portable stove and used a fire spirit to provide the flame, beginning to prepare supper. As a Fire sorcerer and a slave, he naturally took on the role of cook.
Only they dared to cook supper in the night. Green Beasts in the distance smelled the aroma, their eyes turning even greener, but they wouldn't dare approach within a hundred meters of the tent.
"What's for dinner tonight?"
"Spicy Lala Fatty."
"No way, my mouth is watering already. Is there anything to tide me over?"
At that moment, a bottle of liquor was handed to Ashe.



Wherever they went, the battle lines followed, as if they were the ones inciting the war.
The main reason, of course, had nothing to do with them but stemmed from a suddenly erupted rumor: if the Four Pillars Cult occupied the Silent Spiral, they could summon the phantom of the Four Pillars and crush the resistance of the Qinyi Alliance!
The Silent Spiral had always been within the Qinyi Alliance's territory. After the rumor spread, the Four Pillars Cult indeed launched a fierce assault towards the Silent Spiral. Regardless of whether the rumor was true, the Silent Spiral, as the most crucial Trial Sanctuary for all cults, was shared by all, even the Tribulation Fire Chapel had the right to use it. Naturally, the Qinyi Alliance couldn't let the Sanctuary fall into the hands of the Four Pillars Cult.
Both sides engaged in a tug-of-war around the Silent Spiral, turning the surrounding areas into a War Zone.
Ashe and his group, not belonging to any side, naturally faced attacks from both.
The mixed attacks were bad enough, but the War Zone was also littered with traps and mines. Ashe, Igor, Harvey, and Chikara, all sanctuary sorcerers, were thoroughly disgusted, not to mention Raven and Gwen, who lacked instant defensive capabilities.
They had hoped to sneak into the Silent Spiral amidst the chaos, but arrived a step too late; the Four Pillars Cult had already taken control of the Silent Spiral.

Worse still, there was already a legendary sorcerer inside.
A legendary sorcerer who had dominated the wasteland for years!
Of course, even a legendary sorcerer can't easily crush sanctuary sorcerers. If the latter can't win, they can at least escape, right? Sanctuary isn't just for show.
However, Ashe and his companions entering the Silent Spiral isn't a matter of reaching the destination and calling it a day. They need to conduct continuous experiments, which might take several days or even half a month to refresh the Void Gate passage leading to Gospel.
Playing hide-and-seek under the nose of a legendary sorcerer for ten days? Even the most reckless Harvey wouldn't entertain such thoughts.
"Let's wait."
Raven's distorted voice echoed inside the tent. "We'll wait until the Four Pillars Cult withdraws from the Silent Spiral before we go in. There's no need to cross paths with them."
"Exactly," Igor nodded in agreement. "We've already been in Senlo for three months, so staying another month doesn't matter. Since we have a definite way to return home, there's no need to stir up trouble. Most importantly, we can afford to wait."





"In reality, it has nothing to do with being an evildoer," Igor said, lacking any tact. "Only sorcerers have the ability to commit such acts. If you throw a sorcerer's corpse in, it'll produce blood wine."
Raven remained indifferent and continued, "The Raven Annihilation Cult doesn't have much in the way of gourmet food; Crow's Blood Wine is the best party drink we can find. Every gathering consumes dozens of barrels of Crow's Blood Wine, and sometimes they even toss the corpses of villains directly into the mix to brew fresh blood wine-many find the new brew more exhilarating."
Though it sounded a bit grotesque, it perfectly matched the style of the Raven Annihilation Cult. Ashe glanced at the empty bottle in his hand and sheepishly said, "Sorry I drank all your wine."
"No worries," Raven replied. "Everyone in the Raven Annihilation Cult is addicted to Crow's Blood Wine, except me."
No one noticed the peculiar expression that crossed Igor's face upon hearing this.
"Midnight snack is ready!" Chikara announced, opening the pressure cooker and distributing plates to everyone, leaving the rest in the pot for the orc.
"So, are we setting up camp nearby?" Ashe asked.

