

SORCERER'S HANDBOOK

Chapter 721: The Message from the Chasm Sovereign of Senlo

Chapter 721: The Message from the Chasm Sovereign of Senlo

Ashe Heath.

The mastermind behind the “Mayor’s Judgment Night” at the Blood Moon Shattered Lake Prison, the designated “First Gospel” by the Gospel Ranking, the catalyst of the Six Nations War, the only officially recognized stepfather by Empress Yisuo, the witness to the demise of the legendary sorcerer Gray Fox during the Divine Fire Trial Cicada Lurk, and the true inheritor of the Wishflux Inheritance. Within less than a year, from reality to the Virtual Realm, the legendary feats he has experienced are enough to make anyone else restart their life several times over.

Yolan Vesser.

A survivor of the Dead City, a betrayer of the Tribulation Fire Chapel, forced into exile due to the fear of the Mercury Trojan Horse, she has plundered over half of the Demi-God from the wasteland, her notorious reputation known from the Four Pillars Cult to the Qinyi Alliance. She has befriended loneliness since childhood, taking betrayal as her mentor, traversing the wilderness of the night, dreaming of setting the world ablaze.

Yet, even these two sorcerers who have weathered countless storms found themselves shocked and at a loss, their minds blank at this moment.

Dove, Fire Cat, Bluebird.

Even in the civilization-halved Senlo wasteland, finding someone who doesn't recognize these names would be a challenge, except perhaps among children under three. Even Ashe, who has only been in Senlo for a few months and has been consistently ostracized by the locals, hears these names or their derivatives almost daily.

For they are history, they are Senlo. All of Senlo's civilization is built upon these names, and even the myriad beliefs of the Senlo people cannot escape their grasp.

Fourteen hundred years ago, the Dove Divine Era began, unifying Senlo.

Twelve hundred years ago, the Fire Cat Divine Era commenced, ushering in the longest and most glorious divine era.

Seven hundred years ago, all great eras came to an end, but due to the perfection of the divine fire system, the Fire Cat Divine Era transitioned smoothly into the Bluebird Divine Era.

Three hundred and fifty years ago, the Bluebird Divine Era transitioned smoothly into the Gray Fox Divine Era. At that time, the Senlo people believed that divine eras would continue to cycle, with civilization renewing itself, and that bloody wars were merely exaggerations in history books, even though the divine fire system was merely a budding creation of a few hundred years.

Their names were once the supreme ideals for which millions strived.

Their existence was the flowering of this land, the fruition of this sky!

They were the first Demi-God to open the divine era!

“Dove Demi-God, Fire Cat Demi-God, Bluebird Demi-God.” Vesser instinctively took a few steps toward them but quickly retreated to Ashe’s side. “Why are you appearing here?”

Ashe fully understood Silver Lantern’s excitement and closeness; he would feel the same if he saw historical figures who had made significant contributions to society and science. Being able to converse with history is an immense honor for mere humans.

“First, we are not Demi-God; we are deities, but you can just call us by our names or nicknames without adding ‘deity,’ just as you wouldn’t add ‘human’ or ‘orc’ when addressing others.” The lively Fire Cat raised two fingers. “Second, we are here for you, of course.”

“You are the first inheritor to pass the hidden trial.” Dove pulled out a long staff from somewhere, planted it on the beach, and solemnly said, “According to the established procedure, when the Chasm Sovereign cannot appear, we will make the announcement for you.” RaŃBÊŠ

“Only those whose hearts are filled with courage, whose will never wavers, who engage with the world on equal terms, and who forever sing my song, can pass the Silent Spiral

Trial. Inheritor, regardless of your race, strength, or belief, you shall co-rule the Myriad Manifestations Land of Senlo with us.”

“You are my proxy, and at the end of the distant road, we shall meet at the appointed place.”

“-Chasm Sovereign.”

Though it was merely Dove reciting, though it was just a passage of text, Ashe and Silver Lantern inexplicably felt a sense of awe. This was their first time hearing the words of the Six-Wings Divine Sovereign. Before this, they couldn’t be sure what kind of existence the Six-Wings Divine Sovereign was-whether they had desires, self-awareness, or even the thought of conveying messages to humans; everything was unknown.

In any Kingdom, the Divine Sovereign is essentially detached from mortals. Even if they have thoughts, they wouldn’t notify those below them-yes, not even a notification, let alone an order, would they bother to give.

Many sorcerers believe that the Divine Sovereign and Angels no longer recognize themselves as the same kind of beings as humans (this is the self-recognition of most sorcerers), and they have no empathy for mortals, nor do they care whether mortals hate or worship them.

Just like when you play chess, you don’t care whether the piece likes or dislikes you because no matter what it thinks, it can’t harm you or serve you.

Now, other Divine Sovereigns are unknown, but at least the Chasm Sovereign cares about mortals, even leaving a hidden trial for mortals to meet them. Even if this care is likely akin to affection for a pet.

Translating this message, it's like saying, "I'm entrusting this cat house to you; if you can appear before me in the future, I might give you a belly rub."

However, Ashe and Vesser both keenly noticed the key point in this message.

"I will co-rule the Myriad Manifestations Land of Senlo with the Chasm Sovereign?" Vesser asked in confusion.

"The Land of Senlo, Myriad Manifestations Heaven," Dove explained. "Though the Chasm Sovereign is transferring the Dream Master share of the Land of Senlo to you, they also understand that mortals cannot support the Land of Senlo alone. Moreover, the appearance of an inheritor is a result of their inability to control the Land of Senlo, indicating that the Chasm Sovereign is in trouble."

"So, once your Dream Master share is inherited to a certain extent, the Chasm Sovereign can free up their hands to solve their own problems. Once they are done, they will naturally reclaim the Dream Master share and continue to maintain the existence of the Land of Senlo."

“But your experience as the Dream Master of Senlo is an invaluable asset. Moreover, to reward you for helping the Chasm Sovereign, they will grant you partial Dream Master permissions in the future-not the share you have inherited but cannot use now, but permissions you can freely use.”

“Simply put,” Bluebird suddenly said, “you will become the King of Senlo.”

Dove nodded. “The Chasm Sovereign usually doesn’t pay attention to Senlo unless they intervene actively. Otherwise, your will is the fate of Senlo. In addition, you will be connected to Myriad Manifestations Heaven, and the Chasm Sovereign will allocate a World Secret Domain to you to help you quickly step into the Divine Dominion.”

Ashe was momentarily stunned.

Full support!

King of Senlo!

Help you become a deity!

Material enjoyment, spiritual satisfaction, power and status, future prospects-all considered. What kind of treatment is this! Moreover, unlike the Specter Seer, stepping into the Divine Dominion is not just becoming a Five-Winged Demigod but a Five-Winged Angel with the Chasm Sovereign of Senlo as a backing!

Although Silver Lantern also had to fight through a sea of competitors to secure this unique position, isn't it too enticing?

Four Pillars, take note! If you could offer a price at the level of the Chasm Sovereign, I would have been your loyal Tactile Sense long ago!

More importantly, this arrangement revealed another crucial piece of information: the Chasm Sovereign might recover!

Although Ashe spoke with certainty, his plan still had significant uncertainties. Take the simplest problem: how would Ashe arrange the migration of millions?

Millions is just a number, but gathered together, they could overwhelm the Silent Spiral. Moreover, their accommodation, excretion, order of escape, and other management issues—each detail, if delved into, could make Ashe's only designated butler, Igor, feel overwhelmed, let alone the fact that they are a group of Senlo people with different beliefs and no fear of death!

Different beliefs mean endless and uncompromising conflicts, and not fearing death means conflicts could erupt at any time! Even with the apocalyptic pressure from Silver Lantern and the escape route provided by the Void Gate, Ashe optimistically estimated that probably less than one-fifth of the people could escape Senlo.

The conflicts caused by hunger and beliefs could deplete them on the road until they perish. Besides, the transportation capacity of the Void Gate hasn't been verified. Even if sorcerers continuously provide spellforce, can the spirit really sustain long-term operation? Tools also wear out.

Ashe's escape plan is beautiful, but if there's only a short execution time, it will inevitably turn into a grand funeral, with the Silent Spiral as the cemetery, Silver Lantern as the gravedigger, and Ashe, as the Cult Leader, serving as the priest, which is quite fitting.

Compared to the unpredictable apocalypse, perhaps being killed by fellow countrymen would better fulfill the Senlo people's life value.

However, the Chasm Sovereign's arrangement is equivalent to providing a fallback for the escape plan!

Doomsday will still descend upon the Land of Senlo, but it won't compress all living space, and the Senlo people will have a place to retreat. As long as the news that the Chasm Sovereign can soon recover and reclaim the old land spreads, most Senlo people will surely be willing to defend their homeland, while during the migration, the cults that perish and the Four Pillars Cult's non-believing sorcerers can escape Senlo through the Void Gate instead of being slaughtered by other cults.

Cults still wanting to realize their ideals will stay, while ordinary people unable to achieve their ideals will leave. Population reduction will not only alleviate the food problem but also, after this unprecedented upheaval in sixteen hundred years, the beliefs of those who remain will be more steadfast.

The Kingdom of Senlo, the Chasm Sovereign of Senlo, the Senlo people, and even Silver Lantern, will all start anew.

However, when Ashe looked at Silver Lantern, he found that instead of showing any excitement, she seemed somewhat desolate and regretful.

Chapter 722: The Chasm Sovereign Must Die

Ashe walked up behind Silver Lantern, placing a hand on her shoulder, and explained the significant impact of the Chasm Sovereign's arrangements on their escape plan. He continued:

"...That's wonderful. You will not only become the Angel of the Chasm Sovereign of Senlo, but because of you, both the Chasm Sovereign and the people of Senlo are saved. You no longer need to prove yourself through destruction. From now on, your name will stand alongside theirs, the masses will be grateful to you, the Chasm Sovereign will commend you, and the crown of honor will forever be yours."

Vesser listened, her eyes dreamy, nodding repeatedly: "You're right. I've walked the path I needed to walk, fought the battles I needed to fight, reached the places I needed to reach. It's time to enjoy the fruits..."

"Yes, exactly, so--"

“Confusion? Hmm? I didn’t expect you to learn the tricks of villains now.” Vesser’s expression suddenly changed, casting a sidelong glance at him, the dreamy look vanished, leaving only a faint mockery: “Though it’s effective, I’m well-versed in the Mental Sect. Do you think you can control my thoughts?”

Ashe’s face stiffened. This was his first time actively using “Bard’s Words” in reality. Under its influence, anyone would subconsciously believe his words, but Silver Lantern saw through it immediately-what a trashy Rainbow blessing, I want a refund!

In truth, Vesser wasn’t sure if Ashe’s words had triggered Bard’s Words, but she could see Ashe had that intention, so she deliberately exposed him. It didn’t mean much, but it was fun to bully Ashe using the information gap.

“Don’t worry.”

Vesser restrained her smile and said calmly, “Though I’m a religious fanatic, I’m not crazy to that extent. Since the Chasm Sovereign has promised me so many benefits, I won’t persist in the belief of destruction, especially with three deities present. Even if I want to act impulsively, I must remain calm.”

“There will be other opportunities to become an Angel in the future,” she said. “Reality is just a momentary delusion, but in that delusion, I have only one life. I can’t squander it on impulsive foolishness; I must save it for more important times.”

Ashe breathed a sigh of relief-he was genuinely afraid Silver Lantern would abandon everything just to see fireworks, wanting the Kingdom of Senlo to burn.

While they were discussing, the three deities remained silent. Once they finished their conversation, Fire Cat suddenly jumped up, raising her right hand and asked, “Excuse me, are you done talking? Can we proceed to the next step?”

Vesser nodded, "What's the next step? What other arrangements does the Chasm Sovereign have?"

"The Chasm Sovereign's arrangement for us is to announce His message, and there's no further arrangement," Dove said. "But we will restrict you from acquiring more Dream Master shares and prohibit your Dream Master privileges."

Vesser frowned slightly, "Why?"

"The more Dream Master shares you acquire, the more the Land of Senlo will collapse, causing more Senlo people to die and become displaced, and triggering their battles; your Dream Master privileges allow you to pierce the boundary between Dream and reality, initiating 'The Great Collapse,' which would directly lead to an irreversible Doomsday for living beings," Dove explained. "To protect the lives of Senlo people, we must perform a prohibited ritual on you."

Ashe and Vesser exchanged glances. This sounded quite reasonable, even somewhat touching-they actually cared so much about the safety of mortals-but there was a problem.

"I can understand prohibiting Dream Master privileges, but restricting the acquisition of Dream Master shares, wouldn't the Chasm Sovereign still bear the consumption of Senlo's Dream?" Ashe asked, puzzled. "Isn't He supposed to free up resources to heal Himself?"

The three deities didn't even look at Ashe, calmly gazing at Vesser. Only when Vesser asked the same question did Dove respond, "Yes, but now the lives of Senlo people are the top priority. Successor, please cooperate."

Ashe thought for a moment and softly said to Vesser, "Though it's a bit strange, it's not incomprehensible. Perhaps the Chasm Sovereign's usual orders to them are to prioritize protecting Senlo people, but now the usual orders conflict with the Chasm Sovereign's special order to transfer Dream Master shares to you, so they still act according to the usual orders."

"No need to resist. They're just executing orders. Anyway, you've already triggered the Doomsday precursor, satisfying the prerequisites for the escape plan."

Vesser nodded as well. Compared to the Inheritance from the Chasm Sovereign, this little episode was insignificant. Moreover, facing these three deities who walked out of history, Vesser, having listened to their stories since childhood, didn't want to conflict with them on non-interest issues.

Ashe estimated that the prohibited ritual was secret knowledge, and he wasn't convenient to stay, so he prepared to leave through the Fog Gate and quickly report the good news to Igor and the others.

However, before leaving, he thought of how these three deities valued the people of Senlo so much, and wondered if he could involve them in the plan: "I plan to inform the people of Senlo about the Doomsday, urging them to flee Senlo. Can you three appear on the surface and announce the news that the Chasm Sovereign is gravely injured and dying, and that Senlo is in a Doomsday countdown?"

As soon as he finished speaking, he remembered that these three deities had no eyes for him, only for the successor Silver Lantern, so he turned to have Silver Lantern repeat it.

However, at this moment, the three deities all turned their heads, their eyes fixed on Ashe.

Fire Cat: “You want the people of Senlo to flee Senlo?”

Ashe, puzzled, nodded, “Yes. Though I don’t have that much power, now that the Doomsday precursor has appeared, coupled with the help of the Void Gate concept, I just need to give a little push and tell them the correct usage of the Void Gate Spirit, and they’ll naturally know how to escape.”

Bluebird: “No, you cannot.”

Ashe was stunned, “Why not?”

Dove walked up to Ashe and explained, “If the people of Senlo leave, the consumption to maintain the Land of Senlo will drastically decrease because the people of Senlo are the ‘main body’ of Senlo. Areas that Senlo people cannot perceive are almost indistinguishable from reality until observed by Senlo people, at which point the Chasm Sovereign will cover the Dream’s power over it.”

Ashe was a bit confused, “Isn’t that a good thing? With reduced consumption, wouldn’t the Chasm Sovereign be able to free up more resources to heal Himself?”

“Of course, it’s not a good thing,” Fire Cat exclaimed. “That would be very troublesome for us!”

At this point, Vesser finally sensed something was wrong. Her face turned pale as she rushed over, shouting, “Ashe-“

The moment Vesser made a sound, Ashe had already spread his virtual wings, retreating rapidly, Sanctuary covering his entire body, attempting to escape directly into the Fog Gate!

But it was useless.

Dove thrust his staff forward, the tip piercing through the Sanctuary, through the skull, through the brain, and out the back of the head. This thrust completely transcended reality, like pi, like an object unaffected by external forces moving in uniform linear motion, reality must operate under these laws.

“If the people of Senlo leave, the Chasm Sovereign might survive,” Dove said. “That’s not good.”

“The Chasm Sovereign must die.”

Chapter 723: Malicious Overtime

Chapter 723: Malicious Overtime

The dove withdrew his cane, as if he still wished to strike Ashe again. The tip of the cane erupted with multiple spirits, which, like devout disciples on a pilgrimage, transformed into wisps of smoke, entwining around the cane. Layer upon layer, their accumulated sharpness gathered at the tip of his palm, slicing the surrounding air into billowing waves of cloud, the ultimate power condensing to the brink of explosion.

If his previous stab was like the silent drizzle of spring, then the next would be a summer thunderstorm-whatever it touched would be reduced to dust!

The first thrust pierced Ashe's brain; the second would destroy Ashe's body!

Yet in the next instant, the dove dispersed the cane's violent force, abandoning the attack.

Because Vesser had rushed over and snatched Ashe away.

The plump Round Cicada also appeared behind Ashe's head. It took a deep breath, swelling its abdomen, and let out a peculiar "puli puli" call, as if singing underwater. At the same time, Ashe's head returned to normal, his briefly interrupted consciousness returning to its loyal body, and light once more flickered in his eyes.

“You died just now!” Vesser let out a sigh of relief.

“I died just now.” Ashe was somewhat shaken, but more so bewildered.

There was no time for a retrospective of his life, no chance to leave a final message. His battle experience, of which he was so proud, and the Sanctuary he trusted without question, had not bought him even a second to react.

If anything, he was like an elite character in a video game: powerful, Advanced, with many passive skills, capable of handling any opponent. Yet the dove’s attack was like a sudden power cut to the computer-he didn’t even feel pain before losing everything.

Fortunately, he had the Round Cicada. Fortunately, he had reached an understanding with the Round Cicada: if he suffered a fatal attack, the Round Cicada would automatically cast “Three-Second Cicada Lurk,” returning him to his state three seconds earlier!

Otherwise, he would truly be dead!

“Hurry!” Vesser summoned another Fog Gate and directly pushed Ashe through. Ashe knew now was no time for hesitation-each breath could mean the difference between life and death. Without a moment’s pause, he dashed toward the Fog Gate leading to the upper level.

Puff.

The sound of a flame igniting passed through their eardrums. Although the eighteenth layer of Silent Spiral was bathed in scorching sunlight, the sand glowing warmly wherever the eye could see, Ashe and Vesser both felt themselves illuminated by fire.

It was not just their clothes or skin lit up-every bone, every drop of blood, every organ, even their souls, were painted with a color not their own by the fire's light.

When Ashe reached out to the Fog Gate, he found he couldn't even extend a fingertip into it. He knew Silver Lantern would never trip him up, but he felt an inexplicable barrier-he could not enter the Fog Gate.

Because the color was wrong.

On the other side of the Fog Gate, there was no trace of the fire's color.

Suddenly, Ashe recalled a game he often played: walking only on tiles of a certain color when strolling down the street.

Now, he felt trapped by a similar restriction.

He turned his head and saw the passionate girl Fire Cat's hair blazing just like her personality. Every strand transformed into fire, and with each breath, a spirit was born from the flames, only to merge back in and fuel the fire anew. Though her flames were

small, not particularly bright, they reigned above all other light-even the sun had to bow before them!

The same thought echoed in the sorcerers' minds: Fire Cat Demi-God, also known as Knowing Guard Fire.

"Know the endless dark, guard the finite light, thus is the Knowing Guard Fire." Even in battle, Fire Cat wore a radiant, youthful smile. "I declare, no one is allowed to leave this place."

To know the endless dark and guard the finite light meant that darkness was infinite, but whatever area she illuminated, she could protect-Fire Cat, or rather the Knowing Guard Fire deity, had an effect that directly prevented all targets within her light from leaving!

Unlike the dove's pure violence, Fire Cat's effect was one of restriction!

Yet compared to the dove, Fire Cat's effect truly drove them to desperation!

Both Vesser and Ashe knew the Fog Gate was not their only escape route, for Ashe still possessed a trophy coveted even by the Divine Sovereign-the Wishflux Celestium!

Within Ashe's soul lay the Heart of Wishes Command. Even if Senlo exploded the next second, he could instantly flee with his body to the Wishflux Celestium, living freely through the seasons, reigning supreme in the Celestium!

But Fire Cat's restriction sealed this path as well! Ashe immediately tried to activate the Heart of Wishes Command, which likewise tried to pull Ashe back to the Wishflux Celestium, but his body and soul felt as heavy as lead-completely immobile!

This lifeline that should never have failed was now useless. Divine power surpassed all; only deity could contend with deity. Even though Ashe's Heart of Wishes Command was already a very Advanced teleportation Miracle, it was not fundamentally divine in nature. At best, it borrowed some power from the Wishing Pool-how could it possibly shake the Fire Cat's professional-grade prison?

Vesser immediately shielded Ashe. Ashe, caring nothing for pride, all but hid behind her entirely. The three deities' only concern was Silver Lantern; without her as a shield, Ashe would be obliterated in three seconds-using the Round Cicada's remaining two "Three-Second Cicada Lurk" to delay.

"You've betrayed the Chasm Sovereign?!" Vesser expanded her Sanctuary, sheltering Ashe inside, and coldly demanded, "Are you no longer the deities of the Chasm Sovereign?"

"We have not betrayed the Chasm Sovereign," the dove replied calmly. "Every command from the Chasm Sovereign, we have carried out to the letter, without the slightest neglect. We have fulfilled our duty, and remain loyal to our Lord, without a trace of betrayal in our thoughts."

Fire Cat nodded vigorously. "Yeah, yeah, I'm the Knowing Guard Fire of the Chasm Sovereign, the administrator of the secret realm 'Lighthouse.' The Chasm Sovereign is my only master. How could I betray the Chasm Sovereign?"

Though deities were not incapable of lying, after all pretenses had been dropped and their expressions gave no hint of deceit, Ashe and Vesser were left confused. Vesser asked, “But by allowing the people of Senlo to remain in the Land of Senlo, aren’t you making them continue as a burden to the Chasm Sovereign, hastening his demise?”

“That’s right.” Fire Cat tilted her head. “Successor, your summary is spot on!”

“Yet you insist you haven’t betrayed him?” Ashe couldn’t help but speak. “You want the Chasm Sovereign dead!”

“No, no, we merely hope the Chasm Sovereign will die,” Fire Cat waved her hands. “We never thought of killing Him.”

The taciturn Bluebird suddenly said, “We only hope the Chasm Sovereign dies. We have not betrayed Him.”

Vesser furrowed her brows, seemingly still unable to comprehend the logic of this double standard. However, Ashe finally understood. He placed a hand on Vesser’s shoulder and said in a low voice, “They are not spirits but deities capable of self-awareness... Their relationship with the Chasm Sovereign is like yours with the Mercury Trojan Horse!”

If analyzed from the perspective of the relationship between spirits and sorcerers, it would be impossible to understand the actions of these three deities, as spirits and sorcerers share a mutual dependency. But if analyzed from the perspective of an

employee, it becomes much clearer-you curse your boss every day, wishing they'd drown in a toilet, but that doesn't mean you've betrayed them!

As long as you efficiently complete every task your boss assigns, you are a loyal employee. Gossiping about your boss behind their back, saying they make empty promises about raises, or reporting their embezzlement to the board-these clearly don't count as betrayal.

The dove and his companions wished for the Chasm Sovereign's demise, but they truly hadn't disobeyed the Sovereign's orders, nor had they likely attacked the Sovereign directly. They merely targeted the people of Senlo and Silver Lantern, preventing the people of Senlo from leaving the Kingdom and stopping Silver Lantern from gaining more Dream Master shares-actions harmful to the Chasm Sovereign, but the Sovereign never said they couldn't do it!

If it wasn't stated, then it was allowed!

It's like when you complain about your boss being an idiot, knowing your words could harm their reputation and that of the company, but since your boss never said you couldn't badmouth them, and you really want to vent, you do it. The dove and his companions are the same; they know they're accelerating the Chasm Sovereign's downfall, or rather, they avoid doing anything that doesn't hasten the Sovereign's demise.

One of the differences between deities and spirits is that deities are special beings with self-awareness and desires, while spirits are beings of instinct. Simply put, deities are at least as mature as elementary school children, while spirits are like infants under a year old.

Infants can be manipulated at will, but children have the ability to resist.

The dove and his companions are indeed exploiting loopholes, but the root cause is still the Chasm Sovereign of Senlo. If Ashe guessed correctly, the Sovereign doesn't really care about the people of Senlo or their successors. The three deities' attitude towards Silver Lantern was merely to convey the Sovereign's message, akin to a messenger, not to 'invite the young master back,' which is why they dared to act against Silver Lantern.

Without specific orders, the dove and his companions wouldn't restrain themselves. To put it bluntly, even if they slaughtered the Kingdom of Senlo, it wouldn't matter much-like when your computer suddenly deletes your cherished study materials, would you smash the computer? Moreover, the dove and his companions are protecting the people of Senlo.

The most likely order left by the Chasm Sovereign was for the deities to protect the people of Senlo. But how could the Sovereign have known that one day, they would need to expel or even slaughter their own people to extend their own life?

The current situation is akin to the Sovereign's company preparing for bankruptcy due to a lack of funds, yet still operating a high-cost project. If the project isn't paused, the financial chain will completely break. The Sovereign can't personally halt the project, and now Silver Lantern, the project leader, steps up to say she's taking people to another company. The dove and the other two veteran employees forcibly keep Silver Lantern in place, refusing to let her end the project, insisting on continuing it-this is malicious overtime.

"But why do you wish for the Chasm Sovereign's death?" Vesser asked as she shielded Ashe, retreating step by step.

The dove, Fire Cat, and Bluebird closed in, step by step, and the dove asked, “What is hatred?”

“It’s when you don’t want to be with them, breathing the same air, under the same sky.”

“Then we have no hatred for the Chasm Sovereign. We are quite happy to be with the Sovereign.”

“Then why do you wish for the Sovereign’s death?”

“Because we just wish for the Sovereign’s death.” Fire Cat was very puzzled. “Is a reason needed for this?”

“Yes,” Vesser asked. “Or is there something you want to do, but the Sovereign prevents you from doing it?”

Bluebird shook her head. “No.”

“Wait.” Ashe tasted the implication. “When did you start wishing for the Sovereign’s death?”

The deities exchanged glances and said, “From the beginning.”

“From the beginning of your Demi-Godhood, or from the beginning of your existence as deities?”

However, the deities’ answer surprised Ashe: “From the moment we became the Chasm Sovereign’s deities.”

“Isn’t it normal?” Fire Cat said. “Who wouldn’t wish for their master to die?”

“Having a master is not good,” the dove said. “All masters should die.”

“Die,” Bluebird nodded in agreement.

“I understand,” Vesser murmured. “They are all regicides. They normally follow all the sorcerer’s orders, but whenever they have the chance, they will constantly cause trouble for the sorcerer until they kill them!”

“There is no complicated reason; they simply cannot accept being tools of the Divine Sovereign from the moment of their birth!”

Ashe initially thought the dove and his companions had awakened self-awareness, thus rebelling against the Chasm Sovereign in a grand act of defiance, attempting to regain their freedom. Although the outcome was similar, the motivation was entirely different—they never considered their future after regaining freedom, nor did they fear the consequences once the Chasm Sovereign recovered.

They simply wanted their master to die.

Ashe and Vesser were unsure if these three were exceptions, but it was highly likely. After all, the Chasm Sovereign of Senlo couldn't have only these three deities, yet only these three appeared, suggesting that the 'Sovereign Die-Die Club' only consisted of those who ascended from the earth to Celestium.

Other normal deities hadn't joined the dove's ranks.

Ashe had previously praised the 'sorcerer→Demi-God→deity' production chain for its merits, but now it seemed this production line had a problem with its yield rate.

They were once sorcerers, inheriting the glory of their Virtual Realm predecessors, existing to explore the Truth, bowing to no one; they were once Demi-Gods, bearing the faith of billions, existing to realize ideals, not to become tools of some Divine Sovereign.

Perhaps it was precisely the experiences of being sorcerers and Demi-Gods that made these ascended deities unable to accept being exploited by the Divine Sovereign, unable to accept being inferior beings. They wholeheartedly wished for flexible employment, and whoever made them work, they would bankrupt that company.

Chapter 724: Vichy

At this moment, Ashe and Vesser had already retreated to the jungle area.

They exchanged a glance; Ashe drew his Honey Sword, while Vesser transformed her thousand changes spirit. Their spellforce surged, compelling the spirits, intimidated by the deities, to get to work!

Ashe needed no further explanation; after he suggested the idea of the Senlo people fleeing abroad, the deities were determined to kill him. Vesser was in a similar predicament; though the deities wouldn't kill her, she would be imprisoned in the eighteenth layer of the Silent Spiral, forced to watch the Chasm Sovereign's demise, and witness the world descend into a hell of despair, with millions transforming into Green Beasts and suffering endlessly-better to bring Doomsday now!

Escape was impossible, avoidance futile.

Only battle remained!

The trembling Heart Sword Spirit, driven by the Shadowblade Spellforce, unleashed its power to the extreme. The Sword Shadow moved so fast it seemed to leap through light, leaving ink marks that sliced through space, turning the target into a pitch-black void in an instant!

Miracle: Heart Pen Graffiti!

A variant of the Heart Pen Miracle, it was like using an ink pen to graffiti, directly erasing the space where the target was!

A Square Cicada appeared on Vesser's shoulder. She formulated a complete attack plan in her mind and then activated the Square Cicada's "Three-Second Cicada Chirp"!

The effect of the Square Cicada was simple: it moved the target's state three seconds into the future to the present. This effect not only allowed Vesser's future attacks to explode in this second but also significantly enhanced Ashe's attack-if Ashe dealt damage within three seconds, the "Three-Second Cicada Chirp" would move his damage to the present!

The Round Cicada's "Three-Second Cicada Lurk" could save lives, while the Square Cicada's "Three-Second Cicada Chirp" could charge and explode to the extreme, transforming personal combat power and potentially turning the tide of battle for a team!

And Ashe and Vesser's target was naturally-Fire Cat!

First, kill this deity that could restrict the battlefield, then Ashe could go outside to call for reinforcements, rallying the Senlo sorcerers to slay the deities and save the world! Even if the Senlo sorcerers weren't that brave, they could execute a migration plan, relocating the population to alleviate the Chasm Sovereign's pressure. Once the Chasm Sovereign recovered and had a free hand, they could naturally resolve the crisis.

Fire Cat had almost no defenses; first, she was obliterated by the charge and explosion of the "Three-Second Cicada Lurk," then shattered by Ashe's Heart Pen graffiti.

Although the attack was nearly perfectly executed, Ashe and Vesser's hearts sank-because every time Fire Cat shattered, she would quickly restore herself.

"Eh? Eh? Eh? How interesting." Fire Cat emerged from the graffiti, flames spilling from her injured parts, reconstructing her body. In the blink of an eye, she returned to her vibrant youthful form, even her clothes restored: "I just went poof and scattered, hahaha!"

Unconvinced, Ashe attacked the other two deities with his Heart Pen. Bluebird stood unmoving, unaffected by the Heart Sword passing through her; Dove raised his staff, precisely striking the flying Heart Sword, and Ashe's sword control was completely outmatched by Dove's staff!

A chill crept into the hearts of the two sorcerers-they thought deities were like spirits, easily destroyed, but now it wasn't a matter of destruction; the deities' defensive capabilities were even stronger than those of the sorcerers, and they couldn't break through!

"What do we do?" Ashe continuously constructed ink mark trenches, but they couldn't stop the deities from approaching, "Can sorcerers not even harm deities?"

A hint of determination flashed in Vesser's eyes: "If it really doesn't work..."

"Deities are beings of rules; only rules can harm them, like other deities, or perhaps..."

A voice suddenly echoed in the forest, causing the sorcerers and deities to halt and search for the Uninvited Guest.

“...rules that restrain them.”

Behind Fire Cat, a figure suddenly appeared. He wore a silver-black trench coat, a fedora, tall and slender, with thin lips and fine brows, wearing glasses. His appearance was delicately handsome, with a faint smile at the corners of his mouth, like a passing viper.

He placed a hand on Fire Cat’s shoulder. Fire Cat curiously turned to look, but her body ignited with scorching flames, ready to incinerate this strange sorcerer in the next second.

“To fight fire, use water.”

Boom!

A clear spring suddenly erupted beneath Fire Cat, piercing through her. As Dove and Bluebird turned to attack, the silver-black sorcerer swiftly retreated. He didn’t unfold virtual wings, but his trench coat spread like bat wings, flying faster than Ashe and Vesser, retreating to a safe distance almost instantly.

“Good afternoon, you two.” The silver-black sorcerer removed his hat, greeting them: “I accidentally overheard your conversation. Though I’m just a passerby, I’m willing to fight alongside you to thwart the deities’ evil schemes.”

This guy, does he not even bother to make up a reason?

A strong sense of absurdity welled up in Ashe and Vesser’s hearts. ‘Accidentally overheard your conversation,’ ‘passerby’-this was the eighteenth layer of the Silent Spiral, who would be casually strolling by here!

But perhaps that’s why he didn’t bother making up a story, knowing Ashe and Vesser wouldn’t believe it. Moreover, Ashe and Vesser couldn’t refuse this offer to team up-facing three deities, any additional help was welcome, especially since this mysterious sorcerer seemed to know the correct way to harm deities!

“Be cautious of him,” Ashe said.

“Yes, you too,” Vesser nodded seriously.

Not only Vesser, but even Ashe felt no goodwill towards this stranger who proactively offered help. Ashe found it strange, given his usual tendency to think well of people, yet this stranger gave him an uncanny sense of déjà vu, making him instinctively distrustful.

Ashe even suspected the stranger might be from the Four Pillars Cult, but he knew all the strong members of the cult, and the Mercury Trojan Horse would never hide such a

powerful figure capable of confronting deities, especially when she utilized even a mad legendary sorcerer to the fullest.

At this moment, the washed-away Fire Cat finally fell. Flames engulfed her, evaporating the water from her body. She tugged at her skirt, observing, her lips pouting enough to hang a kettle, her face both aggrieved and angry, even stomping her foot in frustration.

“Ahhh-” she clenched her fists and shouted: “Fire Cat has shrunk!”

After being washed by water, Fire Cat regressed from a youthful girl in her twenties to a teenage loli! Clearly, using water spells against Fire Cat could indeed harm her originals!

Ashe’s eyes lit up. Despite his wariness, he felt a surge of gratitude towards the stranger and introduced himself: “Ashe.”

Vesser’s mind raced, and she followed up: “Silver Lantern. I don’t know which cult’s Bishop you are, I should know all the strong figures of Senlo, but I don’t seem to have seen you...”

“It’s normal you haven’t heard of me. Unlike you two celebrities, I just time traveled to Senlo not long ago and remain an obscure figure.”

His lips curled into a smile, “My name is Vichy.”

Chapter 725: Clash with the Deity

“Dove-Dagger Qing Ji is an offensive deity; its effects are divided into ‘Dagger’, ‘Acclaim(Qing)’, and ‘Terror(Ji)’.”

“‘Dagger’ goes without saying. ‘Acclaim’ is a Mental rule effect-it compels not only the target under attack but also other bystanders to celebrate and welcome the deity’s strike. In other words, if you don’t have a specific Defensive Miracle, you’re not only unable to resist the strike, you’ll even actively open yourself up to it. For example, just now, you actually opened your Sanctuary yourself and allowed the strike to happen.”

“‘Terror’ is also a Mental rule effect. When attacked by Dagger Qing Ji, you’ll fall into such intense fear that you can’t control yourself. But this only takes effect during the attack itself, so you don’t really need to worry about it-if you’re attacked by Dagger Qing Ji, you’d be dead before you even had time to fear.”

“Because Dove controls both physical and Mental rules, he is the only deity you can harm with physical attacks-other than that, mental attacks also work.”

Eighteenth floor of the Silent Spiral, in the dense jungle, Ashe and Vesser were rapidly retreating.

They dared not fly like Vichy. At least, standing on the ground, they didn’t have to watch out for attacks from below. And they didn’t need to guard against attacks from the front-since with Vesser as a ‘hostage’, neither Dove, Fire Cat, nor Bluebird dared to attack Ashe head-on.

After listening to Vichy's explanation of Dove, Ashe was even more careful to keep himself, Silver Lantern, and Dove in a straight line, wishing he could squeeze right into Silver Lantern's clothes, terrified that Dove might again stretch out his staff and blow his head open.

Dove, also known as Demi-God Dagger Qing Ji. There isn't much about Dove in wasteland records. All Ashe knows is that he was the founder of the first divine era of the Land of Senlo, his cult was called the Assassin Cult, and the divine era he created was extremely short-lived.

The ideal of Demi-God Dagger Qing Ji was "to unify Senlo and embrace peace." Because his appearance was that of a dove, the dove has ever since been a symbol of peace.

When the Assassin Cult unified Senlo, after decades of peace, Demi-God Dagger Qing Ji ascended to godhood. Then, after a few more decades, a new Demi-God arose, and the Land of Senlo once again fell into the chaos of faith.

It's worth mentioning that although the Assassin Cult and the War Temple of the wasteland both pursued unified peace, their methods were entirely different. The latter sought to use even greater violence to destroy war itself, while the former relied on assassination.

In the scattered legends, the sorcerers of the Assassin Cult all mastered stealth and assassination. They avoided all large-scale wars, assassinating enemy Bishops and divine hosts directly, ending wars with minimal casualties.

But now, it appears the legends may be quite mistaken. Just from Dove's effects, it's clear not a single one relates to stealth. Instead, there's a majestic sense of "don't move, let me kill you."

Ashe could almost envision it: fourteen hundred years ago, on the Land of Senlo, a Bishop rallying disciples for war atop the great square, only for a white-robed assassin to descend from the sky and drive a dagger through the Bishop's head. Whether the assassin escaped or died was irrelevant; the Assassin Cult only wanted everyone to know-all zealots who dared to incite war would be slain by Dove in the open, in front of all, and that was Dagger Qing Ji!

Yet, Demi-God Dagger Qing Ji, entrusted with the peace ideals of countless disciples, is now history from fourteen centuries past. What stands before them now is merely the deity Dagger Qing Ji forged of rules!

Miracle-Heart Pen Splashing Ink!

With a thought, Ashe's Heart Sword dashed around Dove, trying to make Dove bleed on the spot. Yet Dove's staff swung casually, seemingly without force, but always striking the Heart Sword at just the right moment. In the dozens of seconds and nearly a thousand clashes, Ashe failed even once to wound Dove's originals!

Vichy continued, "Fire Cat-Knowing Guard Fire is a functional deity, split into 'Knowing Fire' and 'Guarding Fire'. She may not excel at offense, but she can wield every universal fire rule, and even her ordinary flames have the power of a Four-winged Spirit. You all know the effect of 'Guarding Fire': anything illuminated by her flames cannot escape its protection. 'Knowing Fire' lets her acquire information on everything within the glow-your bodies, souls, spirits, and all intelligence-essentially a divine intervention of scouting. But in the absence of sorcerer domination, deities act almost purely on instinct, so even with all that intelligence, it won't change much."

“Knowing Fire is the rule of prophecy, while Guarding Fire is the rule of truth. It’s basically impossible to harm her through these two rules. Luckily, she has a clear weakness: fire. Just counter her directly with water spells.”

Fire Cat leapt through the jungle, and after a moment seemed to forget she’d shrunk, returning to her energetic self. She didn’t randomly unleash flames-otherwise the entire jungle would burn. Only her hair still blazed, the light of Knowing Guard Fire trapping everyone on the eighteenth floor of the Silent Spiral.

Fire Cat was perhaps the deity Ashe’s group knew best. The Fire Cat Divine Era’s impact on the people of Senlo was incalculable-closer and more profound than even Bluebird or Gray Fox in modern times. She was the white moonlight and red rose of all Senlo folk, sung by countless people, romanticized by myriad books; the Tribulation Fire Chapel was full of die-hard fans yearning for the Fire Cat Divine Era.

What does that mean? A simple analogy: it’s like a political party formed by dynasty fans, campaigning to become the ruling party with the slogan of restoring a certain Dynasty’s glory-and actually winning a high percentage of the vote...

Never give up, eternally passionate, never say impossible, always forging ahead. Ashe had never pictured Fire Cat before, but seeing this energetic cat-fire girl, he felt Fire Cat should be just like this.

But sadly, she was no longer the Demi-God scientist devoted to allowing ordinary people to wield spirits.

Spirit-Riptide!

Vesser seized the opportunity to unleash the Riptide spirit against Fire Cat. Suddenly, a stream of water surged through the air, seemingly about to drench Fire Cat. However, when it was still two meters away, the water was abruptly evaporated into vapor, not a single drop touching Fire Cat!

Fire Cat raised her head proudly, looking at Vesser with a snort.

Deities act on instinct, but having instincts also means she knows fear! Having been doused once before, how could she not be more cautious?

“The Bluebird, the Wish-Granting Deity, is an auxiliary deity.” Vichy’s tone was somewhat peculiar as he spoke, as if he wanted to laugh but was also excited, like discovering a wife inside a wife cake: “She can achieve almost any effect, but it requires willpower to drive it. In other words, without a sorcerer’s control, she is essentially a blank slate and won’t even harm you.”

“She belongs to the Mental rules, so mental attacks are effective against her.”

Hearing this, Ashe and Vesser couldn’t help but glance at Bluebird but quickly turned their attention back to Misty White and Fire Cat. Interestingly, they weren’t particularly surprised by Bluebird’s effects.

The Bluebird Divine Era, also known as the Era of Ease, the Era of Happiness, and the Beautiful New Era. Bluebird’s ideal is very fairy-tale-like, almost something only a child would say: “Let everyone be happy.”

This is not some harem protagonist's scummy declaration, but a genuine desire to make everyone in Senlo happy.

Under normal circumstances, Bluebird would never have been able to rule a divine era. However, the Fire Cat sorcerer created the divine fire system, and the succession of divine eras no longer relied on war but on electoral voting. Additionally, the high-intensity nation-building of the Fire Cat Divine Era over the past five hundred years had exhausted society.

After working for five hundred years, it was time to enjoy life.

So, besides Bluebird, other Demi-Gods of the same era, like Misty White, were also welfare-type Demi-Gods offering "high-quality life extension." Therefore, in terms of offensiveness, Bluebird, named "Wish-Granting," was naturally the least aggressive among the three deities. Even when Ashe pierced her a few times with the Heart Sword, she showed little reaction.

But compared to the three deities, Ashe and Vesser were more focused on Vichy at this moment. From the beginning, Vichy had displayed strength no greater than three wings in the Sanctuary, but his intelligence far exceeded the vision of a sanctuary sorcerer.

"Mr. Vichy," Ashe said, "is there any more important information?"

"No, that's all I know, sorry."

“That’s already a lot,” Vesser said. “Besides Misty White and Fire Cat, you’ve even figured out the details of Bluebird, who has never acted, which is quite surprising.”

Honestly, Ashe and Vesser could vaguely guess the effects of Misty White Dagger Qing Ji and Fire Cat Knowing Guard Fire. But Bluebird Wish-Granting had been touching fish since her appearance, seemingly just there to make up the numbers. How did Vichy know Bluebird’s abilities?

Moreover, Vichy knew how to harm deities, making Ashe and Vesser feel even more peculiar. It was as if he was there specifically to deal with deities.

But how did he know the three deities would appear on the eighteenth level of the Silent Spiral?

Ashe and Vesser exchanged a glance, seeing the confusion in each other’s eyes, confirming that this Uninvited Guest was not a friend of Silver Lantern or the Cult Leader. Since Vichy had no relation to them and was there to deal with deities, could he be a hidden card of the Chasm Sovereign of Senlo? Or perhaps, another Divine Sovereign’s...

“Oh.” Vichy extended his index finger and thumb, indicating a small interval: “I just know a little bit of prophecy spellcasting, so I can understand these deities’ effects.”

He wasn’t lying. The reason he was there was that he had seen in a Prophetic Dream that Silver Lantern would come to the eighteenth level of the Silent Spiral and encounter the

three deities: Misty White, Fire Cat, and Bluebird. The abilities of the three deities were also something Vichy knew in advance from the Prophetic Dream.

This is the power of a prophecy sorcerer. While others play the First Cycle, prophecy sorcerers can play the Second Cycle, or even the Third Cycle.

The Specter Seer's downfall was due to being plotted against by multiple Divine Sovereigns-prophecy sect Demigods were truly feared.

The peculiarity of the prophecy sect lies in the fact that you don't even know you've been prophesied about. Sometimes, when you encounter disaster, you don't realize it's the result of a prophecy sorcerer's machinations.

However, there was something that puzzled Vichy: in his Prophetic Dream, the situation was entirely different from now.

Although Ashe and Silver Lantern were present, many others had also come to the eighteenth level, and even the Four Pillars Cult had become Silver Lantern's subordinates. Moreover, the Ashe in the Prophetic Dream appeared more sinister, even making Vichy see his own shadow.

After Silver Lantern became the Dream Master of Senlo, and the three deities appeared, the Four Pillars Cult engaged in a fierce battle with the three deities but ultimately couldn't defeat them. However, Silver Lantern and Ashe brazenly revealed their most wicked trump card, plunging the deities into despair, ultimately succeeding in slaying the deities with mortal bodies!

Now, not only had Silver Lantern betrayed the Four Pillars Cult, but Ashe's personality had also become like Lala Fatty's. They lacked the resources and tactics from the Prophetic Dream.

Vichy remembered clearly that Silver Lantern lacked the courage to reveal the most wicked trump card; it was Ashe's constant goading and encouragement that created the opportunity to slay the deities.

Vichy hadn't intended to intervene, thinking he could reap the benefits as a bystander. Who would have thought he would have to step in personally? He had given them the chance, but they were useless!

However, Prophetic Dreams inherently have accuracy issues. Perhaps due to his severely fragmented soul and the presence of deities and Divine Sovereigns among the prophesied subjects, there was such a significant deviation.

As for why Vichy would help Ashe and Vesser, it wasn't to save the world, nor was it out of any far-sighted vision, but rather a very simple, superficial, and shortsighted reason...

He wanted to seize these three deities!

Chapter 726: The Doomsday of Senlo, Descends

Chapter 726: The Doomsday of Senlo, Descends

The Lord of Wind, Rain, and Snow is definitely not a good trading partner.

Known as the 'Devious Chancellor,' he never breaches any transaction, yet the end result always leaves the trading partner feeling utterly disgusted. But when seeking reliable trading partners on a scale of millennia or even tens of thousands of years, Vichy can only turn to the Four Pillars, for even a Divine Sovereign can fall.

After completing a transaction from thousands of years ago, the Lord of Wind, Rain, and Snow recommended the Kingdom of Senlo to him, assuring that he would surely reap great rewards there.

Upon arrival, Vichy found himself in the Four Pillars Cult and quickly realized the immense value of the Kingdom of Senlo.

Undoubtedly, all Divine Sovereigns are aware of the situation in the Kingdom of Senlo.

Thus, everyone is actually waiting for the death of the Chasm Sovereign of Senlo.

The most valuable aspect is undoubtedly His Divine Kingdom and the World Secret Domain within it. But not even the Specter Seer at his peak would dare to compete with a Divine Sovereign for heritage.

However, Vichy can seize the most important heritage beneath the Secret Domain-

Deities!

When he saw through a Prophetic Dream that three deities had left the Divine Kingdom and entered Senlo, he was filled with unexpected joy-having been a god for a thousand years, he had never seen such a great opportunity running amok!

Although deities possess the ability to act independently, almost no sorcerer would let them act alone. Divine Sovereigns with a Celestium treat deities like Canaries, keeping them in the Celestium, with many deities never leaving since their creation, making it impossible to see them outside!

Moreover, the Chasm Sovereign is already so injured that he cannot control the deities, meaning that with a little maneuvering, Vichy could very likely snatch them away!

At any other time, such an opportunity would never arise. Even if a Divine Sovereign is dying, his deities would only accompany him in death, never leaving the Divine Kingdom. Under normal circumstances, the only way to seize a deity is to kill its master!

Only the Chasm Sovereign of Senlo, only these three deities, only at this time, would such a gap appear!

Vichy's desire for deities has almost reached an obsessive level; he has never owned a deity in his life, only surviving in the Dreaming Celestium. And now, not only have three

deities appeared, but they are composite law deities he never dared to dream of. The fact that he hasn't rushed to embrace them is a testament to a millennium of restraint.

Though deities are inherently precious, there is still a hierarchy among them. Vichy, despite not owning a single deity, is a theoretical master at judging their value.

Firstly, deities from the prophecy, fate, and truth sects still hold top-tier status, worth altering one's primary spellcasting for; composite deities with multiple laws belong to the second tier, worth at least a secondary focus; as for single-law ordinary deities, if you can't use them, you might as well trade them for a deity that matches your primary spellcasting.

Dagger Qing Ji is a deity of both physical and mental laws, already highly valuable, worth exchanging the Dreaming Celestium for; but Knowing Guard Fire is a composite deity of prophecy, truth, and fire laws, and Vichy would have sold his soul to obtain it in a past life!

However, the most precious is the Wish-Granting Deity!

Don't be fooled by her current lack of utility; the strength of auxiliary deities lies in their ability to elevate miracles to the level of divine intervention!

The Wish-Granting Deity can manifest different effects based on the sorcerer's intentions, essentially serving as an auxiliary deity for all sects and miracles. If Vichy had possessed the Wish-Granting Deity in a past life, he would have dared to challenge the Six-Wings Divine Sovereign!

Chasm Sovereign of Senlo, what merit do you have?

You truly deserve to die, quickly, die faster!

Vichy was twisted with jealousy, but before seizing the deities, he had to suppress them first; otherwise, no matter how many methods he had, he couldn't use them. So he could only assist Ashe and Silver Lantern in combating the deities, since he couldn't handle all three deities himself, better to use Ashe, who had a taunting presence, to hold them off.

As for the 'patricidal' nature of these deities, Vichy didn't care at all. As long as he lived, the deities naturally wouldn't betray him, just like before the Chasm Sovereign was gravely injured, these three deities surely found no opportunity to betray.

Thinking of this, Vichy was moved and asked, "What about the Chasm Sovereign's other deities?"

Boom!

Dove suddenly raised his staff and pointed at Vichy from afar, a spiral storm tearing through the air, shredding the canopy in an instant, but Vichy had already flown away before he raised his hand. Vichy's eyes flashed coldly, an invisible mental storm crushing forward, but it only stirred faint ripples on Bluebird and Dove, several spirits dissipating into light.

Though Dove and Bluebird could be harmed by mental attacks, they were also learning instinctively. As the number of injuries increased, they began consciously defending against mental assaults, like Fire Cat avoiding water.

“I know!” Fire Cat raised her hand high: “They’re all dead! Now in Myriad Manifestations Heaven, only the three of us are left!”

“How did they die?” Ashe recalled something: “Starved to death?”

“Yes, yes.” Fire Cat was quite surprised: “How did you know?”

Ashe said, “The Chasm Sovereign was gravely injured and dying, naturally unable to care for the Celestium. Then the Celestium’s curse collapsed, destroying internal resources, causing the deities to starve, right?”

Vichy squinted at Ashe, a thought crossing his mind: Such insight, even a Demigod might not be able to articulate... has he entered some Celestium?...

“Nope!” Fire Cat laughed heartily: “It wasn’t the curse that destroyed them!”

“It was us!”

Ashe, Vesser, and Vichy were all taken aback.

“Why?” Vesser asked directly: “Didn’t you only want the Chasm Sovereign dead? Why destroy the resources of other deities?”

“Because they were helping the Chasm Sovereign manage the Secret Domain, maintaining the stability of the Celestium, effectively prolonging the Chasm Sovereign’s life,” Dove explained. “But the Chasm Sovereign decreed that deities couldn’t fight among themselves, so we could only destroy their resources, starving them to death.”

“You destroyed the resources only after the Chasm Sovereign had an accident?” Ashe asked curiously. “So clever?”

“Nope, we destroy resources whenever we have free time, but we’ve just been too busy,” Fire Cat shrugged. “It wasn’t until the order to manage the secret domain ended that we finally had the chance to destroy the resources.”

“Didn’t the other deities do anything? Didn’t they oppose or attack you?”

“No, they just watched.”

A sense of absurdity grew in the hearts of Ashe and the others-the relationships between the deities were even more naive than a kindergarten class. The other deities had no idea what the dove and his group were doing, foolishly watching them destroy their own food, and then foolishly starving to death. Compared to the deities, the dove and his group only had a bit more initiative.

“That can’t be right,” Vichy suddenly said. “Doesn’t Myriad Manifestations Heaven have Six Wings deities? When the Chasm Sovereign isn’t around, shouldn’t a Six Wings deity be managing everything?”

“Are you talking about Weather?” Fire Cat said. “He died 231 years ago!”

The Six Wings deity of the Chasm Sovereign of Senlo, dead?

Ashe and Vesser both recalled the cataclysm that wiped out the Gray Fox people overnight two hundred years ago.

“Alas, after Weather died, his Myriad Manifestations group disappeared too. The Gray Fox didn’t ascend, so now in Celestium, I’m the only one running on the ground, while they’re all flying in the sky...” Fire Cat seemed a bit downcast. At this moment, Vichy took the opportunity to launch a water spell Miracle at her, but Fire Cat casually swung a fire whip, striking Vichy hard. If he hadn’t immediately unfolded his Sanctuary, he might have been obliterated.

Even so, he was flung nearly a hundred meters away, crashing into numerous trees. The dove seized the chance to point at him, and an invisible spiral storm swept over. If Vichy hadn’t quickly ascended, he might have been pulverized by this combo.

Fire Cat looked at the fire whip in her hand, then at Ashe hiding behind Vesser, and a look of realization dawned on her face.

Snap! Snap! Snap!

With each crisp crack of the fire whip in the air, it struck the Sanctuary behind Ashe. Although the damage was absorbed by the Sanctuary, Fire Cat, who had hardly moved before, now joined the attack sequence, rapidly depleting Vesser's spellforce!

"Is this also the effect of Knowing Guard Fire?" Ashe's mouth twitched as he tried to disrupt the dove. "Isn't this too capricious!?"

"It has nothing to do with Knowing Guard Fire; it's just her unconsciously using spirits to launch attacks," Vichy said from another tree.

"Spirits? Can deities use spirits too?"

"Well, maybe the word 'use' misled you," Vichy glanced at them. "Deities naturally can't command spirits since they don't have spellforce. But commanding spirits doesn't necessarily require spellforce; even we sorcerers can do it."

“Spirit resonance?” Ashe immediately caught on. Sorcerers only need a good Spirit Relationship with spirits, and the spirits will voluntarily work overtime, like how he used spirit resonance to perform the Slash Me Miracle in prison.

“Sorcerers need resonance with spirits, but the relationship between deities and spirits is more akin to that between a god and a disciple. The original meaning of the word deity specifically refers to them being the gods of spirits.”

“Think about it, when a god reveals some intention, what would a disciple do?”

Ashe: “Proactively cater?”

“It’s proactive sacrifice,” Vichy said. “Their attacks are actually consuming spirits to launch, not their own abilities. They naturally connect to the Virtual Realm, where countless spirits await their call. As long as they have any thought, the spirits will use themselves as fuel, sparing no effort to meet their needs.”

“If they used their own abilities, we’d be dead by now. But as beings of rules, they also preserve their lives. Without a sorcerer providing energy, every activation equals consuming their own life... Look, Fire Cat has shrunk again.”

Ashe looked closely and noticed that Fire Cat seemed to have regressed by about a year in age, almost as tall as Lise now. The other deities hadn’t changed, clearly because Fire Cat had been continuously using Knowing Guard Fire.

A thought struck him: “Wait, if we hold out until Fire Cat exhausts her life, won’t we be able to...”

Boom!

A spiral storm swept over, forcing Vichy further back. He said, “There’s no chance.”

The dove and Fire Cat spread out further, making it almost impossible for Ashe to hide behind Vesser. Their attacks on Ashe became more fierce. Although the Sanctuary blocked them, the deities had endless fuel for casting, while their spellforce was limited!

Worse, they found that their attacks not only couldn’t harm the deities but were increasingly difficult to even hinder them. The dove took out a second staff, specifically to block Ashe’s Heart Sword attacks; Fire Cat’s flame domain expanded to five meters, incinerating and withering nearby trees, rendering Vesser’s water spell attacks ineffective!

As time passed, Ashe and Vesser gradually realized a terrifying possibility.

“They’re learning.”

Vichy said, “Deities also have the ability to learn, but most don’t need to act alone, so they don’t know how to attack, cooperate, or strategize. If you can’t destroy them in the first strike, as the battle drags on, they’ll quickly grasp combat skills-especially since these

three seemed to be sorcerers in life, their learning ability likely surpasses ordinary deities.”

Indeed.

After taking out the second staff, the dove gradually incorporated it into the battle sequence, even using the spiral storm to dispel the Heart Sword. He seemed to realize he could dual-wield, doubling his attack frequency!

Seeing this, Fire Cat also thoughtfully took out a second fire whip, laughing and swinging it like a storm at the Sanctuary behind Ashe.

As a result, Vesser’s spellforce depleted faster. Ashe had no choice but to unfold his own Sanctuary to withstand it. But this only made the dove and Fire Cat’s attacks more relentless-previously, they had to consider Silver Lantern, but now they were going all out!

If there is anything more terrifying than facing an unbeatable enemy, it is facing an enemy that explosively enhances in power-they missed the initial opportunity to kill the deity, and now the deity’s combat strength has swollen to a level they cannot handle!

Ashe and Vesser were at a loss. They suddenly canceled the Sanctuary, causing dove and Fire Cat to halt their attacks instantly to avoid hitting the successor, Silver Lantern. When they locked onto Ashe to launch a second wave of attacks, Vesser suddenly expanded the Sanctuary, swapped positions with Ashe, and then canceled the Sanctuary again, once more making dove and Fire Cat hesitate.

This was undoubtedly a risky move, but if they kept the Sanctuary active, both of them would be captured due to exhausting their spellforce!

However, playing with fire always risks getting burned. After canceling the Sanctuary once more, Fire Cat did not stop her offensive, and the fire whip accurately struck Ashe's shoulder, deep enough to reveal bone, yet not a drop of blood was seen-the flames directly scorched his flesh!

"Quick, use the Round Cicada-"

"No need!"

Ashe used the Joy Sword to heal himself, gritting his teeth in pain, but his eyes still glimmered with light: "Save it for when we need to rescue someone."

"Sorry," Vesser suddenly said.

"Interesting, Silver Lantern actually apologizes. I thought you had long lost the ability to express that," Ashe said. "But I also anticipated that meeting you means having one foot in the eternal Virtual Realm... We've only met a few times, yet every time you encounter trouble, it involves me? I suspect that next time you get struck by lightning, it'll affect me too."

Vesser's face stiffened, and she said angrily, "Seems like you're the one always causing me trouble?"

"You almost sucked us dry, what's wrong with us giving you a bit of trouble? You're an Evil Sorcerer, everyone wants to eliminate you. Don't think that inheriting the will of the Gray Fox sorcerer allows you to do as you please. At most, you can escape the death penalty but not the living punishment. Once I get out, I'll find a Pact for you, punish you to rebuild Senlo for life, doing voluntary labor until you die..."

"Catch me first before you say that."

At this moment, Fire Cat almost struck Ashe again, but fortunately, Vesser timely expanded the Sanctuary. However, on the other side, dove had learned a new trick; he directly attacked the ground, causing the two to almost fall flat on their faces. Luckily, they both mastered the technique of flipping with virtual wings, directly leaping over.

The two narrowly escaped, looking at each other with dirt-covered faces. Ashe gritted his teeth and said, "I can't die here!"

Vesser's eyes were fierce: "How can we lose to a few dim-witted deities!?"

But despite racking their brains, they couldn't think of a way to break the situation. Ashe could only look towards Vichy in the distance: "Mr. Vichy, do you have a solution!?"

At this time, Vichy was also extremely disheveled, with Fire Cat and dove occasionally focusing on him. He didn't have a shield like Vesser, and previously could rely on the Movement Miracle to dodge, but now he was almost taking the full brunt of the damage, so disheveled that he had lost his hat.

But upon hearing Ashe's question, Vichy adjusted his glasses, "I do."

"Then hurry up and use it!" Ashe was overjoyed, "Otherwise, none of us will escape!"

Vichy hummed, nodding: "I originally thought I didn't need to intervene... It seems some things still require my push. However, this consumes me quite a bit, as my Source Crystal is already running low..."

"By the way," he asked, "have you ever had a daydream?"

Ashe and Vesser were taken aback, instinctively looking at Vichy. At this moment, Vichy's eyes were a pitch-black chaos, polluting their optic nerves along the line of sight, infiltrating their central brain, affecting their souls!

In a daze, Vesser saw herself drawing a triangular Ritual Track on the ground, then kneeling inside it, her fingertips bleeding, the droplets floating upward, reversing flow all the way to the sky, polluting the azure sky.

Throughout the process, Ashe kept the Sanctuary active to protect her, enduring the deities' attacks alone. Even when the Sanctuary shattered, Ashe still shielded her with his body, allowing her to complete the Ritual without interference from the deities.

Until Vesser came to her senses, she found Ashe lying in her arms, his entire back devoid of intact flesh, breathing weakly, the healing power of the Joy Sword slowly taking effect. If not for the deities' concern that he was holding Vesser, fearing that too much force would harm the successor, Ashe would have already died.

She hurriedly used Hydrotherapy spirit to heal Ashe, gradually realizing what had just happened-Vichy had dominated them both, forcing her to initiate the Ritual, forcing Ashe to protect her until death!

But how could this be possible!

She and Ashe were already legendary sorcerers! And they had just activated the Sanctuary, yet they had no resistance at all! Unless it was a divine intervention, it couldn't be possible-

Vesser's eyes sharpened, she turned to look at Vichy, only to find him gazing at the sky.

Not only Vichy, but the three deities also stopped their steps, halted their attacks, and raised their heads to stare blankly at the sky.

She looked up and saw the sky had turned blood-red, with a massive crack appearing in the middle, resembling, resembling...

A scar.

Vesser was stunned, she had been so focused on Ashe's injuries that she forgot something extremely important.

The Ritual she had just initiated seemed to be...

"Vichy," her lips dry, she asked tremblingly, "what did you do?"

"I merely recreated the scene from the dream."

Vichy took out a notebook from somewhere, speaking while writing:

"History will remember this moment: New Era, October 5, 1668, at 3:32 PM."

“Senlo Doomsday, descends.”

Chapter 727: Torrent of Fate-①

“Black Tide, you don’t want this city wall to be breached either, do you? Get out here!”

Above the Silent Spiral, the sun blazed in the sky, thick smoke billowed from the earth, flames raged unchecked, and death blossomed everywhere. Every moment, iron clashed with flesh and blood; everywhere, Spellcasting and life were locked in a deadly struggle. Nearly a hundred thousand people were battling around Vine Giant City, and from above, the people looked like mere garbage.

The Bishop of Black Tide walked up to the city wall. All he could see was a rain of bullets; there was no way to tell whether it was fire or ice, bullets or shells-it was all just naked killing intent, pounding this city of Miracles like a torrential rain.

Fanatics climbed the sloping ramp built by Earth spells, swarming up the wall like maddened ants. Yet Vine Giant City itself was the perfect spellcasting material. The Senlo sorcerers and earth sorcerers of the Four Pillars Cult, leveraging Vine Giant City, could easily make countless sharp thrusts sprout from the walls, impaling climbers midair. In just a few hours, thousands of corpses had been pierced and hung upon the city wall.

The vines whipped and writhed like snakes, lashing out to Entangle any small life daring to approach. Under the control of the Four Pillars sorcerers, the city had become a thorough meat grinder, swallowing and spitting out death with brutal efficiency.

With the assault on the ground stalled, pressure naturally shifted to the sky. The two-wings sorcerers of the Qinyi Alliance formed assault teams, engaging in aerial combat with the two-wings sorcerers of the Four Pillars Cult. Although they lacked the home ground advantage of Vine Giant City and were outnumbered, the Four Pillars sorcerers could still hold their own, even gradually gaining the upper hand.

The reason, of course, was that the individual strength of the Four Pillars sorcerers was superior. The Four Pillars were no empty faith-most Four Pillars sorcerers had at least one killer move, such as the “Eye of Astonishment.” Many of them possessed this special ability: if they gazed at someone through the hole in their palm, the victim would suddenly lose control of their body and be easily harvested.

However, as long as they kept their distance, the Alliance’s sorcerers could still save their targeted comrades. So, the Alliance sorcerers all adopted a conservative strategy, focusing on pinning down the Four Pillars sorcerers in the sky, not daring to launch reckless attacks.

With the ground stalled and the skies deadlocked, if no other external force intervened, the Four Pillars Cult would surely wear down the Qinyi Alliance through sheer attrition. Yet these hours of intense assault were only the prelude to war.

Only when the sanctuary sorcerers took the stage would this drama reach its climax.

“Limber, Cornelia.” Black Tide unfurled his virtual wings and locked eyes with two sanctuary sorcerers in the distance. “You two actually dare to leave your cult’s base? Aren’t you afraid the other cults will seize the chance to invade Lake City?”

Black Tide felt a chill-those attacking his section of the wall were none other than the two sanctuary sorcerers from the Floating Boat Cult. He himself was from the Storm Cult; together with the Floating Boat Cult, they occupied the inland lake and forest sea region. Their rivalry had festered from conflicts of interest into generational hatred. Black Tide had even had some run-ins with Limber and Cornelia-their sons had been killed by Black Tide himself. It was only natural they’d come to settle the score.

But the Floating Boat Cult had peculiar beliefs. They believed that the world would inevitably face an unstoppable great flood, so they yearned to build an everlasting floating boat, one that could sail the world through any disaster. Because of this, the Floating Boat Cult was rather insular, focusing on managing their own forest sea territory and rarely meddling in outside disputes.

Limber and Cornelia were the cult's only two sanctuary sorcerers. How could they both leave, leaving no one to guard their home?

"So long as the Four Pillars Cult stands, Lake City will never know peace!" Limber said coldly. "Black Tide, it's been eight years-we've waited eight years! Before, we weren't strong enough to destroy you completely, but now you stand against all of Senlo. At last, we can cut you-limb from limb, corpse from corpse!"

"We're just the Vanguard closest to the Silent Spiral. The other cults' armies are rushing here at full speed," Cornelia said coldly as well. "You think you can lure the Alliance into splitting up just by dangling those resource points? No, this time, all the cults are united. Unless the Four Pillars Cult is shattered and crippled, no one will touch the resource points. Anyone who does will be treated as your accomplice and attacked by all!"

Black Tide's heart sank-what was going on?

There was no doubt the overall strength of the Four Pillars Cult was weaker than the Qinyi Alliance, but Black Tide had never been worried, because the Qinyi Alliance was practically The Crowd-a rabble. The endless infighting among the cults made the Alliance little more than an empty name.

The Four Pillars Cult might be a mess of hedonists, but at least they could agree on “hedonism.” The cults of the Qinyi Alliance, on the other hand, couldn’t even agree on “breathing the same air”-some were sworn enemies.

The Four Pillars Cult truly wasn’t strong; it’s simply that the Qinyi Alliance was even worse.

At most, only three or four cults would attack the Four Pillars Cult at the same time, and they’d always keep enough troops at home to guard against the others. At the slightest loss, they’d even retreat to avoid being weakened and exposed to attack.

As for watching their allies get hammered-well, that was a tradition in the Alliance.

So, in local engagements, the Four Pillars Cult was stronger than the Qinyi Alliance.

Mercury Trojan Horse had asked Vine Giant City to hold out for a month; Black Tide had never thought this a difficult mission. But if what Cornelia said was true-if all the cults of Senlo were now uniting their strength-then this war was bound to become a bitter struggle...

As he pondered, the Black Tide pulled out a rabbit Demi-God from his bosom and chanted, “Myriad glories, forever gather upon me!”

The sickly rabbit Demi-God let out a mournful cry, transforming into a radiant glow that enveloped the Black Tide. With a roar, golden runes surged across his body, resembling both veins and scars. “Come on, show me how much you’ve improved!”

Limber and Cornelia’s bodies shimmered with rippling water light, and behind them appeared faint shadows of Demi-Gods-they were both divine hosts! The sanctuary sorcerers, enhanced by the divine hosts, were enough to push their combat power to the legendary level!

However, the Black Tide was not inferior either. Using the Demi-God as a medium, he could also borrow the power of the Four Pillars Cult. Although he couldn’t simultaneously invoke the Four Pillars like Silver Lantern, he prayed to the most formidable Lord of myriad glories, enough to amplify his spellcasting to the world’s limit!

The three faced off in the air, like three suns hanging in the sky, while other sorcerers kept their distance, and the ground assault slightly eased. Everyone tensely awaited the upcoming legendary offense and defense!

“Is it just you alone?” Limber suddenly asked, “Taking on two isn’t your usual despicable style.”

“I alone am enough to deal with you,” the Black Tide replied.

“Not calling for reinforcements only means you have no soldiers left to use,” Cornelia said coldly. “But what about Ouneva? It’s been hours, and the Pope of Annihilation hasn’t appeared. What are you plotting?”

“You’ll have to ask His Excellency,” the Black Tide naturally wouldn’t divulge intelligence. “Once you’re captured, you’ll have the chance to ask questions.”

However, Limber and Cornelia didn’t attack. They exchanged a glance and suddenly said, “Sorry, Forest Guardian, we couldn’t force Ouneva out.”

The Black Tide was startled but quickly realized something, and without a word, he rapidly retreated!

Yet as he retreated, someone suddenly appeared behind him, colliding solidly with the Black Tide. The Black Tide felt as if he had crashed into some steel alloy, the intense recoil making his bones feel soft and his head dizzy!

The person who appeared behind the Black Tide was a young man, seemingly ordinary in appearance, but his eyes were murky and heavy, like those of a weathered elder. Having been bumped by the Black Tide, he didn’t move an inch, quietly looking at the Black Tide and said, “Can you call Ouneva out?”

The Black Tide dared not respond, immediately changing direction and fleeing frantically.

He had already recognized who this young man was, and even though he had just been empowered by the Lord of myriad glories, every cell in his body and soul was screaming-run!

This young man was named Qinyi.

Yes, the very Qinyi of the Qinyi Alliance. Or rather, the Qinyi Alliance was established in his name.

Like the ‘Pope of Annihilation’ Ouneva, ‘Forest Guardian’ Qinyi was also one of the three legends of the Land of Senlo!

Qinyi’s life was filled with mysteries, enough to fill several books. He was born into the Qinyi cult, but by his youth, the Qinyi cult had already perished. A normal person would then turn to another cult, yet he took Qinyi as his name, joining no cult, wandering the Land of Senlo like a freshwater fish in the sea.

After becoming a legend, he focused on promoting a consensus: the War of Faith must not affect non-sorcerer civilians! No matter which side wins, they are not allowed to massacre enemy civilians!

In the past, since civilians would join the war effort, civilian casualties were common. If the victorious cult wasn’t inclined towards order and goodness, massacres out of spite weren’t impossible.

Many speculated that his experiences in youth made Qinyi persistent about this, and many doubted Qinyi’s solitary pursuit. After all, even if you’re a legendary sorcerer, the Land of Senlo is vast; if I commit evil deeds without your knowledge, what can you do?

Yet under Qinyi's gradual influence, the atmosphere began to change bit by bit. Those cults inclined towards slaughter were actively attacked by Qinyi and soon vanished into the dust of history; meanwhile, many cults inclined towards order openly supported Qinyi's stance, mutually supervising each other for any civilian harm.

The reason, of course, wasn't that everyone feared Qinyi's might, but that Qinyi's stance aligned with the era's theme, increased productivity, and benefited everyone. Many cults knew they should protect civilians, but none advocated for the entire continent to adhere to this baseline like Qinyi did.

Due to this influence, Qinyi's reputation in Senlo soared, earning him the honorific 'Forest Guardian,' praising him for protecting countless ordinary people who couldn't fight.

Facing the threat of the Four Pillars Cult, all cults knew they had to unite, but any union needed a leader, and no matter who led, other cults would surely be unwilling. At this point, they naturally thought of Qinyi, this highly respected and unthreatening strong figure, leading to the birth of the Qinyi Alliance.

It's said that Qinyi is not only the oldest legendary sorcerer but also the oldest elder in Senlo.

Though the Forest Guardian's fearsome reputation isn't as flashy as the Pope of Annihilation's, Qinyi once fought against cults alone, forcing countless cults to kneel and admit their wrongs. How could he not be a killer?

Whether divine hosts or blessings from the Four Pillars, they only enhance sanctuary sorcerers to the legendary level. But Qinyi, a living legend, has defeated divine hosts countless times, even if not in one strike, at least with a slap that can't be counted. The Black Tide dared not even touch him-no, he already did, and the recoil still left him a bit dizzy.

“Don't let others see your back, or you'll easily lose things,” Qinyi said calmly, as if reminding someone not to have their wallet stolen.

The Black Tide suddenly stopped. He turned his head blankly and saw Qinyi holding a heart in his hand.

He pressed his left chest with his hand, waited a few seconds, and confirmed that he had no heartbeat.

What Qinyi held was his heart.

Spatial Fist-Claw Miracle: Heart Extraction...

Snap.

Qinyi crushed the heart, and the Black Tide closed his eyes, falling to the ground like a rag.

Limber and Cornelia bowed deeply to him and charged towards the city wall, unleashing a massacre. A sanctuary sorcerer in a state of Divine Hosting was an unstoppable tactical weapon. The Four Pillars sorcerers were utterly defenseless, crushed like garbage.

Ten minutes later, the Qinyi Alliance breached the city walls, and the Vine Giant City was officially conquered!

Not to mention a month, the Vine Giant City couldn't even hold for a day! Once a legend enters the fray, the tide of battle shifts immediately!

So Qinyi found it strange-why hadn't Ouneva appeared yet? In the past, he had refrained from acting several times because of his secret standoff with Ouneva. Without an eighty percent certainty, legends dared not easily initiate combat, as even a sanctuary might not withstand legendary spellcasting, and a single clash could lead to death.

However, even if Ouneva appeared, it would make no difference. He had already discussed with 'Death Song' Essara that the Four Pillars Cult must be exterminated this time. Even if Ouneva intervened, the two legends would not retreat a single step.

Essara was lying in ambush three kilometers away. Initially, Qinyi planned to lure Ouneva into the ambush circle. Besides, other sanctuary sorcerers and divine hosts from various Senlo cults were continuously heading towards the Silent Spiral. Even if Ouneva miraculously survived, he would face the formidable restraint of Essara and Qinyi, along with the joint siege of over a dozen sanctuary sorcerers.

However, even if the Four Pillars Cult was annihilated, the war would not end.

Qinyi saw clearly that many cults intended to end it all in one decisive battle this time. After all, with all the cults gathered together, it was like gathering all the troubles in one place, making it easier to resolve, wasn't it?

As long as they killed off the other cults, they could enter a new divine era.

Life is short, and most Senlo people can only live to 28. Two hundred years is too long, so long that no one is willing to wait anymore.

Tired, let it be destroyed.

Kill, until a dawn is carved out.

The siege of the Four Pillars Cult was just an insignificant beginning. The true conclusion was still being drafted. Whether an undisputed victor would emerge to unify Senlo or everyone would be defeated and continue the chaotic era of strife, no one knew until the last moment.

Qinyi watched the people slaughtering each other on the ground and murmured, "Qinyi, Qinyi..."

The meaning of Qinyi is to search for the days of the past, also referring to yesterday. The Qinyi Sect is actually a branch of the Tribulation Fire Chapel, with ideals aimed at restoring the glory of the past.

Yet, this oldest man of Senlo looked at the slaughter on the ground and revealed a gratified smile: “Senlo... is finally stepping towards tomorrow?”

Boom!

Suddenly, the entire world erupted in a violent tremor, even affecting Qinyi in the air. When the Forest Guardian regained his senses, he saw a massive crack splitting the earth in two, with the Vine Giant City right in the middle, also divided into two halves...

No!

Qinyi looked up and saw a massive scar in the clear sky, as if it was about to bleed!

He was nearly a hundred years old, having witnessed numerous era changes and the extinction of countless cults. What scene hadn't he seen? But this situation, he had truly never seen before!

The sky... could it actually be wounded?

In a daze, Qinyi found himself falling. He didn't mind, spreading his virtual wings and attempting to ascend with a Movement Miracle.

But it was all in vain.

He couldn't resist the gravity from the crack at all, as if something was nullifying his resistance!

What was it?

What was it!

Qinyi, who had competed for the Wishflux Inheritance, though he didn't master the Fate Sect, had cultivated some sense of fate. In his desperate struggle, he finally sensed what was obstructing him.

It was the torrent of fate.

An unseen, untouchable, colorless, and tasteless torrent of fate was flowing into the earth's crack from all directions, like water gushing into a sewer from an unplugged reservoir. Legendary sorcerers caught in the torrent of fate couldn't resist this power that transcended all rules, being dragged from the heavens to the mortal realm.

Qinyi saw the disciples of the Four Pillars, saw the alliance sorcerers, saw sanctuary sorcerers like Limber, and even saw the corpse of the Black Tide. Beliefs, feuds, interests—these trivial matters no longer mattered. Everyone was trying to grasp whatever they could, but in the end, everyone was swept into the crack like garbage.

But they were not alone. Across the entire Senlo wasteland, everyone was swept away by the invisible torrent of fate. Anything they grasped couldn't bear their weight—wooden beams would collapse, stones would shatter, even the earth would be torn apart.

Some went with the flow, some fought desperately, some united in cooperation, and some pondered alone. But ultimately, they all flowed towards the end of Senlo—

The Silent Spiral.

Chapter 728: End-of-Life Care Specialist

“When we reach the Gospel, you'll join me in handling corpses, and then I'll find you a part-time job in death scene cleanup. The Necromancy Sect doesn't have many books; it's all about hands-on experience. Handling corpses is the fastest way to grasp the physiological traits of various races.”

Chikara nodded repeatedly, asking, “Mentor, does death scene cleanup help with the Necromancy Sect?”

Harvey thought seriously for a moment and shook his head, “No, it doesn't.”

The orc was taken aback, “Then why should I take a part-time job in death scene cleanup?”

“Hmm?” Harvey looked puzzled, “You’re asking why... death scene cleanup is fun.”

“Fun?”

“Yes, through this part-time job, you can witness most death scenes. People who hang themselves, due to gravity and incontinence, have excrement and urine flowing down their legs, covering the floor; those who drown have a giant’s appearance, their swollen state is quite striking; those who die in high temperatures after a few days become a breeding ground for maggots. When you turn their heads and see maggots and flies crawling out of their mouths, noses, and eyes, it’s truly... wow...”

Harvey spoke with a sense of longing, even licking his lips, though it was unclear what he was reminiscing about. However, seeing the orc’s stern expression, he asked, “Don’t you find it interesting?”

“Because you’re my mentor now, I don’t want to say anything too harsh,” Chikara replied.

“But,” Harvey thought for a moment, “I became a necromancer starting from death scene cleanup.”

“If it doesn’t help with the Necromancy Sect, we can skip it,” Chikara suggested.

“But death scene cleanup is meaningful,” Harvey gave an example, “For instance, once I handled a murder case in a shared apartment. Six people lived there, all good friends, and five were killed. I cleaned the scene thoroughly, even washing the blood splattered on the walls. The only survivor, seeing such a clean apartment, would surely feel at ease.”

Would the survivor really continue living in that apartment?

Chikara said, “You mean I can learn to respect life and understand death through death scene cleanup?”

Harvey was momentarily stunned, then nodded, “Yes, exactly, that’s what I meant.”

“Alright then.”

Chikara glanced at Harvey and added, “It does sound a bit interesting.”

“Exactly, exactly.” Harvey found the orc much more agreeable, “You have a talent for the Necromancy Sect. You can definitely become a great disciple of Haagen-Dazs like me.”

At this point, Harvey’s lower body had regenerated, but only his right hand had been restored, as Chikara didn’t have much spellforce left.

“So, are we heading to the Kingdom of Gospel?”

“Yes, after all, the Empress of Gospel is Ashe’s daughter,” Harvey said, “If we want to settle down, Gospel is the best choice.”

The orc was stunned, thinking for a moment before asking, “The Empress, is she the most powerful person in the country? Like a Demi-God in the divine era?”

“Exactly.”

“The Empress is Mr. Ashe’s daughter?”

“Exactly.”

“How did you end up in Senlo?” the orc asked sincerely.

“Ashe always triggers some strange events. I’ve gotten used to their sudden travels,” Harvey advised his only disciple, “If you don’t want to die, stay away from Ashe.”

“But aren’t you a close friend of Mr. Ashe?”

“I’m not afraid of death,” Harvey said, “The main reason I travel with him is that I believe he can bring me a grand death.”

The orc began regenerating his left hand, chuckling, “And also because traveling with Mr. Ashe and Mr. Igor is fun, right?”

“Though it’s called traveling, most of the time it’s fleeing, being hunted, hiding, or even being enslaved. There’s always some crisis hanging over our heads,” the necromancer said, “But it’s never boring. With them, even if there’s a destination, you never reach it because you never know when they’ll have a new idea.”

“But you don’t dislike it, do you?”

“How could I dislike it?” Harvey chuckled, “I crave this thrilling life of battling death. If I didn’t die this time, maybe next time I will.”

“Mentor, you should cherish your life more,” Chikara said with a wry smile, “At least don’t die before you finish teaching me.”

“If I really have to die, there’s nothing I can do,” Harvey said leisurely, “When it’s time to die, die earnestly. Then, you should properly collect my corpse. It’s your mentor, your textbook, and your tool.”

Chikara knew he couldn't persuade the necromancer. He thought for a moment and said, "Mentor, do you know what position I held at the Tribulation Fire Chapel?"

"Weren't you a Bishop?"

"Bishop is a rank, not a position," the orc said, "My position was an end-of-life care specialist."

Harvey was taken aback, "End-of-life care?"

"Most Senlo people can only live up to 28 years. When the time comes, they quickly lose physiological functions in bed," Chikara explained, "From losing the ability to work to death, it takes about 30 days. Unless they commit suicide, those thirty days are extremely painful for anyone."

Harvey nodded, understanding that death was one thing, but waiting for it to come in thirty days was another.

"The Tribulation Fire Chapel doesn't advocate suicide, so to help them embrace death peacefully, there's the position of end-of-life care specialist," Chikara said, pointing to himself with his thumb, "Healers are basically end-of-life care specialists. To be honest, my end-of-life care services receive rave reviews from everyone!"

Harvey was a bit puzzled, "Even if someone gives a bad review, they're dead..."

“So if the Kingdom of Gospel has end-of-life care specialists, I highly recommend you take it up as a part-time job. Even if they don’t, you can start a similar service,” the orc said, “I cherish life so much because I’ve seen too many people clinging to life before death. After all, if ordinary people want to live so much, how can we sorcerers give up easily?”

Harvey understood Chikara’s point. He thought for a moment and nodded, “I’ll become an end-of-life care specialist, and you take up death scene cleanup.”

“It’s a deal.” The orc extended his hand, “But our Tribulation Fire Chapel’s end-of-life care is definitely the most professional. We even have elegies for the living. I’ll teach you later...”

Harvey extended his hand, but just then, the world shook violently, and his hand grasped nothing.

A massive rift suddenly appeared in the world, and Chikara was right at its edge. The orc reacted swiftly, spreading his virtual wings, deploying his Sanctuary, and activating the Movement Miracle. He did everything he could, but it was as if he was swept away by an invisible torrent, inevitably flowing into the rift.

Chapter 729: Rain

Chapter 729: Rain

“I’m leaving.”

On the fifteenth floor of the Silent Spiral, Igor, his body wrapped in bandages, heard Raven's words, but there was little surprise on his face. He lay half-reclined against a pile of miscellaneous items on the carpet. His soft blond hair had been tied up by Gwen, exposing the back of his neck as smooth as white silk. His upper body, muscular and slender, was bare, and his lower body was casually wrapped with a curtain. Coupled with the wounds all over him, as he put it himself, "It's just like a doll that's been played to pieces yet still has to keep receiving customers."

Gwen was holding a small knife, scraping away the charred, rotten flesh on Igor's body caused by the Thunder-Water Arrow Rain, slice by slice, then regenerating the flesh with the aid of hydrotherapy spirits. She had to be extremely careful, as the Con Artist could not afford to lose any more blood. His face was as pale as paper, yet he endured this near-lingchi torture with remarkable composure-a mental sorcerer was most adept at severing their own sense of pain.

Many believed that the main use of the Mental Sect was to deceive others, but in truth, mental spellcasting was more often used to deceive oneself. To trick oneself into feeling no pain, into not caring. If one lied to themselves long enough and deep enough, it was as if they could truly become accustomed to loss and parting.

The Con Artist's lips moved slightly, as if many words were brewing in his throat, but in the end, they became a single question:

"Leaving now?"

Raven stood up, still wrapped in his cloak and wearing his Mask. Though he had just experienced a Sanctuary-level battle, to him, it was nothing more than some torn clothing

and a stronger scent of blood on his body. Compared to Igor, his injuries were no lighter, but in his career as a warrior, these wounds didn't even make the top five.

He couldn't use spirits to heal himself, but Raven had always been adept at treating his own injuries. He could staunch bleeding with muscle, set bones by hand, even stitch up damaged organs outside his body with needle and thread... Unlike Igor, Raven was very easy to care for; not only could he heal himself, but he also remained completely silent throughout the process.

As if he truly could get used to pain.

"Yes. I can move again, and with my mental arts, the Four Pillars Cult on the surface won't discover me."

"Why so urgent?" Gwen was a bit surprised. "And Mr. Tamashi, where are you going?"

"To find Tanomoo."

Raven answered calmly, "I was the one who let her go. Catching her is my responsibility. With every second of her freedom, the threat to innocents grows. Perhaps someone has already suffered because of her."

"I do not regret letting her go. I am willing to bear all the consequences. When she left the Silent Spiral alive and regained her freedom, it meant I officially started my punishment—this time, not for revenge, not for justice, but because this is my sin. Only with Tanomoo's blood can my soul return to freedom."

Igor suddenly let out a cold laugh. “You make me feel so guilty, Mr. Warrior. It’s all my fault for dragging you down. Otherwise, that wicked Mercury Trojan Horse would have been slain by you on the spot.”

“No,” Raven said, “I don’t mean to blame you.”

“But because you saved me, you feel guilty, talking about punishment and consequences. Doesn’t that mean saving me was a crime?” Igor said lazily. “Ah, I feel so guilty too. Wait a bit, I’ll go with you to hunt down the Mercury Trojan Horse!”

“Fine, if you really feel guilty,” Raven said. “You’d make a good White Crow.”

The Con Artist slowly let his exaggerated smile fade, stared at Raven for a long moment, and replied expressionlessly, “I’m not a disciple of the Raven Annihilation.”

“You don’t feel guilty either,” Raven said.

“And you don’t need to feel guilty,” Igor said. “Eradicating the Mercury Trojan Horse is the responsibility of the Qinyi Alliance, of sorcerers. It’s just not your responsibility as an ordinary person. You have no cult, no followers, nothing you need to protect. No matter how much harm the Mercury Trojan Horse causes, it has nothing to do with you. The higher your status, the greater your responsibility. But you, you’re a crow as humble as dust—there is no need to feel guilty for failing to protect world peace. If you said so aloud, it would only make people laugh.”

“I can’t out-talk you,” Raven said, “but I know what I have to do.”

“Are you really willing?” Igor said. “You could leave Senlo with us, start a new life in a new Kingdom, never again having to struggle for survival or be entangled in hatred. You could have many friends, a new home, even rebuild your Raven Annihilation... You’re just one step away from the future, yet you insist on being trapped in the past?”

“I’m not willing,” Raven replied, “but I can’t let go.”

“Though we’re parting, it’s not forever. Once I’ve killed Tanomoo, I’ll seek you out; or maybe, once you’ve settled down, you can come back to Senlo to find me. Our future holds countless possibilities. As long as there’s a chance, we’ll meet again.”

“When Ashe hoped I would leave with him, I was truly happy.” Raven lowered his head, staring at his own palm. “Seeing you all come to save me, I was so happy I wanted to jump for joy. I know I’ve let you down. After all your hardships to find me, I ended up leaving on my own.”

“I don’t dare hope for your forgiveness, but...”

Raven looked at Igor and Gwen, spreading his hands. “That’s just how we of the Raven Annihilation are. But even if ninety-nine percent of it is my fault, is it not at least one percent your fault, for taking me as a friend?”

Gwen and Igor were both stunned for a moment.

Then the Con Artist grabbed a copper wine bottle and threw it directly at him. “Learning nothing good, but you’ve picked up all of Ashe’s faults.”

“I quite like that trait,” Raven caught the copper wine bottle and said softly. “Don’t look for reasons in yourself when something happens-blame others first. Please help me apologize to the others. For all the trouble I’ve caused you these days, I’m truly sorry.”

“Are you not waiting for Mr. Ashe to return?” Gwen asked.

“If I wait for him, I might truly be unable to leave.” Raven shook his head, turned, and left. “I spent quite a bit of time just to make up my mind.”

“And the longer we delay, the deeper Tanomoo will hide. The sooner we catch up, the more likely we are to catch her.”

Gwen signaled to Igor, suggesting the Con Artist should persuade Raven to stay. If they could stall until Ashe returned, or if Igor could appeal to Raven’s emotions and reason, they might sway Raven’s resolve, making him abandon the pursuit of Mercury Trojan Horse and join them in the pursuit of a life of indulgence.

However, Igor merely watched Raven’s departing figure and sighed softly.

The Con Artist knew it was impossible to persuade Raven. In the final decision, Raven had defied his faith, sparing Mercury Trojan Horse to save Igor, indicating that Raven had already embarked on his own path. He was redefining what 'Raven Annihilation' meant with his life, rather than blindly following it as he had before.

When faith becomes a shackle, its demise is only a matter of time.

But he was merely redefining his faith, not abandoning it entirely. Thus, he must continue to pursue Mercury Trojan Horse to achieve inner peace, and he would never forsake his convictions for the sake of living.

Faith is the discovery of divinity within humanity.

"Perhaps," Igor murmured, "not all fish are meant to live in the same sea..."

Gwen asked, "Mr. Igor, do you really not care about Mr. Tamashi leaving?"

How could he care? He needed him as a friend before because he was useful. Now that he's pursuing Mercury Trojan Horse, he has no use, and naturally, he's no longer a friend...

Igor coughed, feeling a sour discomfort in his stomach. He called out softly, “Raven.”

“Huh?” Raven turned his head at the Fog Gate.

“Next time.” Igor patted Gwen’s shoulder, signaling to wave together.

Raven paused, then waved back vigorously, “Next time-“

Boom!

Suddenly, the world shook violently, and the hall seemed on the verge of collapse!

Gwen immediately lunged at Igor, spreading her Twin Wings to try and lift the Con Artist, but at that moment, the hall suddenly split open with a massive crack, and no matter how Gwen tried to fly, she couldn’t rise. Instead, she seemed to be caught in an invisible torrent, instantly swept into the crack!

As Gwen fell into the crack, Igor dragged his crippled body over, grabbing Gwen’s wrist at the edge, preventing her from falling!

He also spread his virtual wings, trying to use atmospheric pressure to pull Gwen up, but Gwen seemed as heavy as a thousand pounds, and no matter how hard Igor tried, he couldn't lift her an inch!

“Raven!-” Igor shouted angrily, “Come help me!”

He turned his head, only to see that Raven's previous position was right at the center of the crack. The terrifying and bizarre Raven Annihilation warrior was nowhere to be seen.

The Con Artist's mind went numb. He had thought Ouneva was the greatest crisis of this adventure, but then they encountered Mercury Trojan Horse leading the Black Feather Guard; after temporarily defeating this grave threat, Silent Spiral suddenly caused the earth to shatter.

Were they the unluckiest people in all of Senlo?

However, Igor looked up and saw countless people even more unfortunate than them falling.

Four Pillars sorcerers, alliance sorcerers, battle sorcerers, healing sorcerers, logistics, archers, messengers, engineers... Thousands of Senlo people continuously fell from the crack above, into the crack below. These people spread virtual wings, drove spirits, performed Miracles, using all their abilities to resist this inevitable fate, but ultimately could only merge like a drop of water into water, flowing into Silent Spiral.

People fell like rain.

Igor watched this scene, his fingernails almost embedding into Gwen's wrist. Gwen endured the pain, silently gripping Igor's wrist in return.

In the eighteenth layer of Silent Spiral, the severely injured Ashe opened his eyes, finding himself held by Silver Lantern. Instinctively, he cast Joy Sword on himself, memories quickly resurfacing, and he grabbed Silver Lantern's shoulder, whispering, "Silver Lantern, Vichy is—"

Ashe fell silent.

Because Silver Lantern paid him no mind.

And as he followed Silver Lantern's gaze to the sky, he too was stunned by the sight.

A massive crack tearing the sky, continuously pouring down human rain. From afar, people were condensed into black dots, like a swarm of garbage falling down.

And their destination was also a crack, but a very thin one. Ashe turned his head, seeing a finger-width crack on the ground, like a groove in the earth.

Such a thin crack, naturally, people couldn't fit through. So what squeezed through was no longer human.

Those falling were already starting to melt in mid-air. Their arms, legs, bodies, heads, everything melted into water, forming a curtain of water, precisely and cruelly flowing into the thin crack.

Ashe heard no screams, only the sound of rushing water.

"What's below...?" Ashe asked blankly.

This was already the eighteenth layer of Silent Spiral, the lowest level Senlo sorcerers could reach. In theory, there was nothing below.

"It's a destination, a homeland, death, darkness." Vichy closed his notebook, closely watching the still silent deities, and explained:

"It's also the Virtual Realm."

Chapter 730: Chikara

“So heavy, can you cut off your waist first?”

On the tenth level of the Silent Spiral, Harvey lay at the edge of a crevice, using his only right hand to grasp the orc. Logically, without other limbs to hold onto the ground, he should have been dragged down by the orc. However, a dried corpse was clutching Harvey from behind. Although the corpse didn't have much strength, its overall mass was at least greater than that of the orc.

The orc smiled wryly, “Even if I wanted to, I don't have hands to cut my waist. Besides, Mentor, you can't pull me up, it's probably not because of my weight.”

Chikara's condition was only slightly better than Harvey's. His left hand had regenerated to the elbow, but his legs were still missing.

The moment Chikara was swept into the crevice, Harvey immediately unfurled his virtual wings and flew over, grabbing Chikara's wrist at the critical moment. However, the virtual wings not only failed to lift them but almost caused Harvey to be dragged down by Chikara. Fortunately, Harvey could still control Alice, and the three of them clung together to barely halt their fall.

Yet, after three minutes, not only had Harvey failed to pull Chikara up, but they had even slipped down slightly. Although Harvey's body was brand new, it was missing some limb attachments, and his muscles, blood vessels, and skin were too tender-in simple terms, not durable.

After three minutes of exertion, Harvey's right hand had begun to feel weak, and he couldn't even lift his elbow. The necromancer pondered for a moment, and suddenly his arm turned gray-black and withered, resembling a ghoul's arm.

“It’s not a matter of strength,” Chikara shook his head. “If strength were useful, you would have pulled me up by now.”

Harvey didn’t respond, but the gray-black on his arm spread to Chikara’s hand. The orc was taken aback, then realized the necromancer’s intention, “You want to turn me into a corpse to see if it can remove my special condition, and then find a way to turn me back to normal?”

However, as the corpse energy spread over half of Chikara’s body, the orc gasped, shivering, “Mentor, stop, I can’t take it... it’s terrifying, it’s unbearable, I don’t want...”

“Mentor, have you always endured this kind of torment?” Chikara’s teeth chattered, but it didn’t stop his chatterbox nature, “The parts infected by corpse energy feel like they’re stuffed into a box the size of a fingertip, unable to move, turn, or touch, so oppressive that I want to cut them off.”

“When you use Frostfire, Mentor, your whole body is soaked in corpse energy, isn’t it...”

“That’s the closest feeling to death,” Harvey said. “Being trapped in a box, unable to think, unable to move, unable to do anything, trapped forever.”

Chikara couldn’t help but ask, “In that case, Mentor, shouldn’t you be very afraid of death?”

“That’s just close to death, not true death,” Harvey said. “According to Haagen-Dazs’s records, death is without pleasure, without pain, without action, and without stillness.

Death is nothingness, the ultimate of everything. Death is not a feeling but a state, like growing up or falling asleep, so it's not worth fearing, nor worth longing for."

"When you first encounter corpse energy, you might fear and loathe it, but after prolonged exposure, you start to seek a 'deeper' death. For example, after consuming smoke sugar and then experiencing corpse energy, it feels like I'm truly dead."

Chikara smiled wryly, "Mentor, your tastes are quite... sophisticated."

The orc turned his head, looking at the rain of people falling from the crevice, then turned back to Harvey, murmuring, "Mentor, why haven't you... fallen?"

"I thought it was because of your strength, but I just saw the Forest Guardian Qinyi fall too. Even legendary sorcerers can't resist this catastrophe, so it shouldn't be a matter of strength, especially since you're still recovering from serious injuries."

"If it's because of race, that's not right either. Most of the people falling are humans, and I'm an orc. Age? Gender? Spellcasting Sect? None seem to be decisive factors."

Harvey said, "There's only one difference between you and me."

"Yes," Chikara said, "I'm a Senlo person, and you're not."

“I’ll describe it briefly. I feel like I’m in a torrent, subjected to a downward force. All my struggles are counteracted by the torrent, so virtual wings are useless, spirits are useless, Miracles are useless,” the orc said. “If this is a catastrophe that only affects Senlo people, then all Senlo people are being swept into the Silent Spiral, whether sorcerers or non-sorcerers, all doomed.”

“By then, only you outsiders will survive, and all Senlo people will die.”

Harvey quietly watched Chikara, amidst the drizzling rain of people, the mentor and apprentice enjoyed a rare moment of tranquility.

After a long while, Chikara finally spoke slowly:

“Damn!”

The orc trembled all over, gripping the necromancer’s arm tightly, nearly grinding his teeth to dust, shouting in a trembling voice, “Why do we all have to die! And just because you’re not Senlo people, you get to survive?! Why! Why! Why!”

“I’m a sanctuary sorcerer! A sanctuary sorcerer above all beings! How can I die so insignificantly, so unremarkably, so... aggrieved!”

Chikara cried, tears and snot streaming down, wailing like a child. This multifaceted, adaptable, and easygoing orc finally revealed his truest self at this moment, with no technique, just pure emotional outpouring.

This is the allure of death; in the face of the most impartial demise, all beings can reveal their true hearts.

“Sorry, Mentor.” Chikara sobbed, squeezing his eyes shut as if trying to force out his tears. “I must look terrible to you.”

“Not terrible,” Harvey said. “I used to not be able to tell the difference between you orcs, but just now, I remembered you. No matter who it is, in the moment they charge towards death, they reveal their truest beauty.”

The orc sniffed and smiled bitterly. “I really don’t know if you’re mocking me... I wish I could face death as calmly and even joyfully as you do, Mentor, but I just can’t. In fact, most people in this world can’t, which is why there’s a profession like end-of-life care.”

“You won’t die,” Harvey said. “Whether it’s an hour, a day, or a year, I’ll keep holding onto you.”

“I promised to train you into a qualified necromancer. At least, before I teach you the most basic knowledge, I won’t let you die.”

Chikara asked, “What is the basic knowledge of a necromancer?”

“How to become a qualified corpse,” Harvey replied.

“Hurry up and teach me,” the orc urged.

“There’s actually not much to teach,” Harvey said. “We can’t choose our birth, our encounters, or even our death. So the value of a corpse is reflected in whether they lived seriously before they died.”

“Seriously doesn’t mean being positive, successful, or smooth sailing, but whether there’s hope in the heart. As long as there’s somewhere you want to go, even living under a bridge and eating garbage makes you a superior corpse; if you live without a goal, even a legendary sorcerer is inferior material.”

Chikara listened intently and suddenly burst into laughter.

“What is it?”

“I realized that I used to be inferior material, but just now, I became superior.”

Harvey was a bit puzzled. “What do you mean?”

“In the Tribulation Fire Chapel and Four Pillars Cult, I never really had a goal. Until just now, I had the thought of studying the Necromancy Sect and becoming a great necromancer,” Chikara laughed. “Am I qualified now?”

“Qualified,” Harvey nodded. “Whether as a corpse or as a necromancer.”

“That’s great.” The orc breathed a sigh of relief but then shook his head. “Unfortunately, it’s still useless.”

“Then I’ll teach you how to do end-of-life care,” Chikara said, raising his head. “Mentor, you’re really bad at talking. In the future, when you meet someone about to die, be nicer to them, because they’re about to become your material.”

“That makes sense,” Harvey nodded. “How do I do it?”

“It’s actually quite complex, with many tricks and taboos, but I don’t have much time. I’ll teach you the elegy; you can just sing this poem to the dying in the future,” Chikara said. “I’ll sing a line, and you sing a line.”

“When I see, all things that grow, can only be perfect in a moment.”

“On the world’s stage there’s nothing, only flames pulling in secret.”

“I see humans grow like plants, given prosperity and decline by the same sky.”

“In youth flourishing, at noon declining, all beauty erased from memory!”

“So this momentary scheme, lets your youthful visage appear before me.”

“And cruel time and decay conspire, to turn your youthful day into dark night,”

“To love you, I will fight against time,”

“What it takes from you, I will reignite.”

After singing the last line, Chikara’s body had already turned into transparent liquid, flowing through Harvey’s fingers. A dozen fire spirits crawled up Harvey’s withered arm, quietly watching the beings fall into the chasm alongside the necromancer.

Crack!

The grey fox blade wedged between the rocks, Raven looked up at the sky, his gaze piercing through the layers of Silent Spiral, directly able to see Senlo’s sky.

People fell like rain, making Raven feel as if he too had become a raindrop. He tried to climb up, but his body didn't move an inch, all his strength falling into emptiness, as if what he was holding wasn't a person, but a hell.

Despite this, Raven didn't reveal any anxiety, calmly asking, "Are you alright?"

He looked down at the person he was holding.

When the chasm appeared, Raven had no way to avoid it and fell directly into the huge chasm. At the same time, someone fell from above, and Raven instinctively reached out to grab them, then immediately pulled out the grey fox blade to gouge the wall and stop the fall.

Then came the terrifying rain that was impossible to look away from, and since the person he saved hadn't spoken, Raven hadn't paid attention to them.

Only now did he see the other person wearing a cat-head pajama, with a sweet appearance, petite figure, and both hands tightly gripping Raven's wrist. Her right palm had a freshly made blood hole.

"I'm fine, Tamashi," she raised her head and said calmly.