

Inevitability 831

Chapter 831 Something's Wrong

When Lumian withdrew the headless corpse of the Abscessed Hand and activated the black mark on his right shoulder, he heard Julie's voice along with the sharp, exaggerated sound of a heavy object falling rapidly.

Instinctively, he chose the farthest place he could sense as his teleportation destination.

Just as Lumian's figure vanished, Albus entered the area with two iron puppets.

He hadn't been influenced by Lumian's feigned attempt to rush towards the mountain of corpses. Instead, he took advantage of Lumian's blindness, conjuring a blazing-white flame spear and manually hurling it forward to drive Lumian out of the corridor, forcing him to face potential dangers and possible concentrated attacks.

Albus himself lagged two to three meters behind, allowing him ample time to react—if Lumian were to be surrounded or controlled, Albus could avoid the dangerous zone and approach the mountain of corpses from the side.

Of course, Albus couldn't afford to fall too far behind. Lumian had just proven he could prevent Wanak from attacking him, potentially reaching the destination quickly and unhindered. If Albus delayed for more than ten to twenty seconds before entering the area, Lumian might have already made direct contact with 0-01!

In war, acting too quickly or too slowly can both lead to failure... As this thought crossed Albus's mind, he heard the terrifying explosion of something hitting the ground.

One of his iron puppets looked up, seeing a massive meteor engulfed in bright flames, illuminating the entire area. It plummeted towards the armored soldiers and countless corpses in the wasteland, heading towards the entrance area where Albus and Wanak were.

The meteor fell faster and faster, soon surpassing the speed of sound.

Further away, Julie, wearing a slit low-cut dress, stood in midair with the help of icy steps, holding a lantern.

With a sapphire ring on her left hand, she drew a downward arc, pointing at where Wanak and Albus were.

“Son of a bitch!”

For the first time since entering Morora, Albus cursed uncontrollably in his mind.

Isn't she supposed to not have invoked divine descent yet?

Isn't she not in a state of divine descent?

How could this sow summon a meteor?

What about Morora's rules? What about 0-01? Shouldn't there be some restrictions? This is the ability of a Demoness of Catastrophe!

And this Demoness isn't even blindfolded!

Something's wrong!

Although the meteor hadn't reached the level to destroy a city, or the true power of a Demoness of Catastrophe, Albus still felt genuine fear at that moment.

As a member of the Red of War rebuilt by the ancestor, he could concentrate his power towards the King of Angels, share some of the power in return, and distribute part of the damage he received. However, in Morora, within the core area of sealing 0-01, this special interaction was significantly weakened. Albus could at most temporarily use Sequence 4 powers and some weakened higher abilities, but could only transfer a third of the damage at most.

Now, even if he could transfer half or two-thirds of the damage, the remaining part would still be more than his current body could bear.

If the meteor had fallen instantly, Albus would have already turned into a charred corpse.

Wearing a black blindfold, he leaned back slightly, his hair igniting with red flames extending to his back.

Beneath his skin, his bones and flesh faintly glowed with an iron-black hue.

Next, he transformed into a blazing white flame spear, carrying the two iron puppets rapidly to the right.

He had borrowed the Red Angel's power. The plan was to first avoid the meteor's impact zone, then use the ancestor's damage sharing, his temporary metal transformation, and the two iron puppets as shields to survive the subsequent impact.

Yes, Albus didn't bring the iron puppets because he was fond of them or because he didn't want to lose his "eyes."

They made excellent shields!

As the primary target, Wanak made the same choice as Albus, but without the final protection of the iron puppets, and was hindered by layers of invisible webs around him.

As the strands of web became visible, turning grayish-white, Wanak's blazing white flame spear slowed down.

Bang!

The blazing meteor hit the ground about ten meters behind Wanak.

Boom!

Rolling dust, intense flames, and terrifying shockwaves engulfed Wanak.

The metal-colored body of Morora's most dangerous person cracked instantly, turning into a charred corpse.

Albus, who had fled some distance, was slammed into the white flame spear by the rushing shockwave, driving it to the ground.

With a clanging sound, the first iron puppet, acting as a shield, quickly dented and partially shattered, instantly losing its puppet-like feel and becoming scrap metal.

Next, the second iron puppet suffered severe damage, and then Albus Medici, who emerged from the flame spear state, spat a mouthful of blazing blood, his metalized body sustaining damage.

Not knowing where he had teleported to, Lumian first heard the explosion, then felt the tangible shockwave slam into him, followed by the burning flames.

His ears momentarily deafened, unable to draw knowledge from the brass earplugs. His whole body was flung out, but the shockwave's intensity had dropped to a level a Reaper could withstand.

As for the flames carried by the shockwave, they could only ignite clothes, bandages, and hair, barely causing significant burns to his body, and were quickly extinguished by his flame control ability.

Thua!

Lumian landed heavily, almost dropping the carbide lamp in his hand.

The burnt bandages on his face fell off, but fortunately, he kept his eyes shut.

At the same time, Lumian felt the headless corpse of the Abscessed Hand in his right hand and the rotting head in his left hand become agitated, each dragging his body towards the other with terrifying force.

Lumian didn't stop them; instead, he released his grip.

He once again activated the black mark on his right shoulder, teleporting to the limit of his current sensing range.

He needed to distance himself from the merging parts of the Abscessed Hand to avoid becoming the first target of attack. Otherwise, he might find himself surrounded and attacked!

When choosing a teleportation destination, Lumian deliberately avoided the impact zone and the place where Julie's voice had come from.

In the thick, smoky environment, Lumian's figure disappeared, and the two rotting parts of the Abscessed Hand moved towards each other.

The headless corpse grasped the tangled-haired head with its only hand, urgently placing it on its neck.

But this attempt was hindered by some force, as if an unspoken rule in the underground mausoleum required the head and body to remain separate.

Of course, the obstruction didn't truly prevent the head from reattaching; it only increased the difficulty and slowed the reassembly process.

On the other side, the rolling flames and scattered dust calmed down a bit. Julie, standing on the icy steps, saw that Wanak had lost his life force, lying on the ground with deep cracks and charred marks all over his body.

She quietly sighed in relief.

Wanak had always been her most dreaded opponent. She regretted that Lumian fled early, missing the chance to team up and kill Wanak.

Just then, Wanak's charred body moved.

The most dangerous person in Morora leaped up, with two dark red flames burning in his eye sockets.

He had become an undead creature!

For Wanak, who was a special puppet of 0-01, being alive or existing as an undead made little difference.

Moreover, as an undead, he could tap into additional powers!

He spread his arms, tilted his head back slightly, and let out a roar like a battle cry.

Suddenly, the lantern Julie held went out, and the flames around the mountain of corpses were extinguished. Only the lantern in Albus's hand and the carbide lamp Lumian held, protected by their Hunter powers, flickered but continued to burn.

Darkness surged back but failed to engulf Julie.

Nothing? Using the last iron puppet as his eyes, Albus couldn't help but frown upon seeing this scene.

That sapphire ring can protect Julie from the underground mausoleum's dark corrosion and dissolution?

That doesn't make sense!

Even if it could, why did Julie carry the lantern before? To mislead us?

And, there shouldn't be a Demoness of Catastrophe's ability, even if it's a weakened version...

Something's definitely wrong!

At this moment, Julie let out a low, soul-scratching laugh and pointed her left hand skyward again.

In the darkness above, faint light appeared as sharp icicles formed, raining down like a storm towards the wasteland, targeting Wanak, Albus, and Lumian.

Wanak roared again.

It was like a battle drum, striking Julie's heart and causing her to stiffen momentarily.

Next, a tornado connecting heaven and earth formed, sweeping all the icicles and reversing towards Julie.

At that moment, whether it was Lumian with his eyes shut, Albus with his eyes covered, or Julie and Wanak with normal vision, they all felt the world shake and heard the creaking sound of the void around them.

The rotting corpse of the Abscessed Hand had finally reattached its head to its neck.

Chapter 832 Reunion

The rotting chunks of flesh on the blue-black corpse's neck and head began to wriggle and merge back together.

It felt as if the whole world started to shake, with the void around them creaking.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

It was as if something outside the void was pounding forcefully, trying to get in.

Crack! A strange, ethereal breaking sound came from afar, piercing Lumian's ears.

Is Hand Bro trying to get in and reunite with its body?

Is the breaking sound a sign that the seal is temporarily broken?

Lumian, with his eyes still tightly shut, could only speculate from the sounds he heard and the movements he felt.

Just as these thoughts crossed his mind, he heard the metallic, scraping voice of an iron puppet several meters away: "Next to the assembled corpse, the space is cracking like glass."

This was Albus, relaying to Lumian what he saw through the iron puppet and the detail he thought was most important.

Unable to see, Lumian had teleported near Albus—he had to avoid the impact zone and Julie's location while staying away from the Abscessed Hand's corpse. The choices were limited, making an encounter with Albus likely.

Cracking like glass... Hearing Albus's description, Lumian suddenly had a realization.

He had been puzzled by Julie's display of confidence and the terrifying commotion she created.

He felt that if he hadn't teleported away in time, he would surely have died from such an attack.

This exceeded his assessment of Julie's strength, making him suspect she was in a state of divine descent, though it clearly didn't seem that way.

Now, Lumian had a vague guess.

Amid the intense shaking of the ground, Albus stopped using the iron puppet's voice and spoke directly, "Do you think it looks like a mirror shattering?"

A mirror... Yes! Lumian instantly understood the situation.

This is the mirror world!

This is an extension or projection of that special mirror world around 0-01!

After Julie and Celeste reached their destination, they set a trap, creating an entrance to the mirror world at the corpse mountain's entrance. So, whether it was Wanak, Albus, or himself, none of them saw the two Demonesses when they peered into the corridor, but were attacked after entering.

The Demoness of Black had told Franca that the Demoness Sect once controlled that special mirror world, losing some control after the War of the Four Emperors, and further diminishing after the Pale Disaster.

At this moment, Julie must have already worn the divine artifact left by the Primordial Demoness, possessing various special powers. One of these might be the limited use of the special mirror world's power.

With the special mirror world's support, she could launch such a terrifying attack!

If my guess is correct, and this really is the mirror world... Lumian felt the world's shaking, listened to the sounds of the void breaking, and the commotion caused by Julie and Wanak attacking the Abscessed Hand's corpse. He suddenly turned his head towards Albus.

He asked in a deep voice, "Is Julie blindfolded?"

"No," Albus replied firmly.

As expected! Lumian decisively opened his eyes.

If this truly was the mirror world, there was no need to worry about 0-01's power leaking out and creating a corresponding Mirror Person through the eyes, the mystical window of the soul.

In the next second, scenes filled Lumian's vision: Fallen soldiers in iron-black armor like stalks of straw, the corpse mountain several hundred meters to the side, Julie standing on icy steps with an unlit lantern by her feet, and Wanak with dark red flames burning in his eye sockets.

At this moment, Julie and Wanak both saw the bluish-black corpse of the Abscessed Hand as the primary target, launching rounds of attacks. To them, it seemed more dangerous than each other, Lumian, or Albus.

"Indeed..." Albus's voice carried a hint of laughter.

He even sighed in relief without hiding it when Lumian looked over.

Lumian's thoughts raced, quickly understanding what Albus meant by "indeed": This guy was also guessing this is the mirror world but couldn't be sure, so he encouraged me to open my eyes to verify?

Dammit! That's so sneaky!

Good thing I was certain before I opened my eyes!

In Lumian's sight, Albus, in his black jacket with red patterns and hair like burning flames, removed the burned blindfold and laughed.

"No wonder that Demoness kept carrying a lit lantern, to mislead us into not thinking this was the mirror world.

"No wonder nothing happened when her lantern went out. Truly insidious."

"Are you any less insidious?" Lumian replied just as the Abscessed Hand's corpse experienced a sudden change.

The surrounding void cracked like glass struck by a fist, dense white cracks spreading outward, becoming sparse and transparent.

Crack!

The cluster of dense white cracks shattered, and a rotting, pus-dripping, bluish-black swollen hand flew in.

The Abscessed Hand finally broke through the barriers and arrived here!

As soon as it appeared, it used Spirit World Traversal to place itself directly at the severed wrist.

Seeing this, Julie had a strong sense of foreboding.

She immediately let the sapphire ring on her left hand emit a faint light.

Next, she let her hands fall and then lifted them from below.

The ground shook violently, and a small volcano quickly formed under the bluish-black corpse of the Abscessed Hand, spewing out red-white lava and clouds of dust.

This immediately engulfed the bluish-black rotting corpse, melting its flesh and attempting to solidify it within the volcanic rock.

Wanak, with dark red flames in his eye sockets, had blood slowly oozing from his brow, twisting into a strange pattern.

As this change occurred, Wanak raised his right hand.

The dead soldiers in iron-black armor lying on the ground stood up again, their eye sockets rekindling with pale or dark red flames.

Wanak then formed an almost entirely green flame spear with a hint of blazing white, hurling it at the bluish-black corpse struggling in the fierce lava.

The undead soldiers followed suit, creating blazing-white flame spears, mimicking Wanak's action, and throwing them at the target.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The flame spears nearly obscured half the sky.

Seeing this, Albus moved towards the entrance, with Lumian silently following.

Soon, the flame spears covered the bluish-black corpse of the Abscessed Hand, tearing it into countless small chunks of rotting flesh.

These pieces ignited, falling into the red-white lava.

Suddenly, a part of the lava unexpectedly caved in, and the flaming rotting flesh seemed to be drawn by an invisible force, gathering together.

In the blink of an eye, the bluish-black corpse reappeared in the lava and flames.

The rotting flesh on its surface peeled off in pieces with flames, revealing fresh, vibrant flesh and pale skin as healthy as if it hadn't seen sunlight for a long time.

Julie and Wanak's attacks continued, with hailstones like cannonballs, black flames, lightning strikes, and flying fireballs, but the damage couldn't keep up with the reassembly and healing speed of the Abscessed Hand's complete body.

Within seconds, the charred skin and rotting flesh on the Abscessed Hand's face also fell off, revealing a delicate, handsome face.

Thick, long black eyelashes fluttered, and beneath the soft, pale eyelids, the eyes began to move slowly.

Whether living in the Demonesses' circle like Julie, frequently dealing with Demonesses like Lumian, or the deeply rooted Albus Medici, as well as the uniquely conditioned Wanak, they all held their breath at this moment, briefly entranced by the indescribable beauty.

It was like admiring a perfect, timeless work of art.

They didn't notice their hair growing visibly, previous injuries healing rapidly, and consumed spirituality replenishing as if a rainstorm had filled numerous evaporated lakes.

They saw that on the flawless but slightly feminine face, under the high nose bridge, the just-right lips parted slightly, revealing clean white teeth. The entirely white yet clearly muscular and perfectly proportioned body was completely exposed.

Seeing what was between the Abscessed Hand's legs, Julie instinctively swallowed, clenching her right hand.

The perfect body leaned back slightly, seemingly in some pain.

His chest began to swell, his nether region shrinking rapidly, and his body's lines softened.

He grew increasingly beautiful, nearing the limit of perfection.

But this transformation was stalled, as if missing some crucial element to succeed.

Taking advantage of this stall, Albus broke free from the stunning beauty's shock and immersion, touched the stubble around his mouth, burned it off with flames, and slightly frowned at Lumian. "What kind of monster did you put together?"

Lumian, barely recovering, chuckled. "I don't know either."

"..." Albus was momentarily speechless.

Lumian's gaze lingered on the complete corpse of the Abscessed Hand.

Indeed, it was a bro, but he seemed to be turning into a sister.

But if this change is due to Beyonder characteristics, like a Witch's, the gender should be fixed, not reverting to male after death and then turning female upon resurrection...

This feels more like corruption... He was killed and sealed in pieces before the corruption could fully change his body? To prevent his reassembly and revival, and the return of the corruption?

Now, what's stopping that corruption from fully transforming him? Is it an issue with the source of the corruption, or something special about Morora?

Just as Lumian made some guesses based on his limited mystical knowledge, he saw the white eyelids of the Abscessed Hand twitch and slowly open.

They revealed a pair of beautiful, crystalline scarlet eyes.

Chapter 833 Activation

Lumian and the others were all captivated by those beautiful, crystalline eyes, feeling as if their very souls were being drawn into the depths of that scarlet.

But those eyes soon filled with irrational rage, madness, and chaos, creating a vortex of indescribable emptiness at their core.

It made all who saw it feel a deep discomfort, as if a flawless object had suddenly cracked.

Just as Lumian broke free from the trance, he saw the scarlet eyes of the Abscessed Hand focusing on him.

It first noticed its own contractee.

It showed no hesitation, displaying a ruthless, bloodthirsty impulse.

Lumian's heart skipped a beat, and his body hair stood on end.

Damn, it's going to attack me first! Lumian immediately prepared to teleport to the side of the corpse mountain in the mirror world, to avoid the impending attack from the Abscessed Hand.

He felt it was unfair-he had only been watching and hadn't tried to interfere with the reassembly of Hand Bro, yet he was being targeted.

The real culprits were Julie and Wanak!

And I went through all that trouble to gather your body. I don't expect you to thank me, but at least don't kill me first! Lumian grumbled internally while activating the black mark on his right shoulder, following his Hunter instincts and personality.

At this moment, both Julie and Wanak sensed that the body, which had transformed from a rotting mess to near perfection, had become even more dangerous.

Taking advantage of the Abscessed Hand's focus on Lumian, they each prepared their most powerful and effective attacks.

Julie raised her left hand and pointed to the sky.

High above, dark clouds swirled into a massive vortex, driven by a violent wind. At the center of the vortex, an iron-black meteor began to take shape, heavy and ominous.

The Abscessed Hand's gaze shifted from Lumian's disappearing figure to Julie.

In those crystalline, scarlet eyes, Julie's figure in her slit dress was reflected, followed by the image of the Abscessed Hand raising its white palm.

That hand clenched into a fist.

Julie's neck made a cracking sound, visibly indenting inward.

Crack, crack, the mirrors on her body shattered, but she couldn't escape her predicament.

She floated upward slowly, her face contorted in pain as if someone were lifting her by the neck.

Her hands instinctively pulled back, trying to pry open the invisible hand strangling her.

The forming iron-black meteor disintegrated, the wind stopped, and the clouds dispersed.

Lumian, who had just appeared at the side of the corpse mountain, saw this and genuinely marveled at the terror of the Abscessed Hand.

If this had happened outside, carrying out the contract without having Madam Magician as a safeguard would be suicide.

At this moment, Lumian felt a strange sense of relief, as if an invisible shackle within him had been broken.

He had completed the pact and was no longer barred from acquiring godhood.

Lumian's gaze swept over Julie, whose mouth was opening and her face turning a darker shade of blue and purple. He frowned in confusion.

Where is Celeste?

Julie is responsible for blocking and interfering with intruders in the mirror world. Is Celeste targeting 0-01?

His thoughts raced as he looked towards Albus Medici, now several hundred meters away.

This guy is also suspicious...

He could influence and use the iron puppets in the underground tomb.

Why did he wait until Julie and Celeste took action to enter here?

Was he preparing something or afraid he couldn't get past Wanak, waiting for a chaotic opportunity?

Just as Julie's eyes began to bulge and she resolved to unleash the full power of her sapphire ring, the mirror world shook violently again, and clear cracks appeared all around.

From within these cracks, nearly invisible flames emerged and seeped through.

In an instant, the sky and ground began to burn.

Lumian suddenly felt an urge to submit, his body instinctively avoiding the nearly invisible, flower-like flames and the melting earth, rocks, and void.

He realized his resistance to burning damage was useless against these flames; contact would surely reduce him to ashes.

At the same time, his right palm became unbearably hot, and a violent, crazed aura surged within him, unable to break free from the icy, deathly stillness of the Underworld Daoist mark's restraints.

The residual aura of Blood Emperor Alista Tudor had fully activated, completely triggered!

This left Lumian feeling like an overinflated balloon, pushed to its limit and still being pumped.

The pain was excruciating.

The area around the Abscessed Hand, where the mirror cracks were most numerous and the flames most dense, became a burning hell. Its head lowered, and the hand squeezing Julie's neck loosened.

Witnessing this change and feeling an indescribable pain, Lumian recalled a passage from the 0-01 sealing information: "Beyonders with strength surpassing Sequence 5 are forbidden from approaching.

Warning, Beyonders with strength surpassing Sequence 5 are forbidden from approaching!"

Now, the reassembled and revived Abscessed Hand clearly possessed strong godhood.

0-01 has detected the presence of a demigod level Beyonder and is forcibly breaking the mirror world's barrier?

My Blood Emperor mark was stimulated by 0-01's aura and triggered uncontrollably? Lumian thought painfully, his thoughts disjointed.

Albus Medici also lowered his head, his flaming hair growing another inch.

Julie fell to the top of the frosty steps, finally escaping a near-death state.

Her long, pale neck was swollen and bruised, marked by deep, blood-embedded finger imprints.

Julie exhaled, raising her left hand once more.

She intended to seize this chance while the enemy, who nearly killed her, was restrained by 0-01's power and eradicate it completely.

On the other side, Wanak ignited nearly blue flames.

He stretched out his right palm, directing the flames forward to form a giant fireball.

The fireball attracted the nearly invisible flames around it, drawing them in layer by layer.

Behind Wanak, his undead army was ignited by the flames seeping through the cracks, but instead of turning to ash, they merged with these flames, one by one flying into Wanak's fireball.

The fireball grew larger, its color gradually turning purple.

Wanak, his eye sockets burning with dark red flames, bit his lips tightly, reaching his limit.

He then pushed the enormous, pale purple fireball towards the Abscessed Hand.

As the fireball touched the Abscessed Hand's perfect body, a meteor ignited by air friction fell from the sky.

The meteor fell faster and faster, hitting the immobilized target directly.

Struggling against the residual aura of the Blood Emperor, Lumian first saw the explosion of light, then the rising dust, and finally heard the deafening boom, feeling the earth shake wildly.

The world turned colorless and dark.

Did it work? Julie eagerly looked towards the area where the meteor had fallen.

Though it was filled with dust, smoke, and invisible wind, Julie used her connection with the mirror world to make her eyes like mirrors, reflecting the scene at the explosion's core.

The perfect body had been blown to pieces, its flesh either charred or vaporized, leaving only a broken, black skeleton standing.

But on that skeleton, new tender flesh was growing, and the bone was slowly shedding its charred appearance.

It's still not dead? The weakened Julie felt an immense heaviness in her heart.

In the next second, Julie's forehead throbbed with pain, as if the flesh there had a will of its own, trying to break free from her skin.

Her ears buzzed, and her mind was filled with images of lofty, gently floating scarlet flags.

Her face twisted in pain, she thought with difficulty, H-has 0-01 noticed me?

I-I can't hold on any longer...

I'm going to become its puppet...

Julie's body bent forward under the invisible weight, her eyes turning black with visible veins.

She looked at Wanak on the wasteland, at the rising dust, her gaze growing crazed, resembling her state when first entering Morora.

Clenching her teeth, she whispered, "I will take everyone here with me!

Celeste, the rest is up to you! Remember the famous line from 'Eternal Love'? Stupid, live well!"

Live well! Julie silently screamed, and her sapphire ring burst into blinding light.

She was invoking the Primordial One's divine descent!

In the light, the bloody mark on Julie's forehead faded quickly, her hair floated and grew longer and thicker.

Gray-white quickly spread around her, turning the entire wasteland gray-white.

Lumian stiffened as if turned to stone, the residual aura of the Blood Emperor in his right palm causing endless burning pain.

Then he saw Julie, transformed by the gray-white, suddenly turn towards him.

...

Trier, in the sacrificial square at the entrance to the third level of the underground catacombs.

Franca had finished checking the surroundings, ensuring no one else was present, and had set up a mirror maze.

"You can drink the potion now." She nodded at Jenna.

Jenna took out the necessary materials from her Traveler's Bag and mixed the Pleasure potion in a crystal glass.

Without hesitation, she raised the glass and gulped it down.

She felt herself float as if walking on clouds, her body pricked by tiny, needle-like pains. Her hair, influenced by an unseen force, defied gravity, extending away.

Jenna vaguely saw snakes slithering through the surrounding gloom, rising up.

Each snake had a strange eye on its head, giving Jenna a strong sense of danger, as if she would be torn apart any second.

The hallucination quickly faded, and Jenna saw a blurry, holy figure in a plain white robe.

The figure sighed in a hollow, ethereal voice. "As a woman, do you know how dangerous this path is?"

"I have no choice," Jenna replied, half-awake and dazed.

The holy figure was silent for a moment and then said, "Make peace with your mirror self, for you were always one. Any other questions?"

The figure started to fade as if about to disappear.

Jenna blurted out, "Are you Lady Krismona? Who is your father?"

As soon as she asked, Jenna wanted to slap herself.

Had she gotten into the habit of discussing nonsense with Lumian and Franca? There were so many important things to ask, yet she asked such an irrelevant question!

The holy figure in the plain white robe was silent for a moment and then said, "My father is Alista Tudor."

Chapter 834 Divine Descent

The entire world seemed to turn gray and white, even the almost blue flames on Wanak's body solidifying into stone.

Lumian's first instinct was to reach into his Traveler's Bag to retrieve the mirror cufflink. He intended to use the opportunity, created by 0-01 breaking through the mirror world's barrier and Julie being too preoccupied to intervene, to escape the mirror world and return to the real corpse mountain, avoiding the impending divine battle.

He realized Julie had been praying for a divine descent.

And now, a fragment of the Primordial Demoness's power had descended!

Lumian couldn't avoid the influence. His body turned gray and stiff. The burning pain from the residual aura of the Blood Emperor in his right palm was the only thing keeping him moving, allowing him to slowly reach into his bag and grab the glass-like cufflink.

Just as he withdrew his hand, before he could activate the mirror cufflink, Julie, with her hair floating in the air, turned to look at him.

Her hair had turned raven black like thick, long serpents, and her eyes were now a brilliant, crystalline blue.

In that brief moment of eye contact, Lumian lost control of his body.

He saw the grayness spreading around him, climbing from his feet. Every inch of skin and flesh it touched turned to real stone.

Why am I the first target?

Wanak and Albus are far more dangerous, and the Abscessed Hand isn't completely dead. Why target the weakest one first?

Shouldn't I be caught in a broad attack instead?

Then I'd have a chance to escape the mirror world and wait out the divine descent!

Facing this hopeless situation, Lumian, as an Ascetic, couldn't help but feel intense anger and frustration.

Despite his limbs turning to stone, he tried to channel his spirituality to activate the Mirror Cufflink and other contract marks on his body.

But as his spirituality approached the grayness, it solidified, turning to stone and falling like rain to the ground.

His neck turned to stone, then his face and brain began to gray.

His last effort was to look toward Albus Medici's position.

The wasteland was empty.

The descendant of the Red Angel was gone.

He had disappeared or escaped somehow!

Son of a sow... Lumian couldn't help but curse.

In the next moment, his thoughts seemed to turn to stone.

His gray eyes saw Julie, transformed and radiating charm even to stone, floating in mid-air, engulfed in black flames.

The Demoness descended like a giant bird, trailing black flames that twisted and branched like countless serpents, their long tails gently swaying.

Silently, the mirror world began to collapse, dark voids mingling with black flames, swallowing the still skeletal Abscessed Hand, the immovable Wanak, and the petrified Lumian...

The end of this world had come.

Silent darkness filled every void.

After an indeterminate time, a violent, invisible flame flickered to life, illuminating Lumian's mind.

He felt the burning pain and icy rot in his right palm, the heat in his left chest.

He snapped his eyes open and saw a hundred-meter-high mountain of corpses and bones.

I'm... alive? Lumian was bewildered.

His last memory was turning to stone and the destruction of the mirror world by Julie.

He instinctively looked down, seeing the grayness rapidly recede from his body.

This confirmed it wasn't a nightmare or hallucination.

How did I survive?

Did someone help me?

Lumian doubted he could have survived such an apocalypse alone.

At that moment, he heard Albus Medici's voice, tinged with amusement.

“You can traverse the mirror world too, just like my escape plan, and you did it while partially petrified. Impressive. Did you rely on that cufflink in your hand?”

Lumian turned to see Albus, in a tattered black and red jacket, a crystal necklace around his wrist.

Albus had his eyes closed but was surrounded by undead soldiers in iron-black armor, their eyes burning with pale or dark red flames.

Lumian remembered he should also close his eyes.

This is likely the real area around the corpse mountain. Keeping his eyes open might result in being silently replaced by his mirror self!

Nothing happened... Just as I expected, I'm now Wanak's ally, one of the dangers, a puppet of 0-01. No need to fear any forbidden rules anymore... If only I'd realized it earlier, instead of being stunned and confused by my survival, I could have closed my eyes before Albus looked over, taking advantage of the situation to trick him... Lumian regretted this missed opportunity but also started to understand how Albus avoided the divine descent of the Primordial Demoness.

Like him, he took advantage of 0-01 breaking through the mirror world's barrier and Julie being too preoccupied with her prayer to notice them.

He used an item that allowed him to traverse the mirror world and escape back to the real mausoleum.

The only difference was, Julie, who hadn't fully completed her divine descent, targeted Lumian instead of Albus, allowing him to escape while he couldn't.

Why were you watching me? You should've focused on sealing the entire world. Then no one could've escaped! Lumian mentally cursed Julie, realizing that he must have activated the Mirror Cufflink just before his thoughts completely turned to stone, which saved him.

But as he checked, he realized something was wrong.

The Mirror Cufflink still had two uses left!

He hadn't used the Beyond item at all!

Wh- Could Archbishop Heraberg secretly have helped me? After all, gods need special arrangements to descend a fraction of their power into Morola's underground mausoleum. It's unlikely an external entity intervened suddenly... It couldn't be Julie, who suddenly felt how kind I was as a boss and pushed me out of the mirror world at the last moment, could it? Lumian decided to put these thoughts aside for now.

Now wasn't the time to seek the truth!

There were still many dangers ahead!

He glanced at Albus, noticing the Red Angel's descendant studying him through the eyes of the surrounding undead soldiers.

Indeed, Albus didn't attack me just now, not because he didn't want to, but because he had concerns. My actions exceeded his expectations, and my escape was full of mysteries. He feared acting rashly might trigger a trap... Lumian's thoughts were interrupted by a sudden change in the sky.

Julie, wearing a long slit dress, appeared in the dimly lit sky.

Lumian's scalp tingled.

She's still alive and in the divine descent state?

He quickly noticed Julie's figure was unusually transparent, and the sapphire ring on her left hand was gone.

Phew... He heard Albus Medici sigh in relief.

Julie lowered her head and gazed at the top of the corpse mountain.

Following her gaze, Lumian saw a two to three meter tall iron-black metal pole with a charred banner at the top. The banner was covered in dark red and black bloodstains.

Just a glance made Lumian feel dizzy, his neck inexplicably stinging, and the smell of blood seeped from various parts of his face and forehead.

0-01? Salinger's Blood Banner? My corruption has deepened... It seems I don't need to finish reading all the remaining books. Mastering the current one should be enough... I can't rely on such direct corruption to save time; it's easy to surpass the critical point... Lumian quickly averted his gaze, noticing Celeste standing not far from the banner.

The Demoness, wearing a black robe, was looking down at the spot where the iron-black metal pole was embedded in the top of the corpse mountain.

The next second, she sensed something, raised her head, and looked at Julie in the sky.

Julie's lips curled into a beautiful and radiant smile.

She parted her moist lips as if to say, "I'll leave it to you."

In an instant, Lumian saw Julie's figure rapidly fade and shrink, turning into a puddle of filthy blood.

The blood, only palm-sized, fell straight down.

Its target was the charred banner of 0-01, seemingly to become one of the many bloodstains on it.

Celeste finally snapped out of her daze and shouted in pain, "Julie!"

At that moment, Albus's expression changed slightly. He transformed into a long spear of blazing white with a hint of blue flames, shooting towards the banner in mid-air.

He seemed unwilling to let Julie's remaining blood stain the charred banner.

You're finally putting in some effort... Lumian muttered, not rushing to follow Albus to the top of the corpse mountain to leave a mark or stop him and Celeste.

He planned to "join" after Albus and Celeste had fought for a while.

Of course, Lumian could see that Albus valued Julie's blood and didn't want it to become a mark on the 0-01 banner. If Albus didn't perform well and failed to stop the blood from reaching its intended spot, Lumian would teleport to help in time.

Seizing this rare opportunity, Lumian took an item from his Traveler's Bag.

It wasn't the Sword of Courage but the Devil's Whispers bone ring from Hisoka.

Chapter 835 Source of Corruption

As soon as Lumian's fingers touched the glossy black bone ring, he felt searing pain spread from the point of contact throughout his entire body.

He looked down to see thin wisps of purple-blue sulfur flames emerging from every pore, charring the surrounding skin bit by bit and giving off a pungent odor.

This pain was so familiar to Lumian that he merely furrowed his brow slightly, gritted his teeth, his expression barely changing.

He then took out the Devil's Whispers bone ring, slipping it onto his right ring finger with the twisted, agonized Devil's face facing up.

Lumian's gaze turned icy cold, a deep blackness forming in his blue irises that no light could penetrate.

The malice within him rapidly swelled, overwhelming the Ascetic's tolerance and clashing fiercely with his own will in a fragile balance, the excess spilling outward.

Lumian took out some Ice Lemon Fish fillets from his Traveler's Bag, stuffing them into his mouth and chewing to temporarily boost his fire resistance a bit. At the same time, he sensed the surrounding malice.

He was searching for the Mirror Person Guei!

One negative effect of the Devil's Whispers was that it made the wearer and anyone within a hundred meters more prone to malicious thoughts and impulsive actions. And since Mirror People tended toward extremism and distortion to begin with, they would be even more obviously affected.

With this premise, the Devil's Whispers also granted the Malice Perception ability, allowing the wearer to sense if those around them harbored ill intent. It could not detect dangers in their brewing stages like a true Devil, but it was still a mystical form of perception.

As long as the Mirror Person developed malicious intentions toward him within a certain distance, Lumian believed he could use Malice Perception to pinpoint their location!

Sulfur flames slowly burning across his body, Lumian's icy gaze swept the surrounding area littered with corpses clad in iron-black full-body armor amid smoldering fires, remnants of some recent slaughter.

Faint, nearly invisible flames also flickered at various points on the corpse mountain itself.

They illuminated the wasteland and sky, preventing total darkness from taking hold and allowing Lumian, Albus, and Celeste to remain visible despite no longer holding their carbide lamps or lanterns.

After just a second or two, the corners of Lumian's mouth curled into a cruel, cold smile.

He sensed intense malice directed at him from about ten meters behind and to the side!

It emanated from a corpse-no, from the smooth, mirror-black breastplate on the corpse.

Found you... Without turning around, Lumian abruptly teleported to the corpse's side amid his slow movements and activated the Mirror Cufflink.

Through the metal mirror's surface, Mirror Person Guei peered outward from within the black breastplate.

After discovering the two Demonesses had used the mirror world to reach this area, he had slipped out quietly, leaving it to Julie and Celeste.

He wasn't worried they would beat him to 0-01, since based on his knowledge and on-site investigations, he believed no one could gain 0-01's approval before its agent Wanak was

eliminated. Brute force or exploiting loopholes would achieve nothing until the “throne” was vacant and chaos ensued, giving others an opportunity.

Guei felt relieved he had made this wise choice, having directly experienced the mirror world projection's destruction just now.

A mere aftershock of that apocalyptic scene could have vaporized him instantly.

Confirming Wanak's death, he then slipped back through an ordinary mirror world to the corpse mountain's vicinity, seeking a chance to gain 0-01's approval and take it for himself.

He saw Julie turning to filthy blood and fall, Albus Medici transforming into a fiery spear to stop it, Celeste screaming Albus's name in anguish, and Lumian Lee calmly putting on the ring, preparing to make his entrance and reap the spoils of victory.

An intense malice welled up within Guei: You're all obstructing me from completing my mission!

After entering Morora as one of the rare Readers turned Mirror Person, Guei had initially felt confident, supplementing his knowledge at the Knowledge Cathedral while conducting field investigations to gather intel for his final operation.

But after covertly observing the capabilities of Albus Medici, Wanak, Julie, and Lumian Lee, Guei began doubting himself.

Which of them could I actually defeat one-on-one by exploiting the special mirror world's power? Probably only Lumian Lee, the one my superior warned me to watch out for...

And when it comes to learning speed, although I far outpace Lumian, it seems I can't handle nearly as much corruption as him...

Am I really the one with the least hope among these people?

Shaken by these doubts, Guei devised a plan to lurk in the shadows, using his special nature to emerge once the heavyweights had clashed and weakened each other, then sweep up the remains.

So far, his plan had progressed smoothly.

The biggest obstacle, Wanak, and the most dangerous threat, Julie, were dead, their souls completely extinguished with no chance of revival through 0-01's leaking power as undead beings!

Once Albus Medici and Celeste decide the winner between them, I can join the fray, kill the survivor, and take on the weakest Lumian Lee alone...

Should I, should I ambush Lumian while he's off-guard? He's no Demoness or Mirror Person, with no substitute active, a single hit could kill him for real...

These malicious thoughts grew clearer and stronger in Guei's mind.

But before he could decide, Lumian's figure abruptly enlarged, appearing right before his eyes.

Then Lumian vanished from his sight.

In his place, a viscous pool of black liquid emerged underfoot, as if the deepest, most vile desires of the human heart had taken physical form.

Desire Incarnation!

The black liquid suddenly surged upward, enveloping Guei.

Crack!

The sound of shattering glass came from within the inky fluid as Guei's silhouette appeared on the edge of the dim, empty space behind the metal mirror.

He saw the liquid rapidly coalescing into Lumian's form, chuckling coldly with a fondness of teaching others. "Didn't know I had a Mirror Substitution, did you?"

A direct attack like this only costs me one mirror.

Before the words had left his mouth, an exceptionally violent emotion welled up within Guei.

He instinctively reached for his neck, feeling warm blood.

Pain immediately lanced into his mind.

Crack!

Guei deliberately triggered his own Mirror Substitution, shattering countless shards of glass that rained to the ground.

His silhouette now flickered in another corner behind the mirror, but a thin, deep bloody gash remained on his neck.

His emotions had become completely frenzied, vicious, and insane. His facial skin rapidly aged and withered like patches of brown tree bark. The words "my child, my child" echoed in his ears as flesh rippled on either shoulder, seeming to sprout additional heads.

His abdomen slowly swelled while his eyes took on a silvery-white with streaks of black. His aura rapidly dissipated as his body visibly decayed, chunks of flesh sloughing off and wriggling like maggots...

Lumian saw the various corruptions afflicting him directly manifested in this stark way.

It was a veritable smorgasbord!

When he used Desire Incarnation, that inky black pool didn't just contain his own emotions and desires, but also those from the corruptive emotions and desires deeply influencing him.

These higher-level corruptions would be difficult for any non-godhood being to resist-even Saints would suffer serious effects!

Facing such potent corruption, failure to proactively trigger one's Mirror Substitution immediately would be too late once the viscous fluid made contact. By then, it would already have tainted the target!

Now Guei was a horrifically corrupted monstrosity.

Seeing the Mirror Person degenerating toward an unspeakable form, Lumian had the intuition that continuing to observe might catalyze a similar transformation within himself.

He immediately stepped back, leaving the metal mirror surface to return to the corpse and surrounding wasteland at the base of the corpse mountain.

He then saw the smooth mirror-like surface of his chest plate, with tendrils of black mist seeping out, like illusory shadows seeming to try and grasp him.

Lumian swiftly turned his body and sprinted toward the corpse mountain peak.

Sometimes transforming into a blazing-white flaming spear to propel himself forward, sometimes teleporting dozens of meters, he continually climbed upward through the mountain formed of corpses and bones, scattered with lingering embers.

He aimed to lead the out-of-control, collapsing Mirror Person Guei, corrupted into monstrosity, to Albus Medici and Celeste, telling them “you're welcome.”

Whether climbing by hand and foot, using his contracted abilities for short-range teleports, or ascending in flaming spear form, Lumian felt an immense oppressive presence behind him. An indescribable, constantly shifting black shadow was cast onto him and his path ahead, inevitably filling him with fear.

He now had no way to know what horrific form the pursuing monster had taken or what state it was in—he only knew for certain it was not something a normal human should observe or discern.

Suddenly, Guei's deep voice rang in his ears: “Mommy...”

Mommy... Lumian's mouth twitched, realizing that even with all the strange corruptions on himself, the one from the Great Mother, from the Omebella bloodline, still stood out as the most exceptional—after all, Mr. Fool had left behind a seal, not a corruption.

Lumian fled even faster.

Finally, he saw the summit of the corpse mountain peak, Celeste and Albus Medici.

Chapter 836 Unorthodox Feint

Albus transformed into a blazing-white, blue-tinged flaming spear, flying to the peak of the corpse mountain, toward Julie's filthy blood descending onto the charred 0-01 banner.

But in the blink of an eye, he lost his target, reverting from his fiery state to land beside the corpse where 0-01 should have been embedded.

At the peak, opening his eyes no longer seemed an issue, but Albus Medici's vision no longer contained the charred banner, Julie's filthy blood, or Celeste.

With his past experience, Albus quickly understood what was happening: This was the mirror world, or a Mirror Maze!

After waiting so long at the peak, Celeste must have made some preparations!

As Albus guessed, this was a Mirror Maze created by multiple mirrors reflecting each other. Celeste stood outside, her gaze pained and distant as she watched the filthy blood race towards the charred flag.

For some reason, the filthy blood slowed its descent, as if repelled by 0-01, but it still sank inexorably, just at a reduced pace.

Albus tried using the crystal necklace coiled around his wrist but found no mirror world to traverse or escape through, confirming he was trapped in the Mirror Maze. He immediately condensed

blazing white, blue-tinged fireballs, sending them in all directions to blast the hidden mirrors forming the maze.

As its name implied, the Mirror Maze was just a maze, not a true barrier with defenses!

Thunderous explosions erupted almost simultaneously, yet Albus still could not break through the Mirror Maze.

Not a single mirror had been damaged!

With a slight narrowing of his eyes, Albus decisively abandoned any further such attempts.

Outside the Mirror Maze, Celeste felt the explosive winds and inwardly scoffed.

In other locations, widespread bombardment might overwhelm a Mirror Maze meant to trap Hunters. But here at the corpse mountain's peak, the heart of 0-01's seal, it would not be so easy.

As a Demoness of Affliction corrupted by 0-01 to some degree like Julie, Celeste could wield traces of that special mirror world's power!

The Mirror Maze's mirrors were not at the peak itself, but scattered among the corpses and bones below, their reflections then projected around 0-01's vicinity through that special mirror world, forming the Mirror Maze.

Seeing Julie's filthy blood nearing the charred banner, Celeste felt a mix of elation and confusion, underlaid by anguish.

From somewhere, she produced a black teardrop-like ornament and affixed it to between her brows.

Inside the Mirror Maze, Albus calmly lowered his head and half-closed his eyes, preparing to do what would inevitably be required.

He murmured in ancient Hermes, "The great God of War, the symbol of iron and blood, the ruler of chaos and strife."

With this three-passage invocation of the honorific name, the iron-black metal flagpole suspending the charred banner shuddered slightly, its drooping flag fully unfurling with a rattling sound despite the stillness, each bloody stain growing vivid.

Julie's filthy bloody halted, hovering a couple meters from 0-01, as if grasped by an unseen hand.

High above, clouds rapidly swirled into an immense vortex tinged with faint purple firelight, larger than the mountain itself, its far end suggesting some vast entity straining against an invisible barrier.

Cracks spread from the Salinger's Blood Banner with snapping sounds, the special mirror world over the peak shattering.

The Mirror Maze dissipated as its special mirror world projection broke apart.

Albus's head snapped up, his irises now flecked with iron-black, a bloody mark stark on his brow.

His gaze fell on Celeste, now adorned with her own black teardrop ornament, meeting her eyes.

Before combat could erupt, Lumian nonchalantly climbed over the peak's edge, a mere seven or eight meters from 0-01.

No communication was needed as Albus and Celeste simultaneously attacked Lumian.

Albus casually thrust out a fist expelling a massive blue-tinged fireball, while frost coalesced around Celeste's head into mirrors, each preceding an eerie, smoldering black flame.

But just as Celeste's icy mirrors would have reflected Lumian, his figure faded, vanishing with a mocking smile.

Behind him, an immense silhouette suddenly loomed into Albus and Celeste's view.

Already over five or six meters tall yet still growing, twisting appendages sprouting, it was covered in patches of brown bark and sickening knobs that oozed clear fluid from the gaps.

For now, the monstrosity cradled a blood-stained, vertebrae-trailing head in one hand, its silvery-black empty eyes dead and sunken.

On either shoulder was a fleshy, head-sized bulge, the surface rippling with some contained liquid.

The next second, the monster leaped to the peak, shedding puddles of wriggling maggot-flesh.

Countless black gaseous tendrils dragged at it from behind, trying to pull it back into the sleek, iron-black breastplate mirror.

The mere sight catalyzed a visceral sensation of corruption in Albus and Celeste.

Celeste's hair billowed outward, rapidly thickening and coarsening, while Albus's face became mapped with protruding black veins.

Boom!

Albus's immense blue-tinged fireball with white remnants exploded against the monstrosity as Celeste's flickering array of frost-mirrors reflected its figure, engulfing it in roiling black flames.

Crack!

The monster shattered mirror-like, its silhouette immediately reappearing beside 0-01, making Albus and Celeste's scalps prickle-it could use Mirror Substitution too.

Raising its severed head, the monstrosity emitted a sound like it came from another world.

Celeste felt herself plunged into cloying, frozen blackness, constrained on all sides in inescapable oppression.

Albus likewise found himself surrounded by stifling darkness.

This was a mystic technique inspired by the Mirror Person's state of being.

At that moment, Lumian, having teleported away to avoid the earlier clash, reappeared at the corpse peak's base.

His silhouette flickered behind Albus in the darkness, mouth opening to harrumph, sending a pale-yellow gaseous breath that washed over him.

For an instant, Albus's eyes went blank, his body swaying before he recovered his senses.

The Red Angel had helped him resist part of the Spell of Harrumph's effects.

Seizing Albus's momentary disorientation, Lumian's left fist blazed with white flames as he struck at his vulnerable point-the neck connecting head and body.

Cull!

As Lumian's fist neared Albus's neck, the member of the Medici family transformed into a humanoid blaze of white, blue-tinged fire.

Not the merger with a flaming spear, but transmutation into living flame itself.

In this fiery state, his neck was no longer a weakness!

Bang!

Lumian's punch only made the flaming figure waver and dim slightly.

In the next instant, Albus became a roaring blue-tinged flaming spear, bursting through the black icy shackles into the air.

Wheeling about like a javelin cast from the high vortex's hidden depths, he unleashed dozens of blue-streaked white fireballs in a thunderous barrage toward the peak.

Boom! Rumble! Boom boom!

Horrific explosions engulfed the area in relentless succession.

The indescribable monstrosity repeatedly used Mirror Substitution yet could not escape the bombardment's range.

Meanwhile, Lumian had teleported pre-emptively back to the mountain's base.

Still teleporting? Hand Bro isn't dead yet? As a chill ran down Lumian's back, he saw Celeste's face reflected in a nearby corpse's smooth breastplate.

The Demoness had not met Albus's assault with Mirror Substitution, instead deploying a mirror to swiftly traverse the mirror world to the wasteland-one of Lumian's backup plans.

Seeing she did not immediately attack him, Lumian turned his gaze back toward the peak.

He did not regret missing the opportunity to eliminate Albus earlier, as that was the outcome he wanted.

If he had intended to kill Albus with that strike, he would not have used only his Cull ability-he would have surely drawn the Sword of Courage or attacked in his Desire Incarnation form instead.

If I killed Albus now, who would help me deal with Celeste and that monster? Just me alone? Lumian inwardly muttered with obvious malice.

His earlier attack had a hidden purpose: to deceive Albus into thinking his defenses were ineffective against Lumian, to make him believe the pitch-black bone ring on his hand could not target him.

Then, at the crucial moment, he could "surprise" Albus by exploiting this misconception!

The thunderous explosions finally subsided. The corpses and bones atop the peak had suffered severe damage, and Julie's filthy blood had dissipated somewhat.

The indescribable monster no longer had Mirror Substitution, its surface charred and tattered.

Albus reappeared, his iron-black eyes lifting his right hand to push forward.

A spiraling storm of white-blue Fire Ravens flocked relentlessly toward the monster's exposed abdomen in overwhelming numbers.

Rumble!

Its weak point battered, the staggering monster collapsed into fragments.

Seeing this, Lumian instantly drew a straight sword resembling the Sword of Courage and teleported to the peak, while Celeste also raced toward it.

Chapter 837 Each With Their Own Schemes

Lumian did not directly teleport behind Albus Medici, nor did he approach the fragmented corpse of the monster Guei. Instead, his figure quickly materialized at the edge of the peak area.

Earlier, while observing the battle from the mountain's base, he had already stopped the knowledge recitation from the brass talisman made by Archbishop Heraberg and removed the corresponding earplugs, placing them in the Traveler's Bag. This was out of concern that the upcoming intense battle might cause devastating damage to them.

Similarly, he wore the Mirror Cufflink on his cuff, preparing to use it.

As soon as Lumian appeared at the mountain peak, he saw the pus flowing from Guei's corpse fragments seep into the bodies and bones forming the ground, igniting nearly invisible and colorless flames.

Those flames instantly engulfed Guei's dismembered body, burning it to ashes, giving no chance for it to writhe and grow.

At the same time, Lumian noticed that the almost invisible remnant flames that had existed at the peak had mostly extinguished, with the remaining ones about to burn out completely.

He had also noticed earlier from the mountain base that the scattered remnant flames on the wasteland were successively extinguishing.

Of course, this did not affect the illumination of the corpse mountain and its surrounding areas. Light came from the purple fiery glow seeping through the massive vortex high in the sky, from the corpses, bones, and different parts of the wasteland ignited during the battle between Albus Medici, Celeste, and the monster Guei, and from the charred banner that was shaking and vibrating with increasing frequency.

The original remnant flames are extinguishing? Were they not always present, but rather created by 0-01 in response to the appearance of Hand Bro, a being with godhood? As this thought struck Lumian, he gripped the ordinary straight sword resembling the Sword of Courage with both hands and ran towards Albus Medici, who was about a dozen meters away.

With a whoosh, the straight sword burst into blazing-white flames.

Albus, with his brow mark vivid and seemingly about to drip, bent down, letting his hands touch the corpses and bones forming the mountain.

The flesh of some corpses suddenly melted, becoming viscous, while bones rapidly gathered.

Albus then straightened up, forcibly pulling from the corpse-and-bone ground a huge white sword temporarily formed from countless spines and neck bones, with melted viscous flesh entwined around it, bringing a bloody and bizarre appearance.

Albus dragged this bizarrely shaped, horrifying giant sword to meet Lumian.

Crack! The giant sword of bones protruding through waxy flesh split Lumian's blazing white flame sword in two with a single strike.

Lumian's figure vanished, rapidly reappearing behind Albus.

He swiftly drew another iron-black straight sword resembling the Sword of Courage from the Traveler's Bag and struck heavily at the neck of this Medici family member before him.

Albus swiftly turned, swinging his monstrous giant sword horizontally, once again shattering Lumian's weapon.

Lumian teleported once more, again flashing behind his enemy.

But as soon as his figure began to materialize, sharp icy spears condensed in mid-air, raining down like a storm.

Celeste, who had concealed herself and circled to an unknown location, launched an area attack targeting both Albus and Lumian.

Lumian then saw dense fog.

It surged out from around Albus, instantly enveloping the area, reducing visibility to ten meters and preventing Lumian from sensing spirit world coordinates beyond the fog, making it difficult to directly teleport out.

Fog of War!

Immediately after, Albus, now out of Lumian and Celeste's sight, pressed a layered, compressed, yet still massive blue fireball towards the ground of the corpse mountain.

Boom!

A terrifying explosion that temporarily deafened swept across the area, dispersing the dense Fog of War, vaporizing the falling icy spears, destroying part of the corpses and bones, and igniting others.

Almost simultaneously, Lumian's figure was reflected in the black breastplate of a corpse on the wasteland.

Earlier, when his teleportation was restricted, he had immediately taken out a mirror from the Traveler's Bag and activated the Mirror Cufflink on his left cuff.

Using this Beyonder item, Lumian had entered the mirror world just before Albus created the indiscriminate explosion and the dense icy spears fell, escaping from the peak of the corpse mountain.

This was similar to his choice when escaping from Albus and Gusain's encirclement in that underground cavern filled with the fog of war.

Lumian jumped out of the smooth black metal breastplate, and the glass-like ornament on his cuff instantly turned grayish-white, crumbling into dust that scattered to the ground.

The Mirror Cufflink had been used for the last time.

At the peak of the corpse mountain, Albus had already turned and was rushing towards the increasingly violently shaking 0-01.

At this point, Julie's pool of filthy blood was only about a meter away from the surface of the charred banner.

Since Albus's battle with the monster Guei began, the blood no longer felt as if it was being held up by an invisible hand and continued to fall, albeit at an increasingly slower pace.

Seeing 0-01 within reach, a mirror of ice and snow, two to three people tall, suddenly rose in front of Albus.

The mirror instantly reflected Albus's figure.

Similar ice mirrors abruptly appeared to Albus's sides and behind him, reflecting different angles of this Red Angel descendant.

As these giant ice mirrors formed, thick, snake-like strands of blackened hair emerged from the edge of the mountain, carrying the quiet and eerie Demoness's black flames, rapidly extending towards those mirrors.

Celeste intended to curse Albus with this!

Albus swiftly turned sideways, facing the source of those snake-like black hairs, and saw Celeste, cloaked in a black robe with an oddly flushed face.

Boom!

Multiple blazing white, blue-tinged fireballs quickly condensed, shattering those four huge ice mirrors into pieces. However, these fragments melted slowly, continuing to reflect Albus's image from different angles, densely awaiting the arrival of the snake-like hairs carrying the Demoness's flames.

Holding the bizarre giant sword, Albus suddenly transformed into a blazing white, blue-tinged fire person, expanding to three to four meters tall.

This brought continuous high temperatures, completely melting those ice mirror fragments.

Silently, Celeste withdrew those long hairs covered in black flames, once again concealing her form, moving to an unknown location.

Lumian teleported over.

This time, he drew the iron-black Sword of Courage from the Traveler's Bag-the true Sword of Courage!

Enduring the continuous burning pain of sulfurous flames, Lumian was instantly filled with courage.

What's there to fear from just a Sequence 5 who can borrow some power from the Red Angel?

Why hide?

Lumian swung the Sword of Courage at Albus Medici, only igniting the godhood-possessing straight sword with blazing white, blue-tinged flames just before it was about to clash with Albus's bizarre bone and flesh sword.

Having courage didn't mean not using schemes and tricks!

Albus's now iron-black eyes showed no surprise; instead, a smile curled at the corners of his mouth.

His bizarre bone and flesh sword suddenly burst into near-blue flames.

You've been pretending to be weak all along, only using ordinary straight swords. How could I not be prepared for you to suddenly use a godhood-possessing attack?

Albus's body abruptly metallized, instantly boosting his strength to its peak.

Boom!

The two swords collided, creating a sound like an exploding shell.

The blast of wind failed to shake Albus, whose skin now had an iron-black tinge, pushing Lumian and his Sword of Courage back.

Suddenly, Lumian melted into a viscous black liquid that seemed to be formed from the most sinister desires deep within the human heart.

He disintegrated on the ground, rapidly flowing to the bottom of Albus's feet, covering him like a shadow.

Crack! The illusory, viscous, chilling black liquid suddenly dispersed, and a mirror tinged with silvery-black fell onto the corpses and bones, shattering into pieces.

Mirror Substitution? Lumian was shocked.

Albus has Mirror Substitution too?

No, he hadn't used it in several dangerous situations before!

Albus's figure emerged from a mirror near the peak of the corpse mountain, smiling as he transformed into a blazing-white, blue-tinged flame spear, flying back to the battlefield-that mirror was a remnant of Celeste's Mirror Maze.

He didn't have Mirror Substitution, but he could still traverse the mirror world using the crystal necklace coiled around his wrist. During Lumian's first attack, he had prepared a mirror in advance, hiding it at his waist under his tattered jacket.

The indescribable monster appeared so abruptly and strangely, pursuing you. How could I not be prepared for you in this aspect?

As for how to quickly escape combat without Mirror Substitution and avoid being affected, you've demonstrated it twice already!

Seeing the flame spear flying towards him, Lumian, still in his viscous black liquid state, immediately seeped into the gaps between the corpses and bones, using this to leave the mountain peak.

Filled with courage, he didn't intend to flee. To avoid being trapped by the Fog of War again without the Mirror Cufflink, he planned to circle around to the other side, seeking new opportunities to corrupt Albus Medici.

Fleeing was definitely not an option!

At this moment, Lumian suddenly felt a rather intense weakness.

Has my spirituality dried up prematurely? No, it's not just a matter of spirituality... Lumian thought as he reverted to human form and released his accumulated spirituality.

Clang!

His right hand inexplicably lost strength, making it difficult to hold onto the Sword of Courage. He could only watch helplessly as the iron-black straight sword fell to the ground, clanging against a stark white skeleton.

Why didn't I teleport to create distance first?

I... I seem to be sick...

Lumian was suddenly alarmed and immediately activated the black mark on his right shoulder, disappearing from near the peak of the corpse mountain.

He left the Sword of Courage there, not retrieving it for the moment.

He was hoping the opponent would trigger one of its negative effects- in about ten minutes, if the Sword of Courage wasn't sealed away, it would indiscriminately attack nearby people.

And now, the people around the Sword of Courage were Albus Medici and Celeste.

As soon as Lumian's figure materialized on the wasteland, Albus at the peak of the corpse mountain slightly furrowed his brow.

This descendant of the Red Angel swayed slightly, noticeably weaker than before.

He seemed to have fallen ill as well.

Chapter 838 Bluffing

Albus's right hand holding the weapon drooped down, seemingly too weak to bear the weight of the bone and flesh sword. He planted it on the ground made of corpses and bones, but compared to Lumian directly dropping the Sword of Courage, he was clearly much better off.

At the same time, Celeste's voice, filled with anticipation and cruel amusement, emanated from various mirrors and mirror-like objects scattered across the corpse mountain and wasteland, "How are you feeling? Confused about when you got infected with the plague?"

Sure enough, it's a Demoness's Plague... Standing on the wasteland, Lumian took advantage of the moment before his muscles completely lost strength, when he could still lift light objects, to quickly remove the Devil's Whispers bone ring from his finger and stuff it back into the Traveler's Bag.

Wearing this ring would cause Lumian to be constantly burned by sulfurous flames, inside and out, continuously weakening his resistance and tolerance to Plague. Although he was already poisoned by sulfur and had some degree of burns, stopping the damage in time was still very important.

After putting away the Devil's Whispers bone ring, Lumian took out the brass talisman and matching earplugs given by Archbishop Heraberg, gripping one in his left palm and putting the other back into his left ear.

“Listen!” Lumian again uttered this ancient Hermes word, continuing his learning process.

Meanwhile, Celeste's voice continued to emanate from various mirror surfaces and mirror-like objects: “We were certain that the operation targeting 0-01 would face interference and competition from Beyonders of the Hunter pathway, and we would inevitably have to confront Wanak. So, we prepared a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact in advance. The mystical pathogen it produces has a very notable characteristic-it can survive in high-temperature flames for a period of time.

“And I can use the power of the special mirror world to let those pathogens spread quietly through different mirror surfaces, silently dispersing throughout this wasteland and corpse mountain.

“You've been setting fires all along, but I've also been continuously releasing frost, pretending to attack and curse. This actually freezes those mystical pathogens inside, allowing them to survive longer in high temperatures. Combined with their own special nature, it's enough for you to be contaminated partially, slowly seeping into your bodies...”

Celeste explained in great detail, as if wanting to bring pain and savor despair.

This might be her hobby, or perhaps a negative influence brought by certain items.

Albus Medici, leaning on that bone and flesh sword, kept turning his body, looking in different directions, seemingly trying to quickly pinpoint Celeste's true form and drag her out of the mirror world.

However, it was impossible to discern which mirror Celeste was in just from the source of the sound. She might have been constantly moving through the mirror world without stopping.

Similarly, even if Albus recited those three passages of the honorific name again, he could only affect the special mirror world in this area at the peak of the corpse mountain. He couldn't damage the “mirrors” in the middle and lower parts of the corpse mountain and on the wasteland.

Celeste's voice gradually became shrill, both painful and pleasurable.

“This pathogen also has flaws. It's not the type that will have fatal effects in a short time. It can only make you quickly lose your physical strength, accelerate the dissipation of spirituality, and eventually make you lie on the ground, unable to move, desperately listening to your own heart gradually weakening and stop beating.”

Hearing this, Lumian teleported to change his position, avoiding being assassinated by Celeste taking advantage of the situation.

Some thoughts flashed through his mind: Could I wear the Eggers family's golden mask to counteract the damage from this mystical pathogen?

If I stop my heart from beating in advance, I won't have to worry about it losing strength!

No, this mystical pathogen seems to affect the Spirit Body as well. Perhaps, after physical death, the Spirit Body will gradually lose the power to maintain its own existence...

Moreover, Archbishop Heraberg said that becoming a deceased here would only lead to eternal slumber... Well, perhaps in the future, one might be 'awakened' as a puppet of 0-01...

Albus Medici at the peak of the corpse mountain suddenly laughed.

"So that's how it is. I do feel weakened.

"Even with my ancestor helping me share the impact, in three or four minutes I should completely lose my fighting ability, barely able to crawl.

"But I don't remember if I told you what I was going to do in the underground mausoleum, or if you noticed that the abnormality had already occurred?"

As he spoke, Albus's smile gradually brightened.

His demeanor was composed, appearing very confident and assured, not panicked at all.

Celeste, who had been emitting sounds from different mirrors and mirror-like objects to delay time until the effects of the mystical pathogen deepened, suddenly fell silent.

She seemed to be observing her surroundings, trying to find the abnormality Albus mentioned.

Albus moved his neck and said with an upturned corner of his mouth,

"I only have three things to accomplish here:

"First is to kill Wanak, so that 0-01 no longer has a proxy of this level;

"Second is to recite my ancestor's honorific names around 0-01, causing it to resonate and gradually awaken;

"Third, heh heh, is to delay time, waiting for 0-01 to break free from this corpse mountain on its own.

"Haven't you noticed that the frequency and amplitude of 0-01's trembling and shaking are getting higher and larger?

"Haven't you noticed that 0-01 is about to break free from the corpse mountain?"

Wh- Celeste, hidden near the peak of the corpse mountain, concealed in one of the components of the previous Mirror Maze to closely observe Albus's movements and ready to interfere with the target's self-rescue at any time, tensed up and instinctively looked towards the violently shaking and trembling 0-01.

She then saw that charred banner with the dangerous blood spots densely covering it.

Her head suddenly buzzed, and her neck ached.

She was further corrupted!

Crack!

The mirror where Celeste was hiding instantly shattered, revealing her figure, with a blank expression, her head trying to separate from her neck.

Now! Albus seized the opportunity, discarding the heavy bone and flesh sword, transforming into a blazing white, blue-tinged flame spear, swooshing down near Celeste.

Then, he created a dense Fog of War, enveloping Celeste and the area within about ten meters around this Demoness.

After completing this, Albus didn't give Celeste a chance to break free from her corrupted state and escape the Fog of War through the mirror world. Mustering his remaining strength, he condensed several blue fireballs and sent them crashing into the Fog of War one after another.

Rumble!

Relatively violent explosions occurred, and pale blue flames rose up. Celeste's Mirror Substitution was passively triggered.

But affected and misled by the Fog of War, her figure reappeared still within the blast range, still covered by shock waves powerful enough to destroy a Demoness's body.

Albus controlled the power of the fireballs, ensuring the Fog of War was never dispersed, causing Celeste's Mirror Substitutions to shatter one after another.

Similarly, he also controlled the frequency of fireballs bombarding that small area of fog, not giving Celeste even a slight chance to recover and enter the mirror world.

Finally, Celeste's shadow froze. That beautiful and seductive body blackened and disintegrated, falling to the ground in the form of corpse fragments.

Plop, the black teardrop-shaped ornament she had been wearing on her brow fell onto a corpse.

Albus stopped maintaining the Fog of War and looked at the dead Celeste, laughing mockingly.

“Oh, I forgot to tell you, my calmness just now was feigned. I needed to delay for five to six minutes to wait for 0-01 to resonate with my ancestor to the extreme, initially awaken, and break free from the constraints of the corpse mountain.

“Why were you in such a hurry? So hurried that you forgot direct eye contact with 0-01 would lead to corruption, and you were already corrupted to some extent.

“Remember, being too hasty or too slow are both major taboos in war.”

While mocking the dead, Albus didn't go to pick up that black teardrop-shaped ornament which clearly possessed Beyonder power, fearing it might trigger corresponding negative effects and impact subsequent matters, especially since he was already considerably weakened.

At this point, his hands and feet had become powerless, running had become difficult, so he could only transform again into a blazing white, blue-tinged flame spear, flying back near 0-01.

He glanced at Julie's filthy blood slowly falling in mid-air, estimating it was only about 30-40 centimeters away from the target.

Albus then threw a blue fireball at it, burning that pool of filthy blood, causing it to slowly evaporate and dissipate without triggering any additional changes.

After closing his eyes to sense the frequency and amplitude of 0-01's shaking and trembling, Albus silently said to himself, It seems to be progressing faster than expected, two or three more minutes should be enough.

Heh heh, Celeste, I lied about one thing earlier. In the end, 0-01 still can't break free on its own, it needs me to help it with Medici family blood...

I didn't mock your corpse earlier because I had too much time, some words needed to be heard by Lumian Lee, to make him overlook the part where I lied...

Albus Medici then turned to look at the wasteland, at Lumian who had just completed a teleportation to change his position to avoid being locked onto, and said loudly with a laugh, "You're very alert. In such a pressing situation, you actually didn't follow that fool Celeste to observe the abnormalities of 0-01."

Lumian raised his hand to scratch his right ear, telling a lie that couldn't be more obvious, "Sorry, I was learning, I didn't hear your conversation just now. Alright, I admit, I was thinking Celeste would help me confirm the current situation of 0-01."

Albus looked at this guy and said thoughtfully, "You're very calm. Your physical combat ability should be almost depleted by now. As for me, with my ancestor sharing the burden, I can definitely hold out longer than you."

Lumian laughed, laughing with composure and confidence, exuding the brilliance of atop student. "Haven't you noticed that there are other abnormalities here?"

Chapter 839 The "Hidden" Taboo

Other abnormalities? Albus's first reaction was that Lumian was imitating him, trying to trick him into looking at something he shouldn't.

He cautiously scanned the wasteland below the corpse mountain, only seeing undead soldiers fallen in different places and nearly extinguished colorless embers.

During this process, Albus also listened for any movements around him, but apart from the increasingly violent trembling and shaking of 0-01, he received no other information.

"Are you trying to delay time this way? I think this is more advantageous for me," Albus replied to Lumian with a smile.

The image of this competitor was reflected in his iron-black eyes as he quickly estimated the probability of launching a successful surprise attack in his mind.

He wanted to eliminate the last hidden danger before losing his close combat ability.

Lumian didn't give Albus this opportunity. Although his arms had weakened to the point where he could only pick up relatively light objects, and his legs were so weak he could barely walk, the

accumulated spirituality he released was still quite abundant, enough to support him in completing many teleportations.

His figure disappeared from Albus's sight, then reappeared on the side of the corpse mountain.

Before Albus could find him, Lumian said with a smile, "It's understandable that you didn't notice other abnormalities here. After all, you don't seem to be someone who enjoys studying. And your ancestor, that Red Angel, although having a very thorough understanding of 0-01, the current 0-01 is no longer the same as before.

"From the Sealed Artifact information, I know that after your ancestor was killed by the Blood Emperor, 0-01 changed hands twice-once to Alista Tudor, and once to Death from the Southern Continent. Therefore, it has been corrupted by other, equally high-level corruptions."

Seeing Albus's gaze turn towards him, seemingly listening and discerning the truth of his words without immediate intention to launch an attack, Lumian stayed in place and continued, "Of course, your ancestor visited Fourth Epoch Trier and understood the various details of the corresponding seal. Morora's seal was modeled after Trier's, so you definitely wouldn't lack understanding of the situation here. But the seals on both sides are only mostly similar, with many details still having critical differences.

"The book 'Principles of Sealing' tells me that this is because 0-01 and its corruption are purer compared to Fourth Epoch Trier; it's less complex, can form fewer balances and constraints, and many characteristic issues are more prominent.

"If your ancestor were to come in person, take a turn in the underground mausoleum, no, just take a few glances, He would definitely understand what abnormality I'm talking about. But unfortunately, He can't descend to Morora, and probably can't see or hear directly through the seal using your eyes and ears. He can only give you power, help you share the damage, and listen to your reports periodically.

"Under these circumstances, heh heh, it's indeed understandable that you didn't notice other abnormalities here."

Albus Medici stared down at Lumian, listening to his narrative with a smile on his face, while pondering where the problem actually lay.

Rambling on and on about irrelevant things, it does seem like he's trying to buy time.

But buying time is more beneficial to me... The resonance between 0-01 and my ancestor is getting stronger and stronger. In two or three more minutes, I'll be able to approach and drip some Medici family blood...

His condition will only deteriorate faster than mine, the longer we delay, the weaker he'll become...

Is he waiting for reinforcements? But unless the Archbishop of the Church of Knowledge personally intervenes, there should be no one in Morora who can participate in this struggle, and those outside Morora can't come in... The Church of Knowledge currently appears quite neutral, at most with a

slight inclination in secret, they won't directly get involved. Hehe, I need to be vigilant about this point, so-called scholars are more treacherous than us Hunters, the more knowledge they have, the more treacherous they become...

It's a pity, this trash can is very alert, he'll teleport away at the slightest sign of trouble, while I need to get close to release the Fog of War... No wonder my ancestor said that before Alista Tudor became a god, he found Bethel Abraham more troublesome...

Continuously feinting attacks, forcing him to use teleport repeatedly, draining his Spirituality? That's one way. If we really go on according to his pace, by the time his spirituality is insufficient to support teleport, I'll also be almost unable to complete the battle, even standing will be difficult, only able to rely on Fire Ravens-scatter shots-like a blind man shooting birds...

But if feints are to be convincing, they need to consume a lot of spirituality, and if they're not convincing, they can't bluff anyone...

Why does this dog shit-like pathogen target the physical body first, then affect the Spirit Body? If the rate of spirituality dissipation could be as fast as the loss of muscle strength, the problem would be simple. In that case, I wouldn't need to hold out for too long, just longer than this trash can.

As Albus's thoughts raced, Lumian smiled and said, "Do you need me to give you a hint?"

"I don't know if you've seen the sealing information for 0-01, but you must be very familiar with the various taboos here. Haven't you noticed that two sections of the content, or rather, two of the taboos, hide problems?"

Two taboos hiding problems? Albus suddenly had a dangerous intuition, he began to believe that some of what Lumian said might be true.

Lumian said with a mocking tone, "Haven't figured it out yet? See, this is the consequence of not studying. I didn't notice it at first either, but after reading a large amount of related books and materials in Morora, I gradually developed doubts.

"Let me give you another hint. The first problematic taboo is that experimental subjects must cover their eyes and carry a lamp, and if the lamp goes out, that experimental personnel will directly disappear, and everyone who knows him will simultaneously believe that he died long ago."

"What's wrong with that? I've already had people verify the authenticity of this taboo. Hehe, it's only because there are many light sources here, otherwise we would have all disappeared by now," Albus quickly thought about the details he might have overlooked.

At this moment, Lumian's figure suddenly disappeared.

He teleported to change his position, appearing near the top of the corpse mountain, next to the Sword of Courage.

Taking advantage of the fact that he could still move the Traveler's Bag, he crouched down and slipped the bag he had been holding in advance over the Sword of Courage, returning it to its companions.

At this time, Albus, not expecting Lumian to appear so close to the top of the corpse mountain, was still searching for the target with his gaze across the wasteland.

By the time he reacted and condensed blue fireballs to bombard downwards, Lumian had already activated the black mark on his right shoulder and truly teleported to somewhere in the wasteland.

He risked picking up the Sword of Courage because he now realized that he might be the one facing its indiscriminate attacks later.

As the rumbling explosions just began to subside, Lumian's voice sounded again:

“Haven't you figured it out yet?”

“After I arrived at the real corpse mountain, I actually doubted my guess and completely abandoned it, but the later results made me more certain, and allowed me to figure out more problems along the way.”

Lumian spoke to Albus Medici from afar in the tone of a teacher, “The answer is, why must it be experimental subjects carrying lit lamps to enter, why not place burning wall lamps at intervals inside the underground mausoleum and replace the lamp oil regularly? Although this would consume more resources, it would be more convenient and safer. The Church of Knowledge's financial power couldn't possibly be unable to support such an arrangement.

“Is it to make the seal seem mysterious and terrifying? Obviously not, there are clearly deeper reasons.”

Albus Medici's eyes flickered slightly, vaguely having some guesses.

He cast his gaze towards the embers scattered across the corpse mountain.

Lumian's figure disappeared again, appearing among Celeste's corpse fragments.

He then inverted the Traveler's Bag over the black teardrop-shaped forehead ornament, collecting it.

This time, Albus tracked Lumian's figure in time, but he didn't make a move, nor did he transform into a flame spear to throw himself over.

This was firstly because the other could teleport away at any time, and secondly because what Lumian was doing now was also beneficial to him.

Albus was almost certain that the forehead ornament was the “source” of the current mystical pathogen. After placing it in another space, the concentration of pathogens here would gradually decrease, preventing their conditions from rapidly deteriorating, allowing them to hold out longer.

After putting away the forehead ornament, Lumian immediately teleported to the wasteland on the other side of the corpse mountain, smiling at Albus.

“The second problematic taboo is ‘Beyonders with strength surpassing Sequence 5 are forbidden from approaching. Warning, Beyonders with strength surpassing Sequence 5 are forbidden from approaching.’”

Albus immediately understood Lumian's line of thought and asked in a deep voice, “You mean there's no need to specifically emphasize that Beyonders above Sequence 5 cannot approach?”

“Indeed, in reality, as long as they're not already corrupted experimental subjects or special people like us, whether they're above Sequence 5 or not, they shouldn't approach 0-01.”

Lumian wanted to applaud, but even adjusting the Traveler's Bag was quite strenuous for him now.

He said with a tone that approved his educatability, “Yes, so why specifically emphasize that Beyonders above Sequence 5 cannot approach?”

“Probably because when Beyonders above Sequence 5 approach 0-01, besides bringing danger to themselves, it would also trigger additional, more terrifying abnormalities. Therefore, it must be specially warned!

“Just now, the appearance of Hand Bro brought about an attack from 0-01, leaving embers all over this wasteland and corpse mountain. And from my observation, these embers will extinguish on their own.

“What does this indicate? It indicates that before we came in, this place was in darkness, without any firelight.

“Combining this with the first problematic taboo I mentioned, and with what the book 'Principles of Sealing' says about self-balance and self-sealing, the potential hidden danger becomes very clear.”

Albus's expression changed slightly, obviously realizing what the possible abnormality might be.

Lumian once again changed his position using teleportation and continued, “That hidden danger is that there's a latent taboo:

“The underground mausoleum needs eternal, deathly darkness. It can occasionally have light, but there can't be continuous light in the same place. And when Beyonders above Sequence 5 with godhood approach, it instinctively causes 0-01 to burn this area, bringing embers that can last for a period of time.”

At this point, Lumian's smile grew even brighter.

“Now, the embers have been burning for a while, and you're still continuously creating firelight.

“I'm very curious about what will happen next.”

What will happen? Albus Medici's gaze instantly froze, his back suddenly tensing.

He knew where the problem lay now!

The frequency and amplitude of 0-01's trembling and shaking were more violent than he had anticipated, progressing faster!

At this moment, the entire sky suddenly took on the color of burning.

Chapter 840 The Importance of Knowledge

Inside Morora.

Two exiles who were dueling suddenly dropped their swords and clutched their necks with their hands.

Blood seeped through their fingers.

Nearby onlookers and pedestrians also experienced a stuttering effect, as if their heads were being grabbed by invisible hands and forcefully pulled upwards, causing the muscles in their necks to gradually tear.

In the endless graveyard near the Knowledge Cathedral, all the trees suddenly burst into bright red flames. The soil in the corresponding graves writhed as if something was trying to crawl out.

More and more clouds gathered in the sky, taking on the color of burning fire.

At the top of the corpse mountain.

Albus Medici's neck also stung with pain. He raised his hand with great difficulty and weakness, trying to press down on it.

He already understood what was happening. He didn't hastily turn his head to look directly at 0-01, as that would not only result in considerable corruption, but could also break his neck, causing his head to detach!

Albus slowly turned his body to face 0-01, but closed his eyes.

At the same time, he heard rustling and clanging sounds from the wasteland.

Lumian saw those undead soldiers in iron-black full body armor standing up one after another, the dark red or pale flames in their eye sockets clearly flickering.

The huge cloud vortex in the sky tinged with purple firelight was being torn apart and smoothed by an invisible force.

The abnormality had finally manifested.

Albus didn't hesitate. He immediately let his skin take on an iron-black hue, his entire body seeming to transform into a metal-cast puppet.

Keeping his eyes tightly shut, he approached 0-01 step by step.

During this process, his neck was noticeably stretched, causing the iron membrane that made up his skin to be torn into countless tiny metal threads.

Deep, chilling cut marks appeared on his iron-black flesh and bones, with bright red blood visibly oozing out.

In just a few seconds, Albus Medici walked to 0-01's side. He released his right palm that had been weakly pressing on his neck, letting it extend towards the charred flag, carrying his own blood.

As a fellow Hunter, Albus also had very strong spatial perception and positioning abilities.

Moreover, 0-01's flag was violently shaking, fluttering loudly, with sounds entering Albus's ears, making it easy for him to determine the target's location.

Of course, if he directly touched 0-01's main body, the corruption would truly occur. This couldn't be avoided just by not looking. But Albus now had no other choice.

Just as he reached out towards that charred flag, Albus heard a “snap” sound- the sound of the iron skin on his metal neck being completely torn apart.

He immediately changed his form, transforming from an iron-black metal-cast puppet into a blue human-shaped flame.

This caused the blood on his palm to evaporate rapidly.

While guarding against a sudden attack from Lumian, Albus quickened his movements, continuously flicking the mostly evaporated bright red blood towards the front.

On the wasteland, Lumian was mingling among the undead soldiers, his palm both scorching hot and ice-cold.

He didn't dare to look towards 0-01, so he naturally didn't know Albus's current actions, but he could roughly guess that the other was making a final gamble.

It's useless, the situation has already spiraled out of your control... Lumian muttered, not moving to stop him.

He was more worried that if he really teleported next to Salinger's Blood Banner to stop Albus Medici from dripping blood on it, he might step into a trap set by the other.

Given the current situation, Albus could completely change his approach-since he couldn't achieve his intended goal, he might as well eliminate all competitors, making his side the more advantageous camp, and then use this to reorganize.

So, Albus was likely pretending to drip Medici family blood onto 0-01's flag, but actually trying to lure Lumian to stop him, thus seizing the opportunity to kill the last competitor.

At the top of the corpse mountain, the human-shaped flame that Albus had transformed into was severely stretched, with the upper and lower parts seeming about to separate.

At the same time, the flaming light he emitted dimmed considerably, like ordinary flames doused with a bucket of ice-cold fresh blood.

Plop, Albus heard the tiny sound of liquid hitting the flag.

After thousands of years, the Medici family's blood finally fell on 0-01's charred flag again.

However, there was no additional change.

This was also within Albus's expectations, after all, the degree of resonance had not yet reached its limit, and 0-01's awakening situation had significantly exceeded any threshold.

Albus's desperate attempt to leave blood on the charred flag was more about reserving a chess piece for the future, making some preparations.

The next second, Albus, existing in the form of a human-shaped flame, felt an intense pain between his eyebrows.

Some strange force extended from 0-01, seeming to want to assimilate him, turning him into its own flame.

Albus suddenly turned around, opened his eyes, and looked towards the wasteland.

He wanted to kill Lumian before being absorbed by 0-01, eliminating the last competitor!

That trash can actually managed to stay calm and didn't come to stop me from smearing blood on 0-01's surface... Amidst Albus's regret, Lumian's figure was "reflected" in his flaming eyes.

Lumian smiled at him, activated the black mark on his right shoulder, and disappeared from his spot.

Albus didn't hide his disappointment and regret, reverting to his human form.

His neck was already torn open, revealing white bones and blackened blood vessels.

He then activated the crystal necklace wrapped around his wrist, causing it to explode directly.

Bang bang bang, the consecutively exploding crystals formed a deep vortex in front of Albus, with a deep, dark world covered by a glass-like barrier at the bottom of the vortex-that special mirror world.

Under extremely urgent circumstances and unable to directly leave Morora, Albus Medici chose to jump into the dark vortex in front of him, falling towards that special mirror world.

At this moment, his neck was about to break, with his cervical vertebrae exposed.

He fell into that special mirror world, disappearing into the deep darkness.

The dark vortex next to 0-01 was immediately ignited by invisible, colorless flames and dissipated completely.

In midair, the blue flame that had lost Albus's maintenance quickly extinguished, with the remaining tiny bit of Julie's filthy blood continuing to fall, touching the charred flag.

All over Morora.

Nearly ten thousand heads dragging white, blood-stained spines flew in the sky, while their headless bodies ran wildly through the streets.

In the graveyard, countless skeletons crawled out from underground, with dark red or pale flames burning in their eye sockets.

Red "rainwater" that could ignite buildings and humans began to fall from the sky.

Inside the Knowledge Cathedral, Archbishop Heraberg of Morora, wearing a plain white robe trimmed with brass wire, stood in front of the open stained glass window, feeling the walls faintly showing signs of melting.

He sighed lightly and raised his palm.

...

In the underground mausoleum, on that anomalous wasteland.

Lumian teleported to the side of the corpse mountain.

Just as he was about to sit down against the corpses and skeletons, his legs already unable to support his body weight, he was suddenly pulled by an invisible force, slowly standing up again and walking towards the group of undead soldiers.

This required no effort from him-he had no strength to use anyway.

Lumian didn't resist or struggle, as if only his self-consciousness still belonged to him.

The burning pain and icy rotting sensation in his right palm kept him basically alert.

As long as my head isn't torn off my neck, everything else is fine... Lumian muttered to himself while listening to the knowledge narrated by the brass talisman, continuing to walk towards the gathering troops in the wasteland as 0-01's puppet with the help of the external force.

The current situation was basically consistent with his expectations.

If he had read even a little less earlier, his head and body would have already gone separate ways by now.

Knowledge is power, knowledge is wealth!

After about ten seconds, the sky suddenly dimmed, and darkness surged back into this area.

0-01 seemed to be gripped by an invisible hand, with its trembling and shaking starting to calm down.

The flames in this area extinguished one after another, and the deathly silent, cold darkness once again ruled this place.

The Church of Knowledge has finally suppressed 0-01's disturbance. If it kept up a while longer, I'd really have become a puppet... Lumian secretly breathed a sigh of relief, feeling the darkness invade his body like an invisible, eerie, cold flow of water.

The Underworld Daoist mark on his right palm emitted an even stronger sense of decay than before, helping him resist this invasion.

Lumian teleported back to the position he had chosen earlier, weakly sitting down against the corpses and skeletons that made up the mountain.

He closed his eyes, focusing on listening to the knowledge transmitted from his ear plugs in this lightless, pure darkness.

...

In Trier, on the sacrificial square at the entrance of the third level of the underground catacombs.

After answering Jenna's question, that blurry and holy female figure disappeared from Jenna's sight, as if it was just part of an illusion.

Jenna shook her head, her gaze returning to reality, seeing Franca's concerned face.

"D-during my advancement, I seemed to sense Lady Krismona again, and even had a few words of dialogue with Her," Jenna carefully told her companion about her recent experience.

Hiss, do Angel-level high-rank beings truly not die? Franca asked curiously, "What did She say?"

Jenna suddenly felt a bit embarrassed. "She said to reconcile with my mirror self, because we are originally one. Sh-She said Her father was... was that 'Blood Emperor'..."

"Huh?" Franca was both shocked and confused, "Why did She tell you this?"

Jenna felt even more embarrassed. "I asked, I asked without thinking..."

"Is it really the 'Blood Emperor'? Then it shouldn't be your hallucination. You couldn't have come up with such an answer even in a hallucination." Franca whispered, gradually getting excited.

"Dammit, what do you mean I couldn't have come up with it even in a hallucination? Well, indeed, who could have thought of that?" Jenna reflexively retorted.

Franca then clapped her hands together.

"That was a good question, a good question indeed! This information is extremely, extremely important!"

Her eyes sparkling, she said, "Lumian previously suspected that the special mirror world was created by the Blood Emperor Alista Tudor to deal with the Primordial Demoness, and the Tamara family might have played a very important role in this matter.

"Now it seems this guess needs to be abandoned. Perhaps that special mirror world was jointly created by the Blood Emperor Alista Tudor and the Primordial Demoness!

"Otherwise, how could a true god of the Hunter pathway without mirror magic create such a special mirror world?"