

Righteous Ps 111

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“Theoretically, Master Michelangelo is the tower owner. Until the white tower chooses a new tower's son, he can't leave the wizard tower.” Annan pointed out his doubt.

Idol's wizard Melvin immediately explained, “This is just a theory.

“Master Michelangelo is also good at Idol spells. So he can create a temporary stand-in for himself and bear the curse.”

“Yes, Master Michelangelo does have the possibility of leaving the wizard tower temporarily.” Ms. Claire concluded softly.

As the discussion came until this point, a strange silence entangled the crowd.

The crowd did not speak much, but everyone had a consensus.

Compared with the possibility of “Master Michelangelo leaving the White Tower,” the possibility of “forcibly killing a tower master in the wizard tower” could be said to be minimal.

Melvin offered two directions for thinking, but there was only one possibility – Master Michelangelo did not die inside the White Tower.

But, everyone did not deny the possibility that Master Michelangelo was dead, and everyone was now in a nightmare.

This explanation was the simplest and direct.

Annan was confident that everyone was secretly ready to kill in their hearts. Those in the crowd could justify the murder with this reason.

By the end, they would say something like this, “I'm more inclined with the second possibility. We are in a nightmare, and the dead will be kicked out of the nightmare.”

Annan squinted his eyes slightly and looked at Melvin. This person is fishy.

Melvin had been messing around until now.

Annan had sealed his spellcasting ability and had proven that he was harmless. Therefore, no normal person would choose to target him.

But after Annan gained temporary leadership, Melvin jumped out and reminded everyone that “Gerald killed many people.”

After that, Melvin gave everyone an excuse for killing, allowing the crowd to kill with peace of mind.

While snatching Annan's speaking rights, Melvin wanted to mess up the situation further and promote ritual development. He was eagerly waiting for someone to die.

This made him look like a murderer, or at least someone on the murderer's side.

But he later told everyone that one-on-one fighting could not solve the problem.

Yes, Annan knew what he said was right.

If they fight one-on-one, the candidates would surely win even if the murderer survived.

—When the crowd realized something was wrong, there were only four people left.

At that time, the outcome would be decided.

Therefore, Melvin was not the murderer.

...Unless.

Annan came to a realization.

Did Melvin already know who the murderer was?

Moreover, he believes that no one can defeat the murderer in a one-on-one fight. If many have died, the remaining people may not be able to defeat the murderer?

That should be the case.

That's why he announces that "Michelangelo may have died outside the tower." The purpose is to let everyone take down the murderer under a substantial number advantage and the best scenario.

Annan looked up. He glanced around.

Who is the murderer?

The one with the strongest one-on-one combat power among them should have been "Gerald" when his spellcasting ability was not sealed.

He should have originally intended to target Gerald.

But Gerald did live to the end.

"Wait a minute!"

A light bulb lit in Annan's mind.

Unless-

"...Urgh." Melvin's face turned ruddy all of a sudden.

He stood up suddenly, opened his mouth, and widened his eyes.

But he didn't say anything.

He had a rude burp and even spat some saliva.

The ladies on the table frowned slightly. Miss Claire, who was particularly neatly dressed, leaned back in disgust.

But they soon realized that something was wrong because this burp was loud and lasting.

Suddenly, a transparent red bubble blew out of Melvin's mouth.

From the moment the first bubble appeared, many red bubbles gushed out like the ocean.

Accompanied by the sound of “burp,” Melvin's chest collapsed suddenly. He was like an inflated balloon suddenly bursting. He contracted violently inward, and the blood-colored transparent bubbles rushed out of his mouth, floating into the air.

Only a piece of skin was left below Melvin's neck and above his waist in the blink of an eye.

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His head made a squishing sound. It fell on his lap and then fell to the ground.

His “body” was light and fluttery. Before the body fell on the leg, the head fell to the ground first. The pulling force dragged the legs to the floor too. The silver ring worn on his finger also fell directly to the ground with a clang.

Red bubbles floated in the room and filled the ceiling. The light refracted through the bubbles, turning the entire room red.

Undoubtedly, Eugene Melvin was dead.

He was killed under plain sight.

No one used spells.

No one left the table.

No one had even left everyone's sight.

Eugene Melvin did not even have physical contact with anyone.

He died inexplicably after he uttered his judgment.

Even Annan was a little confused. He couldn't understand how Melvin died.

“Stop, Kim!”

Claire suddenly screamed, attracting everyone's attention.

It was the red-haired youth whose eyes were bandaged and whose mouth seemed to be sewn with thread. He came around behind Benjamin, and his right hand was firmly clasped on Benjamin's neck.

Is it Destruction School mixed with Alteration School?

Annan was surprised. Melvin's way of death was indeed the work of the Alteration School.

Benjamin smiled bitterly, motionless. He slowly raised his hands to signal surrender.

“It's not me.”

Benjamin sighed and said helplessly, “Although this does seem to be my technique, it's really not me.

“I have no reason to kill him. If you still don't believe it...”

The old wizard's expression suddenly calmed down, “I can kill another person and show it to you all.”

As soon as Benjamin finished speaking, the red-haired youth Kim suddenly coughed out a mouthful of blood. He seemed to be drained instantly. He knelt on the ground in pain, gasping for breath, but his face quickly turned purple. Vein burst out on his arm and face.

When Kim's blood fell on the ground, he began to sneer and burn, igniting the carpet. His cough made the cups and saucers in the room tremble simultaneously. The whole room seemed to be humming.

At the next moment, the carpet under his feet suddenly moved.

The carpet moved quickly with Kim atop. They settled in front of Claire calmly.

The chair under the old wizard Benjamin suddenly deformed, pulling out countless twisted and sharp branches, each with sharp branches. The branches fixed Benjamin on the chair. As long as Benjamin made a move, he would be pierced from all directions.

Claire's complexion was serious. She picked up a cup half-filled with black tea in her hand and splashed the black tea in the air.

The red liquid floated in the air, surrounding her like a snake.

She tipped the teacup in her hand and ordered Benjamin with a sullen face,

“Relieve the curse to Kim, Benjamin.”

But, Benjamin's face remained unchanged.

The white-haired old wizard just smiled tauntingly.

“Oh, you're not afraid of me killing people at this time?”

He looked up at the others again, “Everyone else, are you fine just being the spectator? Well... it's okay.”

As soon as he ended talking, Kim's cough gradually ceased. His expression was not so terrible. But he was still on his knees and panting violently. Amidst his inhales and exhales, Annan felt the whole room trembling slightly in the rhythm.

“Let's go.”

Uncle Ghirlandaio of the Prophet school suddenly ran over and whispered in Annan's ear.

Annan thought for a moment, then nodded in response.

He and Ghirlandaio left soon.

Maria took a hesitant look at the three people and then at the two who were running away. After thinking about it, she followed Annan and Ghirlandaio. Merlin also quietly followed up.

In the blink of an eye, there were only three people left in the room.

None of the three spoke.

Claire looked down at her teacup with her face gloomy. Kim stood up slowly, reaching out to loosen the eye band.

Benjamin looked calm and drank the black tea, seeming unfazed from Claire's and Kim's gaze.

There was a long silence, but Claire still took Kim away.

Only Benjamin and Melvin's body were left in the room.

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Annan and Ghirlandaio left the tea room first.

To be more precise, it was to escape the crime scene.

“What do you think?”

Annan took a deep breath and said in a low voice.

Beside him, Wizard Ghirlandaio of the Prophet school patted him on the shoulder.

“Nothing bad will happen.”

Wizard Ghirlandaio, with black hair and black eyes, replied affirmatively, “Because they can't afford to break into a fight.”

Wizard Ghirlandaio had thick curly hair, his eyes were as deep as burn marks, and his face had defined features.

“Are you so sure?”

“Naturally.”

Ghirlandaio replied confidently, “For this reason, it is necessary to eradicate variables.”

“Variable?”

“En. You can understand it as the nature, quantity, intensity aspect of the variable in the face of a fixed future.”

“No, it's not that I don't understand this word.”

Annan shook his head and asked, “I mean. Do the spells of the prophecy system need to exclude variables?”

“In most cases, yes.”

Ghirlandaio nodded, somewhat puzzled, “Does Swamp's Black Tower have no prophecy instructor?”

Before Annan could answer, Ghirlandaio explained with his tone like a mentor, “In short, the abilities and spells of the prophecy system can be roughly divided into two categories: prediction and perception.

“The prediction ability is to actively search for event's information in the 'future node.'

“For example, if you give me 2 numbers, I can know the final result because I can calculate it, and there is only 1 result. So, I can skip the process and predict its outcome.

“Similarly, predicting the trajectory, predicting the answer, predicting the heads and tails of the coin are all simple, even without spell casting. But predicting who I will meet today and predicting where we will go next is much more complicated. To put it simply, as long as it contains predictions other than myself, the difficulty and consumption will increase. The error rate will increase too.”

“In general, the more fixed and unique the answer, the easier it is to get the result. The more variables in the process, the harder it is to predict.

“For example, I can predict what you just wanted to say...”

Ghirlandaio stared at Annan, thought for a while, and said, “You want to say, 'Isn't the human mind variable,' right? The answer is, 'Yes.'”

-Yup.

Annan nodded.

But, there were some differences. What Annan wanted to ask was, “Do you exclude the variable 'thought.’”

This slight error should come from Ghirlandaio's misunderstanding of Annan and Gerald.

“So, you can see the future for a short while?”

Annan asked.

“It's more like seeing a glimpse of the near future,” the middle-aged man corrected. “What we can find out is the information 'we're capable of knowing.’”

“As long as we know the uncertainty nodes affecting the future, we can see the results in advance. That is, the future in my eyes.”

Ghirlandaio said, glanced at the tea room, and then at Annan with deep thoughts, “As long as we leave, they will not be able to fight. If you and Her Royal Highness Maria stay in it, there's a probability for a fight to occur.

“But I just took a casual look. I don't know what will happen next. But I tend to follow a 'certain' future direction, rather than change the future to an unknown direction.”

“I see.” Annan nodded slowly.

A strange thought suddenly appeared in his heart.

To confirm this idea, he asked Ghirlandaio, “What about perception?”

“Perception...”

Ghirlandaio sighed for unknown reasons.

His answer this time was simple, “In short, the teacher perceives he is about to die. That is Perception. You can't actively seek the answer, and the answer may not be helpful, but what you perceive is a certainty.

"It's because several key nodes anchoring this future have already happened, but we didn't realize it. Simply put, it's too late. It is impossible to change the future with our power. By wanting to alter from the future seen through perception, it will introduce many variables instead."

Annan roughly had an idea.

The prophecy spells basically operated either actively or passively. They obtained some fragmented information from the future self.

This was indeed a versatile spell.

The result of "predicting" was "probability in the future," so it could be changed at will.

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The result obtained in "perception" was "the upcoming result."

It wasn't that the future learned through perception could not be changed. But it was difficult to shake the tide of destiny with one's power alone.

Annan was silent for a while.

That being the case.

Is the ritual used to change the fate of "Michelangelo being murdered"?

-Yup.

So far, there was no definite evidence that "Michelangelo is dead."

They thought so only because the stone statue when they entered the door said to them.

But what if the stone statue was telling lies?

No, it didn't have to be a lie.

The stone statue never said, "Michelangelo is dead" from beginning to end.

Not a word was mentioned.

The stone statue only announced Michelangelo's last words. Michelangelo only declared, "The murderer who killed me is among you."

But what if he was not referring to the "past."

—But the "future"?

"Hey, David. Did you think of something?" Ghirlandaio whispered.

Annan looked at Ghirlandaio and was silent for a while, "What are you referring to?"

"The ritual we are in."

The middle-aged man stared at Annan and lowered his voice, "Did you come up with something?"

“What are you all chattering about?” Maria's voice came abruptly.

She frowned slightly and looked at Annan with her arms folded.

There was unconcealed suspicion on that immature and delicate face akin to the most high-end doll.

The muted old man Merlin lowered his head and stood listlessly behind her.

But Annan was able to perceive an inexplicable and strong sense of danger.

“We are discussing the three people inside.”

Before the middle-aged man spoke, Annan replied first, “As long as we all leave, the three of them shouldn't fight.”

“Prophecy?”

Maria Austere-Winter nodded thoughtfully as if thinking of something.

At this moment, Annan suddenly asked, “Your Royal Highness, do you have any thoughts on our current situation?”

“What do you mean?”

For some reason, Maria always seemed vigilant every time she talked with Annan.

She was silent for a while and replied seriously, “I don't think Melvin will be the only death.

“Someone will die next. Everyone should think the same way. Everyone knows that there is only one murderer and we cannot kill two people, so they stick to each other in pairs. Just like you, like us, like Claire And Kim.”

“So, are you thinking that Master Benjamin is the murderer?” Annan asked.

This Alteration School master who was infinitely close to the Gold Rank could undoubtedly kill a Gold Rank Wizard. He had not teamed up with anyone now. Hence, his suspicion should be the biggest.

But the problem was...

Annan knew from the beginning that Benjamin was innocent.

The reason was the same as Gerald.

Benjamin did not die here, nor did he succeed in advancement. Instead, he returned to Black Tower alive to recruit new students. One of them was Salvatore.

To some surprise, Maria shook her head firmly.

“No, I don't think he is a murderer.” She replied.

She looked at Annan and replied directly, “I think...

“The murderer is you.”

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“You are honest, Your Royal Highness Mary.”

The reply was different from what Maria imagined.

Annan heard her words, but there was no look of panic or fear on his face.

He nodded slowly with a thoughtful look on his face.

“I see.”

He murmured in a low voice with a focused expression on his face, “That's how you think.”

With that, Annan looked up.

He asked Maria seriously, “May I ask, Your Highness... When did you come up with such a thought?”

Maria glanced at Annan suspiciously.

She was silent for a while, thinking about something in her heart.

Annan spoke slowly, gently, and kindly, “You don't have to be too nervous.

“You know, I have sealed my spellcasting ability. Everyone has witnessed it.”

Annan stood at Maria's point of view and helped her to think, “Judging from the normal thought process, I will not be suspected at first even if I am the murderer. So, Your Highness— Please think about it carefully. Where does your distrust of me come from?”

Annan's words carried sincerity to help.

His objective was to help the other party find out the people or things bothering her and help her solve her worries. With the sincerity Annan showed, Maria could hardly refuse Annan's kindness.

From the very beginning, Annan had already found out.

Perhaps because of the talent “Winter Heart,” Maria's character flaw was obvious.

She was prone to be guilty, but at the same time, she would tend to be fearful, angry, and nervous. It was like the opposite of Annan. She was like a puppet, easy to manipulate.

Even with Merlin's protection, she was restless deep down in her heart in the face of the chaotic situation today.

At this moment, Maria was not so much analyzing it as it was losing her temper. She wanted to vent the fear in her heart and turn the invisible hunter into a tangible enemy.

It was normal for her to be wary of Annan. Soul Snatch wizard was effective against Winter Heart. Maybe this was the meaning behind the Winter's Hand existence – to counter these Soul Snatch wizards.

Annan had already guessed this from the beginning.

The problem was that Annan had given up his spellcasting ability. Even in everyone's opinion, he gave up his spellcasting ability because of Maria's words.

Maria Austere-Winter did feel a little guilty towards Annan.

So-

“You mean, my thinking may be affected by others?”

Maria immediately realized Annan's meaning between his sentences.

She thought for a moment and soon realized the problem, “That's probable...”

Her tone inexplicably softened as if it was because of the guilt in misunderstanding Annan because she knew that what “Gerald” said was indeed reasonable.

It stood to reason that Gerald had sealed his spellcasting ability. Therefore, no matter who killed Master Michelangelo or who killed Melvin, it was unlikely that it was Gerald.

So Maria paused, still whispering the answer in her heart, “Yes, at the very beginning.”

“Very beginning?” Annan asked with some confusion.

He really didn't expect this answer.

Although Gerald was not good-looking, he didn't exude hostility?

“Because of your eyes, Mr. Gerald.”

Maria replied seriously, “I see the purity of a child in your eyes, the indifference of an elder, and the well-hidden – arrogance.”

“My eyes.”

Annan smashed his lips, feeling wronged.

So, Maria is into this.

Judging someone through the eyes is like metaphysics.

Even in Annan's shoes, he only judged a person through various aspects such as subtle expressions, words, movements, clothes, and recent actions. What one saw in the eyes was what one perceived they should see.

Surprisingly, Maria seemed to be quite accurate.

She didn't seem to see Gerald, but Annan, who was temporarily occupying the body.

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“I have a proposal.”

Suddenly, Ghirlandaio on the side said, “Why don't the four of us set up a curse here?”

“What curse?” Maria asked immediately.

“[Before this incident is over, the four people present cannot attack each other.] How about using this curse to form a temporary alliance?” Ghirlandaio asked.

This proposal surprised the other three on the spot.

This meant even if the murderer was among the four of them, none of them could do anything to the person. They could only help the murderer kill others, complete the inheritance ritual, or watch others attack the murderer coldly.

Simply put, Ghirlandaio proposed to bring the situation back to a “one-on-one battle” situation.

After learning that the murderer might not have killed anyone, the situation came into a deadlocked state.

But after Melvin's death, this balanced situation was broken again.

Annan understood what he meant.

—This is the sure-fire way to win.

Unlike the previous situation, they now had only seven people.

As long as four people teamed up, the result was the same whether the murderer who killed Michelangelo was inside or outside the team. They would win.

Ghirlandaio's intention in this proposal was...

—If anyone here does not agree to form a team, the person will die.

After all, the group could get others to join hands together.

As long as they had four people, it would be the “majority.” Then, the minority had no power to fight back.

People in the team might not be able to survive.

But the outsiders of the team were bound to die.

“I agree to form a team.”

“I agree.

“Me too.”

The other three on the scene reacted quickly. They immediately agreed and drafted the curse immediately,

“We hereby set up curse here—”

Ghirlandaio took the lead in guiding the chanting, “Before this incident is over, the four people present must not attack each other.”

As his voice fell, strange traces flashed in the air.

[Oath]'s power entangled their hearts.

If this curse was violated, the curse would burst in their body.

Seeing everyone establish the curse, the four of them all breathed a sigh of relief.

After a short silence, Maria was the first to speak with a cold and youthful voice, "In fact, I didn't intend to inherit the position of tower master.

"The tower owner can't easily leave the wizard tower. This is troublesome for me. My eldest brother cannot inherit the position of Grand Duke. I must protect my younger brother Annan."

Annan was surprised.

He roughly realized something.

There might be some sort of curse on Maria like "I can only tell the truth" or "I say whatever comes to mind."

Her chatty mannerism seemed a bit out of place.

Annan was puzzled, pretending to be unaware of this, and asked tentatively, "Speaking of it, what's the matter with Grand Duke's eldest son? Um, sorry, if it is inconvenient to talk about it."

"There's no problem with telling it out. Almost even civilians in the Dukedom know this."

Maria gave a self-deprecating smile.

The gloomy cloud on her still lingered.

She said softly, "It started two years ago...

"Our eldest brother became infertile."

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"Rotten Man." Annan probed softly.

He attempted to get more clues.

With the alliance agreement just established, Maria wasn't really on guard against Annan. In addition, Annan was officially wanted by the Noah Kingdom. The other three people present were all Austerian.

She nodded gloomily and admitted Annan's speculation, "Yes, it is indeed Rotten Man's curse directed through the name."

"Have you not prepared any substitute?" Annan was a little surprised.

"Of course we have, but the curse managed to pass through for some reason. I'm fine, but the curse attacked my father, eldest brother, and Annan at the same time.

"The eldest brother can forcibly absorb other's curses. He immediately shouldered the curse of three people on him alone."

Maria seemed more evasive in talking about it, "In the end, my eldest brother has permanently lost his fertility, and lost the chance to inherit the Grand Duke's position. Also, I'm not suitable. So we can only rely on Annan.

“He has a much better character than mine. Austere-Winter is in need of a Grand Duke who is kind and isn't hungry for political power.”

“Your Royal Highness.”

Annan coughed slightly and reminded, “You spoke too much.”

If he heard so many secrets outside the dungeon instance, he wondered if he would be silenced through death.

Even Announ would not die in the nightmare, he still followed the cautious, timid, and calm character of “Gerald” in strict details, interrupting Maria's words.

Of course, the main reason was that Annan had enough information from the conversation.

“In short, I can't die here cause I need to protect my brother...”

Annan nodded. He said calmly and slowly, “I see.”

“Does our family seem naive and weak on the Noah side?”

Maria asked self-deprecatingly, “We're unlike a noble family at all.”

This was expected. There were too few children who could endure the inborn curse and survive to adulthood in the Austere-Winter family.

Those heirs who could survive the curse and grow up healthily were tempered with incomparable tenacity.

Annan just shook his head. Then, he said earnestly, “I think this is a good and healthy family relationship.”

What Annan said was not an act but from the heart's bottom.

Maria was silent as if she felt Annan's sincerity.

But Annan realized immediately that Maria's view of him had changed again.

She is still a child, after all. Annan sighed in his heart.

Maria, at this point in time, was like thirteen years old. Her mind became firm in advance through the painful tempering. There was a gloomy vibe with her too. Her words were calm, mature, and organized due to her wisdom and education. But, she was still a child after all. She trusted others easily.

Maria. You believe in strangers who came from wrong and dangerous origins. Annan sighed silently.

At this moment, the group heard the sound of the tea room opening.

Claire took Kim out of the tea room. They looked at the four people a little wary and distant.

They didn't come up to talk either but took a long detour and left.

Obviously, Claire and Kim noticed something was amiss.

—From the very beginning, Ghirlandaio did not foresee whether the three of them would fight. But the way to survive to the end.

The answer was simple. The remaining three people had no way to withdraw and form an alliance alone.

Prophet Wizard was always the most cunning.

They could see a lot of things.

But few were willing to share with others.

Because the more people know the result they predicted, the more “variables” would be added to the result, and the more inaccurate it would become.

Many people believe that the Prophet Wizard was the most self-serving wizard.

Their power was the most suitable for helping others. But almost no Prophet Wizards were willing to share prophecies with others.

Some said they all liked to use their power to look into the future for themselves.

But this was not entirely correct because only when they predict things related to them, the accuracy could approach 100%. They enjoy having this kind of power to see the future and develop the habit of maintaining the accuracy of predictions.

It was just a habit.

—After you develop a habit, it is difficult to change.

The four of them waited for a while but had not seen Benjamin come out of the tea room.

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So, they stopped waiting.

Instead, the group left through the same path they came.

Ghirlandaio claimed that he knew the location of another tea room. There was some food and water, but it would take a long way to go there.

The entire wizard tower took the hall as the center and extended symmetrically to both sides. What's on the left side was also on the right side.

But when they returned to the hall. Annan suddenly narrowed his eyes slightly.

The rest of the group also noticed the problem at the same time:

“Do you feel like some statues are missing?”

The statues were arranged according to a particular pattern, like a starry sky. Something was missing.

Giant statue. Centaur statue.

Old man statue. Child statue.

Warrior statue. Maiden statue.

Giant snake statue. Fairy statue.

-Yup.

Angel statue was gone.

“Does the angel signify Eugene Melvin?”

Annan realized something immediately.

Melvin was the Idol Wizard.

The so-called idol originally referred to a human form made of wood or clay. The process of people worshipping and enshrining these sculptures was first to give the idol a real meaning, then put belief to it and duplicate the target.

Idol was named after this principle.

Idol was proficient in the making of mud puppets and golems, as well as the abilities of “substitute,” “projection,” and “ritual.” But, in general, it was the ability to absorb away, lead, and give others different curses.

Annan read from the book that the Idol Wizard was called “godlike” or “demigod on earth” long ago.

Because they could also listen to the prayers of believers from far away. They could also give someone a curse from a distance. In a sense, the Idol Wizard could deliver damage, defense, healing, or blessing at a very long distance. In the eyes of ordinary people who were not Transcended, the boundary between Idol Wizard and the gods was blurred.

-Angel.

This nickname was appropriate to address them.

Annan frowned slightly, thinking silently.

If these nine statues are us and the statues would disappear when we die.

Which statue represents Gerald?

In other words, which one corresponds to me?

Suddenly, a light bulb flashed in Annan's mind.

“If the future is uncertain, does what has happened must exist?”

He recalled Master Michelangelo's final words in his mind.

It was a question for them.

—If “Michelangelo will die” is an uncertain future.

Relative to this incident, if the future is uncertain, does what has happened must exist?

[Do not fight with anyone.]

[Get everyone's real name.]

[At least survive till only four people remain.]

"I seem to understand something," Annan murmured.

His eyes shone with confidence.

He would most likely successfully clear the dungeon within three hours.

He had fully understood the mechanism of this nightmare. Its principle was not complicated, but the most important person was not easy to find.

Who on earth is it?

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"If Eugene Melvin is an angel..."

Annan spoke softly and reminded the three of them, "Then what are we all?"

"Us..." Maria murmured.

She first looked at the "maiden" who was facing the statue of "warrior," but after a pause, she turned her gaze to the child with the bouquet in hand.

"I think I should be a 'child.' The 'girl' and the 'warrior' who are next to each other correspond to Claire and Kim.

Maria analyzed, "Mr. Ghirlandaio must correspond to 'centaur.' After all, Centaur is proficient in Prophet spells, and..."

"Although Centaur is strong and good at fighting, he likes to run away. It is similar to our situation." Ghirlandaio continued from Maria's words and admitted frankly.

After that, Ghirlandaio looked at Merlin, "Old Mr. Merlin should be a 'giant.'"

"Why a giant?" Annan questioned. He had been asking questions in the most timely manner.

Ghirlandaio smiled and replied casually, "Because giants are a race of 'no vision in youth' and 'mute when old age.' And this..."

There was no doubt that the "giant" statue referred to Falteration Wizard Merlin Manning.

In other words, it was mocking his past identity as "Winter's Hand."

As the wizard tower master, Michelangelo did not like these "wizard hunting wizards."

Merlin nodded, grinned somewhat self-deprecatingly, and smiled silently.

"In this case, Master Benjamin can only be an 'old man.'"

Annan nodded and led the topic away from the embarrassing vibe without a trace, "We're still left with 'fairy' and 'giant snake.' Then I..."

"You should be 'fairy.'" Maria answered in a cold and youthful voice, "Because fairies are good at bewitching people's hearts, and—"

She glanced at Annan and added, "Fairy likes to steal things."

"So that's the case." Annan looked at the fairy statues and nodded in realization.

Fairies were ancient creatures that only had the height of human calves. They had a beautiful face and a pair of wings. Among the fairy statues, a fairy secretly held a stolen scabbard that was much higher than them. There was another fairy that secretly hid in a purse near the old man. A fairy was equipped with a poisonous spike, preparing for backstabbing. Another fairy was flying in the air and chatting with "children." Finally, a fairy flew around the girl's ear, pointing at the warrior and gossiping.

So, is this a prophetic statue? It looked like something Gerald would do.

Annan was not angry but was in deep thoughts.

After all, Master Michelangelo mocked Gerald but not Annan. Naturally, Annan would not take that as a personal attack.

So, who is the giant snake?

Annan cast his eyes on the giant snake with its head up to the sky in the center of the statue group.

"It looks like it's..."

...Molting?

A roar, accompanied by a terrible sound wave, came without warning and interrupted Annan.

The ground under their feet shook suddenly. Like an earthquake, the entire wizard tower was shaking violently. The flames in the hall were stretched again, becoming slender and blue.

Several statues representing the "warriors" suddenly became dark and transparent in the eyes of the four of them. Then, they gradually faded and finally disappeared altogether.

Subsequently, the candlelight returned to its previous color again.

The hall became bright again.

"Something has happened to Kim." In the short silence, Annan was the first to speak softly.

"Should we go and take a look?" Uncle Ghirlandaio asked.

Annan glanced at Maria.

But she only shook her head slowly.

"We shouldn't."

She frowned and replied in a low volume, "I think Claire should be back soon."

“For the sake of safety, it's best not to approach the place where the destruction wizard died.”

Not waiting for Annan to reply.

On the path behind them, a man walked out slowly.

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The ring on his right hand was shimmering with a solemn expression.

The brilliance flowed in the ring like a living thing. They floated on his skin, forming a coquettish “eye.”

It was the alteration wizard, Benjamin.

Seeing him like this, Merlin immediately stood in front of Maria.

He opened his mouth slightly and took a deep breath.

Annan could see clearly that his tongue hadn't been severed. Instead, the tongue was engraved with many black runes, giving his tongue a gray and dark color similar to a stone.

At the tip of the rune, there was a silver tongue ring!

As Merlin breathed in slowly, the tongue ring also shone brightly. The purple-black rune crawled out of it and spread all over his mouth.

Afterward, Merlin let out a sigh of relief.

It appeared like smoking cigarettes.

White smoke slowly gushed from his mouth and nose. His eyes and ears also gradually ooze cold air visible to the naked eye.

The temperature in the air seemed to have dropped a little, and it continued dropping.

Benjamin saw that Merlin had liberated the curse-bearing item and stopped moving forward.

The brilliance on his ring became brighter. The half-opened eyes opened further. There were some small runes dotted nearby.

Just when Benjamin confronted the four of them, the wall collapsed suddenly.

No, it was not so much of a collapse but melted.

The whole wall turned into a liquid, seemingly cement.

Then, the cement suddenly separated from the middle.

Claire was sullen and walked out slowly across the wall.

She had some scars caused by high temperatures. Her smooth and silky hair was also a bit messy. It appeared she had just escaped from the fire.

Her ring shone. The curse formed a windmill-like shape on the back of her hand, slowly spinning.

The cement followed her forward, flowing on the ground. There was hot plasma floating around her. It was like a bright red snake, swimming flexibly in the air.

That blood...

It should be Kim's blood.

Annan guessed.

Although Annan didn't know much about the destruction wizard, judging from Maria's statement and the blood that started to burn violently after Kim's cough tainted the ground, the nature of the destruction wizard seemed to be unstable.

After Claire appeared, she glanced at Annan's group and quickly fixed her gaze on Benjamin.

"It's you. Isn't it?" She asked bitterly.

It went beyond everyone's expectations.

Benjamin confessed frankly, "If you are asking about the person who killed 'Kim Gala,' then it is indeed me."

The towering old man slowly unbuttoned his trench coat in a calm tone.

There were several flasks and test tubes tied to the inside of the trench coat. Four of the plugs were removed.

"Is there any problem with killing a vicious pirate who has killed at least 30 people?" Benjamin asked calmly.

While talking, he slowly pulled out the remaining plugs.

He looked at the short curly umber hair girl, "Ms. Claire. Or, should I say Captain Karl Matthew? You don't need to pretend. Your hair color is rare.

"It's you who tame 'Kim' and inject excessive strong curses into him, right?" Claire became silent for a moment.

The hatred on her face suddenly disappeared without a trace.

She smiled and fluffed the short hair near her ear.

Except that her short hair and pupils had not changed, she collapsed like melted. Then, the figure stood up again and turned into another person.

—A pale, somewhat short, well-defined young man.

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"It looks like I have to buy more hair dye."

The young man called "Karl" stroked his hair, put his hand on his head, and showed a wanton smile, "Old man, do you have any good products on sale?"

As he said this, the gray mud around him was surging restlessly and gurgling.

Afterward, Karl suddenly lifted his right hand that was holding his hair.

He put his palm forward and waved his hand.

The mud surged forward like a living thing. It tried to swallow everything in and tear up inside.

It was different from the attack on the ship.

This time, Benjamin was prepared with the alteration reagents in advance. He finally demonstrated the combat prowess of the alteration wizard.

A large amount of black smoke was flowing out of him.

Benjamin was like a general commanding a soldier. The black mist constantly gushed out and confronted the mud.

When these black mist contacted the mud, vermilion crystals were formed at the contact point. The wall made of black mist altered the mud into vermilion crystals. Then, these crystals break by themselves. They transformed into red needles, which gathered around Benjamin.

Benjamin waved his hand forward suddenly.

The red crystal needles, like torrential rain, barraging Captain Karl!

Karl was not nervous about it at all.

The mud and sand in front of him rose on their own as if they had turned alive. The moment it left the ground, it condensed into a solid and thick stone wall. The red needles struck the stone wall and then fell to the ground.

Under the stone wall, the mud and sand spread in all directions and solidified. A solid “underframe” was formed.

But after the red needles shattered, they sparkled with golden brilliance.

After a short delay, they were connected.

—Exploded!

At this moment, Benjamin suddenly shouted, “David, quickly detain him!

“I can't kill another person. Keep altering. I can't stop!”

David?

Are you calling me? But, shouldn't you and I be mortal enemies?

Annan was taken aback for a moment. He quickly realized something.

Yes, this assumption is wrong.

At the moment Annan realized this, all the clues were connected in front of him. Annan understood everything.

Annan didn't hesitate to push the dazed Maria's shoulder.

He no longer put up an act. His voice was loud and clear, "Hurry up, Maria. Quickly separate them!"

"Okay."

Maria also vaguely felt that she understood something.

Although Gerald's actions were rude, they woke her up from the preoccupied thoughts immediately.

Maria's ring shined brightly.

She reached out her slender right hand, grasping the empty air, sending out an Edict,

"[Truce]!"

When her cold voice fell, a transparent wall rose between Benjamin and Karl, cutting the battlefield in half.

The invisible repulsive force started from the wall and pushed on both sides at the same time.

Amid the roar, the sand and red needles were pushed away to both sides through a powerful repulsive force. Even Benjamin and Karl were both pushed back away from this wall by the repulsive force.

At this distance, it was impossible for them to confront each other immediately. No matter whether it was mud or red crystal, they would be stopped. Only powerful spells that required preparation could overcome the repulsive force.

In other words, the two parties won't have to worry about being attacked by the other party. Instead, they could sit down and talk calmly.

Annan sighed at the effect of this spell.

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What a way to stop a fight.

"Can we talk?" Maria turned her head and looked at Annan earnestly, "Why separate them?"

Annan seemed to see his reflection in her pupils. Everyone else looked at Annan.

Or rather, all looking at Gerald.

Annan chuckled. He clapped his hands and took a step forward.

On the ordinary and gentle face that belonged to Gerald, there suddenly appeared self-confidence disproportionate to him. The smile was so brilliant and even seemed a little wild.

"Sir, gentlemen and our esteemed Highness," said Annan. He turned back gracefully to bow and to pay respect to Maria.

Maria also politely returned a curtsy to him.

Immediately afterward, Annan said calmly, "In fact, I have found out the truth."

As Annan said, he looked at his watch, "Although the reasoning will be after dinner, I almost ran out of time. Let this boring farce end here.

"The reason I want to stop you from fighting is simple. Because if one more person dies, we will only have five people left. What does that mean?"

"If the person who killed Master Michelangelo hasn't killed anyone yet, he can kill one person and end the ritual directly," probed Maria.

Annan nodded and shook his head again.

"You can be right, but that's not the problem."

He sneered, showing an elegant and reserved smile.

He raised his voice and replied, "The crux of the problem is that if there are six people alive, the murderer can't kill anyone no matter how powerful he is. Otherwise, there will be a flaw in the ritual, or perhaps an endless loop."

Annan's attitude today was not at all as humble as he had shown before.

Every move seemed to be shining, attracting everyone's attention.

"Let me put it this way. The way to end all this is simple. It's just a simple question."

Annan said straightforwardly, "Since the very beginning, we have ignored this. Why? Everyone present has more or less taken people's lives before. So, we're fine with hiding our identity from others.

"But here is the crux of the problem."

With that, Annan looked at Maria and asked, "Does the Edict school have a spell that can tell the real name of others?"

Annan had seen something similar at Viscount House before.

Maria blinked, realizing something.

She quickly replied, "Yes, there is."

She immediately took out a flat emerald green jade tablet from the small waist bag she carried.

With a light touch of her right hand, the strange marks were burned on it.

"Hold it and ask people for their real names. If the answer is correct, it will flash white; if the answer is wrong, it will flash red." Maria handed it to Annan, explaining the usage.

"Okay, Your Highness."

Annan smiled slightly, looked straight at Ghirlandaio of the Prophet school, raised his hand, and passed the jade tablet.

He said gently, "Your Excellency Ghirlandaio, would you like to test it?"

Ghirlandaio, who had been silent, looked at Annan and suddenly laughed.

He walked over without fear and held the jade tablet tightly.

As everyone watched with different expressions, Ghirlandaio said calmly,

“My real name is—

“Michelangelo Buonaro.”

—The white light came on.

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—Michelangelo was not dead at all!

Hearing this news, only Captain Karl was taken aback and looked over in disbelief.

Everyone else had a dazed expression.

“I won't ask when you have figured it out.”

Ghirlandaio... or perhaps Michelangelo didn't panic.

He smiled and looked at Annan with interest, “But why are you sure it was me? I think I haven't exposed my purpose so far.”

—What a good question.

Annan took a deep breath.

He glanced at Benjamin and said slowly, “The first time I suspected you was when you proposed a four-people alliance.

“The four-person alliance is indeed a sure-fire way to victory. It can guarantee that the victor would be your ally. But the question is... Why did you want to give up the fight and just want to survive?

“This place is the home ground for you. We don't know the room or the road ahead. But, you don't only know where to go, you even know which statues refer to which of us. You seemingly have everything in your grasp. You even take an extremely defensive stance when there are seven candidates left.

“If you want to form an alliance, the smartest way is to form an alliance with the two teams after one person has died.

“In other words, there are three teams. Two teams, each with three people. But because you're singled out without a designated pair, you can win number advantage no matter when a conflict breaks out.”

(TN: Essentially, the team layout will be 3 vs. 3, with him being the deciding factor for numbers advantage)

Annan said calmly, “You can't fail to think of this because the Prophet spell allows you to get the answer from your future self. Of course, this intel is from what you said.

“So, why don't you do this? Because you want to hide one thing.

“You just said that the twin towers are 'with the hall as the center and extending symmetrically to both sides.' So things on the left side can also be found on the right side, and it is symmetrical.

“It's like the relationship for the eight candidates,” Annan said and glanced at Benjamin.

Everyone else quickly understood.

“Captain Karl and Mr. Kim know each other,” said Maria slowly. “Merlin and I also know each other. Sir Gerald and Master Benjamin also know each other.”

There was only one set of exceptions.

That was Ghirlandaio and Eugene Melvin.

Annan didn't notice this at first. After Melvin died, Ghirlandaio immediately pulled Annan out of the room.

This gave Annan an illusion: Maybe “Gerald” and “Ghirlandaio” are a pair.

Benjamin singled out independently, seemingly Melvin's teammate.

Why would Ghirlandaio want to cover up this matter?

“Because Melvin knows so much about Master Michelangelo,” Annan replied.

He stared at Michelangelo and slowly said, “He can even know that Master Michelangelo can leave the wizard tower for a short time.

“Weirdly, Master Michelangelo's disciples did not bring up this matter. Yet, even five months after receiving the suicide note, would he not doubt it? Moreover, five months after the last words were issued, Master Michelangelo knew he was about to die. Under the circumstances, would he take the initiative to leave the tower?

“If the master were to die outside the tower in the future, why would he mention in his last words that 'this curse is also effective for the murderer killing him'? Is this an attempt to deliberately mislead us?”

“Melvin claimed, 'We may be in a nightmare.' He intends to speed up this killing ritual. That is to say, he and Master Michelangelo have been on the same side since the beginning.”

Annan asserted, “You came in immediately and pulled me away. It was to separate Benjamin and me. Others didn't understand us. Even if they realized the “symmetry problem” of teaming, they would think of you as my teammate. After all, Benjamin and I are completely estranged.”

The critical evidence for Annan to determine who Michelangelo was when Benjamin suddenly asked Annan for help, letting him take control of Captain Karl.

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Annan then understood. Benjamin and Gerald were not enemies at all.

—At least not from the very beginning.

So when Annan was in the tea room, Benjamin heard Melvin mentioning the history of “Gerald,” and his expression turned strange. There was no slightest anger or hatred, just a wry smile to organize his language.

“The other evidence is the statue of the 'giant snake.’”

Annan said, looking back at the group of statues behind him.

He whispered, “You said yourself... 'If you want to change the predictions you get from perceiving the future, you have to introduce a lot of variables.’”

“Human minds are variables.”

Everyone's eyes shifted along with Annan's movement.

In the middle of all the statues, there was a giant snake with its head up, gazing at the sky.

“The giant snake means 'rebirth.’” Unexpectedly, it was Michelangelo himself who spoke.

Michelangelo stepped forward. He emerged from Ghirlandaio like a water wave. The transparent, brilliant golden soul was floating steadily in the air.

The original “Ghirlandaio” turned into an exquisite statue in an instant.

Michelangelo looked back at the giant snake with a complicated expression. The snake seemed to be gazing intently at what he loved, and it seemed to be looking at the past.

“But I still don't quite understand it,” Annan suddenly spoke under everyone's gaze. He asked softly, “Your original plan was to kill Melvin first, form a four-person team and cause a conflict on the three remaining people. You will then wait for the second death and third death to appear.

“By then, you will take the second shot and kill the last person outside the four-person team. Since we have an agreement, we can't hinder each other at all.

“In this way, our number will be reduced to half. The murderer has no doubt survive because the murderer has not yet appeared.

“After that, you kill the second person. Then, you will trigger a curse and die through the predetermined curse. In this way, the murderer who killed Master Michelangelo becomes yourself. Thus, you meet the two conditions of victory at the same time. Firstly, the murderer survives when there are only four left. Second, the original murderer is dead at the same time.

“In this way, you have completed a ritual of 'feign death' like a giant snake who sheds its skin. That's what I thought from the beginning.”

Annan looked at Michelangelo and slowly said, “But I denied this idea after a while.

“Because if you need an event like 'I killed myself.' Then you could have killed two people at the beginning and ended the ritual. The predetermined curse would have killed you. You still fulfill the condition of you being your own murderer. “

“Huh, that can't work because this only satisfies one condition.”

Michelangelo turned around and smiled gently, “Because you don't know one thing.

“Howling White Tower is a Twin Tower. Everything is the same on both sides of the hall because...

“There are two wizard towers.”

If you only get one tower, you can't count as a tower master at all.

“What I am after is not just to extend my life.”

Michelangelo sighed, “What I want is to 'die once and rebirth twice.'

“If the ritual succeeds, then I will die by my hands and be resurrected by my hands. From then on, I will live in the gap between life and death. Only in this way can I achieve 'truth.'

“In this world, the number of Truth Fragments has been fixed. If you can't get Truth Fragment, no matter how long you live, you can only get Gold Rank at best, no matter how great your talents are. You can only be imprisoned in these islands surrounded by the thick mist, living in the boundary cracks.

“What I pursue is not only that. This is not a feign death ritual but a ritual of going beyond the 'truth' level. It's the dream of mine trying to get rid of the shackles of this world since I have already reached the limit of humanity.

“Yes. I want to be the new god.”

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The central stone hall turned quiet.

Becoming a god.

This topic was so distant to them.

It was so remote that it appeared surreal.

However, Annan was keenly aware of this somewhat familiar term.

“Truth Fragment. What is it?” He asked Michelangelo.

Annan held two Truth Fragments in his hand. It was the cornerstone he used to summon players.

“Truth Fragment is a manifestation of order. Unfortunately, it's knowledge too advanced for you.”

Michelangelo looked at Annan and replied mildly, “You can take the Truth Fragment as a more high-end 'bearing item' than gold.

“All the extraordinary power in this world comes from curses. What about the gods?”

“Yes, the gods are in a similar situation. It's just that the divine vessel is no longer a materialized metal but the world's order. The world's order is like the tradition of 'respect for seniors,' like 'everything comes to an end.' Upright deities are like this, so are false deities.

“Becoming a god means abandoning all the previous curse and getting an unprecedented immense curse—clergy. As long as the world's rules remain unchanged, this vessel will never be broken.

“The name of this vessel is called the 'Book of Truth.' Whenever a new thing or new rule is born in the world, the accompanying book of truth will gradually appear in the world.

“For example, when human society developed the rules of currency and commerce, the book of truth belonging to Silver Sire has just appeared. After the war begins, the book of truth belonging to the Red Knight will be born. Most importantly, the first Book of Truth born is incomplete. That is what we call 'Truth Fragment.'”

Michelangelo sighed, “But it has been more than a hundred years, and no new Truth Fragment has been born. Like me, there are many old beings stuck in the Gold Rank waiting for new things to appear in the world.

“But I can't wait any longer.

“My death prediction is actually correct. Yes, I have foreseen it.”

As Michelangelo spoke, he cast an expectant look at Annan, “What about you, David Gerald? Is there any wonderful reasoning you're having? I keep feeling that you still have something to say.”

Of course. Annan sighed because he cheated.

Apart from the middle-aged man, the most suspicious one was Benjamin. As for 'Ghirlandaio' played by Michelangelo, he kept implying to Annan that Benjamin was Michelangelo.

But Annan knew from the beginning—Benjamin must be innocent.

Benjamin didn't die here but died in the future.

But Annan had something else to say.

He thought a little and sighed, “It's also quite simple, right?”

“You are the great wizard of Gold Rank, and you have been famous for a long time. Our curse resistance can't resist your power at all—just like Melvin, who you have killed.

“There's no one capable of killing an 'idol wizard' known for the ability to protect their life without contact, curse, or chanting. After all, all the candidates are in the same rank at Silver Rank. Moreover, he died so swiftly to the point of being unable to say any last word.

“Hence, the answer was already pointed out at the very beginning. Only the Gold Rank wizard, Master Michelangelo, can do it.

“Only he can kill the Silver Rank wizard so easily.”

It was just like the repressive power of Gerald at Silver Rank over my men at Bronze Rank back then. Annan muttered.

Upon hearing this, Michelangelo sighed, “You are a genius.”

He murmured, “It would be great if there are talents like you among my students.”

With that said, he asked Annan again, "My level of prediction has already reached the limit of human beings. But your behavior trajectory is not in my prediction. You should be like a statue of 'fairy,' but you did not follow my script.

"How should I call you?"

Hearing this, Annan was silent for a while.

He blinked and suddenly realized something.

The pleasure that had just disappeared rose again.

Obviously, Benjamin guessed it.

He might even be the first one to figure it out. At the beginning of the tea room, Benjamin looked at Annan with a complicated expression. He probably realized that this was not the Gerald he was familiar with, but he was just not sure.

But after seeing Annan's clear reasoning, the confidence that was so strong that it seemed to be shining, and that grace and calmness, Benjamin grew certain of it.

It was not Gerald.

It was a stranger playing him.

Annan forcibly suppressed the happy smile at the corner of his mouth and asked seriously, "I don't understand what you mean."

"The master means..." Benjamin looked at Annan with a complicated expression and said, "What is your name outside of the nightmare?"

"Also, how did Gerald die? Can you tell me?"

After Benjamin and Michelangelo had spoken, the nightmare began to tremble, but the amplitude was not large. It was like a minor earthquake. From time to time, teacups, seats, and statues cracked.

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-So, it is the case.

It takes more than the nightmare elements realizing it. It needs me to confirm it.

But the nightmare will not collapse, but weird disintegration will happen.

Annan confirmed the situation "where the NPC knew that he was in a nightmare" and shook his head slightly.

"I have killed Gerald."

Annan answered frankly, "It's because he used 'the Venerated Skeleton's Bone Blood Trigger' to kill the innocent indiscriminately. I have worked with another disciple of Master Benjamin to defeat him."

"Same as I guessed," Benjamin murmured.

Annan asked, "What?"

"No, nothing."

Having said that, Benjamin took a sudden pause. He seemed to understand something and looked at Annan again.

He asked word by word, "So...what about me?"

"I... Benjamin Foster. When did I die?"

Wow, as expected. Annan smiled and replied calmly, "The Gerant family's guard captain named Klaus killed you through a curse."

"The Third Prince... I think he shouldn't be able to offer a price for it." Benjamin snorted.

"If you would do me a favor..."

Benjamin replied without hesitation, "If Don Juan is still alive, help me tell him – his eldest brother believes in Rotten Man in secret. If he is dead, tell the Gerant family's first heir. As compensation, I will tell you a password that you can use to win the trust of the 'me' in 'My Nightmare.'"

When Benjamin said this, Annan suddenly paused. He suddenly remembered something...

Speaking of which, where did Benjamin's nightmare go?

Did Klaus absorb it?

Does he have such talent?

But Annan didn't say anything. He just asked without revealing any flaws, "What's the password?"

"Evelyn Miller. The fox under the table. 15. The eighth soldier."

Benjamin uttered a string of meaningless words.

Then, he reminded Annan, "You can also set a password – a password that only you know. You can use it to send messages to the dedicated person after death. That is, to confirm that you are in a nightmare. At the same time, every time your memory is checked, remember to add another keyword."

"I got it." Annan nodded.

"It's a pity that I can't accept a genius like you as a disciple."

Michelangelo sighed and smiled, "However, I can at least give you another gift."

He said, patting the statue of "Ghirlandaio" behind him.

He said in a daze, "This is my last sculpture. I will give you the right to name it.

"What kind of name do you want to give him?"

Annan watched the statue's posture.

In his mind, the work of "Michelangelo" from another world suddenly appeared.

He glanced at Michelangelo floating in the air in the form of a soul.

He said slowly, "Just call it [David]."

"Is it named after Mr. Gerald as a memorial? That's fine."

Michelangelo smiled and patted the statue.

At the next moment, except for him and Annan, the rest of the people's heads all exploded at the same moment.

Annan suddenly felt a strong suction strike him from behind.

He spoke the last sentence.

"My name is Annan.

"Annan Austere-Winter—"

At the next moment, Annan's body suddenly turned into a light, circled the statue, and disappeared.

In the nightmare world that began to collapse, Michelangelo frowned slightly, thinking silently, "Annan Austere-Winter? Ivan's child?"

"But, shouldn't Annan die after five years?"

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[Nightmare has been purified.]

[Purify the nightmare with a designated identity. Evaluation ratings increased.]

[Not involved in any battles. Evaluation ratings increased.]

[Find out the truth about ritual. Evaluation ratings increased.]

[Survived till only two people left. The evaluation ratings increased significantly.]

[Completed a powerful purification. The evaluation ratings increased significantly.]

[Comprehensive Evaluation — +]

[Obtained 170 points in Shared Experience. Perception+1.]

[Obtained dungeon instance clearance reward: Profession (Wizard) rises by 1 level]

[The current purification progress is 10/10. The nightmare is over]

[Based on the nightmare's area, you have obtained the engravings of Silver Sire.]

[Current total engravings: 9 (Silver Sire)]

A lot of words flowed quickly before Annan's eyes.

The nightmare clearance reward scene was different from the previous two. The tiredness that rose from the heart bottom after exiting the nightmare was non-existent. Annan didn't have the drowsiness as if he just woke up.

Annan felt the unprecedented brightness and warmth this time. He was able to realize that his consciousness became lighter and constantly rising.

He looked at the text on the data panel:

[Hidden information have been cracked: 100%]

[You may receive the first stage reward (obtained when completion reaches 50%).]

[You may receive the second stage reward (obtained when the completion reaches 100%).]

Receive all rewards. Annan chanted in his mind.

Afterward, the two lines of text in front of Annan gradually disappeared.

New texts emerged:

[Obtained dungeon instance decryption rewards: Random Soul Snatch school spell (Can be equipped at any condition).]

[Obtained dungeon instance decryption rewards: Curse "The Last Work: David"]

-David?

An additional curse reward...

Annan was startled.

Is this a gift from Master Michelangelo?

Annan was a little surprised. He initially thought it would be a curse vessel.

But without giving any warning for him to think about it, the texts had already begun to scroll downward:

[Based on your characteristics and existing profession level, you have acquired Order Magic: Notion Rain (Guided Type)]

[Notion Rain (Guided Type): Induce the power of the curse with different emotions, and cause rainfall within your proximity. The spell's effect is determined by the difference between the "Perception" attribute of the target and the spell caster. Every 13s (depending on the total level of the wizard profession) consumes 1 Order Power.]

[Currently available: Drizzle, Freezing Rain, Heavy Rain]

[Drizzle: Utilizes "curiosity" to trigger drizzle. You may sense the position and mood of all creatures exposed to the rain. Raindrops can be used as the medium of the Soul Snatch School's spells.]

[Freezing Rain: Utilizes “indifference” to trigger freezing rain. You may slow down the thinking speed of all creatures exposed to the rain. Raindrops can be used as a medium for Energy Falteration School's spells.]

[Heavy Rain: Causes a pouring rain with any strong emotions and transfers your emotions to all creatures exposed to the rain.]

This spell is unexpectedly good. Annan was a little surprised.

Unexpectedly, this dungeon instance gave out splendid rewards. Annan initially thought that, at most, he would be given the spell which Gerald had used to check on the opponent's emotions.

After all, the spells of each school required a preliminary spell or fundamental spell. In other words, the wizardry spells in this world worked similar to the “skills tree” basis. Although one could also learn non-opposing spells from other schools, the spell slots were limited.

In the absence of preliminary spells, one might not be able to learn useful spells.

The Notion Rain spell had no value to the average wizard.

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But it meant a lot to Annan.

Drizzle was equivalent to a minimap that could highlight allies and foe, while icy rain was equivalent to a relatively secretive [Frost Nova].

After all, the only spell which Annan needed a medium to transfer was the Falteration Wizard's typical spell, [Chilling Touch].

Frost Nova's effect, in essence, was dedicated to delivering Chilling Touch. But its special effects were too conspicuous, and the area of effect (AOE) was relatively small.

More than a hundred meters away, one could see that the ground in the distance was starting to freeze. It allowed opponents to run away.

But the freezing rain would be much more hidden. Moreover, the ability to slow down the opponent's thinking speed meant that the time for the opponent to notice something wrong would also be delayed.

The opponents must be in the rain to be effective. But as long as it was planned in advance, it could still be effective.

As for Heavy Rain, this spell favored the traditional Soul Snatch Wizard, which did not fit Annan well.

Soul Snatch Wizard could control other's emotions. Naturally, it helped with self-control conveniently. The Soul Snatch Wizard could inflict a powerful debuff on themselves and spread the rainstorm to the enemy, achieving a wide range of crowd control and weakening effects.

After all, Soul Snatch Wizard had a significant advantage in one-on-one close-range combat. With one glance and one sentence, they might affect the opponent's mind.

What Soul Snatch Wizard lacked was a range skill.

Salvatore told Annan that the Soul Snatch Wizard could not perform mind control in batch until Gold Rank.

In other words, the Soul Snatch Wizard was roughly equivalent to the Sharingan [1]. It was much better to go against them in teams of two than one-on-one battle.

The Heavy Rain was designed to compensate for this fatal shortcoming.

“[Notion Rain] seems pragmatic,” Annan muttered in his heart.

Then, he cast his expectant eyes on the biggest reward of this dungeon instance.

This was his first dungeon instance in which he completed 100% decryption. Moreover, it was at Silver difficulty.

The Soul Snatch school spell Annan obtained should be at Bronze Rank or even the Silver Rank. At least compared to the unranked spells that Annan had, this newly acquired spell was much more powerful.

In the usual expectation standard, the reward of 100% decryption should be better than 50%. When the curse had a drawback, its positive effect should be substantially strong.

Soon, the previous texts disappeared.

Annan's rising consciousness slowly began to slow down.

What appeared in front of him was a cloud of golden light. In the light, it was the statue.

Annan investigated the special effects of the curse – The Last Work: David.

[The Last Work: David (Taboo Type): Cannot be used, disclosed, or spread in any way “Taboo Ritual: Overlapping Death and Life.”]

Seeing the curse's details, Annan turned silent for a moment.

Old man, I never intend to duplicate your ritual.

—I have the Truth Fragments!

You won't expect that old man.jpg

“Did I die five years earlier?” Annan sighed.

But it should be alright.

If Michelangelo were still alive, Annan's journey to collect the Book of Divine Transporter would not be so simple.

Annan reached out his hand, touched the light ball, and chose to accept it.

As a gift, the curse above was not harsh.

But somehow, it completely forbade a ritual to become a god. The corresponding power it brought should be strong.

The light ball touched Annan's body and disappeared.

It spread quickly to Annan's body and then disappeared.

New words appeared in Annan's eyes:

[The Last Work “David”: Pose as “David,” temporarily change your appearance and name to “Ghirlandaio·David·Buonaro.” The longest time it may last is one week. After the effect goes off, the cooldown duration is the same as the effect duration.]

[“Ghirlandaio·David·Buonaro” is regarded as a great wizard opposing the Destruction School (Prophet, Idol) LV 30. He has the alternate profession of Divine Creation (Stone Statue) LV 30. Moreover, he will inherit all your existing spells without providing any additional skills and curses.]

[“Ghirlandaio” is immune to petrification, instant death, and mind control. Disguising as “Ghirlandaio” allows the user to unconditionally deflect “Prophet” and “Idol” school spells below Gold Rank. When subjected to Alteration, Destruction, Shaping, and other school spells, the body is judged to be 'marble' instead of 'flesh and blood.']

[When death comes, don't shrink from it. – Michelangelo]

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This curse is pretty good. Annan smacked his lips.

Wow, there is a curse giving a “second identity.”

The ability to switch back and forth between the two identities at will. If the face and name could be changed, even the Edict Wizard should not find out the true form.

This ability is pretty good.

If there is something inconvenient for the identity of “Don Juan Geraint” to do in the future, and “Annan Austere-Winter” shouldn't appear, I can utilize David.

Moreover, “David's” combat power is not weak.

Besides being unable to use Destruction spells, David had the traditional Silver Rank Wizard Advanced Profession, the “Great Wizard.” He specialized in two schools, just like Master Michelangelo.

It was impossible to obtain new passive skills when learning spells across schools.

Passive abilities were generally obtained in Silver Rank, but they were distinguished in different qualities too. For example, the “prediction” and “perception” of the Prophet School, as well as the ability of the Shaping School to control the form of matter at will, were obviously much stronger than the Energy Falteration School and the Soul Snatch School.

This was not magic but passive abilities. Thus, even if one swore to prohibit the use of spells, they could still use the passive abilities normally.

It was like the ability that Benjamin used when he was on the ship.

As for Idol's passive ability, Annan didn't quite understand.

But there was no need to panic. He would find out after trying it out.

At the same time, David specialized in the two schools: "Prophet" and "Idol," which meant that he had the passive ability of these two schools. His attributes stayed at the peak level of Silver Rank, 30 levels. With those taken into account, the second identity was quite substantial.

Being opposed to the Destruction School had little effect.

Annan did not know any spells of the Destruction School at all.

It should be because Michelangelo, as a statue master, hated the Destruction Wizard who could cause devastating destruction with just a simple move, even with a breath. Or, it could simply be that the Destruction Wizard had defeated him before.

Annan could empathize with it because silly kids had ruined his occasion before.

Presumably, the Destruction Wizard should be those annoying children.

For example: "Kim."

His blood would burn violently after being separated from the body. His cough alone would make the house shake. The dishes in the house would keep shaking. After being directly poisoned by the alteration wizard, the unconstrained volatile curse in the corpse would cause explosions and earthquakes. His words and his eyes also had a considerable degree of destruction.

—He even had to wear a straitjacket, and someone had to follow him closely.

From this point of view, the mentality of the destruction wizard was obviously unstable.

The destruction wizard was too dangerous and uncontrollable.

It was not just Master Michelangelo, even Annan didn't like this hard-to-control violent ability.

Therefore, Master Michelangelo banned Destruction spells to prevent his creation from being used as weapons for destruction. Annan couldn't agree more with this idea.

Fortunately, although there were no additional spells included, the Energy Falteration School spells that Annan was proficient at could still be used normally without being opposed. Hence, his combat power would not be reduced, at the very least.

After all, "David" had no swordsman profession. Annan couldn't utilize the Frost Sword in David's state.

So Annan was short of a killing move, even though this killing move was generally useless.

But the most significant advantage was that this disguise was different from "Don Juan Geraint." He was completely separated from Annan Austere-Winter.

Annan had to pay a little attention to the skills usage and refrain from appearing in the same place multiple times. Also, he got to separate the circles of the two identities carefully. With all these done, Annan would create a brand new and clean identity.

Unless someone else was informed in advance.

Otherwise, who would have thought that Annan was the same person as the sunny middle-aged wizard at Silver Rank with 178 meters in height. After all, the predecessor was a 14-year-old handsome boy with a height of 1.5 meters, a cold-looking, and weak-hearted Bronze Rank Energy Falteration Wizard.

“Master Michelangelo's gift is awesome.” Annan couldn't help but exclaim.

In other words, this hush fee was generous.

He just happened to be missing one disguise right now.

After all, Annan's appearance was too easy for people to remember. It was hard for him to keep a low profile.

I'm almost ready to leave.

After reorganizing all his abilities, Annan calmed down.

Come and read on our website [wuxia worldsite](#). Thanks

Then Annan opened his eyes while lying on the bed.

He found himself covered with a thick quilt.

Bishop Daryl looked at him with a complicated face.

The sunny bald bishop with squinting eyes had lost his smile. Instead, he just gazed at Annan on the bed as if he wanted to say something.

Annan shrank in the quilt and made a cold, sleepy voice, “Excuse me, what time is it?”

“It's eight twenty, feudal lord. There are still forty minutes before our agreed time.”

Bishop Daryl hesitated for a while, but finally, he couldn't help but ask, “But how did you do it?”

Annan blinked when he heard the questions.

Annan looked at Bishop Daryl, folded his hands on the quilt, and gave the bishops an elegant and gentle smile, like a real nobleman.

“Grandpa Daryl.”

He spoke clearly and said in a melodious voice, “I guess you would think at first that it's all my sister's effort to complete this nightmare, right?”

“Then you have underestimated me too.”

What Annan meant was to admit that he was “Annan Austere-Winter.”

Annan had no other option.

He couldn't hide at all.

Even Bishop Daryl did not know Annan Austere-Winter; he would immediately know Annan's true identity as long as he tackled this dungeon instance.

After all, Annan and Maria look the same.

Except for the completely different temperament and different hair lengths, it was even difficult to tell the difference between the two people.

After coming out of the dungeon instance, Annan finally knew why Bishop Daryl said at the beginning that "it's something you can handle" and "After you enter this nightmare, don't be too nervous even if you meet an acquaintance. But, don't hesitate too much too."

It was because Maria Austere-Winter was in that nightmare.

As long as Annan proved his existence to her and told some secrets that only the two of them know, Maria would know that this was a nightmare. She would team up with Annan and help Annan win.

The two would secretly team up, so the nightmare would not be difficult. Annan could easily win.

Even in the worst case, as long as Maria and Merlin die together, Annan could clear the nightmare.

"But I don't need such clumsy means." Annan smiled gently.

His eyes were unconcealed and confident that they seemingly burned brightly like a flame.

"I see." Bishop Daryl nodded slowly.

He had a deeper understanding of Annan Austere-Winter.

He is a gentle, intelligent, and tough person.

For the position of Austere-Winter's Grand Duke, Annan is indeed the right candidate.

"Feudal lord. No, Annan."

The bishop was silent for a while, then said slowly, "When there is no one, can I call you that?"

"I won't ask why you are here.

"But more importantly, do you feel the Silver Sire's engravings?"

"I feel that." Annan nodded and asked with some confusion, "But what are those?"

"It represents the love Silver Sire has for us. The intensity and the counts of divine arts also represent your position in the church."

Having said that, Bishop Daryl slowed down his talking pace,

"If you can-

"Do you have the intention to come to Silver Sire Church to register? You can start directly from the priest, as long as your engravings can exceed 50 before the age of 30..."

"I can nominate the main church for you to serve as bishops in this diocese district."