

Inevitability 901

Chapter 901 The Final Inquiry

Madam Magician silently breathed a sigh of relief when she saw Lumian receive the last lucky coin.

Although the Major Arcana card holder had roughly confirmed through prophecy, divination, and psychological analysis that things would develop this way, the subject involved was an Ancient angel, the son of a true god. No one could be certain the result would necessarily unfold as expected. If there had been a deviation, they would have had to formulate a new plan.

Madam Magician produced a small golden bottle inscribed with mysterious symbols from somewhere and smiled at Azik Eggers, saying, “Mr. Azik, this is some excess water from the Samaritan Women's Spring. It's something produced by corruption from the power at the source of the River Styx. It has multiple effects including repairing souls, inducing sleep, bringing complete death or true dreams, and granting lucidity in dreams. We'd like to ask for your help in making it manifest only one of two qualities—either ‘inducing sleep’ or ‘granting lucidity in dreams’—and enhancing that effect.”

Repairing souls... Lumian paid no attention to the fact that there was leftover Samaritan Women's Spring water from what he had previously collected. His focus was entirely on the “repairing souls” effect.

Could this gradually make Aurore's soul fragments whole again?

“No problem,” said Azik, taking the small golden bottle containing the Samaritan Women's Spring water.

Madam Magician, seeming to sense Lumian's thoughts, casually explained to him, “The Samaritan Women's Spring water does indeed have the effect of repairing souls, but it's limited to repair only. Just as ‘limb regeneration’ abilities can regrow lost arms and legs, but can't grow a whole new person from an arm or leg. That falls under the domain of the Great Mother.”

She had previously answered the question of what exactly the fake Demoness of Black was, believing that neither she nor the one with the most accurate divination results knew the precise answer. This implied that the relevant secrets must involve the special mirror world.

“Even some repair effects are good,” Lumian said softly after a moment of silence.

At this point, a blurry, upright, terrifying giant snake appeared behind Azik, almost touching the illusory sky.

Pale-white flames burned in the giant snake's eye sockets. It seemed to have a pair of thick, exaggerated wings on its back. Its body was covered in large dark green scales that appeared black, with what looked like white feathers protruding from between the scales.

Although Lumian couldn't clearly see the appearance of each feather and scale or the strange symbols they bore, just directly gazing at this phantom image gave him the sensation of rapidly dying, his skin withering and shriveling.

This was damage that Mirror Substitution couldn't transfer.

Fortunately, the illusory winged giant snake quickly coiled itself, wrapping layer upon layer around the golden bottle that couldn't even fill one of its eye sockets.

Then, the terrifying giant snake rapidly faded, instantly shrinking into the golden bottle.

Lumian gradually returned to normal.

Azik handed the golden bottle back to The Magician. "Anyone who touches the spring water in the bottle will fall into a long sleep, myself included.

"It will have a slight effect on true gods, but not much, unless that deity is already very weak or in a state of slumber.

"If you want someone who has fallen asleep because of this to wake up, you'll need to collect some more water from the Samaritan Women's Spring and process it in a similar way but with the opposite effect, or seek help from a true god with the corresponding authority."

Lumian was not surprised that the processed Samaritan Women's Spring water would only have a weak effect on true gods.

Even the remnant soul of the Blood Emperor could occasionally wake up and cause trouble in the mysterious river that was the source of the Samaritan Women's Spring, let alone this secondary derivative!

Madam Magician handed the golden bottle to Lumian. "This might be useful in the dream, but it's uncertain."

Lumian nodded slightly and placed the bottle of processed Samaritan Women's Spring water into his Traveler's Bag.

Madam Magician then turned to Azik and curtsied. "Thank you for your help. We have achieved all our objectives today. Is there anything you need us to do?"

Azik cast His gaze towards the oil paintings on both sides of the corridor and said with a somewhat dazed expression, "Nothing at present. I've been asleep for several years. I want to walk around and see the changes in this world."

Madam Magician didn't say more, and left with Lumian after bidding farewell.

Before being enveloped by starlight, Lumian turned his head for a glance and saw the former Death Consul, with eyes full of world-weariness, standing silently in front of an oil painting, wordlessly caressing its surface with His fingers.

In the evening.

Except for Lugano, who was informed he would have a period of vacation to arrange freely, Lumian, Franca, Jenna, Anthony, and Ludwig all gathered in the apartment on Rue de la Gauche in Quartier de l'Observatoire.

Madam Magician, wearing a cream-colored high-collar dress with gold embroidery and a wide-brimmed hat for sun protection, stood by the window and said to the five lucky coin holders,

“I must emphasize once again the potential risks.

“In Mr. Fool's dream, if you die, you will die in reality. If you lose control or go mad, you will lose control or go mad in reality. If you are directly corrupted by that Celestial Worthy or some other entity, you will also suffer corruption in reality. If you develop psychological illnesses or experience intense emotional fluctuations, your sleeping body in reality will bear corresponding problems.

“Mere injury or fatigue has very little effect on reality. You can quickly recover by leaving the dream and briefly waking up, or by spending time healing within the dream.

“In that dream world, you can use all your abilities, but their effects will be limited to the level of Sequence 7. The essence of this limitation is that Mr. Fool's self-awareness has not yet recovered. In other words, if the Mr. Fool in the dream realizes that Beyonders abilities can achieve effects corresponding to Sequence 6, your levels will recover to that Sequence accordingly.

“Similarly, except for special items like the Samaritan Women's Spring water, your other equipment in the dream is essentially derived from your consciousness and is also limited.

“The good news is that those hostile entities and Beyonders driven by the Celestial Worthy who enter Mr. Fool's dream through other methods will be subject to similar restrictions. However, that Celestial Worthy can manage the dream to some extent and in certain aspects. Unless it's the final moment, you'd better avoid the Celestial Worthy and have no contact with Him.”

At this point, Lumian raised a question, “In Mr. Fool's dream, what identity and form does the Celestial Worthy exist in?”

If this could be clarified, they could effectively avoid that Celestial Worthy.

Madam Magician shook her head.

“If we knew that, the previous lucky coin holders wouldn't have been kicked out of the dream so quickly or had their actions restricted.

“Confirming the Celestial Worthy's identity in the dream is a key point of your mission this time.”

Madam Magician spoke about other matters related to the dream, and finally asked seriously,

“Now, you can make your own choices. Are you willing to hold Mr. Fool's coins and enter his true dream, attempting to awaken him?”

“If you're unwilling, we won't force you, but you'll need to follow the guidance of spirituality and pass on the lucky coins in your possession as soon as possible.

“If you're willing, after the matter is concluded, whether Mr. Fool is successfully awakened or not, we will reward you generously.”

“I have no problem with it,” Lumian, wearing a cloak but without the hood, was the first to answer.

“Me too.” Jenna was the second.

Franca and Anthony followed, also willing.

The only one hesitating was Ludwig. This little boy with a red bow tie's expression changed several times, resisting something unknown.

Finally, he looked at Franca and Jenna, and said through gritted teeth, “I'm willing to go into the dream.”

Although the food eaten in the dream is fake and illusory, at least there's no studying and exams!

Franca, who had already digested the Affliction potion, glanced amusingly at Ludwig and whispered in Jenna's ear, “This child really isn't smart enough. As soon as I heard Madam Magician's descriptions earlier, I clearly came to a conclusion: If you digest a potion in Mr. Fool's dream, it will happen in reality too!”

Jenna responded quietly, “Let's tell Ludwig this fact after we enter Mr. Fool's dream.”

At this moment, Madam Magician nodded slightly and said, “I'm very glad you've made this choice. Let me remind you one last time, try to delay being kicked out of the dream as much as possible. Once you've been kicked out more than three times, subsequent entries will either result in immediate ejection or complete restriction, leaving you as mere observers.”

“Yes, Madam Magician,” Lumian and the others stood up one after another.

Specks of brilliant starlight fell, enveloping them.

In the blink of an eye, the five appeared inside a luxurious villa.

“This is also in Trier. Choose your own rooms, but don't be next to each other, in case one person is discovered and affects the others nearby,” Madam Magician briefly introduced.

“Alright.” Having made the decision, Franca was no longer hesitant and eager to try.

After Lumian and the others had settled on their rooms, Madam Magician said to them as they returned to the corridor,

“Now go to bed and sleep while holding your lucky coins.”

“Is that all it takes?” Franca asked in confusion.

Isn't that too simple?

Madam Magician chuckled. “No, this is just the first step. Miss Justice will need to intervene later.”
“Mm.” Lumian and the others didn't ask further. They returned to their chosen rooms, gripped their shiny lucky coins, lay down on the firm yet springy beds, and covered themselves with soft blankets that smelled of sunshine.

Chapter 902 The Platform

Before Lumian had a chance to fall asleep through Cogitation, his vision suddenly went dark. His consciousness felt as if it was being pulled by an invisible force, plummeting straight into the depths of the earth.

He instinctively resisted for a moment, then experienced a sensation of leaping out of a dark seabed to the surface.

His vision was immediately illuminated by a twilight-like radiance, shining through a giant glass pane divided into countless small squares, bringing limited light to the darkness.

In this dim light, Lumian saw a black steam locomotive with two oil lamps hanging from it, a domed platform, and at the edge of the platform near the steam train stood Madam Magician in her cream-colored dress with gold embroidery and wide-brimmed sun hat.

Beside Madam Magician stood a lady in a simple green dress, with a golden retriever crouching at her feet.

Upon seeing the lady in green, Lumian felt surprise and confusion. Another Demoness? Does the Tarot Club have other Demonesses?

“She's so beautiful,” Lumian heard Franca whisper in admiration. “But she doesn't seem like a Demoness. Her aura is different, unless she's already a Sequence 3 Demoness of Unaging...”

Hearing this, Lumian noticed similar issues: The lady in green had lustrous golden hair, partly tied up in a bun with the rest flowing smoothly down. Her emerald eyes were like the most beautiful gems, yet deep enough to seemingly reflect the innermost consciousness of all who beheld them. Her features were exceptionally delicate, her beauty comparable to the Demonesses, with an elegant air tinged with a girl's purity and clarity.

Such an aura was very rare among Demonesses below Sequence 3—at least neither Lumian nor Franca had ever seen it before.

Moreover, Lumian found that looking at this lady didn't invoke the desire he usually felt when facing Demonesses. Instead, he felt a sense of peace, warmth, and steadiness.

This familiar feeling triggered Lumian's spiritual intuition, evoking certain memories.

Combined with what Madam Magician had said earlier, he quickly came to a conclusion. “Good evening, Madam Justice!”

The elegant green-clad lady with a hint of girlishness must be the Major Arcana card Justice, one of his Psychiatrists!

“Good evening, Madam Justice.” Anthony was the second to speak.

After Franca and Jenna politely greeted Madam Justice, Franca's eyes suddenly widened.

She pointed at Lumian and said, “H-how did you turn back into a man?”

Uh... Lumian reflexively examined himself and found he wasn't wearing the black cloak, the swells in his chest had subsided, and his white shirt, black vest, and dark trousers fit as they used to.

Meanwhile, Franca was still wearing her lace-flowered blouse and cream-colored riding pants, with a small red jacket. Her chest was prominent and her ponytail swayed gently—she looked every bit a Demoness.

At this moment, Madam Justice said with a soft laugh, “This is entering a true dream, which is different from normal dreaming.

“Using a Dream Charm causes the body to dematerialize and directly enter the dream. Whatever you look like in reality is how you appear in the dream. Normal dreams depend on real-time perception—your dream image might be your current self, your past self, or even an altered self. But in a true dream, if you can maintain consciousness, what appears will be your subconscious self-perception.

“In other words, Seven of Wands's subconscious still considers himself male.”

I see... Lumian felt a mix of joy and disappointment.

Franca blurted out, “Then what about me? Why am I still...”

She suddenly closed her mouth, looking as if she had been struck by lightning, losing part of her soul.

Madam Justice gently comforted her, “Accepting the present doesn't mean forgetting the past. As long as you remember who your past self was and what kind of life that self lived, reconciling with your current body won't lead you to lose control. The acting principles of the Demoness Sect may not suit everyone; it depends on one's personality and experiences.

“Remember, everyone is special.”

Franca opened her mouth but couldn't speak, her emotions still somewhat dejected and low.

Jenna quietly reached out her right hand and grasped Franca's palm.

Even if this had been Lumian not long after arriving in Trier, he wouldn't have mocked Franca for claiming to be a man while unconsciously considering herself a woman. Let alone now. He turned his attention to survey the platform.

It wasn't much different from a typical steam train station, with an overpass high above and stairs leading to different platforms.

At the edge of the overpass, a tall figure leaned against the railing, gazing this way. His black trench coat fluttered slightly, and he seemed to be wearing red gloves.

On the stairs leading to this platform, the lady in the gloomy, intricate dress carrying four heads was openly observing below. In contrast, halfway up the stairs to another platform stood a little boy with a mercury-colored bow tie. At the end of those stairs, Mr. Azik Eggers, whom Lumian had met not long ago, held His hat in hand, silently watching the black steam locomotive.

On the waiting chairs of Mr. Azik Eggers' platform sat the Knight of Swords Maric and the temperance faction demigod Sharron, facing Lumian and the others, motionless like puppets brought in to serve as an audience.

Lumian brought his gaze back and noticed that the golden retriever beside Madam Justice was wearing glasses and carrying a small brown bag, looking very gentle and scholarly.

Lumian suddenly recalled the dog and female figure he had seen after his first psychological treatment at Mason Café.

So that was Madam Justice... It's a pity Madame Susie isn't participating in this mission to Mr. Fool's dream, otherwise I could thank her in person... Lumian regretfully returned his gaze to Madam Justice and Madam Magician.

Madam Justice smiled at him and said, "Because you've actually become a Demoness of Despair, and your subconscious knows this, you can freely switch between your subconscious self-image and your current true appearance. This might help you create perfect disguises in the dream and play a crucial role in key scenes."

Why can't I do that... Franca silently wailed.

Lumian nodded with understanding. "Lie can't create good disguises? Because it can only perform at a Sequence 7 level, and the Sequence 6 Faceless of the Seer pathway is needed to adjust appearance and physique?"

"Yes, Lie at Sequence 7 level can only modify appearances to a certain extent, equivalent to the best makeup techniques," Madam Justice nodded slightly, then turned her head to the golden retriever beside her. "Susie, do you have anything you want to tell them?"

Susie... Lumian's eyebrows twitched as he suddenly shifted his gaze to the bespectacled golden retriever with the small bag.

The dog spoke in a voice familiar to him, "What I need to tell you is that Mr. Fool is very vigilant and cautious. He's not easily trusting of others."

Hearing the golden retriever speak, everyone except Anthony and Ludwig looked shocked and surprised—if the golden retriever hadn't been called "Susie", Lumian certainly wouldn't have been so astonished by an animal speaking human language.

After a brief silence, Lumian adjusted his mindset and said sincerely, "Thank you for your reminder, and also for your previous treatment, Madam Susie. And thank you too, Madam Justice."

Having seen a child eating Devil eyeballs, what's so strange about a talking dog?

If they were Trierien, this might not even be unusual—maybe they just liked being dogs and found a way to transform themselves into dogs!

Lumian then asked Madam Magician and Madam Justice, "I have one more question. What is Mr. Fool's identity in the dream?"

Awakening Mr. Fool would surely require interacting with him in the dream!

Madam Justice and Madam Magician exchanged a glance before producing a brownish-yellow envelope tied with thin cotton string. "This contains information about Mr. Fool's dream identity, but you can only open it once you've truly entered that dream.

"It also contains cash, identity documents, and maps prepared for you."

Lumian took the envelope and pointed at the iron-black steam locomotive stopped beside their platform. "We take this?"

"Yes, after you board, I'll have it travel to the edge of this dream world. You must hold tightly to your lucky coins. When the train reaches the edge of the dream world, they will help you enter Mr. Fool's dream. The first time must be this complicated, but afterwards you'll be able to enter and exit that dream normally using the lucky coins," Madam Justice explained briefly.

Lumian looked at Jenna, Franca, Anthony, and Ludwig, then nodded to the two Major Arcana card holders.

"We can board now."

The black steam locomotive was no different from the common types seen in Trier. Lumian and the other four occupied two rows of seats on the same side, while the other passengers around them were blurry and indistinct shadows, as if the creator of this dream had been too lazy to elaborate on them.

Through the window, they saw Madam Magician, Madam Justice, and the others waving to them.

As they instinctively waved back, Lumian and the others heard a shrill sound: Ooo!

With the whistle's cry, a clanking noise began, slow at first then quickening, changing from gentle to frequent. The scenery outside the window gradually receded.

The iron-black steam locomotive carrying Lumian, Franca, Jenna, Anthony, and Ludwig left the platform, heading towards a distant horizon shrouded in dream-like fog.

Chapter 903 Everything's Familiar

After the platform had disappeared from view, Lumian observed the conditions inside the train carriage.

The seats were made of wood, the windows were narrow, and the lighting was insufficient. The other passengers seemed to be conversing, but there was no sound, as if they were performing a silent play.

Jenna and Anthony, experiencing something like this for the first time, were also quietly examining their surroundings. Ludwig was painfully yet intently eating imaginary delicious snacks, while Franca was in low spirits, leaning against the carriage and gazing at the scenery outside.

Vast pastures and lush fields were quickly receding, interspersed with old castles and quaint villages, beautiful like an oil painting.

Gradually, Franca saw palaces formed of frost, houses flying above the clouds, and pairs of crystal shoes dancing in a distant square...

The scenery outside the steam train began to become dreamlike, as if various fairy tales were merging together.

Before long, the iron-black steam locomotive entered the fog, and nothing could be seen clearly outside the windows.

Lumian, Franca, and the others instinctively gripped their lucky coins tightly. No one spoke, maintaining silence, worried that any unnecessary movement might prevent them from entering Mr. Fool's dream.

In the thick, dream-like fog, the iron-black steam locomotive that had emerged from fantasy continued to race forward with a clanking sound.

At some point, Lumian felt the clanking of the train wheels hitting the rail joints grow fainter and fainter until it disappeared.

Suddenly, they heard a female voice: "Does anyone want anything? Boxed meals, snacks, ice cream, beverages, local specialties, beef jerky..."

Franca sat up straight, her expression both shocked and bewildered.

She abruptly stood up, turned around, and looked towards the entrance of the carriage. She saw a woman wearing a white shirt and a purple-red long dress, with a small purple-red soft hat, pushing a multi-layered metal cart towards them.

The cart had colorful items arranged on different levels, beverages in peculiar bottles, and stacked boxed meals.

Wh— Franca's gaze instinctively swept to both sides of the multi-layered cart, finding that the previously shadowy passengers had become very clear. They were wearing clothes that often appeared in her dreams, either quietly spending time on different brands of phones or conversing softly with companions, with occasional sounds of children crying.

This was a scene Franca had dreamed of seeing again, but encountering it at this moment, in this setting, made her shiver with an inexplicable fear.

Is this, is this Mr. Fool's dream?

"What's wrong?" Lumian stood up as well, asking in a low voice.

He had already noticed the changes in the carriage, even the seats and backrests had become soft, as if wrapped in thick, blue-dyed cotton.

He also noticed that the passengers' clothing, style, and way of speaking were distinctly different from his group.

But this wasn't the reason for Franca's dramatic change in expression.

This is a dream, after all. Nothing should be surprising!

Franca's lips quivered a few times. She looked back at Anthony, who was sitting in the row in front with Ludwig, then lowered her voice and said to Lumian and Jenna, "It's exactly the same as a similar scene from my world..."

Lumian immediately understood why Franca had reacted that way earlier. He deliberately said in a nonchalant tone, "Have you forgotten about the Celestial Worthy? He also comes from that world. Isn't it normal for corresponding scenes to appear in a dream He's involved in?"

"You're right..." Franca showed a self-deprecating smile. "I was too excited, too scared, and overlooked this point."

Indeed, this is very normal!

This is also the sleeping dream of that Celestial Worthy!

Jenna also stood up, looked around for a few seconds, and said, "So, does this mean we've entered Mr. Fool's dream?"

As she spoke, she opened her right palm and found that beneath the shiny lucky coin was a train ticket that read: "Ningbei—Yangdu"

Although Jenna only recognized the numbers on the ticket, it didn't prevent her from understanding the meaning of those strange characters. Similarly, the passengers sitting across the aisle understood her Intisian, turning their heads to look at them curiously. However, upon noticing their strange attire, they seemed to find it normal and turned away.

According to Madam Magician's previous explanation, in Mr. Fool's dream, there was no need to worry about language barriers or unfamiliar text. This was essentially communicating with Mr. Fool's subconscious, and Mr. Fool knew all languages.

Of course, being able to intuitively understand the meaning of unfamiliar text didn't mean one could comprehend it deeply. Jenna had been worried about this issue before, but Madam Magician had reassured them. Now, Jenna finally understood why Madam Magician wasn't concerned about this problem:

These characters were familiar to Franca, and she could serve as the most reliable translator!

"It should be," Lumian cautiously put away the lucky coin, holding only the train ticket.

After noticing that other passengers could understand their speech, Jenna asked Franca in a very low voice, "What are those things the people are holding?"

They look very strange...

Lumian immediately used the Bottle of Fiction to enclose their two rows of seats, using the window as support, but keeping the barrier transparent.

Franca suddenly became energetic, completely forgetting her previous dejection and shock. She introduced with a smile,

“Those are cell phones, products of scientific development. They integrate telegraph communication, theatrical performance, mirror messaging, and other effects. They have even more functions that you can't imagine. Later, I'll get a few and teach you how to use them in detail. It's too difficult to explain clearly now!”

As she spoke, Franca's face was full of pride. “That's a T-shirt, those are jeans, those are sneakers...”

Just as she said this, Ludwig started shouting, “I want a boxed meal, I want snacks, I want ice cream, I want beverages, I want beef jerky!”

The little boy was salivating, completely forgetting the fact that food in dreams was all imaginary.

“Uh, Madam Magician reminded us to try to obey the law,” Franca looked at Lumian. “I remember there was cash in the envelope Madam Justice gave us.”

Lumian opened the envelope and took out a stack of brand new, bright red banknotes, and deactivated the Bottle of Fiction.

“Two thousand per person,” he told his companions.

“That's okay.” Franca nodded, then looked at Ludwig with a worried expression. “This child's meal expenses for one day would probably be over a thousand...”

And that's assuming he didn't eat anything good!

“There will always be ways to make money.” Lumian spent two hundred to get five boxed meals.

Franca hesitated for a moment and said, “Let's give them all to Ludwig. Although I'd love to relive the taste of familiar food, we shouldn't waste money here. There will be better choices later.”

After piling all five boxed meals in front of Ludwig, Jenna asked in a low voice, “Can we look at Mr. Fool's identity information in the dream now?”

She noticed that many passengers around were sneaking glances at her and Franca, so she sat back down.

Lumian considered for a moment and said, “We haven't reached our destination yet. Let's wait a bit longer. We'll look at it after we get off at our destination station.”

Caution is paramount!

As he spoke, Lumian took out a mirror and tossed it into the gap between Ludwig and the backrest.

He was using mirror illusion magic to conceal the exaggerated situation of Ludwig being able to eat five boxed meals in one go and still only be half full.

He had noticed earlier that someone was secretly pointing what Franca called a phone in their direction. His spiritual intuition told him it would be better not to let abnormal matters appear in front of the public.

“Doesn't this train make any clanking noises?” Jenna and Franca started chatting casually.

Franca said with a boastful tone, “Of course not, this is the latest train model, and it's incredibly fast!”

She pointed to the display screen at the front of the carriage, which showed the real-time speed using numbers and symbols familiar to Jenna.

Thank you, Emperor Roselle!

Franca enthusiastically explained all the details that confused Lumian, Jenna, and Anthony, occasionally correcting their misconceptions, such as:

“Is this place even more open than Trier? I see people can expose their arms and legs...”

“No, no, no, we're far behind Trier. This is just freedom of dressing, and it doesn't offend others in public places. It's a manifestation of being cultured and civilized. In private, it's not as open as Trier at all!”

“Won't our current appearance be too strange?”

“Don't worry, just say we're going to a comic convention!”

“What's a comic convention?”

“...”

During this exchange, the train finally emerged from the fog, and a magnificent city with countless towering buildings appeared ahead. Each of these buildings seemed to rival mountains in height, their surfaces covered with glass curtain walls that gleamed golden in the sunlight.

Lumian and Jenna instinctively held their breath, as if approaching the realm of gods.

It was a miracle on earth, a city on the mountain top!

Franca also stopped her explanation, her lake-blue eyes fixed on the city, her expression a mix of nostalgia and sadness.

The train gradually slowed down, entered the city, and finally stopped at a clean, bright, and spacious platform.

The other passengers in this carriage suddenly disappeared, as if the dream weaver could no longer maintain them. Lumian and Franca exchanged glances with the others, then led Ludwig off the train, followed by the “strangely dressed” Jenna, Franca, and Anthony.

Along with the numerous passengers from other carriages, they took self-operating escalators to leave the platform. Under the guidance of their “guide” Franca, they made their way out of the station to the square outside, with no one speaking along the way.

Seeing the surrounding people gradually dispersing and the area becoming more open, Lumian took out the brownish-yellow envelope given by Madam Justice. He extracted the documents related to Mr. Fool's dream identity and spread them out for his companions to see.

Franca immediately saw a name written in her native language at the top of the document: “Zhou Mingrui.”

Chapter 904 The Driver

After quickly reading through the information, Jenna remarked in disbelief, “Mr. Fool's identity in the dream is so ordinary.”

There's no sign at all of him being a great existence!

“What should we do next?” Franca looked at Lumian. “Find an opportunity to make contact with Mr. Fool?”

The document had already roughly outlined Zhou Mingrui's, that is, Mr. Fool's dream identity's daily routine. As long as Lumian and the others weren't too unlucky, they could soon see and interact with Mr. Fool.

Earlier, when she saw the name Zhou Mingrui, Franca's heart had suddenly skipped a beat.

She hadn't expected that the name Mr. Fool used in the dream wasn't in the style of the Northern and Southern Continents, but rather very close to the style of her country before she transmigrated.

Of course, this was consistent with the current city's situation. But if the name “Zhou Mingrui” belonged to the Celestial Worthy rather than Mr. Fool, Franca would understand and accept it more easily, because the title “The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings” itself was in the style of her country before her transmigration.

Could it be that the Celestial Worthy has gained the upper hand, to the extent that Mr. Fool's dream city is the same as my motherland, and even took a name like “Zhou Mingrui”? As Franca muttered internally, Lumian thought for a few seconds and said, “Let's not contact Mr. Fool yet. We'll observe the people and events around him for a few days.”

As the team leader, Lumian didn't just give orders; he briefly explained, “Mr. Fool himself is certainly under close monitoring by that Celestial Worthy. If we rashly contact him, it would be easy for the Celestial Worthy to detect anomalies, lock onto our identities, and kick us out of the dream.

“Additionally, although Madam Justice's information includes Mr. Fool's daily routine and the people he frequently interacts with, I still want to observe for a while myself. This isn't about distrusting the abilities and intellect of the Major Arcana card holders, but I feel they know too much background information, which might interfere with their judgment, preventing them from discovering subtle hidden issues.”

“Mm, cognitive bias,” Franca summarized Lumian's meaning using a term very much in the style of the current dream world.

Lumian nodded.

“Some people mentioned in the information might no longer be in contact with Mr. Fool, but I'll still observe them to look for possible commonalities and differences.”

“Then let's first go rent a place to settle down in one of these areas marked on the map,” Jenna said, holding a city map taken from the brownish-yellow envelope.

The marked locations were all residential areas close enough to Mr. Fool's current residence to overlook that area, but not too close.

“I have no objections,” Franca said instinctively. “Then I'll get a taxi first.”

As she spoke, she reached into the pocket of her red jacket, fumbling for a few moments before realizing something. “No phone...”

She immediately suggested, “Let's buy five phones nearby for a few hundred each, no, four phones and one children's smartwatch.

“Without phones, life in this city will be very difficult and inconvenient. Sometimes, what can be done with a phone doesn't need to be done with Beyonder abilities. The latter is more likely to lead to our identities being exposed. I think the previous lucky coin holders might not have paid attention to this aspect and were in a hurry to contact Mr. Fool, which is why they were quickly discovered by the Celestial Worthy and kicked out of the dream.”

“Alright,” Lumian nodded slightly, holding Ludwig's hand as the boy ate a sausage.

He looked around and asked, “So, where should we go to buy them?”

Franca chuckled. “Lend me the Lie earring for a moment.”

After putting on the silver-white earring, she adjusted her hair color and eye color, slightly modifying her nose bridge and facial contours. In an instant, she blended in with the passersby around her, though still with a hint of mixed-race features.

At this moment, a slightly chubby young man passed by. Franca approached him in a few steps and smiled, “Could you help me with something?”

The young man, dazzled by her bright smile and beautiful face, blurted out, “What is it?”

Franca said a bit embarrassedly, “I lost my phone, could you...”

The chubby young man instinctively took out his own phone, then came to his senses and asked warily, “You're not going to ask to borrow my phone to make a call, are you?”

Such an old scam!

Franca sighed and replied, “I just wanted to borrow some money for food.”

Before the man could respond, she smiled again. “Just kidding, how could I use such a cliché scam?”

“I just wanted to ask if there's a mall or phone store nearby. If you don't know, could you help me check on your phone?”

Sounds harmless, with the phone in my hands the entire time... The man cautiously searched and earnestly gave Franca directions.

Franca waved with a smile. "Thanks!"

The man's eyes glazed over again, and he asked as if struck by inspiration, "Do you want to be a celebrity, or maybe a live streamer?"

"Are you a talent scout or from a Multi-Channel Network (MCN) company?" Franca asked curiously.

It had been a long time since she had chatted with someone like this.

The man came to his senses and said with an awkward smile, "Neither, but if I could sign you, I'd become a talent scout or start an MCN company! Beautiful, can I get your number?"

Franca finally understood that this guy was indirectly complimenting her looks. Everything before was just a setup; this was the real point.

Tsk tsk, people these days... Even when I used to play murder mystery games, there weren't so many tricks... Franca inwardly sighed and said with a sincere face, "Didn't I tell you? I lost my phone, so I'll have to change my number later too."

With that, she didn't give him a chance to harbor any hopes, waved goodbye, and jogged back to where Lumian and the others were.

The chubby young man watched her go and muttered to himself enviously, "A group of otakus..."

Half an hour later, Franca led Lumian and the others out of the nearest mall to the roadside.

They had used the ID documents and cash provided by Madam Justice to buy four phones, one off-brand children's smartwatch, and five SIM cards, spending a total of 2,400.

But except for Franca, who was constantly tapping her screen, and Ludwig, who occasionally licked his children's smartwatch, Lumian, Jenna, and Anthony were just holding theirs like bricks, not knowing how to use them yet.

"I'll teach you once we've settled in!" Franca said, having linked the ID documents and associated bank cards with the corresponding apps. Instead of going to a nearby branch or ATM to deposit money, she directly took out a micro-loan and started to call a car.

Just then, a motorcycle roared past, almost grazing her, the wind from its passing slapping her face.

Franca angrily looked at the motorcycle, cursing under her breath, "Racing on the street? Are you in a hurry to be reborn?"

As soon as she finished speaking, the motorcycle swerved to avoid a light truck from a moving company, only to find a hole dug for road repairs ahead, surrounded by yellow metal barriers.

The motorcycle desperately swung its tail and crashed into a nearby utility pole, making the concrete pillar visibly shake.

With this commotion, motorcycle parts flew in all directions.

Franca watched in astonishment, murmuring, "It's not my fault..."

Although Demonesses were indeed skilled at curses, they didn't work through mere words!

Just as she was about to call for an ambulance to see if the motorcyclist could be saved, the helmetless rider stood up without a scratch, pushing the severely deformed motorcycle away from the scene.

"He's fine after that?" Franca blurted out in shock.

A thought immediately flashed through her mind, and she whispered in unison with Lumian, "A Beyonder?"

Lumian immediately said to Jenna and the others, "Let's go take a look."

Taking advantage of the green light, they crossed the intersection to the accident site, seeing that even the utility pole was slightly deformed and cracked.

Lumian cast his gaze to the ground, crouched down, and pulled out a rather ordinary-looking white paper figurine from a nearby flower bed.

The paper figurine was already tattered.

"Paper Figurine Substitutes? Was that motorcyclist from the Seer pathway?" Franca quickly deduced.

Jenna frowned slightly and said, "One of the Celestial Worthy's subordinates?"

"Possibly. Let's use Dream Divination later to recall his appearance," Lumian nodded, stuffing the paper figurine back into its original position and quietly using a Demoness's black flame to erase any traces he might have left.

Franca grumbled, "That guy didn't look anything like a Beyonder from the Seer pathway, racing on the street and even crashing. All the Seers I know are cautious and cunning, full of schemes."

As she complained, she used her phone to book a car.

Soon, a white sedan stopped in front of them.

Although Franca had already explained what internal combustion engine cars and electric cars were, when they actually got in, Jenna and Lumian were still a bit shocked.

The ordinary electric car, similar to a hired carriage, felt luxurious, as if the words "civilization" and "technology" were written everywhere.

Anthony sat in the front passenger seat, while Jenna, Franca, and Lumian holding Ludwig squeezed into the back. Even so, the space didn't feel too cramped.

The cold air from the air conditioner dispersed the summer heat as the vehicle carried Franca, who couldn't conveniently explain things in such a setting, and the silent Lumian and others to their destination in just over twenty minutes.

As they got out of the car, Anthony gave Lumian a meaningful look, gesturing for him to look at the driver.

Lumian walked to the front door of the vehicle and peered in, noticing that the driver had a wide forehead, a gaunt face, slightly curly black hair, nearly pure black eyes, and a monocle that looked as if it were carved from crystal in his right eye socket.

Amon!

The driver, who resembled Amon, seemed to recognize Lumian. He smiled and waved, then started the car and vanished at the end of the road.

“Amon?” Franca and Jenna had also seen the driver's appearance. “How did he get in? Is it a false image created by Mr. Fool in the dream?”

“It should be real. He clearly recognized me,” Lumian replied gravely.

Franca exhaled and said reassuringly, “It's okay. Madam Magician said that in the matter of putting the Celestial Worthy to sleep and awakening Mr. Fool, that individual is on the same side as us.”

Lumian looked at the intersection where the car had disappeared and said in a low voice, “But Madam Magician also said that that individual probably doesn't want Mr. Fool to wake up too early.”

Chapter 905 New Arrival

On the top floor of an old building without an elevator, Franca looked at the slightly musty rental apartment and grumbled, “In this location, for such a rundown place, even renting the entire unit costs 2200...”

The rental apartment had three bedrooms, two bathrooms, a kitchen, and a living room that doubled as a dining room. Each room was very small. The master bedroom had a balcony, and the building was over 30 years old.

Even for such a rental, Franca had to use a Demoness's Instigation and leverage her social skills to negotiate the price down to under 2,500 from the female landlord, with only one month's deposit and rent instead of the usual three months'.

“It's fine,” Jenna said, fairly satisfied with their current accommodation.

It was much better than where her family lived before her mother passed away.

Lumian glanced at the cash in his hand and said to Franca, “We only have 3,000 left. Even with what you borrowed, it's not even 6,000. And we still need to buy some ordinary clothes—we can't go out looking so eye-catching every day.”

“It's okay,” said Franca, now in a familiar environment and no longer as worried as before. She smiled calmly and confidently, “I can borrow again from each app, and so can you all. Added up, it's enough to support Ludwig for several months. Given such a long time, are you afraid we can't earn money?”

“Is borrowing money so easy here?” Jenna asked in surprise.

In Trier, whether pawning items at a pawn shop or borrowing from loan sharks, it wasn't a simple matter. The corresponding items or people had to have some value. But just now, she saw Franca tap her phone a few times and successfully borrow a sum of money.

Was it like this for everyone, or did the beautiful Demoness get special treatment?

Franca pursed her lips and remarked, "It is quite easy. Even the poorest people have some remaining value. If all else fails, they can be taken to have their organs sold..."

Obviously, she didn't like how easy online loans were, but now she had to take out a bunch of micro-loans to support Ludwig and the whole team, so she couldn't say the rest of what she was thinking.

Lumian took out the golden box that Madam Magician had returned from the Traveler's Bag and asked thoughtfully, "Are there places here that buy gold?"

The space contained in his Traveler's Bag had also significantly shrunk, now only equivalent to a storage room. He couldn't stock up too much food for Ludwig.

"There are, but they're strictly regulated. We'll see if there are any illegal channels later," said Franca, who was well-read and had some understanding of gold trading.

"Illegal channels?" Lumian said pensively, "When we try to sell gold through such channels, won't they see us as outsiders, easy to bully, afraid to report to the police on such matters, and just take our gold without paying?"

Franca gave Lumian the side-eye. "You want to fish again?"

"This is called receiving gifts from kind-hearted people." Lumian smiled. "For this kind of black-on-black crime, they probably won't report to the police. It shouldn't affect our law-abiding image, right?"

Through long-term daily influence from Aurore and Franca, and being in the corresponding environment, Lumian had gradually become proficient in using certain words and sentences.

"Can't you just find a proper job?" Franca said with a laugh.

"A job would only interfere with our observation of the people and events around Mr. Fool," Lumian reasoned.

"That's not necessarily true," Franca instinctively retorted. "What if that job could help you become Mr. Fool's colleague? Wouldn't that make observation more convenient?"

"That's true..." Lumian's gaze moved from Franca's face to Jenna and Anthony, as if considering who should apply for the corresponding job.

"Speaking of which, the company Mr. Fool works for was started by Emperor Roselle," Franca recalled the contents of the document. "The Emperor's real name wouldn't happen to be Huang Tao, would it? According to the Major Arcana card holders, it would occasionally be the Emperor's own projection, but most of the time it's a fake

person woven by Mr. Fool in the dream. Well, now only the latter possibility remains. Who knows how long it will be before the Emperor gets a chance to resurrect..."

As she spoke, Franca suddenly laughed. "The Emperor's eldest daughter, Princess Bernadette, is named Bernie Huang in Mr. Fool's dream. Haha, what a cute name. Is this Mr. Fool's sense of humor?"

"You should restrain yourself a bit. Bernie Huang, no, Princess Bernadette often projects Her consciousness here. She seems to have an item similar to the lucky coin," Jenna reminded Franca with a smile. She had just read the corresponding description in the document.

By now, Lumian had made his decision.

"I or Anthony will apply for the job. If a Demoness enters the Emperor's company, it might cause quite a few troubles and make it hard to keep a low profile."

Franca and Jenna nodded heavily, both remembering the Emperor's words of wisdom.

Lumian brought the topic back to the gold matter.

"If I sell this golden box in the dream, will my golden box in reality disappear?"

"If not, couldn't we sell it over and over by leaving the dream and returning?"

"..." Franca, Jenna, and Anthony were momentarily speechless.

Is this the influence of Amon's boon?

After a few seconds, Lumian mused, "It probably won't work. Mr. Fool is a great existence who controls errors and loopholes. He wouldn't leave such an obvious problem. I suspect selling gold in the dream is equivalent to sacrificing it to him..."

"I think so too," Franca agreed.

As they spoke, dozens of quiet and eerie black flames gathered around the two Demonesses and the male-appearing Lumian.

These twenty to thirty black flames flew to various parts of the room, burning away any possible insects.

Originally, Lumian could have engulfed the entire house in the Demoness's black flames to complete the cleaning, but now he could only exert the standard of a Sequence 7.

After finishing the cleaning, Franca began teaching Lumian and the others how to use their phones, and guiding Ludwig on how to play with his children's smartwatch.

Unknowingly, the sky gradually darkened.

"I'm hungry!" Ludwig's voice suddenly rang out.

Franca lifted her gaze from her phone, looked at the sky that had already turned to dusk, and sincerely exclaimed, "Phones are so much fun..."

Time flies so fast!

The amazed Lumian, Jenna, and the others put away their phones and went out to find a restaurant to avoid Ludwig causing trouble out of extreme hunger.

They hadn't even allocated who would sleep in which room yet.

After leaving the old residential complex, Franca glanced at the row of shops by the roadside and said with a smile, "Based on my previous observations, this city's prototype is one I once toured. The cooking standards of these street-side small shops might be even higher than big restaurants, and more suitable for people like us who can't afford high-end places.

"Let's eat at this one first, lest Ludwig can't wait."

She was pointing to a small restaurant just to the left of the residential complex. Business seemed decent, with several tables set up on the sidewalk.

Before going out, Lumian and the others had already adjusted their hair color and eye color using the Lie earring, and modified their facial features. Although they still attracted hidden or bold glances as handsome men and beautiful women, at least they didn't stand out as obviously foreign to their surroundings.

Franca chose one of the tables on the sidewalk, took the menu, and asked with a smile, "The specialty is spicy food. Can you handle it?"

"Didn't you say before that the essence of spiciness is a kind of pain? What's there to not handle?" Lumian replied nonchalantly.

Franca gave him a challenging look, then turned to Jenna with a smile and said, "Not everything is spicy. There are sweet and sour dishes, and some that focus on umami flavors. Two dishes I really like, Kung Pao Chicken and Yu Xiang Shredded Pork, can be made non-spicy. The proportion of sour, sweet, and other flavors might be different in each restaurant. It takes luck to find the type that suits your taste best. The two most satisfying times I've had were once in a time-honored restaurant and once in a hole-in-the-wall place like this.

"The Kung Pao Chicken in the time-honored restaurant was adjusted to a lychee paste flavor, using only chicken thigh meat, tender and not dry. The Yu Xiang Shredded Pork in that hole-in-the-wall place only used chopped scallions as a side vegetable, with sweet, sour, salty, and pickled pepper flavors all mixed into the sauce and stir-fried with the meat. This is different from the common practice, but very appetizing and delicious..."

"Uh, should we order a few bottles of beer? We rarely have a full team dinner like this. Although I don't like bottled beer, I can make do with it..."

Ever since introducing phones on the train, Franca had maintained an excited state as if back on her home turf, constantly introducing and sharing, with a gleam in her eyes like a hint of sunlight.

Lumian didn't mind this fellow showing such enthusiastic host-like attitude, taking over all the things a team leader should say. Instead, he was infected with a sense of calm, relaxation, and joy because of it.

Summer nights darkened late, and even now, just after 7 o'clock, the sky was still somewhat bright. The breeze blowing past the tables and chairs on the roadside brought a hint of coolness from inside the restaurant and other shops, making the eating and drinking crowd increasingly lively. Some were laughing loudly, some were eating while fiddling with their phones, completely without the restraint of sitting on the sidewalk.

Jenna observed intently for a while, then said softly to Franca, "There's a strange sense of relaxation..."

She had seen people eating by the roadside in Quartier du Jardin Botanique and the market district before, but never had a similar feeling.

"This is one of the things I miss about the past," said Franca, her eyes bright, having already ordered the food.

At this moment, a woman with smooth, glossy black hair tied in a simple ponytail, wearing a short-sleeved T-shirt and fitness shorts, dragging sandals, came to the entrance of the small restaurant and said to the busy owner, "How long do I have to wait for takeout?"

"Sia, you're late today," the owner commented in a familiar tone.

Before Ms. Sia could answer, someone suddenly shouted from nearby, "Catch the thief! Catch the thief!"

A figure ran past the tables and chairs, tightly gripping a diamond necklace.

As he ran past Ms. Sia, she suddenly raised her foot and delivered a side kick.

Bang!

The thief was kicked several meters away, falling to the ground in pain, momentarily unable to get up.

"This gal is quite fierce," Franca said, her eyes full of admiration.

Lumian looked at Ms. Sia's profile and said in a low voice, "Is that Sia Tas, the one who shares an apartment with Mr. Fool?"

Chapter 906 Suspicious Details

Sia Tas? Franca quickly examined the face and ears of the woman surnamed Sia, partially hidden by her glossy black hair.

According to information provided by the Major Arcana card holders, Sia Tas, who currently rented the same apartment as Mr. Fool, was an ancient elf in reality. Her boyfriend Mobet was a viscount from the Fourth Epoch's Solomon Empire and a member of the Zoroast family. Both of them have been dead for many years.

Franca quickly withdrew her gaze, not letting Sia Tas notice her observation.

This was the professionalism of an Assassin.

As for her previous blatant staring, she wasn't worried about being suspected at all. Sia Tas's action of kicking away the thief had drawn everyone's attention.

Franca lowered her voice and said to Lumian and the others, "Her ears are slightly pointed, and her facial features are consistent with local residents. It should be Sia Tas."

Damn it, could the ancestors of the elven race really be transmigrators? Except for a few minor details, Sia Tas could pass as a local in this city without any flaws!

She even wanted to chat with Sia Tas!

Lumian glanced at Ludwig, who was gnawing on the end of his chopsticks, and said thoughtfully, "Could Sia Tas be that Celestial Worthy? Or could she be a Beyonder subordinate of that Celestial Worthy?"

"..." Both Franca and Jenna were stunned by this question.

"It doesn't seem likely..." Franca resisted the urge to look at Sia Tas again.

Jenna pondered for a moment and then suggested, "The Sia Tas in the dream should be a fake person woven by Mr. Fool's subconscious based on memories."

"A fake person could also be that Celestial Worthy, or could be used by that Celestial Worthy," Lumian said with a smile.

For some reason, seeing his smile, both Franca and Jenna's hearts beat a little faster. They felt that his male form had lost some of its handsome aura compared to before, but gained more beauty. When he smiled, it was like sunlight shining on his face.

Oh right, although Lumian's subconscious is still male, the modifications to his body by the potion has long been recognized and remembered by his subconscious. In situations not involving gender identity, the enhancement of appearance and increase in charm from the Demoness pathway would definitely be reflected in the dream... What should this be called, an Incubus? Franca first had a sudden realization, then started complaining internally.

Lumian continued, "Sia Tas is one of the closest people to Mr. Fool, living in another room in the same rental apartment. Why couldn't such a person be that Celestial Worthy? Why couldn't she be controlled by that Celestial Worthy in some way, becoming His puppet, being used by Him?"

"The closer someone is to Mr. Fool, the more suspicious they are."

"Right," Anthony rarely took the initiative to share his own views. "In the information, the Oracle mentioned that Sia Tas and Mobet only had contact with Mr. Fool's Angel of Redemption, the incarnation walking on earth, that great adventurer Gehrman Sparrow, and they are already dead. To Mr. Fool, they are neither important nor special. Why would the ones living with Mr. Fool, so close to him, be these two, and not other fake people, such as the dream counterparts of some Major Arcana card holders?"

"It is indeed worth suspecting." Franca and Jenna both nodded slowly.

Lumian immediately added, "I mainly wanted to make one point clear: at this stage, we should focus on observation, supplemented by analyzing the contents of the information and collecting information. We absolutely must not contact Mr. Fool, and we should try not to contact these people around Mr. Fool. The closer they are to Mr. Fool, the less we should contact them."

"But if we don't make contact, how can we conduct further investigations later? How can we determine the identity of the Celestial Worthy? How can we gradually awaken Mr. Fool?" Franca raised a question.

Lumian chuckled. "We're just not making contact at this stage. After we complete the observation work, we will make contact with purpose and plan. That will also be a form of probing."

"Probing..." Jenna and Franca vaguely grasped Lumian's idea.

They were about to inquire further when the cold dishes were ready and brought to their table along with several bottles of beer.

After the waiter left, Franca picked up her chopsticks, easily opened the bottle caps, and poured a glass for everyone except Ludwig.

Children can only drink soda and dairy products!

Franca tapped her glass full of golden liquid on the table and said with a smile, "The past cannot be retrieved, the future cannot be known. Let's toast to the fact that we're all still together now and can enjoy life!"

Lumian shook his head with a smile, but still clinked glasses with Franca, Jenna, and Anthony. Then, he tilted his head back and gulped down the glass of beer.

Franca was the first to finish drinking. She wiped her mouth and saw Lumian's Adam's apple moving as he drank, with a little beer seeping from the corner of his mouth. She suddenly froze.

Damn, why do I find his Adam's apple movement so sexy...

Is this what an Incubus is like?

Anthony glanced at Franca and Jenna drinking boldly and their unconscious small movements, then at the men and women around furtively looking at them and Lumian. He silently sighed and tried to make himself even less noticeable.

Ludwig had already started quickly eating the cold dishes like garlic pork slices, cold sliced pork head meat, spicy shredded pig ears, smashed cucumber, and mixed shredded vegetables.

Lumian took an inconspicuous mirror from his pocket and placed it in a corner of the table.

Franca quickly came to her senses and once again filled up the beer for each team member, except for the child.

She raised her glass again and said, "Cheers to past experiences and future hopes!"

Her passionate tone and high spirits gave Jenna and Lumian a slightly tipsy feeling, while Anthony felt like he was back in his military camp days.

Amidst the crisp clinking sounds, they temporarily set aside their inner depression and worries about this mission, just enjoying the present moment.

In the rental apartment.

“We spent six hundred?” Jenna asked, sounding a bit pained.

They had spent one-tenth of their funds in just one meal!

“It's actually not expensive. This fellow eats like ten people or more, and we also drank alcohol.” Franca waved her hand. “It's fine, I'll arrange a few more micro loans as backup, and you should each get one too. We still need to go out and buy some T-shirts, casual pants, jeans, sneakers. How about we find time to go to the wholesale market tomorrow?”

At times like this, brand, fit, and design didn't matter—cost-effectiveness was the top priority!

Lumian took out the remaining food from the Traveler's Bag, which had shrunk in space, and while placing them on the dining table, he said, “We also need to replenish food for Ludwig. He needs to eat every two to three hours.”

“Mm.” Franca pointed to the rooms. “Anthony, you choose first.”

Anthony didn't hesitate and chose the smallest bedroom, which was also not on the same side as the other two.

Franca turned to Lumian. “You'll sleep in the master bedroom with Ludwig?”

“The second bedroom will do. Except for his big appetite, he's a normal kid in other aspects. He won't be cramped sleeping in the second bedroom's bed,” Lumian understood that one of his tasks was to keep an eye on Ludwig, not letting him leave the dream prematurely out of fear and refusing to come back.

“Alright, Jenna and I will sleep in the master bedroom.” Franca smiled.

In the time that followed, she borrowed another 10,000 in micro-loans, with Lumian, Jenna, and Anthony each getting 3,000.

After doing this, Franca, with great willpower, put down her phone, turned on the light, and carefully read the information related to Mr. Fool, which she had only quickly browsed before. Lumian and the others each occupied a position, equally focused on reading.

Before they knew it, the night grew deeper.

Ludwig's another cry of hunger brought them back to alertness, and they stopped reading and discussing.

“Even just reading the information about Mr. Fool provided by the Major Arcana card holders, I feel like my head is in a daze, gradually losing myself... Is this the status of a great existence?” Lumian seriously assessed his previous state and solemnly said, “When we study this information again later, we shouldn't exceed half an hour each time.”

He raised his right hand and rubbed his temples, finding that the consumption of spirituality was also significant.

“Mm.” Franca stood up and looked out the window. “Let's go eat barbecue outside Mr. Fool's neighborhood. Although Mr. Fool doesn't come out for late-night snacks every day, at least we can observe the people who frequently appear around the neighborhood.”

Jenna was about to respond when she suddenly noticed the scenery outside the balcony.

She unconsciously walked over and gazed out beyond the residential area, across the street.

The bright and warm lights shone out from countless buildings and windows, like the Milky Way had fallen to the ground, but with an added human touch.

This night view was more vast and dreamlike than that of Trier and the New City of Silver, seeming to carry more dreams.

Lumian also focused his gaze for a while, until Ludwig tugged at the sleeve of his shirt.

“Let's go.” He withdrew his gaze and headed towards the door.

Franca said to Jenna, “Later, we'll find a tall building with a good view to take another look.”

After leaving the neighborhood, they followed the map and circled around to the outside of Mr. Fool's neighborhood. They casually chose a barbecue stand and inconspicuously observed the people and events around them.

Just as the grilled beef arrived, Franca noticed that Lumian's gaze was fixed in one direction for a long time, not moving.

“What's wrong?” she asked curiously.

Lumian pointed with his chin in that direction. “I see the Oracle.”

The Oracle? Franca and Jenna looked in that direction and saw a hooligan with yellowish eyebrows and hair color.

The man was holding a stack of flyers.

“Oracle Danitz?” Jenna asked for confirmation.

Lumian nodded slowly. “I don't know if it's a consciousness projection or a fake person in the dream...”

Seemingly sensing their gaze, Mr. Fool's Oracle Danitz suddenly turned around and looked over.

Then, he quickly walked up to Lumian and the others, glanced at Ludwig, and asked with a smile, “Would you be interested in Dream Tutoring Classes?”

Tutoring classes... Ludwig's pupils suddenly dilated.

Crack!

He bit through the bamboo skewer.

Chapter 907 Corpse

Lumian examined Oracle Danitz's deep blue eyes for a few seconds, then gave Jenna a meaningful look.

Now, Franca no longer needed to digest the Affliction potion.

Jenna instantly understood Lumian's intention and asked Oracle Danitz with a smile, "Do you have any courses suitable for children?"

She pointed at Ludwig, causing him to tremble and turn pale.

This made Jenna feel the obvious digestion of the Affliction potion.

Danitz's eyes lit up, and he said with a big smile, "Of course we do! From foreign language education and logic courses for 3-year-olds to vocational training for adults, we have it all!"

As he spoke, his gaze couldn't help but move back and forth between Jenna and Franca's faces a few times, seemingly stunned by their beauty.

Many celebrities with makeup and photo editing might not be this beautiful!

Jenna took the flyer and looked at it carefully, then said with a smile, "When we have time, I'll bring the child to take a look."

She kept in mind the plan Lumian had made, focusing on observation for now and not rushing to make contact.

Hearing Jenna's words, Ludwig's face showed obvious bitterness. He could only grab a handful of grilled beef skewers and fiercely tear off more than a dozen pieces of meat sprinkled with chili powder and cumin to soothe his inner wounds.

"Alright, remember to mention my name for a discount!" Danitz marveled at how such a young beauty already had such a big child, assuming she must have not studied well in high school and was taken home by some hooligan to have a child before finishing school. He then gave his name, "My surname is Da, and my given name is Nizi."

After saying this, his gaze lingered on Jenna and Franca's faces before he unhesitatingly turned around to continue looking for targets to distribute flyers.

"He should be a fake person in the dream woven by Mr. Fool's subconscious."

Anthony, who had been observing silently, made his judgment.

Lumian nodded, then added, "Indeed, he didn't show any special qualities an Oracle should have, and he obviously didn't recognize me."

At this point, Lumian smiled. "Since he's woven by Mr. Fool's subconscious, it shows that in Mr. Fool's perception, the Oracle is someone who likes women but won't be confused by them, with relatively strong willpower in this aspect."

This conclusion was drawn from Danitz's behavior of being attracted by the beauty of the two Demonesses yet not flirting, not lingering, and not talking too much.

“It might not be strong willpower, but professional ethics that prevent him from flirting with women while working, or he might have someone he likes and is willing to restrain himself for,” Franca said, eventually showing an ambiguous smile. “Does this mean what's written in the Adventurer series is true?”

“The rumors at sea say the same,” Lumian confirmed Franca's guess.

In the time that followed, the four of them mainly observed and didn't eat much, while Ludwig turned his grief into appetite, eventually causing them to spend 400.

Franca put the last piece of grilled eggplant into her mouth, chewed a few times, and stood up somewhat reluctantly, saying, “It's time to go back.”

This was truly a nostalgic taste.

As they circled back to their own neighborhood, Jenna glanced at the bright street lamps on both sides, then at the pedestrians walking in the summer night breeze in the dark night. She had the illusion that it wasn't near dawn now, but just the beginning of the night.

In Trier, before becoming a Beyonder, she only dared to walk on the streets at midnight relying on her reputation as the Red Boots' mistress and her concealed revolver. Even so, she didn't dare to walk too far home and usually had to stay at Franca's place. But in this metropolis in Mr. Fool's dream, people seemed accustomed to enjoying the deep night on the streets.

Franca had already integrated into such an environment, as if returning to her past life.

She was looking around quite comfortably when she suddenly noticed a human figure hanging on the outer wall of a building at the edge of an alley leading to an old neighborhood, gently swaying in a place where the street lamps couldn't illuminate.

With a Demoness's super vision and Night Vision, Franca instantly saw the appearance of that figure clearly:

Yellowish eyebrows, hair of the same color, a red headband wrapped around the forehead, deep blue eyes bulging out, frozen in pain and despair, not very deep facial features already distorted, mouth half-open, tongue sticking out.

Danitz!

Oracle Danitz!

He was hanging on the outer wall of the building, with a brownish-yellow hemp rope around his neck!

He had been hanged.

The man who was distributing tutoring flyers to Lumian and the others just over an hour ago had been hanged!

As Franca's pupils suddenly dilated, Lumian and Jenna also noticed the corpse hanging in mid-air, gently swaying.

“The Oracle is dead? Murdered?” Jenna blurted out in confusion.

Who did this?

Was it a natural development of the dream, or was it done by that Celestial Worthy's subordinates?

After confirming that the corpse was indeed Oracle Danitz, Franca exhaled and said, "It's good that he's just a fake person in the dream, so the Oracle in reality won't die along with him."

Hearing these words, Lumian's heart stirred. He walked into the alley and came to the front of Danitz's suspended corpse.

During the process, he continuously observed his surroundings and took out a mirror to perform a quick and simple divination to confirm whether the murderer had already left and if anyone was paying attention to this place.

Before he got really close, he could already smell the stench of loss of bowel and bladder control.

Combined with other details, he determined that the Oracle had indeed been hanged to death.

Lumian condensed ice blocks on the wall to create protrusions, then nimbly climbed up to reach the same height as Danitz's corpse. He then put the Oracle, along with the hemp rope, into the mirror he had just used for divination.

"You want to bury the Oracle?" Franca asked curiously after Lumian jumped down from the wall, melted all the ice blocks, and dried the wet marks with crimson flames.

Lumian looked around and said in a lowered voice, "To conduct an experiment."

"What experiment?" Jenna, holding the depressed Ludwig's hand, asked curiously.

Lumian chuckled. "Based on the contents of the information and the details we've observed so far, we all know that this dream evolved from Mr. Fool's subconscious. If we hide the Oracle's corpse and don't let Mr. Fool discover or hear about such an incident, does that mean the Oracle's death doesn't exist, and tomorrow night, the Oracle will still be distributing flyers in that area with many night food stalls?"

"Come to think of it, it's really possible!" Franca quickly recalled the dream-themed movies and novels she had seen before her transmigration.

"If that's the case, we can find ways to use this point: major events that Mr. Fool's dream identity doesn't know about or hasn't heard of are equivalent to non-existent, never having happened!" Lumian said with a smile.

"But what if the Oracle doesn't appear tomorrow night, or if the police have obtained information about his disappearance?" Jenna knew Lumian wouldn't have overlooked this question, after all, there were only two possible outcomes for the experiment.

Lumian said with a smile on his lips, "There might be two reasons:

"First, each fake person in the dream, besides coming from Mr. Fool's memories and cognition, also has his subconscious integrated into them, so any event that happens in the dream will be known and recorded by Mr. Fool's subconscious."

Seeing that Franca and the others seemed unable to grasp the point he wanted to make, Lumian gave an example: "The information mentions that Mr. Fool was an ancient existence awakening

from slumber, collecting power and secrets through his incarnation walking on earth, gradually reviving. His incarnation experienced the advancement from Sequence 2 Miracle Invoker to Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries. To prepare for the ritual, he established a town called Utopia, where every resident was Mr. Fool's marionette. Each marionette had its own destiny trajectory, all played by Mr. Fool, interacting with each other, portraying reality.

“Isn't this very similar to the current real dream? Except for the consciousness projections from the outside, the remaining dream fake people are likely Mr. Fool's subdivided subconscious, combined with the images from his memories to portray.

“In other words, except for us, every person and every animal in the dream might be Mr. Fool. If we really want to contact Mr. Fool, we might not need to find his dream identity. This could be one of our approaches to contact Mr. Fool in the future while bypassing the Celestial Worthy's monitoring.”

“Was Utopia mentioned in that information?” Franca was stunned for a moment.

Did Mr. Fool use this term?

She raised her hand to rub her head, showing slight pain and confusion.

“It might have been there, but by the time I reached the later parts, I was already dazed. I seemed to be communicating with you, but I actually had no idea what I was saying...”

“It was indeed there, and the approach I just mentioned wasn't thought up by me either, it was proposed by the Major Arcana card holders, but they no longer have the chance to verify it.” Lumian nodded.

“Everyone is Mr. Fool...” Jenna recalled the sea of people they encountered after leaving the train carriage and the bustling scenes they had seen before, finding it hard to believe for a moment.

Lumian continued, “As for the second reason, if the Oracle's death was carried out by the Celestial Worthy's subordinates, that Celestial Worthy can also control and influence the dream, and would certainly let Mr. Fool's subconscious know about this incident. But the question is, what's the point of dealing with such a fake person?”

“Even if they wanted to shake Mr. Fool's will by targeting his emotional weak points, they shouldn't have chosen the Oracle. From the information, the Oracle hasn't established any close relationship with Mr. Fool in the dream, not even qualifying as a friend.”

“Strange,” Franca murmured in agreement.

They quickly dealt with the scene using the Demoness's black flames, left the alley, and walked towards the old neighborhood where they were renting.

As they approached the main gate, they suddenly heard someone frantically calling out in a low voice from the side near some green trees, "Spare me, please spare me..."

"Don't come any closer, don't come any closer!"

Lumian turned his gaze towards the source and saw that it was a local man, not someone with Northern Continent facial features like Oracle Danitz.

Chapter 908 Hospital

Seeing the local man curled up by the green trees, crying out in a near-breakdown state, Franca seriously considered whether to help call the police.

Lumian pondered for a few seconds, then gave Anthony a meaningful look.

Anthony immediately walked into the shadowed area and used Placate on the target.

The local man in his forties finally calmed down, as if emerging from a nightmare that had tormented him for a long time.

Lumian approached and asked pointedly, "What happened?"

Having encountered the strange death of Oracle Danitz not long ago and now meeting a mentally collapsed man, he intuitively felt this shouldn't be simple either, and might hide some crucial information.

The man raised his head and looked at Lumian and the others.

He was about to speak when he suddenly saw Franca and Jenna. His expression twisted and he cried out in extreme terror,

"Female ghost! A female ghost!"

His voice was exceptionally shrill, filled with fear, alerting even the security guard at the entrance of the old neighborhood, who came over with a flashlight to check.

Lumian quickly threw out his mirror, creating his own Mirror Maze.

Franca glanced at him, seeing that he had reacted in time, and withdrew her right hand from her pocket.

At the same time, Franca muttered to herself, "How do I look like a female ghost?"

"How do Jenna and I look like female ghosts?"

The security guard, holding a brightly shining flashlight, came over and circled the green trees twice, saying with a puzzled face, "The sound was clearly coming from here, why can't I see anyone..."

He listened carefully again, feeling that the voice shouting "female ghost" had become somewhat distant, unable to discern exactly where it was coming from.

The security guard suddenly shuddered.

Could there really be female ghosts?

He decided not to deal with this matter anymore, only to help report it to the police.

As soon as he had this new idea, he immediately ran back towards the security room at the entrance.

Although the Mirror Maze was only at Sequence 7 level, the current dark environment with few people still allowed Lumian to successfully deceive the security guard.

05:47

He had Franca and Jenna retreat to the edge of the Mirror Maze, not to be seen by the collapsed man, and signaled Anthony to do another round of Placate.

Although the Mirror Maze was only at Sequence 7 level, the current dark environment with few people still allowed Lumian to successfully deceive the security guard.

He had Franca and Jenna retreat to the edge of the Mirror Maze, not to be seen by the collapsed man, and signaled Anthony to do another round of Placate.

The mentally broken local man calmed down once again, and Anthony asked gently and calmly, "What happened? Perhaps I can help you."

For some reason, the man felt that Anthony before him was very trustworthy, making him feel very at ease. He took a breath and said, "I-I encountered a jiangshi!"

"A jiangshi?" Lumian could roughly understand this belonged to a type of undead creature, perhaps a unique term for zombies in this dream world.

The man was silent for a few seconds, looked at Anthony, and received an affirmative nod from him.

He gathered his courage and stammered, "I-I'm a hospital orderly, I just took a corpse to the morgue.

"That corpse was too beautiful, unbelievably beautiful. Her ears were a bit small, very cute, enchanting, just like those expensive jewelry in gold shops. She wasn't wearing any clothes, I couldn't resist, I told my coworker to go ahead, then I climbed on top, bit her ear, and had my way with her for quite a while."

Hearing this, Franca couldn't help but raise her right hand to face palm.

Bringing shame to the motherland!

Perverts are everywhere, it's about relative proportions!

"It didn't feel like a dead person at all..." the man rambled on, as if still savoring the experience.

Gradually, his eyes bulged. "Just as I pulled up my pants, she, that corpse's eyes opened!

"They opened!

"Female ghost! A female ghost!"

After listening intently, Lumian turned his head and said to Franca and Jenna, "If even a corpse has such great allure, could it be a Demoness?"

"It's possible." Franca nodded.

Jenna then proposed another possibility, "The corpse of a Sex Addict or a Baby Cupid might also have this effect."

She had a very deep impression of the Scrooge pathway.

Lumian looked outside the Mirror Maze, seeing no sign of police yet, so he had Anthony Placate the orderly once more, then used Dream Divination to draw a sketch.

The woman in the sketch was clearly not a local, more like someone from the Northern Continent, with striking features but a sacred aura, not feeling like a corpse at all.

Additionally, it was evident that the orderly had the strongest impression of the female corpse's small, delicate ears and long, beautiful neck, mixed with intense desire.

"She does look a bit like a Demoness," said Franca, standing at the edge of the Mirror Maze with rich experience in identifying Demonesses.

Lumian pondered for a moment, then asked the male orderly, "Which hospital do you work at?"

The male orderly didn't hide anything from Anthony,

"I live nearby, but I work at Mushu Hospital."

"Mushu Hospital..." Franca's eyelid twitched.

"What's wrong?" Lumian, Jenna, and Anthony didn't understand why Franca would react this way.

The hospital's name seemed normal, doesn't it mean gazing at the dawn in the distance?

Franca organized her thoughts and said, "This is one of the manifestations of you being able to understand the meaning of corresponding words, but not truly grasping what they symbolize.

"In my native language, 'Mushu' and 'Mother Tree' are near-homophones, and you should know very well what 'Mother Tree' represents."

Without waiting for Lumian and the others to respond, Franca said in a deep voice, "Mother Tree of Desire!"

"Can the Mother Tree of Desire also infiltrate its power into this dream a bit?" Lumian slightly furrowed his brow.

If the Mother Tree has appeared, how far away is the Mother?

Jenna obviously thought of this aspect too, and after a few seconds of silence, she said, "Then the possibility of it being a Baby Cupid corpse has increased..."

Lumian had Anthony further question the male orderly about any unusual occurrences at Mushu Hospital, but didn't get any useful answers.

They didn't waste any more time. Anthony used Hypnosis to make the male orderly forget about the recent soothing and questioning, and had him walk out of the Mirror Maze on his own, heading towards another street.

Dispelling the Mirror Maze and watching the orderly's retreating figure, Lumian thoughtfully said, "That corpse definitely has issues, but it doesn't mean he doesn't have problems, nor does it mean everything else at Mushu Hospital is normal."

Jenna strongly agreed, "That intense desire to violate even a female corpse seems very much like the corruption of a Sex Addict.

"Of course, it could also be that he was enchanted by the female corpse to the point of losing control."

The group discussed the recent events as they walked into their rented apartment complex.

Franca suddenly sighed. "We've only been here half a day and already encountered two bizarre incidents not mentioned in the information, right?"

"Correct," Lumian confirmed.

He then smiled and said, "Perhaps this is how much weight the two Calamity pathways carry.

"When I switch back to the 'Hunter' pathway, I could almost be an incomplete human-shaped corpse wax candle. Maybe I could complete the corresponding secret deed rituals without relying on anything.

"Hmm, my spiritual intuition tells me that we might encounter that resurrected female corpse before long."

"Then we should take turns keeping watch starting tonight," Franca immediately said.

Dying in the dream could mean real death!

"It's indeed worth being so vigilant," Lumian nodded approvingly. "Tomorrow morning, we'll secretly observe outside Mr. Fool's company to recognize people first."

Late at night, in the master bedroom.

Jenna suddenly woke up and saw Franca hugging a thin blanket she had taken out of the Traveler's Bag, sitting against the headboard in the darkness, as if she had turned into a statue.

"What are you thinking about?" Jenna slowly sat up and asked carefully.

Franca gazed at the wall opposite, which had been "painted" by darkness, and answered in a voice like sleep-talking, "Why would Mr. Fool name his marionette town Utopia..."

"Is there something wrong with this name?" Jenna didn't quite understand what Franca was concerned about.

After a few seconds of silence, Franca said, "That's a term specific to the world I transmigrated from, meaning a non-existent country, an imaginary country... Why would Mr. Fool use it..."

Jenna roughly understood Franca's thoughts. She said in a gentle voice, "The Major Arcana card holders mentioned in the information that Mr. Fool has been collecting Emperor Roselle's diaries. Maybe this term was in one of the diaries, or maybe Mr. Fool learned about this term during his long-term confrontation with the Celestial Worthy. Or, well, didn't you say the Ancient Sun God might also be a transmigrator? Why couldn't Mr. Fool be one?"

"That's what I'm suspecting. The more I think about Mr. Fool's origins mentioned in the information and the experiences of his avatars, the more I suspect..." Franca's voice became so low it lost its weight.

"Don't suspect, verify," Jenna comforted Franca in her own way. "When we awaken Mr. Fool, you can ask this question. Whether he's a transmigrator or not, after confronting the Celestial Worthy for so many years, he must know the secret of your transmigration. He might even be able to help you return. For now, don't think too much about it, focus on awakening Mr. Fool."

Franca slowly exhaled and said, "Right, thinking too much now is useless, we can't verify anything for the time being."

"Hmm... For me, awakening Mr. Fool is no longer just a task from the Tarot Club, no longer just something that must be done to survive the apocalypse..."

After chatting for a while longer, Franca lay back down, inhaling Jenna's scent, and fell into a deep sleep, both mentally and physically exhausted.

After Franca was completely asleep, Jenna carefully got up, opened the master bedroom door, and walked into the living room that doubled as a dining room.

Lumian, wearing a white shirt and black trousers, was sitting by the wooden dining table, staring blankly at the window in the direction of the shoe cabinet.

"It's my turn to keep watch, you can go rest now," Jenna said with a smile.

Lumian withdrew his gaze and stood up.

"What were you and Franca talking about just now?"

Jenna summarized the key points of Franca's doubts and her own comfort. Lumian nodded slightly and said, "Right, give her a goal, motivate her to act, and not think too much for now."

"When it's daylight, I'll find a chance to consult Anthony again to see if we need to do anything else."

Jenna turned her gaze to the window in the direction of the shoe cabinet and asked curiously, "What were you thinking about just now?"

Lumian looked in that direction as well. What met his eyes was the scene inside the neighborhood. At this moment, only two or three households in each building still had light spilling out, while the rest were in darkness.

Lumian's thoughts seemed to drift away again. He answered in a low voice, "I was wondering if Aurore used to live in a city like this..."

Chapter 909 Case Investigation

The next morning.

After cleaning up in the master bedroom bathroom, Franca walked into the living room and immediately saw plastic bags piled on the wooden dining table. Those semi-transparent white plastic bags contained various foods like fried dough sticks, sesame balls, steamed dumplings, xiaolongbao, and regular steamed buns. Next to them were cups of soy milk and bottles of milk.

The aroma permeating the air felt both familiar and tempting to Franca. She blurted out in surprise, "Who bought all this?"

Don't you need me as a guide to help with communication anymore?

Is this really a "foreigner" who's been here for less than 24 hours?

Lumian smiled and pointed to himself. "Of course it was me."

Franca looked him up and down. "You bought so much breakfast at once, didn't the shopkeeper find it strange?"

"It's not like I bought them all from one place," Lumian said, glancing at Ludwig who had bitten off half a sesame ball, revealing some of the red bean paste filling inside. He smiled and continued, "Later, one shopkeeper did ask when he saw me carrying so much food."

"How did you answer?" Franca asked vigilantly.

Lumian chuckled. "I said I was doing multi-level marketing."

"..." Franca's mouth gaped slightly, at a loss for words.

"The shopkeeper had the same reaction, then asked if I was joking." Lumian maintained his smile. "I said yes, I was actually preparing breakfast for a company team-building event."

"Where did you learn these terms?" Franca asked, looking slightly bewildered.

Lumian chuckled in response. "Aurore mentioned them before, and I asked about them, but I still didn't understand what they meant. Last night I finally figured it out online."

"Your learning ability is quite amazing..." Franca said, her lip twitching slightly.

He's already surfing the internet so quickly!

Good thing this guy hasn't learned to use food delivery apps to order breakfast directly yet, otherwise what use would I be as a guide?

Lumian said in an Aurore-like smug tone, "I've already applied for a QQ number and a backup WeChat account. Once we finish the observation phase of our work, I'll try adding Mr. Fool."

14:37

"..." Franca thought about how this guy was now essentially a genuine beauty who could switch to a beautiful female form at any time. She couldn't help but quip, "Mr. Fool will think you're selling tea leaves and won't add you at all."

Lumian said in an Aurore-like smug tone, "I've already applied for a QQ number and a backup WeChat account. Once we finish the observation phase of our work, I'll try adding Mr. Fool."

"..." Franca thought about how this guy was now essentially a genuine beauty who could switch to a beautiful female form at any time. She couldn't help but quip, "Mr. Fool will think you're selling tea leaves and won't add you at all."

"What?" Lumian was a bit confused.

Finally something you don't know! Franca pulled out a chair and sat down, then tore open the soy milk seal, broke off half a dough stick, and dropped it in to soak.

After doing this, she began "educating" Lumian and Anthony, who was silently eating breakfast, on some Internet common sense—Jenna had taken the second half of the night watch and was still catching up on sleep.

Towards the end, Franca pondered for a moment and said to Lumian, "Although you're adapting and integrating very well, I still don't think you should have made that kind of joke when buying breakfast. That kind of joke leaves a strong impression, and you're quite handsome now, so the breakfast shop owner has definitely remembered you. This isn't very conducive to our current plan of hiding our identities and observing quietly."

"If we weren't concerned about this, afraid of becoming too famous and attracting the Celestial Worthy's attention, we could even start a livestream to make money, and take Ludwig to eat at buffets!"

Lumian thought about it seriously, "Indeed, I'll be more careful. We'll have Anthony go buy things from now on."

At this point, Lumian sincerely praised Franca, "You're even more attentive than me when it comes to these things."

Franca used chopsticks to pick up a section of dough sticks soaked in sweet soy milk, stuffed it in her mouth, chewed and swallowed, then half-closed her eyes and sighed with both intoxication and satisfaction. "This is it..."

She paused, then said proudly, "Of course, I've seriously acted as an Assassin before. I'm definitely not the kind of assassin who thinks 'killing everyone who sees me equals successful stealth!'"

They chatted idly for a while, and Jenna also got up and started eating the breakfast Lumian had put in the Traveler's Bag earlier, which Ludwig hadn't discovered.

Just then, there was a knock at the door.

Lumian and Franca went to open the door one after the other, and saw two people in police uniforms standing outside. The leader had a receding hairline and gray eyes, while the one behind him had black hair and green eyes, looking very handsome but with a lazy, carefree air about him.

Franca's pupils suddenly dilated.

She recognized the young police officer with emerald eyes.

It was the Major Arcana card holder, Mr. Star!

Franca was about to greet him happily when she suddenly realized.

Mr. Star had been locked onto by the Celestial Worthy and would be kicked out shortly after entering the dream each time. The one before her should only be the dream image of Mr. Star woven by Mr. Fool's subconscious.

“Good morning, my name is Deng, I'm the police officer responsible for this area,” the gray-eyed policeman smiled and asked. “You just moved in yesterday, right?”

“Yes,” Lumian didn't hide it.

The police here even know we just arrived yesterday?

The police in Trier were never this efficient...

Officer Deng said amiably, “Do you have a temporary residence permit...”

“Captain, it's called a residence permit now,” the young police officer behind him with black hair and green eyes, who was suspected to be the dream image of the Major Arcana card holder, Mr. Star, reminded him helplessly.

He seemed to have reminded him many times before.

“Haha, I forgot, I forgot.” Officer Deng laughed self-deprecatingly.

“We haven't had time to get one yet,” Franca quickly answered, afraid that Lumian wouldn't know what a residence permit was.

“Then when you have time, go to the police station across from New City Garden to get one. If you young lovers get married later and have children, you'll need this to enroll them in public kindergartens,” Officer Deng reminded them in a casual manner.

Fast-forwarding to marriage and children already... Franca found it both amusing and helpless.

“Captain...” Mr. Star behind Officer Deng reminded him once again.

Officer Deng smiled. “I almost forgot, we came to ask you something today. Call all your friends over.”

When Jenna came to the entrance area holding Ludwig's hand, along with Anthony, Officer Deng took out a photo. “Have you seen this person?”

The man in the photo had dyed his hair and eyebrows a burnt yellow color, with unremarkable facial features. It was clearly Oracle Danitz.

“We've seen him,” Lumian answered, pretending to think. “He handed out fliers to us last night. What was his name again?”

He turned his gaze to Jenna.

Jenna, holding Ludwig's hand, said, “His surname was Da, I don't remember his full name. He wanted to recommend a suitable tutoring class for children. I was planning to go check it out when I have time.”

Seeing Lumian and Jenna speaking like an old married couple with a child, Officer Deng's gaze swept back and forth between the two of them, and between Lumian and Franca.

Young people these days...

“Did something happen to him?” Lumian asked curiously, taking the initiative.

Officer Deng explained briefly, “He didn't return to his residence last night. His roommate reported him missing, and we're investigating everyone he had contact with last night.”

Franca and Jenna resisted the urge to look at Lumian, while Lumian spoke the truest words, “He gave us fliers, chatted for a bit, then left.”

Officer Deng and Mr. Star asked a few more details and made notes.

After they left and everyone sat back at the dining table, Franca looked at Lumian and asked with concern, “Is the Oracle's body still in that mirror?”

Lumian took out the corresponding mirror and checked. “It's still there.”

There was still a mirror world here, and Lumian could still freely enter and exit, but he could now directly narrow the range of different mirrors to within 500 meters. For mirrors he had already mastered locating, the distance between them couldn't exceed ten kilometers when wanting to traverse, otherwise there was a risk of getting lost in the void tunnel.

Jenna nodded. “Then we can rule out the first guess from yesterday.

“Critical things that Mr. Fool's dream identity doesn't know about or hasn't heard of will also become real and evolve further.”

The remaining two guesses were that all the NPCs in the dream had part of Mr. Fool's subconscious integrated into them, and that the Oracle's death was done by the Celestial Worthy's subordinates.

These two were not completely opposed and could both be true.

Lumian offered a curt acknowledgment. “If it was done by the Celestial Worthy's subordinates, the disappearance of the body would puzzle them as well. Besides the police, there should be people investigating the Oracle's whereabouts, we need to be careful.”

After discussing this for a while, Lumian looked at the long-stopped wall clock, then at the sky outside.

“It seems to be getting late.”

Franca took out her phone, lit up the screen, looked at it and said, "It's time to go out, Mr. Fool should be heading to the company soon."

Lumian thought for a moment and said to Franca, "I'm worried we'll encounter Amon again if we take a taxi. Last night I found out online that there's also the option of renting a car. Although it will cost more, it's safer and more discreet."

"Do you know how to drive?"

"I have a driver's license," Franca blinked and said, "The identity documents provided by Madam Justice also include a driver's license."

"I'm asking if you know how to drive," Lumian emphasized, amused.

Franca flew into a rage out of humiliation. "I got my license in college, but before I graduated, uh, I came to Intis. Where would I have had a car to drive?"

"If you ask me if I know how to drive, I can only answer that I have a license."

She felt that Anthony, who was currently experiencing the dream world, should have already guessed that she came from a different world.

Before Lumian could ask again, she said confidently, "With a Beyonder's eyesight, hearing, reaction time, and physical coordination, plus my driving knowledge, I don't think driving will be a problem. Didn't you quickly master how to use chopsticks yesterday?"

"Then let's rent a car." Lumian made the decision.

Although Franca felt the pain of spending money, thinking that she could borrow more, she suppressed that feeling.

By the due date, we might have completed the mission and left the dream!

In a temporary parking spot across from a large building.

Sitting in a gray sedan, Lumian and the others intently observed the white-collar workers entering the building, some hurried and some leisurely, through the tinted car windows.

Chapter 910 First Encounter

When it came to observation, although Lumian was already a demigod, all his abilities were suppressed to the Sequence 7 level. He felt he wasn't as professional as a Spectator, so he gave the back seat position closest to the target building to Anthony. Lumian relied on his eagle-like vision from the Demoness pathway and a Hunter's sensitivity to visual clues to observe from afar.

In the front seat, Franca had finally managed to complete her parallel parking. She rested her elbow on the car door, watching the target area while secretly feeling proud. Jenna turned around, leaning forward and squeezing her head above Franca's shoulder, also watching intently.

As time passed minute by minute, Franca suddenly smelled the aroma of meat stewed with spices until tender.

She turned her head and saw Ludwig quietly munching on a meat sandwich in the far corner of the back seat.

“It hasn't been two hours since breakfast, right?” Franca blurted out.

Why is he eating again?

Lumian simply replied, “No, it hasn't.”

“I'm thinking, is this his eating frequency and portion size in reality too...” Franca muttered.

She didn't have a direct understanding of how much Ludwig could eat before, only a financial concept. But in the days before entering the dream, she often helped Jenna supervise Ludwig's homework and test papers. The two Demonesses got to witness what it meant to be a Glutton, leaving an extremely deep impression.

Franca continued, “In the dream, aren't all special abilities limited to Sequence 7 level? But he doesn't seem to be eating any less...”

Hearing this, Lumian, Jenna, and Anthony's gazes suddenly turned to Ludwig.

Ludwig quickly stuffed the entire meat sandwich in his mouth and mumbled, “Because it's delicious!”

“You'd rather be stuffed than not eat?” Lumian raised an eyebrow.

“Mmhmm.” Ludwig nodded vigorously.

Seeing Ludwig like this, Jenna couldn't help but laugh.

“It is really delicious.”

Lumian thought for a moment and decided to indulge Ludwig for a couple of days, as he himself was eating more than usual.

“It's really good, isn't it?” Franca became proud again, “What I can't figure out is how none of you got diarrhea. Jenna and Anthony were even clamoring that it was spicy while eating!”

“My digestive system has endured the burning of flames, and Ascetic has strong resistance to extreme environments.” Lumian indicated that spiciness was no trouble for a Hunter who liked self-harm like him.

“Swallowing a ball of fire” was an exaggeration for others, but for him it was an occasional objective description.

Anthony continued observing the entrance and exit of the building, calmly saying, “The Mythical Creature form of Spectator is a mind dragon.”

Although there wasn't much improvement in combat abilities, one's physical toughness would significantly increase.

Just as Jenna was about to describe her feelings, Anthony and Lumian said in unison, “Mr. Fool is here.”

Jenna hurriedly returned to her previous posture, turning her gaze to the dark-tinted car window.

She saw a young man wearing a black short-sleeved polo shirt, light-colored casual pants, and a pair of brownish sneakers. He was holding a cup of soy milk and carrying a bag of steamed buns, taking a few steps up the stairs towards the building.

This man had short black hair that was simply styled, deep brown eyes behind a pair of non-prescription glasses. His face was much thinner compared to the portrait in their files, with soft contours, giving him a somewhat handsome appearance.

He was precisely Lumian and the others' target, the dream image of Mr. Fool, Zhou Mingrui!

After Zhou Mingrui's figure disappeared into the building lobby, Franca took a breath and said, “Compared to the original sketch, Mr. Fool has lost quite a bit of weight and become a little better looking...”

“Could the Major Arcana card holders' speculation be correct, that he was somehow misled by the Celestial Worthy into drinking the Assassin potion?”

“Is the Celestial Worthy trying to use gender change to cause cognitive issues for Mr. Fool and thereby achieve victory?”

The Major Arcana card holders mentioned in the files that one of the most important phase goals for Lumian's team was to prevent Zhou Mingrui, who was suspected to have drunk the Assassin potion, from truly becoming a Witch!

“Does the Assassin potion also improve appearance?” Lumian asked Franca and Jenna.

He had switched from the Hunter pathway to the Demoness pathway and hadn't experienced the Assassin sequence in detail.

“It mainly adjusts body shape to make the user more suitable as an assassin, which brings about a slight change in appearance, but very little,” Franca recalled. “Mr. Fool, uh, Zhou Mingrui probably succeeded in passive weight loss, becoming better looking mainly due to slimming down, and secondarily due to the minor improvements from the Assassin potion.”

She felt it was better to refer to the target as Zhou Mingrui for now. Constantly using “Mr. Fool” made her nervous and afraid to discuss.

Lumian nodded and asked Anthony, “Did you notice anything?”

Anthony said, “Mr. Fool's steps up the stairs were very light, consistent with the description of the Assassin potion...”

“Mr. Fool is wearing non-prescription glasses to conceal eyes that are no longer nearsighted, indicating he doesn't want to change his life in the short term and will continue working...”

“Mr. Fool's emotional state seems good, he probably hasn't encountered any major incidents yet...”

“Can't tell if he's taken the Instigator potion yet...”

After hearing Anthony's observations, Lumian thoughtfully said, “Continue observing and recording the people mentioned in our files and those showing certain abnormalities...”

“Okay,” Jenna responded first, then pointed across the street. “That's Rozanne, in reality she's a civilian staff member of the Church of Evernight, married with children. In the dream, she's Zhou Mingrui's colleague. Currently uncertain if there's anything abnormal...”

Franca followed up, “That one wearing a white tailcoat with a bowtie and long silver hair in 30-degree heat is Vice President Wu from the company next to Zhou Mingrui's, suspected to be...”

At this point, Franca glanced sideways at Lumian and saw that his expression remained calm, his gaze not changing much.

Only then did she continue, “Suspected to be Ouroboros, the Angel of Fate of the Aurora Order, a king from ancient times.”

According to their files, the company next to Mr. Fool's should be a projection of the Aurora Order in the dream.

Until 10 a.m., Lumian and the others finished their first round of observation, matching many people with the information in their files, but not discovering any truly suspicious individuals.

“Roselle Emperor, uh, CEO Huang didn't come,” Franca said with some disappointment.

Roselle Emperor's image in the dream was the CEO of the Intis Group where Mr. Fool worked, a business tycoon, a domineering boss.

Before Lumian could respond, Franca chuckled to herself. “He's probably still in bed with some actress, streamer, or singer.”

Lumian was also a bit disappointed, but there would be plenty of opportunities in the future.

He, who had never attended university, was already preparing to apply for a security guard position at the Intis Group.

“Now let's go buy clothes,” Lumian said, looking down at his still normal shirt and trousers, then glancing at Jenna's blue waist-cinching long dress with classical charm.

At this point, Ludwig raised a question, “What's for lunch?”

Franca, currently responsible for the entire team's income, immediately said, "Who eats out every day?"

"Later we'll go to a large supermarket and buy dozens of kilos of noodles and some side dishes. I'll cook noodles for you, all you can eat!"

As soon as she finished speaking, Franca saw the smile and anticipation disappear from Ludwig's face, replaced by a slightly aggrieved expression.

She felt no pity or guilt, but instead secretly patted her thigh.

Damn, I should have let Jenna say those two sentences! What a great opportunity to digest the Affliction potion!

After finalizing their itinerary, Franca carefully drove the car out onto the wide road.

Inside a large shopping mall.

Lumian and the others, with their appearance completely transformed, took the elevator from the underground parking lot to the first floor.

Franca looked at Jenna again, feeling that the simple combination of a white patterned T-shirt, light blue jeans, white sneakers, and ankle-length socks of the same color gave her a fresh and clean look. It retained a youthful, student-like air while adding a hint of natural allure in her glances, attracting the gaze of many passersby.

It's the type I used to like, no, still like! And Jenna with heavy makeup is another style altogether... Franca didn't hide her admiration.

Her tall stature and striking features made the ordinary black T-shirt and wide-leg pants look mature and confident, causing many people to only dare steal quick glances.

Lumian still wore a shirt with black pants, but with a more casual and relaxed feel. Walking together with the two Demonesses, they looked as beautiful as a painting.

Their clothes were all very cheap. Franca had given up on the bulk-priced ones and opted for the 10-yuan items, buying a lot.

Lumian's gaze swept every corner of the mall, feeling it was spacious, bright, and clean, even more impressive than the most luxurious department store in Trier.

Franca had no intention of letting Lumian, Jenna, Anthony, and Ludwig wander around here. She headed straight for the escalator going down to the basement, planning to enter the supermarket.

Money needs to be saved!

As soon as Lumian, Jenna, and Anthony arrived at the entrance of the supermarket, they were dazzled by the wide array of goods inside, the artistic displays, and the soft yet bright lighting.

Franca suddenly paused, instinctively turning her head towards Ludwig. She found the little boy's gaze already fixed, his eyes filled with burning desire.

"Let's go back!" Franca blurted out. "I'll buy the stuff online and have it delivered!"

In a place like a supermarket, kids simply can't control themselves!

Hearing Franca's words, Ludwig's expression immediately fell.

After learning the reason, Lumian and Jenna both agreed with Franca's decision.

Turning around and walking a few steps, Lumian's peripheral vision suddenly caught a figure.

The figure had their head slightly lowered, black hair hanging down, faintly revealing small and delicate ears.

She quickly disappeared into the depths of the supermarket.

Lumian suddenly stopped and said in a low voice to Franca, Jenna, and Anthony, "I may have seen that reanimated female corpse."