

Inevitability 911

Chapter 911 A Way to Make Money

Reanimated female corpse? Franca and the others were all startled.

Last night, Lumian had said he intuitively believed that before long, they would encounter that reanimated female corpse. As a result, they ran into her today?

“Where?” Jenna asked in a lowered voice.

Lumian looked towards the escalator without showing any outward sign of abnormality. “In the supermarket.”

He didn't immediately turn around to track the reanimated female corpse, because Franca casually glanced at a corner of the ceiling, then carelessly looked around.

The first action was to remind Lumian that there were multiple cameras here, while the latter behavior implied that there were many people around, many phones, and if he were to cause any commotion, it would likely be filmed as a short video, uploaded online, and become a trending topic. If that happened, it would likely catch the Celestial Worthy's attention!

Although Lumian could use Mirror Maze and other illusions to affect cameras and phones, this wasn't a scenario he had preset. He would have to chase all the way, and couldn't use mirror magic every few steps.

It was only because they lived in a rather dilapidated area of the old town that there were quite a few cameras on the main roads and at the entrances of various residential areas. Once in quiet alleys that few people usually walked, there wasn't much surveillance. Otherwise, Lumian's act of moving Oracle Danitz's corpse would have been recorded long ago. Franca would certainly have stopped him first at that time, telling him to find a blind spot in the surveillance to take out the mirror, create a Mirror Maze step by step before approaching the corpse.

Hearing his godfather's answer that the reanimated female corpse was in the supermarket, Ludwig's eyes lit up, and he raised his short arm. “Let's go chase her!”

Kid, you have gotten a bit smarter, even knowing how to take advantage of this situation! I can't tell if you want to use this as an excuse to go into the supermarket to get food, or if you think that female corpse might be more delicious... Franca silently grumbled, turning her gaze to Jenna.

Jenna intuitively understood Franca's hint and said with a smile, “We can't track with so many people. Anthony and I will take Ludwig back to the car first. You and Lumian go into the supermarket to find her.”

The expression of expectation and desire on Ludwig's face suddenly froze.

“Alright.” Franca took out the car keys and tossed them to Jenna.

“I also want to contribute to the team...” Ludwig hadn't finished speaking before being dragged away by Jenna, disappointment and pain evident in his expression.

Franca quickly turned around, grabbed a shopping cart from nearby, and pushed it towards the supermarket. Lumian followed beside her, his gaze naturally sweeping over the displays and rows of shelves.

While searching for traces of the reanimated female corpse, Franca began picking out items.

“Grab that can of lard, and get some light soy sauce, dark soy sauce, salt, MSG, chili oil...” She ordered Lumian around without hesitation, while also constantly putting some kitchen items into the shopping cart herself.

Although cooking at home wastes time, it saves a lot of money!

Later they could go to the frozen goods wholesale market to buy some cheap items. The only problem was that the refrigerator in the rental apartment was too small, unable to hold more than a few days' worth of food.

So you can buy things this way... Lumian experienced for the first time the joy of picking up goods himself without needing to find a salesperson. He interestedly placed a bottle of alcohol into the shopping cart.

“This is cooking wine! Well, we need it anyway.” Franca glanced amusedly at this regular customer of Ol' Tavern.

The two chatted and laughed, moving through the supermarket in a harmonious atmosphere, no different from other families shopping around them.

Under this disguise, Lumian and Franca confirmed the situation in every corner of the supermarket, but found no trace of the reanimated female corpse.

“She may have already left. Let's check out first.” Franca looked at the dozens of pounds of freshly made noodles and a ten-kilogram bag of rice on top of the shopping cart, genuinely delighted at how much money they could save on meals in the coming days.

Lumian nodded. “We'll take turns cooking later.”

Franca patted Lumian's shoulder with a smile. “I'm looking forward to your culinary skills.”

This trip, the two bought nearly 500 yuan worth of goods, most of which were inexpensive ingredients that could fill stomachs.

After leaving the supermarket exit, Lumian and Franca quickly scanned around but still didn't see any sign of the reanimated female corpse.

Almost simultaneously, Franca noticed a shop with the words “Lottery” written on it.

Her heart suddenly stirred, and she turned her head to look at Lumian, asking with full expectation, “Can you still use your abilities to Magnified Fate and Compelling Fate?”

“Of course.” Lumian cast his gaze towards the shop Franca had just been looking at. “But only at the Sequence 7 level. I can't influence relatively crucial and important fates unless their probability of occurrence is already very high.”

A smile gradually blossomed on Franca's face, attracting the gazes of several passersby, both men and women.

“Let's go buy some lottery tickets!” She said with a firm tone, concealing her joy.

Is she wanting me to magnify the fate stream of her winning, or forcibly compel fate in that direction? Lumian had long known what lottery meant. In the past, Aurore would occasionally give him gifts in the form of lottery tickets on major holidays, with a 100% win rate.

“Let's give it a try.” Lumian's subtext was to buy a small amount first, and even if Compelling Fate was ineffective in Mr. Fool's dream, they wouldn't lose too much.

Franca rubbed her hands together and walked towards the lottery booth with a bright and clear smile.

Before transmigrating, she would buy ten to twenty yuan worth of lottery tickets every week or two, purely for entertainment, but never had returns exceeding the principal.

Now, I've come with good luck!

She didn't directly buy lottery tickets like the Double Color Ball, but instead spent fifty yuan on different versions of scratch cards.

As she paid and made her selections, Lumian's eyes took on a silver-white color with black.

He reached out to Franca, embracing her shoulders in a couple-like gesture, using this to complete his touch on the River of Fate.

The corresponding stream was magnified.

Franca instinctively twisted her body, not quite comfortable with such an embrace, especially in public.

But she quickly returned to a normal state, allowing Lumian to embrace her shoulders.

Her eyes had already lit up.

She scratched off the corresponding numbers!

This is worth 50 yuan!

While Lumian was paying attention to the various grand prize information being announced at the lottery booth, Franca finished scratching all the lottery tickets, winning a total of two thousand.

“Haha!” She laughed silently and smugly.

Finally made a profit!

Beyond powers are great!

After cashing in the prizes, Franca said to Lumian in an exceptionally cheerful mood, “I'm going to buy a few Double Color Ball tickets.”

At this point, she lowered her voice, “Don't worry about those fate streams for the grand prize, a third or second prize would be fine.”

Lumian nodded gently.

Franca immediately thought of some numbers and bought 5 entries.

As they walked towards the nearest direct elevator, Lumian asked Franca with a smile, "Why don't you want to win the first prize? I see the first prize money is worth a lot, and you could even win dozens at once."

Franca wrinkled her nose and said, "Didn't you say that currently you can only influence fates that aren't too crucial or important? That kind of overnight wealth probably can't be achieved."

"Besides, even if you could really make me win, the final result might not be what I bought. 'Fate' has long been predetermined."

After complaining a bit, Franca asked with concern, "Did Magnified Fate just now succeed?"

Lumian chuckled. "No."

"...My money!" Franca blurted out, then immediately comforted herself, "Good thing it wasn't much."

Lumian explained simply, "I only realized this wasn't an instant-win lottery when you were buying. The results won't come out for several days. The corresponding fate streams are complex and intricate, with too many variables. I couldn't clearly see which one led to the winning fate, I could only magnify the one with special characteristics. What the final result will be, I don't know either."

"We can only pray for Mr. Fool's blessing." Franca expressed understanding.

Seeing that the direct elevator was about to arrive, Lumian looked left and right and asked thoughtfully,

"We're under surveillance, so that reanimated female corpse should be too."

"Is there any way to check the mall's surveillance footage to see what she came here to do?"

"We're not the police; we don't have that authority." Franca instinctively replied.

"Sneak in at night and look through it ourselves?" Lumian suggested.

Franca said with amusement, "The Major Arcana card holders told us to obey the law as much as possible. Why do you always want to dance on the edge of breaking the law?"

"It's fine if we don't get caught." Lumian said with a smile, "We can't just report it to the police and let them investigate, can we? Wouldn't that turn it back into a confrontation between Mr. Fool and the Celestial Worthy? We need to use the police, not rely on them."

Franca thought for a few seconds and said, "We'll see how it goes tonight."

In the rented apartment on the sixth floor.

Franca looked at Ludwig, his head buried in a large bowl, chopsticks constantly moving, and proudly boasted to Lumian and the others, "My cooking skills aren't bad, right?"

This child is quite easy to feed. Noodles, seasonings, and a topping with a bit of minced meat satisfied him. He doesn't have to go out to eat good food!

"It's quite good, but I hope you're not only capable of making noodles." Lumian took a sip of the noodle soup and put down his chopsticks.

"I also hope your culinary skills are as good as you say." Franca responded with a smile.

Just as Lumian was about to say something, his expression suddenly changed slightly.

He quickly took out a mirror from his pocket, the mirror that contained Oracle Danitz's corpse!

At this moment, a pale hand without luster was reflected on the surface of the mirror.

This hand was reaching out from the darkness towards the outside of the mirror.

Black flames restraining madness and violence immediately condensed on both sides of Lumian. They fell onto that mirror like meteors.

With a slight explosive sound, the mirror suddenly shattered into pieces, enveloped by the black flames, rapidly losing its limited spirituality.

Crackling sounds continued to ring out as the mirror fragments fell to the ground, breaking into even smaller pieces.

The pale hand was no longer visible on the surface of these fragments.

"Has the Oracle's corpse reanimated?" Jenna looked at this scene and asked in astonishment.

Chapter 912 Tracking

Lumian looked at the dull, dark mirror fragments on the ground, relying on his spiritual perception for a few seconds before saying, "There's a problem with the Oracle's corpse, but I don't know why."

Franca asked uncertainly, "Now that the mirror is broken, has the Oracle's corpse fallen into the depths of the mirror world, lost in its turbulent flows?"

Each mirror had a corresponding area behind it. They were connected by illusory, dark tunnels, forming the mirror world.

Once a mirror broke, the corresponding area behind it immediately disintegrated. If things placed there couldn't escape in time through the spider web-like tunnels, they would be swallowed by the turbulent flows of the mirror world and dragged into its depths. The environment and hidden dangers there were fatal to Beyonders without a complete Mythical Creature form.

When a mirror broke, it essentially formed more but smaller mirrors. However, from a mystical concept, it had been destroyed as a whole, completely losing its original symbolism and function.

The new mirrors produced needed time to evolve their own areas behind them, connect with the vast mirror world, and become mirrors with complete concepts in mysticism.

In other words, for a period of time, these mirror fragments could not be used to reflect enemies, transmit curses, or traverse the mirror world, though this doesn't affect Wraiths using them for mirror jumps.

Of course, Lumian just destroyed the mirror with the Fire of Destruction, so the fragments formed had been completely destroyed in a mystical sense and could not evolve areas behind them. This prevented potential enemies from locating and pinpointing Lumian and the others' specific location.

Lumian carefully said, "The Oracle's corpse has indeed been carried away by the spatial turbulence of the mirror world. Even Angels would find it difficult to delve deep into the mirror world to find and bring it out, unless they're angels of the Door pathway like Madam Magician or Demoness Angels with deep mastery of the mirror world.

"But doesn't this mean the Oracle's corpse will drift in the depths of the mirror world forever until it's completely torn apart and annihilated by the dangers there. There's a chance that after some time, it could be thrown out of the mirror world by spatial turbulence, emerging from a random mirror."

"Mr. Fool's dream world is mainly this city. If the Oracle's corpse comes out of a mirror, do we have a way to find it and confirm what problem it had?" Jenna understood what Lumian wanted to express.

Lumian smiled. "Yes. Let's wait patiently for now, until spiritual intuition gives us a hint."

The corpse of Oracle Danitz was hidden by him and had a close mystical connection with him.

Franca nodded, took out her phone, and started browsing trending topics, sometimes laughing out loud and sharing the joy with Lumian, Jenna, and Anthony, sometimes discussing with them whether certain news items had symbolic meaning in the dream or were related to Mr. Fool's current state.

By the time Ludwig had finished his sixth bowl of noodles and was also looking at his phone, Lumian, who occasionally showed a smile, raised his head and said in a deep voice, "The Oracle's corpse should have left the mirror world."

"Hmm, quickly use Magic Mirror Divination to confirm its specific location." Franca took out a mirror.

Lumian shook his head and chuckled softly. "There's no need to go through so much trouble."

He turned his gaze towards Ludwig.

Ludwig put his right hand in his mouth, retched a few times, and vomited out a small clump of yellowish hair.

"We can directly determine the location using the Oracle's hair with follicles," Lumian explained.

“When did you take a clump of hair from the corpse and hide it in Ludwig's stomach?” Franca asked in astonishment.

Lumian responded with a smile, “Last night before bed, when Anthony was on night watch.

“The Oracle died so suddenly and bizarrely, of course I had to guard against his corpse reanimating. Hiding some of his hair in Ludwig's body can counter divination and prophecy.”

Saying this, Lumian held the small clump of slightly damp yellowish hair and stood up, saying, “Let's go.”

Almost simultaneously, he burned part of the hair and smeared the residue onto the surface of a mirror.

As the residue seeped in, the mirror emanated a dark, watery light, reflecting a scene.

There were oil-stained walls, a very spacious area, a floor covered in dust and rat droppings, quite dirty large glass windows, and Oracle Danitz's corpse lying on the ground in front of a glass pane.

“Looks like an abandoned factory, the machines have been moved away...” Franca commented after a glance.

“In the suburbs, less than ten kilometers from us,” Lumian added more information.

“Teleport over?” Jenna asked.

Lumian could rely on Mirror Traversal to directly go to another mirror within ten kilometers that he had located, and he had now locked onto the glass window that had ejected the Oracle's corpse—even without knowing the position, he could sense mirrors within 500 meters and jump to them in segments.

Moreover, his Teleportation could still be used, but was restricted to positioning within one kilometer; beyond that, he needed to have been there before or have correct coordinates, with the farthest reach being the edge of the dream world.

Lumian nodded slightly, letting his teammates grab onto him, and took them into the mirror Franca had placed on the table.

Passing through a dark, illusory tunnel, they suddenly plunged into the depths of the mirror world, falling towards the glass window they had located.

Amidst Anthony's dizziness, the five figures simultaneously appeared on the dirty glass of the abandoned factory.

Lumian didn't linger, quickly sensing other mirrors within a 500-meter range and jumping over.

They appeared on the top floor of the office building beside the abandoned factory, left the glass window serving as a mirror, each hiding themselves, and gazed towards the target location.

From this angle, they could just see Oracle Danitz's corpse.

“Don't chew, just hold it in your mouth,” Lumian handed a lollipop to Ludwig to keep him quiet.

Franca and Jenna were already carefully examining the Oracle's corpse, finding that because it had been hidden in the mirror world, there were no signs of decay yet. But whether it was the bloodless face, the eyes frozen in fear, or other details, all indicated that the Oracle had been dead for over ten hours.

“Nothing unusual...” Franca muttered silently.

Lumian remained motionless, patiently observing.

After nearly five minutes, in their line of sight, the Oracle's corpse's fingers suddenly twitched.

Dammit, amazing, back from the dead? Franca instinctively “admired” in her heart while being startled.

The corpse of Oracle Danitz first moved its fingers, then raised its arm.

Finally, it slowly stood up, its expression wooden, its deep blue eyes no longer overflowing with any emotion.

Really reanimated? Goosebumps rose on Jenna's arms.

The reanimated Danitz corpse walked towards the outside of the abandoned factory, neither fast nor slow.

It walked all the way out of the deserted factory area, towards the roadside, standing there blankly.

Before long, an empty green taxi passed by, and Danitz's corpse raised its right arm, hailing it.

When the taxi stopped in front of him, he slowly opened the door and sat in the back.

Franca rubbed her cheeks with both hands.

“How does this feel even more horrifying than the real world... Is the Death pathway manipulating the corpse?”

Lumian didn't immediately lead his team members to track the taxi, because the mirror infused with Danitz's hair residue was still showing the current state of the Oracle's corpse.

Franca and Jenna tried Magic Mirror Divination to determine what was going on with the Oracle's corpse reanimation.

“It's not working, those beings who know a lot and are relatively safe aren't responding; they're not in Mr. Fool's dream!” Franca found she could only do a simplified version, which was asking her own spirituality in Magic Mirror Divination.

Jenna confirmed her discovery. “Yes, my Magic Mirror Divination failed too.”

Lumian took a moment to contemplate before responding,

“In Mr. Fool's dream world, the subjects of inquiry for Magic Mirror Divination, apart from one's own spirituality, should only be those true gods who can directly project Themselves in. But we must ensure that the corresponding projection exists at the time of divination, and that the recited honorific name is not wrong.

“Inquiring of other creatures existing in the local spirit world might be equivalent to asking Mr. Fool or that Celestial Worthy. We might get the best revelation, or we might be directly kicked out of the dream. Hmm, we also don't have the correct descriptions of those creatures.”

“Who dares to inquire of true gods...” Franca said softly.

Lumian suddenly grinned. “There's still one choice, the one with the most accurate divination results. The Major Arcana card holders mentioned it in the information, it's a magic mirror belonging to Mr. Fool.”

“It hasn't come to that point yet, has it...” Franca was quite resistant.

Lumian tersely responded, his gaze still fixed on the mirror showing the Oracle's corpse's situation.

After more than twenty minutes, the taxi stopped at the entrance of a hospital with excellent landscaping and a very well-designed building.

Lumian and the others immediately saw the hospital's sign: “Mushu Hospital.”

“Mushu Hospital... Is the Oracle's death related to the Mother Tree of Desire?” Franca murmured in confusion.

Lumian didn't answer her, watching as the reanimated corpse of Oracle Danitz took out a phone with multiple missed calls from his pocket, scanned a code to pay the fare, and slowly walked towards the outpatient building of Mushu Hospital.

As soon as the corpse passed through the gate, Lumian's mirror rippled with waves, emanating darkness, and quickly returned to normal, no longer showing the Oracle's current position.

“I want to teleport near Mushu Hospital, go in and see where the Oracle's corpse will go,” Lumian said, withdrawing his gaze.

Franca quietly commented, “Shouldn't a corpse go to the morgue?”

Jenna then said to Lumian, “You'd better change your appearance before going in. It might be easier to expose yourself inside Mushu Hospital, and we can't affect your current identity. Hmm, Lie alone might not be enough.”

Lumian pondered briefly, not wasting any more time. “Okay.”

As he answered, his black hair began to grow longer.

Chapter 913 A Kind of Symbol

Seeing this, Anthony didn't try to test himself and proactively left the office.

In just about 10-20 seconds, he heard Lumian's feminized voice. “You can come in now.”

Compared to before, this female voice wasn't as low and subdued, with a hint of clarity added.

Anthony pushed open the office door and saw that Lumian had changed into a slightly waist-cinching white shirt bought earlier for the female identity, paired with bluish jeans, accentuating a slender waist and long, straight legs. She also wore deep rose-colored sunglasses on the bridge of her nose. Though these were just cheap street goods, Lumian wore them with a beautiful, radiant, and sharp air.

Lumian slightly gathered the glossy black hair falling on both sides, covering most of her cheeks, and said to Anthony, "Let's go back to the rental apartment first."

Anthony carefully grabbed the sleeve of Lumian's shirt, while Franca and Jenna each took hold of an arm. Ludwig, still with a lollipop in his mouth, chose to tug at his godfather's clothes.

The group's figures soon faded and disappeared from this long-abandoned office building without cameras, reappearing in the rental apartment where dishes had not yet been washed.

Lumian said to Franca, "You drive to Mushu Hospital and wait for me outside. We may not have the chance to teleport to escape later."

This didn't mean he couldn't teleport, but rather that if he used teleport or Mirror Traversal in front of a large crowd of citizens, it would inevitably become a trending topic and might be directly locked onto by the Celestial Worthy.

"Okay," Franca tossed her lip balm and lipstick to Lumian. "Once inside the hospital, if you need to frequently look in the mirror, pretend you're touching up your makeup."

In this matter, a female appearance had a natural advantage, making it less likely for people in the dream to notice anything unusual.

Lumian caught the lipstick and lip balm, and based on the location he had obtained while monitoring the Oracle's corpse with the mirror earlier, he teleported to the plant-filled edge of Mushu Hospital. He walked out from behind several trees and turned into the crowd.

His supermodel-like height and the skin condition, contour details, and lip curve revealed between his black hair and sunglasses made passersby and patients, even without seeing his exact appearance, look twice. They seemed to want to use their brains to fill in the blanks and reconstruct the possibly world-class beauty hidden behind the sunglasses.

Some people accidentally bumped into others, some missed a step and nearly fell.

Their only regret was that this tall beauty wearing sunglasses didn't walk gracefully enough, striding fiercely like a man.

Lumian gradually slowed his pace, as if trying to recall how Aurore usually walked.

After passing through security and entering the outpatient building, he temporarily stopped, took out a makeup mirror and lip balm, and added some shine and moisture to his pale lips.

During this process, he found that the mirror that had once been smeared with the Oracle's hair residue could again reflect some scenes.

These included Danitz's back, the medicine collection window, passing patients, and family members caring for them.

Lumian discerned the direction and walked towards the medicine collection window.

He didn't walk fast, his gaze seemingly casually surveying the people around him and the layout of the hospital's first floor.

Everything seemed normal, without any scenes of desire outbursts.

Vaguely, Lumian had a sense of familiarity.

It wasn't that he had been to a similar place before, but it came from the depths of his soul.

Lumian pursed his lips, lost in thought, Is it Aurore's memory?

Did she frequent this kind of large hospital before her transmigration? Well, everyone gets sick sometimes...

Did her soul fragments become a bit more active after I changed into a female form? Hmm, it must also be because Mr. Fool's dream city is very similar to her hometown, stimulating her soul fragments...

Lumian quickly suppressed the emotions in his heart, remembering that he had entered Mushu Hospital to track the whereabouts of the Oracle's corpse and observe the situation here.

His gaze swept over faces, some wearing masks, some with hidden worry, feeling that this shouldn't be much different from the situation in a normal hospital.

Suddenly, he saw a familiar figure.

It was the male orderly who had mentally broken down last night due to the female corpse coming back to life.

This orderly was wearing a mask, pushing a transfer bed as he passed by, with no fear or worry in his eyes, almost identical to the expressions of his colleagues.

He still dares to work at this hospital? Lumian's eyebrows twitched slightly.

The orderly seemed to have forgotten about his desecration of the corpse, and had also forgotten the horror of the corpse suddenly waking up.

It was as if someone had told him that the female corpse wasn't actually dead, and his misconduct had actually helped her escape from a state of apparent death, avoiding cremation, so she had decided to forgive him.

Lumian slowly shook his head, took out the lip balm and makeup mirror, and once again tracked the whereabouts of the Oracle's corpse.

The scene presented in the mirror was an area with eight elevators. The back of Oracle Danitz had just passed through the elevator doors, with the outside button lit up with a downward arrow.

Is this going to B1? Is the destination really the morgue? Lumian passed by the front of the medicine collection window and turned towards the nearby stairwell.

There were patients and family members waiting here.

Lumian looked left and right, thinking that he should prepare some masks for him and the other Demonesses. This could more effectively conceal their faces without becoming the focus of others' attention.

The elevator came rather slowly. It took Lumian two to three minutes to wait for an elevator that was continuing downwards.

The people inside poured out, leaving only a patient sitting in a wheelchair and an orderly in green clothes pushing the wheelchair.

The orderly wore a mask, and the patient was quite elderly, with graying hair and beard.

Their gazes simultaneously turned to Lumian, with something unsettling hidden in the depths of their deep brown eyes.

Lumian, who was about to step in, suddenly stopped.

He felt that the elevator lacked light, as if it had become a giant mouth about to close.

The elevator's double doors slowly closed, the interior growing darker, as if falling into an abyss.

Lumian watched expressionlessly, abandoning his intention to enter.

He sensed intense danger.

And his spiritual intuition, coupled with the slight activity of Aurore's soul fragments, made him vaguely aware of what was hidden in the eyes of those two people in the elevator just now.

It was an intense desire.

It was the intense desire to tear off his clothes and vent their inner cravings!

The elevator doors finally closed, the downward arrow went out, and the numbers began to change.

Going to B1, to the morgue, would be extremely dangerous... Lumian watched for a few more seconds, silently musing to himself.

After some consideration, he gave up the impulse to go down the stairs to investigate, and had a new idea,

Should I call the police? Just say I saw the missing Danitz enter Mushu Hospital and go down to the basement...

Just as Lumian had this thought, his phone began to vibrate.

He took out his phone and saw it was from "Luo Fu".

On the ID card given by Madam Justice, Franca's name was "Luo Fu".

Lumian answered the phone somewhat awkwardly yet habitually, tentatively saying, "Hello?"

Franca, driving the vehicle and wearing earphones, looked ahead and said, "You'd better not delve deeper into Mushu Hospital now. Wait a bit longer, wait for the police to investigate."

"Why do you say that?" Lumian didn't think Franca had sensed his earlier thoughts.

Franca turned the steering wheel and said, "I was shocked by the Oracle's corpse coming back to life earlier and didn't notice some details. It only dawned on me after getting in the car.

"When the Oracle's corpse got off at Mushu Hospital's entrance, did it use a phone to scan and pay?"

“Yes.” Lumian had a very deep impression of the scan-to-pay incident, as Franca had been telling them they could do this and had personally demonstrated several times. Wearing earphones and driving the car, Franca showed a slightly proud smile.

“The Oracle has already been classified as missing by the police, and when a missing person's phone account suddenly makes a payment, don't you think it would attract the police's attention and allow them to track his movements?”

“The police should be arriving at Mushu Hospital soon. If you sneak into places with secrets now, you might run into them.”

“Can it work like that? The efficiency is really high...” Lumian muttered softly.

Now, he didn't need to find a way to call the police!

The police in this dream city were far more efficient than those in Trier, able to grasp key clues without his reminders.

Lumian held his phone, pretending to have received an urgent call, and left this stairwell.

He made his way back to the medicine collection area and hid among the waiting crowd.

Before long, he saw Officer Deng and the dream projection of Mr. Star leading a team of police rushing towards the previous stairwell.

Lumian played the role of a spectator watching the commotion, patiently waiting for nearly twenty minutes until the police team returned.

They were carrying a stretcher, with the person on it completely covered by a white cloth, only vaguely revealing yellowish hair.

The Oracle's corpse... Lumian made a definitive judgment using the makeup mirror in his hand.

He immediately became puzzled.

They found the reanimated corpse just like that?

Nothing happened?

Back in the car driven by Franca, Lumian recounted what had just happened.

Franca also had the same confusion.

“The people at Mushu Hospital didn't resist the police?”

“Theoretically, Mushu Hospital should be a force formed by the infiltration of the great existence, Mother Tree of Desire, or at least operated by a Sequence 0 true god subordinate to Her...”

Lumian expressed his thoughts, “There are two possibilities:

“One, Mushu Hospital is not an external projection, but originates from Mr. Fool's impression of the Mother Tree of Desire and Her subordinates.

“Two, this is a symbol, representing an external projection. Even if it originates from great existences, it cannot directly confront the main consciousness of the dream. In this city, the official power, the police department, symbolizes the dream's main consciousness.

“In other words, individual police officers can be targeted and influenced, but confronting the entire police department is equivalent to confronting the dream itself, confronting Mr. Fool plus that Celestial Worthy.”

Chapter 914 Surveillance

After stating his two guesses, Lumian added, “I felt earlier that entering the basement of Mushu Hospital would be very dangerous. If the problem there was woven by the dream's subconscious, originating from Mr. Fool's impression of the Mother Tree of Desire and Her subordinates, it shouldn't have reached this level.”

His meaning was that he was more inclined towards the inference that the dream's main consciousness symbol could not directly confront it.

Jenna, sitting in the passenger seat, glanced at the gradually receding Mushu Hospital and said with a slightly furrowed brow, “But the police, represented by Mr. Star, only found the Oracle's corpse. They don't seem to have discovered any other anomalies existing in Mushu Hospital.”

“This indicates that although the dream's main consciousness cannot confront directly, it has ways to conceal and deceive,” Anthony expressed his opinion.

“There might also be a mole.” Franca, who was driving, had read many novels and watched many movies about undercover agents and traitors, muttered. “Part of the dream's main consciousness must belong to the Celestial Worthy. He should be quite pleased to see the force infiltrated by the Mother Tree of Desire doing something, so He deliberately ignored some details.”

“This also shows that regardless of whether it's Mr. Fool or that Celestial Worthy, they are actually in a state of slumber, their true consciousness blurred, only able to react to a certain extent when directly stimulated. Usually, they only occasionally provide some inspiration based on received prayers or spirituality warnings. Otherwise, we would have been discovered and kicked out long ago when interacting with ordinary people in the dream,” Lumian concluded based on various events experienced over the past two days and many details mentioned in the materials provided by the Major Arcana card holders.

Franca took the opportunity to warn her teammates, “So don't think about live streaming, don't do anything in public that would become a trending topic. If we do that, as soon as the Celestial

Worthy's dream identity scrolls to the corresponding video, He will immediately be stimulated and kick us out of the dream.

“Well, even if the Celestial Worthy doesn't scroll to it, His subordinates will notice it.”

After a brief silence, Jenna asked, “What is live streaming?”

Anthony was equally confused.

“Will this be seen by many people?”

“Similar to the front page headlines of a newspaper?”

You guys really haven't adapted as well as Lumian... Franca sighed, and while driving, she briefly explained,

“Open your phones, click on the app with the black background and white pattern I downloaded for you earlier...”

“The hottest thing recently is 'True Death Metal'...”

Jenna and the others all became focused and serious, continuing to receive their Internet education.

Near midnight.

Lumian brought Franca through the mirror world to the Moon Plaza they had visited at noon, arriving behind a mirror in the surveillance room.

Hidden in the area behind the mirror, they saw through the mirror surface a large display screen split into multiple scenes, showing various areas of the mall, and two security guards sitting in front of the display screen for night duty.

At this time, Moon Plaza had long since closed for business, and many of the scenes shown on the surveillance were pitch black, with only parts covered by clear moonlight.

In this dream city, the moon was not crimson, but showed a faint silvery white, occasionally tinged with yellow.

Franca, both eager and cautious, stretched her right hand out of the mirror surface, grasping a slightly larger makeup mirror.

The makeup mirror immediately reflected the large screen, showing different scenes framed in individual squares.

Then, the surface of the makeup mirror rippled with illusory light invisible to the naked eye.

Mirror Maze!

The surveillance areas seen by the two security guards and the images captured by several cameras in the room were instantly replaced by mirrored illusions.

Franca had previously imagined being able to use her Beyonder powers after returning home, and now it felt like a rehearsal of her dream.

She walked out openly from behind the mirror object, put down the makeup mirror, adjusted its angle, and came to the surveillance console with Lumian.

The two security guards had no reaction to their actions, as if they hadn't seen them at all.

The scenes in their eyes were still the same as before when no outsiders had entered.

Lumian turned his gaze to Franca and said in a low voice, "Make haste."

He didn't know how to operate this surveillance system, otherwise he would have done it himself.

Franca adjusted the mirrored images to ensure they weren't completely static, while studying the mall's surveillance system.

Thanks to researching information online and making plans beforehand, it only took her two or three minutes to bring up the surveillance footage of the supermarket area from noon.

Soon, the image froze on the scene where she and Lumian and others were returning from the supermarket entrance.

In the distance of this image, where imported goods were stacked, a figure in a white dress was walking out of the frame.

This figure had beautiful features, small and delicate ears, a fair and slender neck, and an aura so clean it seemed untouched by dust. Her hair was loosely tied up, giving a somewhat languid feeling.

"It's indeed that reanimated female corpse," Franca took out the sketch completed with the help of Dream Divination and carefully compared it.

Before Lumian could respond, she added, "This appearance, temperament, and charm are more like a demigod-level Demoness rather than a Baby Cupid of the Scrooge pathway.

"How could a Demoness be resurrected in Mushu Hospital?"

Lumian nodded slightly, refraining from making conjectures for the moment, and instead asked Franca, "Can you find out the entire activity trajectory of this female corpse in the mall?"

"Yes," Franca busily operated the surveillance system.

Soon, each scene on the large screen showed the figure of that female corpse, corresponding to different scenarios.

While searching for the female corpse's traces based on the timeline and scene conditions, Franca had already browsed through these surveillances once. She glanced at Lumian, who was focusing on observing details, and pondered,

"It feels like she's wandering aimlessly, not buying anything, entering a store for a few minutes and then leaving. Hmm, it doesn't look like she's following anyone or searching for a specific item."

Lumian compared all the passersby in each surveillance image and didn't find anyone else appearing in all of them besides the female corpse.

"Is she experiencing and touring a city like this for the first time?" Lumian thought of himself and his companions.

“And then because she has no money, she doesn't dare to buy anything?” Franca joked with a smile.

Lumian immediately shook his head.

“It shouldn't be that simple.

“We almost encountered this female corpse at noon, and after lunch, the Oracle's corpse showed anomalies. The resurrected Oracle corpse went to Mushu Hospital, which is where this female corpse was reanimated.

“If it's not arranged by that individual, not His script, such a coincidence is enough to indicate a close connection between the two.”

Franca pondered for a moment and said, “If this female corpse is really a Demoness, then I've had similar situations before.

“When I first became a Witch, I received effective revelations from divination about something, but it was only revelations about time and place. So, I aimlessly wandered back and forth in an arcade street in Trier for a day, and finally encountered the thing I wanted to encounter.”

Lumian, who had just become a Demoness for a short time and hadn't had similar experiences, nodded slowly and said, “You mean the reanimated female corpse received revelations through divination and came to wander in this mall?”

At this point, Lumian's eyes became dark.

“Her gain was getting closer to us, discovering clues about which mirror the Oracle's corpse was hidden behind, so that's why the Oracle's corpse showed anomalies right after lunch ended?

“Is she a subordinate of that Celestial Worthy, searching for the Oracle's corpse?

“Are the Celestial Worthy and the Mother Tree of Desire cooperating, using Mushu Hospital to obtain subordinates they can command, to harm certain dream characters?”

Franca concurred succinctly, “The fact that she could indirectly come into contact with us, on the surface it's inspiration from divination, but in reality, it should be the Law of Beyonder Characteristics Convergence at work.

“Only High-Sequence Beyonders of the Demoness and Door pathways could possibly influence the mirror world from a distance, causing the Oracle's corpse hidden in the mirror area to show anomalies.

“That female corpse might fit both situations.”

Franca meant that the female corpse might be a demigod-level Demoness who had received boons from the Door pathway.

Lumian acknowledged Franca's statement and pondered for a few seconds before saying,

“But the reanimation of this female corpse was definitely not for finding the Oracle's corpse. From what that orderly confessed, she had already been resurrected before the Oracle was killed.

“She must have a more important role, carrying out a key task?”

Franca hissed and said, “In the next few days, besides observing the people and events around Mr. Fool, we need to find a way to locate this female corpse, see if we can eliminate her covertly without the Celestial Worthy noticing.”

If this were in the real world, Franca definitely wouldn't say this, because she wouldn't be sure whether that reanimated female corpse was Sequence 4, Sequence 3, or even higher. She would only suggest asking the Major Arcana card holders for help. But in the dream city, everyone was currently suppressed to the Sequence 7 level. A demigod-level Demoness would only have some more special abilities than her, with no essential difference in strength. Lumian was also a demigod-level Demoness, and their team had the number advantage, capable of ganging up.

Lumian thought for a moment and said, “There should be surveillance on the streets outside too, right? Can we find out where this female corpse ultimately went from the surveillance?”

“We could, but that would require infiltrating government departments. If discovered, it would be equivalent to confronting the dream's main consciousness.” Franca didn't agree with taking such a risk now. There was still so much information they hadn't gathered!

Lumian suppressed the impulse in his heart and worked with Franca to restore the surveillance footage, erase their own traces, and retreat back into the mirror object. Then, Franca ended the Mirror Maze and took away that makeup mirror.

The two security guards only felt that the surveillance screens flickered briefly, but they quickly returned to normal.

Franca and Lumian returned to the car parked on the adjacent street, meeting up with Jenna and others who were responsible for backup.

As the vehicle drove towards the old town, Lumian and Franca, who was driving, told their teammates about the findings from watching the surveillance and their own conjectures.

As they were talking, Lumian suddenly fell silent.

“What's wrong?” Jenna asked.

Lumian said in a deep voice, “We thought of going to the mall to check the surveillance to find that female corpse. Would that female corpse also think of checking the surveillance to see if any women with outstanding appearances had passed by?”

Those who could hide a corpse behind a mirror were likely to be Demonesses too!

Franca's expression changed, and she blurted out, “The surveillance room!”

Chapter 915 Mysticism Must Keep Up with the Times
Moon Plaza, inside the surveillance room.

Lumian brought Franca, Jenna, Anthony, and Ludwig back behind that mirror-like object, gazing through the mirror surface at the two security guards and the large screen.

Compared to when they left earlier, nothing had changed here. Everything looked normal.

Franca pondered for two seconds and said, “Has she not come yet, or has she already been here, ahead of us?”

If that female corpse had already checked the surveillance earlier, she would likely have discovered Lumian and the others. After all, the characteristics of Demonesses were quite distinctive, and beautiful women plus a handsome man were even more eye-catching. As long as the reanimated female corpse was willing to spend enough time checking segment by segment, frame by frame, with the reminders of spiritual intuition, she shouldn't miss the corresponding footage.

In that case, Lumian and the others would have to consider changing identities, modifying appearances, and changing residences.

For an already impoverished family, this could truly be an exacerbation.

Franca could only pray to Mr. Fool, hoping that the female corpse would come only at midnight. After all, unlike them, she didn't have a specific time and corresponding location, and couldn't purposefully check the surveillance in just a few minutes or even tens of seconds to lock onto the people she wanted to find. She would have to check all the surveillance videos covering the entire mall for ten to fifteen minutes before and after. If unlucky, the time spent could be measured in hours.

The spiritual intuition of Demonesses was also suppressed to the Sequence 7 level. That female corpse obviously couldn't rely on this for very precise screening.

“Both are possible,” Lumian stared outside the mirror.

Separated by a layer of mirror surface and in different spaces, he couldn't directly see whether there was a Mirror Maze in the surveillance room at this moment.

And the reanimated female corpse indeed seemed very much like a demigod of the Demoness pathway, likely possessing anti-divination abilities.

Jenna was also observing the situation in the surveillance room and asked puzzledly, “Does the reanimated female corpse also know about things like surveillance, and understand how to operate surveillance systems?”

She felt that the reanimated female corpse was a projection of some external force, probably similar to themselves, just with a different method of entry. She and Lumian and the others only learned what surveillance was, what it was used for, and how to avoid it after Franca's reminders and explanations. And except for Franca, none of them knew how to operate a surveillance system!

If we can't do it, how can a newly reanimated female corpse?

Franca pondered and answered,

“Perhaps the reanimated female corpse is also part of the dream, a Demoness that one of Mr. Fool's avatars once encountered. And the Celestial Worthy, using Mushu Hospital, made this Demoness go through a process of death and resurrection, turning her into a completely obedient subordinate, or rather, puppet.”

As part of the dream, except for those set as children, fools, lunatics, or illiterates, everyone “innately” knew the concept and existence of surveillance.

“Even if she's part of the dream, she wouldn't naturally master how to manipulate surveillance systems, unless she was previously engaged in this industry, or had studied it in advance like you,” Jenna objected.

“That's true,” Franca suddenly had a flash of inspiration and took out her phone, intending to search on apps like Weibo, Zhihu, and various circles to see if there were any similar questions recently. Perhaps the reanimated female corpse was looking at her phone while using “currently waiting online” rhetoric to urge netizens to answer how to operate a certain company's surveillance system, while trying to bring up the desired video based on the netizens' suggestions.

To Franca's disappointment, there was no signal in the mirror world, and she couldn't get online!

Lumian then said, “There's another possibility. That female corpse also has a guide, a guide like Franca.”

“Uh...” Franca stuffed her phone back into her pants pocket.

She understood what Lumian was saying: A member of April Fool's, the not-yet-dead Loki!

Wasn't it said that Loki could have been reborn through possession by an Angel of the Seer pathway?

Well, whether it was Loki or that Angel of the Seer pathway, they were both subordinates of the Celestial Worthy!

“When we checked the surveillance earlier, we didn't find anyone like Loki around the reanimated female corpse,” Franca recalled.

“The Faceless ability at Sequence 7 level,” Lumian had already considered this issue. “And this is inside a mall, he could change outfits from time to time.”

Franca nodded slowly and continued to observe the surveillance room outside the mirror, hoping to wait for the reanimated female corpse and the possible existence of Loki.

After watching for a few seconds, she suddenly asked out of curiosity, “Does this kind of screen, this kind of surveillance scenario, count as a mirror world?”

“From a mystical concept, I don't think so. It's not a reflection or inversion of the current scene,” Lumian answered instinctively.

Jenna and Anthony were somewhat confused by Franca's question.

“Mystical concepts also need to keep up with the times to match the social scenarios of the new era,” Franca muttered before saying, “Although surveillance is not a reflection or inversion of the current scene, it belongs to the reflection of scenes elsewhere. It has some of the functions and characteristics of mirrors, just with the reflection and display separated in different places.”

Lumian didn't know how to refute for a moment and could only directly express his view, “I think it's closer to the world within paintings, perhaps even incorporating the informatized characteristics of the Mystery Pryer pathway at high levels.”

“Then it's a hybrid product of the mirror world, the world within paintings, and the information world!” Franca's main energy was on observing the situation in the surveillance room, and she was unwilling to delve deeper into issues that couldn't yield accurate answers at the moment, so she quickly made a guess.

Lumian half-closed his eyes, sensed for a moment, and said, “Indeed, it has a bit of the qualities of the mirror world. We can traverse through it.”

As soon as he finished speaking, Anthony, who had been silent all along, said in a deep voice, “Don't you think those two security guards outside are a bit strange?”

“It's been two or three minutes, and they haven't moved at all, like they've turned into statues...”

Statues? Franca's heart stirred, and she took out a mirror, carefully extending it beyond the current mirror surface.

She quickly adjusted the angle, and using the reflection of light and the most basic function of the mirror, she saw the side profile of one of the security guards.

On the slightly dark makeup mirror, only illuminated by the reflection of the screen's light, that half-face had no expression, partly hidden in the dim environment, partly slightly illuminated, the two intertwining and sometimes changing.

His eyes were constantly fixed on the surveillance screen, with a hint of cold gray seemingly hidden in the depths of his pupils.

He looked alive, still with spirituality, but that was all—just alive, just with spirituality.

“Partial petrification of organs?” Franca frowned and whispered.

Lumian didn't answer, but looked around.

“The reanimated female corpse has indeed been here, after Franca and I finished watching the surveillance and left.”

“I'll go out and search to see if there are any clues left. You guard against unexpected situations.”

Jenna and the others nodded, without objection.

Lumian pressed his hand against the mirror surface and walked out as if passing through a layer of water curtain.

In his male form, he circled to the front of the two security guards and found that they had both turned into warmth-carrying statues, expressionlessly looking ahead, motionless, which seemed exceptionally eerie in the surveillance room where only the screen's light flickered.

Lumian's gaze moved away from the gray-white hidden in the eyes of the two security guards and turned to the large screen displaying dozens or hundreds of scenes simultaneously.

There was nothing unusual about that, but the human-machine interface below was frozen on a certain operation.

And Lumian remembered that Franca had restored it to its initial state before leaving.

Fleeing in a hurry?

Did that female corpse sense the disturbance in the mirror world and urgently traverse away through the large screen itself?

Will she circle back to see who infiltrated the surveillance room?

As these thoughts flashed through his mind, Lumian suddenly turned sideways, looking towards the mirror object he had come out from.

Almost simultaneously, on the surveillance footage, in a dark corner, a pale but alluring hand stretched out, extending beyond the screen.

In the area behind the mirror, while Lumian was investigating the surveillance system, Franca suddenly heard Ludwig making smacking sounds.

What is he eating now? Franca instinctively turned to look at the little boy.

She saw Ludwig opening his mouth, constantly sucking in air, chewing and swallowing.

Uh... Franca suddenly felt a bit guilty.

“Why are you eating air?” she asked.

Ludwig answered with a satisfied expression, “Delicious, there are many things with spirituality.”

Many things with spirituality in the air? Franca was stunned for a moment, then suddenly had a strong sense of danger.

The mystical pathogen of Demonesses?

“Mirror Substitution!” she called out directly, actively triggering her own Mirror Substitution.

After hearing Ludwig's answer, Jenna's spiritual intuition also received a dangerous signal.

Without Franca's reminder, she followed and triggered her Mirror Substitution.

Anthony was a second slower than the two of them.

At this moment, at the edge of the spider web-like illusory tunnel, a figure was quickly outlined. She wore a white dress, had a loose bun, with beautiful features and a clean aura—clearly the reanimated female corpse.

This female corpse held a mirror in her hand, which had already reflected Franca's figure. Her other hand was burning with quiet black flames, quickly covering the mirror surface.

Silently, Franca's figure, which had just degenerated into a mirror, burst into eerie black flames from the inside out, quickly losing spirituality, falling to the ground, and shattering into pieces.

Seeing that the assassination attempt had failed and that there were four enemies, the reanimated female corpse immediately stepped back and disappeared at the edge of the illusory dark tunnel.

This caused the seven Demoness black flames created by Jenna and the Frenzy used by Anthony to all miss their target.

Inside the surveillance room, Lumian suddenly turned around, with a straight sword already condensed from frost in his hand.

He swung this crystal-clear straight sword towards the hand reaching out from inside the surveillance screen.

That hand suddenly retracted, and Lumian's frost straight sword consequently fell onto the surface of the screen.

It bizarrely dematerialized, bringing Lumian along as it melted into the large screen, diving in.

Chapter 916 Real and Fake

After the reanimated female corpse retreated into the dark tunnel, Franca's first reaction as her figure was just being outlined was to use the Ice Amulet that Lumian had remade, bringing Jenna and Anthony to chase after the enemy before she completely left this mirror world.

She gripped the crystal-clear charm that she had already taken out of the Traveler's Bag, but her spiritual intuition made her pause.

The destination of the reanimated female corpse's Mirror Traversal was unknown, and there might be her companions waiting. Rashly chasing after her could likely lead them into a trap!

Moreover, chasing after her meant separating from Lumian, making it easy for them to be defeated one by one.

Franca gazed for two seconds, then immediately said to Jenna, Anthony, and Ludwig, who was still eating "air" in big gulps, "Leave here, go to the surveillance room!"

Who knew how long the reanimated female corpse had been hiding at the edge of the tunnel, producing how many mystical pathogens. Staying in this area would lead to increasingly severe infection, until they fell ill!

And relying solely on Ludwig eating like this, mouthful by mouthful, who knew how long it would take to clear out the mystical pathogens that could continuously reproduce. More importantly, this sealed Angel's physical condition had also been lowered to the Sequence 7 level. The mystical

pathogens he ate wouldn't affect him, but those that invaded his skin, eyes, and respiratory tract could definitely infect him.

At that point, it would be a race to see whether Ludwig finished eating the mystical pathogens first, or the mystical pathogens defeated him first.

Additionally, Franca and Jenna's Demoness black flames were also restricted by the dream, only able to be produced a few at a time—cluster after cluster—unable to burn large areas of surrounding mystical pathogens to create a sufficiently safe environment.

However, the dream's restrictions had both disadvantages and advantages. The Plague ability of the reanimated female corpse was also suppressed to the Sequence 7 level, preventing Franca and the others from becoming infected and falling ill too quickly.

Jenna and Anthony didn't question Franca's decision, only Ludwig was reluctant to leave.

He wanted to eat even if he got sick!

He wanted to eat even if he died!

Jenna grabbed the little boy, forcibly dragging him out of the area behind the mirror, as his physical qualities had been comprehensively reduced to Sequence 7.

At such an urgent moment, Jenna actually felt another digestion of the Affliction potion.

“Let me go! Let go...” Before Ludwig could finish speaking, he had already passed through the mirror surface and arrived in the surveillance room.

But they didn't see Lumian.

“Was Lumian also attacked?” Franca quickly looked around with a solemn expression.

Or had he gone chasing after an enemy?

Just as Franca finished speaking, she saw that every surveillance scene on the large screen had changed.

They once again displayed the scenes from noon when the reanimated female corpse had appeared.

In those scenes arranged in a crisscrossing matrix, the reanimated female corpses that originally belonged to the surveillance footage either raised their heads or half-turned their bodies, all staring uniformly towards the outside of the screen.

Wearing white dresses and loose buns, they instantly had the same expression change, their fair and delicate hands reaching towards the camera one after another, extending out of the surveillance screen, reaching for Franca, Jenna, and the others outside.

They crawled out of the screen one by one, their faces dark, with occasional flashes of light.

Seeing this scene, Franca, relying only on spiritual intuition and Demoness vision, briefly couldn't distinguish which of these many reanimated female corpses were real and which were fake.

For a moment, she even doubted whether they were all real, or all fake.

She took out the Cannon Gun that had become the Inevitable Gun, aiming at the surveillance footage, intending to shatter that screen, so that the reanimated female corpses that hadn't fully

crawled out would be thrown into the depths of the “surveillance world” with the shattering of the area behind the screen, making it difficult to reach reality.

Franca's finger was on the trigger, but she didn't pull it.

She felt that Lumian's disappearance might be because he had entered the “surveillance world”, and if she shattered the screen, and the “surveillance world” truly had some characteristics of the mirror world, Lumian would also be swallowed by the turbulent flow, which would be very dangerous.

Although Franca couldn't respond in time, she still had companions.

Anthony stepped forward, his eyes vertical, tinged with a pale golden color.

He immediately emanated a terrifying aura as if standing at the top of the food chain.

Awe!

He used a range-type Awe targeting that surveillance screen!

The reanimated female corpses crawling out of the surveillance footage one after another froze for a moment, but quickly returned to normal.

It was as if they hadn't been resurrected, still corpses, naturally not afraid or panicked due to the awe!

Jenna quickly turned her head, pointing at those reanimated female corpses, and asked Ludwig, “Which one tastes the best?”

The one that tastes the best should be the real body!

And judging whether food tasted good or not was Ludwig's specialty!

Ludwig swallowed his saliva and pointed to the surveillance footage in the bottom right corner.

“I want that one!

“That one tastes the best!”

Before Ludwig could answer, Franca had already concealed her figure. When he pointed out the food he wanted most, Franca's figure, wearing a black T-shirt and women's pantaloons, quickly outlined at the side of the reanimated female corpse in the bottom right corner.

She held the Inevitable Gun in one hand and the nearly invisible Wintry Blade in the other, stabbing the latter towards the target that hadn't fully crawled out of the screen, towards the temple next to the delicate ear.

Crack, that reanimated female corpse shattered like a mirror, along with the figures of other female corpses becoming illusory, disappearing simultaneously in front of the surveillance screen.

The next second, beside the mirror decorative item that Franca and the others had crawled out from, the reanimated female corpse with beautiful features, a slender neck, wearing a white dress and a loose bun, silently emerged.

She gripped an ice crystal dagger covered in black flames in one hand, suddenly stabbing towards Anthony's chest.

After passing through the surveillance screen, Lumian appeared in a dark and silent empty mall.

At this time, the escalators had stopped running, and all the shops had pulled down their shutters.

Lumian quickly scanned around and saw a figure in a white dress flash past the passage leading to the men's and women's restrooms.

The black mark on Lumian's right shoulder lit up, allowing him to directly teleport over.

As his figure was just being outlined at the entrance of the passage, his left palm had already taken out his phone.

Lumian quickly glanced at the phone screen that had lit up and found no signal.

This was exactly what he wanted to confirm.

Is this an alternate space formed by surveillance footage, an illusory world? It's very similar to the mirror world, and also very similar to the world within paintings... As thoughts flashed through Lumian's mind, he stuffed the phone into the Traveler's Bag instead of his pants pocket.

He was worried that the upcoming battle might damage the phone.

For an already impoverished family, this would be a major loss!

In Lumian's blue eyes, that female figure in a white dress had already run to the corner.

Seeing was believing. Almost simultaneously, Lumian blinked behind the target, thrusting the ice crystal straight sword.

Just as the ice sword touched that female figure, the target suddenly wavered like water ripples and disappeared without a trace.

An illusion—just an illusion.

An illusion created using the mirror of the sink outside the men's and women's restrooms!

At this moment, in the dark corner at the entrance of the men's restroom, a vague figure quickly emerged, holding a medium-sized mirror, reflecting Lumian's male form wearing a shirt and trousers.

Taking advantage of the opportunity when Lumian's attention was completely on the illusion, this vague figure pressed its hand covered in Demoness black flames towards the mirror surface.

Black flames suddenly erupted from Lumian's eyes, nose, mouth, and other places, but his figure began to fade inch by inch, gradually dissipating.

This was also an illusion!

Behind the vague figure in the dark corner at the entrance of the restroom, Lumian's body outlined, his eyes iron-black, his right hand clenched into a fist, in a posture of muscles swelling and enlarging, suddenly striking towards the junction of the enemy's neck and back.

Cull plus Mighty Blow!

You can use mirrors to create illusions, so can I!

Bang!

This punch shattered the vague figure into pieces, scattering around like glass shards.

Immediately after, Lumian felt invisible spider silk wrapping around him from all directions, trying to bind his hands, feet, and torso, and intending to interfere with his movements in different ways.

Lumian immediately grunted, and bursts of black flames binding madness and danger spontaneously appeared, falling onto several invisible spider silks.

The Flames of Destruction ignited those spider silks instantly, just like real Hunter flames, then quickly spread, devouring all the combustibles around, and burning the mystical pathogens permeating the air.

In just the blink of an eye, Lumian had rid himself of the influence of the Demoness spider web and the hidden Plague.

And at the entrance of this passage, a female figure clearly appeared in the light of the burning spider web.

She wore a white dress, had a loose bun, beautiful features, delicate ears, and a slender neck—it was the reanimated female corpse.

Inside the surveillance room.

As Franca's strike failed to succeed, the experienced Jenna and Anthony changed their positions.

The latter thus avoided the ice crystal dagger assassination of the reanimated female corpse.

But this also gathered the three of them in a small area within the not-so-large surveillance room.

The reanimated female corpse's gaze then turned to the two security guards sitting motionlessly in their positions.

One of the security guards immediately broke free from his statue-like state and suddenly stood up.

The next second, his body was like it had been filled with a large amount of gas, rapidly swelling into a ball.

During this process, the gray-white in the depths of his eyes was tinged with a yellow-green light.

Boom!

This security guard exploded like a balloon stretched to its limit. His flesh and internal organs were torn into pieces, carrying yellow-green pus, enveloped in the impact storm, sweeping towards every corner of the surveillance room, covering Franca, Jenna, and the others.

A virus bomb? Franca's pupils suddenly dilated.

That reanimated female corpse was also within the range of the exploding body, but she was prepared, taking a step back and hiding in the mirror decorative item.

Chapter 917 Disease Bomb

The flesh and blood oozing yellow-green pus sprayed like sudden rain towards everyone in the surveillance room, accompanied by the sudden explosion.

Franca had no time to use the Ice Amulet, nor to grab Jenna and the others to bring them into the compact mirror in her hand. She could only face the explosion, which wasn't too powerful, and the obviously dangerous flesh, blood, and viscous fluid.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

In this situation, the three of them could only actively trigger their Mirror Substitutions, first being shattered by the impact wave, then being coated with sticky flesh and still-writhing yellow-green pus.

Ludwig, who had also been given a Mirror Substitution by each of the three Demonesses, didn't use it himself. Instead, he crouched down, hugging his body tightly to minimize his “exposed area”.

During this process, he opened his mouth.

His mouth corners stretched without any restriction, extending all the way to the back of his head. His upper lip pushed his eyes, nose, forehead, and other parts to face the ceiling directly, while his lower lip nearly touched his chest.

Splat, splat, splat, the yellow-green flesh mixed in the explosion's blast rushed into Ludwig's enormous mouth, heading straight for his stomach.

Unfortunately, Ludwig, enjoying this buffet, only lasted two seconds before involuntarily triggering his Mirror Substitution, shattering into pieces.

This abnormally terrifying giant mouth shape seemed to be all appearance without sufficient strength, only at the Sequence 7 level.

The explosive blast subsided in an instant, and the figures of Franca, Jenna, and the others were reoutlined in the surveillance room, which was now covered everywhere with viscous flesh and yellow-green pus.

As Demonesses of Affliction, Franca and Jenna both instinctively believed that this place was now full of dangerous diseases, rapidly infecting them.

Without hesitation, Franca raised her right hand, revealing the Ice Amulet she was gripping tightly.

This crystal-clear charm had been remade by Lumian and could now be used for Mirror Traversal four times.

As soon as they saw Franca reveal the Ice Amulet, Jenna and Anthony immediately moved closer to her, grabbing her arm and sleeve. Ludwig hesitated for a moment but still joined the vile Demonesses.

The next second, the four figures blurred and entered the compact mirror in Franca's other hand.

Franca didn't linger at all, bringing her companions to traverse into another metal decorative item with a mirror effect in the surveillance room.

Smack!

The compact mirror, no longer held by anyone, fell to the ground and shattered into pieces, causing the corresponding area behind the mirror to collapse.

These shards would take different amounts of time to become mirrors again in the mystical sense—without considering other factors, the larger the shard and the better the mirror effect, the shorter the

time needed to regenerate the area behind the mirror. Conversely, smaller shards would take longer, and if too small, they might risk never becoming mystical mirrors again.

After transferring to the interior of the mirrored decorative item, Franca spoke rapidly while remaining vigilant against a sudden attack from the reanimated female corpse, “A Demoness of Despair doesn't have the ability to make people half-dead and turn them into plague bombs...

“Could it be a Demoness of Unaging?”

“It could also be with help from the Order of All Extinction or possession of a similar item,” Jenna suggested another possibility based on her own feelings.

“Is Mushu Hospital not just home to the Mother Tree of Desire?” Franca suddenly had an inspiration. “The hospital as a whole should simultaneously possess the healing abilities related to the Great Mother pathway, the influence of the Mother Tree of Desire pathway on spirit, desire, corpses, and hospital urban legends, as well as control over diseases and pathogens from the one the Order of All Extinction believes in or the Demoness pathway!”

As Franca spoke without any embellishment, she observed the situation in the surveillance room and attempted to use the Ice Amulet's ability to transmit information through mirrors to send simple intelligence to a certain mirror on Lumian.

As long as Lumian hadn't left the current Huafeng District, he would definitely receive it!

Jenna guarded against the direction of the illusory tunnel that resembled a spider web, while Anthony said carefully, “That reanimated female corpse is almost unaffected by Awe, making me feel she's more like a dead person than a living one.”

Franca's thoughts raced, and she immediately had two guesses.

“Is she an awakened Zombie, with a Mother Tree of Desire believer hiding nearby controlling her?”

“Or, didn't we guess earlier that she might have a companion, possibly Loki? Is it possible that she's actually a marionette, with the Marionettist hiding somewhere nearby controlling her?”

Franca had confronted Loki before and had contact with spies from the Bureau 8 of Intis, so she was quite familiar with the antics of Marionettists.

“But according to the information provided by the Major Arcana card holders, even normal Marionettists can only control marionettes within a range of about 100 meters. Now, with their abilities suppressed to Sequence 7 level, I believe their maximum distance from the marionettes won't exceed 40 meters. Before we came to the surveillance room, we checked the surroundings and there was no one...” Jenna raised an objection.

At this point, she suddenly paused.

It wasn't that there was no one; in fact, there were two people!

Franca and Anthony also realized the issue and simultaneously turned their gaze towards the front of the surveillance screen.

There were indeed people within a 50-meter range—those two security guards!

One of the security guards had been turned into a plague bomb and had already disintegrated into disease-spreading flesh, but the other security guard was still sitting in his position, his eyes concealing a gray-white deep inside, staring motionlessly at the large screen!

Franca and Anthony's gaze fell on that security guard.

The security guard seemed to sense something and suddenly turned his body.

His clothes were now tattered, his body pitted and uneven, different areas of his face either missing skin, suffering abrasions, or with flesh split open and festering.

These were the “aftereffects” of being directly hit by the explosion of the other security guard.

The security guard, with half his face almost unrecognizable as human, reflected the flickering light from the surveillance screen, curled his lips, and revealed an exaggerated, terrifying, and sinister smile.

As his smile bloomed, his body rapidly swelled, becoming a human-shaped balloon like his colleague.

Bang!

The balloon burst, and countless viscous flesh and yellow-green pus splattered onto the surface of the metal decorative item where Franca and the others were hiding, smearing it into a mess and preventing Franca and Anthony from seeing the outside situation clearly.

“Let's change positions,” Franca said, turning to Jenna and Ludwig, seizing the opportunity while they still had a few more Mirror Traversal charges.

In the Moon Plaza formed by the surveillance footage.

Lumian bent his back, drew the Sword of Courage, and sprinted from outside the men's and women's restrooms towards the reanimated female corpse at the entrance of the passage.

Behind him, on the wash basin mirror between the two restrooms, a female figure wearing a white dress with a loose bun suddenly appeared.

This was a projection created by the Demoness of Despair using the mirror!

Although it only possessed a fraction of the original body's power, it was still capable of assassination. It aimed to deliver a fatal blow to Lumian from behind!

Almost simultaneously, another figure emerged behind this female figure.

That figure had black hair, beautiful features, and a cold expression—it was Lumian's feminized image.

This projection, completed with the help of Precision, instantly turned into a ball of black flames brewing extreme destruction in silence, completely enveloping the mirror image projection of the reanimated female corpse, causing her to be thoroughly ignited amid painful wails.

Thud! Thud! Thud! Lumian, wielding the Sword of Courage, continued without any pause, charging towards the reanimated female corpse without looking back.

At this moment, in front of the reanimated female corpse, crystal-clear but sharp frost spears suddenly condensed, like a beautiful and clean hedgehog showing its spines.

Such a forest of ice spears couldn't be accomplished by a Sequence 7 Witch. Only a Beyonder who had reached the Demoness of Despair level and gained further control over frost, but was currently restricted to Sequence 7 level, could do this. It was equivalent to the Ice Spear Condensation ability evolving into Ice Spear Forest at Sequence 4, but now the Ice Spear Forest was only at the Sequence 7 level.

If Lumian didn't stop in time, he would crash into this forest of ice spears, being pierced through and creating multiple bloody holes.

At this moment, Lumian's figure suddenly became blurry and distorted, like an image displayed through electromagnetic signals suffering from strong interference.

It took only the blink of an eye from becoming blurry and distorted to completely disappearing. Lumian's body quickly outlined behind the reanimated female corpse.

He swung the Sword of Courage diagonally, chopping towards the target's shoulder.

With a whoosh, crimson flames ignited on the surface of the Sword of Courage.

Boom, Lumian's single stroke cleaved the reanimated female corpse into two pieces, exploding her into mirror shards.

The reanimated female corpse, having used a substitute, didn't appear immediately, seemingly disappearing into the dark, empty fourth floor of the mall.

Lumian's expression didn't change at all as he pressed the Sword of Courage downwards in one smooth motion.

Boom! Crimson fireballs flew out from the sword, indiscriminately covering this area, collapsing walls and igniting merchandise.

The crimson fire hell quickly engulfed nearly half a floor in continuously rising high temperatures.

Under such a wide-range indiscriminate attack, the figure of the reanimated female corpse was affected, forced out of her invisible state, and appeared to Lumian's side and rear.

Inside the surveillance room.

The reanimated female corpse who had previously fought with Franca and the others left her hiding place in the mirrored object and appeared in the room now covered everywhere with viscous flesh and yellow-green pus.

Taking advantage of the opportunity that various pathogens and decay forces were permeating this place, which would quickly infect and affect Franca and the others once they entered, she

condensed a long ice spear covered in white frost in her hand and thrust it towards the surveillance screen, which already had multiple dents and was covered with flesh and pus.

The power of the two previous Disease Bombs wasn't strong, mainly focused on spreading pathogens and decay forces, so they couldn't directly destroy the large screen that was at a certain distance from them.

Now, the reanimated female corpse wanted to personally destroy the surveillance screen, causing the corresponding alternate space to collapse, making the enemies fighting there and her other “self” fall into the chaotic flow together, to be torn into pieces!

Chapter 918 Tacit Cooperation

Just as the reanimated female corpse's frost-covered ice crystal spear was about to pierce the surveillance screen, a gunshot rang out. A bright yellow bullet arrived first, striking the middle of the ice crystal spear and causing it to suddenly shatter and break apart piece by piece.

After transferring to another mirrored decorative item, Franca immediately understood the opponent's intentions upon seeing the reanimated female corpse's actions. She quickly took out the Inevitable Gun, extended it through the mirror surface, and pulled the trigger.

Having successfully prevented the ice crystal spear's strike, she immediately moved to withdraw her hands, pretending to traverse to other mirrors with Jenna, Anthony, and Ludwig in order to lure the reanimated female corpse in to surround this enemy.

However, the reanimated female corpse didn't even glance in her direction. Sharp frost spears suddenly condensed in front of her body, all thrusting towards the large screen simultaneously.

It was like a huge ice flower carved out of ice was blooming.

Franca's pupils dilated instantly. Taking advantage of her hands not yet having returned to the area behind the mirror, she pulled the Inevitable Gun's trigger once again.

Bang!

That classically styled brass-colored revolver fired an iron-black bullet, which created a small explosion upon striking one of the frost spears.

The explosion covered all the frost spears, tearing them apart and scattering them in all directions.

Heavy Strike!

Splat splat splat, some ice crystal fragments inevitably hit the surveillance screen, creating multiple dead pixels and areas where colors bled together on the large screen.

Franca was nearly scared to death—the large screen had almost been completely damaged!

She immediately left the mirrored decorative item and returned to the surveillance room, launching an all-out attack against the reanimated female corpse.

In this situation, the best strategy was to use offense to suppress the opponent and prevent her from destroying the surveillance screen. Pure defense wouldn't last long, as the item that needed protection was a relatively fragile technological product.

One can be a thief for a thousand days, but how can you guard against a thief for a thousand days? There will always be gaps in defenses!

Bang! Bang! Bang! Franca continuously pulled the trigger, firing bullets to force the reanimated female corpse away from the area closer to the large screen.

Jenna also left the area behind the mirror, directly guarding in front of the surveillance console to prevent stray bullets from damaging the screen.

Almost simultaneously, Jenna felt herself collide with an invisible spider web, with transparent thin threads constricting her body.

Some of these threads bound her limbs, while others stirred up her condition, striving to restrict her movements and interfere with her casting of black magic.

Fortunately, Jenna now had relatively rich combat experience. As soon as she left the mirrored decorative item, she condensed several bizarre Demoness black flames around herself. Now she immediately let them fall, burning the spirituality of the transparent spider silk and spreading out.

The intense feeling of constriction instantly lessened somewhat. Jenna quickly sidestepped, shielding the large screen.

Crack!

She used a Mirror Substitution to block both the reanimated female corpse's opportunistic attack on the surveillance screen and the stray bullets created by Franca's continuous shooting.

During this process, Franca emptied six ordinary bullets, hitting the reanimated female corpse once and consuming one of her Mirror Substitutions.

She then retreated to the front of the large screen, using a special loader to reload bullets, while Jenna instinctively lunged forward, replacing Franca, using her own gun, frost, and black magic to attack furiously, suppressing the enemy.

With everyone currently at the Sequence 7 level, a short-term reckless outburst was still very effective!

In this way, Franca and Jenna continuously rotated, one defending, one attacking, one reloading bullets, the other firing rapidly as if unconcerned about running out of ammunition. They temporarily restricted the reanimated female corpse to the area near the door. However, because the opponent had Mirror Substitutions and strong spiritual intuition, Franca had not yet used bullets like Impregnating Bullet or triggered effects like Sure Hit or Certain Death.

She was waiting for an opportunity, because a Sequence 7 Demoness shouldn't be able to use many Mirror Substitutions!

Even if the reanimated female corpse had once reached the demigod level and gained the characteristic of reduced Mirror Substitution consumption, allowing her to use a few more Mirror Substitutions than Franca and the others who were currently at the same Sequence 7 level, it certainly wouldn't be many more.

After fighting intensely for dozens of seconds, both Franca and Jenna felt weakened, their lungs like hot bellows continuously exhaling fiery breaths.

At the same time, they felt varying degrees of pain throughout their bodies.

They were well aware that this was caused by the diseases and decay spread by the two plague bombs earlier. Due to the viscous flesh and yellow-green pus covering every part of the surveillance room, the mystical pathogens and decay forces were continuously strengthening. The infection had finally occurred in the two Demonesses of Affliction who had disease resistance, and it was gradually worsening.

Neither Franca nor Jenna were willing to immediately use a Mirror Substitution to resolve the disease and decay. Their Mirror Substitutions were now very limited in number, and they wanted to conserve them to protect the large screen.

What puzzled Franca was that although her Inevitable Gun was also continuously spreading disease and decay, the reanimated female corpse didn't seem to be significantly affected, only slightly weaker than before.

Could she really be a zombie or a marionette, immune to most mystical pathogens and with strong resistance to decay forces? She only initially affected Jenna with the spider web, then abandoned this strategy. Was it because the spider web was a flammable object with spirituality, which would cause the Demoness black flames—which could only be produced one by one or in small clusters—to spread, burning the mystical pathogens and decay forces in the air, slowing down the speed of our onset of illness and the progress of symptom severity? As this thought flashed through Franca's mind, she actively began to create a spider web.

The invisible spider silk entangled both the reanimated female corpse and Jenna, forcing the former to use her own Demoness black flames to evade, and reminding Jenna that she could produce and consume her own, letting this area fall completely into the burning of Demoness black flames, thereby clearing out the mystical pathogens and reducing the intensity of the decay forces!

Inside Moon Plaza in the surveillance footage.

Lumian was suppressing the reanimated female corpse in all aspects, but due to her Mirror Substitutions, strong spiritual intuition, and rich combat experience, he couldn't achieve a quick victory.

By now, the flames had spread, turning most of the fourth floor of the mall into a crimson sea. Lumian released his accumulated spirituality and once again flashed behind the “reanimated” female corpse.

Instead of directly swinging the Sword of Courage, he pushed his left palm forward.

At some point, his palm had already been gripping a cheap silver and black bracelet, while his eyes showed a silver-black hue, with what seemed like an illusory long river flowing slowly inside.

The reanimated female corpse didn't hesitate. Following the prompting of her spiritual intuition, she was about to actively trigger a Mirror Substitution.

At this moment, the toxic thick smoke produced by the burning entered her throat, while the high temperature caused her black hair to start self-igniting.

These environmentally-induced problems made the reanimated female corpse instinctively shrink her body, slowing her down by a beat.

Magnified Fate!

Lumian had already used Magnified Fate twice before, without achieving satisfactory results. The Weakening pathogen he had secretly spread, which could survive for a longer time in high-temperature flames, also hadn't worked as he had expected, only imperceptibly accelerating the rate of the reanimated female corpse's spirituality consumption.

Now, taking advantage of the environmental changes brought by the long-burning fierce flames, he finally grasped the opportunity, successfully turning the corresponding stream of fate into the main trunk.

As the reanimated female corpse slightly shrank her body, the crimson flames covering the surface of the Sword of Courage suddenly extinguished, revealing the iron-black metal blade beneath.

Parts of this blade were smooth and flat, reflecting the silhouette of the reanimated female corpse.

In the next second, the black Flames of Destruction that Lumian had condensed in advance fell onto the metal "mirror surface" and drilled into it.

Unable to use a Mirror Substitution in time, the reanimated female corpse let out a painful sound. Her body shattered with a crack, re-outlining at the edge of the crimson hell. However, the black flames that erupted from inside to outside, hiding ferocity and terror, continued to burn her, only partially extinguished.

Once a Demoness of Despair's curse succeeded, the characteristic that it couldn't be transferred by substitutes when suppressed to Sequence 7 level became a situation where a substitute could only transfer part of the curse damage.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The reanimated female corpse consecutively triggered Mirror Substitutions, finally escaping Lumian's curse.

But at this moment, Lumian directly teleported in front of her and asked with a smile, "How many Mirror Substitutions do you have left?"

As he spoke, he had already swung the Sword of Courage.

The reanimated female corpse was dazzled by that charming smile, only reacting when the Sword of Courage was near. She quickly lunged to the side.

She had no more Mirror Substitutions left!

She was fast, but Lumian was faster. His wrist paused, and the Sword of Courage cleaved the air, creating an explosive sound.

Boom!

Crimson flames burst open, directly engulfing the reanimated female corpse.

Although this explosion only had Sequence 7 power, it was enough to severely injure a Demoness without Mirror Substitutions!

Bang! The reanimated female corpse was slammed heavily against the wall, her bones breaking and blood spurting from her mouth.

Water-like waves rippled over her body, stripping away her beautiful appearance and revealing an expressionless, ordinary-looking young man.

Lumian frowned slightly and swung his sword down again.

With a rolling sound, the young man's head tumbled to the side amid a spray of blood.

His body, along with his head and the splattered blood, instantly vanished like an illusion, never to appear again.

“A deep mirror image of the real female corpse?” Lumian had seen similar gender-reversed Mirror People in Fourth Epoch Trier.

The special mirror world fragments in Franca and Jenna's possession could also create similar deep mirror images, with strength nearly perfectly replicated and certain special characteristics.

Thinking of this, Lumian suddenly raised his head, looking towards the surveillance camera obscured by smoke.

He suspected that the reanimated female corpse also had a special mirror world fragment!

Inside the surveillance room.

The infected Franca and Jenna were growing increasingly weak, their movements inevitably affected to some extent.

Just as the reanimated female corpse was about to seize the opportunity to destroy the surveillance screen, she suddenly felt something leap towards her from the side.

It was Ludwig, crouched like a frog.

He had emerged from the mirror world at some unknown time.

The reanimated female corpse instinctively thrust an ice crystal spear towards Ludwig.

Ludwig suddenly opened his mouth wide, his mouth corners splitting to the back of his head.

His two rows of sharp teeth then closed, biting the tip of the spear.

Immediately after, he quickly sucked in a breath through his mouth.

He completed a Deprivation through the ice crystal spear connecting him and the reanimated female corpse.

What he Deprived was the Mirror Substitution!

Currently only at Sequence 7 level, he could only Deprive one ability from the enemy, and only for one minute, so Anthony had him choose Mirror Substitution.

“Attack with full force,” Anthony's voice then sounded in Franca and Jenna's ears.

Franca didn't ask why, immediately raising the Inevitable Gun, aiming at the reanimated female corpse, and pulling the trigger.

A dark yellow bullet flew out with a bang.

Sure Hit!

The dark yellow bullet flew instantly, striking the reanimated female corpse.

However, it passed right through, merely causing the silhouette to waver, become illusory, and disappear.

After being deprived of her Mirror Substitution, the reanimated female corpse's first reaction was to use the mirrored objects in the surveillance room to create a mirror projection, supplemented by mirror illusions, while she quietly changed her position.

So, what Franca had locked onto was just the mirror projection, and what Sure Hit would hit was also just the mirror projection, not the real reanimated female corpse.

Having evaded the fatal strike, the silhouette of the reanimated female corpse immediately became ethereal, projecting onto the nearest mirrored object.

She intended to use the mirror world to temporarily leave the battlefield, wait for her Mirror Substitution ability to recover, and then decide based on the situation whether to wait for the next opportunity, attack Franca and the others again immediately, or quietly follow them to determine their identities and whereabouts, so they could be directly locked onto and kicked out of the dream.

Just as the reanimated female corpse's silhouette became prominent on the surface of that mirrored object, a person suddenly appeared in the void dark area behind the mirror.

It was Anthony, wearing a black T-shirt.

Anthony held a charm similar to the Ice Amulet in one hand and the Winter is Coming revolver in the other, aiming at the reanimated female corpse who was about to enter the mirror surface.

He had used the Mirror Traversal ability in time to intercept the reanimated female corpse!

Since Lumian could make his own charms to help Beyonders traverse the mirror world, he certainly wouldn't make just one, only for Franca.

Besides himself, everyone in the team had one, and each could be used four times!

They had relied on Franca's Ice Amulet to transfer positions earlier, partly because since everyone was close together, there was no need to waste the uses of the other charms. After all, in the dream, Lumian was restricted to the Sequence 7 level, and making similar charms again had a high probability of failure. On the other hand, it was also following Lumian's Conspirer approach and Franca's occasional mutterings after entering the dream about “appearing weak when you are strong”, deliberately setting a trap for the enemy.

By demonstrating that they could only hide in the mirror world and transfer positions by holding onto Lumian and Franca's clothes, they led the reanimated female corpse to believe that the others couldn't perform Mirror Traversal. So, after evading Franca's attack, the reanimated female corpse confidently used the mirror world to escape.

By demonstrating that they could only hide in the mirror world and transfer positions by holding onto Lumian and Franca's clothes, they led the reanimated female corpse to believe that the others couldn't perform Mirror Traversal. So, after evading Franca's attack, the reanimated female corpse confidently used the mirror world to escape.

This led her right into the gun barrel of Anthony, who had forcibly concealed his presence earlier.

Anthony pulled the trigger with a calm expression.

Another bullet tinged with a dark yellow glow flew out, heading towards the reanimated female corpse who was about to enter this area behind the mirror.

Sure Hit!

Bang!

As the gunshot rang out, the reanimated female corpse, who hadn't had time to retract her black flames, frost, and spider silk to protect herself, had blood blossoming on her chest, her flesh and bones splitting.

She was truly hit by the bullet, shot out of the mirror surface, and fell back into the surveillance room.

Seeing this, Franca aimed at the target once again.

Now, she was going to use the Certain Death bullet.

Meanwhile, Jenna still guarded the surveillance screen, having intention to steal credit, to prevent stray bullets from destroying the object that needed protection.

She only quietly extended invisible spider silk, intending to touch the blood splattered by the reanimated female corpse, to use it as a medium for curses.

At this moment, the reanimated female corpse suddenly raised her head and let out a painful scream.

Her hair rose strand by strand, instantly becoming long and thick, like venomous snakes.

The tips of this slimy, bizarre black hair were each inlaid with black and white eyeballs and heads that stuck out forked tongues like snakes.

Jenna instinctively closed her eyes, but still felt her thoughts becoming chaotic, pain and pleasure arising simultaneously, her body inexplicably stiffening as if turning to stone.

In this instant, she suddenly understood what the enemy was doing.

The reanimated female corpse seemed to have sensed that she was about to suffer a fatal blow, and with no way to avoid it or protect herself by forming a huge cocoon, she actively indulged in her own madness, displaying an incomplete Mythical Creature form that only Saints should possess.

For most Saints, displaying an incomplete Mythical Creature form was extremely dangerous, leading to a loss of control. Unless there were no other options or they intended to drag the enemy down with them, no one would use it.

For Beyonders without godhood, directly viewing an incomplete Mythical Creature form would result in intense corruption and terrible mental shock, likely leading to madness and loss of control. Even if they didn't look directly and closed their eyes, being within range would still cause some corruption.

Saints with godhood would still be affected to some degree by the incomplete Mythical Creature form, and would continue to be affected afterwards while facing the frenzied attacks of the incomplete Mythical Creature—the incomplete Mythical Creature form was a Saint's most powerful and dangerous state.

As the horrifying transformation of the reanimated female corpse reflected in Franca's eyes, she gritted her teeth and resolutely pulled the trigger of the Inevitable Gun.

Bang!

A dull green bullet flew from the muzzle, heading straight for the reanimated female corpse's body hidden by the slimy, thick hair.

Franca then let out a painful cry.

She instinctively tilted her head back, her black hair tied in a ponytail and modified by Lie broke free from its restraints, becoming wild and distinct, seemingly growing thicker.

Her face took on a grayish-white tinge, her chest felt somewhat swollen, and her mind felt as if it had been hit by a storm, all thoughts blown about, becoming mad, twisted, and dark.

She felt intense pleasure and also extreme pain. This, combined with her body's state already infected by disease and decay forces, caused her to passively trigger a Mirror Substitution.

With a cracking sound, Franca regressed into a mirror and shattered into pieces.

But when her silhouette was outlined in the corner, while she no longer felt the effects of disease and decay, her hair still floated in mid-air, still growing thicker. Her face was extremely pale and twisted to the extreme, yet presenting a strange beauty, her eyes full of madness and malice.

Corruption couldn't be transferred by Mirror Substitution, nor could the tendency towards losing control.

At the same time, the Certain Death bullet fired by Franca hit the mass of slimy, bizarre black hair of the "reanimated female corpse".

Although the effect of Certain Death was suppressed to Sequence 7 level, only certainly fatal to ordinary people, it was still deadly to the already severely injured reanimated female corpse. Moreover, the reanimated female corpse's incomplete Mythical Creature form was also limited to Sequence 7, only possessing defensive capabilities at this level!

The bullet glowing with a dull green light penetrated through layers of thick hair, entering the brain of the reanimated female corpse in her incomplete Mythical Creature form.

Smack!

The reanimated female corpse's head split open, blood and white matter splattering outwards.

The slimy, bizarre thick hair with black and white eyeballs fell in succession, returning to their original state to varying degrees.

Only then did Anthony dare to jump out from the mirror-like object, turning his back to the corpse with its strange charm and mental corruption. From a not-too-distant position, he began to perform Psychoanalysis on Franca, which was essentially throwing a Placate her way.

Franca's painful and mad chaotic thoughts calmed, and the symptoms of losing control in her body began to subside.

Seeing this, Anthony quietly let out a sigh of relief.

Fortunately, the reanimated female corpse's incomplete Mythical Creature form was also only at the Sequence 7 level, so the corruption and impact on Franca were at this level. Otherwise, he really wouldn't have known if she could be saved; that might have depended on Franca's own willpower.

As Anthony began the second Placate, Lumian jumped out of the surveillance screen.

He instinctively looked towards Franca and Jenna, checking their conditions.

Seeing that the problems were all within an acceptable range, Lumian then turned his gaze to the reanimated female corpse on the ground with its split head and bizarre hair.

As a fellow Saint, he only experienced a slight emotional fluctuation, without any other reaction.

Their joint efforts had actually taken down a Demoness of Despair with Mirror Substitution... Lumian was surprised and quite gratified.

He unconsciously looked towards Ludwig, finding that the little boy was staring at the Demoness's corpse with blazing eyes, completely unconcerned about possibly being corrupted.

Indeed, Ludwig wouldn't be affected by the incomplete Mythical Creature form. Moreover, the corpse had already left the incomplete Mythical Creature form, with only some characteristics remaining.

While repeatedly creating seven clusters at a time of deep black Flames of Destruction to burn the patches of viscous flesh and yellow-green pus in the surveillance room, Lumian took out a mirror, bent down, and put the reanimated female corpse with its burst head inside.

They couldn't let this corpse continue to corrupt the surveillance room, affecting Jenna and Franca who were recovering!

During this process, a black, irregularly shaped mirror fragment fell from the corpse.

As expected, she has a fragment of a special mirror world... Lumian stuffed the black fragment into the Traveler's Bag, planning to compare it with Franca's and the others' later.

By this time, about a third of the viscous flesh and yellow-green pus in the surveillance room had caught fire, and the black flames began to spread to the surroundings, seeking other combustible materials.

"Phew..." Franca let out a long breath, her mental state finally stabilizing, the abnormalities on her body having subsided.

Anthony moved to Jenna's side, performing Psychoanalysis on her, who had not been much corrupted.

After putting the Inevitable Gun back into the Traveler's Bag, Franca was about to proudly tell Lumian "We took down a Demoness of Despair" when her eyes suddenly caught sight of the several cameras in the surveillance room.

She immediately changed her words. "I'll check if our fight just now was caught on the cameras."

"Couldn't we just completely destroy the surveillance equipment with the Flames of Destruction?" Lumian thought it wasn't necessary to be so troublesome.

“What if this mall's surveillance footage is stored on a cloud server?” Franca wasn't too sure, but felt it necessary to guard against this possibility.

Lumian didn't stop Franca further, because he didn't understand what a cloud server was.

Franca quickly manipulated the surveillance system, and after a while said, “It's fine, the reanimated female corpse probably destroyed the cameras in this room when she came to check the surveillance.”

As she spoke, she used another Mirror Substitution, because Lumian couldn't make the entire room be engulfed by the Flames of Destruction. He could only create clusters of flames and burn areas bit by bit, with mystical pathogens and decay forces still lingering in the air.

Lumian nodded and continued, “Check if my battle in the surveillance world has become part of the surveillance footage. If there's no problem, let's hurry back for the spirit channeling.”

“Can it work like that?” Franca said in surprise.

This was equivalent to the actions of a dummy in a painted world changing the painting itself.

Chapter 920 Like Reality

Following Lumian's suggestion, Franca quickly reviewed the surveillance footage from the 4th floor of the mall in the past three minutes.

During this process, Jenna and Anthony hid in the area being burned by the Flames of Destruction, to avoid the remaining mystical pathogens and decay forces.

The former also had clusters of quiet black flames flare up in other parts of the surveillance room, assisting Lumian in eliminating necessary traces, though she could only create six to seven clusters at a time.

Taking advantage of the fact that he still had an unused Mirror Substitution, Ludwig took the opportunity to eat some snacks—the flesh and blood carrying mystical pathogens and decay forces.

Soon, Franca pulled up the corresponding surveillance footage.

The scene, which should have been dark, quiet, and empty, now showed two figures engaged in a fierce battle, with red flames quickly igniting the area and dense smoke billowing up.

However, the fighting scene and the original background seemed somewhat out of sync, as if forcibly edited in with outdated special effects technology. Both Lumian and his opponent's figures were quite blurred, showing signs of interference.

“Your battle in the surveillance world did become part of the surveillance footage, but nothing like that actually happened in the real world, the 4th floor of the mall is perfectly fine...” Franca pulled up the current camera feed from the 4th floor to make the comparison.

She took a deep breath and said, “Wh— The surveillance world is clearly not just the mirror world, it has the characteristics of an information world as well...”

“The pathway good at summoning should also have some understanding of parallel spaces and illusory worlds.” Franca half-turned her body and said, “This surveillance footage can't be used by the police and Celestial Immortal's subordinates to recreate your image, so we don't need to deliberately destroy the surveillance equipment.”

Lumian nodded slightly and added, “Our mystical knowledge of parallel spaces and illusory worlds is still quite superficial. The abilities, authorities, and knowledge in this area seem to be scattered across Demonesses, Mystery Pryers, Apprentices, Painters and other pathways, with Apprentices being the main line, and I'm not sure if the Painter pathway can match Apprentices.”

“The pathway good at summoning should also have some understanding of parallel spaces and illusory worlds.” Franca half-turned her body and said, “This surveillance footage can't be used by the police and Celestial Immortal's subordinates to recreate your image, so we don't need to deliberately destroy the surveillance equipment.”

At this point, with Jenna's assistance, Lumian had already erased the various traces they had left in the surveillance room, and Franca also began to use the Demoness's black flames to clean up the fingerprints she had left on the equipment.

“Let's head back, we need to hurry with the spirit channeling.” Lumian withdrew his gaze.

“Okay.” Franca retracted her hand covered in black flames.

Lumian immediately led his teammates back through the mirror world to the rented car, and as soon as Franca fastened her seatbelt, preparing to start the engine, she suddenly shivered.

She began to feel cold, as if all the heat in her body had been drained away. Her head became dizzy, her vision occasionally darkening and sparking with golden stars, almost fainting.

Franca understood that this was the negative effect of the Inevitable Gun—if the Certain Death and Sure Hit effects were triggered, the user would inevitably fall gravely ill, and without effective treatment, could even die. Even if treated, the severe illness would persist for some time.

Similarly, every time Anthony used the Winter is Coming revolver, he had to find an Apothecary or Doctor for treatment, otherwise he would contract an intractable disease that Low- to Mid-Sequence Beyonders were powerless against.

Seeing Franca's face turn nearly transparent, Lumian reached into the Traveler's Bag and took out two vials of healing agents.

These were supply resources provided by the Tarot Club, reportedly extremely rare items not sold publicly, produced by The Fool Pharmaceutical Company.

For this mission, the Major Arcana card holders had given Lumian's group a total of twenty-five general-purpose healing agents, with the majority kept with Lumian as the team leader, while Jenna, Franca, and Anthony each carried two, but Ludwig had none.

Children needed supervision, otherwise he would secretly drink them all!

Franca's trembling hands opened the cap of the healing agent and gulped it down.

The icy liquid slid down her throat and into her stomach.

Soon, the chilled feeling rapidly disappeared, and a light sweat broke out on her skin.

“Much better...” Franca exhaled, “Just a bit dizzy in the head, my forehead is a bit hot, and my body feels weak.”

Anthony, who had yet to suffer symptoms, had also finished his healing agent.

“I’ll drive.” Lumian said.

“You can, can drive?” Franca really didn't feel confident in her current state to be driving, but Lumian, who had never learned, made her even more worried. “Should we just take a taxi?”

Lumian chuckled. “I carefully observed you driving today, I've basically mastered the basic operations. And now it's late at night, there aren't many cars.

“And more importantly, I also have the driver's license that Madam Justice gave.”

“Alright, Li Ming.” Franca weakly unbuckled her seatbelt and pushed open the door.

Li Ming was Lumian's alias in the dream world.

As soon as Franca's feet touched the ground, her knees buckled, nearly causing her to fall. Luckily, Lumian was waiting outside the driver's seat and quickly grabbed her arm.

“So this is what being severely ill feels like... and this is with the negative effects suppressed to Sequence 7...” Franca leaned on Lumian as she slowly walked to the passenger seat, muttering while preparing to provide guidance later.

Lumian chuckled. “If this were the real world, I'd probably have to carry you.”

Franca imagined such a scene and suddenly said, “No, let's go with a piggyback ride!”

Lumian glanced at her but didn't say anything further.

Jenna, who had already come out of the passenger side, looked at the two approaching, her gaze slightly dark but also with a hint of relief as she listened to their conversation.

After everyone was seated and the doors closed, Franca gave a simple explanation,

“This is the steering wheel, you turn it in the direction you want to go. This is the accelerator, to control the speed. This is the brake, to stop the car or decelerate in an emergency... Basically, don't overtake, change lanes only when there are no other cars, stop at red lights, go at green, turn when you need to... It's very simple with an automatic transmission...”

Lumian stepped on the brake, released the parking brake, and shifted the lever to the appropriate gear.

The gray sedan slowly started moving, gradually picking up speed.

After passing two traffic light intersections, Lumian already had a very skilled driving technique.

Franca looked at him with her mouth slightly open, weakly saying, "You've learned it just like that? No need for me to guide you on the side?"

"It's very simple." Lumian chuckled, using Franca's own words to respond.

He then released one hand, pointing to his head. "You have to trust the spatial awareness and hand-eye coordination of a Hunter."

Franca suddenly felt that being the one who could drive in the team was no longer something to be proud of.

In this way, Lumian successfully drove the car back to the rented old neighborhood, and then, with Jenna's guidance, after spending quite some time, finally parked the car, allowing Franca to feel proud again.

They had rented an older model car to save money, without any parking assist systems.

Back in the rental unit, Lumian led the team into the mirror containing the reanimated female corpse.

Except for Lumian and Ludwig, the others didn't dare to look closely, fearing new corruption, but even with just a brief glance, they all noticed that a faint dark glow was slowly emanating from the decrepit corpse, gradually converging towards the right eye.

"Evocation of Beyonder characteristics?" Jenna blurted out.

Franca, being weaker, was a step slower in her reaction, saying in amazement, "This dream is too realistic!"

Beyonders will also evoke their characteristics?

Before Lumian and the others could respond, Franca had a sudden idea.

"If I obtain Beyonder characteristics in this dream, concoct them into a potion, and perform a ritual to drink them, will I be able to successfully advance in the real world?"

At this question, the area behind the mirror fell into an unusual silence.

"I can't answer that for you." Lumian pondered for a few seconds. "Maybe you should consult the Major Arcana card holders, or take these Beyonder characteristics and exit the dream to see if it 'follows' you to reality."

After arriving in this city, Lumian's group no longer needed Madam Justice's help to exit and re-enter the dream. They could simply take the train, and use lucky coins to complete the task directly.

"Frequent entering and exiting of the dream might also draw the attention of the Celestial Immortal," Anthony reminded Lumian.

Lumian offered a curt acknowledgment.

"There are other ways, let's try to avoid exiting as much as possible. We'll contact the Major Arcana card holders early tomorrow morning."

Although the Major Arcana card holders were subject to various restrictions in the dream, with some unable to even enter this place, there were still ways to communicate through the dream.

As they were talking, the dark Beyonder characteristics had gathered in the reanimated female corpse's right eye, dyeing it a blackish-blue hue.

During this process, Lumian, Franca, and Jenna—the three Demonesses—had already created multiple clusters of black flames to incinerate the corpse and the mystical pathogens spread from the characteristics.

According to the Demoness of Despair's potion formula, Lumian collected the black eyeball, the corpse's bile, and a strand of the coarse, partially restored gray-white hair, and handed them to Franca to put in the Traveler's Bag.

Having endured all this time, Ludwig finally found an opportunity, pointing at the corpse and asking, “Can I have a few bites?”

He had already obtained the Mirror Substitution ability through Deprivation, and by eating a few more pieces of the corpse's flesh and blood, he would have a chance to permanently fix this ability to himself.

Of course, limited by the dream and the current Sequence 7 level of Deprivation, he could only use Mirror Substitution for two to three weeks, unable to gain it permanently.

“Go ahead.” Lumian nodded.

Ludwig excitedly ran over, crouching next to the corpse's head, targeting the delicate, small ear.

“After her death, the Demoness's charm is concentrated in the ear, to the point that even Ludwig is attracted?” Lumian had just had this thought when he saw Ludwig lean down and bite off the ear with a crunch, chewing it noisily, his mouth covered in blood.

“...” Franca and the others fell silent, turning their bodies away, no longer looking.

After Ludwig finished eating both of the Demoness's ears, reluctantly returning to Jenna's side, Lumian began to set up the ritual.

Due to the lack of a subject to pray to, he could only perform the spirit channeling in the simplest way, carefully guarding against the strong corruption from the Celestial Immortal on the target.

Soon, the vague silhouette of the female corpse appeared.

Lumian asked in a deep voice, “What were you trying to do, waking up in the morgue of Mushu Hospital?”