

## Inevitability 921

### Chapter 921 Character Script

The pale-faced ghostly figure of the female corpse replied in a wavering voice, “To forge a good identity, pass the Intis Group’s interview, and become an employee of the company and a colleague of Zhou Mingrui.

“Interacting with Zhou Mingrui daily, starting off polite and distant, then gradually getting familiar, subtly seducing him in our daily interactions until he falls in love with me.

“I will become his girlfriend, and in the future, enter the marital hall with him. Through prosperity or adversity, wealth or poverty, health or sickness, whether he is male or female, I will always accompany him, never leaving, forever and ever.”

Listening with a slightly agape mouth, the sickly Franca gradually felt bewildered.

Isn't this character script a bit off?

This is neither an urban fantasy nor a suspense-horror, it's turned into a pure romance novel...

Is this intended to immerse Mr. Fool in a blissful, sweet love life and a peaceful, warm urban environment, unwilling to wake up?

Is the Celestial Worthy being this down-to-earth?

Is this a large-scale Truman Show for Mr. Fool, isolating him from reality?

When she heard the part about “whether he is male or female”, Franca suddenly snapped awake.

There is a conspiracy here!

There are sinister plots hidden within, with another purpose!

Lumian and Franca had similar thoughts, but Franca's mind was more active. Lumian was more concerned about another aspect.

The task of the reanimated female corpse did not include inducing Mr. Fool to drink the Witch potion. Does this mean someone else is responsible for turning Mr. Fool into a Demoness?

At this point, Franca quietly said, “The method in the script does seem feasible... To influence Mr. Fool, or Zhou Mingrui, a person so cautious and careful, the only way is to work on ‘falling in love over time’, only through the calm, genuine, day-by-day interaction can connections and trust be built.

“And for this kind of task, the most suitable executor is indeed a Demoness, secondly a Baby Cupid. No wonder they need to revive or awaken this female corpse, Charm can blend into many little details of daily life without being detected...”

“Indeed, following Madam Susie's reminder, we also seem to be able to only gain Mr. Fool's trust through similar means, only we don't need to use Charm, but then the risk of exposure would be too great.” Jenna weighed her words in agreement.

Prolonged, repeated contact with Mr. Fool would easily be noticed by the Celestial Worthy.

Lumian did not respond to Franca and Jenna. He needed to hurry up with the spirit channeling.

Looking at the floating female corpse illusion, he carefully asked, “Are you a marionette?”

Lumian had not experienced the battle with the female corpse's physical body, the two disease bombs' explosions, or the discussion about a Marionettist with Franca and the others, so at the time he did not search the 30-40 meter area around the surveillance room to see if there were any Beyonders hiding, until on the way back in the car, after exchanging details of the battle with his teammates, did he consider the possibility of a marionette.

However, not actively searching the 30-40 meter area around the surveillance room did not mean he was not wary of other enemies lurking nearby—that was a basic quality of a Hunter. At the time, he simply did not detect anyone hiding in the vicinity.

This made him uncertain about Franca and the others' suspicions. Their doubts might not be true, just as the reanimated female corpse did not have powers granted by the Door pathway.

The ghostly female corpse with its sinister black hair replied in a hollow voice, “Yes.”

Yes? She's really a marionette? Lumian was stunned for a moment, then urgently asked, “Who is your manipulator, and where are they?”

This time, the female corpse illusion did not respond, but slowly raised her head, gazing towards the vast, dark “sky” of the mirror realm.

Lumian and the others may have been influenced by the remnant spirit of the corpse, or perhaps stimulated by the change in the mystical environment caused by this action, and they actually experienced a slight hallucination.

Vaguely, they seemed to see ethereal, dense threads emerging from the corpse's body, extending upwards towards the heights, and similar illusory threads floating from their own bodies too, also drifting up into the dark, cloud-shrouded night sky.

They also seemed to see the individuals in the city, each of them sprouting numerous, dense illusory threads, connecting to somewhere in the night sky where the moon and stars were obscured by clouds.

Lumian was greatly shocked in both mind and spirit by this scene, but his observational abilities as a Hunter still allowed him to notice one detail.

The illusory threads emerging from themselves and the female corpse had a fairly obvious difference: theirs floated and swayed, as if only attracted and drawn towards some unseen thing high above, without actually deeply integrating into the darkness, while the female corpse's threads were taut, seeming to merge into the unfathomable blackness.

As for the threads of the other people in the city, Lumian could only vaguely sense them, unable to see them clearly.

Combining the currently available information on The Fool pathway provided by the Major Arcana card holders, Lumian, Franca, Jenna, and Anthony immediately came to the same judgment: the heights represented Mr. Fool, as well as the Celestial Worthy, and the resurrected female corpse was the Celestial Worthy's marionette!

“No wonder we couldn't find the Marionettist controlling her in the vicinity...” Jenna had just had this thought when she quickly realized a problem. “No, that can't be right! If it were like that, we would have already been locked on to by the Celestial Worthy and kicked out of the dream, and even if we weren't kicked out, we would definitely be under restrictions...”

Shifting gears, Jenna came up with a possibility, “The Celestial Worthy is also in a slumbering state, largely in a dazed, unconscious condition, controlling the marionette, only becoming aware of the corresponding situation when stimulated or when the marionette actively reports back.

“But can an unconsciously controlled marionette exhibit the kind of behavior we saw earlier? Apart from being a bit extreme, obsessed with dealing with us, not leaving in advance, the reanimated female corpse is no different from the real person...”

At this moment, the female corpse illusion began to fade, about to disappear.

The spirit channeling was almost over.

Grasping the last bit of time, Lumian asked in an urgent tone, “Who gave you humanity?”

Jenna immediately understood that Lumian had the same thoughts as her.

He was also very curious about the humanized behavior of the reanimated female corpse or marionette!

The pale-faced female corpse illusion grew fainter and fainter, only the empty voice echoing, “It was Mr. Fool and the Great Mother...”

“Ah?” In her weakened state, Franca's self-control slipped, the exclamation escaping her lips.

This sounded as if Mr. Fool and the ‘Great Mother had given birth to her, like she was their child...

Lumian ended the spirit channeling and turned to his teammates, saying thoughtfully, “I think I can understand the meaning of that last sentence.

“She should have previously made contact with Mr. Fool or one of his incarnations, a Demoness of Despair. Mr. Fool's subconscious would instinctively weave an identity, appearance and personality for her based on the image in his memory, and with the Great Mother's awakening, or rather, giving her new life, she naturally acquired humanity and became a unique marionette capable of autonomous action according to the mission assignment.

“The Oracle's corpse being sent to the Mushu Hospital morgue is also to create a similar marionette?”

“Does Mushu Hospital not only have the Mother Tree of Desire, but also the presence of the Great Mother?”

“I knew it!” Franca had wanted to clap her hands, but after raising them, she had no strength left. “Mushu Hospital may also have the power of the Order of All Extinction.”

Turning his gaze to the tattered yet enchanting female corpse, Lumian observed for a few seconds and said, “No powers from the Door pathway dissipating, nor any decay boons dissipating...”

“I don't know how they did it... She didn't show any corresponding abilities in the battle, were those two disease bombs pre-made with some kind of tool? Too bad we didn't get to ask about the marionette transformation of one of the disease bombs...” Franca grew increasingly fearful of Mushu Hospital.

She didn't even dare imagine what Lumian would have encountered if he had gone down to the B1 of Mushu Hospital!

Searching the body, Lumian found no other items, then stood up and said to Ludwig, “If you promise to listen to Jenna's orders from now on, I'll reward you with this corpse!”

“Okay, I promise!” Ludwig had a completely carefree expression, not caring at all about the future.

Lumian's true purpose was actually to destroy the body and eliminate any trace, as this was the Celestial Worthy's marionette. It had to be completely destroyed before the Celestial Worthy's intermittent awakening, leaving no evidence to avoid drawing attention and anomalies.

Seeing Ludwig rush towards the female corpse, Jenna supported the sickly Franca, and along with Anthony, quickly exited the mirror realm and returned to the rental unit.

Standing beside Ludwig, Lumian asked in a flat tone, “If this corpse is real, would you be able to restore to Sequence 4 after eating it?”

“No, unless you give me the other one too.” Ludwig looked at Lumian with longing.

He was referring to Voisin Sanson's body. A few days ago, he had received an arm as a reward for his good performance in studying, exams, and homework, so he had fully recovered to the Sequence 5 Depriver level before entering the dream.

Ignoring Ludwig's plea, Lumian asked instead, “What is your Sequence 4 called?”

Ludwig began gnawing on an arm, answering in a muffled voice, “Sea Monster.”

The next morning, Franca found that her severe illness had not yet recovered. Her forehead still felt feverish; her body weak, and she almost couldn't get out of bed.

Lumian used the simplest Magic Mirror Divination method to confirm that this was just the lingering effect of the negative effect, and she would be ill for about half a day, not because the healing agent had not worked as it should. He then told Jenna, “We'll take turns. You take care of her and Ludwig in the morning, I'll do it in the afternoon.”

“Now I'll drive with Anthony to contact the Major Arcana card holders.”

“Okay.” Jenna had also been somewhat corrupted the night before and needed more rest as well.

Downstairs, getting into the car, Lumian, mimicking Franca, placed his phone on a specially bought holder and opened the navigation app.

Then, under Anthony's gaze, he used voice input to enter the destination: “Star Dream Provisions Store.”

Chapter 922 News

In the rental apartment.

Jenna cleaned up the table, picked up the soy milk and meat buns she had specially left for Franca, and said to Ludwig beside her, “You can start studying now.”

Ludwig's expression changed a few times before he argued, “What's the point of me studying?

“If you want to gain knowledge, eat scientists. If you want to gain abilities, eat Beyonders!”

Jenna smiled faintly and said, “Studying may not be important for you, but it's very important for us that you study.”

“...” Ludwig, already inarticulate, was left completely speechless by Jenna's frankness.

After some consideration, Jenna added, “Although we don't know the exact process, and you've probably forgotten too, the fact that you were sealed by the Church of Knowledge is as solid as steel. And what's the biggest difference between you and the clergy of the Church of Knowledge? It's the attitude towards learning!”

Ludwig was left feeling a bit confused. Reluctantly but resignedly, he sat down at the table and opened his textbook.

Jenna returned to the master bedroom, casually closing the door behind her.

Franca struggled to sit up halfway, stuffing a pillow behind her back, and said in a low voice, “You're deceiving Ludwig again. Trying to defeat the Church of Knowledge through studying is like competing against them on their home turf, under their favorite rules. How can we win that way? The best approach is to play to our own strengths.

“Hehe, Demonesses are indeed supposed to be good at deceiving people.”

Many Demonesses had experience deceiving others' feelings to digest the Witch potion, and some of them even became emotionally invested themselves, ultimately having to force themselves to separate. So they also had their share of pain.

Jenna laughed. “We have to give him some reason, and he's just looking for a reason too.”

Jenna paused, then said thoughtfully, “Besides, I think studying does have an effect on Ludwig. You saw him during last night's battle—he was completely monstrous. But in our daily interactions, I feel that apart from his ability to eat, love of eating, and need to eat, he's just like a normal little boy in every other way.

“This is partly due to the Church of Knowledge's seal, but it's also likely because he's learned rules, morals, and common sense about human society through studying.”

As she spoke, Jenna brought the plastic cup of soy milk to Franca's lips, letting her take a sip, then handed her the meat bun, watching as she bit into it until she reached the filling.

Franca had never enjoyed such treatment before, and her heart was instantly filled with warmth.

She nodded thoughtfully. “You mean studying is one of the ways for Ludwig to integrate into human society? That studying has given him some humanity?”

“Yup.” Jenna continued to feed Franca her breakfast while casually chatting with her. At the end, she even used a wet wipe to clean Franca's mouth and washed her face.

After finishing these tasks, Jenna took the trash and left the master bedroom.

After bustling about for several dozen seconds, she sat down next to Ludwig, as if supervising a child's study.

After watching for a while, she took out two packages from the Traveler's Bag and placed them on the table.

They were two bags of simply packaged rice crisps.

As Ludwig looked over in surprise, Jenna said with a smile, “If you can pass my test later, these will be yours.

“Do you prefer spicy or original flavor?”

“I like both!” Ludwig lowered his head again, his gaze unusually focused.

“I prefer the original flavor.” Jenna tore open the packaging and popped two pieces into her mouth, chewing.

Ludwig's head snapped up to look at her, his mouth half-open, expression bewildered.

Isn't this my reward?

“I'll eat a bit while you're studying. Don't worry, I'll save some for you,” Jenna said with a smile.

Franca, lying on the bed in the master bedroom, couldn't help but laugh when she heard this conversation.

She suddenly realized that although Jenna usually seemed very mature, she was actually just a girl fresh out of college by her real age. It was perfectly normal for such a girl to enjoy snacks, and now she finally had the opportunity.

The smile on Franca's face gradually softened as new dialogue drifted in from the living room outside.

“This is a corn soup flavored puffed snack.”

“These are cucumber flavored potato chips.”

“These are chocolate wafer cookies.”

“...”

“These snacks aren't plentiful because they're not as cheap as staple foods, but they're all prepared for you, as rewards for studying hard and doing well on tests.”

“You... you eat less! I'll work hard!”

Leaning against the pillow, Franca slowly developed a strange feeling: She was the sick father, and outside were the gluttonous, study-averse child and the mother supervising the child's homework.

If one ignored phrases like “the corpse's finger is also your reward for today,” it was really such a warm and beautiful day-to-day life for a family of three.

Beep! Beep! Beep!

The sound of horns blared constantly behind and beside the gray sedan, urging Lumian to drive faster, but Lumian remained calm and completely ignored the noise around him, keeping the vehicle moving steadily at the lowest speed allowed on the current road section.

As a new driver—safety first!

Anthony sat in the passenger seat, constantly scrolling through his phone, looking at local news.

“What are you looking for?” Lumian glanced at his companion out of the corner of his eye.

Anthony shouldn't have reached the stage of being addicted to the Internet yet; after all, he had only just learned how to use it.

Anthony turned his head and said solemnly, “I still feel that several details from last night's battle seem increasingly odd the more I think about them.”

“Such as?” Lumian focused on driving.

Anthony said carefully, “The second security guard who self-destructed, his state before the explosion was very similar to that of a Marionettist himself, but he just exploded like that.”

“The ability to swap positions between a marionette and its master? You suspect that there was indeed a demigod-level Marionettist assisting the Celestial Worthy's marionette at the scene?” Lumian understood what Anthony was trying to express.

“But we were aware of the situation within a range of several dozen meters and found no traces. Could it be that this demigod-level Marionettist was in a state where we couldn't see, hear, or touch them?”

“That's the most terrifying part. And if there really was such a Marionettist present, why didn't he save the reanimated female corpse afterward, and why hasn't he spread information about our appearances and characteristics since then?” Anthony returned his gaze to his phone.

Lumian nodded slowly and replied, “You're scrolling through reports and private rumors related to last night's incident, checking if any of our information has leaked?”

“Yes,” Anthony said, his finger constantly sliding across the screen. “The current circulating story is that workplace conflicts led one of the security guards to bring in detonators, killing his colleague and himself in the explosion...”

Anthony stopped mid-sentence.

He frowned slightly.

“I've come across a strange local news item. This morning, a madman was found near the garbage collection point close to Moon Plaza, a completely irrational madman unable to communicate. Then, he was sent to the hospital for treatment.”

“Near the mall? A madman?” Lumian also noticed the oddity of this news and keenly asked, “Which hospital was he sent to?”

Could this madman be the Marionettist who was hidden last night?

Did he not intervene in the later battle because something happened to him?

What happened? Why did something happen?

“The news doesn't say,” Anthony continued scrolling through reports on this matter.

Lumian maintained his speed and took another ten minutes or so to reach their destination.

After finding a parking spot and struggling to park the car, he and Anthony walked towards Star Dream Provisions Store located at the corner of the street.

The shop had no lights on, and it was narrow and dim inside. The moment Lumian entered, it felt like he had gone from morning to night.

He glanced at the tall, long shelves on both sides filled with peculiar goods, and walked to the cashier counter at the very back.

Behind the counter sat a woman wearing a black dress. She leaned against the wooden cabinet behind her, head lowered as she played with her phone. In front of her was a tablet playing a TV series.

Lumian politely said, “Hello, I'd like to send a letter.”

He was actually saying he wanted to send a letter in a provisions store.

The woman in the black dress playing with her phone didn't find it strange. Without raising her head, she asked, “Where to, and to whom?”



“To the Cathedral of Serenity, to High-ranking Deacon Leonard Mitchell,” Lumian took out the letter for the Major Arcana card holders.

The woman in the black dress still looked at her phone, her voice gentle and calming as she said, “There's a silver-rimmed black mailbox on the third shelf to the right. You can put your letter in there.

“Come back tomorrow to collect the reply.”

“Thank you,” Lumian quietly sighed in relief and turned towards the shelf.

What caught his eye wasn't a toy mailbox, but a brass-like book and a silver mirror with black pupil-like orbs on both sides.

Lumian quickly scanned the shelves and also found classic quill pens, various strange dice, and other items. If it weren't for the shop owner being on her phone and watching a tablet, he would have thought he had returned to the real world, back to Trier.

The style of these items was quite different from the dream city, more like things from the Northern Continent!

After placing the letter in the silver-rimmed toy mailbox, Lumian turned to the side and asked the shop owner, “May I look at the goods here?”

The shop owner's voice carried a hint of amusement. “These are all for sale.”

For sale? As a Demoness, Lumian first picked up the silver mirror with ancient patterns and a black gem on each side.

In the mirror, Lumian's face quickly appeared.

Light blue eyes, clear and deep, a slightly thin face, almost perfect, lips neither thick nor thin, pale in color yet moist, with a hint of radiance...

This was his female form.

It directly shows my Demoness state... This mirror indeed has magical properties... Just as Lumian had this thought, he saw the surface of the mirror ripple like water, outlining rows of blood-colored words in ancient Feysac: “I am the great Arrodes. I can answer any question you ask, but you must also answer an equal number of questions from me, in the presence of at least one witness.

“If you refuse to answer, or if you lie, you will face punishment.”

Arrodes, the great Arrodes? Lumian knew this name.

Franca had mentioned it before. This was Mr. Fool's magic mirror, most accurate in answering questions, but each of its questions would cause the diviner to suffer social death.

Mr. Fool's magic mirror is actually in this provisions store in the dream? What does this represent, what does it symbolize? Lumian couldn't help but glance again at the shop owner, the woman in the black dress playing with her phone.

After brief consideration, Lumian calmly said, “My question is, regarding the matter of awakening Mr. Fool, what do you want to warn us about?”

## Chapter 923 Prices

The surface of the magic mirror claiming to be Arrodes rippled with aqueous light, and the surrounding darkness became hazy.

One by one, ancient Feysac words that seemed to be dripping blood quickly appeared on the mirror: “Beware of the night.”

Beware of the night? Lumian repeated this answer while instinctively looking outside the Star Dream Provisions Store.

At this time, the August sunlight was bright and brilliant, reflecting golden light off many glass windows across the street, unconsciously making people feel certain and secure, while also instinctively dreading the heat.

Lumian quickly recalled his experiences of the past two nights, realizing that neither night had been peaceful: The first night, the dream image of Oracle Danitz was murdered, and the orderly at Mushu Hospital revived the corpse of a Demoness of Despair;

The second night, they encountered the reanimated female corpse in the monitoring room, a fierce battle ensued, and they nearly made the local news headlines as a major case involving guns, explosives, and biochemical toxins. Fortunately, to avoid causing panic, the police did not disclose specific details and only launched a secret investigation.

In comparison, nothing major had happened during the two daytimes. The only anomaly was the revival of the Oracle's corpse, which had walked into Mushu Hospital without causing much commotion.

Daytime is relatively safe, while night is more dangerous? During the day, Mr. Fool's power is dominant, while at night, the Celestial Worthy's consciousness is more active? Lumian briefly analyzed the answer from the magic mirror Arrodes.

At this point, the blood-colored words on the silver mirror's surface twisted and writhed to form new content: “Based on the principle of reciprocity, it's my turn to ask a question.

“If you answer incorrectly or lie, you will be punished.”

Lumian nodded fearlessly, while Anthony beside him remained silent.

On the magic mirror, new words began to form one by one: “Regarding your sister Aurore...”

Lumian's eyebrows suddenly twitched, and at the same time, the words on the mirror's surface suddenly blurred, rearranging into new content: “After becoming a Demoness, do you want to be fucked by men?”

“No,” Lumian answered briefly and decisively.

No punishment appeared.

Lumian murmured in confusion, “The question is so simple?”

First, it suddenly changed the question, then asked one that he currently had a clear conscience about. How could this create social death?

On the mirror's surface, waves of light floated, and several lines of ancient Feysac words that seemed to be dripping blood appeared:

“The great Arrodes is very friendly to everyone who enters the dream and wants to awaken Mr. Fool!”

I see... This magic mirror is very loyal... Just as Lumian finished this thought, he saw the words on the mirror change: “Based on the principle of reciprocity, it's my turn to ask a question.

“If you answer incorrectly or lie, you will be punished.”

That also counted as a question? Lumian hadn't expected his mutterings to become a question.

He hadn't even demanded that the magic mirror Arrodes answer!

On the surface of the antique silver mirror, a bloody question appeared before Lumian's eyes:

“What does it feel like to wear women's underwear?”

Still quite friendly indeed... Lumian answered expressionlessly, “Constricting, a bit tight, not very comfortable, but it gives a sense of stability and security.”

Considering that the magic mirror Arrodes had only answered “Beware of the night” for the first question, Lumian felt that asking more questions now wouldn't yield much more information. So he put the antique silver mirror with black eye-like gems on both sides back in its original place.

He thoughtfully looked towards the cashier counter and asked the shop owner, “How much is this mirror?”

If the price was right, perhaps he could buy it. As Mr. Fool's personal item, the magic mirror might provide important information at crucial moments later on.

The shop owner in the black dress finally raised her head.

For some reason, Lumian felt the sunlight outside suddenly dim a little, as if large clouds had drifted by.

The interior of Star Dream Provisions Store became even darker.

In this environment, Lumian, with his Night Vision, could still clearly see the shop owner's appearance.

Her eyes were a rare pure black, her face extraordinarily beautiful, but she didn't look like a local.

The shop owner smiled and answered Lumian's question, “5 million.”

“How much?” Lumian blurted out, and even Anthony's expression changed slightly.

“5 million,” the shop owner repeated the price.

I have to think twice even about spending 50 now, and you're quoting me 5 million... Lumian abandoned the idea of buying the magic mirror Arrodes.

He knew that this price was actually very cheap. This was Mr. Fool's personal item, the great Arrodes, its true value definitely worth 5 million, or even far exceeding this price, but one had to allow those without money to grumble a bit.

With an attitude of gaining knowledge, Lumian pointed to the brass-like book. "How much is this?" "9 million," the shop owner answered politely.

Lumian couldn't ask further.

He now only knew one thing, this brass book was more valuable than the magic mirror Arrodes!

The shop owner added with a smile, "Most of the items in the store are antiques, and related to mysticism, so they're not cheap. But you can choose to rent them, calculated by the day."

"Rent?" Lumian pointed at the magic mirror Arrodes in surprise. "How much to rent for one day?"

"220,000," the shop owner's voice was as gentle as a serenade.

220,000... This isn't much different from buying it for 5 million, we can't afford it either way... Lumian first grumbled to himself, then based on his rich dream experience and a Demoness's spiritual intuition, he muttered softly, "Saving up 5 million to buy the magic mirror, and saving up 220,000 to rent it for a day, both have corresponding symbolic meanings?"

The shop owner didn't seem to expect Lumian to rent or purchase, and lowered her head again to focus on her phone.

Lumian indeed didn't have the ability to rent or buy now, so he and Anthony walked towards the door of Star Dream Provisions Store.

After a few steps, he suddenly thought of something and turned back to ask, "Has anyone rented the magic mirror before?"

The shop owner raised her head again, a smile appearing on her beautiful face. "Yes."

Lumian's pupils suddenly dilated. "Who?"

Someone really rented the magic mirror Arrodes in the dream city?

What did they use it for?

The shop owner answered with a faint smile, "It's my duty to keep my clients' privacy and secrets."

In Lumian's mind, thoughts flashed like lightning.

He finally didn't pursue the question further and turned to walk out of Star Dream Provisions Store.

Just as they approached where they had parked, Lumian and Anthony saw a foreign man with brownish-yellow hair crouching beside the gray sedan their team had rented, looking left and right, occasionally taking a photo.

Seeing the car owners return, this foreign man slowly stood up.

He was about the same height as Lumian, wearing a pair of plain glasses on his nose bridge, with some light yellow stubble on his face. His chest muscles were developed, his arms were thick,

stretching his blue shirt to near bursting point. He wore faded jeans and carried a black travel backpack on his back.

“Why are you photographing our car?” Lumian asked cautiously.

He now had a kind of illness where he felt that every person in the dream had a corresponding identity and symbolic meaning.

The foreign man said, “Such a vintage car is rare to see; it fills a gap in my knowledge.”

“Knowledge?” Lumian asked puzzledly.

Is this guy studying cars?

The foreign man smiled and said, “I’m an international student, studying at the university here. I really like this city, I like everything here, so when I don’t have classes, I carry my bag and phone, walk around and take photos everywhere, recording every detail that makes up this civilization.”

“I see...” Lumian felt this guy was a bit strange, but as he was still in the first stage of observation, he didn’t want to have too much contact with him.

At this point, Anthony suddenly asked, “What’s your name?”

The foreign man glanced at Anthony and smiled as he answered, “Stiano. What about you guys?”

“Li Ming,” Lumian gave his fake name for the dream city.

Anthony also introduced himself, “An Ruide.”

After chatting for a few more sentences, Stiano, this foreign man, continued to wander aimlessly with his backpack and phone.

Once in the car, Lumian fastened his seatbelt and looked at Anthony.

“Why did you ask for his name?”

Anthony rarely took such initiative.

Anthony thought for a moment and said, “He gives me a strange sense of familiarity.

“I’ll use hypnosis to ask my subconscious later, to see where this sense of familiarity comes from.”

Lumian nodded and started the car.

Halfway through the drive, Anthony suddenly came out of hypnosis and said to Lumian, “I’ve found the source of the familiarity. I get a similar feeling every time I enter a Church of Steam cathedral.”

He was originally a Steam believer.

“The corresponding dream image of a high-level figure in the Church of Steam?”

Although Lumian had disguised himself as a Steam believer before, he had hardly ever entered a Church of Steam, so he didn’t have the same feeling as Anthony.

“Maybe,” Anthony wasn’t too sure.

At noon, in the rental apartment.

Lumian said to Jenna, who was supporting Franca as she came out to eat, “This afternoon, you and Anthony take Ludwig to check out Dream Tutoring Classes in person. I'll stay home to take care of Franca.

“According to the information provided by the Major Arcana cards, Mr. Fool also enrolled in this tutoring center. This is one of the best ways for us to naturally and normally come into contact with Mr. Fool.

“Moreover, we can observe the impact of the Oracle's death on this tutoring center.”

“Mm,” Franca spoke up. “It seems a bit strange that the Oracle, as an adult man, was reported missing after just one night of not returning.”

Jenna thought for a moment and said, “Maybe Mr. Fool's subconscious thinks this matter is urgent.”

“There might be other reasons,” Lumian glanced at Ludwig, whose face had soured upon hearing about the tutoring center, and said, “Jenna is responsible for communication and probing, Anthony for observation. I'll leave this matter to you guys.”

#### Chapter 924 Tutoring Class

Unable to drive, Jenna and Anthony chose to take public transportation with the child to Dream Tutoring Classes. They made a comprehensive travel plan and prepared spare change for unexpected situations, rather than relying solely on mobile payments.

After they left, Lumian helped Franca back to the master bedroom and glanced at the large ice blocks in four basins, chuckling. “This isn't much worse than air conditioning.”

The only issue was needing to refreeze the water periodically, which consumed some spirituality. But for Demonesses, creating frost was an ability that used very little spirituality.

Plus, it effectively solved the problem of limited refrigerator space.

“Yeah, air conditioning is so expensive,” Franca leaned against the pillow and sighed sincerely. “I never imagined being a Demoness would be so practical in daily life.”

Lumian sat on the edge of the bed and casually asked, “How are you feeling now?”

“Much better. This morning I was so weak I could only walk slowly,” Franca answered honestly. “Since becoming a Beyonder, this is the first time I've been so seriously ill. As expected of the negative effects of a demigod-level item.”

Lumian tsked. “But I heard from Jenna that she had to feed you breakfast, and when you needed to go to the washroom, er, restroom, you called her to support you.”

Where was the slow walking?

Franca wasn't embarrassed at being exposed, and chuckled. "Can't I enjoy being carefully looked after as a patient?"

Lumian pressed his hand to his own forehead, then felt Franca's.

"Your temperature has indeed come down, but you can continue enjoying being cared for until you're fully recovered."

"Does that mean I can boss you around?" Franca suddenly got excited.

She recalled her university days, when every day a lucky roommate would be ordered to get food for the whole dorm, and she was the luckiest one.

Seeing Franca's eager expression, Lumian smiled and took out a yellow peach from the Traveler's Bag.

"Didn't you say yesterday that you missed the taste of yellow peaches? I happened to pass by a fruit wholesale market on my way back and bought a bag."

"I just mentioned it casually..." Franca was a bit surprised, her eyes curving slightly.

Lumian formed a small fruit knife from frost, and swiftly peeled the yellow peach clean over the bedside trash can. He then cut off a piece, skewered it with the ice knife, and held it to Franca's lips.

Looking at the juicy and tempting flesh, the crystal clear fruit knife, and Lumian's slightly smiling face, Franca suddenly felt the atmosphere was different from when Jenna cared for her in the morning.

The morning felt like a sick father watching a gentle mother urging a gluttonous child to study, while now it feels like a sick wife...

"You're not eating? If you don't eat it, I will." Lumian appeared to take back the piece of peach and put it in his own mouth, with the attitude of brotherly interaction.

Franca snorted and quickly opened her mouth to bite the piece of peach.

She chewed and swallowed, then said rather nostalgically, "It's the taste from my memories."

As she ate the peach Lumian fed her, she brought up their previous topic.

"What do you think is hidden in B1 of Mushu Hospital?"

Lumian considered carefully before saying, "My contact with Naboredisley and other Devils left me a deep impression of one sentence—the entrance to the Abyss is not only in some place in the real world, but also in everyone's heart. We can all fall into the Abyss and become devils not on the Devil pathway. So I suspect the Mother Tree of Desire, standing at the top of the Devil, Wraith, and Baby Cupid pathways, is using Her control over the Abyss to turn Mr. Fool's psychological dark side into Mushu Hospital.

"Then, the Great Mother and the deity worshiped by Order of All Extinction used the psychological dark side to infiltrate a bit of Their power, gradually eroding the dream. The influence of the Abyss is from bottom to top, from the depths of the heart to the

surface. Reflected in the specific symbol of Mushu Hospital, this means remodeling from the underground floors to the ground level.”

“You mean the underground floors of Mushu Hospital have become a small-scale Abyss, a more complex and terrifying Abyss?” Franca swallowed the peach in her mouth and asked thoughtfully.

Lumian nodded, skillfully cutting another piece of peach and bringing it to Franca's lips.

“Currently we can see the power of the Mother Tree of Desire, the Great Mother, and that deity of Order of All Extinction. The others are unknown for now.”

“These evil gods should only be able to influence part of the dream. It seems they intend to help the Celestial Worthy?” Franca bit the piece of peach with her teeth and asked puzzledly.

Lumian considered for a moment before saying, “That's how it is now, but it may not be the case later.

“Madam Magician told me privately that these evil gods don't actually like the Celestial Worthy that much. If given a choice, Their instinctive desire is to use the Celestial Worthy to pass through the barrier, but not let the Celestial Worthy truly awaken. Perhaps in this dream battle, if Mr. Fool is strong, They will definitely help the Celestial Worthy. If the Celestial Worthy gains a big advantage, they might secretly sabotage the Celestial Worthy's plans.

“Moreover, They Themselves are chaotic and insane, and may do things we can't understand at any time. The Marionettist who should have appeared last night didn't truly show up, perhaps for this reason. In short, what the evil gods would most like to see is both Mr. Fool and the Celestial Worthy continuing to sleep, indulging in this dream city.”

Hearing this, Franca was suddenly moved.

She cast her gaze towards the window filled with brilliant sunlight, towards the distant high-rise buildings, and said in a low voice with self-mockery, “If my dream was like this, if the people I care about were all here, I might also indulge in it, not wanting to wake up...”

At Dream Tutoring Classes, in front of the reception desk.

Jenna held Ludwig's hand and handed the flier given by Oracle Danitz to the dark-skinned male receptionist.

“I'd like to know more details about your courses.”

The dark-skinned male receptionist's eyes lit up and he put on a smile. “Ma'am, what does your child want to learn?”



“Could you first introduce all the courses?” Jenna hadn't decided yet what class to enroll Ludwig in.

The male receptionist was stunned for a moment, then muttered,

“Before, I would introduce first, then ask the customer what they wanted to learn, but I was criticized by several customers. They told me to ask about their needs first, then give targeted introductions... How is this wrong again...”

Without needing Anthony's observation results, Jenna began to feel this receptionist wasn't very bright, and seemed a bit stupid.

She pondered for a moment and said, “Our child only has time on weekends. Please introduce the weekend courses.”

According to the information, Mr. Fool had enrolled in this tutoring center's weekend Business English course!

The male receptionist breathed a sigh of relief, took out some materials, and began detailing the weekend courses his company offered.

After listening for a while, Jenna found that only the Beginner English class had a similar schedule to the Business English class.

She turned her head to look at Ludwig's pained expression, then picked up the Beginner English class materials and said, “It's still 6,666 after the discount? Can it be cheaper?”

Even at just 6,666, it was a very large expense for Jenna and the others. They had borrowed some more money through another app yesterday to scrape together enough without affecting their daily lives.

“Well, only our principal has the authority to give further discounts. I'll get her.” The dark-skinned receptionist hurriedly went down the hallway to the office to fetch the principal.

She was a beautiful woman with dyed brown hair, an oval face, and clear blue eyes like spring water. She wore an elegant women's blouse paired with a dark pleated knee-length skirt, exposing her fair, long, and straight calves.

“Principal Ai is exceptionally learned and talented. Not only is she good at English, but also French. She can also paint, appraise antiques, play various musical instruments...” the dark-skinned receptionist went on and on with his introduction.

Jenna could see that Principal Ai was a bit embarrassed and uncomfortable with the praise. At the same time, she noticed Ludwig's expression change, as if he had encountered a natural enemy.

“You want to take the Beginner English class?” Principal Ai interrupted the receptionist's introduction and turned her gaze to Ludwig.

“Yes.” Jenna nodded sincerely.

Principal Ai looked at Ludwig and said, “Starting at this age has already missed the best phase for language acquisition, but as long as you're willing to learn, any time is a good time. It's never too late.

“Hmm, 5,000—the lowest cost price. We can't delay the child's education.”

This should have been a sales pitch to get people to enroll, but Jenna actually heard sincerity in it. She felt Principal Ai was genuinely considering the child's education.

As expected of an archbishop of the Church of Knowledge, former treasure hunter and Pirate Admiral... Jenna recalled the contents of the file and nodded painfully.

“Alright, we'll enroll in the class at this time slot.”

Seeing what Jenna was pointing at, Principal Ai couldn't help but frown. “Anderson's class...”

“Is there a problem?” Jenna asked curiously.

“Anderson is very suitable for teaching young children, but he tends to let them develop bad study habits. If we weren't short-staffed, I wouldn't let him teach the beginner class...” Before Principal Ai could finish speaking, a man turned into the hallway.

He had blonde hair and blue eyes, wearing a white shirt and black vest, with his hands in his pockets.

He smiled at Principal Ai and said, “Edwina, did you just mention my name?”

In the dream city, Edwina was Principal Ai's English name.

Principal Ai composed herself and pointed at Ludwig.

“This little friend wants to enroll in your beginner class.”

“Is that so?” Anderson walked up to Ludwig and squatted down without concern for his image, questioning his potential student, “Do you like learning English?”

“No.” Ludwig shook his head quickly.

Anderson continued asking, “Then do you like learning French?”

“No.” Ludwig continued shaking his head.

“How about Mauritian Creole?” Anderson persisted.

Ludwig shook his head again. “No.”

“Then do you like learning to paint?” Anderson changed the question.

Ludwig shook his head without hesitation. “No.”

“So what do you like?” Anderson wasn't upset at all.

“I like eating.” Ludwig was very honest.

Anderson smiled and stood up, saying, “How about this—study cooking with me, and at least you can be a chef in the future.”

If it were someone else, they would definitely think Anderson was mocking their child for having no talent for studying. But Jenna just wanted to say he had a keen eye, immediately seeing Ludwig's essence.

“You know how to cook?” the dark-skinned receptionist asked very hostilely.

Anderson laughed. “I'm very good at roasting rabbit. Danitz originally wanted me to teach him, but...”

At this point, Anderson sighed.

He's the Oracle's roommate, the first to discover the Oracle's disappearance? Jenna's spirits suddenly lifted.

### Chapter 925 Hidden Meaning

Jenna, holding Ludwig's hand, deliberately fixed her gaze on Anderson's face. “I heard that Mr. Da who gave us the flier has gone missing. Is there any news?”

Principal Ai, whose English name was Edwina, suddenly looked gloomy. “He was killed.”

“Oh my goodness, did something really happen to him?” Jenna had already rehearsed how she should react when inquiring about such matters, and even used the catchphrases popular among ordinary people in the dream city.

Before leaving home, she had deliberately applied makeup to make herself less attractive, to avoid becoming the focus of passersby.

The dark-skinned receptionist nodded gravely.

“We went to the police station to identify the body. Although he liked to show off, was a bit impulsive, and loved attention, he was truly a very, very good person. Why would someone murder him?”

“Robbery?” Jenna offered a guess.

“His phone and valuable belongings were still on him.” Principal Ai denied this possibility. “Let's wait for the police investigation results. Hopefully, the murderer will be brought to justice soon.”

Her expression was a bit sorrowful, obviously not wanting to discuss this matter further.

The foreign teacher, Anderson, then said, “The night before last, before he went out, he told me he'd ask me how to pursue girls when he got back. I waited for him until dawn, sent him messages but he didn't reply, called him but he didn't answer. I thought at the time, he shouldn't have had a romantic encounter, unless he paid for it, but he was very stingy and saved all his money, saying he wanted to buy a house...”

“You felt something was wrong, so you called the police?” Jenna showed a look of sudden realization.

At the same time, she couldn't help but grumble inwardly, Even though you're talking about a sad event, why do I feel like you're mocking the deceased? Is this really Anderson Hood, once the strongest Hunter of the Fog Sea?

The information provided by the Major Arcana cards mentioned that the principal of Dream Tutoring Classes, Ai Nana, corresponded to the Pirate Admiral Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina from a few years ago, and the foreign teacher Anderson Hood corresponded to Anderson Hood, the strongest Hunter of the Fog Sea in reality. Of course, this title was now disputed, with Louis Berry having quite a few supporters.

Anderson nodded. “Yes, reporting to the police must be timely. If he really encountered problems, the police might have been able to save him in time. If he was indeed just fooling around with paid women, the police could have caught him in bed. Who knew... sigh...”

Are you really concerned about the Oracle, or do you have a grudge against him... Jenna couldn't tell for a moment whether Anderson was joking or not.

Moreover, it's not appropriate to joke about such a tragedy!

Jenna asked a few more questions indirectly, roughly confirming that Anderson had reported to the police less than an hour after the Oracle's death, and the police had taken it seriously, not dismissing it with the usual “adult males must be out of contact for 48 hours” excuse. They had started searching near the late-night food stalls just after midnight.

This is close to what we speculated. Mr. Fool's subconscious probably considered this matter very important, or in his subconscious, the Oracle was quite important, so the police acted unusually and started the investigation immediately... Jenna didn't dwell on the Oracle's death, and began paying and filling out forms to enroll Ludwig in the weekend Beginner English class.

She knew that in such scenarios, one should avoid touching on or asking about others' sorrowful matters, especially those involving death, unless the other person was willing to talk about it.

After leaving Dream Tutoring Classes, on the way to the bus stop, Jenna looked at Anthony, who hadn't said much and seemed to have gone unnoticed by Principal Ai, Anderson Hood, and others. “Did you observe any unusual details?”

“The key figures at Dream Tutoring Classes basically match the descriptions in the file, and their attitudes towards the Oracle's death are normal.” Anthony had prepared his thoughts. “But I felt that some of Anderson Hood's words just now were a bit over the top, hiding some subtext, as if he wanted to tell us something...”

Before Anthony could finish, a voice suddenly sounded from behind. “I heard you mention my name.”

Jenna and Anthony turned around simultaneously to find that Anderson Hood had somehow also left Dream Tutoring Classes and was only four or five meters away from them.

Jenna thought for two seconds and deliberately said, “We were discussing how you don't seem to be very sad about Mr. Da's death, and even seem to be mocking him.”

Anderson smiled and looked around before saying, “Because I feel that the people around me have been acting a bit strange lately.”

“Strange?” Jenna asked puzzledly.

Anderson lowered his voice. “Don't you suddenly have this feeling at some point?”

“The people around seem to be acting out different scripts to cooperate with you, but occasionally they overdo it or are not meticulous enough, making you notice something is off, making you feel terrified, like it's not real enough.

“Before, they all performed very well, but recently, the flaws have increased significantly.”

Wh— Has Anderson Hood perceived the essence of this dream city? But he's just a dream image, not a real person's projection. The Major Arcana card holders said that the real Anderson Hood doesn't have any special items or connections, so he can't enter Mr. Fool's dream...

He now seems like a character in a book who discovers that he's just a character in a story... Jenna was shocked and found it incredible.

Seeing Jenna stunned, Anderson laughed. “You believed it? Looks like the story I made up isn't bad, and my acting isn't bad either...”

After saying this, Anderson waved his hand and walked towards the nearby convenience store.

Behind him, a group of students who had finished class poured out of Dream Tutoring Classes.

Jenna and Anthony exchanged glances, neither angered by Anderson's prank, but rather feeling that he really had something unsaid.

This person, who should only be a dream image, seemed a bit special.

Looking at the students leaving the building where Dream Tutoring Classes was located, Jenna withdrew her gaze and continued walking towards the bus stop.

While waiting for the bus, she curiously asked Ludwig, “You seemed a bit scared when you saw Principal Ai?”

Ludwig mumbled, “She was one of my former teachers.”

Ah, Ludwig's teacher from the Church of Knowledge, no wonder... Jenna suddenly understood.

In the rental apartment.

After listening to Jenna and Anthony's account, Lumian considered for a moment and said, “Currently, we're still in the observation stage of key figures. Don't further contact Anderson for now. After we finish the observation phase, we'll find an opportunity when there are no other teachers or students from Dream Tutoring Classes around him to probe him.”

Franca, who had recovered her health, also regained her normal thinking ability.

“You suspect that Mr. Fool enrolling in Dream Tutoring Classes caused problems for some of the teachers and students there, and the Oracle's death is a continuation of

these problems rather than the beginning? And Anderson also became suspicious because he noticed some small inconsistencies?"

"This possibility is quite high." Lumian stood up and said, "I'm going to cook now."

He walked towards the kitchen, and Jenna naturally followed to assist.

Lumian had already steamed a pot of rice in the rice cooker. Now, he put the rice into several large bowls and added spicy sauces like Lao Gan Ma.

"After Ludwig finishes these, he'll be about 70-80% full, and then he can eat dinner normally with us," Lumian casually said to Jenna.

Jenna helped carry two bowls of rice, nodding seriously. "Yes, the food for Ludwig should be divided into two types: one for filling his stomach and one for tasting delicious flavors. It can't just be for filling his stomach."

"You seem quite concerned about him?" Lumian picked up the remaining bowls and chuckled.

Jenna laughed self-mockingly. "I feel a bit guilty, I guess."

After delivering these bowls of rice to Ludwig, Lumian washed the rice cooker clean and steamed another pot for himself and the others, using the quick mode.

"When we have money, we should buy another rice cooker..." Lumian muttered as he took out vegetables and meat from the refrigerator.

Jenna took them over, washed the vegetables under the tap, and used her Demoness powers to control frost to defrost the meat.

She washed one item and passed it to Lumian, who used knives formed from frost to chop and slice.

The two chatted casually, occasionally falling silent to listen to how Franca was teaching Ludwig to watch cartoons in the living room, without slowing down their food preparation.

Jenna glanced at the sky outside, tinged with golden-red afterglow, and said, "We probably won't go out at night for now. What's the plan for tomorrow?"

During the observation phase, they had to be extremely careful. Since the magic mirror Arrodes had hinted that there were problems at night, they wouldn't go out after dark for now.

While quickly slicing with his ice knife, Lumian looked down at the increasing pile of shredded meat and said without hesitation, "In the morning, we'll go to Star Dream Provisions Store to get the reply from the Major Arcana card holders, and observe the police station nearby while we're at it.

"In the afternoon, we'll observe one of the most important targets."

"Mr. Fool's friend Peng Deng?" Jenna knew who Lumian was referring to.

Peng Deng was a very special person in the dream city. He was a good friend of Mr. Fool, that is, Zhou Mingrui, but there was no corresponding person for him in reality.

Following the logic that characters closer to Mr. Fool should be more important, Peng Deng should have a high status and position in the real world. However, the Major Arcana card holders and other coin holders had never found out who he represented or symbolized.

At the same time, they hadn't found any problems with Peng Deng in the dream.

Lumian nodded and continued, "Based on my experience, a character in such a position must have a strong symbolic meaning. We just haven't found the approach or method to interpret it yet.

"One reason why Mr. Star became a key focus and was kicked out of the dream by the Celestial Worthy might be his strong connection to Mr. Fool's Angel of Time—a decryption expert. If He truly came into contact with Peng Deng, He might see something."

"Right." Jenna finished washing all the vegetables, shook her hands, and let the water droplets turn into frost and float down.

The next morning, at the entrance of Star Dream Provisions Store.

Franca, feeling a bit fearful yet somewhat expectant, followed Lumian inside.

The magic mirror Arrodes had indeed left some psychological trauma on her, but she was also quite curious about the brass book, which was much more expensive than the mirror, and the true identity of the shop owner.

#### Chapter 926 Turning Fantasy into Reality

At first glance, Franca noticed that Star Dream Provisions Store really did resemble an antique shop from the Northern Continent, with very obvious mystical elements added.

The only things that didn't fit this style were the shelves themselves and the mobile phone the shopkeeper was fiddling with, along with the tablet placed in front of her.

"Good morning, ma'am. We're here to pick up a reply," Lumian said very politely as he approached the counter.

The shopkeeper, dressed in a black dress and fiddling with her phone, pulled out a letter from under the counter and placed it on top.

"Thank you," Lumian said as he took it, without opening the letter on the spot.

Franca then pointed to the brass book. "Ma'am, may I flip through that book?"

"Go ahead," replied the black-dressed shopkeeper without looking up, and without cautioning Franca not to damage the antique.

Franca walked briskly to the shelf on the right and picked up the book that looked as if it were forged from brass.

The cover was cold and hard to the touch, clearly made of metal.

Franca quickly flipped through it, finding that the inside pages were still paper, but completely blank.

Nothing special... Franca muttered to herself.

No sooner had the thought crossed her mind than she suddenly saw lines of text appear on the blank pages. But these words vanished in an instant, too fast for even a Demoness's eyesight to capture the specific content.

Am I seeing things? Franca patiently waited for 20-30 seconds, and again saw new text appear in the brass book. But she still couldn't make out a single word before the corresponding content disappeared.

In this situation, even the Dream Divination method couldn't be used afterwards to recall the specific images.

There's definitely something strange about this... Franca thought to herself as she returned the brass book to its original place.

At the same time, out of the corner of her eye, she glimpsed a dark greenish-black figure flash by behind the shelf.

It was a snake that had grown white feathers and small wings!

Franca was startled and instinctively took two steps back, turning to warn the shopkeeper, "Ma'am, there's a snake in your shop!"

Be careful!

"No need to be afraid," the black-dressed shopkeeper raised her head, revealing her beautiful face. "That's my pet."

"I see..." Franca let out a sigh of relief. Along with Jenna and Anthony, who were browsing around the store, she followed Lumian out and back to the gray sedan parked nearby. They used frost to forcibly lower the high temperature inside the car caused by the sun.

After sitting in the driver's seat, Franca frowned slightly and said, "The snake I just saw looked a lot like a feathered serpent from the Death pathway. Well, a miniature harmless version.

"The shopkeeper couldn't be keeping a Mythical Creature from the Death pathway as a pet, could she?"

A complete Mythical Creature would represent an Angel level!

Lumian calmly said as he opened the letter in his hand, "It's not impossible. Besides those with special items and connections, those that can enter the dream are at least true gods."

Wh— Were we just dealing with a true god? And she even answered my question? As Franca was still in shock, she saw a person carrying many bags walk up to the driver's side and knock on the window.

"Can I help you?" Franca cautiously rolled down the window.



The person had an ordinary appearance and wore a smile, holding out what was in his hand to Franca. "Wanna buy something? The latest models of bugs and pinhole cameras."

"..." Franca's mouth twitched. "Bro, that's illegal."

The man tried to continue his sales pitch, but Franca put on a stern face and firmly refused.

After closing the window, Franca started the car, while Lumian began examining the reply from the Major Arcana card holders, mainly written by Madam Magician.

At this point, Franca suddenly paused. "Don't rush, let's first make sure there are no bugs or pinhole cameras installed in the car."

With everyone suppressed to Sequence 7, relying on the Demonesses' spirituality and divination could indeed effectively prevent mystical eavesdropping and peeping, but they had completely overlooked the scientific aspect before!

Lumian and Jenna could understand what bugs and pinhole cameras were used for. One relied on a Hunter's observation skills to quickly search for unusual traces, while the other used Magic Mirror Divination to check on the situation by questioning her own spirituality.

"There aren't any," Jenna reported her divination results.

"That's good." Franca breathed a sigh of relief. "From now on, we must remember to guard against scientific methods. It's fortunate that the dude selling contraband items reminded me, otherwise we might have been caught off guard at some point! Uh..."

At this point, Franca turned her gaze to the rearview mirror.

She saw the man who had been selling bugs and pinhole cameras turn a corner at the end of the street and disappear.

"Could he be an ally? Deliberately coming to warn us?" Franca mused perceptively.

Lumian pondered for a moment before stating, "Probably."

"Who could it be?" Franca asked, focusing more on driving as she looked at the road ahead.

Soon, she parked the car in a roadside spot diagonally across from the police station.

Lumian created a medium-sized screen out of frost and displayed the reply from the Major Arcana card holders on this mirror for easy viewing.

"After confirmation, the Demoness of Despair Beyonder characteristics, related materials, and special mirror world fragments you obtained are all real.

"Don't get excited yet. This doesn't mean every Beyonder in the dream city can produce Beyonder characteristics. It must be someone like you whose consciousness directly enters.

“In other words, if you die in the dream city, affected by Fooling, your bodies in the real world will also die, producing Beyonder characteristics. This feedback to the dream city will then Graft the Beyonder characteristics onto the recipient, achieving the effect of turning fantasy into reality and reality into fantasy.

“You should already understand my meaning—the resurrected female corpse is roughly equivalent to a real consciousness entering.

“As for her name and background, you should ask Ludwig. I'll just briefly explain that she was once equivalent to the Celestial Worthy's marionette, so she still is now. Don't ask why—don't ask about high-level matters of the Seer and Marauder pathways. In any case, through this connection, and through the identity Mr. Fool's subconscious wove for her in the dream, she entered this dream and was given new life by the Great Mother, gaining humanity and consciousness that are unlike a marionette.

“Back to the issue of the Beyonder characteristics—if you use it to concoct potions and perform rituals to advance to demigod in the dream city, your bodies in the real world will also become demigods. Remember, under the influence of abilities like Fooling, false dreams may become true reality, and what you consider real may become false.

“Moreover, the dream city is currently restricted to Sequence 7, so the mental effects of potions and the minimum requirements for rituals will also be suppressed to this level. For example, a plague that originally needed to infect 30,000 people and bring them pain and despair might now only need 300 infected. Taking a risk in B1 of Mushu Hospital might be enough to complete the ritual.

“Doesn't this make you think ‘that works?’ But I must tell you, a price has already been exacted for what fate bestowed. Advancing to Demoness of Despair through this method carries extremely large hidden dangers. Subsequently, extremely great difficulties will need to be overcome to truly count as a Sequence 4 demigod.

“Think about it—in the dream city, all the various problems brought about by consuming a demigod potion are actually restricted to Sequence 7, so they can be endured relatively easily, and Sequence 7 level rituals can be used to assist advancement. But upon leaving the dream and returning to reality, those problems suppressed to Sequence 7 will break free from the Fooling and instantly return to Sequence 4 levels. At that time, the corresponding person will likely lose control immediately.

“Of course, this is not unsolvable, just very difficult—not as simple as performing a complete ritual in reality.

“The only method we can think of now is to fully digest that Sequence 4 potion before leaving the dream, before this dream is no longer maintained. This digestion will be grafted onto reality, allowing the vast majority of hidden dangers suppressed to Sequence 7 to be resolved in advance. When the person returns to reality, they will be a Sequence 4 demigod in good condition—reality will have been truly fooled at this moment.

“The difficulty with this method lies in the fact that how long the dream can be maintained and when you will be locked onto by the Celestial Worthy and directly kicked out are not things you can decide for yourselves. It's full of unknown risks, and it's extremely difficult to obtain a good opportunity and enough time to digest the potion.”

Reading to this point, Franca, Lumian, and the others looked at each other, speechless.

Is that even allowed?

They had originally thought that using false Angel qualifications and sealed Angels to simply act out roles and quickly digest potions was already the limit of exploiting rule loopholes. Who knew that after reading all these words about Fooling and Grafting, they felt their brains had been fooled.

You can really truly advance in the dream...

The potion can be fooled, the ritual can be fooled, the mind can be fooled, even the boundary between fantasy and reality can be fooled...

Of course, it's also possible that only we ourselves are fooled, believing we've truly completed the advancement and become demigods when in reality we've just developed a mental disorder...

Haha, everyone's been fooled! Everyone's been fooled! Franca couldn't help but go a little crazy in her mind.

“Is this the terrifying aspect of great existences?” Jenna took a small breath.

Lumian chuckled. “Many things we consider unbreakable and unchangeable may just be playthings for great existences.”

“They can make them round if They want, or flat if They want...” Franca mumbled along.

Through this letter, they truly and concretely felt what it meant to be a great existence.

They continued reading the letter displayed on the ice crystal screen.

“After reading the previous part, haven't you had this thought:

“In the future, after Mr. Fool wakes up, couldn't we ask him to use similar dreams to help lower the difficulty of rituals and advancements, allowing those in need to become demigods and giving them enough time to digest potions in the dream?”

“First, we must be clear that Mr. Fool alone would find it difficult to accomplish this, because such a real dream, a dream that allows Fooling to blur fantasy and reality, comes from other domains.

“Second, not every demigod will eventually be able to digest their own potion. They will live their entire lives in a dream, and if the dream cognition is not restored to Sequence 4 levels, their lifespan will also be suppressed to the corresponding mid to low Sequences. But if the dream cognition is restored to Sequence 4, those problems hidden by Fooling will erupt again.

“Third, is it really appropriate to cause Mr. Fool to sleep for several years, over ten years, or even centuries to help one Beyond advance?

“Finally, the acting out of many potions will tend towards evil. If you really want to create a large-scale plague in Mr. Fool's dream, not to mention how easily the Celestial Worthy would notice, Mr. Fool would be the first to kick you out.”

Why do I feel like Madam Magician is hinting at me... I really hadn't thought of that. This dream is just like reality, not at all like a game. How could I have antisocial thoughts? Even in games, I only stopped being humane after getting bored with normal gameplay... Franca muttered to herself.

#### Chapter 927 Misfortune?

After discussing matters related to the reanimated female corpse, Madam Magician affirmed Lumian and the others' current strategy. She said one major reason why previous gold coin holders failed to find a way to awaken Mr. Fool was that they were too eager to contact the target person, resulting in being locked onto by the Celestial Worthy and kicked out of the dream, or fully restricted, only able to make some contributions in accumulating intelligence.

At the end of the letter, Madam Magician told Lumian and the others that some gold coin holders could still enter this dream city, but they could not communicate with Mr. Fool or intervene in any events. However, they could act as human cameras, helping to collect information on certain occasions.

The content displayed on the ice crystal screen ended here. Lumian flicked his wrist, burning the letter, and turned to Ludwig. “The background of the reanimated female corpse.”

Ludwig was staring longingly at a snack shop on the street, and reluctantly recounted the information he obtained from the corpse:

“Panatiya, a member of the Demoness Sect, nicknamed Nation of 'Despair Nightingale', was one of the perpetrators of the Great Smog of Backlund incident. She became the marionette of Antigonus, a great noble of the Tudor Empire, in a secret town on the way to the Nation of the Evernight. At that time, Antigonus was in a state of madness, mentally closer to the Celestial Worthy you guys talk about...”

“For the top level of the Marauder pathway, the Despair Nightingale is indeed equivalent to the Celestial Worthy's marionette.” Lumian nodded slowly after carefully listening to Ludwig's statement.

His gaze turned to outside the car window, watching people coming and going at the entrance of the police station, and he said as he pondered, “Fooling, Grafting, dreams, reality—I don't fully understand these concepts, so I can only trust Madam Magician's explanation for now. What puzzles me is why the Celestial Worthy had to bring the Despair Nightingale marionette into the dream city, rather than using her virtual image here?”

“It couldn't be just to give us Beyonder characteristics and special mirror world fragments, could it?”

“Indeed,” Franca agreed, also finding the Celestial Worthy's choice in this matter incomprehensible.

Since Panatiya was the Celestial Worthy's marionette, her corresponding dream image should also easily become the Celestial Worthy's marionette again. In her subsequent tasks, the role she played did not require her to be a real Demoness—judging from Panatiya's reenacted script alone, an illusory Demoness belonging to the dream city could equally fulfill the corresponding responsibilities.

The Celestial Worthy chose a more complicated method over a simpler one, which had to imply hidden reasons.

These reasons might be crucial.

Anthony, sitting in the back, followed up with his analysis of the character's psychological state.

“If the description in the information and Madam Susie's reminder are correct, Mr. Fool's dream image is very cautious and careful. So sending a Demoness to approach him with reasonable excuses and in a gradual manner, cultivating feelings through daily, moderate interactions to dissolve unfamiliarity and wariness, might not be the best choice. Because Demonesses are too beautiful, it would instinctively make someone who considers themselves ordinary draw a line in their heart, feeling that it's not something they could obtain.”

Lumian, Jenna, and Franca—the three Demonesses—all looked at Anthony simultaneously.

Anthony paused for two seconds before continuing, “If I were to arrange it, I would find a way to turn one of Zhou Mingrui's current female colleagues into a marionette. That colleague should preferably be very ordinary, not a Beyonder, and not particularly pretty, but still have her own charm from certain angles or expressions.

“After she becomes familiar with Zhou Mingrui, arrange for her to drink the Assassin potion, gradually and unobtrusively enhancing her charm, allowing love to develop slowly...”

Lumian's eyes flickered a few times, but he remained silent.

“You Spectators...” Franca sighed sincerely.

Indeed, better at writing scripts than the Celestial Worthy.

She had just seriously thought about it and felt that if it were her former self before transmigrating, she definitely wouldn't be able to resist!

“Then why did the Celestial Worthy have to bring His own Demoness marionette into the dream city, and even use the power of the Great Mother to give her new life?”

Jenna repeated Lumian and Franca's previous confusion.

After a brief silence in the car, Lumian thoughtfully said, “Don't you think there are too many Demonesses appearing in this matter?”

“What do you mean?” Jenna vaguely guessed what Lumian wanted to say.

It was the dream symbolism he had been emphasizing several times every day recently.

Lumian slightly curled his lips.

“As a team coming to the dream to awaken Mr. Fool, the number of Demonesses among us is abnormally high, exceeding half. And the main opponent abandoned the simple approach, chose the complicated one, and even brought a Demoness marionette belonging to Himself here.

“The Major Arcana card holders have said that Mr. Fool has authority over fate, and that Celestial Worthy must have it too.

“The lucky coins ultimately gathered in our hands, bringing us to this dream city— doesn't this symbolize the choice of fate, symbolizing that it will be a Demoness who awakens Mr. Fool? Similarly, it will also be a Demoness who helps the Celestial Worthy achieve victory?”

“I had previously felt that the pathways chosen by the lucky coins this time were too monotonous, and the appearance of the reanimated female corpse deepened my suspicion.”

“Then why must it be a Demoness? And why must it be an external Demoness with real consciousness?” Jenna mused along this line of thought.

Perhaps figuring out this question would reveal how to awaken Mr. Fool.

Lumian chuckled.

“For now, I can only think of two reasons:

“First, a real Demoness symbolizes real calamity, and real calamity will bring great changes to the dream city. Where there's change, there's opportunity—maybe good, maybe bad. But this doesn't explain why there aren't as many Hunters, as Hunters are also symbols of calamity.

“Second, some crucial thing, a path leading to Mr. Fool's awakening, can only be completed by a Demoness of a not-low Sequence.”

“It could be both reasons,” Franca said, while worrying about the air conditioning costs and considering switching to ice blocks for cooling, but also concerned about being detected by Beyonders in the police force. She continued observing people entering and leaving the police station.

Thus, they observed and discussed intermittently until noon.

During this process, Lumian and the others saw Officer Deng and his fiancée Daly leave hand in hand to find a restaurant for lunch, and also saw key figures like Old Neil who bore the title of Interpol officer.

Their observations largely matched the descriptions in their information.

“Didn't see Mr. Star...” Franca withdrew her gaze, preparing to drive onto the road.

“He's probably out investigating the case at the mall's surveillance room,” Lumian had noticed this information while scrolling through his phone earlier.

Franca didn't say more and drove the car to the new urban district, full of high-rise buildings and a modern atmosphere, parking opposite a building over a hundred meters tall.

Their next observation target, also a key suspect, Peng Deng, worked here.

Just as Franca parked the car, Lumian and the others saw the target approaching from a distance.

He was a young man with an unremarkable appearance, holding an iced coffee and looking down at his phone.

Every time Jenna thought he would bump into pedestrians or obstacles on the road, Peng Deng, without raising his head, would skillfully maneuver around them.

Almost simultaneously, Peng Deng's information flashed through Lumian and the others' minds:

“Peng Deng, 24 years old, from the same hometown as Zhou Mingrui, classmate from kindergarten, elementary school, and middle school, schoolmate in high school, currently an interior designer, living in Herun Community next to New City Garden.

“He has a girlfriend named Nie Zhen, living in the High-Tech Zone, planning to move in with Peng Deng after their current lease expires.

“Currently sharing rent with a foreign worker named Grisha, who has an eccentric personality, is paranoid, and has crude manners...”

Lumian carefully observed Peng Deng, who was wearing a light-colored shirt with sweat seeping through the back, not missing any of his movements or facial expression details.

Only after Peng Deng walked back into the building did Lumian withdraw his gaze and ask Anthony, “Did you notice anything?”

Anthony shook his head.

“That's normal. If it were that simple to discover problems, the Major Arcana card holders would have had results long ago,” Lumian wasn't disappointed.

He said to all team members, “We're not sure if Peng Deng will go out in the afternoon. Let's go observe his girlfriend and his roommate for a while first. Tomorrow is the weekend, and there's a possibility of contacting Mr. Fool at the tutoring class in the afternoon. We need to quickly go through all the listed personnel that need observation.”

Jenna and the others had no objections.

Franca tried to start the car but couldn't complete the ignition no matter what.

The rumbling sound failed to transform into a steady hum.

“Dammit! The car broke down...” Franca slapped the steering wheel, unable to hide her frustration.

At this moment, only one thought appeared in Lumian and Jenna's minds:

We'll have to pay for repairs...

Immediately after, Lumian furrowed his brow.

“Isn't this too coincidental?”

“The car breaks down right after we observe Peng Deng...”

“Indeed, there were no signs of trouble before.” Franca also began to find this suspicious.

Would approaching Peng Deng with ill intentions lead to misfortune?

But the Major Arcana card holders who had previously observed Peng Deng hadn't mentioned any similar situations.

“This is an anomaly, let's record it...” Lumian said to Anthony.

He opened the door and got out of the car, habitually wanting to check it himself to see if he could repair it. But after standing in the sun-scorched area, he remembered that he had no understanding of the structure of internal combustion engine cars. The only thing he could do was bang on the hood a few times, hoping that vibration and luck might somehow make the vehicle fix itself.

“I'll call the car rental company,” Franca said, picking up her phone from the holder.

Just then, an enthusiastic voice came from the roadside.

“Hello, Li, and An, what's wrong?”

Lumian and Anthony, who had also gotten out of the car, looked towards the street and saw it was Stiano, the foreign exchange student they had met yesterday, who was suspected to be the dream image corresponding to a high-ranking member of the Church of Steam.

“The car broke down.” Lumian pointed at the gray sedan.

Stiano, carrying a travel backpack, brightened up.



“Maybe I can help you fix it.”

#### Chapter 928 Adding a Friend

When Stiano volunteered to help, Lumian's thoughts raced. He smiled and said, “Thank you so much!”

Stiano took off his backpack and, like a magician, pulled out one car repair tool after another. He opened the hood of the gray sedan.

Seeing this, Franca couldn't help but wail inwardly, No!

It was only going to cost one or two thousand to fix before, but now it might cost several thousand after he's done!

She could guess why Lumian was willing to let Stiano help. The information provided by the Major Arcana card holders didn't mention this high-ranking Church of Steam member's projection in the dream city. He didn't seem very important or related to Mr. Fool's awakening, yet he had encountered the team twice by chance. This indicated either an arrangement of fate or that he himself harbored something special. Observing him more at this stage might provide useful guidance at a crucial moment in the future.

For the Demonesses, this was both a conclusion from logical reasoning and a prompt from spiritual intuition.

Never mind, this is just a dream, not reality. As long as Mr. Fool believes that the Church of Steam and Machinery's high-ranking members are good at repairing machines, then Stiano should be able to fix the car... Franca comforted herself, quietly producing ice cubes to dispel the heat invading the car.

Soon after, Stiano raised his face, with traces of light yellow beard, avoiding his oil-stained palms, and used the back of his hand to push up the plain glasses perched on the bridge of his nose. He said to Franca inside the car and Lumian outside, “It's fixed.”

Really? Don't lie to me... Franca tried it and found that the vehicle could indeed start again, very smoothly.

Lumian took out a bottle of mineral water filled with “Hunter-Demoness” branded boiled water and provided a stream of water for Stiano to wash his hands and tools at the roadside sewer opening.

After the other party had cleaned his hands and put away his tools, Lumian expressed his thanks again and took out his phone, unlocked the screen, and said with a smile, “Let's add each other on WeChat. If you need any help in the future, you can always find us. Haha, as long as it's within our capabilities.”

Stiano looked at Lumian seriously, then smiled and said, “Okay.”

He then took out his own phone, allowing Lumian to add him as a WeChat friend by scanning the code.

After scanning, Lumian found that the other party's nickname was "Electric Power Energy and Information Technology".

Feels weird... Lumian waved goodbye to Stiano, returned to the gray sedan, and showed this gentleman's WeChat to Jenna and the others.

Franca glanced at it and said amusingly, "This nickname sounds like a university course.

"Check out his Moments!"

This was the first non-team member friend Lumian had added on WeChat, completely forgetting that Franca had mentioned they could look at Moments to gather information.

He quickly tapped on Stiano's avatar and then went to his Moments:

"Today: The professor's understanding of the concept of information is rather biased. Information is also energy, and energy also contains information. One of the essences of each existence is the aggregation of corresponding information.

"Yesterday: Found an old car, the mechanical aesthetics fascinated me.

"August 13: I created a wonderful machine.

"—Only 3 days of Moments are visible—"

"A wonderful machine?" Lumian murmured puzzledly, "How wonderful can it be? As a local in the dream city, no matter how wonderful the machine he creates, it shouldn't be able to exceed the limitations of the dream itself."

"He does indeed seem like a high-ranking member of the Church of Steam, and also shows a state of striving to learn and think after coming into contact with more advanced civilizations. This should be the underlying logic when Mr. Fool's subconscious wove this image," Franca casually said as she drove the car back onto the road.

In the time that followed, they observed key targets such as Peng Deng's girlfriend Nie Zhen, Peng Deng's roommate Grisha, Zhou Mingrui's roommate Mobet, and others.

As it was nearing the end of the workday, they returned to the building where Peng Deng worked, patiently waiting for him to finish his day's work.

Peng Deng appeared just after 6 p.m. and chose to take the subway back to Herun Community where he rented.

Franca drove the car with Jenna and Ludwig to wait at the destination in advance, while Lumian and Anthony followed into the subway station.

Along the way, many women cast glances at Lumian, seemingly struck by his handsomeness, even though Lumian had made himself look a bit uglier before going out.

Of course, a few men were also sneaking peeks.

Meanwhile, Peng Deng was focused on his phone, not caring at all whether there were any beautiful women around, let alone someone of the same sex who was merely charming.

A normal level of handsomeness isn't enough to be approached or attract too much attention. Unless there's an added gimmick, it won't become a trending search or headline... Lumian felt a bit relieved.

Anthony, beside him, was naturally ignored by those around them.

Thanks to the Hunter's tracking skills and the Demoness's ability to hide in shadows at any time, Lumian easily followed Peng Deng to the vicinity of Herun Community.

The latter didn't go home immediately but turned towards Ankang North Road, walked to near New City Garden, and entered a restaurant called "Yuzhou Small Dishes".

Lumian looked left and right and saw Franca roll down the car window and wave to him and Anthony.

After they got in the car, Franca asked with concern, "Did you gain anything?"

Lumian first shook his head, then muttered puzzledly, "Now I'm more curious about what's on his phone that he can keep looking at it constantly."

He was looking at it while riding the subway, while on the escalator, and even while walking.

"You don't understand." Franca sighed.

Jenna, looking at the "Yuzhou Small Dishes" restaurant, recalled, "This is the restaurant where Mr. Fool and Peng Deng often eat. If we wait a bit longer, Mr. Fool might come too."

"Should we observe their interaction?"

Lumian glanced at the sky outside. "We can."

It wouldn't get dark until after 8 p.m. in this dream city's summer.

Jenna tersely acknowledged. "Then I'll buy a roast duck for Ludwig, so he stops complaining about being hungry."

She had already found dinner for Ludwig earlier, at a "Fruit Wood Roast Duck" shop on the same side as the car, with a paper sign saying "30 yuan each".

Lumian looked at Ludwig, whose mouth was dripping with suspicious liquid, and said with a smile, "Make it two; we'll try some too."

Time ticked by minute by minute. Lumian and the others had tried the roast duck and eaten steamed buns, but they still hadn't seen Mr. Fool's dream incarnation, Zhou Mingrui. Meanwhile, Peng Deng had finished his meal and was returning towards Herun Community.

"Maybe Mr. Fool wanted to try something different tonight?" Franca dipped the last piece of duck meat wrapped in pancake into sweet bean sauce and brought it towards her mouth.

Gulp!

She heard a clear swallowing sound.

Glancing at Ludwig's face full of desire, Franca sighed and handed over the food in her hand.

Lumian withdrew his gaze from outside the window.

“He might have gone to do something else. I didn't see him return to New City Garden.”

“Should we continue tailing?” Jenna pointed at Peng Deng's retreating figure.

Lumian shook his head. “It's getting dark. If we keep following, something unexpected might happen.”

Franca said in an agreeing tone, “The Major Arcana card holders also mentioned that one of the most likely signs of Peng Deng being problematic is that he has never met with Mr. Fool, that is, Zhou Mingrui, after dark.

“They're childhood friends, so it's very normal to have a late-night snack together or watch a movie. Mr. Fool has initiated invitations many times, and Peng Deng himself has also invited Mr. Fool, but they never managed to meet up in the end. Every time it was because Peng Deng had something come up—either his girlfriend wouldn't allow it, or his girlfriend suddenly got sick, or his roommate broke the door lock and they had to wait for a locksmith to come open the door...

“But when they choose to have meals or go out during the day, they always succeed, and that girlfriend who always obstructs Peng Deng occasionally participates too.”

“Combined with the magic mirror's hint to ‘beware of the night’, these details seem very strange.” Lumian nodded.

Back at the rented apartment.

Seeing Lumian staring at the increasingly dark sky outside and falling into deep thought, Franca asked curiously, “What's on your mind?”

“I'm thinking of going out tonight, to move around like ordinary people, to see if we encounter any more anomalies or problems,” Lumian said consideringly.

He wanted to test the boundaries of the “night problem” a bit before officially contacting Zhou Mingrui tomorrow afternoon.

They hadn't gone out last night, and everything was normal.

“Like ordinary people...” Franca's eyes twinkled slightly, and she said to Lumian and Jenna with a smile, “Let's go watch a movie!”

Lumian and the others already knew the concept of movies and were curious about it, so Franca's suggestion was unanimously approved.

Franca immediately smiled like a fox who had stolen a hen. “Let's go to a different mall. We can also scratch some more lottery tickets. Then we'll have money for tonight's movie tickets and popcorn, right?”

We can't go to the same place, it would attract attention!

Hearing the word “popcorn”, Ludwig, who had been uninterested before, suddenly brightened up. In another mall.

Franca, satisfied with winning over two thousand in prizes again, led her teammates towards the cinema on the fourth floor.

Passing by the third floor, they saw a long queue forming at the entrance of a very artistic-looking bookstore.

“A book signing event?” Franca, who was curious about everything and interested in everything since coming to the dream city, pulled Jenna over to see which author it was.

“Romance novel queen... Salted Fish Without Dreams... author of the original Great Pirate series novels...” Franca read out the key words on the pull-up banner.

“That pen name is so strange,” Jenna expressed her feelings.

Franca smiled and said, “This is only ordinarily strange. Later, I'll help you download an app and show you how the pen names of those web novel authors are each stranger than the last!”

As she spoke, Franca tried hard to stand on tiptoe to look at the author who was signing books. Lumian walked to her side and also cast his gaze into the bookstore.

A few seconds later, as the author raised her head, Lumian and Franca's expressions froze simultaneously.

“What's wrong?” Jenna noticed their abnormality.

Franca answered with a strange expression, “I don't think my eyes are playing tricks on me...”

“How can she be a romance novel queen...”

“Who?” Jenna asked puzzledly.

“Madam Magician,” answered Lumian in a suppressed voice.

#### Chapter 929 Movie

“What?” Jenna was shocked by Lumian's answer.

Madam Magician's image in Mr. Fool's dream is the romance novelist “Salted Fish Without Dreams”?

Although Jenna had previously seen characters like Emperor Roselle as a company CEO (in news reports) and Vice Admiral Iceberg as a cram school principal, she had never actually interacted with those famous figures in reality. But Madam Magician was someone she had truly met, talked to, and sought advice from.

How could such a powerful Angel, a holder of a Major Arcana card, and one of Mr. Fool's followers, be a romance novelist here?

This suddenly highlighted the absurdity, distortion, and ridiculousness of the dream.

Jenna's position didn't allow her to see through the crowd to the author's appearance, so she turned her gaze to the inside of the bookstore's glass wall, where the silhouette of the person signing books was faintly reflected.

Jenna's eyes, disguised as deep brown by Lie, instantly became profound, as if hiding mirror after mirror within.

Through the mirrors, she clearly saw the author's figure: long, slightly curled hair dyed brown, wearing a colorful spaghetti strap dress with layered fabric, tassels, and batik, exuding a strong exotic style. Combined with her beautiful face, it gave off a free and casual aura. It was unmistakably the Major Arcana card holder, Madam Magician!

"It really is her..." Jenna whispered.

Lumian stepped back a few paces, distancing himself from the crowd queuing for autographs.

Hiding a mirror in his hand and speaking in a low voice, he muttered as if to himself, "Based on our observations and the information provided by the Major Arcana card holders, when Mr. Fool's subconscious weaves dream images, it significantly references the characteristics of the corresponding real-world figures. Emperor Roselle was the ruler of a country, so in the dream city he became the boss of a large company. Vice Admiral Iceberg is a demigod of the Church of Knowledge, fond of teaching, and long educated pirates on the Golden Dream. So in the dream city, she became the principal of a cram school..."

"Are you suggesting that Madam Magician's real identity is more or less related to being an author?" Franca, also in the Mirror Maze, quickly understood what Lumian was trying to express.

Lumian's gaze swept across the banners reflected in the Mirror Maze, stopping on a description.

He asked Franca and Jenna in a low voice, "What is the Great Pirate series about?"

"I'll search it up," Franca said, taking out her phone and tapping on the screen.

As she searched, Franca's expression gradually became strange.

Jenna, suppressing the urge to search for related content on her own phone, asked curiously, "Got anything?"

"The Great Pirate series is about legendary pirates active at sea. Each volume has a different theme. The volume of the third part is 'Crazy Adventurer', and the story takes place between the adventurer Gehrman Sparrow and three beautiful female pirates: Admiral of Stars, Vice Admiral Iceberg, and Vice Admiral Ailment..." Franca summarized the key points to her companions with complex emotions.

Jenna was stunned upon hearing this. Although Lumian had some guesses and suspicions before, he couldn't help but interrupt Franca, "Isn't this part of the content of The Great Adventurer series?"

“Apparently so,” Franca agreed.

Lumian looked again at the banners reflected in the Mirror Maze and the queuing crowd, saying as if in thought,

“Mr. Fool's subconscious has woven Madam Magician's dream identity as the original author of the Great Pirate series, specializing in romance...

“The Great Adventurer series from the real world is partially reflected in the Great Pirate series in the dream...

“The Great Adventurer series has a strong romantic element, with the interactions between Gehrman Sparrow and the female pirate admirals described rather ambiguously, but left unclear..

“The Great Adventurer series has turned many famous pirates into comic characters or protagonists of sensational rumors, and even includes introductions to mystical knowledge and the privacy of two Oracles. Yet the author Fors Wall has never been visited by any pirate or warned by the Church...”

Hearing this, Franca had already drawn a conclusion and said softly, “How would the pirates dare...”

Seeking out the Angel of Stars for an explanation would be like delivering oneself for a bounty.

“Madam Magician is Fors Wall, the author of The Great Adventurer series?” Jenna asked herself incredulously, then answered her own question, “I always thought she didn't do book signings for fear of exposing her whereabouts and being revenged upon by pirates...”

Jenna suddenly turned to Lumian. “Didn't you say Madam Magician was an Angel from the early Fifth Epoch, over a thousand years old? Why would she suddenly decide to write novels?”

“That was just my guess. Perhaps Mr. Door lived long enough and only perished in recent years, and Madam Magician was His youngest student,” Lumian said, finding this both shocking and strangely amusing. He continued carefully, “Also, haven't you noticed? Because of the popularity of the Great Adventurer series, Mr. Fool's avatar Gehrman Sparrow has gained a large number of worshipers. To use a term I heard before, Gehrman Sparrow has acquired many anchors.”

“Was The Great Adventurer series written by Madam Magician at the behest of the Church of The Fool, as a form of evangelism?” Franca had a sudden realization.

Lumian nodded. “And perhaps Madam Magician's current sequence requires her to play the role of an ‘author’.”

“It's possible,” Franca suddenly became excited, “Next time we meet Madam Magician, we should ask for her autograph. Wow, would an Angel's signature have some special effects...”

Before she finished speaking, Franca and Jenna simultaneously turned to Lumian and asked in unison, “What about those letters from before?”

“...” Lumian said with considerable regret, “I burned them.”

Jenna shared his regret but said with anticipation, “When we return to the real world, we can ask Madam Magician about the future developments of The Great Adventurer, when the next book will be out, and if Frank Lee, the first mate of the Admiral of Stars, is really that exaggerated...”

As they chatted, Lumian dispelled the Mirror Maze.

The three of them glanced at the long queue for the book signing, then turned with Anthony and Ludwig to the nearest escalator and went up to the fourth floor.

“What movie should we watch?” Franca scanned the promotional posters, her eyes suddenly lighting up, “Let's watch ‘The Great Pirate 3!’”

“Alright,” Lumian agreed immediately.

It would be a good opportunity to see what Gehrman Sparrow looks like in Mr. Fool's dream!

Franca, who had just won a significant amount from lottery tickets, generously bought five seats in a row, three buckets of caramel popcorn, and five cups of iced cola.

Ludwig had a bucket of popcorn to himself, Franca, Jenna, and Lumian shared one, and Anthony and Ludwig shared another.

After entering the cinema and finding their corresponding seats, before Franca could allocate, she found that Lumian and Jenna had left a space between them for her.

I thought Lumian would sit in the middle himself... Franca sat down happily between Lumian and Jenna. Ludwig sat right next to Lumian, with Anthony on Ludwig's other side.

Crunch, crunch, Ludwig kept tossing popcorn into his mouth, occasionally sipping his iced cola, completely ignoring the images on the screen.

After a few minutes, the opening credits began: howling winds, a dark sea surface, waves sometimes rising high enough to seemingly touch the sky, sometimes sinking into huge maelstroms.

Jenna's gaze was immediately captivated, as if she herself were in this terrifying scene showcasing the power of nature.

“The special effects are not bad,” Franca commented briefly.

She wasn't as impressed as Jenna because she had seen many blockbusters before her transmigration. Moreover, during the Marriage of the Sea ceremony in Port Santa, she and Lumian had personally witnessed and experienced an even more exaggerated maelstrom than a shipwreck, which was beyond comparison to these special effects.



Lumian's gaze focused on the three pirate ships sailing out of the storm and the female pirates standing at the bow.

“That Vice Admiral Iceberg looks about seventy to eighty percent like Principal Ai from Dream Tutoring Classes...” Jenna recognized one of the female pirates, as she seemed to be modeled after Principal Ai Nana from Dream Tutoring Classes.

Hearing Jenna's words, Lumian slightly furrowed his brow.

The Vice Admiral Iceberg in the movie looked very similar to the demigod he had seen in the dungeon of the Church of Knowledge!

Was that the former Vice Admiral Iceberg—Edwina? Lumian suddenly realized.

“The casting for this movie is quite true to the original,” Franca sighed.

Then, her gaze froze, and she pointed at another female pirate, saying in a low voice, “Who do you think she resembles?”

Lumian fell momentarily quiet before responding, “Ma'am Hermit.”

“Ma'am Hermit's true identity is the Admiral of Stars, no, Queen of Stars Cattleya? No wonder the latest installment of 'The Great Adventurer' described the events between her and Gehrman Sparrow so cautiously...” Jenna murmured.

They all fell into silence again.

At this moment, the scene changed, and a man appeared amidst the storm and lightning.

The man wore a black trench coat and a half-top hat, standing on the surging waves, slowly raising his previously lowered head.

In Lumian's eyes, this man seemed to be carved from Zhou Mingrui as the original prototype, but sharper and colder. Even wearing gold-rimmed glasses, he could make people involuntarily close their mouths.

Gehrman Sparrow!

The protagonist of this installment of the Great Pirate series, Gehrman Sparrow!

With this, the opening credits ended, and the main feature began.

The initial close-up focused on a fish being roasted, with various spices being sprinkled on it.

Ludwig, who had spared a glance at the movie, suddenly raised his arm, pointing at the roasted fish on the screen, and said to his godfather, “I want to eat that!”

“Heh, ordering a meal now?” Lumian chuckled, grabbed a few pieces of popcorn, and stuffed them into Ludwig's mouth.

Chapter 930 Weekend Arrives

“Not bad, a qualified popcorn flick,” Franca remarked sincerely after exiting the cinema, savoring the experience for a few seconds.

Beside her, the dispersing crowd poured into the now-closed mall, walking towards the still-operating elevators under dim lighting.

Jenna remained silent for a moment, then said with a mix of longing and dejection, "With movies now, will anyone still watch plays..."

Understanding why Jenna would say this, Franca replied in a comforting tone, "People still watch them. Plays and operas have different characteristics and charms compared to movies and TV shows. A large portion of people will still appreciate them, they just won't be the mainstream of society anymore.

"And besides..." Franca deliberately lightened her tone. "Theater actors are actors, and TV and film actors are actors too."

Jenna immediately fell into contemplation.

"That's true, but the performance setting has changed, and many acting techniques need to be altered, otherwise they'll seem exaggerated..."

As the dispersing crowd thinned out, Lumian thoughtfully said, "If the power of the Mother Tree of Desire can penetrate Mushu Hospital, wouldn't actors be easily influenced?"

"Uh..." Franca hesitated for a moment, then sighed, "It's possible. Some of them live lives of debauchery and overflowing desires."

Lumian nodded, holding Ludwig's hand as he followed the audience ahead towards the elevators still operating for cinemagoers to leave after the mall's closure.

Along the way, Franca found the environment very dim, with the few lights still on only illuminating the path and obstacles enough to prevent tripping and collisions.

"It has the atmosphere of a bizarre story," Franca hadn't forgotten that their outing tonight was to test the boundaries of the phrase "beware of the night". From the information provided by the Major Arcana card holders, she knew that Sequence 4 of the Seer pathway, which was also the The Fool pathway, was called Bizarro Sorcerer. So, she deliberately used "bizarre" to describe the story rather than "ghost".

Hearing this, Jenna, already highly alert, became even more vigilant.

Lumian, acting as if nothing was wrong, led Ludwig into the elevator. But when Franca and Jenna followed, he kept pressing the door open button and turned to smile at the others in the elevator.

"Sorry, I still have a companion who hasn't come in yet."

The departing audience instinctively looked outside the door, finding the elevator lobby empty and no footsteps approaching from afar.

Their hearts suddenly suspended.

Lumian released the button and smiled at everyone. "Alright, he's in now."

The gazes of others in the elevator suddenly froze.

They hadn't seen anyone enter the elevator.

Slap! Franca patted Lumian's shoulder, saying amusedly, "Feeling happy about playing a prank, aren't you?"

After entering the dream city, influenced by online information and daily environment, she gradually recovered the tone and manner of speaking of a "local".

After the playful scolding, she quickly apologized to the others in the elevator, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, my friend's brain often has spasms; please forgive his poor mental state."

The initially angered audience members, seeing such a beautiful woman sincerely apologize, felt embarrassed to make a fuss, but still turned their gaze towards Lumian.

He should apologize himself!

Lumian immediately bowed slightly.

"I'm sorry, my joke went too far."

The people in the elevator looked over Franca and Lumian, some feeling sorry that such a flower had found a mentally unstable young man, others thinking the young man's face was wasted and wanting to crowdfund treatment for his brain.

At this moment, the elevator doors slowly closed, descending.

Suddenly, the lights inside the elevator started flickering.

Everyone's hearts leaped to their throats.

Franca and Jenna were reminded of the phrase "beware of the night", while others recalled Lumian's prank earlier.

Fortunately, the flickering lights didn't affect the elevator's operation. Some audience members left on the first floor, while others, along with Lumian's group, went to the underground parking lot.

Back in the rented gray sedan, Franca didn't remark that "everything was still normal, it was just an interlude within an interlude".

She firmly resisted any behavior that might raise flags.

She turned to Lumian and asked curiously, "Why did you suddenly pull that prank earlier?"

Lumian chuckled.

"At that moment, I suddenly thought, what if Anthony's Psychological Invisibility' became uncontrollable, wouldn't something similar happen? So I tried it out."

Hearing Anthony's name, Franca and Jenna quickly turned to look at the back seat.

Seeing Anthony, they both quietly sighed in relief.

Thank goodness, he did get in the car.

I remember him getting in!

Lumian continued, “Besides, a not-too-excessive prank like that in a relatively enclosed environment like an elevator, combined with the night factor, might allow us to experiment with some things without drawing too much attention.”

“Did you find out anything?” Franca pressed.

“I'm not sure if the subsequent flickering of the elevator lights was a product of the experiment,” Lumian replied thoughtfully.

“Does that count?” Jenna felt it was just a simple mechanical failure that didn't lead to anything unusual afterward.

Lumian chuckled.

“Don't you think the elevator light flickering made it feel more like a bizarre story?”

“The prank I pulled was also intentionally developing in the direction of a bizarre story.”

Franca, who had driven the car out of the parking space, suddenly realized.

“Is this based on the description of Bizarro Sorcerer in the materials, to see if it could trigger the instincts of the dream subconscious and bring about certain controllable changes?”

“This is more likely to happen at night, which belongs to the more evil and unpleasant side of the dream.” Lumian had similar thoughts before going out.

They didn't dare to do more experiments and returned to their rented community by car, fearing to stimulate the Celestial Worthy and draw His gaze.

Nothing happened along the way.

Back in the rental apartment, Lumian looked around and said, “Preliminarily, it seems that if we don't interact with Mr. Fool and important dream figures, or investigate mystical issues, it doesn't seem likely for us to encounter anomalies even if we head out at night.

“Of course, this is just the result of one night's experiment and can't be turned into a conclusion yet. It needs to be repeated multiple times for verification.”

Franca and Jenna sighed in relief, their spirits less tense.

Ludwig's face showed joy. “Does that mean we can go out for barbecue now?”

Franca glanced at the naive little boy and grumbled inwardly,

The main reason we don't take you out for barbecue at night isn't “beware of the night”, it's poverty!

Weekend, in the rental apartment.

A blackboard formed of frost was attached to the wall, its surface pinned with sketches and photos, each surrounded by sticky notes of different colors with words and descriptions.

These sketches and photos corresponded to different target personnel. White sticky notes contained the squad's observations, and for comparison, relevant content from the materials provided by the Major Arcana card holders was excerpted and recorded on light green sticky notes, placed adjacent to the white ones on the frost board.

Having his Conspirer ability suppressed to Sequence 7, Lumian stood before this frost blackboard in order to reduce the burden on his brain, rubbing his chin and looking back and forth, trying to find potentially problematic details that the Major Arcana card holders might have missed.

“No particularly valuable findings, except for that unfortunate incident,” Franca shook her head after reviewing seven or eight times.

Anthony nodded in agreement.

Jenna looked at her phone and said, “We should go to Dream Tutoring Classes now.”

Ludwig, who was watching cartoons and constantly “ordering” based on the cartoon content, immediately looked crestfallen.

“Mm.” Lumian withdrew his gaze and stuffed the frost blackboard into Jenna's Traveler's Bag.

After parking the car diagonally opposite Dream Tutoring Classes, Lumian led Ludwig out of the car.

He said to Franca, Jenna, and Anthony, “From now on, keep your distance from me and Ludwig. Don't call, don't send messages. Ludwig and I won't be coming back tonight either. We'll regroup with you tomorrow morning after confirming there are no issues.”

Franca and the others nodded solemnly, without objection.

This was because Lumian might soon encounter Mr. Fool's dream image, Zhou Mingrui, at Dream Tutoring Classes and have a brief exchange, which could potentially be discovered by the Celestial Worthy and result in being kicked out of the dream. Therefore, the team had to split up to avoid one person's ejection affecting the entire team.

Each person could only be kicked out of the dream three times, absolutely no waste allowed!

After closing the car door, Lumian held Ludwig's hand as they crossed the street at the pedestrian crossing and entered Dream Tutoring Classes.

“Welcome, Li Lu,” said the dark-skinned receptionist, recognizing Ludwig.

He didn't have a strong impression of the little boy, but rather of his mother.

Ludwig's face darkened, and he didn't respond.

The dark-skinned receptionist turned to look at Lumian. “He needs to sign in. You are?”

“I'm Li Lu's father,” Lumian replied calmly.

The dark-skinned receptionist was stunned.

It's one thing for Li Lu's mother to look young, but how is his father also so young?

Early love, early marriage, early childbirth, right?

After signing in, Lumian was led by the receptionist to the door of the Beginner English class.

The foreign teacher, Anderson, was already standing at the front of the classroom, a handkerchief covering his left fist, smiling at the room full of children.

“Guess what I can make appear?”

“A flower!” “A ping pong ball!” “A panda!” The children happily played along.

Anderson removed the handkerchief, revealing nothing.

“I made air appear!” he announced loudly.

The children let out mocking sounds, but Anderson remained smiling.

He saw Lumian and Ludwig at the door and walked over, saying to Lumian, “Are you here for the Beginner English class too?”

“Although you're a bit old and your brain might be set, it doesn't matter. Wanting to learn is always a good thing, of course, good things don't necessarily lead to good results.”

“I'm Li Lu's father,” Lumian pointed at Ludwig, not at all provoked.

He took the opportunity to say, “Mr. Anderson, can I add you on WeChat? If Li Lu doesn't behave well, you can contact me anytime.”

Anderson looked at Lumian for a few seconds, then smiled. “Okay.”

Through scanning the code, Lumian added Anderson Hood's WeChat.

The foreign teacher's WeChat name was “A name that leaves a deep impression on you”.