

## Inevitability 961

### Chapter 961 Ideology

Lumian's expression remained unchanged as he looked at Grimm, waiting for him to continue speaking.

At this moment, the psychiatric ward was very quiet. There were no patients walking around, no family members coming and going, only the occasional nurse passing by.

Grimm glanced left and right before saying, "Child of God, this is an opportunity to impregnate Li Keji. Please do it personally."

Impregnate Frank Lee? I don't have that ability, I can only impregnate myself! Lumian grumbled inwardly, glancing at Grimm as he said, "You need me for such a small matter?"

Grimm smiled awkwardly. "If I do it, Li Keji would need to carry the child for a full 40 weeks before giving birth. That would take too long and couldn't be put to use in the short term. There may be some mutations soon."

So you really do have the Beyonder power to impregnate anyone regardless of gender. Corruption is also a kind of boon, and a source of power... But why are you so fixated on having Frank Lee give birth? Is it some kind of symbol, symbolizing that Frank Lee has truly become a child of the Mother? Various thoughts flashed through Lumian's mind.

He suddenly remembered that Frank Lee's dream manifestation, Li Keji, was a special character— influenced by Mr. Fool's subconscious perception, he exhibited supernatural aspects in mushroom-related matters. Moreover, judging from the dried mushroom incident, his potential stance leaned towards Mr. Fool.

If Frank Lee really became a child of the Great Mother, it would mean that the Great Mother's forces had control over this special point in the dream city, could effectively utilize it, and more deeply interfere with the development of the dream.

Although these evil gods like the Great Mother wanted balance more, Frank Lee falling into their hands was better than being controlled by the Celestial Worthy. But they also had to guard against the possibility that they were cooperating with the Celestial Worthy on this matter.

Frank Lee was arrested by official forces and brought to the psychiatric ward of Mushu Hospital, representing the will of the Celestial Worthy. The Great Mother was one of the "major shareholders" of Mushu Hospital. Perhaps the two have already reached an agreement to cooperate on this individual incident and completed a private transaction... Lumian calmly said to Grimm, "My power is also limited in this city, not much better than yours."

Grimm explained with a smile, "I know. This time we just want to use your godhood. Although it's also restricted, it's still godhood."

"After you impregnate Li Keji, the hospital's obstetrics department will provide the corresponding reproductive technology and Beyonder power support. Li Keji can give birth to the child within four weeks."

As expected... The obstetrics department of Mushu Hospital is one of the symbols of the Great Mother in this dream... It sounds like it has already been corrupted to some extent, with multiple medical staff becoming children of the Mother...

If the obstetrics departments of every hospital in the dream city are thoroughly corrupted over time, and the problem isn't exposed, wouldn't that mean that all newborns in the dream city afterwards would be children of the Mother?

Generation after generation, everyone in the dream city would become a child of the Mother... In the end, whether it's Mr. Fool or that Celestial Worthy who wakes up, they would bear the identity of being a child of the Great Mother, in a mystical sense?

The more Lumian thought about it, the more inexplicably terrified he became.

This was a subtle, gradual influence, like boiling a frog in warm water. Given enough time, the Great Mother would inevitably achieve Her goal.

Of course, this was assuming that Mr. Fool and the Celestial Worthy didn't offer effective resistance, and that this dream continued for at least five generations, spanning a century.

These great existences are all cunning... After sighing inwardly, Lumian nodded slightly and responded to Grimm, "Okay."

Grimm's face lit up with joy as he said in a prayerful tone, "May the glory of motherhood be eternal!"

He then approached the iron gates of the ward and looked inside through the small window barred with iron. Lumian also took two steps forward.

What met their eyes was the burly back of a man wearing blue and white striped hospital clothes.

The figure was crouching in the corner, fiddling with something.

As Lumian's gaze moved, he noticed several mushrooms with brown caps and white stems growing where the wall met the floor. They looked fresh and plump, as if they had just been transplanted from a rain-soaked forest.

Bang! Lumian knocked on the iron door, and Grimm yielded the window position to him.

Hearing the knock, the figure stood up and dashed to the door, revealing a face with thick facial hair. It was indeed Li Keji, the biology teacher from Star Tutoring Classes, and the "Legendary Druid" Frank Lee in reality.

Lumian could see that Mr. Fool's dream subconscious had localized the character of Li Keji to some extent, not setting him as a foreigner. Thus, his eyes were deep brown, and his facial features were softer.

"Finally, someone's here!" Li Keji said excitedly. "Go tell your dean and department head that I don't have mental problems. It's just that many people can't accept my ideas."

His eyes were pure and passionate.

I can only accept them to a limited extent... Lumian, who had read "The Great Adventurer 6: Future", muttered silently before asking seriously, "What are your ideas?"

Li Keji was eager to share. “For humans, the most important thing is food. There are still many people in this world suffering from hunger.

“To solve this problem, we need some new plants that meet the following conditions:

“First, they're not picky about the environment. Second, they don't need meticulous care. Third, they have a high annual yield. Fourth, preferably they can be harvested frequently. Fifth, they're nutritionally rich and can meet all human needs...

“I found that mushrooms meet most of my requirements, but they're not enough. They have insufficient yield, monotonous nutrition, narrow taste range, and so on!

“I've been thinking about how to make different types of mushrooms that have different tastes, different nutritional profiles, and different characteristics. For example, ones that are pest-resistant, disease-resistant, can grow and reproduce on their own, taste like beef, produce milk when bitten, and have flesh as delicate as fish...”

Hearing this, Lumian's eyelid twitched.

Some of these new varieties sound very similar to those mushrooms from the New City of Silver...

Could they all be Frank Lee's inventions?

Have I eaten new mushrooms created by Frank Lee?

No wonder I felt something was off at the time...

Lumian glanced at Grimm before saying to the talkative Li Keji, “I can accept your explanation and your ideas.”

“See? Those people don't understand science, they even called the police to arrest me!” Li Keji's eyes brightened. “I've been thinking for a long time, and finally came up with a way to realize my ideas.”

“What is it?” Lumian raised an eyebrow.

Li Keji said excitedly, “Genetic modification technology!”

For a moment, both Lumian and Grimm fell silent.

After several seconds, Lumian finally grumbled to himself, “So you transplanted all of a cow's genes into a mushroom?”

Li Keji continued, “My research is progressing steadily, and I already have mature samples.

“Yes, they still have various problems, but that doesn't negate their epoch-making significance.

“Those mushrooms just happen to moo, or eat grass, or swim, or run, or drink their own milk. These aren't big problems! Yet they think I'm crazy, that I'm endangering public safety!”

I think so too... Lumian was momentarily speechless.

“...”

Grimm was shocked. After a few seconds, he remembered something. “Did you give some dried mushrooms to...”

He stopped abruptly, not finishing the question.

At that time, monitoring Zhou Mingrui's workstation and having access to all surveillance cameras in the entire building, he had fully witnessed the mutation of those dried mushrooms, and knew their ultimate fate and the potential hidden dangers they had sown.

“I did give some to my colleagues at the tutoring center, but unfortunately there were too few to reward the students,” Li Keji said regretfully.

Lumian secretly breathed a sigh of relief and said to Li Keji, “Geniuses are always lonely, misunderstood by others.”

“No, I'm not a genius. I just have an enthusiastic heart and the courage to put ideas into practice,” Li Keji said, not out of modesty but genuine belief.

“Either way, your original intention wasn't wrong,” Lumian could only say this.

He raised his right hand towards Li Keji.

Li Keji understood his intention and reached his own hand through the iron bars, giving him a high five.

“I'll report your situation, but I can't make the decision,” Lumian said sincerely.

“Thank you,” Li Keji's face was full of gratitude.

As he returned to the bed area to study the mushrooms again, Lumian walked towards the stairwell and said to Grimm, “He's already pregnant.”

In reality, he wasn't.

Before Grimm could respond, Lumian added, “But it will take a week for the embryo to stabilize. Then the obstetrics staff can intervene. Before that, no interference can be made.”

“I see... Alright, I'll remind them,” Grimm didn't understand to what extent godhood limited by this world could achieve.

After leaving Mushu Hospital and watching Grimm leave, Lumian walked across the street and got into the gray sedan driven by Anthony.

Looking at the entrance of Mushu Hospital, he pondered for a moment before saying, “Try to rescue Li Keji from the psychiatric ward within a week.”

Otherwise, the “false pregnancy” would be exposed, and he would inevitably be suspected.

Moreover, by then, the bestowed of the Great Mother could still remedy the situation and make Li Keji truly pregnant.

Just as Lumian finished speaking, he suddenly saw two cars stop at the entrance of Mushu Hospital. Among the people getting out were Huang Jiajia, Miss Bernie Huang, and several men in suits.

Is Huang Jiajia bringing help to rescue Li Keji?

Miss Huang won't do anything illegal openly, so those people must be lawyers and some officials, trying to get Li Keji out through proper procedures?

Even if those mushrooms are really like biochemical toxins, Miss Huang can't change the fact that Li Keji is guilty and has mental problems. But she can find a way to transfer him to another hospital, without keeping him in Mushu Hospital...

Does this count as a covert struggle between two official forces, symbolizing the confrontation between Mr. Fool and the Celestial Worthy? Does Mr. Fool's subconscious want to protect Li Keji?

Lumian watched thoughtfully.

## Chapter 962: Anonymous Tip

While Ludwig was making noise eating, Anthony drove the car a bit further to a shaded area to avoid the harsh sunlight.

He rolled down the window slightly to create a gap, while Lumian condensed ice cubes to assist the not-so-effective old air conditioner in providing coolness.

This way, they waited for nearly half an hour until they finally saw Miss Huang and Huang Jiajia's group coming out of Mushu Hospital. Among them were people dressed as police officers, carrying Li Keji with his legs bound and hands cuffed.

After watching them get into different vehicles and leave Mushu Hospital, Lumian received a message from Intis Group Grimm: "The target has been transferred to the psychiatric ward of another hospital. He will undergo another mental evaluation and police questioning.

"In a week, we'll need to take action again.

"Alright," Lumian handed the phone to Anthony, letting him read the content sent by Grimm.

Then, Lumian said, "We can't get involved in the tug-of-war and struggle at the official level right now, nor do we have a way to intervene. But we need to do something covertly. Even if we don't manage the actions of the Great Mother's children a week later, we must consider the possibility of the Celestial Worthy's subordinates infiltrating the other hospital to eliminate Frank Lee's dream manifestation, just like they killed the Oracle.

"They're entirely capable of doing such a thing.

Anthony nodded. "This is also an application of psychological blind spots. Most people would think Li Keji is definitely safe being confined in a psychiatric ward with police guards outside. And since Li Keji's backers have considerable influence and are taking action, Li Keji and his friends probably won't take risky actions in the short term. As a result, most people will unconsciously lower their

guard, which presents a good opportunity for assassination.” “Should we go rescue Li Keji in the next couple of days?” Lumian mused uncertainly to himself.

Anthony said calmly, “If we rescue him, he'll truly become a wanted criminal.

“Where do you plan to hide him?”

“This might also make us suspects in the eyes of the police. In the dream city, this represents us opposing the dream's main consciousness, which also means we're close to being discovered by the Celestial Worthy.”

“Hide him in a painting?” Lumian pondered in response.

The worlds within paintings created by Painters were different from mirror worlds. They weren't interconnected, so one couldn't directly move from one painted world to another. One needed to first reach the corresponding painting before entering.

In other words, if Li Keji was hidden in a painted world, as long as Lumian and the others kept that painting safe, they wouldn't have to worry too much about someone infiltrating through other means or searching via illusory tunnels.

Before Anthony could respond, Lumian laughed at himself.

“We don't necessarily have to risk rescuing Li Keji. We can change our approach.

“We can hide nearby, wait for the Celestial Worthy's subordinates to come eliminate the target, then ambush and take them out.

“When the week's deadline arrives and I go with the children of the Great Mother to induce the embryo in Li Keji's belly, you, Franca, and Jenna can cover your faces and ambush us. I'll pretend to be overwhelmed and flee with the children of the Great Mother, thus missing the chance to have Li Keji give birth within four weeks.

“Failure is better than exposure. At most, it would mean the Child of God loses some prestige in the eyes of Grimm and the others.”

At this point, Lumian picked up his phone and sent a message to Jenna: “Be sure to protect Luo Shan well recently.”

Since Zaratulstra and the Celestial Worthy's subordinates he represented were eliminating certain dream characters, including those who had directly or indirectly helped Zhou Mingrui, Luo Shan, who had recently reminded Zhou Mingrui, might be one of their primary targets.

Lumian had previously shared information about Zaratulstra, so Jenna and Franca easily understood his meaning and replied with an “Okay.” Both parties then used the Information Shredder to delete their chat history. “Where to now? Back?” Anthony glanced at the still rather bright sky.

After careful and repeated consideration, Lumian said, “To Star Dream Provisions Store.”

Anthony didn't ask why. He rolled up the window and drove off.

About twenty minutes later, they arrived at their destination.

While Anthony took Ludwig to queue at a nearby shop selling guokui—a type of Chinese flatbread—Lumian entered Star Dream Provisions Store and approached the cashier, politely asking the shopkeeper, “Is there any mail for us?”

The shopkeeper, occupied by her phone, nodded and took out a letter, tossing it onto the counter.

Lumian opened it on the spot and began reading.

“Regarding the matter of Mushu Hospital's associate dean, we've communicated with the Sanguine duke and high-level Blessed of the Church of Earth Mother. So far, we haven't found anything unusual about Matriarch Roland, and the Blessed haven't received any warnings from Earth Mother in this regard.

-Are you wondering if the dean of Mushu Hospital might be the dream manifestation of Earth Mother? We can assure you that it hasn't reached that level yet. This is based on divine revelation, so don't worry about what the dean of Mushu Hospital is called, unless it's Omebella...”

Madam Magician, you're quite skilled at telling horror stories too, worthy of being a great writer... Lumian grumbled, continuing to read. “The name Stiano was quite famous in the Fourth Epoch. His full name is Yuggs Stiano. He was one of the founders of the Moses Ascetic Order, but later left the order and disappeared for a long time. It's said that after the War of the Four Emperors and before the Pale Disaster, He became a true god. Yes, you've probably guessed who He is now. Also, remember, when you return to reality, don't speak this name in any language with supernatural power.” irs really the God of Steam and Machinery.. I actually added a true god on WeChat, and He even helped create a mini-program... He's quite friendly and approachable... I wonder how Anthony would react if he knew that was the true god he once believed in, and probably still has some faith in. Would his emotional changes break through a Spectator's instinctual control? Lumian stuffed the reply letter into the Traveler's Bag.

Next, he took out his phone and sent a WeChat message to Anderson Hood:

“Why don't you turn yourself in?”

After three or four minutes, “A name that leaves a deep impression on you” replied: “Over the years, there haven't been many people who could confuse and surprise me for a while. You're now one of them.

“Are you planning to report clues about Danitz's death to the police?”

Lumian brought the phone close to his mouth and smiled as he said, “I plan to write the names of all suspects in Danitz's murder in a tip-off letter and submit it to the police department, using official power to trouble that person. Hopefully, it will cause him significant trouble. In others' eyes, what the mute did is no different from what you did.

“Since that's the case, why don't you just turn yourself in? This way, I won't need to write the tip-off letter.”

These words were quickly converted to text and sent to Anderson Hood.

Anderson Hood promptly replied, "Are you worried that if you write the tip-off letter, you'll also be targeted by the authorities? So you're instigating me to turn myself in to minimize the risk you need to bear?"

"Don't worry, the mute mainly made Danitz less vigilant and alert, but didn't actually do anything. He left no traces at the scene and used the power of paintings to create a strong alibi. Otherwise, as Danitz's roommate who reported to the police just hours after the incident, I would have been the most suspicious person and would have been found out long ago.

"That person is also very cautious and didn't leave any effective clues. However, troubling him a bit, distracting his attention, and making the police truly notice this name is not a bad idea.

"Go ahead and report it, just don't mention my name."

Lumian clicked his tongue and walked back to the cashier, saying to the shopkeeper, "Can you help me write a letter?"

Seeing the shopkeeper raise her head to look at him, causing even the bright sunlight outside to be blocked by clouds, Lumian self-deprecatingly smiled and said, "I'm illiterate. I can't write."

The shopkeeper smiled slightly and asked, "What do you want to write?" Lumian thought for a few seconds and replied, "Danitz's death is related to Zaratulstra. He murdered Danitz."

The shopkeeper put down her phone, took out paper and pen, and quickly wrote down this paragraph. Finally, she asked, "How many copies?"

"Three," Lumian reduced the quantity to the minimum.

After the shopkeeper finished writing, he thanked her, took the three tip-off letters, and walked to the front of the magic mirror Arrodes.

He pressed his hand towards this ancient silver mirror.

He wanted to test if the supposedly great magic mirror had a corresponding area behind it, whether it was part of the mirror world.

Before any text could appear on the mirror's surface, Lumian's body suddenly lunged forward, quickly dematerializing and diving in.

In the blink of an eye, he saw the void and dark area behind the mirror.

The magic mirror is still a mirror... Indeed, if even mirror-like objects can be treated as mirrors, there's no reason why magic mirrors, which look like real mirrors on the surface, shouldn't count... Lumian muttered to himself, surveying his surroundings.

He found that the area behind the magic mirror Arrodes seemed a bit different from other mirrors.

The surrounding dark void was deeper, but it also seemed covered by an invisible cloth. Behind the cloth, pairs of eyes were watching him, and inexplicable things were silently flowing.



Indeed special.. Lumian didn't waste time. Combining the police department layout provided by the Major Arcana card holders and his own sensing of various mirrors within range, he chose one of them and traversed through. He wanted to “submit” the tip-off letters through the mirror world!

Soon, he reached his destination and brought his face close to the glass surface, observing the situation outside.

The next second, he saw a person.

The person wore a neat white shirt with black diamond-patterned epaulets on the shoulders. He was a rigid middle-aged man with deep black hair interspersed with some white strands. His dark brown, almost black eyes were looking at the mirror where Lumian was.

Lumian quickly drew back, feeling as if he had been seen by the other party. This was the office of Police Station No. 1, and that man was the highest leader of the dream city's police force, Yagates..

## Chapter 963 Midnight

Lumian had seen in the information provided by the Major Arcana card holders that the original character for Police Chief Yagates of Police Station No. 1 should be Madam Magician's teacher, the Grand Duke of the Tudor Empire, the strongest King of Angels of the Fourth Epoch, Mr. Door Bethel Abraham.

Within this introduction, there was a very important conjecture: suspected to be the dream symbol of the Uniqueness of the Apprentice pathway.

Similarly, the Major Arcana card holders speculated that the active Amon in the dream was a symbol of the Uniqueness of the Marauder pathway, but often also the original body.

This was because Amon was once the true god of the Marauder pathway, occupying the Uniqueness of this pathway for thousands of years, leaving a strong spiritual imprint in the corresponding Uniqueness. It could even be said that for a long time before, He was equivalent to the Uniqueness of the Marauder pathway.

Therefore, before Amon's spiritual imprint in the Uniqueness of the Marauder pathway was completely worn away, Amon had a very close connection with this Uniqueness. He could use this to freely enter and exit this dream city. Even if discovered by the Celestial Worthy and kicked out, He could re-enter without limit.

The Uniqueness of the Major Arcana card holder pathway was part of this true dream, equivalent to Amon also being part of it. If the Celestial Worthy wanted to prevent Amon from re-entering, or to impose comprehensive restrictions on Him so He couldn't do anything, according to the Major Arcana's speculation, there were only three ways:

First, remove the Uniqueness of the Marauder pathway by separating it. Second, quickly wear away Amon's spiritual imprint in that Uniqueness. Third, reach an agreement with Mr. Fool to jointly reject Amon.

Obviously, none of these three methods were feasible—the seemingly most feasible second method had a prerequisite that the Celestial Worthy had a great advantage in the dream, almost half-

awakened. Otherwise, in a sleeping state, in fierce opposition with Mr. Fool, even if He was a great existence, it was impossible to wear away Amon's spiritual imprint in the Marauder Uniqueness in a short time.

Of course, Amon would still be restricted in the dream city. As for what kind of restrictions, the Major Arcana card holders didn't know, they could only infer from Amon's behavior that He wasn't completely unrestricted.

Similarly, Mr. Door's spiritual imprint also remained in the Uniqueness of the Apprentice pathway, forming the dream manifestation of Yagates.

Although the Uniqueness of the Apprentice pathway had once been accommodated by Amon, making Him a dual-pathway true god, Amon stayed at this level for a very short time, obviously unable to completely wear away Mr. Door's spiritual imprint.

As soon as Lumian withdrew his body, he immediately disappeared from the spot, traversing towards another mirror, leaving only a few black flames quietly falling, burning away any traces he might have left.

That was the symbol of the Uniqueness of the Door pathway, certainly having some control over the mirror world. Staying behind the current mirror would inevitably lead to exposure!

A second or two later, Lumian transferred to the second target location.

The dream manifestation of the Apprentice pathway Uniqueness is Yagates, the dream manifestation of the Marauder pathway Uniqueness is Amon... is the dream manifestation of the Seer pathway Uniqueness Zhou Mingrui, also the core that Mr. Fool and the Celestial Worthy are fighting over? Lumian thought while concealing his form, hiding in the darkness.

He patiently waited for a while, making sure no one was tracking him, before approaching the glass mirror surface to peek outside.

Outside was also an office, currently unoccupied.

This was Officer Deng's office.

Lumian took out a tip-off letter, making it "float" up.

The letter then flew out of the mirror surface, falling towards Officer Deng's desk.

Just as it touched the wooden desktop, a streak of black flame suddenly extended from the mirror, quickly burning towards it, illuminating the invisible spider silk that bound it tightly.

The black flames enveloped the letter, burning away residual traces and some of the spider silk, while the remaining silk retracted behind the mirror.

Lumian changed his position once again, traversing to the third mirror.

Outside was still an office, belonging to another police officer, William Wang.

He was a very powerful police officer, corresponding to the real-life figure of the former king of the Loen Kingdom, William Augustus VI, a deceased person.

The Major Arcana card holders were actually a bit confused. Mr. Fool's incarnations walking in the world had no intersection with William Augustus VI, so why did this deceased king have a corresponding manifestation in the dream city?

Similar situations included William Augustus I, Henry Augustus I, and other ancestors of the Augustus family who were “active” in the police station or court of the dream city, surnamed Wang—the same character for “king.”

The Major Arcana card holders could only assume that Mr. Fool had many very ancient incarnations.

Perhaps because the police were in a meeting or on a mission, William Wang's office was also empty. Lumian successfully placed the tip-off letter, then randomly went to another office through the mirror world, dropped the last letter, without risking going to Yagates' place again.

Then, he returned to Star Dream Provisions Store, coming out from the mirror area corresponding to the magic mirror Arrodes.

“Can I borrow paper and pen again?” Lumian walked to the cashier and asked politely.

The shopkeeper put the paper and pen used for writing earlier on the counter.

Lumian began to write a letter to the Major Arcana card holders, with three main points:

First, to remind the Major Arcana card holders to pay attention to Rozanne in reality and provide necessary protection. Second, to ask them to confirm Anderson Hood's real situation. Third, to report the news of Li Keji being arrested.

After mailing the letter and expressing thanks, Lumian returned to the gray sedan.

Anthony and Ludwig had already returned.

Before Anthony started the car, Lumian briefly explained the possible identity of Stiano.

Anthony was silent for a moment, then started the car and said with a sigh, “Even gods were once weak, even gods went through stages like us... This truly is the path of the divine, it makes me feel that gods are no longer so unattainable, no longer naturally noble, naturally gods...”

“Disenchantment?” Lumian asked using the newly learned term.

Anthony turned the steering wheel and said, “But They are indeed fighting against evil gods, protecting the people...”

“I remember in the industrial cities along the West Midseashire Coast, those robed clergy would regularly go to factories to hold ceremonies. Now it seems more like packaging major factory inspections, formal use of new machines, clergy getting close to front-line machines and other things into sacred rituals...”

Anthony rambled on about religious stories he heard as a child and religious ceremonies he experienced as he grew up. Lumian listened quietly, occasionally echoing with a word or two.

Dechang Garden, Building 5, Room 1502.

Luo Shan was very happy to find that Franca had returned to normal.

She curiously asked, “What did it feel like at that time?”

“I couldn't breathe, like a fish pulled out of water, a person kicked out of this world.” Franca described it simply, without mentioning parts that might make Luo Shan think of dreams.

Jenna then said, “You need to be careful recently. The minions of evil forces are also trying to get close to Zhou Mingrui and deal with people who have directly or indirectly helped Zhou Mingrui. We're worried they might target you.”

“Mm-hmm.” Luo Shan pointed to the new oil painting and new sketch hanging on the wall, “I've already turned my room into a fortress, they will guard me while I sleep.”

Franca and Jenna looked in the direction Luo Shan was pointing, seeing an oil painting of a colorful parrot.

Around the parrot were abstract, mottled color blocks, and its eyes deliberately turned when Franca and the others looked over, as if saying “Hi, I'm alive!”

After looking at the paintings in the living room and bedroom, Jenna nodded and said,

“A Painter's ability is indeed magical.

“However, if you trust us, we can provide you with the ultimate safety guarantee.”

“How?” Luo Shan asked.

Jenna didn't hide anything.

“Give us a small amount of blood and hair, we'll make a Mirror Substitution for you. Um, the straight-line distance between our two rooms barely qualifies within the effective range of this ability, and we can bring us closer in your Shaman space to ensure effectiveness.

“But this also means that we can easily and accurately curse you, kill you with that Mirror Substitution.”

Luo Shan fell silent.

After a good while, she smiled. “We can try. If you really want to kill me, you've had many opportunities these past few days.”

Close to midnight, Luo Shan, who had already washed up, checked the doors, windows, and those paintings before lying down on the bed and turning off the lights.

In the deep darkness, Luo Shan quickly fell asleep, continuing to guard that semi-transparent barrier.

As time ticked by minute by minute, in the parrot oil painting in the living room, those mottled color blocks suddenly began to squirm.

The colorful parrot noticed this change and was about to cry out loudly, but was surged over by those color blocks, covering its mouth and pressing down its wings.

Soon, the colorful parrot was submerged and dissolved by these color blocks, becoming part of them.

These color blocks flowed out of the oil painting like water, leaving the canvas empty.

They surged towards the bedroom in the quiet night, passing through the door crack, coming to Luo Shan's bedside.

Suddenly, this water flow composed of color blocks surged upwards, taking a human form.

The colorful human form quietly looked at the sleeping Luo Shan for twenty to thirty seconds.

Finally, it turned back into a water flow composed of color blocks, returning along its original path to the oil painting in the living room.

The color blocks squirmed, reconstructing the colorful parrot and the surrounding background.

The parrot was identical to before, its eyes still lively.

The next morning, Luo Shan woke up.

She first picked up her phone to check messages, then slowly got up and checked the situation in the bedroom and living room.

“No problems.” Luo Shan breathed a sigh of relief and walked towards the bathroom.

After parting with Franca and Luo Shan, Jenna went out to observe those dream characters who were relatively close to Zhou Mingrui.

This was her and Anthony's recent task.

Of course, she had already submitted her profile to Hall Film Company as a performing arts student.

And today, she or Anthony would go to contact Peng Deng, a very special dream character.

## Chapter 964 A Bit Special

Across from the building where Peng Deng worked.

Jenna walked up to the gray sedan and watched as the door opened and Ludwig got out by himself.

She nodded to Anthony in the driver's seat, then led Ludwig towards a nearby café.

Based on Peng Deng's occupation, they had already formulated a plan for making contact:

If they had money, they could buy a house, then go to the design company where Peng Deng worked for a consultation, using abilities like Hypnosis or Instigation to “designate” Peng Deng as their designer.

Then, they could discuss design ideas, concepts and styles with Peng Deng, and sign a contract, allowing them to repeatedly contact the target through follow-up activities like reviewing plans and visiting sites, gradually becoming familiar, and ultimately figuring out if he had any issues and what those issues were.

But unfortunately, they didn't have that much money.

If they really had money to buy a house, wouldn't it be simpler and more convenient to just rent the magic mirror Arrodes and ask it for detailed information about Peng Deng?

So Anthony only planned to execute the first half of the plan—fabricating the fact that he owned a house, using home renovation as an excuse to go for a consultation, using his Hypnosis ability to get the company boss to assign Peng Deng to talk to him, and finally leaving with the excuse of needing to think it over, without signing a contract.

If Anthony's operation failed, encountering a situation where Peng Deng was unavailable or happened to be meeting a client, and he was assigned to a different designer, then Jenna would execute the second plan.

After entering the café with Ludwig, choosing a window seat, and ordering a cappuccino, a fruit juice, a small cake and a bunch of bread, Jenna looked at the little boy across from her and fell into deep thought, Every time we need to carry out a probing mission, we have to switch who takes him along. It feels so troublesome...

He can certainly be very useful, but a child's appearance, mentality and cognition mean he can't act independently, and we're not comfortable with that... not comfortable with the ordinary people of the dream city...

Should we find a way to get him into some elementary school, so he can attend classes? That way, we wouldn't have to worry about him during the day, just pick him up when it's time.

In Jenna's silence, Ludwig suddenly had a bit of a bad premonition. At that moment, the small cake was brought over, and he immediately smiled, picking up the fork and spoon.

Jenna thought for a while, but still gave up on the idea of sending Ludwig to elementary school.

That wasn't like going to cram school, which only took an hour and a half with breaks in between and parents waiting outside. He'd have to stay at school all day, and unless they gave Ludwig the Traveler's Bag, there was really no way for him to carry enough food.

What would happen then, a classmate every two periods?

Meanwhile, Anthony saw Peng Deng enter the building.

After 9 o'clock, confirming that Peng Deng hadn't left, he got out of the car, entered the building, took the elevator, and arrived at the design company called "Shengwei".

Anthony said to the receptionist, "I called earlier to inquire and made an appointment."

The receptionist checked the record book and led Anthony to a meeting room.

Soon after, the person in charge of the design company came over and chatted with Anthony for a bit, confirming the style he wanted.

During this process, Anthony deliberately mentioned Peng Deng, saying he had seen this designer's works and actual results on the company's public account and felt they matched his ideas well.

Undoubtedly, while saying this, Anthony looked into the eyes of the person in charge, using Hypnosis lightly. Earlier during the phone communication, he had also used psychological methods for guidance, though he couldn't directly apply Hypnosis then.

“Please wait here, I’ll go get the designer,” the person in charge stood up and left the meeting room, while a staff member poured Anthony a glass of water and put out some fruit.

About ten minutes later, Anthony saw Peng Deng appear at the door.

Peng Deng had black hair and brown eyes, with an ordinary appearance. His hair was styled with some parts fluffed up, and he wore a black T-shirt with a trendy brand feel, carrying a laptop.

Anthony stood up calmly, not showing any unusual behavior.

After the company manager's introduction, Anthony began chatting with Peng Deng, mainly describing his needs while Peng Deng listened and occasionally asked more in-depth questions to understand the details.

After Anthony finished speaking, Peng Deng operated a laptop and projector, saying, “I found a few images earlier, see if they match the feeling you want.”

Soon, Anthony saw an image: a modern-style living room, bright and clean with golden sunlight shining through the windows, a vase placed in just the right position with a bouquet of fresh flowers, and two oil paintings hanging on either side, depicting sparse, beautiful forests and lush green fields...

Anthony suddenly felt this was exactly what he wanted.

Peng Deng continued to show several more images, with styles similar to the previous one, and each seemed to perfectly match Anthony's requirements.

He accurately grasped the vision I had in mind just based on the description over the phone and our face-to-face conversation? Isn't this a bit special? Anthony didn't immediately express his thoughts, but continued discussing with Peng Deng how these images could be combined into a whole and the specific costs for the designer's fee.

After chatting for a while longer, Anthony stood up and said, “I’ll think about it some more.”

“Alright.” Peng Deng didn't try hard to persuade him, and escorted Anthony to the company entrance.

Anthony went downstairs, crossed the street, and passed by the café where Jenna and Ludwig were.

When the two parties met through the glass window, Anthony nodded slightly.

Then, he walked straight towards the rented gray sedan.

Jenna withdrew her gaze and continued watching Ludwig eat.

According to their prior agreement, she easily understood without needing to guess what Anthony's nod just now meant: I've met Peng Deng and made contact. Now, I need to self-isolate until dawn tomorrow to see if any abnormalities occur.

Tech Building, Intis Group, Administration Department.

After being busy for a while, Luo Shan started to slack off.

She picked up her phone and sent a message to True Hidden Blade: “Do I need to go hint at Zhou Mingrui about his own specialness?”

Franca, sitting in the workstation diagonally in front of Luo Shan, hesitated for a while before replying: “Not for now. Wait until my companion and I can no longer act, then you can do it.”

Luo Shan was about to say something more when Deputy Director Zhang Qing came out of his office, clapped his hands and said, “Mr. Huang will be coming over shortly, bringing that VIP from last time to continue touring the company...”

Franca was worried that if Luo Shan hinted too deeply, she would also encounter abnormalities. While she and her companions might be kicked out of the dream, dream characters might just die suddenly, or get hit and run over by a bus after work.

She preferred Luo Shan to only act as her assistant for now, cooperating with her to hint at Zhou Mingrui.

Luo Shan was about to say something more when Deputy Director Zhang Qing came out of his office, clapped his hands and said, “Mr. Huang will be coming over shortly, bringing that VIP from last time to continue touring the company...”

A rustling sound suddenly arose as many employees took out their makeup bags and makeup mirrors.

That VIP from last time? Franca used her phone to ask Luo Shan: “Is it Zaratulstra?”

“It should be, he's the only VIP recently, involved in the integration and merger of certain subsidiaries, as well as a big deal,” Luo Shan replied quickly. “What should we do next?”

She meant, should they let Zaratulstra come into contact with Zhou Mingrui?

Didn't Lumian report Zaratulstra yesterday? The police station has no evidence and can't restrict the foreign guest's freedom for now? Zaratulstra just went to see Zhou Mingrui at the cram school yesterday, and now he's coming to the company again today. What does he want to do? Ah, Lumian was right, passively dealing with things can easily lead to problems. It's better to actively eliminate hidden dangers... Franca looked at her phone, her thoughts racing quickly.

After nearly a minute, she replied to Luo Shan: “Stay calm; let me see the specific situation before deciding. You just need to cooperate with me.

“Don't worry, with so many people in the company watching, Zaratulstra can't do anything.”

If worse comes to worst, I'll risk losing my job and pour a glass of water on Zaratulstra's or Mr. Huang's crotch!

Seeing that Luo Fu didn't take out mirrors or put on makeup, several nearby employees withdrew their observing gazes, feeling relieved and focusing on themselves.

Soon after, the group chat reported Mr. Huang's itinerary: “Mr. Huang has brought the VIP to the 16th floor!”

Tech Building, 16th floor.



Huang Tao, dressed casually, sat down with the formally dressed Zaratulstra in a room filled with various classical objects and opened a bottle of Aurmir red wine.

“You said you bought a very peculiar mirror?” Huang Tao continued their previous topic.

Zaratulstra smiled and said, “Yes, it possesses a kind of magic. It can let us see our inner selves.”

As he spoke, the old man's deep blue, almost black eyes moved slightly, and he took out a small mirror with a classical design, luxurious style, and inlaid with gems from his suit pocket.

At this time, his and Huang Tao's entourage had all been left outside the current room, with only a few security personnel guarding at the door, not approaching them.

“Look, this is how I appear in the mirror,” Zaratulstra placed the mirror in front of his face.

Huang Tao leaned in and saw that the reflection in the mirror was not the elderly Zaratulstra, but a man in his thirties with deep black hair and ordinary features.

Could it be a high-tech mirror with artificial intelligence? Huang Tao mumbled based on his experience and understanding.

“Would you like to try?” Zaratulstra asked him.

“Sure.” Huang Tao took the mirror with interest, quietly checking if the item had any hidden switches and what material the mirror surface was made of.

He didn't find any issues, so he brought the mirror up to his face with curiosity.

He then saw himself in the mirror.

It was completely different from what he had imagined.

The him in the mirror was a woman, wearing an ornate golden crown, with slightly curly chestnut hair, blue eyes, a high nose bridge, thin lips, and an alluring appearance with an indescribable charm.

Huang Tao was stunned, as if he had seen the anima in his heart.

Lumian, who started his middle shift today, only needed to arrive at the company before 4:30 p.m.

Since late last night, he had been using the mirror world to sneak into a hospital called “Crimson Moon”, where Li Keji was currently being held.

## Chapter 965 Experimenting Again

Lumian hid behind a mirror-like object on the corridor wall, gazing at Li Keji's hospital room through the hard barrier.

He had maintained this position for many hours, only occasionally adjusting to relax.

He had waited all night but hadn't seen Zaratulstra or other subordinates of the Celestial Worthy come to eliminate Li Keji.

After an unknown amount of time, as sunlight shone in from the other end of the corridor, different rooms in the psychiatric ward gradually became lively. Someone was singing loudly, someone was banging on doors, someone was knocking on something unknown, as if calling for breakfast.

At this moment, Lumian saw a large amount of milky white liquid surge out from the gap between Li Keji's hospital room door and the solid floor.

Milk? Lumian's gaze froze slightly.

A second later, he found that the milky white liquid, which seemed to be milk, receded like a tide back into Li Keji's hospital room. The floor became clean again, with only varying degrees of wet traces remaining.

Lumian watched silently.

A few minutes later, with his eagle-like vision, he felt that there seemed to be something indescribable at the doorway of the hospital room.

He carefully pressed his face against the mirror surface, penetrating out slightly.

The scene before his eyes instantly lost its mirrored feel, becoming clearer.

He then saw some small, distinct white lines, and noticed finer, less obvious white filaments around them.

These things as a whole looked like intersecting, much thinner snowflakes, or as if countless white fuzz were mixed together.

Compared to the spider silk of Demonesses, they were all opaque, tinted with color, and could still be discovered upon careful observation.

Mycelium? Lumian made a guess.

This was based on speculation about Li Keji's own special nature.

After a few seconds, these mycelium uniformly retracted, passing through the door gap and disappearing into the corridor.

A scene spontaneously emerged in Lumian's mind: a strangely shaped giant mushroom man, no, a giant mushroom, walking to the door, carefully extending its mycelium—its goals unknown.

Lumian fell silent once again.

He seriously pondered a question, Is letting Zaratulstra and other subordinates of the Celestial Worthy eliminate Li Keji ultimately a bad thing or a good thing...

As long as they are prevented from taking Li Keji's corpse to the basement of Mushu Hospital and using the Mother's power to give him new life, the whole thing doesn't seem that unacceptable...

Hmm, Frank Lee's mushrooms in the dream city seemed to have overlapped with Mr. Fool's idealistic cognition, becoming more terrifying and bizarre than in reality. If they lost control later, who knows which side it would benefit...

No, no, no, fire is also dangerous, but fire can be exploited...

This guy is suitable to be confined in a psychiatric ward, to be released when needed, or to borrow a few mushrooms with unique functions...

Can a psychiatric ward really contain him? Should he be helped to enter prison, to be controlled by the officials representing the dream's main consciousness?

But if so, it would be very troublesome for us to utilize him, and moreover, he doesn't look like someone without mental problems in any way. Franca had explained before that in the dream city, such mentally ill patients don't need to go to prison, they just need to receive prolonged treatment in a mental hospital...

Lumian withdrew his face, distancing himself from the mirror surface.

At 10 a.m., he saw Huang Jajia, Bernie Huang, accompanied by a lawyer, Officer Deng, and a doctor in a white coat enter this ward.

Only then did he feel relieved. He traversed to the rear-view mirror of a car in the underground parking lot, jumped out, and directly teleported back to the rented apartment in Xinhong District.

At this time, Anthony was in self-isolation, Ludwig had been taken away by Jenna, and Lumian casually ate some bread before preparing to lie down on the bed to catch up on sleep.

Just as he had lain down, he felt his phone vibrate once.

The message was from True Hidden Blade: "Zaratulstra has come to visit the group again, now on the 16th floor, hasn't come down yet."

Zaratulstra wasn't affected by the tip-off letter? Does the tip-off letter need evidence, otherwise the police would have to investigate for a while, obtain sufficient evidence before they can arrest a foreign guest? Zaratulstra is still very cautious, and the identity of a foreign guest is also very clever... Lumian sat on the bed, pondered and analyzed for a while before replying to Franca: "No need to interfere with Zaratulstra's visit, but remind Zhou Mingrui to be careful through Luo Shan."

Inside the Administration Department of Intis Group.

Franca sent a message to Luo Shan: "If that guy comes to visit the tech department later, remember to warn Zhou Mingrui to be careful about safety."

"No rush for now, what if the enemy chooses to visit other departments or other subsidiaries? Warning Zhou Mingrui in advance would plunge him into endless suspicion, guarding against everyone around him, which would greatly affect his mental state in the long run."

Luo Shan replied with a "nodding cat" emoji.

To their surprise, Mr. Huang didn't bring Zaratulstra down for a tour, the two stayed on the 16th floor until noon before leaving via the private elevator.

"Alert lifted, the enemy didn't contact the target, so Luo Shan didn't give any reminder." Franca reported the situation to Lumian during lunch break.

Lumian quickly replied: "Then I'll carry out the step of hinting at Zhou Mingrui about the existence of supernatural powers this afternoon, and be a bit more aggressive. You, Jenna, and Anthony, from

now on, don't contact me, delete the chat history, even my WeChat and QQ numbers, and add them back tomorrow afternoon.”

“Won't this get mixed up with the results of Anthony's probe of Peng Deng? If he gets kicked out, we might have trouble distinguishing if it's Peng Deng's problem or something related to your side.” Franca raised a detailed question.

“It won't, we isolated from each other last night, our experimental results won't affect each other.” Lumian had made preparations yesterday.

Since Franca's consciousness returned to the body of “Luo Fu”, he had started preparing.

At 4 p.m., Lumian arrived at Intis Group early and enjoyed an early dinner.

Then, he and Old Xia took over from their colleagues and started patrolling the floors.

After completing this task, they replaced colleagues who were rushing to the cafeteria and started monitoring the surveillance.

Lumian seemed to be observing the situation on different floors, but his attention was entirely on the internal parts of Intis Group, on that area of the 10th floor.

Finally, he saw Zhou Mingrui leave his workstation, walk out of the tech department, and head towards the public restroom in the middle of the corridor.

Lumian stood up abruptly, clutching his stomach and said to Old Xia, “The food was too spicy just now, I need to go to the bathroom.”

Without waiting for Old Xia's response, he left the surveillance room directly.

Old Xia turned to look at his back and said almost inaudibly, “He's only been working for a week and already learned to take a shit break?”

In the corridor, Lumian avoided two security personnel coming out of the elevator area, turned into the stairwell, merged into the shadows, and quickly went down.

In less than thirty seconds, he reached the 10th floor.

Then, pretending to be checking a problem he had discovered during his earlier floor patrol, he openly entered the corridor between the Administration Department and Technology Department, arriving outside the restroom.

He looked left and right, then quickly walked into the men's side with small steps.

At this time, Zhou Mingrui was washing his hands at the sink.

Lumian glanced inside the restroom, confirming that no one was at the urinals, and one of the four stalls seemed to be locked.

Zhou Mingrui turned around and just saw him.

Lumian took out a lighter and smiled.

His thumb repeatedly pressed virtually above the lighter, not touching it, yet the lighter produced a series of crimson red flames.

Seeing this, Zhou Mingrui, who already had doubts, instantly became mentally tense.

Is this supernatural power or some kind of magic trick?

Lumian stepped back twice, pressing his other hand on the edge of the men's restroom door frame, quietly activating a black mark on his body.

Bottle of Fiction!

He isolated the area of the sink from the rest of the bathroom and the space outside.

Lumian looked at Zhou Mingrui, who seemed ready to lash out at any moment, and smiled slightly. "I've drunk a beverage called 'Hunter'."

You really do have issues... Zhou Mingrui's eyes narrowed imperceptibly, his doubts and worries of many days finally becoming reality.

Lumian turned his head to glance towards the urinals. "I came to you to warn you. Be careful of that foreign guest called Zaratulstra."

Zaratulstra... Zhou Mingrui had a deep impression of this long name.

He had once been assigned by Mr. Huang as a technical person to receive Zaratulstra, and was responsible for being the interpreter and explainer, but the other party either had a mechanical failure with their flight or encountered severe weather, so he never managed to receive him.

Later, he got sick and took leave after listening to a song, missing Zaratulstra's first visit to the company.

After that, he had seen the group's publicity, knowing what Zaratulstra looked like from videos and photos.

Reminded by Lumian, Zhou Mingrui suddenly remembered that the old man standing at the door of the Business English class before Luo Shan warned him to be careful yesterday seemed to be Zaratulstra.

Was Luo Shan's warning also pointing to Zaratulstra?

How did she know Zaratulstra was visiting Dream Tutoring Classes?

Right, Li Ming was there yesterday...

Are Li Ming and Luo Shan in cahoots?

Luo Fu joined only one day later than Li Ming...

As these thoughts flashed through Zhou Mingrui's mind, Lumian offered no explanation, lifted the Bottle of Fiction, and walked out of the men's restroom.

Zhou Mingrui looked at his back, suddenly feeling that the hidden currents around him were much more fierce and exaggerated than he had imagined.

After another round of floor patrol, Lumian stood at the office window, watching as the last golden-red glow of the sunset was swallowed by darkness.

Night had officially arrived.

By this time, Luo Shan, Luo Fu, and Zhou Mingrui had all gotten off work, with the latter having left just a few minutes ago.

Lumian looked at the brightly lit buildings, slightly raising his chin and curling the corners of his mouth, waiting for the possible “exile”.

This time, if he was kicked out of the dream, Zaratulstra probably wouldn't be spared either.

A one-for-one exchange was worth it!

## Chapter 966 Different Treatment

Time passed minute by minute. Lumian saw office workers continuing to leave the Tech Building, while carts appeared in less conspicuous places along the road, selling fried noodles, stir-fried rice noodles, braised dishes, fried skewers, barbecue and other foods.

Cars drove by with their lights on, still busy.

Nothing's happened yet... Lumian had long lost sight of Zhou Mingrui, but he didn't feel anything unusual.

At this moment, Old Xia walked in.

“Let's go patrol again, so Team Lead Xu doesn't say we're hiding in the office slacking off.”

“Okay.” Lumian nodded.

Then, he saw Old Xia turn his body somewhat awkwardly.

“What's wrong? Did you hurt your back?” Lumian stopped, still close to the window.

Old Xia turned his head, his expression unchanged as he said, “I'm not... What... ah...”

As he spoke, his lips sometimes paused mid-movement, and his accent changed.

Before Lumian could respond, Old Xia looked away and continued walking towards the door.

His knees, ankles, arms, and shoulders seemed as if filled with lead, heavy and stiff, with a sense of sluggishness.

Lumian suddenly recalled the puppet show he had seen in the basement of the Alone Bar in Trier, feeling as if invisible strings were tied to all of Old Xia's joints.

Old Xia now looks more like a puppet than a human...

Has he... been... marionettized?

My thoughts... also seem to be... lagging...

Am I also... being marionettized?

Lumian was startled. He lowered his head and tried to raise his right arm.

In his view, his arm lifted, paused, lifted again, and paused again, as if watching a video with slow Internet speed.

Indeed... Lumian's first reaction was that the Celestial Worthy was marionettizing him, but he didn't feel the painful discomfort of a fish leaving water or a person leaving air that Franca had described.

He immediately thought of another possibility: Zaratulstra or other subordinates of the Celestial Worthy were hiding in the shadows, trying to deal with him!

Lumian slightly moved his neck, turning his gaze to the window outside.

He found that the vehicles on the road all paused simultaneously, but without the forward surge that would occur with sudden braking.

After a brief freeze, these vehicles started moving again.

Two seconds later, they stopped again.

This made Lumian feel as if he was watching surveillance footage, frame by frame!

Not only the vehicles, but the vendors selling fried noodles and their customers also showed similar, abnormal stuttering.

Such large-scale... marionettizing... in the dream... city... can only... be done by... the Celestial Worthy... or... Mr. Fool...

The anomaly... has come...

Lumian tried hard to concentrate, preparing to actively exit the dream.

Although he wasn't sure why his experience was different from Franca's, the current situation and the changes around him made him feel this wasn't something he could escape or fight against with his personal abilities.

The only solution was to actively exit the dream before becoming a marionette himself.

Of course, Lumian didn't immediately put this into practice, because he didn't need to use the Information Shredder to delete important contacts from his phone—this had already been done in advance. He still had some time to experience the current changes and see if he could observe any hidden information.

After about ten seconds, Lumian's thoughts suddenly became smooth again, no longer feeling as if his head was stuffed with paste.

It's over? No more marionettization? Lumian, already looking outside, noticed that the vehicles on the road no longer had strange pauses.

Those vendors and pedestrians had also returned to normal.

“Why aren't you moving yet? What's on your mind?” Old Xia turned around again, urging Lumian.

Lumian's eyes moved slightly, and he said with a grin, “Ouch, my stomach hurts. I'm going to the bathroom.”

With that, he ran off, passing Old Xia and rushing into the public restroom on this floor.

Old Xia looked at his back and cursed amusingly, “Lazy cattle and horses shit and piss the most!”

Lumian entered a stall, locked the door, and quickly used Spirit World Traversal.

He teleported to another public restroom, appearing in midair on the men's side.

Seeing no one in the stalls below, Lumian floated down lightly and locked the door.

This was the hotel where Zaratulstra was staying. Before going to “wait” outside Li Keji's ward at Crimson Moon Hospital, Lumian had come here to scout around—although he had temporarily shelved the plan to actively attack and assassinate Zaratulstra, changing it to using Li Keji to ambush potential enemies, when time allowed, he would still make more preparations, in case Zaratulstra chose to finish off Li Keji indirectly. At that time, the backup plan might become the primary one.

Lumian took out a mirror and placed it on top of the water tank.

Then, he pressed his right hand on it.

His figure suddenly leaned forward, rapidly becoming ethereal, entering the glass mirror surface.

Using the mirror world, he traversed to the glass window inside Zaratulstra's suite.

Under the night sky, this was undoubtedly a real mirror.

Lumian didn't bring his face close to the glass surface, but peered into the room from a distance.

He wasn't sure if Zaratulstra had returned to the hotel yet, maybe he was still out socializing. He also didn't dare use divination to find the other's current location, fearing it might alert a true Seer.

The next second, he saw a figure. The figure wore a black formal suit, with slightly messy white hair, hanging from the main light, swaying gently, like the corpse of a hanged man.

Zaratulstra!

Wh— Lumian was a bit shocked:

Zaratulstra was hanged by Mr. Fool, just like he hanged the Oracle?

Was my afternoon hint to Zhou Mingrui really effective?

I originally only thought about getting Zaratulstra kicked out of the dream, and I was prepared to pay the price of one entry chance for the dream...

As Lumian's thoughts raced, he saw twisted, writhing, transparent maggots falling from Zaratulstra's body.

These worms quickly faded and disappeared as soon as they fell onto the bed and floor, as if they were just illusions.

Lumian then saw a figure walk out of the void.

The figure wore a black formal suit, with all-white hair, a rather thick beard on his face, and eyes so deep blue they were almost pure black without light.

Zaratulstra!

Another Zaratulstra!



A still-living Zaratulstra!

Zaratulstra raised his head, expressionlessly looking at the “himself” hanging from the chandelier. The hanging figure quickly faded and became transparent like the maggots that had fallen earlier, until it disappeared.

Was the one hanging just now Zaratulstra's Historical Void image?

Did Zaratulstra sense the danger in advance and summon a historical image to replace himself? Otherwise, at Sequence 7, a historical image couldn't last long... Lumian withdrew his gaze, no longer looking at Zaratulstra to avoid being noticed.

The information provided by the Major Arcana card holders about the abilities of the Seer pathway up to Sequence 3 Scholar of Yore was quite detailed. For Sequence 2 Miracle Invoker, it only briefly explained what wishes and miracles were. Beyond that, the Major Arcana card holders hardly mentioned anything. The terms Grafting and Fooling were only briefly mentioned later to explain specific events.

Standing in the void black area behind the mirror, Lumian combined his own experience with Zaratulstra's different encounter to make some guesses about what had just happened.

It's preliminarily confirmed that this was an anomaly brought about by my daytime hint to Zhou Mingrui.

On my side, pedestrians and cars within the range were all affected by marionettization, not just myself... This indicates that my hint to Zhou Mingrui did indeed attract the Celestial Worthy's attention, but because the hint was given during the day, the Celestial Worthy couldn't accurately lock onto me, only roughly circle out a range?

During a collective marionettization, if I resist or struggle using Beyonder powers, I would be quickly locked onto by the Celestial Worthy. If I choose to exit the dream to avoid danger, the Celestial Worthy's goal would also be achieved, making me consume one chance to enter and exit the dream... How cunning...

My reminder to Zhou Mingrui was also perceived by Mr. Fool, and the name Zaratulstra was grasped by Him, so Zaratulstra encountered targeted rapid marionettization, but this was borne by the image from the Historical Void...

Why is Zaratulstra so calm now? Is this what a Faceless is? Or is He certain that before new changes occur, Mr. Fool's gaze will only come once, and if dodged, it's truly dodged?

Tomorrow, we'll get Luo Shan to probe Zhou Mingrui to see if he still remembers the threat of Zaratulstra. If he remembers, and Zaratulstra doesn't encounter marionettization again or end up kicked out of the dream, then it should be that the Celestial Worthy provided help, using the death of a historical projection to resolve this incident...

Can we also use similar methods to avoid being kicked out of the dream?

Or, verbal threats from others and face-to-face stimulation are still different, so Franca and Zaratulstra's experiences are also quite different...

Thinking of this, Lumian quietly looked outside the mirror again.

He saw Zaratulstra walk to the door as if nothing had happened, open it, let several followers in, and discuss tomorrow's business negotiation matters with them.

Lumian felt a bit of regret.

He had just been thinking about whether to take the opportunity to attempt an assassination when Zaratulstra's historical projection was hanging and the real body appeared!

His curse still had the characteristic of not being transferable by paper figurine, as long as it affected the real body.

After glancing at those followers and weighing the possibility of Beyonders among them, Lumian silently left the glass window that could serve as a mirror and traversed back to that bathroom.

He had just left for two seconds when Zaratulstra and his followers in the room either half-turned their bodies or turned their heads, all casting their gazes towards the glass window at the edge of the living room reflecting the night scene.

In a cheap motel.

Anthony, who was self-isolating after contacting Peng Deng, sat on the edge of the bed, waiting for a possible anomaly.

## Chapter 967 A New Problem

Anthony hadn't drawn the curtains in his room, as he still needed to observe the situation outside.

This was to compare with his own condition.

After sitting for a while, he stood up and walked to the window, admiring the city scene that was still glittering even in the deep night.

At this moment, he felt a strong dizziness.

He immediately realized that the air around him had been suddenly drained. No, a more accurate description was that he had been "thrown" out of the world, separated from the air.

At the same time, his thoughts began to become confused and sluggish. His hands involuntarily reached for his throat, wanting to pull out his trachea and plug it back into the original world.

This is very similar to... Franca's... description...

Contact with... Peng Deng... also leads to... being kicked out... of the dream...

More importantly... I contacted... the target... during the day... and didn't hint at... the existence of... supernatural powers... or hidden... bizarre events...

Contacting... Zhou Mingrui... in this way... wouldn't cause... problems...

Is Peng Deng... more special than... Zhou Mingrui?

Anthony calmly examined his own state, thinking about the process of this experiment.

When he felt he could no longer resist the tendency to become a marionette, he used that force trying to kick him out to actively exit the dream.

He opened his eyes and saw the dark ceiling and the crimson moonlight shining through the thick curtains.

This scene was not present in the dream city.

Anthony had heard from Franca about the situation in reality. After briefly confirming the things he was carrying and the state of his body, he got out of bed and walked towards the bathroom.

He had also planned to go to the bathroom in the dream city.

After a while, Anthony heard a knocking sound on the door.

Without needing to ask, he naturally knew that Madam Justice and Madam Susie were outside.

Anthony opened the door and, as expected, saw the Major Arcana card holder and the gentle, intelligent golden retriever.

Before he could greet them, Madam Justice asked in a soft voice, "Why did you suddenly leave the dream?"

"I was kicked out," Anthony replied, slightly confused.

Madam Justice shook her head. "Although I can no longer influence Mr. Fool's dream, I have been monitoring the changes in the dream.

"I didn't notice any signs of you being rejected by the dream."

"But..." Anthony didn't question Madam Justice's statement. He recounted in full detail how he had contacted Peng Deng, how he had self-isolated, and what he had just experienced.

Madam Justice didn't interrupt Anthony's words, listening patiently and attentively to his statement. Then, she nodded gently and said, "I believe what you felt was inner fear. Your fear turned the description from Two of Cups into reality, making you mistakenly believe you were being kicked out of the dream, so you chose to actively leave.

"As a Psychiatrist, both you and I know very well that this level of fear, fear without warning, is not normal at all. This is the anomaly brought about by your first contact with Peng Deng during the day."

"Fear... the contact with Peng Deng triggered my fear of being kicked out of the dream, and let it reach its peak in the early hours, evolving into an almost tangible hallucination?" Anthony recalled the previous events and agreed with Madam Justice's speculation. He muttered thoughtfully, "Is this also a manifestation of being watched by that Celestial Worthy, a symbol of one of His abilities? Or is Peng Deng's uniqueness not directly related to that Celestial Worthy, but has another source?"

"We're not sure either, because Peng Deng's role and position in the dream city are too special. We put him in the last few steps when it comes to confirming the

situation. Unfortunately, we couldn't influence the dream anymore before we got to that part of the process. This time can be considered our Tarot Club's first real contact with Peng Deng..." At this point, Madam Justice's emerald-like eyes moved slightly, her mouth half-open, stopping her subsequent words.

After two seconds, she said thoughtfully, "Perhaps the fact that 'we put Peng Deng at the end to probe' itself has some problems, but there are too many possible reasons. Fooling can certainly achieve this..."

"We also don't know if that Celestial Worthy can unconsciously trigger the fear in your heart and let it burst at a specific moment. We know very little about the authority and corresponding existence symbols of Sequence 0 of the Seer pathway, especially the latter."

Although Madam Justice didn't finish all her speculations, Anthony roughly knew what her possible thoughts might be. He said carefully, "We need to design a more detailed experimental plan specifically for Peng Deng in the future to determine the source of the problem."

"What we can be sure of now is that there is a certain difference between him and Zhou Mingrui. The anomalies that appear due to contact with them under the same conditions are different."

Madam Justice smiled and said, "Your contact with Peng Deng this time has been very informative for me."

"Hmm... don't rush back to the dream, stay outside for three hours first, walk around the villa, eat something."

"This doesn't mean there will be a problem if you go back now, you weren't kicked out, we don't have that concern. This is just a simple adjustment to your psychological state: after staying in the dream city for a long time, it's easy to confuse reality and dreams. Since you've already left, it's best to re-experience reality and deepen the corresponding psychological cognition."

"Yes, Madam Justice." As a Psychiatrist, Anthony naturally understood the meaning of these words.

To use a new term he learned in the dream city: prevention is better than cure.

After returning to the Tech Building, Lumian continued the task of patrolling the floors with Old Xia until they got off work at 12:30 a.m.

He directly teleported to the vicinity of Crimson Moon Hospital, then used the mirror world to reach outside Li Keji's ward, waiting for possible attacks.

Of course, he didn't stay in the same position all the time, nor did he always remain at Crimson Moon Hospital.

He picked out three time periods he thought were most suitable for assassination, only ambushing during these three periods, and being normal the rest of the time such as sleeping at home or being on his phone.

During those three time periods, he would randomly choose one of six hiding spots each time, with no two consecutive times being the same.

This was to guard against Zaratulstra and the Celestial Worthy's other subordinates thinking that someone might be using Li Keji as bait to ambush them, and launching targeted attacks in return.

At daybreak, Lumian went out to buy breakfast.

On the way, he deliberately turned into a quiet alley and met Jenna.

This was arranged by both parties.

Jenna handed Ludwig over to Lumian, as she had an interview at Hall Film Company today and couldn't watch over the child.

Lumian looked around and told Jenna about what happened last night, asking her to share it with Franca.

Lumian finally said, "At present, it seems that contacting Zhou Mingrui during the day and hinting at the existence of supernatural powers also carries risks, but won't receive precise strikes. However, after being remembered by Zhou Mingrui and knowing the corresponding danger, one will encounter rapid marionettization at night, which can possibly be avoided. Currently, we can't determine if it's an isolated attack. I'll observe Zaratulstra's situation again tonight.

"Get Luo Shan to find Zhou Mingrui and remind him about the Zaratulstra issue again, see if he has forgotten the corresponding things. Don't worry, after I directly mentioned Zaratulstra yesterday, Zhou Mingrui should have guessed that I'm on the same side as Franca and Luo Shan. He doesn't know about your and Anthony's existence for now."

Jenna had just tersely acknowledged when both of them almost simultaneously received a friend request from "An Ruide".

After exchanging glances, Lumian gestured to Jenna not to add him yet, and accepted the request himself.

After An Ruide talked about last night's situation and Madam Justice's guesses, he confirmed the other's identity and sent a voice message with a smile: "Let's talk in detail when we get back to the rental house. I've made some significant discoveries on my end too."

"It seems Peng Deng is even more special than we imagined..." Lumian then told Jenna about Anthony's experience.

Jenna listened carefully, added Anthony back, and waved goodbye to Lumian and Ludwig.

In the administrative department of the Tech Building.

When Franca and Luo Shan went to the bathroom together, taking advantage of the moment when no one else was there, she told the other about the request relayed by Jenna.

Luo Shan asked nervously yet excitedly, "How should I hint?"

Franca used her Instigator expertise to help come up with a set of talking points.

After about half an hour, Zhou Mingrui, wearing a gray shirt, came to the administrative department again, asking Luo Shan if there was anything going on in the company recently, saying they needed to work overtime if there was something, and even if there wasn't, they still needed to work a bit extra.

Great question! Luo Shan praised Zhou Mingrui in her heart, and said with a smile, "The merger negotiations between the group and a large company have entered the formal process.

"The boss of that company is Zaratulstra, who has visited twice."

When saying the name "Zaratulstra", Luo Shan looked at Zhou Mingrui, trying to read the changes in his expression.

Zhou Mingrui said in realization, "Previously, Mr. Huang even grabbed me to pick him up at the airport, to be an interpreter and guide, but unfortunately, I didn't get to."

"When he came to visit the company, you weren't here either. Seems like you were on sick leave? Yesterday he came again but stayed on the 16th floor the whole time and didn't visit other departments, so you haven't met him at all." Luo Shan said deliberately.

This was the script Franca had prepared for her.

Zhou Mingrui paused for a moment, then said thoughtfully, "Maybe there's some force in the universe preventing me from meeting him."

After chatting for a few more sentences, Zhou Mingrui left Luo Shan's workstation and walked towards the door.

As he passed by Franca's desk, Franca suddenly spoke. "Watch out!"

Zhou Mingrui quickly turned sideways, looking at Franca.

Franca pointed at the wet marks on the ground and said, "I just spilled some water on the ground, it's a bit slippery, be careful."

"Oh, oh, you scared me," Zhou Mingrui responded with a smile.

He walked around the wet area and left the administrative department. The smile on his face gradually faded.

Luo Fu told me to be careful? Luo Shan just mentioned Zaratulstra...

Are they together telling me to be careful of Zaratulstra?

Hmm, they are indeed on the same side as Li Ming...

In the administrative department, Luo Shan sent a message to Franca: "He has some vigilance towards that enemy, he probably hasn't forgotten your warning."

Hall Film Company, Talent Department.

Today, Jenna hadn't applied extravagant makeup, nor had she deliberately made herself look ugly. She simply maintained her natural "coloring" as a local with black hair and brown eyes, with softer facial features. She was simple and fresh, fully displaying her natural beauty and feminine charm, causing many passing employees and fellow interviewees to turn their heads.

"Next, Jian Na," called out the employee at the conference room door.

Jenna stood up, recalling the education she had received at the Théâtre de l'Ancienne Cage à Pigeons, and walked in gracefully.

The four interviewers, two men and two women, who were writing and drawing, looked up at the sound of her greeting. Their eyes all lit up, though with subtle differences in emotion.

"Jian Na, graduated from the Performance Department of the National Drama Academy?" One of the female interviewers read out Jenna's educational background.

This was the identity that Madam Justice had crafted for Jenna. As far as Jenna knew, Madam Justice's corresponding image in the dream was Holly, the actual executive of Hall Film Company and the producer of "The Great Pirate 3".

In other words, she was the boss of these interviewers present.

And Hall Film Company was just a non-core industry under the Hall Group, whose foundation was various banks. In the dream city, its financial power was second only to the Intis Group.

"Yes." Jenna didn't hide her pleasant voice.

After the interviewers asked various questions, the initial interviewer drew out a card and handed it to Jenna.

"Please perform a segment according to the requirements on this."

Seeing Jenna's clear and beautiful appearance and clean aura, this interviewer deliberately chose a performance themed around "coquettishness" to test her.

Jenna took the card, but before she could read the topic, she heard the interviewer add, "You can't put on makeup or change clothes on the spot. You need to present the content of the topic through your own performance."

Jenna wasn't nervous at all, but rather slightly excited.

As an apprentice at the Théâtre de l'Ancienne Cage à Pigeons, she had dreamed of such performance opportunities countless times.

She lowered her head to look at the topic and couldn't help but smile.

She had life experience in being "coquettish".

She lowered her head to look at the topic and couldn't help but smile.

She had life experience in being “coquettish”.

When Jenna raised her head, her eyes were already passionate and bold, as if hiding thousands of words.

The Showy Diva was back on stage!

As her gaze swept over them, both male and female examiners inexplicably felt their hearts tremble.

Halfway through Jenna's performance, some examiners had already started drinking water.

I haven't even used Charm yet... Jenna was proud of her performance.

She hadn't even made any overly vulgar movements.

“Phew...” An interviewer involuntarily let out a breath as Jenna finished her performance.

She asked, “Do you have a boyfriend?”

“Yes,” Jenna answered promptly, but didn't mention that she also had a child.

It wasn't mentioned in her resume either. After all, Ludwig's household registration was with Lumian, and she and Lumian weren't married. Unless the Hall Film Company hired private detectives to investigate deeply, they definitely wouldn't find out.

The interviewers couldn't help but exchange glances.

What a great talent, possibly the kind that could outshine others in the future. Why would she already have a boyfriend?

Girl, wake up! You're too young to be in love!

Never mind, once she enters the industry and sees what real luxury is, she'll quickly break up with her previous boyfriend. Before that, just make sure to keep it confidential.

The initial female interviewer withdrew her gaze from her colleagues and said to Jenna,

“We'll get back to you with an answer soon. Um, try not to leave the city for the next three days.”

“Alright,” Jenna bowed and left the meeting room.

Since this was in the Talent Department, where one might run into big-name stars at any time, there were dedicated staff to escort her out to prevent wandering and unauthorized photos.

The young woman escorting Jenna out of the Talent Department saw that this interviewee was not only beautiful but also had a unique kind of beauty, with great potential to become a big star in the future. Wanting to build a relationship, she started introducing which office belonged to who, and which area was exclusive to whom...

Jenna was also very interested in this, because Lumian had reminded her to “pay attention to the actor playing Gehrman Sparrow, see if there's anything special about him”.

The two chatted happily as they slowly walked towards the exit of the Talent Department.



At this moment, several people came in from outside, led by someone wearing sunglasses, about 1.8 meters tall.

Having already entered the Talent Department, this person took off his sunglasses, revealing a face that Jenna found somewhat familiar.

He looked about 30% similar to Zhou Mingrui, with a smaller head, more delicate features, and more pronounced contours. If Jenna hadn't been specifically looking for traces of Zhou Mingrui on his face, she probably wouldn't have noticed the resemblance.

This was the actor playing Gehrman Sparrow, a mixed-race man named Jia Yu.

Jenna withdrew her gaze with some disappointment.

If Jia Yu himself had looked 60-70% similar to the Gehrman Sparrow he played, or very close to Zhou Mingrui, relying on makeup to become Gehrman Sparrow, then Jenna would have thought he might be somewhat special, a symbol of some key issue in the dream. But now, Jenna thought it was unlikely.

No wonder Franca said there was no need to observe and contact the actor playing Gehrman Sparrow, and Madam Justice didn't mention Jia Yu in the information...

However, Franca's reason was really strange, saying that Jia Yu means 'fake jade', representing that this person is fake, no need to delve deeper. But 'Jia' and 'fake' have completely different meanings. Indeed, only with Franca as a guide can some things become clear at a glance, and some symbols be easily interpreted... Jenna mused to herself as she passed by Jia Yu and his group.

Those people instinctively turned their heads to look at Jenna's back, seeming to have been struck by her beauty.

After leaving the Talent Department, Jenna asked curiously, "Was that just now Jia Yu?"

The female employee escorting her out nodded.

"Yes, The Great Pirate 3 made him famous overnight."

"Does he have an English name? He looks very much like a foreigner," Jenna asked casually.

If Jia Yu's English name was Klein Moretti, then it would still be worth continuing to observe and make deeper contact.

The female employee thought for a moment and said, "No, he just has some foreign ancestry."

As Jenna was feeling disappointed, the female employee lowered her voice and said,

"Actually, he wasn't initially chosen to play Gehrman Sparrow. We had booked another actor, who was much more famous than him at the time, a real international star."

"Couldn't agree on the price?" Jenna asked.

The female employee shook her head.

"Car accident, became a vegetable."

“Ah?” Jenna was first shocked, then several phrases she had seen while scrolling through videos recently flashed through her mind: Blade flashes, bloody storm, fierce struggle...

“What a pity,” the female employee sighed.

Jenna's eyes moved slightly as she asked, “What was that star's name? I haven't heard about the actor being replaced due to a car accident...”

The female employee had a look of reminiscence.

“I can't remember his name either. That incident left a deep impression on me, but I just can't recall the name... It's just on the tip of my tongue...”

“Then I'll look it up myself when I get back.” Jenna felt increasingly that there was something off about this matter.

She smiled and waved goodbye, leaving Hall Film Company.

At Xinhong District, in the rented apartment.

Lumian received a message from Jenna, informing him about the matters related to the actor playing Gehrman Sparrow.

Lumian received a message from Jenna, informing him about the matters related to the actor playing Gehrman Sparrow.

There was indeed news about a star becoming a vegetable due to a car accident, but whether it was the news itself or the comments below, they were all vague about the name and specific time, as if avoiding something.

Even the almighty internet can't find out who it is... Lumian stood up and started pacing in the living room cum dining room.

He suddenly thought of someone and picked up his phone, finding “A name that leaves a deep impression on you”.

“Have you heard of this news? Do you know who it is?”

Below the text converted by the voice input method was the news content that Lumian had copied and pasted.

After a while, Anderson Hood replied to him: “See? If I had turned myself in, who would provide you with intelligence?”

He still hasn't forgotten about last time? Isn't he being a bit petty? Lumian grumbled to himself, then smiled and brought the phone to his mouth: “Then I would help you break out of prison.”

After twenty to thirty seconds, Anderson replied: “But I don't want to break out of prison. You don't need to help me go against this city.

“The star who had the car accident is called An Xiaotian; he's still lying in a special ward at Crimson Moon Hospital.”

“An Xiaotian?” Lumian looked towards Anthony.

As Franca would say, everyone with their names beginning with ‘An’ might have been one family five hundred years ago.

Anthony thought for a few seconds, just as he had an inspiration, Lumian was already muttering to himself, “Antigonus?”

This was one of the five dukes of the Tudor Empire, the previous Fool Uniqueness accommodator.

Thinking of the five dukes of the Tudor Empire, Lumian, who had already encountered three of them in the dream, inexplicably felt a bit more pressure with the lingering aura of the Blood Emperor.

“It's quite fitting with the dream logic for Mr. Fool's manifestation to be played by the previous Fool...” Lumian nodded slowly.

“But having a car accident isn't normal, what does this symbolize?” Anthony said thoughtfully.

“Does it symbolize that the mental imprint left by Antigonus in The Fool Uniqueness is in a vegetative state?” Lumian tried to interpret.

He immediately added, “A more suspicious point about this matter is that Madam Justice didn't mention it in the information.

“Whether An Xiaotian is the dream manifestation corresponding to Antigonus or not, as the originally planned actor for Gehrman Sparrow who had a car accident and became a vegetative patient, Madam Justice should have mentioned it in the information, both emotionally and rationally.

“If he is Antigonus, then we should be instructed to dig deeper into the issue. If not, why not simply explain a few sentences to prevent us from wasting time on this aspect?”

Anthony pondered for a while and said, “Maybe she forgot.”

And for the Major Arcana card holders, “forgetting” itself could indicate that there were issues with An Xiaotian's existence.

Lumian, standing, looked at Anthony and said thoughtfully, “Later, you go to Star Dream Provisions Store to retrieve the letter, and write about An Xiaotian's matter in a letter and mail it out.

“I'll find time to go to Crimson Moon Hospital later to ‘visit’ An Xiaotian.”

Chapter 969 Conspirer's Sensitivity

Star Dream Provisions Store.

With Ludwig tagging along, Anthony received the reply letter from the Major Arcana card holders from the shop owner.

“In reality, Rozanne is under strict protection from the Church of Evernight Goddess. As long as she's asleep, there will definitely be Beyonders monitoring her dream state. The Church of Evernight Goddess are experts in this area...”

“On the Future, Frank Lee hasn't shown any more abnormalities so far. He's the same as before. Regarding Li Keji in the dream, our bottom line is that we can't let him be corrupted by the power of the Great Mother, nor can we let him become a puppet of the Celestial Worthy through death and rebirth...”

Reading this, Anthony seemed to hear the inner thoughts of the Major Arcana card holders: “If necessary, you can actively eliminate Li Keji and destroy the body. In any case, we can't let him be corrupted or exploited. Death won't affect the real person in reality.”

Lumian thought the same... Anthony hadn't personally witnessed Li Keji's mushrooms, he had only heard Lumian recount the other's ideas, which he found somewhat reasonable but also permeated with bewildering madness.

He continued reading the rest of the letter.

“We can only confirm that Anderson Hood is currently in Anderson, the capital of Lenburg, but we can't find him. We will communicate with the Church of Knowledge later.”

The fact that even the Major Arcana card holders from different pathways can't find him proves that Anderson Hood is hiding very well. Perhaps he has even received protection from higher powers... Is the communication with the Church of Knowledge a way to confirm if they had provided help to Anderson Hood? If not, things would be even more complex and troublesome... Anthony folded the letter and stuffed it into his jeans pocket.

He then immediately dropped the letter he had written in advance into the silver-trimmed black mailbox.

Tech Building.

Lumian was already at work. While patrolling the floors, he pondered how to more effectively monitor Zaratulstra's situation, and where to go tonight to observe this enemy's state—Lumian wanted to see if Zaratulstra would still encounter hostility in his dreams at night after Luo Shan reminded Zhou Mingrui again, deepening the latter's impression of Zaratulstra.

Reaching the seventh floor, taking advantage of Old Xia's trip to the bathroom, Lumian took out his phone, opened the online shopping platform Franca had mentioned, and typed a few words using voice input: “Pinhole cameras...”

He felt that although Zaratulstra was also suppressed to Sequence 7, he was essentially still an Angel with many mysterious and bizarre abilities. Relying solely on the mirror world to spy on him was obviously unrealistic; this could only be done occasionally.

So, Lumian planned to try scientific methods, to try pinhole cameras and bugs. Even if Zaratulstra later discovered these little devices, as long as he couldn't trace them back to Lumian, there wouldn't be any problem.

After completing the input, Lumian didn't press the "search" button.

He remembered Franca saying this was illegal, part of the black and gray industry.

Let's not even mention whether regular platforms sell these, but as a Child of God, why should I personally get involved in the black and gray industry? I'm a law-abiding citizen... Lumian half-jokingly, half-mockingly closed the app and switched to WeChat, entering the conversational window with "Intis Group Grimm".

He calmly input: "Prepare some pinhole cameras and bugs for me, preferably with user manuals.

"Also, give me Zaratulstra's itinerary for the next two days."

Zaratulstra's safety in the dream city was jointly managed by his personal bodyguards and the Intis Group's security department, so Lumian knew last night that Zaratulstra was most likely at the hotel, and headed straight there to observe the situation. Of course, this wasn't entirely certain; Zaratulstra could change his itinerary at any time. He was the one in control, just like when he suddenly decided to visit two tutoring centers, Lumian hadn't received any warning from Grimm beforehand.

"Alright." Grimm quickly replied to Lumian.

By the time Lumian finished patrolling the floors and returned to his office, opening the drawer that belonged to him, he immediately saw two sets of pinhole cameras and bugs quietly placed inside.

Lumian pulled out the paper placed on top of them and memorized Zaratulstra's itinerary from 5 pm to 10pm today.

As the sky approached complete darkness, he found an excuse to go to the bathroom and teleported away.

He first used the mirror world to hide the pinhole cameras and bugs in inconspicuous places in Zaratulstra's room, erased traces of his presence, and completed anti-divination using Mirror Substitution. Then he returned to the Tech Building and arrived at Mr. Huang's exclusive 16th floor through the mirror.

Tonight, Mr. Huang would host a business dinner here to entertain Zaratulstra and his entourage.

Lumian was very grateful for Mr. Huang's fondness for mirrors and gold foil decorations, which allowed him to easily find the best position to observe Zaratulstra from behind a mirror-like object on the ceiling.

The elderly man had just toasted a glass of red wine with Mr. Huang and appeared completely normal, while outside the window it was truly night.

Time ticked by, and Lumian quietly watched them drink wine, eat, and chat casually.

Suddenly, Mr. Huang leaned back in his chair, raised his head, and as if pondering a question, cast his gaze towards the mirror-like object where Lumian was hiding.

Lumian instinctively withdrew his body, moving away from the mirror surface.

Did Mr. Huang sense me?

Can he detect spying from behind mirrors?

He's just a dream projection, not Emperor Roselle... Was that just a pure coincidence just now, or in Mr. Fool's subconscious cognition, is Mr. Huang hiding Beyonder powers? Thinking of this, Lumian suddenly remembered a piece of information Franca had told him: Louis Gustav of the Emperor faction has been very irritable lately because he couldn't contact a key figure, and that key figure was suspected to be the mirrored Emperor Roselle.

There's a whiff of conspiracy... Lumian's Conspirer's intuition immediately gave him a suspicion: Could it be that the mirrored Emperor Roselle has also entered the dream?

She had previously cooperated with the subordinates of evil gods and Celestial Worthy, did She enter the dream with the help of the Celestial Worthy's side? After all, She's not a true god, hasn't accommodated the Uniqueness, and doesn't have special items, so it's unlikely She could come in on Her own...

Is She working with Zaratulstra, attempting to erode and influence Emperor Roselle's dream manifestation, Huang Tao, until they control and replace him?

She is essentially a Mirror People, so it's only natural that She can detect someone spying from behind mirrors...

If She and Zaratulstra control the Intis Group, given the Group's influence and terrifying cash flow, the balance of victory will surely tilt rapidly!

While we focused on Zhou Mingrui, Li Keji, and An Xiaotian, Zaratulstra quietly raided our vault...

Normally, given that Princess Bernadette seems to still be able to enter the dream, Mr. Huang should be on our side...

But why did Mr. Huang so obviously look in my direction?

She could have pretended not to notice and waited for an opportunity to suddenly attack...

The more Lumian thought about it, the more he felt cold sweat breaking out on his back.

Zaratulstra isn't a Conspirer, but he's as good as one!

Indeed, my initial idea wasn't wrong—we should actively attack, assassinate him, or trade one for one, kick him out... As these thoughts raced through Lumian's mind, he pressed against the mirror surface again, looking down.

At this time, Mr. Huang had already withdrawn his gaze.

But Zaratulstra noticed his previous behavior and glanced at the ceiling, asking, "What were you looking at?"

Mr. Huang gently swirled the red wine in his glass and smiled, answering, "Thinking about some things."

Zaratulstra didn't ask further and started talking about other matters.

Lumian observed for several more minutes, confirming that Zaratulstra showed no abnormalities after nightfall.

In other words, after being punished once, Mr. Fool's subconscious will consider this person completely marionettized. Even if Zhou Mingrui hears the corresponding name again, deepening his impression, it won't alert the dream's subconscious, unless Zaratulstra does something new to stimulate him, bringing new changes? Lumian speculated about the reasons for the current situation as he left using Mirror Traversal.

“What took you so long?” Old Xia casually asked when he saw him walk back into the office.

Lumian sighed and said, “Ah, I'm the kind of person who gets diarrhea when I eat excessively spicy stuff, and gets constipated when I don't eat spicy food.”

Old Xia enthusiastically started chatting about the topic of “spicy food”.

Late at night, Lumian teleported to the vicinity of Crimson Moon Hospital, continuously flashing between the glass windows of different special wards through the mirror world.

After a minute, he stopped.

Before him was a dark hospital room with only a bit of moonlight, and his spiritual intuition told him that the person in the room was An Xiaotian, whom he was looking for.

Lumian looked down at the hospital bed from above and saw a person connected to many machines and tubes.

The person's head was immersed in darkness, only vaguely showing decent facial features, but the beard seemed to have been only trimmed short due to not being shaved for a long time, growing up to just below the cheeks, thick and black, in tufts.

Lumian observed for a while, then walked out of the glass window and approached the bedside.

He saw that the comatose patient's head was shaved bald, with multiple suture marks on top that looked like giant centipedes.

A scene spontaneously formed in Lumian's mind: the head forcibly split open, the brain violently extracted, then something unknown placed in the emptied space before suturing shut...

A symbol? Just as this thought flashed through Lumian's mind, he saw on the monitor that the heartbeat became intense, with peaks and valleys rapidly alternating, bringing a beeping alarm sound.

Lumian instinctively stepped back, moving to the window, ready to leave at any moment.

At the same time, he saw that all of the patient's monitoring data had changed, becoming very active.

As soon as I arrive, there's an anomaly? Is it caused by something on me... There are too many possible reasons, I don't even know which one it could be... Lumian once again turned his gaze to the patient himself.

The patient's fingers suddenly moved imperceptibly.

## Chapter 970 Linkage

In the dark hospital room lit only by a bit of moonlight, Lumian saw An Xiaotian, who had been in a vegetative state for over a year, move his fingers ever so slightly.

While surprised, Lumian wasn't afraid. Instead, he smiled.

An anomaly is good; anomalies reveal more information!

How could I interpret the secrets hidden in this matter if there were no changes?

Lumian leaned against the window, staring at An Xiaotian on the hospital bed, waiting for more anomalies.

An Xiaotian's fingers moved again.

The darkness in the room seemed to deepen.

Lumian's gaze suddenly turned to the doorway of the hospital room.

The door opened silently, and a nurse wearing a white cap entered.

Lumian didn't immediately teleport away, but hid in the shadow cast by the curtains.

He saw the nurse, with a blank expression, busily moving around the bed, sometimes adjusting equipment, sometimes changing IV bags, but her hands were always empty, and there was nothing currently hanging on the IV stand.

Through the open door, Lumian noticed that the dimly lit corridor was suddenly filled with more than a dozen people.

There were nurses pushing empty carts, women in patient gowns walking back and forth, men walking while moving their arms, as lively as if it were midday.

But it was late at night, and they weren't making any sound, their faces completely devoid of expression.

Lumian thought for a moment, then deliberately walked out of the shadows.

The nurse busying herself by An Xiaotian's side didn't even glance at him, as if he were just a patch of air.

Lumian walked out of the hospital room at a leisurely pace, placing himself among the coming and going nurses and patients.

When the man moving his arms was about to bump into him, he naturally sidestepped Lumian, never looking at him.

Lumian stood with his hands in his pockets, watching them as if they were in different worlds.

The nurse pushing the empty treatment cart turned and walked straight towards Lumian.

Just as they were about to collide, the nurse suddenly stopped, opened her mouth, and said one word, "Be..."



Her voice abruptly cut off, and she walked around Lumian with a blank expression.

Behind her was the female patient who had been walking. She also came up to Lumian and began to speak, "Care..."

Be, care? Be careful of what? Lumian's spirits lifted, feeling that this trip hadn't been in vain.

The female patient also only said one word before walking around Lumian. Behind her was another nurse.

Just as that nurse opened her mouth, Lumian suddenly heard a buzzing sound.

The already dimmed lights at the end of the corridor began to flicker, alternating rapidly between bright and dark.

Almost simultaneously, Lumian felt a sense of being rejected by his surroundings, an uncomfortable feeling of being about to be squeezed out.

He saw the nurse in front of him rapidly step backward, the female patient who had just walked around him retreated to his front, then continued backing up.

In this way, the scenes Lumian had previously witnessed and the events he had experienced began to rapidly rewind, as if he had accidentally clicked a corresponding button while watching surveillance footage.

A strong fear suddenly erupted in Lumian's heart, which even the endurance of an Ascetic couldn't suppress.

He felt that if he stayed here any longer, he would encounter something terribly frightening, and might even be directly locked onto by that Celestial Worthy, after which he would no longer have the chance to come to the dream city!

Without hesitation, he activated the black mark on his right shoulder and disappeared from the hospital ward corridor.

Lumian's teleportation destination wasn't the rented apartment in Xinhong District, but the entrance of Star Dream Provisions Store.

At this time, Star Dream Provisions Store was already closed, but not far away was the Dream City Police Department, with quite a few rooms in the corresponding building still lit up.

Lumian calmly examined his own feelings and found that the fear was rapidly receding, and the uncomfortable sense of being rejected by his surroundings was gone.

Is it an anomaly, or rather, a gaze directed at that area? There's no problem once I leave?

Those nurses and patients were being controlled by An Xiaotian in his vegetative state, trying to tell me something, which resulted in triggering an anomaly in the dream?

What he wanted to tell me must be crucial, to have triggered such a dramatic change, not giving him any chance to continue... If Franca were to find Zhou Mingrui at night and try to tell him everything in detail, it would probably be like just now, only getting started before being forcibly rewound or kicked out of the dream...

What exactly was An Xiaotian trying to warn me about... be careful of whom?

There were too many potential subjects to guess, and Lumian couldn't find a train of thought for the moment.

He felt it necessary to “contact” An Xiaotian again, but the prerequisite was to find a way to bypass the restrictions and let him say at least two more words.

If the information An Xiaotian wanted to convey was crucial, Lumian wouldn't be stingy with the number of times he could be kicked out of the dream. Even if future opportunities would be consumed one by one, he was willing to do it.

It's no big deal if I'm completely kicked out; I still have teammates.

As long as we can get the crucial information, sacrificing myself is very worthwhile.

I must have trust in my teammates!

Late at night, in Room 2303 in Dechuang Garden.

Franca was awakened by the vibration of her phone.

She picked it up and saw that it was a voice call request from “The Idiot”.

Uh... Before Franca could answer, Lumian had already hung up and sent a message instead.

The reason he did this was that messages and voice call records could be deleted using the Information Shredder, while the content of voice calls couldn't and might be monitored.

Glancing at the awakened Jenna, Franca began to read Lumian's message carefully.

As she read, Franca's expression changed.

She lowered her voice and said, “Mr. Huang might be problematic...”

“While Zaratulstra has been seemingly trying to contact Zhou Mingrui lately, he's actually using the mirrored Roselle to erode and influence Mr. Huang... That's so damn insidious!”

Jenna leaned over and finished reading Lumian's message.

She also couldn't help but frown. “If Mr. Huang sides with the Celestial Worthy, things will get complicated...”

“It's more than just complicated. With people, money, and influence at their disposal, what can we even do? Should we take Zhou Mingrui to rent a place near the police station, where Mr. Huang can't influence those jobs?” The more Franca thought about it, the more her head ached. “How can we confirm whether Mr. Huang is showing any abnormalities? If he suddenly announces that he's had gender reassignment surgery, does that mean he's been completely controlled by the mirrored Roselle?”

Jenna thought for a moment and then said, “If Mr. Huang is really controlled and can't be saved, we can sacrifice one person to kill Mr. Huang and let Bernie Huang become the CEO of the Intis Group.”

“Good idea...” Franca's mouth twitched slightly, “If Mr. Huang is really controlled, it means he's the mirrored Roselle, a Beyonder with an Angel-level Sequence, and moreover, he has Zaratulstra's help and powerful security personnel protecting him. It would be difficult for the four of us to assassinate him together, let alone just one person going to do it...”

At this point, Franca tried to find humor in the grim situation.

“Besides, Bernie Huang has two younger brothers, it's not certain that she would inherit the CEO position...”

As she spoke, Franca suddenly froze.

She and Jenna exchanged glances, their eyes lighting up as they blurted out simultaneously, “Bernie Huang!”

The best candidate to confirm whether Mr. Huang has shown any abnormalities was Bernie Huang!

By solely relying on Franca and Jenna, unless they forcibly infiltrated and secretly observed, it would be a matter of luck whether they could even encounter Mr. Huang, let alone test him.

“How do we contact Bernie Huang and persuade her?” Franca's first reaction was to find Luo Shan and ask if she had Bernie Huang's phone number or WeChat.

As her eyes moved, Franca's smile blossomed, her face full of pride.

“I have an idea!”

“What idea?” Jenna asked expectantly.

Franca cleared her throat and replied, “The one we should be looking for isn't Bernie Huang, but Bernadette.

“We'll write to the Major Arcana card holders tomorrow, asking them to contact Queen Mystic. If Bernadette still has a chance to enter the dream, she will naturally come to handle it. We don't need to persuade her or instigate her.

“The dream world and the real world, online and offline, can be linked!”

Jenna nodded slowly and said, “If Queen Mystic can no longer come in, we'll then consider how to contact and instigate Bernie Huang.”

“We can formulate the plan now.” Franca was no longer sleepy.

Jenna thought seriously for a few seconds and said, “This matter is very important. I think we shouldn't wait until tomorrow to write the letter. I'll actively leave the dream now and tell the Major Arcana card holder on duty in the villa about Mr. Huang's problem.”

Franca fell into a brief contemplative silence before replying, Franca pondered for a moment and said, “Alright, it's not frequent entry and exit from the dream, just an occasional instance. There shouldn't be any problems, and it won't affect the number of times we can be kicked out of the dream.”

Jenna immediately changed her posture to sit up.

In her current situation, she couldn't rely on the dream's rejection to actively leave, so she had to use Cogitation to enter that state of emptying her thoughts, then imagine herself jumping from a high place.

In the sensation of weightless free fall, Jenna suddenly woke up.

She opened her eyes, got out of bed, and confirmed whether she had returned to reality.

Then, she went out the door and down the stairs.

Tonight, the one guarding them in the living room was Madam Justice, wearing a white dress with gold decorations.

“Is there an emergency?” Madam Justice stood up and asked.

Without Jenna needing to emphasize further, she already knew the seriousness of the issue.

Jenna nodded and recounted Lumian's guesses, Franca's intelligence, and Zaratulstra's recent interactions with Huang Tao.

Madam Justice nodded slightly. “We will contact Queen Mystic immediately.”

She raised her right hand and quickly sketched a small bird in midair.

The bird was transparent and dreamlike. It chirped a few times, circled around and descended towards Madam Justice, entering her body and disappearing without a trace.

“This is a dream messenger I made. It can travel to specific targets through the collective unconscious sea,” Madam Justice briefly explained.

She paused, then continued, “Since you've returned to reality, I'll tell you about An Xiaotian directly.

“At that time, I had already been kicked out of the dream once and started planning to shoot 'The Great Pirate 3'. This was not only because I wanted to present Gehrman Sparrow's experiences to Mr. Fool's dream manifestation, trying to awaken his memories and make him wake up, but also because I was exploring how to realize a sentence Mr. Fool had told us: 'The awakening of The World spells The Fool's return.'”