

## Circle of Inevitability

**c 1000**

Mushu Hospital, in the corridor leading from the first floor lobby to the emergency center.

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Thud! Thud! Thud! Jenna ran quickly, finally seeing Zhou Mingrui wearing a loose sky blue T-shirt.

At the same time, her gaze swept outside the emergency center, taking in the deep night.

Jenna's footsteps suddenly stopped, and she turned sideways, moving closer to the wall area.

This way, she could no longer see Zhou Mingrui, and he could not see her either.

"What's wrong?" Luo Shan, who had also stopped, asked in confusion.

"It's night now," Jenna replied in a low voice.

"Is that a problem?" Luo Shan was even more bewildered.

Wasn't it established from the beginning that it was night? Otherwise, why would I be dreaming?

Jenna didn't have time to explain to Luo Shan that Zhou Mingrui might have something special hidden at night, and that they hadn't yet had a chance to experiment whether just normal contact with Zhou Mingrui at night would kick them out of the dream.

She said directly to Luo Shan, "It's not convenient for me to talk to Zhou Mingrui at night. You go alone to ask for his help for Luo Fu. Don't worry, I'll observe the situation from the shadows. If anything goes wrong, I'll come out immediately to save you."

Luo Shan knew this wasn't a good time to ask questions. She nodded firmly and said, "Alright!"

After Jenna's figure disappeared into the shadows by the wall, Luo Shan quickly ran into the emergency center.

She immediately saw Zhou Mingrui approaching the exit, seemingly about to leave.

Luo Shan felt a sudden urgency and blurted out, "Zhou Mingrui!"

Zhou Mingrui turned around in surprise, seeing Luo Shan in her short-sleeved pajamas and thin pajama pants.

Why is she here too? Zhou Mingrui's first reaction was that Luo Shan had also come for emergency care—pajamas weren't out of place in the emergency center, but rather fit the situation.

Then, Zhou Mingrui thought that Luo Shan should also be a Beyonder, associated with words like Reporter and Painter, and normally wouldn't have a sudden acute illness.

Not a coincidence? Puzzled, Zhou Mingrui cautiously took a few steps towards Luo Shan.

After approaching Zhou Mingrui, Luo Shan didn't give him a chance to ask questions. She took a breath and said in a low voice, "Save Luo Fu, she's trapped at the bottom of the hospital."

As she spoke, Luo Shan looked around to prevent anyone from eavesdropping.

Luo Fu? Bottom of the hospital? Zhou Mingrui caught the two most crucial pieces of information.

He still remembered the intense fear he felt when observing the downward elevator earlier, suspecting it led to hell or doomsday.

Before gathering enough intelligence, he didn't dare take the elevator down!

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"Me? Me saving Luo Fu?"

Is this a mistake? I'm just an Assassin with a small amount of supernatural abilities. Both Luo Fu and Luo Shan should be stronger than me, yet they want me to go to the bottom of Mushu Hospital to save Luo Fu?

After hearing the conversation between Franca and Jenna before Franca consumed the Despair potion, Luo Shan had basically confirmed that the current world was indeed a dream. So, she believed that Zhou Mingrui, as the master of the dream, could do anything as long as he "wanted" to!

Luo Shan couldn't start by explaining that this was a dream. She feared it might bring unknown, drastic changes and waste precious time.

She could only ponder for two seconds before saying, "You don't need to go and save her directly. You just need to enter B2 and stand there. That should be enough."

"That works?" Zhou Mingrui was stunned.

Isn't this way of saving someone too frivolous?

I just stand in the corridor of Mushu Hospital's B2, and it will allow Luo Fu to no longer be trapped, able to escape from that area that gives me a sense of hell?

What's the principle behind this?

Finding a male Assassin to serve as a formation node?

Or...

Thinking of this, Zhou Mingrui suddenly had a flash of insight.

Could it be that there's something special about me?

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In the B2 elevator lobby.

"To save someone from there, one can only beseech the Mother's help?"

Lumian mulled over the words he had just heard, his gaze falling on Lu Yong'an's face.

That face, like a full moon, was covered in shifting light and shadow, unclear and indistinct.

Lumian looked deeply at Lu Yong'an for a few seconds, then said calmly, "I have other methods. For now, I don't need to seek the Mother's help.

"You should return to the obstetrics department. If I really need to beseech the Mother's help, I know what to do."

Lu Yong'an didn't try to persuade him, but slightly bowed her head and said, "Yes, Child of God."

The next second, she turned into the emergency stairwell, heading up the stairs.

Lumian didn't wait for Lu Yong'an to finish climbing the stairs. He quickly turned around, took a few steps to the edge of the elevator lobby, and gazed into the dark abyss that was now within reach.

He then reached into the Traveler's Bag and took out an item.

The item was a pale yellow with red, semi-solidified candle in a glass bottle.

Corpse wax candle!

Lumian hadn't lied to Jenna and Lu Yong'an earlier. He had truly envisioned what to do if he had to raid the bottom of Mushu Hospital and attempt sabotage, and had come up with an initial plan, though without much confidence.

The core of this plan was the corpse wax candle obtained from the Tudor treasury on the Blue Avenger.

Lumian had used a corpse wax candle once before, completing the corresponding secret contract, "seeing" a strange city and sensing an indescribable horror.

He believed that the city and the horror should be some kind of object, will, or existence that could potentially drag all the true gods down with Alista Tudor, occupying the top positions of both the Hunter and Demoness pathways.

In other words, it should be roughly on the same level as Mr. Fool, the Great Mother, the Mother Tree of Desire, and The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings.

Lumian's plan was to light the corpse wax candle here, in B2 of Mushu Hospital, next to the bottomless darkness formed by the combination of the dream subconscious psychological traumas and the abyss symbol of the Mother Tree of Desire, to complete a secret contract and establish a certain connection with that strange city or that horrifying will.

At that time, that will should also be interested in the bottom of Mushu Hospital and the dream city, and this place itself was a key node where great existences had infiltrated some of their power.

Lumian smiled.

He was looking forward to the chaotic situation that would follow.

He wasn't so concerned about what might happen to himself.

Lumian rubbed his fingers together, producing a black flame that suppressed madness and violence.

Unlike last time when he chose to use the Hunter's flame to light the corpse wax candle, or relying on the ritual fire produced by the friction between the Demoness's black flame and spirituality, this time he used the Flame of Destruction, a flame formed by the amalgamation of the Hunter and Demoness pathways!

This was almost identical to the essence of the corpse wax candle.

The corpse wax candle was made from the corpse oil of the Iron-blooded Knight, a demigod of the Hunter pathway, and the Demoness of Despair, a demigod of the Demoness pathway, blended with other substances.

Using the burning Flame of Destruction, Lumian lit the black wick of the corpse wax candle.

After glancing at the jumping, slightly black candlelight, he turned his gaze towards the dense, dark, heart-chillingly terrifying illusory abyss. With a stunningly beautiful smile on his face, he said calmly, "I'm not here to join you, I'm here to destroy this place."

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Franca fell deeper and deeper into the dense darkness of the boundless void, unable to find any footing.

Her emotions and spirit seemed to be falling into another abyss, becoming increasingly depressed, despondent, and desperate, gradually giving rise to a touch of malice.

Suddenly, a spreading mass of grayish-white fog appeared below her.

This fog was in a semi-merged state with the dense darkness, indicating that it might also be a psychological trauma rather than a real object.

Franca looked left and right, feeling she couldn't continue falling any further, as she sensed she was about to be bound, becoming a slave of the abyss, just like those orderlies.

She no longer avoided it, falling towards that half-dark, half-light grayish-white fog, constantly muttering,

If it's fortune, it's not misfortune; if it's misfortune, it can't be avoided... If it's fortune, it's not misfortune; if it's misfortune, it can't be avoided... If it's fortune, it's not misfortune; if it's misfortune, it can't be avoided...

As she muttered, Franca made contact with the grayish-white fog, penetrating into it.

Soon, her feet touched soft, fluffy clouds, and she was suddenly filled with shock, sadness, despair, and pain.

She knew this wasn't actually her inner feelings, but rather the intense emotions permeating this area that had enveloped her, eroding into her mind, making her feel as if she had been corrupted.

Next, Franca saw a blurry, brilliant door of light tinged with a bit of blue-black. The door of light seemed to be composed of countless layers of light orbs, and each orb seemed alive, slowly writhing, some transparent, some semi-transparent.

Franca also saw that black thin lines hung down from above the door of light, suspending one after another nearly transparent and invisible "cocoon".

Those “cocoon” were gently swayed by wind from an unknown source, lightly swinging, sometimes turning.

Franca carefully discerned for a while and found that different “cocoon” contained different people. There were black people, Asians, white people, some wearing jeans, some in bright and gorgeous clothes, some in anime-style outfits, some holding phones. They all had their eyes tightly closed, as if not completely dead yet.

This is very similar to the first psychological trauma we encountered in the corridor, except there was no door of light or “cocoon” before... Franca, still being eroded by the surrounding emotions, suddenly associated it with the hall where Huang Jijia, Ai Nana, and others were suspended, gaining some understanding but also feeling confused.

She looked carefully again and noticed that three of the “cocoon” were empty. They had split open, and the people inside were nowhere to be found.

Were they sent out?

Where were they sent?

Franca vigilantly guarded against possible details, instinctively moving a few steps to the side.

Another invisible wind blew past, and those “cocoon” swayed again, some turning towards Franca.

Franca’s gaze swept over them, her pupils suddenly dilating.

She saw a familiar figure.

It was a man standing upright inside a transparent “cocoon”, his head slightly bowed, wearing clothes belonging to the protagonist of Assassin’s Creed II.

It was herself!

It was him before the transmigration!

## Chapter 1001: Choice

[ 1,789 words ]

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 1002: The Answer to the Questions

[ 1,640 words ]

Chapter 1002 The Answer to the Questions

Looking at her past self suspended in the transparent “cocoon”, Franca’s mind buzzed with many thoughts, like boiling oatmeal.

What exactly is this place?

Is this Mr. Fool’s or the Celestial Worthy’s psychological trauma?

Was I like this, enclosed in a ‘cocoon’ hanging above the door of light, from losing my memory until completing the transmigration?”

Are the other ‘cocoons’ containing other members of the research society?

What do those three empty ‘cocoons’ represent?

Who hung us up?

This is very similar to a manifestation of the High-Sequence Seer pathway...

Did the Celestial Worthy do this?

So, is this Mr. Fool’s psychological trauma?

He...

Just as these thoughts flashed through Franca’s mind, behind the brilliant light gate, some of the gray fog dispersed, revealing a sphere.

It was a view of the planet from the moon, from space.

Franca then saw the northern and southern continents, the western continent covered in a layer of grayish-white mist, and the eastern continent sunk in darkness.

At the same time, a voice with a hint of solemnity echoed in her ears:

"This place has an ancient name, called..."

"Chernobyl!"

"This place has an ancient name, called..."

"Chernobyl!"

As the voice echoed, Franca stared blankly at the familiar yet strange planet in the depths of the gray fog, at the four continents—east, south, west, and north—which had changed somewhat but were still recognizable. She was as if struck by lightning.

Suddenly, she understood many questions, ones she couldn't find answers to before or had avoided certain answers while seeking other explanations.

Why does this world also have 365 days in a year, with an extra day every four years...

Why does this world also have 24 hours in a day, 60 minutes in an hour, 60 seconds in a minute...

Why the human body structure in this world was identical to Earth's, and corresponding relationships can be found in most elements...

Why was Mr. Fool's dream a modern city...

Why was Mr. Fool's marionette town called Utopia...

Why were Mr. Fool's avatars called Gehrman Sparrow and Merlin Hermes...

...

Franca stared blankly at the strange yet familiar planet, at the four continents and dreamlike blue oceans in her memory. Salty, wet tears had unknowingly fallen down her face.

Her mind was telling her the answer, but her heart was refusing to accept it.

This world might just be Earth...

Franca's vision was already blurred, but she dared not close her eyes, afraid to see those images that always appeared before her in midnight dreams.

Her heart burst with intense shock, sadness, and immense despair and pain, almost identical to the intense emotions pervading the current area, indistinguishable and seemingly merging:

Perhaps we never left, but we can never go back.

...

Trier, inside a luxurious villa.

In Franca's room, Madam Judgment, Madam Magician, and Madam Justice had gathered by the bedside.

"She's crying Madam Judgment, who had been observing Franca's condition, suddenly said.

The corners of Franca's eyes in her sleep had mysteriously become wet, with traces of tears extending to both sides, disappearing into her flaxen hair that had darkened considerably.

She seemed to be having an extremely sad dream.

At this moment, Madam Judgment and Madam Magician couldn't quite understand why Two of Cups would silently cry while dreaming.

They had anticipated what changes might occur in Franca's expression in reality, whether it be twisting in pain, exaggerated in madness, or falling into extreme pleasure, all of which were predictable possibilities.

But why would she cry?

And the tears shed were dominated by sadness and despair.

Could one of her companions have met with misfortune?

Madam Magician cast her gaze towards the other rooms, finding that Lumian, Jenna, Anthony, and Ludwig were all still alive, though the first two—one with an icy expression, the other unable to hide pain and urgency even in dreams.

"Aren't you going to Placate her?" Madam Judgment asked Madam Justice, who was conducting a mental and psychological analysis.

Since the mental corruption and emotional impact experienced in the dream would reflect in reality, treating the corresponding psychological issues and mental illnesses in reality would also truly affect the person in the dream.

In a dream constructed with spirit and psychology at its core, the inside and outside were indistinguishable in this aspect, blending truth and falsehood.

Madam Justice's emerald eyes showed a thoughtful expression. "Two of Cups's current emotions harbor immense despair, which is also a manifestation of her true state.

"And what she needs right now is precisely despair, extreme despair."

Hearing these words, Madam Magician couldn't help but turn her head to look at the night sky to the east.

She said in a low voice, "Yes, Two of Cups has already forcibly advanced by leveraging the uniqueness of the dream. What she needs most now is despair, intense and immense despair.

"This can help her quickly digest the potion.

"I'm not sure exactly what she's seeing or experiencing now, but from the current situation, the 'making oneself despair' part should be enough. Later, we need to find an opportunity to 'make others despair'."

Madam Justice nodded slightly and said, "Once Two of Cups's current despair subsides somewhat, I'll provide psychological treatment.

"Now, she might need other help."

As this Major Arcana card holder wearing a green dress with white patterns spoke, Madam Magician half-opened her arms.

In front of her, points of starlight gathered, condensing into an illusory but brilliant double door.

This door slowly opened, revealing a thin layer of grayish-white fog inside.

That represented the dream city.

As an Angel of the Door pathway, Madam Magician had no problem opening a door and forcibly entering Mr. Fool's dream if she really wanted to.

Of course, whether such a forceful entry would result in her being instantly observed, losing control, or unknowingly becoming a marionette of the Celestial Worthy remained unknown.

In this matter, the unknown referred to which of the two outcomes would occur, not whether these two outcomes would appear.

According to Madam Magician's astromancy results, there was only a very small chance that she would encounter nothing, and this was based on Mr. Fool having a certain advantage or the two great existences happening to be in a phase of intense mutual combat.

What she was about to do was certainly not to barge in and rescue Franca, but to open such a door, establish the corresponding channel, and assist Madam Justice, who was a Dreamweaver.

Originally, Madam Justice could only monitor changes in part of the dream situation, and that was in a vague perceptual way. With such a door, she could directly exert some influence on certain areas of the dream or corresponding characters.

In this situation, she, who had been kicked out of the dream three times, couldn't do much, but what they wanted to convey to Franca was just a brief sentence.

As the door to the dream city opened, Madam Justice closed her emerald eyes that seemed able to reflect the human soul, raised her right hand, and began to sketch dreamlike, unreal symbols in the air.

...

Mushu Hospital, B2, edge of the elevator lobby.

Lumian, gazing at the illusory dark abyss, inhaling the faintly sweet and warm dark fragrance, enduring the agitation in his bone marrow and desires, feeling as if his entire being was about to ignite, entered a state of ethereal quietude.

His mind and thoughts gradually dispersed, becoming increasingly numb to the passage of time.

Finally, he "saw" a fog tinged with a dark hue, feeling as if he was walking through such a fog.

Just like before, he saw the outlines of various buildings, saw things similar to trains running on blurry streets, saw ladies with round fans covering their faces riding in human-pulled canopied two-wheeled carts approaching him.

He flew up, flew towards the depths of the dense fog, flew towards somewhere in this strange city.

There remained a peculiar high tower that was only a shadow, with indescribable gloom and terror emanating from the bottom of the tower.

Lumian, suppressing the fear in his heart and the trembling of his body, descended, entered the tower, and headed straight for the bottom.

He then saw an ancient well melding into the darkness, saw that the four walls of the ancient well were built with moss-covered stone blocks, saw iron-black chains locked onto the stone blocks, hanging down into the depths of the ancient well.

These chains had numerous reliefs on their surface, but they were blurry, making it difficult for Lumian to discern.

Unable to control himself, Lumian stuck out his head, trying to look towards the bottom of the ancient well.

What met his eyes was a dense, eerie blood-red color.

It seemed to be formed by an unknown amount of blood.

Next, Lumian smelled a fishy odor mixed with a sense of rust.

He bewilderedly turned his gaze to his nose, finding that blood had somehow already flowed from his nostrils, like real blood.

Suddenly, Lumian's peripheral vision caught his own head and face reflected clearly in the blood-colored well water.

The palm of his right hand instantly became scorching hot, with a manic and violent aura surging out like a flood.

This was blocked by a cold and deathly stillness.

Outside the spiritual secret deed process, Lumian on B2 of Mushu Hospital, his body visibly trembled.

His hair floated up, his face sometimes the stunning Lumina, sometimes the more handsome security guard Li Ming, his chest sometimes swelling, sometimes flattening, his aura sometimes feminine and seductive, sometimes masculine and violent...

He kept switching between these two states, and if he lacked either one, his body might not be able to withstand it, quickly collapsing and becoming an out-of-control monster.

Lumian at the edge of the ancient well sensed a terrifying will that could destroy everything, feeling It casting Its gaze from the depths of the ancient well, observing him.

Even with the ability of an Ascetic, even while forcibly controlling himself, Lumian couldn't help but break away from the secret deed ritual and open his eyes.

His right palm was still stinging, more intensely than ever before, his eyes a deep black, a black so deep that not even death existed within it, devoid of any life.

Before him, in that void of dark abyss, a vortex suddenly appeared, spiraling towards the bottom.

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## Chapter 1003: Incantation

[ 1,752 words ]

### 1003 Incantation

The bottomless darkness seemed to be pulled by some force from deep within, or forcefully pressed down by an invisible giant hand, causing it to suddenly collapse and form a frantic vortex several meters wide.

This vortex kept spinning towards the end of the darkness, getting deeper and deeper, like an ancient well.

At the same time, all the mirrors on Lumian's body shattered with a series of cracking sounds, and the metal elevator doors were suddenly covered with a grayish-white layer, as if they had been abraded by sand.

Immediately after, Lumian took a step forward and jumped into the vortex.

With the appearance of the vortex, he vaguely sensed his Mirror Substitution left with Franca.

At the same time, he knew that the vortex was created by the gaze and power he had drawn through the secret deed ritual, and that it would lead to his intended destination. He knew that if he kept falling in the vortex, he would likely reach where Franca was trapped.

He didn't let his body float down slowly like a feather, but maintained a free-fall posture, gaining speed. Wind howled in his ears, and his eyes saw only the deep darkness that had become steep cliffs.

...

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The glass windows on every floor of Mushu Hospital shattered explosively, and all mirror-like objects were either covered in scratches or turned to stone-like substances.

In the emergency center, all the glass that had shown mirror-like reflections due to the night broke with a crack, including several pairs of dark-colored glasses.

Zhou Mingrui and Luo Shan were startled too, feeling as if a huge explosion had occurred nearby.

However, they didn't hear any corresponding sound, nor did their ears ring continuously.

In the environment where patients, nurses, and doctors had all suddenly become panicked, Zhou Mingrui had a sudden flash of insight and said to Luo Shan in a low voice, "The anomaly from underground?"

"Possibly, I'm not sure either Luo Shan didn't know much more than Zhou Mingrui, she could only guess that Luo Fu might have done something underground, or encountered something.

Zhou Mingrui spoke faster, continuing to ask, "Why can I rescue Luo Fu just by standing in B2?"

Luo Shan stammered in response, "I-It was a guess..."

"Be-because there's something special about you!"

As expected... Zhou Mingrui quickly pressed, "What's special?"

"You... I'm actually not that clear on the specific details." Luo Shan suddenly realized that if she explained clearly, there might be unexpected changes, so she forced the topic back on track, "I'm not sure if you going to stand in B2 will really be effective. If nothing changes, th-then that's all we can do. If there are changes, but not enough for Luo Fu to escape, then maybe you'll need to do something more. What exactly to do depends on the actual situation. At that time, you can choose not to do it, but if you're willing, I-I will walk in front of you!"

Zhou Mingrui looked at Luo Shan deeply, and after a few seconds of silence, said, "Okay."

Eh... Luo Shan, who had planned to continue pleading, was stunned.

"Let's go now," Zhou Mingrui ran towards the corridor leading to the nearest elevator, "Nothing is more important than saving a life!"

Luo Shan hurriedly followed, easily taking the lead in front of Zhou Mingrui.

Their actions were not at all conspicuous in the emergency center where the chaotic state had not yet completely subsided.

Seeing this, Jenna, hiding in the shadows, quietly let out a sigh of relief.

After Zhou Mingrui and Luo Shan had run a distance, she walked out of the shadows, preparing to conceal herself and follow behind, ready to deal with any unexpected situations.

At this moment, she felt a suffocating pain, as if the blood in her body wanted to burst through her skin and splash out.

It was like a deep-sea fish being directly “teleported” into mid-air.

Moreover, Jenna also felt her thoughts stalling and her joints stiffening.

About to be kicked out... of the dream?

Even if it's... through Luo Shan... at night... indirectly... informing Zhou Mingrui... of Beyond matters... it will... lead to... oneself... being kicked?

Jenna wanted to hold on a bit longer, to see if Zhou Mingrui going to the underground area would bring about good changes, but she was powerless to resist. She had no choice but to leave this world, following the force that was kicking her out of the dream.

...

Trier, inside a luxurious villa.

Standing by Franca's bed, facing the door of starlight and the grayish-white fog, Madam Justice frowned.

"I can't sense Two of Cups, I can't establish contact with her.

"I was clearly using her body as a medium

Madam Magician thought for two seconds and said, “In the dream city, apart from what we haven't explored and don't know about yet, there are only three places where such a situation would occur, where the connection between soul, consciousness, and body would be severed.

"One is inside the police station, two is Yangdu Prison, and three is the underground area of Mushu Hospital.”

"If she were arrested or imprisoned, Two of Cups wouldn't be this desperate,” Madam Judgment made a judgment, “She must have entered the underground area of Mushu Hospital, for unknown reasons.”

While Madam Magician and Madam Judgment were thinking and talking, Madam Justice continued to try.

Suddenly, they all turned their heads towards the room where Lumian was sleeping.

At this moment, they felt the ground trembling inexplicably, as if a volcano was erupting deep underground.

This caused all the mirrors and glass windows in the entire villa to make trembling sounds, almost shattering.

After just a few seconds, Madam Justice's emerald-like eyes suddenly lit up.

"I've sensed Two of Cups!" She said while once again sketching transparent symbols in the air that were like dreams and illusions.

As soon as the symbol was completed, it passed through the brilliant starlight door like a butterfly from a dream, diving into the grayish-white fog.

After doing this, Madam Justice said to Madam Judgment and Madam Magician, "Seven of Cups has been kicked out of the dream, we can have her come over to tell us the specific situation."

...

In the grayish-white fog where a brilliant door of light and an illusory planet stood tall, echoing with words like "Chernobyl".

Franca gazed at everything before her, her whole being seemingly numb, only her vision becoming increasingly blurred, unable to clear up no matter what.

At this moment, she heard a voice so distant it seemed to come from the edge of the sky, belonging to Madam Justice. "Shout 'Leoderero' in ancient Hermes."

Franca suddenly awoke, as if she had just had a long nightmare that she dared not and was unwilling to recall.

Her mouth trembled, not making a sound, as if she wanted to sleep here forever.

After several seconds, Franca finally called out in a low voice, "Leoderero!"

...

Above that grayish-white fog, Lumian's feet stepped on the surface of the thin gas like clouds, but he couldn't penetrate through to enter inside.

He felt that this fog was highly similar to the fog that sealed off the Samaritan Women's Spring, and believed that if he still had Mr. Fool's seal on him, he would definitely be able to fall directly inside, rather than being blocked outside.

After trying two methods and failing, Lumian turned his gaze to his right palm.

The Blood Emperor brand on his palm had undergone some changes when the secret deed ritual was forcibly completed. Its color had become deeper and blacker, no longer like dripping fresh blood, but closer to the dark red of oxidized blood.

And this dark red seemed to have subtly merged with the paleness covering this patch of skin.

Lumian wasn't yet clear on what such changes would bring, he just wanted to use this brand and the corpse wax candle to quickly perform another secret deed ritual.

Suddenly, in the night sky of the dream city, clouds piled up in layers.

Countless small electric snakes jumped and gathered between these clouds, quickly forming a huge, tree-like lightning bolt.

As soon as this lightning appeared, it crossed the distance between heaven and earth, illuminating the entire city.

It passed over numerous lightning rods, struck into Mushu Hospital, and drilled underground.

The hair on Lumian's body stood up uncontrollably, and he instinctively took two steps back.

Almost simultaneously, a bright light flashed before his eyes, making him unable to see the deep darkness and grayish-white mist anymore.

The afterimage of a silver-white tree-like lightning remained in his pupils.

When his vision recovered, Lumian found a slowly healing hole had appeared in the grayish-white fog.

He didn't hesitate, took a step forward, and jumped in.

He passed through the outer fog and landed in front of the brilliant light door, seeing Franca staring blankly at him, with the hair on her skin and some of her head standing up.

Franca's eyes reflected Lumian, whose gender was constantly switching, but the speed was slowing down, gradually fixing towards the female form.

"Let's go!" Lumian didn't say much, grabbed Franca's arm, and directly activated the black mark on his right shoulder.

Spirit World Traversal!

With the vortex still existing, Lumian could sense some areas of the outside world!

The figures of the two immediately disappeared from in front of the brilliant door of light, with the hole above getting smaller and closer to disappearing.

Lumian, carrying Franca, traveled through the spirit world layered with various color blocks, heading towards the predetermined safe location.

Normally, he would reach the destination in just one second, but for some unknown reason, he now felt as if he was bound by layers of viscous liquid and invisible shackles, moving very slowly, with a trend of getting even slower.

Next, Lumian saw deep, dense darkness sweeping in from “behind”, rushing towards the two of them.

The vortex had disappeared.

In that darkness, there was a blurry, huge figure standing on a lightless water surface, and an ancient mirror slowly outlining.

Lumian gritted his teeth, traveling forward with all his might.

Just as he was about to touch the “exit”, and the dark abyss was about to engulf him and Franca, everything suddenly became calm.

Lumian suddenly felt at ease, like a criminal who had escaped from prison, instantly passing out of the spirit world and arriving in a shadowy corner of the emergency center at Mushu Hospital.

His spiritual intuition told him that Jenna was here.

...

Mushu Hospital, B2.

Zhou Mingrui and Luo Shan, having overcome their intense fear, walked out of the elevator together.

Almost simultaneously, Zhou Mingrui inexplicably felt relaxed, his feelings of fear and dread dissipating completely.

He frowned in confusion and said to Luo Shan, “Where is Luo Fu trapped?”

Luo Shan looked at the dim but normal white corridor outside the elevator lobby, falling into bewilderment and deep thought.

"Shouldn't it have already completely collapsed she muttered to herself.

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## Chapter 1004: The Solution

[ 1,693 words ]

1004 The Solution

Seeing Zhou Mingrui looking at her, waiting for an answer, Luo Shan said uncertainly, "It seems like things are back to normal

She had thought Zhou Mingrui wouldn't believe her judgment. After all, they hadn't encountered anything or seen any signs of danger, and they still didn't know if Luo Fu had been rescued. How could she say everything was "back to normal"?

To her surprise, Zhou Mingrui nodded thoughtfully. "I think so too."

After a couple of seconds, Zhou Mingrui asked, "Do we still need to look for Luo Fu?"

"I-I'll take another look Luo Shan cautiously walked to the edge of the elevator lobby and peeked out.

She looked around and felt that aside from being too quiet with no one passing through, there wasn't much difference between this underground area and any other hospital basement.

...

Emergency Center, in a shadowy corner.

Lumian and Franca simultaneously saw Jenna, dressed in a nightgown, her eyes dazed and unsure of what to do.

She's been kicked out of the dream... Both Lumian and Franca quickly came to the same conclusion.

At that moment, Jenna also spotted Franca and Lumian. The tension and worry in her heart suddenly eased.

Without saying much, Lumian grabbed Jenna's arm with his other hand and disappeared with her into the edge of the shadows.

The three of them soon returned to Room 2303 in Dechuang Garden.

After checking the room's condition, Lumian said to Jenna, "Everything's fine now. Get some rest."

He wasn't sure how the dream Jenna would "rationalize" what had just happened, so he kept his explanation vague to avoid any cognitive conflict.

As for the teleportation, it was impossible to hide it any longer. After all, Zhou Mingrui had already become deeply aware of the supernatural powers at play, and there were indeed quite a few Beyonders active in the dream city.

Jenna, surprised, glanced around the familiar environment and obediently replied, "Okay."

After she entered the room and lay down on the bed, Lumian closed the bedroom door for her, then turned to Franca and said,

"Let's go back to Mushu Hospital now. We'll talk about what happened once we're there."

Franca didn't ask why and slowly nodded.

Using teleportation, Lumian took Franca to the greenery outside Mushu Hospital and turned his gaze towards the emergency center and the hospital building.

Seeing the shattered glass and the scorched parts of the walls, Lumian finally said to Franca, "I think what happened today was too much of a coincidence. Zhou Mingrui came to investigate the situation at Mushu Hospital, and at the same time, you ended up in the underground area."

"What exactly happened?"

Hearing the word "coincidence," Franca's emotions wavered slightly.

She pulled herself together and recounted how she and Jenna had found themselves in the underground of Mushu Hospital after falling asleep, how they encountered Luo Shan, her suspicions, and the psychological traumas they later encountered.

"At the time, the corridor started collapsing." Franca stopped speaking and fell silent again.

Lumian glanced at her but didn't press for details. Instead, he mused aloud, "It really was a coincidence. If you look at the events separately, it's logical that Zhou Mingrui, prompted by my warning during the day and his own initiative, chose tonight to investigate Mushu Hospital. Similarly, it's plausible that the force lurking in Luo Shan's room or nearby, taking advantage of her psychological traumas and the dream's nature, 'brought' you into the hospital's underground. Both seem reasonable and could have happened naturally."

"But the fact that these two things happened at the same time and influenced each other makes it obvious that something was off."

"And at the same time, I received a tipoff from Lu Yong'an and followed Zhou Mingrui to sneak into Mushu Hospital."

Franca instinctively said, "But who could set up an arrangement for Zhou Mingrui?"

"They didn't need to arrange him. Arranging us was enough." Lumian, still in his Demoness of Despair state, let out a cold laugh. "When Zhou Mingrui would investigate Mushu Hospital was uncertain, but once he was spotted, they could trigger the other side."

"The force lurking in or near Luo Shan's room must have been there for a while. Why didn't it act sooner or later? Why tonight?"

Franca fell silent for a moment, as if she had finally regained her ability to think, and said, "Was Lu Yong'an arranged as well?"

"Not necessarily. It's possible they discovered my problem as a Child of God and knew something would happen tonight, so they lured me in, using your predicament to force me to become the true Child of God." After thinking for a few seconds, Lumian added, "It's also likely that Lu Yong'an isn't like Grimm, a dream persona influenced by the Great Mother. She has an external consciousness."

At this point, Lumian paused, his gaze cold as he muttered to himself, "A guardian for women and children

...

Inside Mushu Hospital, the power system of the building hadn't been affected by the lightning strike. Only the ground separating the upper and lower floors showed a very obvious charred area, and one of the elevators had stopped functioning.

Lu Yong'an walked down the dimly lit corridor and reached a certain room.

A wooden sign hung outside the door, with Chinese characters written on it: "Dean's Office."

She knocked and entered, speaking to the person beside the shattered glass window.

"She still didn't choose the Mother's help."

"I see," a voice responded.

...

Trier, inside a luxurious villa.

Jenna observed Franca's "sleeping state" while recounting their ordeal and Franca's decisions to Madam Judgment, Madam Magician, and Madam Justice.

After she finished, Madam Magician nodded thoughtfully and said, "It's still unclear what exactly we were supposed to gain from tonight's events, or what the true purpose was

Before she could finish her sentence, Madam Justice, looking at the sleeping Franca, said,

"Two of Cups has left the underground area of Mushu Hospital. I can now sense her and her surroundings."

Upon hearing this, Jenna's body swayed slightly, as if she had lost the strength to even keep herself upright due to a sudden sense of relief.

Her breathing became heavy, and after a few seconds, she asked, "It's over?"

"Not entirely," Madam Magician said, taking her gaze off the sleeping Franca.

Jenna seemed to realize something and asked, with deep concern, "Right, she held the ritual in the dream, cleverly advancing to Sequence 4 and becoming a Demoness of Despair. It's unknown how long it will take her to fully digest the Despair potion, and

Jenna suddenly stopped, unable to finish her sentence.

What she had been about to say was, "And our goal is to awaken Mr. Fool as soon as possible, to end this dream, but that would conflict with the conditions for Franca's survival."

In front of the Tarot Club's Major Arcana card holders, she dared not utter those words, fearing the brutal answer she might receive.

"I understand your concern, but that's not really an issue. Or, to put it another way, it's not as serious as you think."

"Huh?" Jenna was surprised, both delighted and bewildered.

Madam Justice maintained her soft smile and explained, "First, Two of Cups has already made considerable progress in digesting the Despair potion. She's completed the part about 'making herself despair.' The next step is to find opportunities to make others despair. If she can refine her acting principles further during this process, the digestion will go even faster."

Jenna blinked, confused.

"She's already digested nearly half of the Despair potion, right after advancing?"

"Yes," Madam Magician agreed, her tone carrying an understanding note. "It's quite similar to Lumian's situation at the time. Except Lumian quickly made two boon demigods despair

"Exactly," Madam Magician continued, nodding knowingly. "Given the nature of your circumstances and how things unfolded, it was almost inevitable that people would fall into a state of despair. Mr. Fool's psychological traumas may also contain elements that push Franca into complete despair—things that sever her hopes and desires entirely."

Jenna's eyes moved slightly, and she muttered, "Quite the coincidence

Madam Justice sighed with a smile. "Yes, that's one reason. But the other reason why I said that Two of Cups' dream advancement isn't too serious is because, given a little time—just a few minutes—she could return to reality without dying, though there would be other costs."

"Really?" Jenna was both surprised and confused.

Madam Justice chuckled lightly and explained, "While we're limited in what we can do, there are still many things we're capable of.

"For example, a Sun pathway Unshadowed can extract Beyonder characteristics, even from a Beyonder, layer by layer, from high to low. Though Two of Cups advanced in the dream, her reality also advanced, which is why she can't leave the dream before fully digesting her potion."

"In other words, we could have Mr. Sun extract the Demoness of Despair's Beyonder characteristic from Two of Cups in reality, and I would stabilize her mental state during the process. Once her body in reality regresses to the level of a Demoness of Affliction, there would be no more concern about her losing control upon leaving the dream."

"Of course, this solution would leave some problems behind, some quite serious ones, which is why we didn't mention it as a solution before. But compared to losing her life in the dream, these issues are manageable."

Jenna stood there, dazed.

The dream advancement affected reality, and regressing in reality would cause a similar effect in the dream?

If you can't influence the dream, then change the state of reality?

...

Outside Mushu Hospital, in the greenery.

Hidden in the shadows, Lumian observed the hospital building, the patients coming and going, and the emergency response personnel who had just arrived, but he didn't spot any targets of note.

After a long silence, Franca finally spoke. "They might have already left. Maybe they never showed up in the first place."

"Yeah, you could check some short videos. With the glass shattered and the building struck by lightning, I'm sure a lot of people recorded it. Maybe we'll find something."

"Right." Lumian took out his phone and began scrolling through local news, not missing a single video.

When he reached a video titled "Oh my god, all the glass shattered," he suddenly spotted a familiar figure in the corner of the frame, near the edge of the emergency center.

That figure had messy blonde hair, blue eyes, short eyebrows, and a clear stubble on his face. He was wearing a black shirt.

Lumian's gaze instantly froze.

It was Grisha.

Grisha, Peng Deng's co-renter!

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## - Chapter 1005: Investigating Hidden Dangers

### Chapter 1005: Investigating Hidden Dangers

[ 1,707 words ]

#### 1005 Investigating Hidden Dangers

Based on the nature of tonight's events, Lumian had made some guesses and was prepared to see certain dream manifestations, but the person who appeared at the emergency center was completely unexpected: it was Peng Deng's co-renter, Grisha!

The fact that he and Peng Deng are sharing a place did hint at something unusual about him. We'd even observed him before but never managed to figure out who he corresponded to in the real world... Could he be the mastermind behind tonight's events? What is his real objective? Lumian's mind raced, his confusion deepening.

He had initially locked in on the individual that the Aurora Order put their faith into as the one orchestrating everything tonight, hoping to confirm a few things. But Grisha didn't fit the "I'm watching, listening, and aware" profile—he was eccentric, paranoid, and rude.

"Him?" Franca, slower to react than usual, leaned over to take a look at the screen frozen on Lumian's phone.

Her sudden shock made her more animated.

"Unexpected discoveries are still valuable," Lumian said, already calm.

"Yeah," Franca replied, not saying much more.

Lumian wasn't in a rush to leave. He pulled out a cracked makeup mirror and began focusing intently.

His actions caught Franca's attention. She tilted her head to look at him, slightly puzzled. "What are you doing?"

"I'm checking if the mirror world has recovered and whether the broken fragments have formed a new area behind the mirror," Lumian explained briefly. "Luo Shan didn't bring her phone, and I don't have any other abilities to contact her. I need to use the mirror world to send her a message that you're safe and that she can leave the underground area with Zhou Mingrui.

"There's no urgent matter now, but what if Zhou Mingrui does discover something?"

Franca was stunned for a moment. “Zhou Mingrui went underground? Won’t that be a problem?”

The basement of Mushu Hospital was a mixture of subconscious psychological traumas and a symbolic abyss tied to the Mother Tree of Desire. Even if it couldn’t physically endanger Zhou Mingrui, it might force him to confront past traumas, awakening strong stimuli that could bring significant changes. Those changes could be either extremely good or extremely bad, which was why Lumian’s team hadn’t wanted Zhou Mingrui to enter Mushu Hospital’s basement at this stage.

Lumian glanced at Franca and chuckled. “Plans never keep up with changes. The most important thing just now was rescuing you. Everything else can be dealt with later or patched up. If worst comes to worst, this mission fails completely, and they send in another team. At worst, we all face the apocalypse. But I couldn’t let you die here tonight.”

Franca stared at Lumian for a few seconds, unable to find words.

After a moment, she looked away and sighed. “There are some things that can never be made up for

Hearing that sigh and those words, Lumian finally felt like Franca had come back to life from the deadened state she’d been in earlier.

He didn’t ask what she meant, waiting for her to sort out her own thoughts. He gazed at the cracked mirror in his hands.

“The mirror world has recovered, and the larger mirror fragments have regained their mystical properties.”

With that, Lumian whispered a few words, imbuing them with a flickering, dark shimmer before sending them into the largest piece of the cracked mirror.

...

Mushu Hospital, B2.

Luo Shan led Zhou Mingrui, creeping cautiously along the corridor, glancing around as she searched for the missing Luo Fu.

Just as she looked toward one of the rooms and Zhou Mingrui gazed in the opposite direction, she spotted a piece of shattered glass on the ground. Words flickered across it: “Luo Fu is already home.”

Phew... Luo Shan quickly turned to Zhou Mingrui and said, “I got a message. Luo Fu escaped.”

Zhou Mingrui studied Luo Shan for a moment but didn't ask how she received the message.

He'd noticed earlier that she seemed to have rushed out of the house, forgetting to bring her phone.

After they left Mushu Hospital's basement and Zhou Mingrui sent Luo Shan back to Dechuang Garden, she saw Lumina and Luo Fu in the entryway.

"You two just got back as well?" Luo Shan blurted out.

Holding two mirror fragments, Lumian glanced around and replied, "We had to deal with the hospital's surveillance."

Even though tonight's events weren't tied to any criminal case and were considered a "natural disaster," meaning no police investigation, Lumian thought it was better to play it safe.

Luo Shan was stunned for a couple of seconds.

Quite the seasoned criminal, aren't you...

Lumian then addressed Luo Shan, "Thanks for your help. Without you bringing Zhou Mingrui to the basement in time, both Luo Fu and I would've been swallowed by that illusory abyss."

A smile appeared on Luo Shan's face, though she tried to be modest.

"It was Zhou Mingrui who was willing to risk his life to save someone. He's always been a good person."

"It's impressive that you convinced him so quickly," Lumian said, not sparing any praise.

"Not really," Luo Shan said, feeling a little uncomfortable as she looked away.

She walked briskly into the elevator that had just arrived on the first floor.

After stepping in, Lumian turned to Luo Shan and said, "We'd like to inspect your apartment, to identify any hidden threats."

"Sure, okay!" Luo Shan remembered how she had inexplicably ended up in the hospital's basement.

Without uncovering the lurking threat in her room or nearby, she wouldn't be able to sleep soundly.

When they arrived at Room 1502, Lumian naturally began inspecting every corner, while Franca, finally recovering her energy, silently touched various objects.

After a few seconds, Lumian stood in front of the living room's glass window and spoke to Luo Shan, who was standing near the coffee table.

"I'll perform a Magic Mirror Divination and see if I can get any answers or hints."

Luo Shan nodded repeatedly.

Lumian reached out toward the transparent glass, which had turned into a mirror under the night sky, and began chanting the appropriate incantation.

He was only able to perform Magic Mirror Divination that relied on his own spirituality.

After posing his question, the surface of the glass rippled with a dark shimmer.

The shimmer settled, revealing a scene of a parrot with colorful feathers in a painting.

"That?" Luo Shan quickly turned her head to look at the wall behind her.

Did my own drawing betray me?

Almost simultaneously, the colorful parrot flew out of the painting, attempting to escape from Room 1502.

But the doors and windows were locked, and it repeatedly hit the walls.

"Why?" Luo Shan shouted.

The parrot responded in a crisp, human voice. "I'm not your puppet. I serve

Before it could finish speaking, its body suddenly disintegrated. Feathers fell one by one, followed by flesh that dripped like melting paint.

In just two or three seconds, the colorful parrot had turned into countless droplets of paint, splattering onto the cream-colored tiles.

"It was controlled by someone else," Lumian concluded.

"How is that possible?" Luo Shan was shocked and confused.

This was something I painted stroke by stroke. How could it be controlled by someone else?

If it was the other version of me reviving within me and secretly influencing my creation, I could accept that. But an outsider? How?

Lumian glanced at Luo Shan.

"Never trust anything completely. That applies to others, things you've created, and even yourself."

"I understand Luo Shan recalled her previous experiences, thinking of that other version of herself.

Lumian thought for a moment and suggested, "You should stay at our place tonight, just in case there's another incident."

He planned to take pictures of every item and corner of Luo Shan's apartment tonight, then send them to Anderson to check for any remaining issues.

"Okay," Luo Shan quickly agreed.

Regardless of the parrot's situation, she had already planned to pack her things and find a decent, reasonably priced hotel to stay in for a few nights.

After settling Luo Shan in Room 2303 with Jenna, Lumian took Franca with him to Room 1502 to photograph every part of the apartment, making sure to leave nothing out.

Once he finished, he immediately sent the photos to "A name that leaves a deep impression on you," ending with the question: "Can you spot any potential problems in these photos?"

After a few minutes, Anderson Hood replied: "Are you inviting me to play 'Spot the Difference'?"

"Something like that," Lumian responded casually.

He waited patiently until four or five minutes later, receiving another message from Anderson.

"If it were me, I'd show someone photos with absolutely no problems and ask them to find something wrong."

Does that mean... there's nothing wrong? Lumian thought to himself.

Anderson Hood sent another message. "That blank spot on the painting is an eyesore. Add some paint to it."

Lumian nodded thoughtfully before asking: “Can you control things painted by others?”

"There are many ways to control painted objects. One is to become a symbol within the painting's world. Another is to give them a more complete life. A third is to imbue them with humanity. A fourth is to reconfigure the information they're composed of, given their essence as information. And lastly, there's the fact that they possess spirituality—you could turn them into your marionette Anderson uncharacteristically provided a lengthy explanation, finishing with: “After hearing all that, don't you feel like every possibility you imagined can't be ruled out?”

"You're giving me so much detail just so I'll say 'yes,' aren't you?" Lumian replied without emotion.

In his opinion, identifying the hidden danger in the room wasn't the most important thing. They had already confirmed that Luo Shan was being watched by some force or enemy. If they didn't root out the other side and eliminate them, today's hidden danger would be dealt with, but tomorrow a new one would appear.

Too bad that parrot wasn't put under control and couldn't finish what it was saying.

Seeing that Anderson Hood hadn't responded again, Lumian stood up and looked at Franca.

Franca was standing by the window in Luo Shan's apartment, silently gazing out.

Lumian walked over and stood beside her, looking out in the same direction.

He saw the food stalls on the street far below, people eating and drinking late into the night, and the high-rise apartments in the neighborhood, with lights still on in many rooms, dotting the night sky.

Lumian gazed quietly for a while before turning to look at Franca.

Franca was focused, her gaze seemingly reluctant to shift for even a second.

After a while, she sighed softly. “The night is truly beautiful

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## **Chapter 1006: Speaking From Experience**

[ 1,617 words ]

## Chapter 1006 Speaking From Experience

Lumian looked at Franca, her eyes once again a lake-blue hue after her advancement, reflecting the bright or slightly yellow dots of light.

"Yes," he echoed with a sigh.

Franca fell silent again.

After a long while, she murmured as if in a dream, "Did you know? I can never go back

"What happened?" Lumian asked gently, following her lead.

Franca began recounting how she and Jenna had woken up in the basement of Mushu Hospital. It was as if she needed to build up the courage to tell the rest by retelling earlier events, prolonging the time to mentally prepare herself.

Lumian didn't rush her. He listened quietly, occasionally asking for details.

When Franca reached the part where she chose to force her advancement using the peculiarities of the dreamscape, to draw the Primordial Demoness's attention and open an escape route, Lumian raised an eyebrow.

Though he had already deduced Franca's advancement to Demoness of Despair through the Law of Beyonder Characteristics Convergence and his spiritual intuition as a Demoness, and had suspected from her earlier narrative that it was the best possible option under those circumstances, he still couldn't help but feel there was some design to it all: the conditions for her advancement to Demoness of Despair had come together perfectly at that moment!

Of course, if he had been present, he would've simply burned a corpse-oil candle and connected with the terrifying will in that peculiar city, forcibly destroying all obstacles.

After describing how she fell into the illusory abyss with the collapse of the mirror world and the final part of the corridor, Franca paused for a few seconds before continuing in a calm, straightforward tone about how she slowed her descent, how she felt her mind and spirit being pulled toward the abyss, and how she chose the gray-white fog, sinking into it.

Her body began to tremble, but she pushed through, recounting the blurred door of light, the transparent "cocoon," the rapidly spinning illusory planet, the slightly solemn voice, and the version of herself within the "cocoon," along with the reasonable speculations that followed.

Lumian had long suspected that “transmigration” wasn’t as simple as Franca and the others from the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society believed. He suspected there was a terrifying truth they couldn’t accept. That was why, during their time in the dream city, he and Jenna had tacitly been kinder to Franca, expressing their care for her more clearly and directly. But he hadn’t expected the truth to be this.

So it wasn’t spatial transmigration—it was temporal transmigration... Traveling back and forth through space is possible, but can the flow of time be reversed? No, if that were possible, reviving Aurore wouldn’t be so difficult... Lumian’s emotions suddenly turned somber.

He felt as if he had lost several incredibly important people and objects he deeply missed forever. The sorrow, melancholy, regret, and pain were like sharp chisels engraving an epitaph on his soul.

At that moment, he understood that these were Aurore’s feelings. Her soul fragment had resonated with Franca’s story and intense emotions.

Home—forever out of reach.

"That’s basically it. I suspect the Western Continent is where the Underworld Daoist and the Celestial Master reside. It’s the world thousands, maybe tens of thousands, of years in the future from my homeland Franca’s body was still trembling slightly.

Lumian closed his eyes for a moment, then deliberately chuckled and said, “I guess I’m pretty lucky. At least I still have hope of reviving Aurore, but you all don’t even have that anymore.”

Franca’s mouth opened slightly, and she was momentarily stunned.

Infuriated, she burst into laughter. “Dammit! Do you Hunters ever say anything nice? How can a human mouth spew something so venomous!”

"I thought you’d send me flying with a kick,” Lumian said, showing a deliberately punchable expression.

Franca suddenly understood his true intention and snorted. “I had the impulse. You’d make a great punching bag right now.”

She paused, her gaze returning to the window. Looking out at the warm, tranquil night, she said,

"When you said earlier that, in the worst-case scenario, the mission would fail, they’d send in another team, or we’d all face the apocalypse together, but you couldn’t let me die in Mushu Hospital’s basement... I didn’t completely agree with your thinking, but... I did feel like maybe my life had some meaning after all

"I said that on purpose, to make you feel needed and valued, to help pull you out of that dead, hopeless state." Lumian chuckled. "I didn't know exactly what you'd gone through, but I could tell how you were feeling."

Franca snapped her head toward Lumian and scoffed, "When dealing with a Hunter, you judge by his actions, not words. I know you really did send Luo Shan and Jenna to get Zhou Mingrui down to the basement."

Before Lumian could respond, Franca, now more curious than before, asked, "How did you get into that psychological trauma?"

That was near the bottom of the illusory abyss!

Smiling, Lumian replied, "When I reached B2, I ran into Lu Yong'an. She must be an external consciousness brought in by some method, unlike Grimm, who had been corrupted and influenced into becoming a dream manifestation."

"So when she saw me in Crimson Moon Hospital, she most likely realized I was a fake Child of God but still went along with my actions. Heh, maybe to the Great Mother, whether I'm the real Child of God or a fake, as long as I bear that title, I'll eventually become real, and this time was her chance."

"Lu Yong'an told me at the time that to save someone from the illusory abyss, I could only rely on the Mother's help."

"You didn't actually pray, did you?" Franca was suddenly filled with concern and worry, forgetting her earlier despair and emotional numbness.

Her gaze instinctively drifted to Lumian's abdomen.

"Of course not." Lumian had deliberately started with Lumian's story to stir Franca's emotions, preventing her from fully sinking into sadness.

As someone who had learned from long bouts of depression, he knew exactly what to say and do in such moments.

More importantly, he was also a Demoness of Despair, having gone through the experience of perfectly matching the acting method right after his advancement, digesting the part of the potion that made him "feel despair." He had also learned from the world's greatest Psychiatrist's report on how to stabilize his mental state and avoid losing control.

That was why he was comfortable telling Franca his true thoughts and feelings before he saved her. He intended to be her most solid anchor. After all, how many Hunters would openly reveal their innermost thoughts?

Franca let out an uncontrollable breath of relief. "Then how did you destroy the illusory abyss and open the path?"

Lumian chuckled. "Corpse wax candle."

As he spoke, he took out the bottle of semi-solid yellow-red wax and sighed.

"The Flame of Destruction burns too fiercely. This candle can only be used once more."

Franca, who had heard Lumian's story of the previous ritual with the corpse wax candle and knew that the target of the ritual was likely the terrifying will at the top of the Hunter and Witch pathways, widened her eyes in shock.

"You're a bit extreme

She didn't finish her thought, reminded that such extremity was for her sake.

Lumian recounted the sensations during the secret deed ritual, the terrifying will's partial descent, and the mutation of the Blood Emperor's remnant aura. He ended by saying,

"I couldn't enter the gray fog initially, but an exaggerated bolt of lightning just happened to strike it."

"That was Franca thought for a moment and said, "Madam Justice's incantation, delivered through some method. It sounded like a name, to be spoken in ancient Hermes."

She didn't dare speak the incantation, afraid that even without using Beyond language, it might still call down lightning in the dream, though less terrifyingly.

"A name that could summon such lightning in Mr. Fool's dream?" Lumian pondered. "It must involve a true god or some great existence... Or it could be related to Mr. Fool's perception."

"Yes." Franca was more concerned with something else. "How do you feel now?"

Lumian raised his right hand, palm up, revealing a patch of pale skin and the dark, old red marks beneath it.

"The mutated Blood Emperor's aura and the Underworld Daoist's seal have fused slightly... I can't believe they can fuse..."

"So far, there's been no external manifestation, no other changes

After examining his own state, Lumian added, “Also, I feel like there’s something more in me, but I can’t detect it. It hasn’t affected me... It’s more like a side effect of the secret deed ritual, a lingering hallucination

"In the next couple of days, find a chance to leave the dream and have Madam Magician check it out," Franca reminded Lumian not to overlook this issue and to confirm it as soon as possible.

Lumian nodded and said, “In the meantime, go to the company and quit your job. You kept the position before to bait Zaratulstra out with the option to avoid danger by leaving the dream at critical moments. But now, you can’t leave for the time being.”

Only then did Franca remember her current state—before she fully digested the Despair potion, if she left the dream and returned to reality, she would lose control on the spot and turn into a monster.

"Right." She didn’t argue, realizing she was still in deep trouble.

Then, she turned to leave the window.

"Not going to enjoy the night view anymore?" Lumian asked casually.

Franca pursed her lips and responded, “The more I look, the more I miss it, the harder it is to let go

She paused, then half-turned her body, casting her gaze out at the night once again.

After staring for a few seconds, she spoke, her voice soft and distant. “If I were Mr. Fool, I might wish to sleep forever, dreaming of this beautiful night, never waking

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## **Chapter 1007: Important Information**

[ 1,817 words ]

Chapter 1007 Important Information

Hearing Franca’s words, Lumian felt a sense of resonance.

"If there hadn't been hidden dangers in that dream of Cordu Village, I wouldn't have wanted to wake up either

As he sighed, he suddenly paused, then said in a low voice, "No, I would force myself to wake up."

If he didn't wake up, he couldn't try to resurrect Aurore!

Franca silently withdrew her gaze and walked over to the long sofa in Luo Shan's home. She sat down, leaning back against the sofa as if she lacked the strength to support her body.

Lumian glanced over and followed, sitting down right next to Franca.

Franca turned her head to look at him but said nothing.

After about ten seconds, she stared at the turned-off TV across from her and murmured as if to herself,

"Back home, my favorite thing to do was to pick any channel and be on my phone while listening to the sound. My mom would scold me every time

Lumian didn't respond, just listening quietly.

Franca's expression gradually softened.

"My mom used to run a small restaurant, which later became a larger establishment. She was quick-tempered and efficient, and couldn't stand to see me being lazy. But you know, she'd just say a few words—in one ear and out the other, it didn't affect me at all. Later on, when business wasn't so good for a few years, she simply gave it up. Every day she'd play cards with her siblings and friends, eat here and drink there, and occasionally organize a trip. She couldn't have been more carefree or happy.

"My dad, my brother and I were also quite happy. We didn't have to be scolded or nagged. As my dad put it, we'd see each other once a day, take a walk together, chat about family matters before bed, and their marriage even improved.

"My dad was a mid-level manager at a big company. He'd been into electronics since early on, starting with radios and such, then tinkering with computers and getting into games. When I was little, I was always confused about why dad was always sitting in front of the computer. He said it was work, but he was always clicking on strange images. When I got a bit older, I fell in love with gaming too. I guess that's what they call leading by example.

"At first, my parents wanted another daughter, a little sister for me. They'd prepared for the fine and set up a room. Who knew they'd end up with another son? They couldn't

bring themselves to abort, so they had him. Aren't second children supposed to be good at reading the room, well-behaved, with high EQ because they have an older sibling keeping them in check? Why did that kid do everything backwards, looking down on everyone, thinking he was so cool and trendy, always causing trouble when he went out.

"When he was in elementary school, he got into a fight and got beaten up. He came crying to me, his big brother, for help. In the end, the other kid had cousins, and I ended up getting beaten up too.

"For a while after that, I was really into urban fantasy novels and modern wuxia stories. I fantasized about having martial arts skills or superpowers myself.

"I did alright in the college entrance exams and got into medical school. I got along well with my roommates. Everyone said I had a good personality, wasn't petty, was cheerful and optimistic, and generous with money.

"I guess I looked okay. I even had girls chase after me. But at the time I was busy playing games and going to comic conventions, so I didn't have the energy for dating. Of course, it was also because their looks and personalities weren't my type."

After rambling on like this, Franca paused and said, "Apart from worrying about having to do hard labor in the future, I had no regrets, nothing I wanted to change

Lumian turned his head to look at Franca and saw that as she leaned against the back of the sofa, her eyes were vacant, unfocused, with glistening tears silently sliding down her face.

Lumian didn't try to comfort Franca with words. He simply extended his left arm and quietly put it around her left shoulder, letting her lean against him.

Franca instinctively struggled for a moment, but quickly chose to give in.

Leaning against Lumian, she continued talking to herself, "I had originally planned to practice driving my mom's car during the holidays, find a chance to meet up with some online friends in Shanghai, and have fun for a week...

"I'd planned which games to buy recently, planned to visit my grandparents, planned to play games with my dad for two hours every day when I had time, to show him what real skill looks like...

"I'd even planned how to educate that little brat, planned to go to my mom's mahjong place for a few days to act like a filial son, serve tea and water, and accept tips

As she spoke, Franca's voice gradually lowered until it disappeared.

Lumian waited a few minutes before lowering his head to see that Franca had closed her eyes and fallen into a deep sleep, leaning against him from his left shoulder to his left chest. Her legs had slid off the sofa at some point.

Lumian didn't move. He stared at the dark LCD TV screen, his thoughts gradually wandering.

After an unknown amount of time, Franca seemed to have a nightmare. Her eyes flew open and she suddenly straightened her back.

She looked left and right, finally coming to her senses and remembering what had happened last night.

Phew... She exhaled slowly and asked Lumian, "What time is it?"

"A little after 4 am, not quite 5 yet," Lumian calmly replied.

Franca made a sound of acknowledgment, then suddenly remembered something.

"Will Jenna and Luo Shan be okay alone in Room 2303?"

The current Jenna was purely a dream manifestation, while Luo Shan was being watched by unknown forces!

"I've been monitoring Room 2303 using mirrors," Lumian said calmly.

Only then did Franca relax.

She wriggled her shoulders, shaking off Lumian's arm, and sat up straight.

"Damn, I actually cried earlier, and you saw it... A real man shouldn't shed tears so easily!"

"Only because the saddest part hasn't come yet," Lumian replied.

Hearing this, both Franca and he fell silent.

"That's such a hurtful thing to say After a few seconds, Franca grumbled, "I can't believe you could respond so smoothly."

"After learning the truth about transmigration and resonating with your emotions, Aurore's soul fragment seems to have become a bit more active Lumian said with a hint of joy.

Franca bit her lip, unable to speak.

She then began rubbing her cheeks. "I can't continue in that state. We need to get down to business!"

"What business?" Lumian asked.

Franca thought for a few seconds and said, "According to what you said before, tonight's events seem to have been arranged, presumably pushed by Peng Deng's roommate Grisha behind the scenes.

"If this is true, what was their goal? It couldn't have been just to force me to advance in the dream and quickly find a way to digest the Despair potion, could it?"

"Is it simply good people doing good deeds?"

Lumian understood that Franca was trying to distract herself from her inner sorrow and despair by focusing on important matters, so he nodded cooperatively:

"From Luo Shan's feedback, Zhou Mingrui wasn't additionally affected by this incident either. He only confirmed that he has some special qualities and that there are major issues with the underground area of Mushu Hospital.

"The illusory abyss in the underground area of Mushu Hospital also hid itself in time, avoiding an encounter with Zhou Mingrui, and remained almost intact.

"Was the real purpose to have me use the corpse wax candle and complete a secret deed at the bottom of Mushu Hospital?"

"And for us to find important intelligence through those psychological traumas in the underground area of Mushu Hospital?"

Franca nodded slowly.

"Yes, I can now almost confirm one thing:

"Mr. Fool is also a transmigrator, like me and Emperor Roselle."

As she spoke, Franca suddenly gave a self-mocking laugh.

"No, not a transmigrator, an ancient person."

"You mean those three empty 'cocoons' correspond to the three previous transmigrators?" Lumian understood what Franca was saying.

"Yes, Ancient Sun God, Emperor Roselle, and Mr. Fool," Franca elaborated. "Mr. Fool should have also progressed step by step from a mortal body to become a true god and then a great existence. Klein Moretti, Sherlock Moriarty, Gehrman Sparrow—these are

probably not his incarnations, but different identities at different stages of his growth. These names all come from the entertainment works of our world, no, the ancient world. Utopia too.

"Well, the identity of Gehrman Sparrow became the Angel of Redemption, with people believing in and worshiping him, perhaps making him quite different from the other identities."

Lumian mused aloud, "So Zhou Mingrui is Mr. Fool's real name, his identity before transmigration?"

"It should be so," Franca shared her speculation. "That's why Zhou Mingrui is the core of the dream, the subconscious self-image of Mr. Fool. All important dream images are distributed around him, while identities like Sherlock Moriarty are scattered throughout the dream city, lacking special significance.

"The only one among them that's different is Gehrman Sparrow, who is widely believed in. The dream city originally didn't have such a manifestation, not even a story. It was entirely created out of thin air by Madam Magician, Madam Justice, and the others, becoming a classic character."

"This also indicates that The World Gehrman Sparrow might indeed have special symbolism or significance."

Lumian pondered for a moment and said, "The identity of Klein Moretti is also very special. It doesn't exist in the dream city either."

Franca tried to put herself in that position and said slowly, "The personal relationships corresponding to Klein Moretti do exist in the dream city, but they point to Zhou Mingrui.

"Klein Moretti was Mr. Fool's first identity after transmigration, gaining his recognition. Did their self-perceptions merge?"

"So, Zhou Mingrui is also Klein Moretti, and Klein Moretti is equally Zhou Mingrui, indistinguishable from each other."

"That explanation does make sense," Lumian agreed with Franca's guess.

At this moment, Franca suddenly furrowed her brow.

"Bring out that whiteboard, the one with photos of important figures in the dream city and observation results."

Without asking why, Lumian took out the whiteboard made of frost and placed it opposite the coffee table.

Franca stared at the photos, sketches, introductions, and observation results on the whiteboard, her eyes constantly moving left and right.

After a while, she spoke in a grave tone, "If Mr. Fool is indeed a transmigrator, these dream manifestations hide a big problem."

Without waiting for Lumian to respond, Franca explained, "Except for Peng Deng and Zhang Yujia, the childhood friend who only sent back postcards, all the important dream manifestations here have nothing to do with 'Zhou Mingrui.'

"They all come from Klein Moretti, from Sherlock Moriarty, from Gehrman Sparrow and Mr. Fool's other identities, from the current world. Not a single one originates from before the transmigration, not one is an ancient person!

"Why is that?"

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## Chapter 1008: Dawn

[ 1,708 words ]

### Chapter 1008 Dawn

Lumian easily understood Franca's meaning: the dream city itself was constructed based on Zhou Mingrui's memories from before his transmigration, but none of the relatively important dream manifestations close to Zhou Mingrui came from before the transmigration. They all originated from Zhou Mingrui's experiences after transmigrating, except for Peng Deng and Zhang Yujia.

This was clearly problematic!

"We previously thought Mr. Fool was a resurrected great existence not belonging to this era. Well... he truly doesn't belong to this era. Mr. Fool was really honest Franca suddenly understood the true meaning of a certain phrase in Mr. Fool's honorific name.

After adjusting her mindset, she continued, "From our previous understanding, it was very reasonable that there are no dream manifestations related to the identity of Zhou Mingrui. As a former great existence, he should have been involved with great existences and fallen ancient gods. These were all restricted and couldn't truly get close to Zhou Mingrui. Weren't we wondering before who Peng Deng really was, and who he

corresponded to in reality? We never considered that he might actually be Zhou Mingrui's childhood friend.

"But if Zhou Mingrui is a transmigrator like me, and gradually became a great existence, that's truly remarkable. To transcend to becoming a deity with a mortal body and dominate the spirit world

At this point, Franca's emotional wound was once again torn open, with splinters piercing into it.

She thought about how even someone like Mr. Fool was shocked, saddened, pained and despairing when he learned the truth about transmigration. Even becoming a great existence couldn't allow him to return home. And after he fell asleep, these things even formed strong psychological traumas.

If even Mr. Fool was like this, what about her? What about them?

Lumian could guess what Franca was thinking now, why she paused, because he had similar associations and the same emotions were stirring deep in his heart.

After a moment of silence, Franca collected herself and continued, "If Zhou Mingrui is a transmigrator and was an ordinary person before, then where are his parents, relatives, classmates, friends, and close online friends?"

Lumian looked at the ice board covered with photos, sketches and notes, and said thoughtfully,

"In the dream, Zhou Mingrui has parents, but they're not in Yangdu. They live in a hometown that only exists in descriptions. Zhou Mingrui hardly contacts them, only conveying his greetings through Benson Zhou. Moreover, the setup of the dream parents clearly comes from Klein Moretti's parents.

"Similarly, the real-world prototypes for brother Benson Zhou and sister Zhou Sasa are Klein Moretti's brother Benson Moretti and sister Melissa Moretti.

"Among other relatives, friends, classmates, and online friends, perhaps only Peng Deng and Zhang Yujia are truly Zhou Mingrui's childhood friends."

Zhang Yujia was a mutual middle school and high school classmate of Zhou Mingrui and Peng Deng, and currently also worked in Yangdu.

She came from a well-off family and often traveled. She was currently on a so-called European trip. In the memories of the Major Arcana card holders, Zhang Yujia had never truly appeared. If not for her often sending postcards to Zhou Mingrui and Peng Deng, and occasionally chatting online, she could have been treated as a background figure like Zhou Mingrui's parents.

Franca concurred succinctly, "Now there are two issues:

"First, why have Zhou Mingrui's true relationships disappeared? Did Mr. Fool deliberately hide them himself, or did the Celestial Worthy tamper with them? If it's the former, why would Mr. Fool want to hide them? Is this a key point? If it's the latter, does this represent that the Celestial Worthy fears something?

"Second, given that other figures related to Zhou Mingrui haven't appeared in the dream city, the existence of Peng Deng and Zhang Yujia is even more suspicious. Adding to that, we previously saw Peng Deng's roommate Grisha appear at the emergency center. I think we need to shift our focus towards Peng Deng for now."

Lumian put himself in Mr. Fool's position and thought for a while.

"If I were Mr. Fool, and this dream city was the battlefield of my consciousness against the Celestial Worthy, my subconscious wouldn't want my real parents, relatives, classmates, and friends to be involved, even if they were just false dream manifestations, just my memories."

"Given the logic that Zhou Mingrui and Klein Moretti's cognitions have merged, the dream manifestations corresponding to Benson and Melissa shouldn't appear either," Franca joined the brainstorming session.

Lumian smiled. "Who says they were woven by Mr. Fool's subconscious?"

"What if the Celestial Worthy deliberately created them?"

"The Celestial Worthy knows Mr. Fool's experiences after transmigration, but has no way to investigate his relationships before transmigration?" Franca had a new guess based on Lumian's rhetorical question. "So, the dream manifestations corresponding to Benson, Melissa, and Danitz had to appear, but some were arranged outside the dream city, and some only have a very shallow relationship with Zhou Mingrui. Is this a subconscious protection of these dream manifestations, an external result of Mr. Fool's consciousness fighting against the Celestial Worthy?"

Lumian nodded. "If the Celestial Worthy isn't really clear about Mr. Fool's relationships before transmigration, doesn't that suggest He hasn't eroded and corrupted Mr. Fool's core consciousness yet?"

"Mm." Franca suddenly had a flash of insight. "I understand now why Siatas became Zhou Mingrui's roommate."

She stood up, walked to an area near the window, and paced back and forth a few steps.

"We previously suspected that the elves were former transmigrators. Now it seems they're more like descendants of the Western Continent bloodline who survived on the Northern and Southern Continents and the Five Seas.

"For Mr. Fool, these are the descendants of his fellow countrymen, so the relationship is very close, so he places them very near him.

"Similarly, the Intis Group where Zhou Mingrui works was founded by the transmigrator, Emperor Roselle, and the boss of the neighboring company is the heir of another transmigrator, the Ancient Sun God. These dream manifestations are all very close to Zhou Mingrui."

The more Franca spoke, the more she believed her interpretation of these symbols was correct.

She shifted her thoughts. "We've cross-checked within our Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society. The time we transmigrated to the current world was 1352, seven years ago. And according to the information provided by the Major Arcana card holders, Mr. Fool also fell asleep in 1352.

"Before Mr. Fool entered his slumber and confronted the Celestial Worthy, did he release all of us from the 'cocoons'?"

"It should be so." Lumian felt Franca's reasoning was sound.

He also stood up and said thoughtfully, "We'll leave the matter of contacting Peng Deng to Anthony. He can make more aggressive probes now.

"If we can figure out Peng Deng's true identity and the meaning of his existence, perhaps we can find a way to weaken the Celestial Worthy and awaken Mr. Fool."

At this point, Lumian paused, his eyes narrowing slightly.

"If there are no major errors in what we just discussed, then Zhou Sasa coming to Yangdu for university probably has strong symbolic meaning, and not a good one for Mr. Fool."

Logically, Zhou Sasa should be outside the dream city, not involved in this "battlefield".

Franca was suddenly alarmed. "When is Zhou Sasa arriving?"

"Wednesday," Lumian answered in a low voice. "It's already Monday now."

Franca hissed and said, "Before Zhou Sasa arrives in Yangdu, there must be substantial progress on both Peng Deng's side and An Xiaotian's side!"

Lumian nodded and said, "Yeah."

The two discussed this matter for a long time.

"You should actively leave the dream and return to reality in the morning to inquire about more detailed intelligence from the Ancient Sun God and that individual from the Aurora Order. Since Grisha appeared at the arranged scene, and Anthony was scared by hallucinations and actively left the dream after contacting Peng Deng, I suspect Peng Deng and his roommate are related to the Ancient Sun God. We lack sufficient intelligence to accurately judge this point. Also, don't forget to have Madam Magician check your physical condition," Franca finally instructed Lumian.

With a grin, Lumian replied, "I'm only worried that the Major Arcana card holders don't know enough, or that some intelligence is currently inaccessible to us.

"Afterwards, you should move to the background and switch positions with Anthony. Let him do the probing, and you shouldn't appear."

"Alright," Franca answered, finally leaving the state of focused discussion.

She noticed that the window area had brightened at some point. Outside the glass, the morning sunlight fell, carrying a hint of golden yellow, clarifying the entire sky and tinting the green leaves of the trees.

Birds chirped as they flew by, and occasional human voices could be heard, relaxed and soothing.

Morning had arrived.

The sun had risen.

Daylight had come.

Franca stared at this morning scene, almost silently murmuring to herself, "It's beautiful."

Sunlight penetrated through the glass, shining on her and Lumian, as if a great existence was gently comforting their hearts.

...

After Lumian returned to Xinhong District to tell Anthony about probing Peng Deng, Franca took the elevator to the 23rd floor and entered the apartment she and Jenna were renting.

As soon as she opened the door, she saw that Jenna was already awake and busy getting herself ready.

"So early?" Franca blurted out.

"It's not early. I need to carefully do my makeup. I have to walk around the company today. Who knows, I might be spotted by some film crew," Dreamscape Jenna said without turning her head.

Oh right, it's Monday, Jenna has to go to the Hall Film Company... But she's a dream manifestation now, will there be any slip-ups? Franca couldn't help but worry a little.

At this moment, Dreamscape Jenna went into the bathroom, and Luo Shan walked out of the bedroom, still sleepy-eyed.

Seeing Luo Fu, she greeted, "Nothing happened, right?"

She thought Luo Fu and Lumina stayed overnight at her place to personally confirm if there were any hidden dangers.

"Everything's normal, for now," Franca said, half reassuring and half stating facts.

She then told Luo Shan, "I'm going to resign."

"Huh?" Luo Shan was stunned.

Franca showed a gentle smile.

"I have to move to the background now, because if I get kicked out of the dream now, I'll truly die."

Luo Shan suddenly remembered the conversation between Luo Fu and Jian Na she had overheard last night. Some words she couldn't understand at the time now finally made sense.

She suddenly felt that she was no longer alone, and returned the smile.

"It's about the same for me."

Without the dreamscape, I would disappear too.

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## Chapter 1009: Boon

[ 1,696 words ]

### Chapter 1009 Boon

At Xinhong District, in the rented apartment.

After telling Anthony the results of his discussion with Franca, and instructing him to hand Ludwig over to Franca before probing Peng Deng, Lumian lay down on the bed.

He closed his eyes, entered a Cogitative state, and outlined his own phantom image in his mind.

Then, he imagined himself leaping from an extremely high place, rapidly falling in free fall.

In this state, he heard the whistling of wind in his ears.

But he didn't immediately leave the dream. He vaguely heard humans conversing in the wind, with words coming from different directions.

At this moment, Lumian seemed to return to Cordu Village, back to a warm summer afternoon. At that time, he was lying drowsily atop a haystack, with old women gathered nearby, picking lice off each other while gossiping about various rumors in the village. Children occasionally ran back and forth around them, farmers returned to the village early from their work, and members of the padre's family passed by grumbling...

Lumian opened his eyes, his nose still seeming to smell the scent of grass mixed with sheep dung.

He let out a breath, then rolled out of bed, walked out of the room, and came downstairs to the luxurious villa.

Madam Justice, Madam Magician, and Madam Judgment were all in the living room.

"Important intelligence?" Madam Justice understood that Lumian wouldn't actively exit the dream unless it was something very crucial.

And she hadn't noticed that the current real dream had a strong rejection towards Lumian, which meant Lumian wasn't kicked out of the dream.

"Yes." Lumian sat down on a single sofa, "It starts with a psychological trauma Franca saw in the underground area of Mushu Hospital."

Madam Justice looked at Lumian for a few seconds. "First, tell us how you rescued Two of Cups. Seven of Cups was kicked out of the dream too early and doesn't know much."

Smiling, Lumian replied, "I used the corpse wax candle."

"You completed a secret deed ritual and received feedback?" Madam Magician had already roughly guessed what had happened from the changes in Lumian's real body state and the stress response that appeared in Fourth Epoch Trier. Now she was just confirming.

Lumian verbally described what he saw, heard, and felt during the covenant ritual, and finally said, "The remnant aura of the Blood Emperor underwent a rather obvious change, and it fused a bit with the Underworld Daoist's seal. It seems like I've gained something extra, but I can't detect it."

As he spoke, he displayed the old blood spots hidden under the pale skin of his palm.

Madam Magician nodded slightly, countless dazzling starbursts lighting up and slowly rotating in the depths of her eyes.

After twenty or thirty seconds, she said with a hint of amusement, "I don't know whether to say you're lucky or unlucky."

"That terrifying will not only gazed upon you but also bestowed power upon you."

"But due to the lack of necessary rituals and the existence of the Underworld Daoist's seal, that power fused with the remnant aura of the Blood Emperor and is under seal, unable to be utilized. Otherwise, you'd already be a gifted War Bishop or something else by now."

"Although this power is sealed, it has still brought some effects to you. For example, the soul fragments of the Cordu villagers under my seal have undergone some mutations, preparing to become your 'soldiers'."

"No wonder I vaguely heard everyone's 'conversations' when I was leaving the dream just now Lumian suddenly realized."

So what he had gained was a new power.

Madam Magician continued, "Whether there are any hidden dangers in that power itself, I can't tell at the moment, but after it fused with the remnant aura of the Blood Emperor, there are certainly hidden dangers, and it has become more active."

At this point, Madam Magician paused. "Combined with the Omebella bloodline in your body, if not for the Underworld Daoist's seal, I'd suspect you might become pregnant in

response, unable to abort, giving birth to a deeply corrupted, mutated version of Alista Tudor.”

“Wouldn’t that make the Blood Emperor have to call me daddy?” Lumian, in his Demoness of Despair state, laughed.

“It would be mommy,” Madam Magician corrected.

Lumian didn’t continue this topic, instead turning to talk about how he entered the vortex, how he took advantage of the lightning strike to open a channel and rescue Franca.

“It seems our efforts were not in vain.” Madam Justice showed a gratified smile.

“Which deity does that incantation involve?” Lumian asked.

Madam Justice made an “mm” sound and said, “The Lord of Storms, that’s His true name. Don’t casually recite it. Lightning damage is area-of-effect and indiscriminate. Moreover, Mr. Fool’s avatars have triggered lightning strikes with this before. The subconscious perception is that the lightning brought by this incantation is very terrifying and highly destructive.”

Using a deity’s true name as an incantation? How is Mr. Fool’s incarnation even more like a Provoker than me? Lumian nodded slightly.

He was silent for two seconds before saying, “At that time, I was prepared for the possibility that I might collapse out of control due to the secret deed ritual, or even die. I had only one thought, which was to open the abyssal channel as quickly as possible, or destroy that illusory abyss.

“This might not have been enough, so I asked Jenna and Luo Shan to invite Zhou Mingrui, who was at Mushu Hospital’s emergency center, to come down to the underground area and take a look. I didn’t know if this would bring good results or bad changes, or how high the probability of fixing it would be if problems arose, but none of that was the most important thing at the moment.”

As he spoke, Lumian in his Demoness of Despair state slightly raised his chin.

Madam Justice, Madam Magician, and Madam Judgment all fell silent.

Lumian displayed a bright smile and continued, “If that would truly bring destructive results, and you monitored it, you could kill my body in the real world in advance to prevent all this.

“It would be good to die. If I died, I wouldn’t know anything, wouldn’t have to care about anything.”

After exchanging glances for a few seconds, Madam Justice, Madam Magician, and Madam Judgment sighed and showed warm smiles that calmed one's emotions.

"I don't agree with this style of yours, but I'm glad to see you have your own thoughts and choices."

Madam Magician also sighed and said, "If you encounter similar situations in the future, you can try reciting my honorific name. The power sealing those soul fragments in you comes from me. I can use them as a medium and, through the connection created by the honorific name, exert some influence, but success is not guaranteed.

"Also, if you're willing to pay the price of being permanently kicked out and unable to re-enter the dream city to escape a predicament, I can give you better incantations."

Lumian's straightened back relaxed a bit, and his chin was no longer slightly raised.

Curious, he inquired, "What incantation?"

"Chief Yagates's honorific name," Madam Magician smiled, "Reciting this outside the dream would have no effect, and might even unknowingly turn the reciter into a marionette of the Celestial Worthy. But reciting it in the dream can attract attention and open any channel. However, similarly, Chief Yagates is essentially a manifestation created by the fusion of Mr. Door's remnant spirit and the dream's subconscious, with special symbolism. His actions might be influenced by the Celestial Worthy, but relatively speaking, compared to reciting Mr. Fool's honorific name, this receives less interference."

"So it can be done like this Lumian said thoughtfully, "Were we perhaps following the surface rules of the dream city too strictly before? Always trying to play the role of citizens with Beyonder powers... Remember, you're just acting; it's essentially a dream

Madam Magician smiled and said, "We've thought about this issue too. The method of reciting the Chief's honorific name was my idea. But before finding exploitable rule loopholes, you'd better not casually break the rules. Otherwise, hehe, there are too many painful lessons from before. I won't list them one by one."

Lumian nodded, adjusted his state, and detailed the scene Franca saw in that psychological trauma at the bottom of the illusory abyss, the deductions she made, and the problems she discovered.

Finally, he said, "It was only after Franca realized that Mr. Fool was a transmigrator that she found she had previously overlooked names like Sherlock Moriarty and Merlin Hermes. Logically, she should have immediately deduced from these that Mr. Fool, like her, was also a transmigrator, though she would have guessed he came from another world.

"In the dream city, many of our ideas seem to have been restricted. We unconsciously overlooked certain things, like An Xiaotian's problem, like the evidence that Mr. Fool was a transmigrator. This might be the Celestial Worthy's will at work, creating a Fooling effect.

"And what He deliberately made us overlook and avoid, most likely hides the correct direction."

Madam Justice listened intently, her expression first showing a bit of bewilderment and surprise, but quickly revealing relief and emotion.

Madam Magician and Madam Judgment had similar reactions.

After Lumian finished speaking, Madam Justice's emerald eyes flickered as she recalled,

"You don't know under what kind of situation and in what way we first saw Mr. Fool, and what kind of performance he showed subsequently. So you certainly can't understand why we didn't think in the direction that Mr. Fool might be a transmigrator, an ordinary person who grew in strength a step at a time

"It was only after the Cordu Village disaster that I vaguely felt this possibility," Madam Magician added.

Madam Justice's expression became very gentle, with more smiles on her face.

"To have done so many things with a mortal body, to have reached this level, to use true human nature to confront the Celestial Worthy, I-I admire Mr. Fool even more, um, and also feel more sympathetic

Curious, Lumian inquired, "What things has Mr. Fool done?"

In his view, Mr. Fool now seemed closer. This great existence was once human, and was even a "fellow countryman" with Aurore.

And Lumian only knew about things related to Gehrman Sparrow and what was told in the Bible.

"We can tell you about it properly, but now let's first discuss the key issues you've discovered," Madam Justice said with a smile.

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## Chapter 1010: Interpreting Symbols

[ 1,682 words ]

Lumian organized his thoughts and explained about the manifestations possibly being an identity, "Zhou Mingrui's" identity lacking corresponding interpersonal relationships, Peng Deng and Zhang Yujia's existence seeming more special, and Peng Deng's roommate Grisha appearing in the emergency center of Mushu Hospital.

"From a transmigrator's perspective, there are indeed problems with the corresponding details. Zhou Mingrui seems to be just a name, while the person who shares an apartment with Siatas and others, works at the Intis Group, and has a brother named Benson and a sister named Sasa is more like Klein Moretti." Madam Justice nodded slowly. "Except for the dream city itself and Peng Deng and Zhang Yujia, no other important figures originate from the First Epoch or before."

She temporarily treated the super-ancient era mentioned by Two of Cups as history from the First Epoch or before.

So far, the Tarot Club had almost no understanding of events before the Second Epoch.

As she spoke, Madam Justice fell silent, seeming lost in thought.

Madam Magician glanced at her and said to Lumian, "Since Peng Deng and Grisha may involve the Ancient Sun God, let me first tell you the relevant information we know, of course, limited to the part you can access."

At this moment, Jenna sensed the activity in the living room and came down from the second floor.

She looked around, quietly found a place to sit down, and joined Lumian in listening to Madam Magician talk about matters related to the Ancient Sun God.

Madam Magician considered for a moment and said, "I've told you before that the source of all supernatural powers can be traced back to the original Creator."

Lumian and Jenna nodded simultaneously.

Madam Magician continued, "The original Creator created this world, and at some point disintegrated Himself, splitting into the Beyonder characteristics of different pathways. Well, it may have been the terrifying impact of His self-disintegration that completely destroyed the super-ancient civilization where Mr. Fool and Two of Cups lived, with only some humans surviving, ushering in the First Epoch, what we call the Chaos Epoch."

"Was the Celestial Worthy born at that time? Mr. Fool and Franca should have been suspended above that light door before the collapse of the super-ancient civilization," Lumian said words that Jenna currently couldn't understand the specific meaning of.

Madam Magician pondered for a few seconds and said, "Based on the knowledge we currently possess, the final Creator simultaneously had tendencies towards separation and convergence. Before He completely disintegrated, there should have already been a split in His personality, or rather, His divine nature. The Celestial Worthy may belong to one of the divine natures that split off, so the Celestial Worthy's spiritual imprint, like that of the original Creator, cannot be erased and will always exist within the corresponding Beyonder characteristics."

Jenna understood this part and blurted out, "Then doesn't that mean Mr. Fool can never truly defeat the Celestial Worthy?"

"He can only both merge and oppose, gaining some advantage over the long course of time," Madam Magician said with a bitter smile. "There's a saying in the dream city that makes a lot of sense: In the long run, we all die."

Lumian, Jenna, and the others fell silent.

Madam Magician composed herself and said, "Other divine natures also split off at that time, one of which you can call God Almighty."

"The history of the First Epoch might be the history of God Almighty opposing the Celestial Worthy. This is our only understanding of that period of history, and we can't guarantee its accuracy. Anyway, at the end of the First Epoch, something unknown happened, and both fell simultaneously. The Beyonder characteristics split more thoroughly, and the first Blasphemy Slate was left behind in some secret place."

The first Blasphemy Slate that recorded the twenty-two paths of the divine.

"Did God Almighty occupy the pathways of Spectator and Secrets Suppliant?" Lumian roughly understood what Madam Magician wanted to say.

Madam Magician nodded and said, "The five pathways of Spectator, Secrets Suppliant, Reader, Sailor, and Bard, symbolizing omniscience and omnipotence."

"Five pathways..." It wasn't Lumian or Jenna who marveled, but Madam Justice.

Of course, Lumian and Jenna were also shocked—the Celestial Worthy and Mr. Fool only occupied three pathways!

"The number of pathways isn't the key to how powerful these great existences are," Madam Magician briefly explained without going into detail. "The Ancient Sun God became a deity based on the Bard pathway, collecting the Uniqueness and the

minimum required Sequence 1 Beyond characteristics of the corresponding pathways. Later, He was betrayed and fell, splitting apart. But various signs indicate that before His fall, He had actually encountered what Mr. Fool experienced—God Almighty had revived within Him.

"After the Ancient Sun God fell, His legacy was divided into five parts. One part He had pre-divided to the Angel of Imagination, another part nurtured the True Creator and the second Blasphemy Slate on His remains, and the remaining three parts were divided among the three Kings of Angels at the time."

Madam Magician didn't say what happened to those three Kings of Angels later, but Lumian and Jenna vaguely guessed something.

"A few years ago, that Angel of Imagination became a god and obtained, well, I don't know if it was the second or first Blasphemy Slate. Anyway, He used it to go to the Forsaken Land of the Gods and merge with the True Creator.

"That's roughly how things are. I can't guarantee the accuracy of the specific details," Madam Magician finally said.

As soon as she finished speaking, Madam Justice emerged from her contemplation and looked at Lumian and Jenna, saying, "I have a guess about the identities and symbolism of Peng Deng, Grisha, and Zhang Yujia."

...

In the dream city, inside a coffee shop.

After handing Ludwig over to Franca, Anthony used the pretext of continuing their previous consultation to arrange a meeting with Peng Deng.

He was prepared to rent an unfurnished apartment and pay a renovation deposit. After all, Zhou Shasha would arrive in Yang City the day after tomorrow, and they might not even have a chance to spend the remaining money they had!

Seeing Peng Deng put down his black laptop backpack and sit across from him, Anthony smiled and greeted him, "I have a friend who knows Zhou Mingrui. I heard you're Zhou Mingrui's childhood friend?"

Anthony wasn't worried that this statement would trigger too obvious a change, as it was a common negotiation tactic—drawing closer to get a better price.

After placing his phone to his right, Peng Deng raised his head.

A smile appeared on his unremarkable face. "Yes, I'm not only Zhou Mingrui's childhood friend, I'm also other people's childhood friend."

Childhood friend of others... Why specifically emphasize this? Whose childhood friend is he besides? Anthony's mind suddenly tensed.

...

Trier, inside a luxurious villa.

Madam Justice stood up and used her right hand to draw a semi-transparent, dreamlike wooden board.

"Peng Deng once made Four of Swords have hallucinations due to his own fear, causing him to actively leave the dream," Madam Justice said while making Peng Deng's photo and this sentence materialize virtually and stick to the wooden board.

Next, she outlined Grisha's portrait.

"This is Peng Deng's roommate, who appeared in the emergency center of Mushu Hospital last night.

"This is Nie Zhen, Peng Deng's girlfriend."

After adding Nie Zhen's illusory photo, Madam Justice paused and said, "This is the boss of Aurora Company, and Aurora Company corresponds to the Aurora Order in reality. Their boss most likely symbolizes that True Creator, closely related to the Ancient Sun God."

As she spoke, Madam Justice also pasted the photo of the half-naked body of Aurora Company's boss onto the dreamlike wooden board.

After two seconds, Madam Justice continued in a slow voice, "Zhang Yujia once sent Zhou Mingrui a postcard with an image of Sedlec Ossuary.

"For a long time, the Sedlec Ossuary was the iconic possession of the Angel of Imagination."

After Zhang Yujia's file photo was also pasted onto the illusory wooden board, Madam Justice smiled and said, "When the Spectator pathway reaches the sequence of Dreamweaver, one can split off past identities or personalities, turning them into seemingly real people who can sleep normally, eat normally, socialize normally, and work normally.

"Now, there are a total of five people listed on the blackboard, and there are five pathways related to omniscience and omnipotence..."

Before Madam Justice could state her conclusion, Anthony suddenly came down from upstairs.

Seeing Madam Magician, Lumian, and the others, he explained, "After interacting with Peng Deng today, I was kicked out of the dream. This time it wasn't because of fear.

"However, I gleaned some information from Peng Deng's hints."

Seeing everyone's eyes turn to him, Anthony paused, then said solemnly, "Peng Deng is not only Zhou Mingrui's childhood friend, he's likely also the Celestial Worthy's childhood friend!"

Hearing this, Madam Justice's lips curved slightly, revealing a smile.

She pointed at the illusory photos on the semi-transparent blackboard and said, "It's the same for Peng Deng, and the same for Zhang Yujia.

"Peng Deng's girlfriend Nie Zhen and his roommate Grisha, as well as the boss of Aurora Company whose origin is easiest to discern, all point to the same symbolism."

"The Celestial Worthy's childhood friend is God Almighty?" Lumian roughly understood what Peng Deng specifically symbolized.

And this symbolism, influenced by the characteristics of the Spectator pathway, had undergone a split, not just in Peng Deng, but in the other four people as well.

"One of the people who least wants the Celestial Worthy to resurrect might be that God Almighty, which is why He specifically arranged to guide you to discover the corresponding psychological trauma in the underground area of Mushu Hospital," Madam Magician said in a tone of sudden realization.

Madam Justice thought for a moment and said in a lowered voice, "If the one currently worshiped by the Aurora Order enters the dream, He should be able to choose one of these five forms as His body. It could be Peng Deng, it could be Nie Zhen, it could be Grisha, it could be Zhang Yujia, or it could be the boss of Aurora Company."

Madam Magician suddenly had a new idea.

"Peng Deng and Grisha are roommates, and Nie Zhen is about to move in with them. Does this symbolize that the trinity is merging?"

"Does moving out represent separation and opposition?"

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