

# Circle of Inevitability

## Chapter 1031: Gehrman Sparrow

[ 1,542 words ]

Just like when Lumian entered the surveillance world, after Franca's vision recovered, she found herself standing on the deck of a three-masted sailing ship, surrounded by undulating azure waves and howling winds.

In front of her, at the bow of the ship, stood a young man wearing a silk top hat, dressed in a long black coat, clean-shaven, with a lean but angular face, bright eyes behind gold-rimmed glasses.

Gehrman Sparrow.

The protagonist of The Great Pirate 3 movie, quite similar to Zhou Mingrui but more stern-looking.

Gehrman Sparrow suddenly turned his gaze towards Franca, expressionless, his eyes cold and piercing.

Franca instinctively stepped back twice, forcing herself to stand firm.

Gehrman Sparrow observed her for a few seconds-her high ponytail, white T- shirt, and loose gray pants-and asked in a calm voice, "Are you Tracy's elder?"

Tracy was the name of the Pirate Admiral, Ailment Maiden.

He recognizes me as a Demoness? Franca glanced at Gehrman Sparrow's left palm hanging at his side, seemingly covered in a layer of human skin, and said sincerely, "I'm a subordinate of the Demoness of Black. She is the child of the Demoness of White. We are not on good terms."

This was all the honest truth.

According to Franca's understanding, lying in front of Gehrman Sparrow was a very low-yield behavior. Once exposed, one would immediately face an attack like a violent storm.

Moreover, Franca wasn't clear about what souls were actually grazing inside the glove-shaped Sealed Artifact Creeping Hunger when the real Gehrman Sparrow met Ailment Maiden Tracy. She only knew that in Madam Magician's embellished story, the glove at

this time could allow Gehrman Sparrow to use the mind-reading ability of a Psychiatrist, so lying was indeed a high-risk behavior.

Therefore, honesty was the best policy!

The gold-rimmed glasses-wearing Gehrman Sparrow observed Franca for a few seconds and said, "What is your purpose?"

Lumian had said that although the Gehrman Sparrow in the movie isn't exactly the same as the real Gehrman Sparrow, the original author of the movie was Madam Magician. When creating The Great Pirate 3, she would inevitably incorporate her own understanding of Gehrman Sparrow. At that time, she already knew that Gehrman Sparrow was an avatar of Mr. Fool, and driven by her subconscious, she would likely integrate some of Mr. Fool's personality and choices as well. So, to convince Gehrman Sparrow to accept such an absurd thing, one has to approach from this angle... Franca's thoughts raced, and she blurted out, "We are the same kind!

"We are both transmigrators!"

Gehrman Sparrow looked at Franca without speaking.

He was holding a revolver in his right hand.

Franca explained seriously, "We are transmigrators in time. Hehe, actually, it's not transmigration, but being frozen in a special place by a great existence, only to be returned to reality after thousands or tens of thousands of years, or even longer. You are like this, and so am I."

Before Gehrman Sparrow could refute or simply shoot her, Franca quickly added, "The name Gehrman comes from 'Bloodborne', and Sparrow is the surname of Captain Jack from 'Pirates of the Caribbean'. They are spliced together to form your name."

After saying this, Franca felt that the pressure from Gehrman Sparrow's gaze had noticeably lessened.

She let out an undisguised sigh of relief and continued, "The reason I've come to find you is that the end of days will come early, and you have inherited the legacy of the great existence that froze us. You are a key part in facing the apocalypse.

"Are you willing to leave here with me to face the apocalypse?"

After making her request, Franca smiled awkwardly but politely. "Do you believe what I've said?"

Gehrman Sparrow looked at Franca without saying a word, making her extremely nervous.

After a moment, Gehrman Sparrow said in a low voice, "I can give it a try.

"But if I find out you're lying..."

In a flash, he raised his revolver, aiming at Franca's head.

Bang!

A bullet flew out, grazing Franca's head and hitting the nearby cabin.

Gehrman Sparrow lowered his revolver without saying anything more.

I have a Mirror Substitution... Franca grumbled internally.

She quickly approached Gehrman Sparrow and grabbed his arm.

"I'll take you to the gathering point right now!"

Yes, her assigned task was to find the currently playing The Great Pirate 3 movie, enter the screen when the dream appeared abnormal but was about to stabilize, and bring the Gehrman Sparrow character into the dream city!

Wouldn't such a movie character dissipate quickly after leaving the screen and entering the dream city? Moreover, my Despair potion hasn't been fully digested yet. What if the dream shatters because of this? At the crucial moment, Franca's heart pounded, feeling very uneasy.

She didn't hesitate for long. Gritting her teeth, she silently said to herself, Trust that guy!

Trust that the Major Arcana card holders can still remedy this!

At worst, I'll revert to a Demoness of Affliction level!

As her inner voice echoed, Franca, holding Gehrman Sparrow's arm, moved towards the outside of the screen.

...

Inside Yangdu High-Speed Rail Station, half in deep darkness and half in dim light.

Zhou Mingrui looked at Lumian in front of him and said, "You still chose the Gehrman Sparrow direction?"

His voice was steady, without a hint of fluctuation, like a teacher pointing out a student's mistake.

"Yes," Lumian smiled and said, "But it's not An Xiaotian, nor Jia Yu. These were all options meant to mislead us."

"My companion Franca went to watch The Great Pirate 3 movie. It should be one of the last screenings. She is the Demoness of Despair and can enter the screen to bring out the Gehrman Sparrow from the movie."

Lumian emphasized the name "Franca", as if wanting the Celestial Worthy to remember it.

Zhou Mingrui smiled slightly and said, "A movie character can only maintain its form for three seconds after leaving the screen."

"What about adding the Gehrman Sparrow dream manifestation woven by a Dreamweaver, the numerous Gehrman Sparrow anchors in reality, and the widely spread stories and poems about Gehrman Sparrow?" Lumian asked as if in casual conversation.

...

Trier, inside a luxurious villa.

Madam Justice, who was monitoring the changes in the dream city, suddenly stood up and said to all the Major Arcana card holders, "The anomaly has appeared. Let's begin."

Her voice was a bit tense, her heart seemingly not as calm as her exterior.

Madam Magician immediately rose from the sofa and half-opened her arms.

A brilliant, dreamlike starlight gate appeared in the bedroom where Franca was sleeping, appearing in the shadowless sunlight.

This grand door opened heavily, revealing the faint grayish-white fog inside.

Within the fog, a city of indeterminate size faintly appeared.

Madam Magician didn't stop, forcibly opening another "door", an opening, on that grayish-white fog.

At this moment, her face became semi-transparent, with strange, brilliantly shimmering worms wriggling and crawling through her pores and hair.

Madam Justice saw the movie theater where Franca was through that hole in the gray fog, then closed her emerald-like eyes, raised her right hand, and began to carefully weave the dream manifestation of Gehrman Sparrow.

On the other side, Mr. Sun placed The Fool's Sacred Emblem on the already prepared altar and began to pray to the Angel of Redemption Gehrman Sparrow as usual, praising him repeatedly.

As a demigod of the Sun pathway and the pope of the Church of The Fool, his prayers and praises quickly brought changes to the altar. Points of holy light appeared, surrounding the giant Sacred Emblem of The Fool, making the surroundings seem more sacred and solemn.

At this moment, Ma'am Hermit, who had arrived nearby, removed the thick glasses perched on her nose bridge. Imitating Gehrman Sparrow, she placed her hand on her chest and bowed.

Instantly, a scene appeared above the altar.

In the scene, Gehrman Sparrow, wearing a silk top hat and black coat, walked step by step across a desolate land in a dark environment illuminated by flashes of lightning, followed by a long line of people.

This was Mystical Re-enactment of the Mystery Prayer pathway.

Gehrman Sparrow's rescue of the citizens of the City of Silver and Moon City was also considered mystical knowledge, and could become a spell through Mystical Re-enactment. However, because too many people knew about it, its corresponding power was very weak.

But Ma'am Hermit's purpose in deliberately creating this "Path of Salvation" spell was not to deal with enemies or help herself. Her sole aim was to solidify the image of Gehrman Sparrow.

As "Gehrman Sparrow" arrived on the altar due to Mystical Re-enactment, the points of holy light immediately crowded around him, swelling slightly, and emitting ethereal voices:

"Praise you, great Angel of Redemption!"

"Praise you, herald of Mr. Fool!"

"Please save me from suffering, great Gehrman Sparrow!"

"I confess to you, seeking redemption!"

"My idol is Gehrman Sparrow!"

"I want to become a great adventurer!"

“ ... ”

Voices related to Gehrman Sparrow echoed in layers, seemingly stabilizing and materializing the image of Gehrman Sparrow on the altar platform to some degree.

Meanwhile, at the entrance to the dream city opened by Madam Magician.

Madam Justice successfully wove a Gehrman Sparrow wearing a silk top hat and long black coat inside the movie theater where Franca's figure had already entered the screen.

Throughout the process, she didn't feel strong rejection from the dream.

However, as soon as Gehrman Sparrow's dream manifestation took shape, it only lasted for three seconds before uncontrollably and silently collapsing and dissipating.

Seeing this, the few spectators present instinctively applauded.

They increasingly believed that the beautiful young lady entering the screen earlier was part of a magic performance.

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## Chapter 1032: The Power of Many

[ 1,615 words ]

Madam Justice didn't give up, once again weaving a new Gehrman Sparrow identity.

At this time, silhouettes appeared in the thin gray fog surrounding the dream city. They quickly swam towards the passage opened by Madam Magician, bringing violent tremors and self-contraction to the "door".

Madam Magician struggled against this, not letting the dream door close, not letting Madam Justice's attempt to weave Gehrman Sparrow's dream manifestation be interrupted.

Mr. Hanged Man, who had already put down his liquor turned his gaze towards this direction, his hand already holding a blasphemous card.

The Tyrant card!

Boom!

Thunder crashed, and layers of intertwining silvery- white lightning struck the black silhouettes in the thin gray fog, making them writhe and struggle before dissipating, unable to approach the passage opened by Madam Magician.

Madam Justice remained unaffected, continuing to weave Gehrman Sparrow's dream manifestation.

In the altar, once the Gehrman Sparrow image created by Mystical Re-enactment was temporarily stabilized po by countless anchors, Mr. Star, who had been standing by the window, walked step by step towards this area.

As he walked, he recited:

"Like a storm petrel, soaring without yield,

"Knowing the tempest, mastering the field,

"Compelling them to peace,

"Brewing calm into rich release[1]..."

As the poem echoed, the sunlight in the room suddenly dimmed, as if clouds had drifted in.

Gehrman Sparrow on the altar closed his eyes in response, entering a deep slumber.

Now, he too was dreaming.

It was a nightmare, but also hope.

Seeing this scene, Mr. Moon, who had been quietly enduring the scorching sunlight, let his black cloak rise up behind him, like a giant bat spreading its wings.

He flew to the starlight gate opened by Madam Magician, entered that illusory passage, and arrived outside the hole leading into the dream city.

He didn't try to enter again, but turned around, reached out his hands, and created an illusory, hazy door inscribed with numerous mystical symbols out of thin air.

This was the Door of Summoning. Door of Summoning from Sequence 3 High Summoner of the Moon pathway.

Mr. Moon wanted to summon Gehrman Sparrow, the current Gehrman Sparrow on the altar!

The next second, he opened his mouth and began to chant the corresponding honorific names and specific summoning incantations in ancient Hermes, "The Blessed of the spirit world and Sefirah Castle:

"The Mystery stemming from ancient times;

"The witness of an extended history;

"Angel who redeems mankind;

"Protector of all impoverished children;

"The great Gehrman Sparrow..."

In this kind of summoning directed at the false, the entire honorific name had to be recited.

As the subsequent incantations also echoed, that illusory, hazy door suddenly opened wide, revealing a boundless darkness dotted with stars and fluttering shadows.

But to Mr. Moon's slight disappointment, the Gehrman Sparrow image on the altar only turned to the side, with no other movement.

The power of reality seemed to be preventing this false event.

...

In the Yangdu High-Speed Rail Station, half in deep darkness.

Lumian looked at Zhou Mingrui and said to himself, "These all come from Mr. Fool's arrangements, all guided by fate.

"Since Mr. Fool sealed you, the Celestial Worthy, with this self-image of Zhou Mingrui, before he truly gains a significant advantage, awakening Mr. Fool would be equivalent to awakening you, the Celestial Worthy. So what we need is not awakening, but creating The World Gehrman Sparrow out of thin air in the dream.

"Only in this way will he not be a product of the merged consciousness of Mr. Fool and you, the Celestial Worthy, but pure and uncontaminated.

"His source is the believer anchors of Gehrman Sparrow, the cognition of Gehrman Sparrow by a large number of humans in the real world and the dream city, and the understanding of Mr. Fool by the Major Arcana card holders of the Tarot Club, not involving you, the Celestial Worthy.

"This is equivalent to Mr. Fool dragging you into slumber together, then creating a highly related identity that can stably exist with the help of others to wield authority on his behalf. The gradual strengthening of this identity will help him gain an advantage using the corresponding authority, ultimately truly sealing you and awakening himself.

"This is the correct interpretation of the prophecy 'The awakening of The World spells The Fool's return'.

"This is also what you've been wary of all along, which is why you replaced the dream manifestations related to Gehrman Sparrow and had your subordinates infiltrate the Church of The Fool, trying to make the final formed Gehrman Sparrow point to you instead of Mr. Fool.

"In that case, it would become 'The awakening of The World spells the Celestial Worthy's return',"

Zhou Mingrui calmly laughed twice, "What if your judgment and choices are all wrong?"

Lumian shrugged and said, "If they're wrong, then they're wrong.

"I never thought I would succeed in everything I do. On the contrary, I've always considered myself a failure.

"Failure is not scary. The failures of the Major Arcana card holders have paved the way for us, and our failures will also eliminate wrong answers for the future lucky coin holders and point out the correct, direction. This attempt will certainly delay the time for you, the Celestial Worthy, to achieve victory.

"In the time to come, there will be batch after batch of lucky coin holders arriving, standing on our shoulders, continuing to climb, looking further, until the true apocalypse arrives."

At this point, Lumian smiled at Zhou Mingrui, "This is very similar to a saying I learned in the dream city.

"Success doesn't have to be achieved by me, but I must contribute to its achievement!"

Zhou Mingrui fell silent.

...

In Trier, inside the luxurious villa, in Franca's bedroom.

As Madam Justice suffered another failure and began weaving Gehrman Sparrow's dream manifestation for the third time, while Mr. Hanged Man continued using lightning

to prevent those black shadows in the gray fog from approaching the "door", Mr. Moon repeated the summoning incantation once more.

The Gehrman Sparrow on the altar, with his eyes closed, swayed, wanting to respond to the summoning in his dream, but unable to overcome the power of reality.

At this moment, around Mr. Star's emerald eyes, transparent worms seemingly with twelve segments crawled out.

They quickly formed a complex mystical symbol.

The symbol representing deception!

Almost simultaneously, Madam Judgment approached the altar and said in ancient Hermes, "Truth recedes here, while illusion grows stronger!"

Suddenly, the air in the bedroom solidified.

Gehrman Sparrow's figure first disappeared from the altar, then crossed that mysterious hazy summoning door, appearing in front of Mr. Moon, appearing in the passage opened by Madam Magician, appearing outside the hole leading into the dream city.

Then, Gehrman Sparrow's destination was also "deceived".

This character image created jointly by Mystical Reenactment, numerous anchors, and nightmare power flickered as it flew towards the dream city.

Suddenly, in the dark void outside the gray fog, silhouettes of people emerged.

They bypassed the lightning storm, charging one after another towards the "door" opened by Madam Magician, towards Gehrman Sparrow.

At this critical moment, no Major Arcana card holder could spare a hand or stop them in time.

Madam Judgment couldn't help but look out the window.

Madam Tinekerr and Madam Sharron had also arrived, guarding against accidents. Would They be able to act in time?

A moment later, Madam Magician saw a lighter-colored mist spreading outside the gray fog. Within the mist, there seemed to be a wilderness, a river.

Those figures flying towards Gehrman Sparrow crashed into the mist and suddenly disappeared.

Finally, Gehrman Sparrow, carrying numerous anchors, arrived inside the movie theater in the dream city.

At this time, Madam Justice had woven Gehrman Sparrow's dream manifestation for the third time.

The two Gehrman Sparrows attracted each other and merged together.

"Gehrman Sparrow!"

"Gehrman Sparrow!"

The audience in the movie theater started shouting loudly.

With these shouts, the newly appeared Gehrman Sparrow became clearer, noticeably more stable.

But he still kept his eyes tightly closed, as if he didn't have a soul yet.

The repulsive force of the dream descended.

At this moment, Franca, pulling the Gehrman Sparrow from the movie, ran out of the screen.

Then, she saw another Gehrman Sparrow in front of her, also wearing a silk top hat and long black coat.

This is... Franca had no time to think about anything else, as she caught a glimpse of the Gehrman Sparrow behind her starting to rapidly dissipate.

She gritted her teeth and, following the guidance of her Demoness of Despair spiritual intuition, pulled the Gehrman Sparrow from the movie towards the one in front.

The next second, she let go of the arm of the Gehrman Sparrow from the movie, watching as he was attracted and drawn by mystical forces, actively approaching the other Gehrman Sparrow and merging into him.

Rumble!

Terrifying noises came from midair again.

This time, it didn't sound like thunder rumbling, but closer to the collapse of the dream.

"Oh..." Franca suddenly made a surprised sound.

...

Inside Yangdu High-Speed Rail Station, the collapsed half remained in deep darkness.

Lumian looked up at the rumbling sky, then smiled at Zhou Mingrui, who was standing at the edge, just one step away from falling into darkness.

"Their attempt seems to have succeeded.

"Using countless anchors, Mystery Pryer powers, and Nightmare powers to create a Gehrman Sparrow image in reality, then finding a way to send him into the dream city to combine with the Gehrman Sparrow dream manifestation woven by the Dreamweaver wasn't a plan I came up with. It was a plan the Major Arcana card holders, had long ago, but hadn't had the chance to implement.

"My contribution was to suggest that the Gehrman Sparrow manifestation from the movie was the earliest to appear, produced out of thin air, and that a Demoness of Despair could bring him out of the screen. Why not try combining all three?

"Well, I had another contribution: creating such an opportunity."

Zhou Mingrui listened calmly, without any emotional change.

Suddenly, Lumian's smile became radiant, and he said softly to Zhou Mingrui, "My Despair potion has been fully digested."

[1] The last two lines are adapted from Rilke's "Day in Autumn"

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## Chapter 1033: Worth It

[ 1,756 words ]

Inside the movie theater.

Franca let out a surprised "Oh, because she felt her Despair potion fully digested.

Has Lumian's plan succeeded? This thought suddenly occurred to Franca.

Although she wasn't clear on exactly what Lumian intended to do or how, she remembered Lumian saying that once her Despair potion was digested, it would mean

this operation had achieved its expected purpose, Mr. Fool would awaken to some degree, and the dream would completely collapse in a few minutes.

Franca instinctively looked towards Gehrman Sparrow to her side, and saw the roof of the movie theater collapsing inch by inch. But the corresponding heavy objects didn't crash onto the seats and floor, instead falling into the void and disappearing completely.

At the same time, white light emanated from the few audience members present, flying into Gehrman Sparrow's body.

Franca suddenly realized what these white lights were: they were the impressions, cognitions, and understandings of Gehrman Sparrow from different audience members!

As the dream approached collapse, these audience members revealed their illusory nature, and their corresponding memories split off on their own. becoming anchors and information to nourish and enrich Gehrman Sparrow's image.

From different parts of the dream city, more similar white lights rushed over.

It really worked... Franca joyfully raised her head, looking up to the heights no longer obscured by movie theater's roof.

The originally dark sky had collapsed in large patches, revealing terrifying deep blackness and thin grayish- white fog.

It was like a building whose walls had crumbled in an earthquake, but with the beams and pillars still standing, the skeleton still intact.

...

Inside Yangdu High-Speed Rail Station.

After hearing Lumian say his Despair potion had been fully digested, Zhou Mingrui, standing at the edge of the deep darkness, smiled gently, "That's good."

Lumian was stunned for a moment. "Mr. Fool?"

Zhou Mingrui nodded slightly, "It's me now."

He smiled and said, "You all did very well."

Smiling, Lumian replied, "If you hadn't sealed away most of the Celestial Worthy's power, including His thinking ability, we would have had no chance of success."

Lumian was still carefully using "sealed" to describe Zhou Mingrui's original state, but the truth might not be so.

He had been saying this all along, mixing a bit of falsehood into his truth as he told the Celestial Worthy his guesses, judgments, and plans. Besides wanting to delay time, there was also an intention to reinforce the Celestial Worthy's cognition in this regard.

Of course, whether this was true or false, after today. it would become true!

Zhou Mingrui shook his head and smiled. "Relying on myself alone, it was already extremely difficult to restrain the Celestial Worthy. Without your help, the outcome might have been completely different.

"For example, if you hadn't driven out Zaratul in advance, today's operation would definitely have had setbacks, and the awakened World might have pointed towards the Celestial Worthy.

"And if it weren't for the help of those friends in the Western Continent, the Celestial Worthy might have had a chance to turn the tables in the end."

So the Celestial Worthy's backup plan, the preparations made for the arrangements left by the original God Almighty, was intercepted and prevented by certain existences in the Western Continent. My original plan was just to race against time, using the concealment of the Evernight Goddess to complete the fusion of the three Gehrman Sparrow images before the Celestial Worthy's backup plan could truly take effect... The Celestial Master, or the Underworld Daoist? Lumian made a sound of agreement and said with feeling, "Indeed, without the efforts and groundwork laid by the Major Arcana card holders before, even if we had deciphered the true meaning of all the symbols today, we wouldn't have had time to create the character of Gehrman Sparrow. We could only have watched helplessly as the situation tilted towards the Celestial Worthy's side.

"Similarly, without the hints from Peng Deng and Amon, we might still be exploring directions now, with the Celestial Worthy's fatal blow about to arrive..."

Seeing that Lumian was very clearheaded and rational in recognizing this point, Zhou Mingrui nodded with satisfaction.

Lumian didn't go on to talk about the contributions of gods and people like Stiano, Leodero, and Anderson, but asked eagerly, "Mr. Fool, can Aurore, my sister, really be resurrected?"

Zhou Mingrui looked at Lumian and said in a calm voice, "With her soul fragments sealed inside you and not dissipated, if you were a Beyonder of the Seer pathway and had advanced to Miracle Invoker, then with my help, you could Graft one of your resurrections onto your sister's soul fragments. allowing her to truly return.

"But now, you can only rely on the resurrection of the Demoness pathway to separate your sister in the future."

Seeing Lumian fall into thought, Zhou Mingrui added, "You can no longer change pathways, and after your advancement to Demoness of Despair, Aurore's soul fragments have already fused with you to some extent. If you were to regress back to the beginning using the Sun pathway, her soul fragments wouldn't be able to withstand it and would completely dissipate."

Lumian was silent for a few seconds before saying, "Will the resurrection achieved through the Demoness pathway in the future be an essential resurrection, a true resurrection?"

"Yes," Zhou Mingrui sighed and said, "But wishes are often distorted, and the way they are realized may not be what you want. Just like when you saved my believer back then, I noticed you and foresaw that you would play an important role in the matter of dreams in the future, so I gave you the aura of the gray fog and my imprint. But I didn't expect this prophecy would be fulfilled in such a warped manner, and my actions were also part of the prophecy."

"So that old man was your believer." Lumian suddenly realized.

He laughed calmly. "Without the aura of the gray fog, perhaps I would never have met Aurore, never had that life in Cordu, and Aurore would still have been noticed by April's Fool, still been troubled by Roche Louise Sanson, and maybe wouldn't even have had a chance at resurrection."

At this point, Lumian took a breath and said, "I understand."

"As long as it's an essential, true resurrection, I can accept any form of realization."

Zhou Mingrui nodded slightly and extended his right palm. "You can give me that bottle of Samaritan Women's Spring water processed by Mr. Azik now."

As Lumian took out the small golden bottle from his Traveler's Bag, he asked puzzledly, "Mr. Fool, now that Gehrman Sparrow has been 'born', you don't need to drink this spring water anymore, right? The Celestial Worthy is sealed within you, so Him drinking is equivalent to you drinking, and besides, this only has a very weak effect on Sequence 0 True Gods."

The small golden bottle suddenly appeared in Zhou Mingrui's right hand, while Lumian's hand was now empty.

"I still need to sleep for a while longer." Zhou Mingrui said with a smile. "Now is the opportunity to fuse with the Celestial Worthy and better resist Him, and this bottle of spring water is the medium."

"Gehrman Sparrow will become The Fool, embodying a bit of my will, until I fully awaken."

"Still need to fuse with the Celestial Worthy?" Lumian asked in confusion.

Zhou Mingrui nodded. "Yes, both fusing and resisting; this is currently the only path."

"Doesn't that mean..." Lumian suddenly closed his mouth, remembering a certain mystical knowledge he knew.

The spiritual imprint of the original Creator within the Beyonder characteristics was indestructible, including those of the original God Almighty and The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings!

Zhou Mingrui smiled and said, "No matter how I clinch victory, no matter how much you help me, in the long run, the one who will ultimately win this confrontation will inevitably be the Celestial Worthy."

Seeing Lumian fall silent, Zhou Mingrui continued with a gentle expression, "Most humans know they only have a few decades of life and are destined to pass away in the not-too-distant future, but this doesn't prevent them from enjoying their lives, from doing meaningful things, from being happy, suffering, sad, moved, satisfied, and missing others.

"You've also seen from Roselle's experience during this time that there is a lot of truth within dreams, that hope lies hidden at the end of despair, and that a moment's brilliance might point towards eternity."

Lumian was speechless for a moment.

After about ten seconds, he sighed. "Resisting every day, being eroded, trying to fuse, continuing for tens of thousands or hundreds of thousands of years, or even longer, wouldn't it be very tiring?"

"Wouldn't it be like before, when you still maintained self-awareness, but suddenly found yourself smiling strangely in the mirror?"

"It would." Zhou Mingrui sighed with a smile. "When I fully awaken this time, except for the strongest and most intense parts of Zhou Mingrui and Klein Moretti's emotions and humanity, everything else might no longer be the me of now."

This wasn't said in a speculative tone.

"As for whether it's tiring..." Zhou Mingrui's tone became a little more animated, "Of course it's very tiring, but there's no choice; someone has to do this, right?"

Lumian's thoughts were jumbled and chaotic. He opened his mouth and said, "Is it worth it?"

Zhou Mingrui looked at him, suddenly took a step back, and fell into that deep darkness.

He didn't dissolve quickly like other dream characters falling into this darkness, but sank slowly as if in seawater.

Zhou Mingrui raised his right hand, brought that bottle of Samaritan Women's Spring water to his mouth, and drank it.

Then, as he slowly sank, he looked at Lumian outside the deep darkness, showed a gentle smile similar to before, and answered in a calm voice. "It's worth it."

After saying this, he suddenly winked his left eye at Lumian, not at all steady or serious, and not at all like the lofty Mr. Fool.

Lumian watched Zhou Mingrui sink into the depths of darkness until even his blurry silhouette disappeared.

He muttered to himself, "Worth it..."

In the movie theater, as those streams of white light merged, as Zhou Mingrui disappeared into the deep darkness, Gehrman Sparrow, who had been standing still as if asleep, suddenly raised his head.

He opened his eyes, his sharp gaze seeming to pierce through his gold-rimmed glasses.

With this, the sky of the dream city completely peeled away, all buildings collapsed with a rumble, and the images of characters like Grimm and Zhang Qing blurred until they completely dissipated.

Franca was confused for a moment, then woke up.

She saw a room full of people, saw the bright smile on Madam Justice's face that came from the heart, saw Madam Magician drinking red wine, saw clear and brilliant radiance.

Outside the window, the sunlight was just right.

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## **Chapter 1034: Tarot Club**

[ 1,928 words ]

As the dream rapidly collapsed, Lumian withdrew his gaze, leaving the edge of that deep darkness and walking towards the disintegrating Yangdu High-Speed Rail Station outside.

He wanted to take one last look at this city.

Suddenly, he noticed a figure leaning against the wall at the position where the radiance converged into an exit, standing quietly.

That figure wore black armor stained with what looked like fresh blood, with fiery red long hair. The face was young and handsome, with two faint scars on either cheek, and a vivid red banner mark prominently displayed between his brows.

Unlike other dream manifestations that were blurry and nearly dissipating, this figure was not as clear as Lumian but had an illusory quality, like a spirit.

Lumian didn't need to ask to know who this figure was: Red Angel Medici.

"Did you come to wait for me?" Lumian asked with a smile.

He was prepared to leave this place along with the collapse of the dream.

Medici left the wall and stood up straight, letting out a sneer. "If you're too stupid to understand the hint, I'd have been the one to replace you on stage."

He looked into Lumian's eyes and shook His head. "Too weak, you're still too weak right now."

After this remark, the Red Angel slightly raised His chin and said, "I already know your experiences. I'll give you a chance-I'll come to hunt you down after you become an Angel.

"No need to thank me. This has nothing to do with pride. The pride of the war pathway isn't used against enemies."

Medici didn't give Lumian a chance to respond. He turned and walked into the passage, leaving Yangdu High-Speed Rail Station and the collapsing dream.

You waited until the very end just to say these few words to me? You must have also achieved some unknown goals by entering this dream, right? Lumian turned to the side, once again casting his gaze towards that deep darkness.

His biggest question now was where the deity, the Primordial Demoness, was.

The fact that Franca advanced in the basement of Mushu Hospital indicated that the Primordial Demoness indeed had a corresponding manifestation in the dream city. But in matters involving the special mirror world's great horror, the original God Almighty and the Demoness card, and the major event of the dream's end, She hadn't appeared or intervened at all.

Before Lumian could think further, Yangdu High-Speed Rail Station collapsed silently.

He first felt a sense of weightlessness as if falling off a cliff, then opened his eyes and woke up.

He immediately saw some sunlight penetrating the curtains, with a large amount of dust floating in the air.

At the same time, faint sounds of singing, praising, and conversation came from next door, entering his ears.

Lumian lay quietly in bed, feeling the springiness of the mattress and the soft warmth of the covers, not wanting to move at all.

...

Half an hour later, in the living room on the first floor.

Madam Magician said to Lumian, Franca, Jenna, Anthony, and Ludwig-who was having afternoon tea -all who had gathered again,

"Mr. Fool has achieved an initial state of awakening. We will fulfill our promise.

"You've done very well this time, deserving the most generous reward. The result of our discussion is to do our utmost to help you advance one Sequence."

Jenna nodded without hiding her desire. "Thank you."

Lumian, Franca, and company had no objections and were quite anticipatory.

Madam Magician looked around and said, "Of course, this may need to wait a few days, because Mr. Fool's initial awakening will inevitably cause many changes that need to be dealt with promptly. The other Major Arcana cards are already busy at present.

"Moreover, you also need some time to adjust, shake off the influence of the dream, and regain your perception of reality."

At this point, Madam Magician looked at Lumian and asked as if to confirm, "Do you want to become a Demoness of Unaging or a War Bishop?"

Lumian didn't hesitate. "Demoness of Unaging."

Hearing Lumian's answer, Franca suddenly remembered the Demoness card's description of a Demoness of Unaging: Bizarrely difficult to kill, skilled at resurrection.

Skilled at resurrection... You really don't want to wait even one more day, even if it's just taking the first step... Franca sighed inwardly.

At this moment, Lumian raised his right hand, palm facing the ceiling.

There, in addition to several dark red brands and a patch of pale skin, there was now a pitch-black "pinhole."

He said to Madam Magician and his companions, "After using the Demoness card this time, with the magic mirror as a medium, invoking the great horror from the depths of the special mirror world to deal with the Mirror Person created by the Celestial Worthy, the residual aura of the Blood Emperor and the seal of the Underworld Daoist have changed a bit again.

"I can now use a War Bishop's power that was previously bestowed to a limited extent through this 'pinhole.' There's no need to advance again."

Madam Magician nodded slightly and said, "In a few days, go to the treasury of the Blue Avenger. There might be items related to the Demoness of Unaging there. If not, we'll ask Mr. Azik for help and go to the depths of the underworld again. There must be Demoness of Unaging Beyond characteristics there."

Lumian and Franca had no objections.

After Madam Magician left, Lumian, in his Demoness of Despair state, leaned back against the sofa and smiled at Franca and the others. "Now it's time to sunbathe."

Jenna was silent for a few seconds before saying. "I want, I want to go see the real Luo Shan."

"Okay." Franca nodded heavily in agreement.

"Alright." Lumian had originally planned to go tomorrow.

...

In the evening, Loen Kingdom, Tingen City, Red Moonlight Street.

Jenna, Franca, and Lumian sat in a roadside café, watching two figures, one big and one small, approaching from a distance.

The larger one was about thirty years old, with brown hair tied up in a high bun, wearing a thin gauze- brimmed hat. She wore a green long dress that was somewhat girlish but leaning towards maturity, with flowing ruffles at the sleeves and beautiful lace adorning the neckline.

She had a pretty face, holding a paper bag of white bread in one hand and holding the hand of a three or four-year-old girl who looked like a little princess with the other. This was Rozanne, a civilian staff member of the Nighthawks team of the Church of the Evernight Goddess.

Compared to the Luo Shan in the dream, she was noticeably older, and her demeanor was more stable, but her style of dress revealed that she still had a lively side hidden inside.

Jenna and Franca's vision immediately blurred.

Lumian, in his female state, focused intently on Rozanne and her daughter as they passed by, chatting and laughing, becoming as still as a statue.

After Rozanne and her daughter passed the café, the three Demonesses' gazes shifted, following the two figures from behind.

The golden-red glow of dusk fell upon Rozanne and her daughter, and the evening breeze carried their laughter and conversation to Jenna, Franca, and Lumian's ears:

"Mommy, what's a hero?"

"A hero is someone who protects others."

"Why do others need protection?"

"Why protect others?"

"Why? Why?"

"Mommy, why?"

...

A few days later, Monday noon.

Lumian and the others met Madam Magician again.

The Major Arcana card holder sat down in the chair opposite the tea table and said to Lumian and Franca.

"You're both demigods now and have made great contributions. You're qualified to draw a Major Arcana card."

"Mr. Fool allowed it?" Lumian asked.

Madam Magician's entire being exuded a sense of relaxation, "Yes, but as a team, you can only draw one Major Arcana card for now. Who will draw?"

Franca looked at Lumian, hesitated for a few seconds, and said, "You draw."

She really wanted to see what she could draw and thought the identity of a Tarot Club Major Arcana card was very impressive. But thinking about having to take responsibility for a bunch of affairs as a Major Arcana card holder from now on, often having to brainstorm, she got a headache and decided to let Lumian take the lead first to see what it would be like.

"Are you willing to draw?" Madam Magician asked Lumian.

Lumian thought for a moment and said, "I'll draw."

Madam Magician said seriously, "After becoming a Major Arcana card holder, Two of Cups, Seven of Cups, and Four of Swords will all transfer under your jurisdiction.

"A Major Arcana card symbolizes not just you personally, but also the forces you represent."

"I understand." Lumian nodded slowly.

Only then did Madam Magician take out a deck of Tarot cards containing only Major Arcana cards and spread them out on the tea table. "You can draw now."

"Won't we draw a duplicate?" Franca asked curiously.

Madam Magician chuckled. "Spirituality will provide guidance."

Lumian glanced at the Tarot cards on the tea table, extended his right hand, and casually took one, turning it over in front of him.

What met Franca and the others' eyes was a large wreath of green plants intertwined and a woman standing inside the wreath.

The World card!

Franca and Jenna both looked at Lumian in his female state with slight astonishment.

He actually drew The World card?

Why?

Although Gehrman Sparrow now points to Mr. Fool, the legend of The World hasn't disappeared yet!

Lumian didn't speak, showing a thoughtful expression.

Madam Magician pondered for a few seconds before saying, "Draw again."

Lumian nodded in agreement.

This time, he drew two cards and placed them on his left and right.

After staring at these two Tarot cards for a while, he suddenly smiled with his beautiful face.

"Left for male, right for female. I'll take the one on the left."

With that, he unhesitatingly turned over the Tarot card on his left.

On the card face was a king standing on a chariot, with two lions, one black and one white, pulling the chariot.

The Chariot card!

"Not bad." Madam Magician stood up. "Welcome, The Chariot, um, Mr. Chariot."

After Lumian responded, Franca curiously said, "Can I see what the card on the right is?"

"You may." Madam Magician nodded to her.

Franca quickly turned it over and saw a woman wearing a crown sitting on a chair.

The Empress card.

"As expected..." Madam Magician sighed, then turned to Lumian and said, "Wait in your room at 3 pm today."

...

At 3 pm, in a bedroom of the luxurious villa.

Lumian, holding The Chariot card, sat in an armchair, patiently waiting.

Suddenly, chaotic and terrifying sounds rang in his ears, and a thin grayish-white fog appeared before his eyes.

Just a second or two later, he found himself by bronze long table, with a vast and magnificent dome above, surrounded by tall and majestic stone pillars.

Lumian immediately saw Madam Justice, Madam Magician, Madam Judgment, Ma'am Hermit, and the lady from the temperance faction wearing a black court long dress and a small soft hat of the same color, sitting opposite him.

They all appeared blurry, but not too blurry.

Lumian also noticed that Mr. Hanged Man, Mr. Sun, Mr. Star, and Mr. Moon-whom he hadn't met before but could deduce the identity of-were on the same side as him.

At this time, no one was seated at the head and foot of the bronze long table.

"This is Madam Temperance, and this is Mr. Chariot." Madam Justice calmly introduced the obviously female Lumian as "mister."

Just then, at the huge chair at the top of the bronze long table, a figure gradually took shape.

He was within the gray fog, his figure quite blurry, allowing Lumian and the others to only clearly see a silk top hat and a black long coat.

Looking at this both familiar and unfamiliar figure, Madam Justice took a breath, stood up, curtsied with a slight bent of her knees, saying

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool."

*(End of Volume Six-Dreamweaver)*

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## Chapter 1035: Revelation

[ 1,669 words ]

Anything that can go wrong will go wrong.

As Lumian walked down the stairs, the sunlight was still bright, and Franca, Jenna, and Anthony were leisurely enjoying their afternoon tea.

Ludwig was also there, though not as relaxed.

"Is the Major Arcana meeting over?" Franca turned and asked curiously.

Lumian suddenly recalled various scenes from the majestic palace above the gray fog, nodded and said, "It's over."

"What can you tell us about it? Don't mention anything you're not supposed to." Franca had an expression that implied that she just wanted to broaden her horizons.

Lumian sat down in an armchair and said, using language he had learned in the dream city.

"There's not much to say. Today's meeting was quite ordinary. The Major Arcana cards mainly reported to Mr. Fool about their respective responsibilities, and Mr. Fool gave corresponding instructions."

"You seem to respect Mr. Fool quite a bit," Franca suddenly remarked.

"Why do you say that?" Lumian asked, somewhat surprised.

Franca snorted and glanced first at Jenna, then at Anthony. "Do I really need to answer such a simple question?"

Jenna, in sync with Franca, helped explain with a slight smile, "If it weren't for Mr. Fool, you would definitely add more adjectives before 'instructions, like 'high-level' or 'all-encompassing'."

This added a hint of teasing and playfulness.

"I've always been quite respectful towards deities, except for a few." Lumian said with a knowing smile.

He then said, "As someone attending a divine meeting for the first time. I had nothing to report. I only raised questions about Madame Pualis and her daughter Omebella, hoping to get answers from Mr. Fool."

"What did Mr. Fool say?" Jenna and Franca asked in unison.

Before Lumian could answer, points of starlight suddenly appeared in the void.

These starlight quickly sketched out the figure of Madam Magician.

She said to Lumian, Franca, and Jenna, "You can now go to the Blue Avenger to explore the treasury left by the Blood Emperor. I'll go with you to provide necessary assistance.

"Do you need to postpone for a while to make some preparations?"

The Tudor dynasty's treasure obviously consisted of Items mainly related to the Hunter pathway, supplemented by those of the Demoness pathway. and then some items from the Seer, Apprentice, and Marauder pathways. It was very suitable for the three Demonesses to explore and obtain the Beyonder characteristics needed for normal advancement or pathway switching.

As for Anthony's advancement, other arrangements had been made.

And the further recovery of Ludwig's strength would have to wait until either Lumian or Franca reached Sequence 3, to avoid accidents.

"No need, let's go now." Lumian had already discussed this with Franca and Jenna.

Madam Magician said no more, creating a dazzling, dream-like double door and bringing the three Demonesses to the Blue Avenger, which was sailing through fierce winds and huge waves.

Mr. Hanged Man, dressed as the captain, was already waiting at the cabin entrance.

"Can you still sense the mirror imprint you left in the treasury?" Madam Magician asked Lumian.

"Yes," Lumian half-closed his eyes and sensed for a moment.

He didn't try to reach the full-length mirror with the Imprint using Mirror Traversal, because the corresponding area behind the mirror or mirror world contained Blood Emperor Alista Tudor's backup plan for resurrection.

For him, the main function of that mirror imprint was currently to provide necessary positioning so that his companions could also enter the treasury. In the future, it would serve as a trap marker to take down powerful enemies at the cost of mutual destruction.

After sensing, Lumian walked towards the depths of the ship's cabin while deliberately continuing the previous topic.

He turned his head to look at Franca and Jenna and said, "Mr. Fool's revelation was that after becoming a Demoness of Unaging, go to the New City of Silver to borrow the Gift of the Land and bring it to the City of Exiles, in front of Hand Bro."

"Indeed, one knows Omebella, one shouted out Zedus. Let them meet, maybe they'll really spark something." Franca suddenly realized.

At this moment, Mr. Hanged Man, walking in front as the captain of the Blue Avenger, suddenly half-turned his body and said thoughtfully, "I think in Mr. Fool's revelation, not only is the latter part important, but the prerequisite is equally important."

Lumian mentioned Mr. Fool's revelation in front of Madam Magician and Mr. Hanged Man precisely to hear their views and opinions. He immediately asked.

"The prerequisite of becoming a Demoness of Unaging?"

Mr. Hanged Man, with his rugged face and unkempt appearance, chuckled deeply. "Can't you borrow the Gift of the Land and bring it to the Abscessed Hand now? The only help you might need is communication with the Church of Knowledge."

"That's right," Jenna agreed with Mr. Hanged Man's statement.

Lumian already had all the conditions to briefly use the Gift of the Land, could get the New City of Silver's permission through Mr. Sun, and was the proxy of 0-01. He didn't need to wait until reaching the Demoness of Unaging level to let Omebella's remains meet the Abscessed Hand.

"Are certain changes brought by becoming a Demoness of Unaging the catalyst for this whole thing? Or is it that only by reaching Sequence 3 can one deal with the inevitable accidents after the Gift of the Land meets the Abscessed Hand? No, the latter scenario can basically be ruled out," Lumian, in his Demoness of Despair state, slowed his pace and said thoughtfully.

As the proxy of 0-01, he had considerable authority in front of the mountain of corpses, and there wasn't much difference between being Sequence 4 or Sequence 3.

Moreover, he could briefly borrow the boon beneath the Underworld Daoist's seal to become a Sequence 3 War Bishop.

In other words, the power increase from advancing to Demoness of Unaging wasn't necessary.

"It should be some change brought about by the inherent qualities of the Demoness of Unaging," Madam Magician gave her judgment.

Franca, who had been listening quietly, mumbled, "Why doesn't Mr. Fool speak more clearly, just giving revelations for us to interpret ourselves?"

Mr. Hanged Man glanced at Franca. "I learned a phrase in the dream city-'words, once given, become reality` .

"Every action and word of great existences profoundly influences fate and the world. Back then, in the process of Mr. Fool becoming a great existence in just three years, many of the things he said were later verified one by one, becoming facts.

"In this situation, speaking very clearly and not speaking clearly will be part of the whole thing, and the interference with fate will be different, and the final result will also deviate because of this."

As Lumian nodded in agreement, he felt slightly surprised inwardly.

He felt that Mr. Hanged Man was much more enthusiastic than in their previous encounters.

Previously, Mr. Hanged Man wouldn't be stingy with his judgments and explanations, but he only did and said what was within his duties. This time, he actually took the initiative to talk about many things outside the topic.

Is it because I've become a Major Arcana card holder? Mr. Hanged Man seems to value hierarchy quite a bit... Lumian withdrew his gaze thoughtfully.

Madam Magician then added, "Moreover, this matter involves the Great Mother. Even Mr. Fool can't see it very clearly and can only receive certain revelations."

Hearing this, Franca looked around and lowered her voice.

"Now that Mr. Fool has initially awakened, uh, I don't mean to disrespect Mr. Fool, I'm just more concerned about his current state. Maybe there's still something I can help with? After all, I'm a transmigrator! Um, what I want to ask is, what level has Mr. Fool recovered to now, and how is The Fool identity you guys have woven running?"

After exchanging glances with Madam Magician and Mr. Hanged Man, Lumian said, "We're not clear about the specific level of recovery, we can only be sure that in terms of level, it's not a complete The Fool."

This "Fool" without the "Mr." referred to the Sequence 0 - The Fool of the Seer pathway.

The basis for the judgment of the Major Arcana card holders, including Lumian, was: if the identity of Gehrman Sparrow was already a complete "Fool", it would mean that he had fully grasped all the authorities of the Seer pathway, and the true Mr. Fool would

soon gain sufficient advantage in the matter of fusion and confrontation, fully awakening.

Lumian continued, "In my personal opinion, the current Mr. Fool is not agile enough, or rather, he's colder and more indifferent, closer to Gehrman Sparrow."

After thinking for a while, Franca said, "I think, in my personal understanding, Gehrman Sparrow is currently more like an AI-artificial intelligence that has integrated some of Mr. Fool's will and ideas.

"Think about it, one of the foundations of Gehrman Sparrow's stable existence is a large number of faith anchors, and different people's perceptions of him are different. This is like one of the foundations of AI's existence is data-a large amount of data and the data collected from the internet, fed to AI, may be incorrect, fabricated, self-imagined. This will bring corruption to it, very similar to the corruption of faith anchors you mentioned.

"The current AI stands out in that as long as you dare to believe, it dares to fabricate, and the reactions presented by Gehrman Sparrow will also be affected by the corruption of faith anchors. While not affecting the transmission of Mr. Fool's core will and ideas, there will be personalized, even contradictory manifestations.

"Well, he's equivalent to Mr. Fool's AI assistant. The better he iterates, the faster he evolves, the more authorities and powers Mr. Fool can grasp and mobilize, ultimately helping him defeat the Celestial Worthy."

Interpreting from the perspective of AI was something the Major Arcana card holders had never thought of. Fortunately, everyone present had been to the dream city and could barely understand what Franca was saying.

Madam Magician, who had a very deep understanding of faith anchors, nodded slowly and said, "What we need to do next is to purify Gehrman Sparrow's anchors and adjust people's perceptions of Gehrman Sparrow to varying degrees?"

"That includes our perception of Gehrman Sparrow," Mr. Hanged Man added.

As they spoke, the group arrived at the stairs leading to the lower deck of the ship.

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## **Chapter 1036: Wedding Dress**

[ 1,843 words ]

Glancing at the dark, bottomless end of the staircase, Lumian took out a mirror and activated the contract ability on his body.

He immediately sensed the imprint on the full-length mirror in the Tudor treasury, ready to dive into the mirror and traverse through at any moment.

Maintaining this sense, Lumian reminded Franca and Jenna, "Walk close to the sides later-very close."

From his experience, walking down the stairs this way would bring them into the reflection range of that full-length mirror.

For Beyonders of other pathways, they only needed to guard against being affected by the resulting illusions, scaring themselves crazy or to death. But if Hunters and Demonesses let their shadows be reflected on that full-length mirror, they might have their bodies snatched by the long-fallen Alista Tudor through pre-arranged setups, allowing Him to resurrect and return.

Lumian thought that given Alista Tudor's level of madness, He probably wouldn't care whether it was a Blood Emperor or a Blood Empress who returned, so the Demonesses should also be careful.

"Okay." Franca and Jenna had long ago heard Lumian explain what dangers were in the Tudor treasury.

Even if they didn't know, in the current situation, they would heed the advice first and find an opportunity to ask why later.

Lumian maintained the activation of the mirror imprint and let the residual aura of the Blood Emperor on his right palm intensify from faint to strong, covering it with pallor.

He hadn't yet started descending the stairs step by step when he suddenly heard Madam Magician's voice. "I've located your mirror imprint."

Along with the voice's response, points of dazzling starlight lit up, enveloping Lumian and the others.

When vision was restored, Franca found herself in a corridor that seemed to be formed of condensed starlight.

On both sides of this corridor were star-bright doors standing in the darkness. The bottom was semi-transparent, revealing endless darkness, while above there was no dome, with illusory stars dotting the distant heights.

At the end of this deep and spacious corridor sat a silver full-length mirror with a classic design and intricate patterns around its frame.

Almost simultaneously, Franca and Jenna noticed Madam Magician raise her right hand and gently grasp towards the front.

Around that silver full-length mirror, space suddenly bent, forming a sealed sphere in the state of deep shadows, blocking all light from entering.

Lumian and the others could no longer see that silver full-length mirror, and that mirror could no longer reflect them.

"This way we can be a bit freer," Madam Magician said with a smile.

Wearing a black robe with silver patterns, she turned to Lumian, Franca, and Jenna and said, "You can choose the treasure rooms now. I'll handle the dangers inside."

Franca and Jenna instantly looked towards Lumian, waiting for him to demonstrate for the two of them.

Lumian looked left and right, slowly moving forward along the deep and spacious corridor while casually saying,

"In the area above the gray fog, when I mentioned Madame Pualis and Omebella, I also talked about a concern."

"What concern?" Franca asked cooperatively,

She and Jenna could both roughly guess that Lumian wanted to use casual chat to distract his own mind, choosing treasure rooms purely based on spiritual intuition and the characteristics, auras, and corruption on his body.

Lumian, in his Demoness of Despair state with black hair cascading, glanced at Madam Magician and Mr. Hanged Man and said, "At the end of the awakening operation, there were two things I couldn't understand:

"First, why was there no movement from the Primordial Demoness, and second, why didn't the Great Mother side try to stop it, even though She had made many arrangements in the dream city.

"The lack of interference from other existences was expected. The Celestial Worthy wouldn't wait until they were ready and could effectively interfere with the Internal situation of the dream before letting Zhou Sasa come. If that happened, what might be suppressed could be His hope for success. Moreover, Anderson's side would burn down the Colorful Hostel and the Mute Art Studio, not giving the deity worshiped by the

Fantasy Association a chance to intervene, and there was also true god suppression at Mushu Hospital.

"But the Great Mother had sent Madame Pualis with baby Omebella to be the dean of Mushu Hospital. How did they not create even a ripple?"

"Her forces in the dream city are not limited to Mushu Hospital. Whether it's Grimm who was originally active outside the hospital, or Lu Yong'an who can freely enter and exit the hospital, they could effectively avoid the true gods' suppression of Mushu Hospital and do something."

"Maybe Peng Deng, Grisha, and Amon's side, who didn't appear in the final stage, were blocking them?" Jenna speculated.

"That's one possibility." Madam Magician began to give her speech at the Tarot Club, "But I have a bad feeling that perhaps the Great Mother has already achieved Her goal, in a way that's in our cognitive blind spot."

"My experience is also that abnormal calmness is always problematic," Mr. Hanged Man followed up with emphasis.

Franca took a breath and turned her gaze to Lumian,

Lumian understood her meaning and smiled, saying, "The only revelation Mr. Fool gave about matters related to the Great Mother was: become a Demoness of Unaging, borrow the Gift of the Land, face the Abscessed Hand."

After saying this, Lumian suddenly had a spiritual perception. He turned to the right and pushed open a semi-transparent large door condensed from starlight.

The light behind the door was dim, with no attack appearing.

Lumian waited for two seconds before passing through the door and entering the room.

What met his eyes was a black coffin.

This coffin was different from the rectangular coffins Trier used daily, with obvious curves, one end larger and one end smaller, its surface carved with many bird and tree patterns.

"Eh..." Franca's head peeked out from Lumian's shoulder position, "Isn't this a Western Continent style coffin? Where did the Blood Emperor get it from?"

She already knew that the Western Continent had evolved from her pre-transmigration country over thousands or tens of thousands of years or even longer.

And judging from the fact that she could barely understand the language of Armored Shadow Chen Tu and its attire, Franca felt that the civilization of the Western Continent might not have experienced a break in continuity like the Southern and Northern Continents, still maintaining a certain continuity. The coffin style before her eyes seemed to be another piece of evidence.

As for why, in a situation where civilization had not been interrupted, the language and style of the Western Continent had "regressed" to what she remembered as "ancient", she couldn't think of a reason for the time being.

All the known transmigrators were in the Southern and Northern Continents and the former Eastern Continent!

No, Queen Mystic had said that the Ancient Sun God was not the kind of "cocoon person" like us, and there was another transmigrator who hasn't revealed their Identity... As Franca's thoughts gradually diverged, Lumian and Madam Magician had already walked to the front of that Western Continent style black coffin, with the latter causing the lid to slide to one side on its own, falling onto the semi-transparent ground.

Franca looked over and saw a beautiful face with tightly closed eyes, pale and cold, saw a gorgeous phoenix crown and rosy clouds cape, and saw bright red.

"Chinese wedding dress... bride's corpse... Dammit, what the hell is the Blood Emperor up to?" Franca blurted out.

Before her words fell, that black coffin with patterns of pine, cypress, and cranes began to shake violently.

A pale, delicate hand with long, gray nails that were sharp and cold silently pressed on the edge of the coffin.

With this action, Franca and Jenna's lips suddenly became dry, as if they were being roasted.

Outside the treasury, the Blue Avenger sailing through fierce winds and huge waves suddenly plunged downward.

The wind stopped, the waves calmed, and water vapor rose from the azure sea, evaporating rapidly.

On the surface of the Blue Avenger, the deck began to crack at a visible speed. Even though the consciousness of this ghost ship was constantly trying to repair it, it couldn't stop the trend from deepening.

Inside the Tudor treasury, in the corresponding room.

Before Madam Magician could deliver a barrage of attacks on the female corpse in the coffin. Lumian stretched out his right palm.

His palm was darkly red and mottled, covered with pallor, a deep black "pinhole" emitting an indescribable aura.

The female corpse wearing what Franca called a bright red wedding dress and a golden phoenix crown stopped shaking, no longer giving the feeling that it might crawl up at any moment. That delicate but pale hand slowly slid down, returning to the side of the corpse.

All the abnormalities disappeared with it.

"The power of a Demoness of Catastrophe," Madam Magician said after a few seconds of looking with eyes as brilliant as the starry sky. "And, the power of an Undying... Can the boons of these two pathways be put together?"

As she spoke, both she and Mr. Hanged Man looked towards Lumian.

Lumian looked at the dark "pinhole" in his palm, musing to himself, "Maybe they can..."

This thing seemed to be a fusion of the residual aura of the Blood Emperor, the boon of a War Bishop, the seal of the Underworld Daoist, and the grade and knowledge of the Demoness card.

If such a hodgepodge could be put together, the separately picked out powers of the Demoness and Death pathways should be able to as well.

Madam Magician and Mr. Hanged Man fell into deep thought, while Franca associated the terms "Demoness of Catastrophe" and "Undying" with the state and recent behavior of the female corpse.

She said in astonishment, "This, this couldn't be a drought demon, could it?"

"Did the Blood Emperor bring a drought demon to the Northern Continent?"

"How did He manage that?"

Isn't it said that the Western Continent was sealed by the power of the Celestial Worthy, and that the barrier can only be opened for free entry and exit after Mr. Fool truly gains the upper hand?

Before that, shouldn't only some secret deed rituals be possible?

Even if the Blood Emperor really opened a passage before His death, attempting to drag down all the gods with Him, that passage was sealed in Fourth Epoch Trier, right?

The Blood Emperor shouldn't have had time to send this drought demon to the Blue Avenger...

Hearing Franca's words, Madam Magician turned to the side and began to explain, "The power doesn't come from Beyonder characteristics, it might originate from the Western Continent or somewhere else, but the person is from the Northern Continent

"Uh..." Franca looked carefully and found that the hair of the female corpse in the coffin was pale yellow, and her facial features were quite pronounced.

"An artificial drought demon?" Franca said with some understanding. "The Blood Emperor made a secret deed for some strange knowledge, and this is the product of an experiment? The phoenix crown, rosy clouds cape, and coffin are part of the knowledge, part of the ritual?"

Lumian nodded slightly, looking at the female corpse and said, "If we let her wake up, can we help her regain her sanity?"

Madam Magician slowly shook her head. "She' was probably born a monster."

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## **- Chapter 1037: Spring of Temptation**

### **Chapter 1037: Spring of Temptation**

[ 1,656 words ]

Madam Magician meant: the girl in the coffin underwent a transformation the instant she simultaneously received the powers of a Demoness of Catastrophe and an Undying through a strange ritual. This corpse, now possessing Angel-level power, was a monster from the moment it came into being.

Lumian, in his Demoness state, frowned and said, "Aren't boons supposed to not affect the spirit, only gradually causing mental and physical alterations?"

Surely it shouldn't directly create a monster?

Moreover, from what he could see, the powers of the Demoness and Death pathways weren't so contradictory and could be integrated to some degree.

"What I explained before was only about boons under normal circumstances," Madam Magician said after some consideration. "The essence of boons is actually closer to controlled, retrievable corruption. Higher beings who grant boons generally try to suppress the spiritual, conscious, and emotional aspects of their power that belong to themselves, to prevent the recipient from being overwhelmed immediately and developing problems, as that would go against the original intention of the boon and fail to achieve the expected purpose."

Mr. Hanged Man added, "In the cases of evil god boons that we know of, if there weren't enough sacrifices, especially human sacrifices, even if a channel was opened through ritual, some of the recipients at the scene would be unable to bear the power, their bodies collapsing on the spot-either dying or becoming monsters."

Jenna confirmed with newfound understanding, "When the higher being that the Blood Emperor's strange ritual was directed at granted the boon, they didn't control or suppress the spiritual, conscious, and emotional aspects within the power, letting them exist as usual, so this girl as the recipient naturally couldn't bear it and became a monster?"

Mr. Hanged Man nodded slightly and said meaningfully, "It might not have been a boon, but rather theft."

"Did Amon play a role in this ritual?" Lumian's own boon power came from theft.

Mr. Hanged Man smiled, "Theft in another sense. Let me give an example-we can utilize the power of many Sealed Artifacts to some degree, but we must be careful to avoid the corresponding dangers and find the most suitable method, because they lack intelligence. You can't negotiate with them or make them obey to prevent them from harming you.

"In such cases, suitable methods of utilization are equivalent to relatively safe means of theft."

Lumian recalled his experience after lighting the corpse wax candle and nodded thoughtfully.

If he hadn't possessed both male and female forms in the dream city at that time, his physical body might have collapsed and become a monster.

"The Blood Emperor was indeed bloodthirsty and mad..." Jenna couldn't help but sigh.

The girl in the coffin most likely didn't voluntarily participate in such a special ritual.

"Not necessarily," Franca said quietly.

Seeing everyone look at her, she cleared her throat and said, "Based on my pre-transmigration experience, if this is related to the Western Continent, the whole ritual might not be what you imagine.

"They might have pre-selected a girl born on a specific year, month, day and time, killed her in a specific way at a specific moment, performed special treatment, then placed her in this pre-made coffin, made other arrangements, and finally conducted the ritual to let her gain power and open her eyes in an Undying state."

"Why do it this way?" Jenna asked puzzledly.

Franca smiled and said, "It's just my guess, but maybe this was the only way to please the corresponding higher being, or maybe this was the only way to avoid the influence of the spiritual and conscious aspects within the boon power. But for some reason, perhaps because the Blood Emperor and others made mistakes in interpreting the secret deed they obtained, missing some key points, the ritual seems to have failed in the end.

"Uh, maybe, it wasn't even a ritual seeking boons, but rather a method of corpse refinement..."

Jenna was silent for two seconds. "Then you still say the Blood Emperor wasn't necessarily bloodthirsty and mad."

This was more cruel than their previous speculation!

Franca explained, "I'm not saying the Blood Emperor wasn't necessarily bloodthirsty and mad, but rather that it might not have been ordinary bloodiness and madness-it was probably 'extremely' so."

Madam Magician turned to look at the female corpse wearing the phoenix crown and rosy clouds cape, and said, "She has no Beyonder characteristics. Let's go to the next room."

"Alright." Lumian had no objections.

After Madam Magician made the coffin lid fly up and cover it again, they returned to that deep and spacious corridor.

Lumian raised his right palm, looked at the dimmed dark red spots, dark "pinhole" and pale skin, then put his hand into his Traveler's Bag.

Maintaining this posture, Lumian started walking forward again.

He felt that encountering that female corpse was likely due to the effect of his right palm, so now he needed to try to eliminate its influence.

After about ten seconds, Lumian opened another door condensed from starlight.

At the same time, he saw a spring-its bubbling source.

The spring water had a sacred feeling, emitting an alluring aura-clear and pure-making Franca and the others, whose mouths had dried from the female corpse's influence, suddenly feel thirsty.

Voices then echoed in their minds:

"Drink, drink and regain your youth..."

"Drink, drink and gain tremendous power..."

"Drink, drink and extend your life by thousands of years..."

"Drink, drink and become irresistibly charming..."

"Drink, drink and achieve immortality..."

Lumian, who was also tempted and hearing the - whispers, smiled, "Don't worry, I will drink, I came here to drink you..."

Before he could emphasize that he was a person who valued ceremony, Madam Magician had already acted.

Layer upon layer of void peeled away, the clear and pure spring water suddenly receded, revealing what was inside the spring source.

There was a highly decomposed but not yet skeletal female corpse, with pale yellow-greenish pus constantly seeping from its disgusting flesh, combining with the air to become sacred, alluring, and pure.

This was the source of the spring water.

Madam Magician immediately raised both hands.

Glass-like fragments and blood tinged with pale yellow immediately flew out from the female corpse, falling into two containers that had been floating in mid-air at some unknown time.

After doing this, Madam Magician made the two containers fly toward Lumian. "They can replace the Mirror God fragments and Medusa blood as supplementary ingredients, enough for four advancements."

After Lumian put away the containers, the points of starlight condensed from the void suddenly pressed down, completely crushing the highly decomposed female corpse, making the charming, sacred grayish- white light quickly separate out and condense into a fist-sized, spring-like crystal.

Illusory water constantly flowed out from the crystal's surface, then fell back in.

With a push of Madam Magician's right hand, this Demoness of Unaging Beyonder characteristic quickly came before Lumian, already preliminarily sealed.

The light emanating from the female corpse hadn't completely dispersed-the remaining portion recombined to form a transparent eye brimming with tears.

"Your Demoness of Despair Beyonder characteristic," Madam Magician gave that beautiful but sorrowful eye to Jenna. "As for supplementary ingredients, The Chariot and Two of Cups should still have some left."

"Thank you." Jenna quietly let out a breath and quickly put the sealed Beyonder characteristic into her Traveler's Bag.

Madam Magician nodded slightly and walked out of the current room.

"Let's go find the next ingredient. This time, Two of Cups, you're in charge of opening doors."

Just as Franca was eagerly about to step forward, she suddenly saw Lumian hand over a piece of parchment.

On the parchment were words in rust-colored ancient Feysac:

"Potion Name: War Bishop;

"Sequence: 3;

"Main ingredients: Heart of a Bipolar Centaur, Core of a War Comet;

"Supplementary ingredients: 100ml of Bipolar Centaur blood, War Comet fragments, one Blood Tudor Iris, 8g of Flame Giant Tree bark;

"Advancement ritual: Lead your own team to defeat a powerful enemy force in a war.

"Note 1: The imminent atmosphere of war will attract comets symbolizing war through the spirit world. They will streak across the night sky bringing revelations, but among such comets, those with corporeal substance that can enter the real world are limited in number.

"Note 2: In the advancement ritual, the stronger the enemy force, the better the ritual effect."

Seeing this parchment, Franca was stunned and said, "Where did this come from?"

"The advancement was promised by the Major Arcana. and Mr. Fool gave me an extra reward." Lumian smiled and said, "I asked for the War Bishop potion formula."

Before Franca could respond, Lumian smiled and added, "I wanted you to have the right to choose."

Franca opened her mouth, then closed it, her emotions seeming somewhat turbulent.

After a moment, she glanced to the side and said quietly, "I didn't say I want to become a War Bishop, I still have my mission..."

Lumian didn't try to persuade her and put the parchment back into his Traveler's Bag.

Jenna's expression was slightly complex as she secretly sighed in relief. Things are good as they are now, things are good as they are now...

She didn't want change; she feared change.

Because Madam Magician and Mr. Hanged Man were present, Franca didn't dare tell Lumian "you usually just make people's grit their teeth, I didn't expect you to be so considerate sometimes" to ease her emotions. She could only quickly walk forward and casually push open a door condensed from starlight.

As soon as the door opened, an exquisite, beautiful human skin suddenly fell from above.

This human skin violently enveloped toward Franca.

Franca's body surface subsequently emanated a grayish-white color, her whole person seeming to turn into a stone statue, unable to dodge in time.

At this moment, the surrounding darkness instantly bent and folded, quickly sealing that fair and elastic human skin within.

Immediately after, Madam Magician's hand clenched.

That dark sphere suddenly collapsed, the corresponding void completely disintegrated, and the human skin inside was quickly torn into pieces by the space-time storm.

"This is also a Demoness of Unaging Beyonder characteristic. The Blood Emperor and Primordial Demoness's secret cooperation was indeed tight back then," Madam Magician smiled at Franca, Lumian, and Jenna while crushing the characteristic.

Franca was stunned for a moment, then revealed a brilliant smile.

Heh, I sure have good luck today! I succeeded in one try!

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## Chapter 1038: The Team

[ 1,874 words ]

After Franca put away the Demoness of Unaging Beyonder characteristic that had coalesced after being shattered, Madam Magician said to the three of them. "Apart from some easier-to-find materials that are merely symbolic, we should have everything else. What remains is preparing for the ritual. I can help anytime."

"Thank you," Lumian thought for a moment and asked, "Should we leave now?"

Madam Magician smiled and said, "Angel-level Beyonder characteristics, especially Sequence 1, are not only limited but very rare, and their locations are relatively certain. If there were anything similar in this treasure trove, it could only be Sequence 2, and most likely from the Hunter pathway."

Lumian pointed to the end of the deep corridor. "As one of the Blood Emperor's resurrection arrangements, the corresponding Beyonder characteristic is behind that mirror, together with His Mirror Person, perhaps even already absorbed and merged by His Mirror Person?"

In other words, it was almost impossible to find Angel-level Beyonder characteristics, including Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, in other rooms along the corridor, so Lumian and the others had no need to continue exploring.

Of course, this was just one reason. More importantly, the Blue Avenger belonged to Mr. Hanged Man, and theoretically this treasure vault was also his- equivalent to his private property. He had only allowed Lumian and the others to take the corresponding materials earlier based on a promise. If Lumian and the others were to open other rooms and take other items. it would be too disrespectful to the owner.

Though Madam Magician didn't explicitly say this, all three Demonesses understood and expressed their wish to leave now and think about how to arrange the ritual.

Mr. Hanged Man nodded without any change in expression.

"You can return through the mirror world. Madam Magician and I still have some matters to attend to."

"Alright," Lumian replied with a smile.

He could roughly guess what Mr. Hanged Man wanted to do.

As captain of the Blue Avenger, Mr. Hanged Man had no Tudor remnant aura, no corresponding bloodline, and wasn't on either the Hunter or Demoness pathway. Though guarding a treasure vault, he had difficulty entering it and could only wait for Lumian to open the "access control." Only with Madam Magician's positioning and help could he enter. Of course he couldn't miss this opportunity and had to explore a bit and take some useful items.

These might be Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts that could help improve his strength, or Beyond characteristic- related items that could help him cultivate more and stronger subordinates, or special items that could either be useful at critical moments or point to certain secrets of the Tudor Empire.

How others explored their own vault was none of Lumian's business. He took out a mirror and led Franca and Jenna out of the vault, then used teleportation to return to the luxurious villa in Trier.

Since the matters of Madame Pualis and infant Omebella were still under investigation, Lumian hadn't returned to his originally rented apartment to meet with his subordinate Lugano. He was still wary of potential issues related to the Great Mother that might exist with him.

"Where's Ludwig?" Jenna looked around the living room and asked Anthony, who was focused on reading the newspaper.

Anthony pointed toward the villa's annex.

"In the kitchen.

"After eating Trier's food for several days, he misses the food from the dream city and wants to try making some himself."

Suddenly, an image appeared in Lumian and the others' minds: Ludwig moving a chair into the kitchen. then standing on it, struggling to handle kitchen utensils that didn't quite match his size and height...

"I miss it too," Franca said excitedly, "Look, look, this is what a professional Chef is like- just eight years old!"

Jenna nodded and said to Lumian and the others, "I'm going to the telegraph office nearby to send a telegram to Julien. He's coming back to Trier next week, and I need to ask about the specific time and whether he's taking a boat or steam locomotive."

She wasn't in a rush to discuss her own ritual, as there was already a preliminary plan.

Once Lumian became a Demoness of Unaging and borrowed the Gift of the Land, after communicating well with the Tarot Club and the Church of Knowledge, they would take her to the City of Exiles to advance using the criminals there.

The only problem with this plan was that once Jenna successfully advanced, she would become a Sequence 4 demigod, which conflicted with Morora's rules and would cause negative changes to 0-01.

The current solution was to ask the Church of Knowledge for help, assisting Madam Magician, so this Door pathway Angel could transfer the newly- advanced Jenna away directly using pre-left marks without entering Morora.

Lumian had privately asked Jenna if she wanted to consider using the Sword of Courage to switch to becoming an Iron-blooded Knight. With the current team's composition and rapport, the corresponding ritual wouldn't be difficult after some time adjusting. But Jenna still hoped to continue on the path of pure female Demonesses.

She told Lumian this was currently her only special trait, and once she switched to Hunter, she would lose it. Special traits represented both unknown, huge risks and potential encounters and significant gains. With the apocalypse seemingly approaching early, she was willing to take the corresponding risks in exchange for rapid sequence and power growth to better protect those she wanted to protect.

Lumian didn't try to persuade her further at the time. only sighing and quoting a dream city saying, "Fortune favors the bold."

After Jenna put on her sunhat and lowered her black veil to cover her face, leaving the luxurious villa, Lumian said to Anthony. "Do you want to continue with the Psychology Alchemists mission?"

Anthony had already been assigned to Lumian, the new Mr. Chariot, and could completely stop the original mission given by Madam Justice.

Before Anthony could respond, Lumian laughed.

"You're about to become a Sequence 4 Manipulator. Those people who play with people's minds won't let a demigod not cultivated by their own organization enter their core levels."

Anthony had digested the Sequence 5 potion Dreamwalker faster than Lumian and the others because during this time, he had been active, walking, and working in a great existence's true dream.

"About to?" Anthony asked puzzlingly.

Had the Major Arcana cardholders found the corresponding Beyond ingredients?

That couldn't be so easy, right? If it were that easy, Madam Susie would have become a demigod long ago.

Lumian tucked his falling hair behind his ear and smiled. "Madam Justice has been searching for an ancient dragon. She's had some results but kept missing it. After Mr. Fool Initially awoke, he gave her a revelation that should be very useful. We might see results soon."

Anthony nodded and after considering for a few seconds said, "I want to continue my contact with the Psychology Alchemists, but no longer seek to enter their core levels.

"After becoming a demigod, I'll also hide my Sequence and deal with them in my current state. This is a very good intelligence channel, and I don't want to give it up."

"Alright," Lumian indeed needed such intelligence channels.

After exchanging a few more words, he and Franca went upstairs.

Walking on the thick carpet in the corridor, Lumian turned his head toward Franca. "You no longer need to do the Demoness Sect's mission."

This was a mission from Madam Justice, and since Franca was now subordinate to The Chariot, Lumian had full authority to help her stop this matter.

Franca was silent for a moment, then sighed, "Since you've chosen this current path, I think figuring out the situation with the Primordial Demoness and the secrets of the special mirror world are inevitable tasks, and none of these can bypass the Demoness Sect.

"Whether or not I've been exposed, even if they use me or set traps through this, it's still a good entry point. Having connections means having opportunities."

Lumian looked at Franca without speaking.

Feeling a bit uncomfortable under his gaze, Franca could only ask with a smile. "Are you moved?"

"Yes." Lumian nodded.

"Oh... why aren't you being stubborn this time? Now I don't know how to respond..." Franca mumbled. "Actually, Jenna continuing on the Demoness pathway also involves this kind of thinking."

Before Lumian could speak again, she forcefully changed the topic. "Let me ask a question, purely out of curiosity.

"If you briefly use the War Bishop power within the seal, will your body change?"

Normally, physical changes brought by a boon's power, as long as they didn't cause immediate collapse, occurred gradually and subtly over time. However, the boon powers of both Hunter and Demoness pathways inherently possessed the quality of changing the body.

"Yes, the body will, but the spirit won't" Lumian explained simply.

Taking potions to change gender would affect the spirit as well, like Franca-when her Astral Projection roamed the spirit world, her form was also female. But changes brought by boons were limited to body and mind, meaning that even if Lumian returned to a male state using the War Bishop powers within the seal, his spirit would still appear as Lumina.

Franca immediately became excited. "Can you try it, let me see?"

If this worked, she could seek corresponding boons in the future. Then she could be a man when she wanted to be a man, a woman when she wanted to be a woman, and neither if she preferred!

After all, Lumian's goal was to resurrect Aurore, which meant he would reach very high levels, and seeking temporary boons from him wouldn't have any hidden dangers.

Before Lumian could respond, Franca shook her head.

"Never mind, never mind. The Lie earring uses corresponding Beyonder power to change the body without any pain, but changes brought by this kind of boon powers come with the power itself-they're forced, uncontrollable, and must be very painful. Never mind."

"You've been both a Demoness of Affliction and a Demoness of Despair, what pain are you afraid of?" Lumian teased, as his body suddenly changed.

There was both the writhing of flesh and the creaking of bones.

Lumian's face contorted for several seconds before settling into his original male appearance, but more handsome, with more of that masculine charm.

Franca watched with both concern and curiosity, then said, "It really works..."

Her eyes moved slightly, and she added, "Can you close your eyes?"

Lumian didn't refuse.

Then, he heard Franca sigh and say,

"We all know you see your female body as your sister's, and unless she agrees, you won't do anything suggestive with it. We respect your thoughts and Aurore herself, but, but sometimes we still want to see Lumian, to hug Lumian..."

Just as Lumian was about to speak, a warmth pressed against his lips.

After a peaceful, serene, and sweet moment of entanglement, Franca pulled back.

Lumian opened his eyes to see she was suddenly slightly taller than him.

Instinctively, Lumian looked down and discovered that several layers of ice crystal steps had formed beneath Franca's feet at some point.

Franca opened her eyes wide and said, "This time I took the initiative, and I thought kissing you from above felt more appropriate for the current mood!"

"Whatever you like," Lumian said noncommittally.

Franca jumped down from the ice crystal steps and sighed again. "Change back now, minimize the influence of the boon."

She then pressed her lips together, clapped her hands once, and said with a smile, "With the apocalypse approaching and everyone in this situation, let's just make do for now!"

\*\*\*

Thanks to the user "[Максим Довбняк](#)" for the chapters provided!

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## Chapter 1039: Every Beginning is Difficult

[ 1,641 words ]

At the telegraph office in the arts district.

Still wearing her sun hat and black veil, Jenna paid the telegram fee and gazed at the constant tinkling sounds next door, muttering to herself, "What are they renovating?"

A male telegraph operator looked up and said with a mixture of disdain and worry,

"The telephone office.

"They say they want to develop wired telephones extensively. Can they really lay lines to so many places? In the end, they'll have to rely on wireless!"

Yes, mobile phones should also be a type of wireless... Jenna suddenly felt nostalgic.

She was also looking forward to the development of telephone networks in Intis. That way they could communicate in real-time instead of going through the trouble of sending and receiving telegrams.

Walking out of the telegraph office, before Jenna could decide whether to take a carriage back to the luxurious villa or browse around the neighborhood, she heard a newspaper boy shouting at the intersection:

"Extra! Extra!

"Ms. Fors promises to finalize 'The Great Adventurer 7' within two weeks!

"Extra! Extra!

"The large generator manufactured by the Church of Steam's Deep Valley Cloister has entered the factory production stage!"

Large generator... Jenna paused for a moment, her gaze involuntarily drawn to the horse-drawn trams on the road, women wearing different styles of sun hats. men carrying canes and wearing top hats, classical- style gas street lamps, luxurious theaters and nearby cafes, and various shops.

This hardly looked like a scene approaching the apocalypse.

Jenna gazed greedily at everything, worried it would suddenly dissipate like the dream city.

In the luxurious villa.

Lumian stood before the full-length mirror, staring motionlessly at his beautiful face that was both familiar and strange.

He was waiting, waiting for the reflection to smile on its own or show some other expression.

One of the major difficulties in the Demoness of Unaging advancement ritual was finding one's Mirror Person-this wasn't something one could encounter just by wanting to.

The mystical connection between a Demoness and their Mirror Person served both as a locating aid and as an alarm that allowed the other party to detect danger early and constantly relocate.

Moreover, according to the actual experiences and daily observations of the three Demonesses-Lumian, Franca, and Jenna-the stable Mirror People born from becoming Demonesses were different from those Mirror People in special mirror worlds.

Under normal circumstances, the Demonesses' Mirror People could not leave the mirror world. Once these Mirror People entered reality, it meant there was a major problem with the Demoness's own state.

"We'll still need to ask Madam Magician for help with positioning and containment..." Lumian, who had been watching the mirror image for an hour, withdrew his gaze and muttered to himself.

At that moment, Madam Magician appeared in the bedroom, surrounded by twinkling starlight.

She looked around and asked, "Where's Two of Cups?"

"She went to meet with her subordinate, preparing for tomorrow's meeting with the Demoness of Black," Lumian answered simply.

Madam Magician frowned and said, "Is she still going to continue with the Demoness Sect's missions?"

"At the Sequence 4 demigod stage, the Demoness of Despair only provides potions and helps prepare rituals. How will Two of Cups explain how she was able to advance to Demoness of Despair, where the potion formula and corresponding ingredients came from, and how the ritual was completed?"

"No explanation is needed. Her advancement to Sequence 4 was completed under the Primordial Demoness's watch, and these past few days, she often takes out that white

bone figurine and places it beside her, with no abnormalities or dangers arising." Lumian explained on Franca's behalf, "This situation makes her feel she still has value to the Demoness Sect, or rather, to the Primordial Demoness. When the time comes, she can make up a convincing reason that the Demoness of Black should believe, such as divine bestowal or divine favor.

"She can also take this opportunity to learn more mystical knowledge about Mirror People from the Demoness of Black, which might prove useful in the upcoming Demoness of Unaging ritual."

Madam Magician looked at Lumian for several seconds. "This is dangerous."

"We know," Lumian replied in a low voice.

Madam Magician sighed and said, "When she goes to meet the Demoness of Black tomorrow, remember to notify me in advance. I'll provide necessary protection nearby."

"Thank you," Lumian then asked, "Why did you suddenly come over? Is something wrong?"

Weren't we supposed to wait until we gathered all the information before setting a time for the ritual?

Madam Magician made no attempt to hide it, her expression becoming quite complex,

"To have a small meeting."

"Small meeting?" Lumian raised an eyebrow.

"A small meeting means a private gathering without Mr. Fool present, but still held in the palace above the gray fog." Madam Magician explained briefly. "Previously it was fixed at once a month, but now that formal meetings have resumed and are fixed for 3 pm on the first Monday of each month, we obviously can't continue with the small meetings in the same way. They might become more impromptu in nature, specifically convened for special matters."

"This discussion..." Lumian asked thoughtfully, "Is it to unify the Major Arcana's understanding of Gehrman Sparrow?"

"Yes," Madam Magician nodded slightly. "In half an hour, recite Mr. Fool's honorific name."

After speaking, her figure transformed into countless starlight and flew into the illusory door.

Half an hour later, Lumian recited Mr. Fool's honorific name and once again arrived above the gray fog, sitting at one side of the bronze long table.

In his eyes, streaks of light were rising up, condensing into slightly blurred figures in different seats.

In less than a minute, all the Major Arcana card holders were present.

After glancing at Madam Justice, The Magician began speaking.

"I just returned from Two of Cups. She compared the current Mr. Fool, or rather Gehrman Sparrow's image, to an AI."

After roughly repeating Franca's original words, this lady said, "I think it makes sense. We must quickly unify our understanding of Gehrman Sparrow to minimize the corruption of the faith anchors."

Madam Justice picked up the thread.

"The most fundamental and widespread public perceptions of Gehrman Sparrow don't need to be changed, and can't be changed in the short term- these themselves don't contain contradictions.

"What we need to do is make the Gehrman Sparrow beneath this shell closer to Mr. Fool's true self, and ensure there are no contradictions.

"Since we want to unify this understanding, we must start with ourselves. If our own understandings still differ and contain major contradictions, it will certainly affect later corrections and dissemination."

Seeing all the Major Arcana card holders nodding slightly in agreement, Madam Justice said, "Then let's first share our impressions of Mr. Fool and Gehrman Sparrow, record them, and then discuss which ones are correct and which can be unified.

"Who wants to start?"

Madam Justice first looked toward Madam Magician and Mr. Star.

She found that the former showed hints of fear, seemingly afraid to speak or listen, while the latter kept his mouth shut, appearing quite hesitant, as if unsure which things should be said, which shouldn't, and whether to say everything.

The Chariot Lumian clicked his tongue imperceptibly and shook his head.

"What are you thinking about?" Mr. Moon, who was sitting not far from him, tilted his head curiously to ask.

Lumian chuckled and said, "I'm imagining how I would feel if a group of people were discussing what kind of person I am behind my back, each with different impressions."

"Embarrassed?" Mr. Moon couldn't help but consider it too.

The Chariot Mr. Lumian smiled and said, "I don't know if others would be embarrassed, but for myself, I'd probably be excited, find it fun, and wish I could sneak in to listen."

Mr. Moon raised his right hand and touched his face.

He instinctively looked at the huge chair at the head of the table, then glanced at the position at the bottom, confirming that neither Mr. Fool nor The World was present-truly not present. "If it were the Sherlock Moriarty in my impression, he would genuinely be embarrassed, but if it were Gehrman Sparrow, he would maintain a cold expression, making it impossible to tell what he's thinking." Mr. Moon responded to Lumian's words.

After speaking, he found that the other Major Arcana card holders were all looking at him.

Seeing this, Lumian inwardly chuckled and muttered to himself, See, someone to kick things off has volunteered themselves.

Mr. Moon froze for a moment, and seeing everyone waiting for him to continue, he had no choice but to maintain outward composure and continue.

"I haven't had much interaction with Gehrman Sparrow; it was mainly above the gray fog. Many of my impressions come from rumors, centered around words like cold, powerful, and quick-to-action.

"Comparatively, I know Sherlock Moriarty better. He's quite perceptive, fairly vigilant, very concerned with money, but judging from his behavior at the Harvest Church and other places, he's actually quite caring and possesses a true gentleman's sense of humor..."

After speaking in one breath, Mr. Moon slightly raised his chin, looked around, and said, "You guys' turn."

Madam Justice didn't wait for other Major Arcana cards, deciding to follow Mr. Moon's example and set a model for everyone.

"I'll go.

"I was once Mr. World's psychiatrist, provided him with corresponding treatment, and even entered the Hall of Truth with him, hearing many of his inner thoughts."

Upon catching the term Hall of Truth, Mr. Star unconsciously adjusted his sitting position, with his right side more forward and his left side slightly withdrawn.

After all the Major Arcana card holders, including The Chariot Lumian, turned to look at her, Madam Justice spoke in a steady voice,

"My deepest impression of Mr. World is that he was very lonely. He had many things piled up in his heart and weighing on his shoulders....

"But he could still control himself, not indulging, not despairing, not acting willfully, not becoming distorted....

"What Mr. Moon just said is correct-he was indeed a very caring person, his heart was actually very gentle, and his cold and tough exterior was just a facade he had put on..."

Miss Justice's gentle voice slowly echoed above the bronze long table.

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## Chapter 1040: Individual Impressions

[ 1,624 words ]

"Though outwardly quiet and reserved, he actually likes to joke and tease in his mind, and occasionally even rambles..."

Madam Magician listened with inexplicable tension, thoughts instinctively flashing through her mind. Am I allowed to hear this? Should I be hearing this?

If Gehrman Sparrow finds out I'm listening to what he's really like inside, that he's even somewhat lively, would he blow my head off with a gun?

"Those are my impressions," Madam Justice concluded her recollections and summary.

Madam Magician quietly let out a breath.

After calming down, she thought carefully and felt that if Gehrman Sparrow was really as Miss Justice described, then probably, perhaps, he wouldn't use violent means to eliminate people who knew his true nature.

Seeing that Madam Justice had said so much, Mr. Star, sitting next to Lumian, leaned back against his chair, as if trying to enter a relaxed state.

In a rich timbre, he intoned, "He is a learned person, and this is reflected in more than just his being a university history graduate;

"In supernatural events, he was very green at first, but quickly became skilled, becoming someone people could rely on;

"He's not comfortable getting too close to others, always maintaining a certain distance, appearing as if he fears loss and doesn't want to gain anything, but in reality, he's someone who values relationships deeply, and inevitably relaxes over time, gradually integrating and carefully building friendships with others;

"He's calm but not introverted, can take jokes and has a sense of humor, values life and is willing to enjoy it, but doesn't like waste;

"He's cautious, perhaps due to the influence of the Seer pathway, completely deserving to be called very cautious. When encountering matters that aren't urgent and won't cause immediate harm, he chooses the most conservative response, leaving first or waiting for backup, but if a disaster is very pressing and will affect many people, even if he's not powerful enough himself, he's willing to step forward and try to resolve it despite the risks;

"He deeply values his brother and sister, is more relaxed around them, and shows some of the personality traits Madam Justice just described;

"He is the best brother, both younger and older, and also the best colleague..."

After Mr. Star finished speaking, the majestic palace remained silent for quite a while, until all the Major Arcana card holders except Madam Magician turned their gaze toward her.

Madam Magician cleared her throat and said, "My impressions of Gehrman Sparrow can be read in 'The Great Adventurer' novel series.

"If I really have to summarize..."

This Angel of the Door pathway paused, her voice unconsciously becoming softer.

"Cold, powerful, mysterious, and will kill people on the spot if they say one wrong word.

"But, but very reliable-when you're with him, you only need to worry about whether he might eliminate you, there's no need to worry about anything else."

You're closer to teasing than stating facts with that last part... I can clearly hear that you're somewhat afraid, yet you still insist on teasing both Gehrman Sparrow and yourself - is this the nature of writers? Well, from 'The Great Adventurer' series, it's clear that you respect, fear, and somewhat admire Gehrman Sparrow, yet you persistently write gossip about him. The Chariot Lumian, listening quietly, couldn't help but think to himself.

After speaking quickly, Madam Magician turned her gaze to Mr. Hanged Man sitting diagonally across from her, meaning it was his turn.

Mr. Hanged Man had already prepared his thoughts. "I haven't had much contact with any of Mr. Fool's identities, and some I haven't met at all, so I can only say briefly.

"An experienced, very intelligent, and powerful adventurer.

"His luck seems quite good too.

"Not actually as cold and hard as his exterior suggests.

"Willing to listen to others' opinions and respect their experience."

After Mr. Hanged Man finished, Madam Justice, who appeared small compared to her chair, shared her understanding:

"Most of my impressions of Gehrman Sparrow come from Madam Magician, so there's no need to repeat them.

"I've had the most contact with the identity of Dwayne Dantes. He's a mature, cultured, wealthy gentleman, but very mysterious, with unusual things always happening around him.

"He's said to be romantic, fond of beautiful women with different characteristics, but I haven't noticed him having any truly deep relationships with any women.

"Well, he also has a kind heart, does charity work with genuine desire to help others, and treats his male and female servants not just with surface politeness, but actually without arrogance or hidden discrimination."

This is also one side of Mr. Fool, especially certain details that really reflect his inner nature... Madam Justice carefully memorized what the other Major Arcana card holders were saying, to summarize and distill it later.

Mr. Sun, tall and wearing a plain white robe, followed by saying, "Powerful but not arrogant, cold but not heartless.

"He practices all that is righteous, he's willing to take great risks to help people who are actually of no use to him, he is light in the darkness, a guide walking ahead, an angel sheltering everyone."

A more religious description, with more extreme and pure emotions... As expected of the Pope of the Church of The Fool and member of the New City of Silver's six-member council... Lumian could clearly hear some differences.

Ma'am Hermit pushed up her glasses and said, "A very capable adventurer who can always respond most appropriately to unexpected situations."

"He also yearns for something, he also gazes at the setting sun, and at such times, I can truly feel his loneliness-what he wants to grasp seems to be in a very distant, unreachable place."

"Also, a mysterious, powerful, and reliable companion."

The original Major Arcana card holders of the Tarot Club had finished speaking, leaving only the two new members.

The Chariot Lumian, whose figure was blurred but still recognizably female, thought for a moment before calmly saying, "I've never had any real contact with any of Mr. Fool's identities in the real world, my impressions of them all come from the materials you provided. I can only speak from my interactions with Mr. Fool through certain dream images in the dream city."

He was silent for a second before stating his first impression, "Guardian."

Mr. Star, sitting beside him, suddenly spoke, as if sighing and supplementing, "A guardian fighting against threats and madness."

Lumian nodded.

He strongly agreed with this description, especially after learning that the Celestial Worthy's spiritual imprint was indelible and eternal.

This addition also resonated with the other Major Arcana card holders, and everyone fell into a new silence.

After a brief moment, Lumian shared his other impressions, "Gentle, kind, elder brother, teacher, friend, a person with stories, a deity with humanity."

After a pause, Lumian continued, "He values family and friends greatly, he probably very much wants to return to the era he truly belongs to, return to his homeland buried in history. He is lonely because of this, often sad and in pain, and only family and friends he acknowledges can help him find meaning in life."

"On the one hand detachment, on the other a deeper appreciation for life experiences, willing to experience beauty..."

As he spoke, Lumian stopped, because he felt that the more he said, the more he was thinking about how Aurore was the same way, and he worried he might mix up some of Aurore's characteristics with Mr. Fool's, affecting the Major Arcana card holders summary of Gehrman Sparrow's image.

So it is indeed like this... Madam Justice felt that some of her private speculations and judgments made after understanding the truth about transmigration were confirmed.

While memorizing, she felt that Gehrman Sparrow's image had become more grounded, more detailed, and more well-rounded.

At this point, Madam Temperance, who couldn't easily speak due to her sequence limitations, displayed the paper she had been writing on.

On the paper were words in ancient Feysac:

"My impressions are:

"Brave, decisive, extremely fast growth, increasingly reliable, increasingly capable.

"Also, gentle, cultured, kind, rational, has a sense of justice, pursues fairness, has sufficient sympathy for those in suffering and poverty, and is willing to help. has a heart of mercy."

After reading the contents of Madam Temperance's paper, Madam Justice thought quickly.

After a while, she spoke slowly, "Currently, the public's mainstream impression of Gehrman Sparrow focuses on several labels:

"Great adventurer, cold and powerful, Angel of Redemption, Mr. Fool's proxy, pirate killer.

"We don't need to change these for now. What we need to do is make these labels richer, more detailed, and also show the complexity of human nature."

The early impression that Gehrman Sparrow was a "lunatic" had basically faded after the Church of The Fool widely publicized the matter of redemption, and was no longer believed by most people.

Madam Justice continued, "Let's now start summarizing and unifying our understanding.

"The first word I want to propose is 'guardian`."

All the Major Arcana card holders, including Lumian, had no objections to this.

Thus, after multiple discussions, those present reached a unified understanding of Gehrman Sparrow's image: "Powerful, cautious, mysterious background, loves money but also generous, gentle at heart, shows mercy to people, redeems suffering. values family and relationships, always misses his homeland, is Mr. Fool's proxy.

The Major Arcana card holders didn't add all the details to make the description richer, as that would both make it difficult to spread and easy to misinterpret-it was enough that they themselves had the corresponding impressions.

Madam Magician thought for a moment and said, "I think we can add that he has rich inner thoughts, likes to ramble, joke, and tease in his mind.

"For the novel's text, this would be very interesting. and this is also the true Gehrman Sparrow."

"That works." Madam Justice looked toward Madam Magician and smiled, saying. "Then I'll trouble you to complete 'The Great Adventurer 7 within two weeks."

"Alright." Madam Magician's body stiffened for a second, then she forced a smile and said, "I've even thought of the promotional tagline, um, "Want to see a more vivid and humane Gehrman Sparrow?"

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