

Circle of Inevitability

Chapter 1041: Different Accounts

[1,678 words]

"Whether or not the Demoness of Black provided the corresponding mystical knowledge, you should perform the ritual in the next two days. I will help you forcefully locate and lock onto the Mirror Person. After this is done, I'll need to focus on meeting my deadline," Madam Magician said to Lumian as she floated in the East Lognes Forest near Chaillot Town.

Don't tell me you haven't even started writing yet-not a single word? When you said above the gray fog that you'd even thought of the promotional tagline, did you make that up on the spot? In that case, completing The Great Adventurer 7' in two weeks would be very difficult, unless you don't care about quality... Lumian pondered thoughtfully.

At the end of yesterday's small meeting, Madam Magician had promised in front of all the Major Arcana card holders that she would deliver the manuscript for 'The Great Adventurer 7' within two weeks.

The other Major Arcana card holders also expressed that they would quickly adjust Gehrman Sparrow's image within their own spheres of influence. The most important among these was the action to be taken by the Church of The Fool.

Mr. Sun would gather bishops from each parish in batches to undergo intensive theological training, adding corresponding interpretations and descriptions to their sermons while making minimal changes to the scripture.

Before Lumian could respond, Madam Magician added, "If you're really not ready to perform the ritual yet, then we can wait until two weeks later."

"I'm ready." Lumian calmly replied, standing atop a large tree, concealing himself in the shadows of the canopy.

At this time, Franca arrived at the estate that primarily grew grapes.

She once again saw Browns Sauron, with her orange- red long hair, clean and pure face, and hint of a wildness.

"Long time no see," Franca smiled in greeting.

Browns looked at her and suddenly froze. "You seem to have become more beautiful."

"You've become more beautiful too," Franca observed Browns, noticing that her orange-red hair had become slightly darker, her features more delicate, and the touch of wildness in her demeanor made one unconsciously think of young girls who could participate in hunting in primitive tribes.

Browns withdrew her gaze and said with slight pride in a soft voice, "I'm now a Demoness of Affliction."

"If this were at sea, you'd have a chance to be called an admiral." Franca politely complimented.

What do you call that? That's called having class!

Browns strongly agreed with this, but said, "I feel like in recent years, Sequence 5 has become increasingly less valuable."

When the apocalypse comes, except for a few special saints, perhaps only Angels will be able to make a difference... Franca suddenly felt somewhat melancholic.

The two Demonesses chatted casually as they went deeper into the estate, arriving at the round pavilion situated among numerous grape vines and creepers.

The Demoness of Black, wearing a deep blue hat, her face partially obscured by a veil which only made her more alluring, was sitting inside.

"Teacher, Franca is here," Browns stepped forward and said softly.

The Demoness of Black turned to the side and cast her gas upon France.

"Good morning, Madame," Franca first greeted with a smile, then said seriously and devoutly, "I have become a Demoness of Despair, under God's watch."

Demoness of Despair? Sequence 4 demigod? She became a demigod? Browns's beautiful eyes suddenly grew round.

When she and Franca first met, they were both just Demonesses of Pleasure, and in just over half a year, the other party had reached Sequence 4?

This was a qualitative change point, the gateway to godhood, the initial line separating humans from gods -how could it be so easy to cross and push open?

A Sequence 4 Demoness of Despair, even within the entire Demoness Sect, their numbers were quite limited, worthy of being called high-ranking, though not yet able to enter the core layer!

I thought my advancement speed was already fast enough... Browns momentarily felt dazed, unable to help questioning life.

The Demoness of Black showed no obvious emotional fluctuation, and only nodded after Franca finished speaking, "Thank God for Her favor, thank the Primordial One's grace."

She accepted it just like that? Has the Primordial Demoness given corresponding revelations? Franca, who was already prepared to flee the Demoness Sect at any time and wanted to get whatever benefits she could, quickly said, "After becoming a Demoness of Despair, I feel my connection with the Mirror Person has deepened, and it has undergone some sort of mutation. Could you teach me in detail about the mystical knowledge related to the Mirror Person?"

The Demoness of Black glanced at Franca and said with a slight smile, "After gaining godhood, you indeed should pay attention to such matters."

Her gaze swept over Browns as she continued, "The Mirror People of Demonesses always believe they are the original body, that they are the original who was separated after drinking the 'Witch' potion, imprisoned in the mirror world, serving as a mirror substitute and mirror magic medium. If you with your godhood believe this point, your soul, personality, and spirit will become incomplete because of it. Not only will you never have hope of reaching higher sequences, but you'll also have many problems in daily life, and the risk of losing control will also become very high.

"A Demoness's Mirror Person is essentially a product of the combination of potion power and mirror world rules, closer to a spiritual imprint and soul projection."

This is completely different from Moran Avigny's saying that a "Demoness's true self dwells within the mirror"... Although I prefer this explanation and am willing to accept it, the Demoness of Black probably hasn't revealed the whole truth. For example, why is the spiritual imprint and soul projection in a male state? After becoming a Witch, both body and soul have changed... Well, Moran Avigny, as a Mirror Person, his viewpoints and perspectives must also be biased... Combine the two? Franca listened quietly, thinking instinctively, without interrupting the Demoness of Black's explanation.

The Demoness of Black's voice took on several layers of complexity, with various emotions difficult to distinguish.

"This is also one of the reasons why males are more suited to the Demoness pathway.

"To further utilize the mirror world, one must inevitably face their own Mirror Person, and male Demonesses Mirror Person is male-extreme, vengeful, hateful, males in pain who will be better attracted by a Demoness's charm, thereby becoming infatuated with us, both hating and obeying.

"Female Demonesses' Mirror People have stronger replacement desires and are harder to control."

Can it work like that? You were able to become a Demoness of Unaging because you charmed your mirror self and made him fall in love with you? What does tasting yourself yourself feel like? Franca pondered internally.

Aren't Demonesses too twisted?

She thought for a moment and said sincerely, "Eventually we have to face our own Mirror Person?"

"Will he be willing to meet with me? I feel he will deliberately avoid me using our mystical connection."

The Demoness of Black answered, "They will indeed avoid you. Although our Mirror Person will continuously grow stronger as our strength increases, being equivalent to a copy of our abilities, but as a Demoness's Mirror Person, they are naturally restricted, constrained, and weakened by the mirror world, like prisoners wearing shackles unable to perform normally. They're unlikely to be our match, so they will inevitably choose to avoid us.

"Only when you are weak enough, and there are no traps around, will you see him, face him.

"Remember, what you know, he knows."

Let the Mirror Person think there's an opportunity? And we share memories and abilities? Franca pondered for a few seconds and said, "In Underground Trier, I entered a special mirror world and encountered my own Mirror Person. That time, he faced me directly. without avoiding me in advance."

"The Mirror Person in the special mirror worlds is different from a Demoness's Mirror Person in the broader mirror world. What's useful to us is the latter," the Demoness of Black explained briefly.

Franca asked about some more details until the Demoness of Black no longer gave detailed answers.

She had to report other matters.

"Louis from the Emperor Party was very frustrated for a while earlier, seemingly unable to contact some important figure, but recently he's back to normal, showing no similar behavior."

"Very good, keep watching them," the Demoness of Black nodded slightly.

Franca received permission after taking her leave.

The Demoness of Black quietly watched her silhouette until she and Browns disappeared into the grape grove.

...

In the luxurious villa.

Franca detailed the mystical knowledge taught by the Demoness of Black to Lumian and Jenna.

"Are we performing the ritual today?" after they finished their discussion, Madam Magician asked.

"We can try. We'll only know what problems there are after we try," Lumian stood up, his black hair falling loose.

Madam Magician smiled and said, "No need to rush, wait for me."

As soon as she finished speaking, this Major Arcana card holder opened an illusory door of starlight and walked through it.

Soon after, she returned to this luxurious villa.

She had changed her clothes, wearing a deep black warlock's robe embroidered with silver stars.

"Look in the mirror, then use Mirror Substitution." Madam Magician's speech quickened slightly, as if she couldn't maintain her current state for too long.

Under Franca and Jenna's watchful eyes, Lumian walked to the full-length mirror in the bedroom.

Looking at the enchanting Demoness reflected in the mirror, he maintained a cold expression and actively used Mirror Substitution.

When the cracking sound rang out, the silver stars on Madam Magician's warlock robe began to glow, becoming increasingly numerous.

The surrounding darkness spread accordingly, and an illusory starry sky descended upon this room.

The brilliant stars moved rapidly, forming a directional, extremely complex key.

This was forcefully locating by borrowing the mystical connection between Lumian and his Mirror Person, utilizing the characteristic that the Mirror Person was the corresponding medium for mirror magic!

In just a second or two, Madam Magician's voice echoed ethereally, "Found him."

Countless starlight then fell, disappearing into the full-length mirror.

"I've briefly confined the target, you can go now," Madam Magician then said to Lumian.

Her voice had returned to normal.

Lumian nodded once, stepped into the full-length mirror, and following the starlight's guidance, traversed into the depths of the mirror world.

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Chapter 1042: A Common Goal

[1,682 words]

The endless darkness around seemed frozen, with points of starlight moving through it like liquid flowing through blood vessels in an illusory tunnel, helping Lumian traverse without losing his way.

In just about ten seconds, Lumian arrived at an area where the void was dark and heavy, forming a giant eggshell.

With his arrival, the guiding starlight ahead coalesced into a dreamlike door upon the eggshell.

As soon as Lumian passed through this door, he saw a familiar figure.

It was himself, his male state.

That handsome face was covered in blood stains, and his blue eyes revealed undisguised hatred and pain.

"Well well, having an Angel's help does make a difference!" Lumian's Mirror Person gave a thumbs up, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

"If an Angel promises to help and you don't use her power, wouldn't that make you a fool?" Lumian let out his habitual scoff.

Lumian's Mirror Person stared fixedly at his female self, and after a few seconds said, "What are you here for?"

Lumian responded calmly. "To reconcile with you.

"If you're unwilling, I'll beat you into submission, charm you until you are."

Lumian's Mirror Person gave a self-mocking laugh, then said, "Okay."

"That simple?" Lumian raised an eyebrow that was much softer than his Mirror Person's.

His Mirror Person chuckled. "I'd rather replace you, but that would require your agreement too."

"If there's no other way, that could be considered." Lumian's lips curved into a smile, his face seeming to reflect a hint of starlight.

His Mirror Person froze for a moment and said, "We are essentially the same, the current me."

"The current me?" Lumian was partly concerned his mirror self had other schemes, and partly wanted to explore more knowledge about Mirror People to help Franca with the upcoming ritual, so he didn't rush forward to reconcile.

"After consuming the Witch or higher potions and stabilizing the birth of a Mirror Person, essentially a split of the self occurs during advancement, dividing into the me in the mirror and the me outside the mirror, the me of the original gender and the me of the current gender. When you became a Demoness of Despair, you still had Inevitability's boon, which caused a slight change in the split-the me in the mirror is the me of the original gender, also the past me, while the me outside is the me of the current gender, also the present me." The mirrored Lumian's face showed slight distortion. "This is my personal experience and feeling, it might not be entirely correct."

"If we reconcile, will we together form the future me?" Lumian asked thoughtfully.

"Perhaps." The mirrored Lumian sneered. "Who could have experience with this? Let's hurry up, don't waste time."

Seeing Lumian watching him without speaking, the mirrored Lumian smacked his lips and said, "If I replaced you, the ritual would definitely fall because the soul gender would be different. Then we'd forever remain at the Demoness of Despair sequence unless we

switched to War Bishop. That's one path, but given the current situation, it would waste too much time.

"Gal, time waits for no one. Becoming a Demoness of Unaging is a crucial step to reviving Aurore. The sooner we take it, the better!"

Lumian was silent for a few seconds before saying. "You want to reconcile because reviving Aurore is more important?"

"Otherwise? Because of your charming personality?" the mirrored Lumian mocked.

He paused, composed his expression, and said in a deep voice, "We are the same person. Apart from hating you, cursing you, wanting to replace you, I have no other differences from you.

"And none of that matters."

"Indeed, none of that matters." Lumian finally smiled and walked toward his mirror self.

He extended his fair, slender hand with skin like congealed cream.

His mirror self also smiled.

"Since replacing you isn't the most important thing. between reconciliation, being enslaved, and being infatuated with you, I'll definitely choose reconciliation."

As he spoke, he also extended his right palm.

A broad, strong hand with bronze-colored skin.

The two hands, noticeably different in size, clasped together.

Lumian instantly felt the mystical connection between them become almost tangible, as if forming ropes, forming a spider web that enclosed them both.

In his eyes, his mirror self's face suddenly twisted.

The Mirror Person burst out cursing. "Son of a sow! Do you know that every time you use Mirror Substitution, I die once and then split off from you again?"

"You piece of shit, let's switch places once, let you experience how painful it is!"

"Trapped in this pitch-black place every day, no one to talk to, no one to interact with, I've nearly gone crazy. might as well die, but Aurore hasn't been revived yet!"

"Haha, I'm always happy when you're suffering, so you have times like that too!"

"Dammit, but I suffer while being happy, because what causes you pain makes me feel pain too, when you're in despair, I'm in despair too!

"Sometimes I think, letting me replace you to face all this. I'd rather die a few more times!

"My little cabbage, why can't you be happier, enjoy more, make me jealous, make me strongly want to replace you?

"..."

Lumian listened to his mirror self's angry curses without suppressing the emotional waves in his heart, as if he too was howling and venting similarly.

The two people in their handshake hadn't moved forward, yet they seemed to be getting closer and closer.

At this point, the mirrored Lumian stopped cursing.

He looked at Lumian, his expression serious, and said in a low voice, "We must revive Aurore."

He paused, then gritted his teeth and shouted. "Otherwise I won't let you off even as a ghost!"

"I won't let myself off either," Lumian responded in a deep voice.

As soon as he finished speaking, he suddenly felt his perspective change.

He saw his female self with eyes as clear as a highland lake, features bright and dignified, carrying a peculiar sharpness, and he saw himself with a blood-stained face, expression no longer so twisted.

At this moment, Lumian had an understanding.

Using the help of the Demoness's spider silk, he took out with one hand from the Traveler's Bag the Demoness of Unaging's Beyonder characteristic that resembled a transparent spring eye, different parts of corpses to replace Mirror God fragments and Gorgon blood, drops of water from drowned people's lungs collected over these two days, and an antique mirror from the early Fifth Epoch.

Under the guidance of invisible spider silk, first the slightly yellow-tinted blood was poured into a glass cup, a full 80 milliliters, then the spring-like crystal, glass shard-like objects, blackened drops with pus, and the copper mirror with damaged decorations around its edges were successively placed into that cup of blood.

In an instant, the glass cup took on a grayish-white color, and all items inside quickly merged, gradually becoming illusory.

Soon, a glass of grayish-white liquid that clearly reflected the surrounding mirror world appeared before Lumian's eyes.

The "Unaging" potion!

Lumian, simultaneously having two perspectives, raised his left hand and brought the transparent grayish-white cup to his lips, drinking the potion inside.

He first tasted a mixture of soil and stone, then his senses were numbed.

Wherever the potion passed, his tongue, mouth, esophagus, and stomach lost sensation, turning grayish-white.

This grayish-white was still seeping into his soul.

At this moment, Lumian felt his spirit float into the air, arriving at his mirror self's side, watching as his Demoness form gradually turned to stone, seemingly becoming a statue.

His mirror self also underwent corresponding changes, just much more slowly, much more gradually.

Lumian's spirit quickly descended, using his mirror self to maintain consciousness and avoid complete petrification.

He suddenly understood why the Demoness of Unaging's ritual involved enslaving one's Mirror Person, or making him infatuated, or reconciling with him, because otherwise, after taking the potion, as the body petrified and the spirit wandered toward the mirror self, it would meet the Mirror Person's strong resistance, and at this time one's strength could only be exerted to a limited degree, making the situation very precarious.

When the Mirror Person was also severely petrified, Lumian's spirit floated up again, returning to his body.

By now, his body had adapted to the potion and, under returning consciousness's drive, gradually shed its petrified state.

Then, he saw his mirror self changing, transforming toward femininity, and not far away, one after another version of himself emerged from the darkness-him when he had just become a Demoness of Despair, him when he was still an Pyromaniac, him when he had just arrived at Cordu Village, him when he was still wandering, him in childhood...

Every time he looked in a mirror, it left certain traces in the mirror world, and now they all appeared!

You can choose one of these selves, fixing that state...

This is the secret of how the Demoness of Unaging can restore youth...

No matter which state is chosen, it will inevitably feminize...

My mirror self has actually become a woman too... Is this because I chose reconciliation rather than enslavement or making him infatuated?

So it can work like this...

Lumian, still gradually relieving his petrified state.

watched as his mirror self became increasingly beautiful, becoming more and more like himself, but vaguely carrying some of Aurore's qualities.

Just as feelings of joy began to arise, a scene suddenly appeared before his eyes:

in endless darkness, an indistinct figure suddenly turned toward this direction.

In just the blink of an eye, this figure arrived at the edge of that darkness, quietly looking down at Lumian.

This was similar to the Primordial Demoness's gaze when Lumian advanced to Demoness of Despair, but somewhat different.

Under this gaze, Lumian instantly lost most sensation, left with only a hazy consciousness struggling not to sink.

Shortly after, he opened his eyes to find himself wrapped in layers of grayish-white spider webs, like prey stored by a spider, or like a newborn in an egg.

The next second, the spider web silently collapsed. falling to the ground. Lumian's ordinary clothes, weakened by the earlier petrification and current recovery, quickly turned to powder and drifted away. revealing lustrous, delicate white skin.

While taking out and changing into clothes from the Traveler's Bag, Lumian looked around.

He then saw his Demoness-state mirror self.

He smiled, and that Mirror Person smiled too.

They were no longer separate-Lumian was both the self outside the mirror and the self inside the mirror, both the past self and the present self.

This was a Demoness of Unaging.

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Chapter 1043: Unaging

[1,670 words]

While changing clothes, Lumian examined the changes in himself after becoming a Demoness of Unaging.

Because of the reconciliation, his Mirror Person's consciousness had returned to his body. Whether it was his reflection in the mirror or himself outside it, they were now both him - different parts sharing a single consciousness.

In other words, he had the sensation of being both outside and within the mirror simultaneously. Even walking in sunlight, he would partially experience another self-moving hesitantly forward in darkness.

This also allowed him to see both the reality and the changes within mirrors simultaneously.

Furthermore, in the past, when a Mirror Person died, it would split off from the body again to revive. Now, the body had the same privilege-if it died, it would revive through the Mirror Person.

Simply put, the death of either the body or the Mirror Person alone was no longer true death for a Demoness of Unaging - it was more like a partial injury that could be healed.

Additionally, a Demoness of Unaging could have multiple Mirror Persons. Lumian could use environments with multiple mirrors to temporarily multiply his Mirror Persons-as long as one survived, he wouldn't truly die. He could also use blood, hair, skin, or other media to create a Mirror Person sleeping within a mirror, hiding that mirror in a secret place under anti-divination conditions, cutting off corresponding mystical connections to prevent curses and other harm from affecting the sleeping Mirror Person.

This way, even if his body and other Mirror Persons were killed, as long as this hidden mirror remained unfound, Lumian could revive through the sleeping Mirror Person.

This was the source of the Demoness of Unaging's bizarre resistance to death and skill at revival: the self in the mirror and the self outside are both me!

Without this special characteristic, revival through this method would be impossible, which was why Lumian couldn't help others create sleeping Mirror Persons.

Does reconciliation mean both inside and outside the mirror are me? While enslavement and infatuation mean the mirror self is either not me or just my appendage? Just as Lumian thought this, an illusory starfield suddenly appeared before his eyes, revealing countless brilliant stars.

Some of these stars were very bright and large, hidden in the depths of darkness, while others seemed nearby yet remained untouchable.

Wh-Lumian's pupils, clear and dreamy like a highland lake, suddenly dilated.

He felt his Unaging potion had been completely digested!

What's going on?

How had it been fully digested right after drinking it and completing the advancement?

He hadn't even begun acting the role of a Demoness of Unaging yet!

Amid confusion, bewilderment, and perplexity, various thoughts flashed through Lumian's mind until he arrived at an extraordinarily joyful speculation:

This was brought about by the further awakening of Aurore's soul fragment!

Has Aurore further awakened through this state of being both inside and outside the mirror, through me and my Mirror Person? She's now effectively part of me, and any part of me can eventually be revived through the Mirror Person, so has she gained this characteristic too?

Given the name, surely the act of a Demoness of Unaging doesn't require maintaining an unaging mentality and appearance over hundreds or thousands of years? The unaging appearance is easily solved—a Demoness of Unaging naturally maintains their appearance. But an unaging mentality is much more difficult and would take a very long time. Yet Aurore is from thousands or tens of thousands of years ago, or even longer, and has been sleeping the whole time. Upon returning to reality in the current era, her mentality is indeed still quite young, completely unaging...

Aurore is now part of me, one of my aspects. If her mental, spiritual, and soul state perfectly matches the requirements of the Unaging potion, it's as if I match them too, so the potion naturally digested quickly...

Lumian nodded thoughtfully.

What made him happiest wasn't that the Unaging potion had been completely digested in such a short time, but that he had truly seen and felt Aurore's awakening.

This was indeed the first step in reviving Aurore!

Lumian continued examining the changes in his state.

Hmm, I can separate out Mirror Persons for special hiding, and since the potion is fully digested, it's increased to two.

I've truly gained the Petrification ability, no longer requiring hair contact. However, Petrification still can't take effect on targets across thin air-either it must spread inch by inch from nearby until it reaches and covers the enemy, or it must use the Demoness's spider silk to transmit the corresponding power...

My eyes are now equivalent to mirrors. Whatever I see can become a target for curses, and I can use my eyes as a medium along with my Mirror Person transformation to directly enter the mirror world.

If I manifest an incomplete Mythical Creature form, my hair will become serpents, each with a clear black and white eye on its head. Whatever these eyes see can be petrified from thin air...

My utilization of the mirror world has clearly strengthened. I can forcibly pull people of lower standing into the mirror world without them noticing. For Saints and Angels of equal or higher standing, success and detection depend on their state. I can even pull an entire house or street into the mirror world-what exactly gets pulled in is up to me, it doesn't have to be done as a whole...

I can now directly transmit power through the mirror world. Combined with Mirror Projection, I can sit at home and 'manifest' power anywhere in Trier using positioned mirrors. The power attached to this Mirror Projection cannot exceed Sequence 4...

"The Hunter pathway is still only at Sequence 5, with no new fusion abilities, but Precision can help me 'manifest' power in three different places.

All Mirror Projections cannot leave their corresponding mirror's reflection range...

At the Demoness of Unaging level, I can control mirrors within a fifteen-kilometer range and those I've visited before-this can cover an entire small city...

The Plague range has reached ten kilometers and can spread outward on its own, though the types of plagues haven't increased...

Each spider silk is now like my arm...

I can perfectly display the charm of women at every age, with skin condition and facial features either matching or contrasting....

As long as there's a physical medium, Curses can not only affect the target but also their direct relatives. With large-scale, special black magic, crucial media, and arrangements, curses might even harm Angels. Other aspects haven't changed much...

Other Demoness abilities have also improved accordingly...

That bizarre state of the Demoness of Black earlier really had nothing to do with the Demoness of Unaging itself, or perhaps it depends on which ritual was chosen during advancement?

After this examination, Lumian looked around, then traversed back to his bedroom.

By this time, Madam Magician was gone.

Madam Magician said that the magic robe couldn't be worn too long. After confirming you were fine, she left to get some rest and will return later," Jenna explained upon seeing him.

Franca asked eagerly, "Did the ritual succeed? Are you now a Demoness of Unaging?"

Her spiritual intuition told her this was the case.

Lumian nodded and smiled, "Yes, we reconciled."

Before Franca could ask more, he casually said, "The Unaging potion has also been completely digested."

"Huh?" "What?" Jenna and Franca exclaimed in surprise.

Lumian smiled at Franca. "If you became a Demoness of Unaging, you'd be able to digest the potion quickly too."

"Ah, me?" Franca paused, pointing at herself, then asked with some speculation, "Does the acting of a Demoness of Unaging focus on time scale and the unaging state?"

She thought carefully-she really was an ancient relic. and she truly wasn't aging now, in any aspect.

With a nod, Lumian replied, "I believe the most important acting principle is maintaining an unaging mentality over the erosion of time, over hundreds or thousands of years."

"It's true then..." Franca nodded slowly, "Did the Celestial Worthy make us hang on that light gate for thousands or tens of thousands of years, causing us to perfectly match such acting? His intentions were bad, but the outcome was good?"

Understanding what they were talking about. Jenna looked at Lumian and asked, "You relied on Aurore?"

"I now truly feel that Aurore is one of my aspects, a part of me," Lumian didn't hide it.

Jenna smiled with complex emotions and empathy, "That's wonderful."

She thought of her mother and father-she also had people she wanted to revive, but there was no hope now.

Lumian then told Franca and Jenna in great detail about his dialogue with his Mirror Person and his feelings during advancement, finally saying. "Reconciliation brings unity between the self in and outside the mirror. The other two methods probably don't work-the Mirror Person would remain one's male self.

"I think the prerequisite for reconciliation is that both parties have a common goal for which one is willing to sacrifice themselves, and the Mirror Person has no better options. Then negotiations become possible."

Franca fell into deep thought.

Lumian looked at Jenna and after some consideration said, "If earlier my Mirror Person had deceived me, instigated me, replaced me, since his core is male, the advancement ritual would have failed. From this, you could have determined that the one who came out of the mirror was the Mirror Person and responded accordingly.

"But for purely female demonesses, there isn't this restriction. If your Mirror Person replaced you, they could still perform the ritual and become a Demoness of Unaging. This would make it impossible for anyone to notice that the real you had been silently replaced."

"You think this might be related to the potential horrifying experiences pure female demonesses might face when advancing to Demoness of Unaging?" Jenna understood what Lumian was really trying to warn about.

Lumian nodded. "This surely isn't everything, but it might be part of it."

After talking further, Lumian asked Franca, "Do you want to perform the ritual today, or prepare for a while longer?"

Franca ruminated for a few seconds before saying, "I want to try."

"If my Mirror Person has my memories from before transmigrating, rather than being dominated by the original body's residual consciousness, I think.. I think I might be able to persuade him."

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

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Chapter 1044: Lingerin9 Thoughts

[1,763 words]

When Madam Magician returned, Franca, like Lumian before her, entered deep into the mirror world with the help of the Angel of the Door pathway's positioning and containment, and saw her Mirror Person sitting cross-legged on the ground.

Her Mirror Person bore the original body's appearance, his face stained with blood, his eyes filled with contempt, disdain, and resentment.

"You dare show your face to me?" the Mirror Person shouted before Franca could speak.

Franca's mouth half-opened as she said, both angry and amused, "What do I have to be ashamed of?"

"I didn't cause all this. You're a part of me, split from my soul. When we drank the Witch potion back then, can you say you didn't agree, that it wasn't with your permission?"

Why blame each other when we're both responsible?"

"I'll admit to that.

The Mirror Person was silent for two seconds.

"But you clearly had a chance to become a man again, yet you refused. Have you become addicted to being a woman? What right do you have to face me?"

"Have you forgotten your original appearance and conviction?"

Franca was momentarily speechless, and only after about ten seconds said, "I feel that gender isn't important, what's important is a person's character spirit, morals..."

"Don't try to pacify me with that Instigator rhetoric, know you too well! We're the same person!" the Mirror Person interrupted Franca.

Being able to talk is good, being able to talk means there's room for discussion... Franca sighed and said, "After knowing we can't go back, I only care about certain people and things now. I don't want to lose anymore, to have any more major upheavals..."

"Besides, you're right, you're not wrong! Maybe I've been a woman for too long, I've gotten somewhat used to it. Since I fear change, staying unchanged is acceptable too."

The Mirror Person sneered, "You admit it then? You can fool others, but you can't fool yourself!"

Franca said self-mockingly, "Besides, it's almost the apocalypse, even the deities and angels think so. Let's do meaningful things first, leave other matters for after the apocalypse. We can make changes then, maybe we'll have new ideas by then. If we can't survive the apocalypse, everyone's finished anyway, so thinking about these things is meaningless."

She paused, then said softly, "And we can't avoid the Demoness Sect matters, someone has to help him after all."

The Mirror Person shot Franca a glance. "Don't you know how dangerous it is?"

"I know, but I'm the only suitable one." Franca suddenly smiled. "If I were in a similar situation, needing someone to take a great risk to do something. I believe both Lumian and Jenna would do it."

Her voice was soft, but without a trace of doubt.

The Mirror Person looked at Franca, his eyes gleaming with envy.

After a moment, he sat cross-legged and sneered, "Whatever. Whether you become a man or court death, it's all the same to me now, it has nothing to do with me."

As he spoke, his eyes grew dim, his whole person becoming dejected.

"After knowing we can't go back, nothing matters anymore."

Franca recalled her emotions when learning the truth and said empathetically, "We can only gradually accept our current life, accept this reality."

"At least there are still people we care about, people who care about us, life still has some meaning."

"That's you!" the Mirror Person cursed, "What does that have to do with me? If I were to turn the tables and replace you, do you think Jenna and Lumian would maintain the current relationship, or eliminate me on the spot?"

The Mirror Person looked up at Franca, his expression suddenly turning sad. "I have nothing left."

Franca fell silent, her mouth slightly closed, saying nothing.

The Mirror Person sighed again and said, "My greatest wish originally was to find a chance to replace you, to lock you in this dark prison while I lived the good life in the real world, searching for ways to become a man again and return home. In the end, I would return home with a handsome face, strong masculine physique, and many superpowers, becoming an urban hero like Batman, admired by many, pursued by girls I liked..."

As he spoke, the Mirror Person's voice gradually lowered.

After several seconds, he said quietly, "Now, I have nothing left..."

As Franca listened to the Mirror Person's fantasies, she suddenly truly recognized that he was indeed a part of herself.

Those fantasies, except for the reversed roles of inside and outside the mirror, were all things she had once imagined, the thoughts that had helped her persist in this world.

At this moment, Franca had a sudden realization.

There was one more prerequisite for reconciliation that Lumian hadn't summarized-the host had to truly acknowledge that the Mirror Person is a part of themselves, another aspect of themselves, rather than harboring deceptive intentions and using the Instigator's abilities to persuade.

Recognition should be mutual, only then can reconciliation occur, only then can consciousness be unified.

Moved by this understanding, she said, "You are me, and I am you. What I have is also yours. Let's reconcile, let's merge."

The Mirror Person, still sitting cross-legged on the ground, was stunned for a moment before once again speaking mockingly, "Forget it, we can't go back anyway, what's the point of saying these things?"

Franca walked toward the Mirror Person, crouched before him, and extended her hand.

She smiled and said, "Let me help you up.

The Mirror Person stared at her steadily, and after a long while smiled and said, "You probably thought you could Charm me, make me fall for you. You know, I'm most vulnerable to feminine wiles.

"Actually, thinking about it. If I really replaced you, leaving aside whether Jenna and Lumian would accept it, I couldn't continue being a woman either. I'd definitely switch to War Bishop, then live a life of debauchery, sleeping with women everywhere, cursing while sacrificing myself when the apocalypse comes?

"Thinking about it, it's all rather pointless..."

The Mirror Person fell silent for a few seconds, then suddenly extended his right hand, grasped Franca's hand, and stood up following her pull.

He looked at Franca's beautiful lake-colored eyes and slightly darkened flaxen hair, clicking his tongue as he smiled.

"I haven't forgiven you.

"And I don't accept your reasoning."

Suddenly, his whole person relaxed, and he said in a low, gentle voice, "I just have no more lingering thoughts..."

"I still have some." Franca smiled bitterly.

That Mirror Person also chuckled. "So, you continue on. I won't be joining you."

Hearing these words, Franca truly felt the distance between them closing, their mystical connection transforming into something substantial.

A phrase suddenly flashed through her mind "Yesterday's matters die with yesterday, today's matters live with today."

This too was a way of reconciling with oneself.

...

"The ritual succeeded, the Primordial Demoness just watched for a moment, who knows what She's waiting for." In a bedroom of the luxury villa. Madam Magician said to Lumian and Jenna, "I'll change clothes and come back."

With that, she opened an illusory door and walked through.

By the time she had changed back into her orange dress and returned to Lumian and Jenna's side, Franca, who had finished examining her own state, walked out of the full-length mirror.

Seeing that Franca's eyes had become slightly bluer and her hair slightly darker and thicker, Jenna asked expectantly, "Have you also fully digested the Unaging potion?"

Franca smiled, seemingly brightening the entire room.

"Yes, Lumian's analysis of the Demoness of Unaging's acting principles should be correct."

Her current bearing was that of someone twenty- seven or twenty-eight, someone with both life experience and sophistication.

Madam Magician chuckled. "Your advancement speed and digestion rate would make many of the Major Arcana card holders envious."

But not you? Lumian thought privately,

Madam Magician continued, "But don't think about rushing to the Angel level yet. At Sequence 3, you still have many things to do.

"Most importantly, anchors-faith anchors.

"Without proper preparation in this aspect, even if you have the potion formula and are lucky enough to collect the corresponding materials, the probability of losing control during advancement will still far exceed the probability of success.

"The apocalypse is approaching, many of the earlier Sequences have become easier, but becoming a true Mythical Creature remains difficult and dangerous."

"Faith anchors? We need to establish our own faith and spread it?" Franca, well-read as she was, immediately understood Madam Magician's meaning.

But establishing a new faith in lands that worship true gods could only be done secretly, or in the Southern Continent.

Seeing Lumian also looking at her, Madam Magician pondered before saying, "If you don't mind, the Church of The Fool can list you as Saints, assign corresponding parishes, and make you the patron saints of those areas. This way, you can quickly gain followers through the Church of The Fool's influence and Mr. Fool's authority-followers who are subsidiary to Mr. Fool.

"All orthodox churches help their Angels and Saints this way."

After exchanging glances, Lumian and Franca said, "We have no objections."

Madam Magician smiled again.

"Then quickly design honorific names that point to you, five passages, and send them through a messenger to Judgment.

"Also, you're planning to stay in Trier, right? I'll have the Church of The Fool assign two cathedrals in Trier to you-ah, there's another one now, in the suburban area. This way, when followers pray, you'll be able to respond, and the more miracles there are, the more believers there will be.

"That's one aspect, you'll also need to do things to increase your own anchors.

"Well, you've just advanced, rest first, and seriously consider these matters tomorrow."

With that, Madam Magician hurriedly left.

"Let's rest first," Lumian then said to Franca,

Although the potion had been fully digested, advancement was a battle, and his body, mind, and spirit were still exhausted.

"Alright," Franca agreed.

Without waiting for nightfall, they both fell asleep in their respective bedrooms.

Lumian had a dream where he returned to Cordu. In that house In Cordu Village, Aurore was waiting for him, and had even prepared a guest room for Franca and Jenna.

The mountain pastures were green as carpets, the sunlight abundant, and Lumian was reluctant to wake up.

The mountain pastures were green as carpets, the sunlight abundant, and Lumian was reluctant to wake up.

Lumian got out of bed and walked toward the door when suddenly, he saw a white paper on the desk, with an ink bottle pressing down one corner.

It wasn't like this before I slept... Lumian was stunned for a moment as he looked carefully.

His gaze suddenly froze.

There was a line of words on the white paper, in handwriting he knew very well.

That was Aurore's handwriting!

Aurore's handwriting... Did she become active while I was asleep? She wrote this note, was she trying to remind me of something? Lumian approached the desk with dilated pupils and read the paper's contents.

It was a short line in Intis: "Summon White Paper!"

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Chapter 1045: White Paper

[1,570 words]

Summon White Paper?

When Lumian saw the words on the paper, he was clearly stunned.

A strange trembling, surprise, and fear immediately welled up from the depths of his heart.

Had Aurore, whose soul fragment had further awakened and merged with me, struggled to control my body while I slept, just to leave this reminder?

Theoretically, this should be very important.

But why White Paper?

Lumian certainly remembered what White Paper was - it was Aurore's contract creature, very weak, from the spirit world. Besides being spiritually connected to Aurore, its only function was to temporarily carry one Beyonder ability of the contractor, and even then, it was limited to simple and weak types.

What was there to care about with such a contract creature?

The real reason for Lumian's intense emotional reaction was: he had originally thought everything about Cordu Village was very clear, that every important symbol had been interpreted, that who all the participants were and what roles they played were

sufficiently clear, with no more questions, lacking only some specific details that didn't affect the overall truth.

But now, after Aurore's soul fragment had further awakened, the first thing she did was tell him to summon the contract creature White Paper!

Are there still important symbols in the Cordu Village incident that haven't been interpreted?

Is the current truth not the complete truth?

Are there still crucial secrets hidden?

Lumian forcefully suppressed the turmoil in his heart and quickly reviewed the key points of the Cordu Village incident.

Initially, Madame Pualis followed her husband, the local administrator, Béost, to Cordu, secretly planning to develop Cordu into her 'territory' to establish her own Paramita;

Madame Pualis began an affair with the padre and became pregnant;

Aurore, influenced by members of April's Fool attempted a Soul Summoning and ran into problems;

Aurore sought treatment from I Know Someone, her mental state fluctuating until ultimately allowing Roche Louise Sanson to return;

Some villagers who were close to Aurore were influenced by Roche and believed in the constellation heresy, gradually spreading it outward;

The padre, while dealing with those involved in the constellation heresy, was bewitched by Roche and became a believer in Inevitability:

At this time, or perhaps later, the deity worshipped by the Aurora Order noticed Aurore's abnormality and the problems in Cordu Village, and began plotting Amon's return;

Several shepherds began bringing 'sacrifices' into the village, secretly conducting several ritual;

Reimund, Ava, and others discovered the village's abnormalities and were subsequently silenced;

I stumbled upon this matter and was nearly killed by the padre's group, fortunately saved by Aurore;

She also discovered something was wrong, we began seeking help from the outside world, but the truly useful approach was blocked by the tiny lizards;

Aurore was increasingly becoming Roche Louise Sanson;

They raided Madame Pualis's castle, and the padre killed his own child;

Madame Pualis left Cordu with her husband, butler, and maid, but left behind that empty cradle and other hidden arrangements, achieving some purpose through the final ritual;

The ritual officially began, Aurore pushed me off the altar, and Cordu was subsequently destroyed....

Lumian carefully recalled everything but couldn't find where White Paper had played any important role or key part in these events.

It had only served as eyes for Aurore or Roche at certain moments, helping them observe corresponding targets and specific battlefields.

Among all the key points, the only unclear one is what role Madame Pualis's empty cradle, and hidden arrangements played, but preliminarily it can be linked to the true birth of the Mother's Child of God Omebella, which isn't very questionable-this was confirmed by both Mr. Star's previous interpretation and the later scene of Madame Pualis appearing with baby Omebella...

Did White Paper observe some detail then that Aurore found useful, or rather, strange?

Just as Lumian thought this, he heard a knock at the door.

"Come in." His emotions had largely calmed down.

Franca and Jenna opened the door and entered. The former looked around and said, "We sensed you were awake but hadn't opened the door, so we came to check on you."

Lumian pointed to the paper on the desk and said. "While I was asleep, Aurore might have briefly awakened and used my body to leave this message."

Both Franca and Jenna were startled and quickly came to the desk, looking at the paper pressed down by the ink bottle.

"White Paper your sister's contract creature?" Jenna recalled Lumian's previous accounts.

"Why did Aurore want you to summon White Paper? Franca asked, puzzled.

Lumian shook his head slowly, "I don't know either.

"I thought everything about Cordu Village was already clear, but now..."

Franca suddenly had an inspiration and said thoughtfully, "Could this be the useful change that would appear after becoming a Demoness of Unaging in Mr. Fool's revelation?"

"Is this the correct interpretation of that prerequisite?"

After thinking for a while, Lumian said, "Very likely."

"I had previously examined the characteristics and abilities of a Demoness of Unaging and hadn't found anything that could play a key role in subsequent events. I thought something would only emerge when I brought the Gift of the Land to meet the Hand Bro in the City of Exiles."

"Now it seems Mr. Fool required me to advance to a Demoness of Unaging before borrowing the Gift of the Land because once I became a Demoness of Unaging, Aurore's soul fragment would further awaken and better merge with me, able to provide very important reminders."

"So you're saying White Paper might have recorded key information about Madame Pualis and her baby Omebella?" Jenna made this conjecture based on Lumian and Franca's words.

Lumian nodded. "Go get Anthony and Ludwig upstairs. I'm preparing to summon White Paper now."

"Since Aurore hasn't completely died, her contract with White Paper still exists, and since Aurore is now part of me, I can summon White Paper in her name."

Lumian wanted Anthony and Ludwig present because he wasn't sure what state White Paper would be in- perhaps they would need a Spectator or Gourmet to interpret the corresponding information.

"Alright." Franca and Jenna easily understood Lumian's intentions.

After Anthony and Ludwig arrived in the bedroom and found their positions, Lumian quickly set up the altar.

Finally, he took out his Major Arcana card: "The Chariot"!

While placing "The Chariot" card at one corner of the altar, he took out The Fool's Sacred Emblem and pressed it on top of "The Chariot" card.

This matter might involve the Great Mother, so he had to be careful.

After completing all preparations, Lumian watched the quietly burning candle flame and, within the wall of spirituality, stepped back twice and called out in ancient Hermes, "!"

Then, Lumian switched to Hermes.

"I summon in my name:

"The spirit that wanders about the unfounded, a friendly creature that can be subordinated, a Contract Companion that belongs solely to me..."

After reciting the incantation, Lumian saw the candle flame gently start to flicker, taking on a ghostly blue tinge.

A cold wind suddenly swept through, and a transparent, blurry sphere like a soap bubble appeared above the candle flame.

It quietly faced Lumian, giving him a sense of both familiarity and strangeness.

This was indeed White Paper, just as he remembered it, yet there was also an inexplicable sense of unfamiliarity.

As I remembered... Lumian suddenly felt a pain in his head.

He slightly furrowed his brow as images flashed through his mind.

He remembered now that he had never actually seen White Paper because before Cordu's destruction, he wasn't yet a Beyonder, and even with Aurore's guidance, he hadn't successfully activated Spirit Vision, and at low to middle Sequences, one couldn't see White Paper without Spirit Vision.

His memories of White Paper's appearance all came from Aurore's soul fragment.

As scene after scene flashed by, Lumian, through the further awakened soul fragment of Aurore, barely recalled the circumstances of her first summoning of White Paper.

At that time, White Paper was also such a fragile, soap bubble-like sphere, but there seemed to be liquid inside the sphere-clear liquid with hints of pale yellow and milky white.

And as time passed, those liquids gradually disappeared, and White Paper eventually settled into its current form.

Why had there been such a change? Lumian looked at White Paper, feeling it was indeed spiritually connected to him.

But spiritual connection didn't mean White Paper had enough intelligence to understand the meaning of words-it could only accept simple commands and couldn't answer Lumian's questions.

"There's nothing abnormal, nothing noteworthy..." Franca frowned, turning her gaze to Jenna, Anthony, and Ludwig.

Jenna and Anthony shook their heads in turn, indicating they also hadn't seen any important information contained in White Paper.

Ludwig licked his lips and said softly. "It used to have a very tempting scent, but now it's gone."

"Used to have a very tempting scent..." Franca fell into thought.

Jenna muttered to herself, "This indicates there was indeed a problem, there used to be a problem?"

"The knowledge Aurore used to summon White Paper came from the infusion of that evil god Hidden Sage... an intentional infusion?"

"Mm." Franca nodded slowly and solemnly, "What was the problem that used to exist?"

She looked at Ludwig again.

"Don't know." Ludwig shook his head.

At this point, Lumian, who had been watching White Paper and listening to his companions' dialogue, spoke in a deep voice.

"If we treat the Cordu Village disaster as a story, what does White Paper symbolize in this story?"

Franca and the others looked at each other, each lost in thought.

After a few seconds, Franca carefully said, "I don't know what the contract creature White Paper symbolizes, but when the concept of white paper is connected to the story, it symbolizes..."

She paused, her throat inexplicably tight, her voice unconsciously becoming deeper.

"It symbolizes the state before a story is written-it symbolizes the beginning of everything."

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Chapter 1046: Hidden Sage

[1,564 words]

"The beginning of everything..." Lumian softly repeated Franca's interpretation.

Jenna listened with inexplicable terror.

"Did the Cordu Village disaster actually start when Aurore summoned White Paper, rather than when April Fool's set their sights on her?"

Lumian stared at White Paper for a while, then dismissed the summoning.

Then, he muttered to himself, "From Aurore's memory fragments and grimoires, she was first infused with knowledge about White Paper, and it was only several months later that Madame Pualis followed her husband to Cordu.

"I originally thought Madame Pualis was simply looking for a rural village with weak church and government influence to develop her own 'territory' and prepare for the formation of Paramita and obtain higher boons, which is why she targeted Béost who was about to become the administrative officer and territorial judge of Cordu. Now it seems this may not have been a coincidence.

"She came specifically for Cordu Village, though she may not have known why she needed to do this-she likely just received divine revelation from the Great Mother.

"Yes, that's right!"

At this point, Lumian's lips curled into a slightly grotesque smile.

"This answers why Omebella's first incarnation was in Cordu!"

A flash of insight struck both Jenna and Franca.

The former blurted out.

"Madame Pualis's affair with the padre and her pregnancy happened before Aurore used Soul Summoning, or before her condition worsened due to the treatment from I Know Someone, which led to the spread of the Inevitability faith."

"Unless someone had prophesied the development and outcome of the entire Incident, Madame Pualis probably hadn't thought about using the Inevitability believers' ritual

sacrifices at that time-Cordu didn't even have any Inevitability believers then!" Franca followed up, "And the Cordu incident involves very high levels, so even the Great Mother probably couldn't see the specific shape of the results in the initial stages."

Lumian nodded.

"Simply seducing the padre of the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun, having an affair near the cathedral altar, becoming pregnant, and obtaining the corresponding symbolism-couldn't this have been accomplished in any remote village? Why did only Madame Pualis in Cordu succeed? When she successfully became pregnant with Omebella, there wasn't even any power of Inevitability to utilize!

"Thinking about it in reverse, we can reach a conclusion: when Aurore summoned White Paper certain things related to Omebella secretly arrived in Cordu, nurturing power invisibly, and then Madame Pualis received divine revelation to come to Cordu."

Reflecting on the changes in White Paper's state before and after, Lumian thoughtfully said, "Amniotic fluid?"

"Did White Paper once carry the amniotic fluid that nurtured Omebella?"

"After the amniotic fluid came into reality, did it quickly merge into Cordu's overall environment?"

"Amniotic fluid..." Franca and Jenna were momentarily bewildered.

Lumian briefly described White Paper's appearance when first summoned and its subsequent changes, then gave a cold laugh.

"If this is true, that infusion from the Hidden Sage was definitely not random, but intentional."

Jenna quickly nodded.

That's what she had said earlier.

Franca spoke with confusion, "But the Hidden Sage didn't gain any benefits from this whole incident. So far, we haven't seen how He benefited from it..."

"Pure harm without self-benefit?"

"Also, wasn't April Fool's targeting of Aurore also a coincidence? They weren't aiming for Omebella's incarnation..."

"We need to reassess what we know about April Fool's now; we can't fully trust it." Lumian scoffed, "After experiencing the dream city, don't you have a deeper

understanding of 'foolery'? What April Fool's believes may not be the truth, just like in the sea prayer ritual. they overlooked some key issues, being presumptuous and ultimately becoming the jester."

"Is the Celestial Worthy secretly helping the Great Mother?" Franca suddenly realized, Lumian gave a sound of agreement.

"As for why Hidden Sage deliberately infused that knowledge, I can't think of a reason right now, but I'll ask Him eventually."

As he spoke, Lumian paused.

"I remember Ma'am Hermit's main task was to investigate Hidden Sage's condition and the reason His mutation back then caused the one from the Church of Steam to leave the Moss Ascetic Order..."

"Did His coming to life, His abnormality, come from the Great Mother's influence?"

"How was it accomplished? The barrier was still quite solid at that time..."

Franca, Jenna, and Anthony exchanged glances, with the former reminding.

"Should we report this to Mr. Fool?"

"I'll pray now." Lumian nodded slightly.

After Mr. Fool had initially awakened through the image of Gehrman Sparrow, praying to him wasn't as troublesome as before when they needed to leave long intervals between two prayers.

Soon, Lumian completed his prayer, reporting everything about the changes brought by Aurore's soul fragments further awakening after he became a Demoness of Unaging, White Paper's symbolism, the new interpretation of the Cordu Village incident, and his speculations about Hidden Sage.

"Mr. Fool only said he knows." Lumian told Franca and the others, "It seems we'll have to wait until I bring the Gift of the Land to the City of Exiles and meet with Hand Bro before getting new revelations."

"Alright." Franca sighed.

Lumian thought for a moment and said,

"I'll also synchronize my speculations about Hidden Sage with Ma'am Hermit later, hoping it might give her some inspiration."

After Anthony took Ludwig downstairs to prepare dinner, Lumian looked at Franca and thoughtfully asked,

"Do you plan to tell all members of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society the truth about the transmigration?"

Franca appeared troubled.

"I'm afraid the shock would be too great, some people might not be able to accept it and lose control on the spot."

As she spoke, she mocked herself.

"If I still hadn't digested half of the Despair potion, saying this much is about all that's needed."

She made a sound of agreement and continued,

"I plan to meet with Madame Hele first, give her a hint of it. She's emotionally stable and should be able to accept it, then we can discuss how to proceed."

After pondering for a moment, Lumian said.

"By the way, help me ask when the next gathering will be."

"Do you have something in mind?" Franca asked curiously.

Smiling, Lumian replied.

"I want to clarify one question:

"Why Aurore?"

"Why Aurore..." Jenna pondered, "Why did Hidden Sage specifically choose Aurore as the target for infusing that knowledge?"

Lumian clicked his tongue and continued,

"The conditions of being a transmigrator, having the gray fog's aura, being female, and being a Warlock- almost no one in the outside world could satisfy all of these simultaneously, but within the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society, there are several who do.

"Why did the Hidden Sage pick Aurore?"

"Was there something else about Aurore herself, was Cordu already harboring abnormalities, or was she simply unlucky and randomly chosen by Hidden Sage?"

"Indeed." Franca nodded in agreement. "We should investigate this."

After discussing these matters, Jenna intentionally changed the topic to keep the atmosphere from becoming too heavy.

She said to Franca and Lumian,

"You need to design your honorific names now."

Lumian and Franca, both with relevant mystical knowledge, looked at each other, feeling inexplicably awkward.

Of course, besides feeling awkward, Franca was also a bit excited.

I'm going to have an honorific name, this is unprecedented!

"I'll go first," she volunteered.

Seeing both Lumian and Jenna looking at her, she took paper and pen from the table, saying with a smile,

"The phrase 'the Great Franca Roland' needs to be there, but how embarrassing as an ending."

As she spoke, she wrote down this phrase.

"The other descriptions should reflect your abilities and characteristics." Lumian reminded her.

Franca thought for a moment and spoke,

"Should the first line be Demoness of Unaging? No. wouldn't that affect Mr. Fool's reputation? As his saint, I should lean towards the positive side. Hmm, 'One Who Never Ages.'

"Should the second line be 'Spreader of Diseases and Plagues'? That sounds like a villain; need to rephrase it, 'Keeper of Diseases and Plagues,' what do you think? This implies both the containment of plagues and the authority to bestow illness as punishment."

"I think that works," Jenna expressed agreement, and Lumian had no objections.

Franca pondered for another while.

"I think the description of Demoness should be included, as that's my current essence, but it needs to sound better.

"The Demoness Accompanied by Strife and Catastrophe? Hehe, I'm not the one creating the strife and catastrophe, they just follow me around, Good, that's the third line.

"For the fourth line, should we showcase a Demoness's charm or my personal characteristics? But if we add 'pleasure' to the description, what if people start praying to me for pleasure?"

"As a saint of the Church of The Fool, we should indicate your relationship with the Church." Lumian helped think. "Also, don't use pleasure, that's too suggestive. Use joy, it encompasses more meanings, and you do bring joy-it's your characteristic."

Lumian paused and said,

"Fourth line: 'The Cup Bearing Joy and Pain.'

"The Cup refers to the Cup card, indicating I'm Mr. Fool's Minor Arcana card, using his status? Mm, the Cup card also symbolizes emotions and feelings, which perfectly matches the joy and pain brought by a Demoness. Perfect, let's use that!" Franca clapped her hands and smiled brightly.

She quickly wrote down the complete honorific name:

"The One Who Never Ages, Keeper of Diseases and Plagues, the Demoness Accompanied by Strife and Catastrophe, the Cup Bearing Joy and Pain, the Great Franca Roland."

After reading it several times, Franca said with lingering interest,

"I see many Sequence 3 Saints have 'protector of something' in their honorific names, should I add that too?"

"But I don't have anything to protect right now, I still lack accumulation and have been a saint for too short a time. I can't be the protector of Lumian and Jenna. can I?"

"Protector of Human Trials and Spirit of Adventure?" Lumian joked.

Franca rolled her eyes at him.

"Your turn!"

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Chapter 1047: Honorific Name

[1,591 words]

Lumian took the paper and pen from in front of Franca and said with a smile, "We can always add descriptions about being someone or something's protector later when it actually happens. After all, every demigod can have many descriptions, though they don't use all of them."

He then wrote down the last line of his honorific name with the pen: "The Great Lumian Lee."

Then he smiled at Franca and Jenna. "The first line should leverage Mr. Fool's status."

As he spoke, he wrote down his first honorific line: "The Chariot of Mr. Fool."

Before Jenna and Franca could speak, he made a self-deprecating comment. "The second line will continue to leverage, this time from 0-01."

"Proxy of the God of War?" Franca blurted out.

"No good," Lumian shook his head. "Lady Magician mentioned before that the title 'God of War' refers to both 0-01 and Red Angel Medici. If I call myself the Agent of the God of War, He might laugh uncontrollably -wouldn't that be like giving Him a free gift?"

"Try something else, like Proxy of the Lord of War?"

These will all point to 0-01 anyway," Jenna suggested.

"I think it should be more conceptual, to minimize Red Angel's influence as much as possible," Lumian thought for a few seconds and wrote, "Proxy of Chaos and War."

Seeing this description, Franca suddenly laughed.

"If you really want to leverage, you should continue. Let me do a count.

"Heir of the Blood Emperor, Divine Child of the Great Mother, Friend of the Underworld Daoist, One Who Serves the Peak Beings of Both Calamity and Sacrifice Pathways..."

"Tsk, better forget those. If you really added them as your honorific name, you might drop dead on the spot."

"A room can't hold that many people." Lumian glanced at Franca, responding with an old joke.

Holding the pen, Lumian continued, "I thought of the third line before going to bed."

"What is it?" Franca asked curiously.

Instead of answering her, Lumian directly wrote down a description: "The Dual-Bodied One Forged by Fire and Frost."

"Dual-Bodied One." Jenna read the latter part aloud. suddenly understanding this was preparation for Aurore's further resurrections, allowing the corresponding anchors to point to her as well.

"Dual-Bodied One refers to both you and Aurore, and also to the female Demoness and male Hunter, as well as the me outside the mirror and the me inside it. Brilliant!" Franca sincerely praised. "Fire and frost correspond to the Hunter and Demoness abilities, and being forged by fire and frost would inevitably bring intense pain-only sufficient obsession and strong will could endure it. This also represents your journey to become who you are now..."

As she spoke, Franca shut her mouth.

Then, feigning world-weariness, she sighed and patted Lumian's shoulder. "Things will get better!"

"Indeed," Jenna said hopefully.

"After reconciling with myself, my condition has actually improved quite a bit." Lumian laughed, looking at the paper on the table. "For the fourth line, I want to show both my current highest Sequence characteristics and point out how I differ from most Beyonders on the Demoness and Hunter pathways."

"You have abilities merged from two pathways, most notably the Fire of Destruction. And the most obvious trait of the Demoness of Unaging Sequence is eternal youth," Franca pondered.

Lumian nodded slightly and wrote carefully: "Unaging Saint Holding Destruction?"

"Make it 'Bearing'-although 'holding' makes me imagine a beautiful Demoness extending both hands holding black flames of destruction, 'Unaging Saint Bearing Destruction' sounds better." Franca imagined the corresponding scene.

"That works too," Lumian accepted Franca's suggestion.

Finally, his honorific name was determined as: The Chariot of Mr. Fool, Proxy of Chaos and War, the Dual- Bodied One Forged by Fire and Frost, Unaging Saint Bearing Destruction, the Great Lumian Lee."

Putting down the pen. Lumian made a self - deprecating comment. "Just thought of a hellish joke - I could also add 'Protector of Cordu' to my honorific name."

Jenna and Franca exchanged glances, both feeling that Lumian's mental and spiritual state had indeed improved somewhat.

"Alright, we can now summon Madam Judgment's messenger to inform her of both our honorific names, and ask her to contact the Church of Knowledge on our behalf, hopefully getting an opportunity to visit the City of Exiles soon. Hmm, only after the time is confirmed can I go borrow Gift of the Land-that Sealed Artifact is too dangerous, I can only use it briefly." The latter half of Lumian's words were meant for Jenna.

He knew that although Jenna appeared calm on the surface, she was quite anxious inside.

Obviously, Jenna hoped to become a Demoness of Despair before Julien returned to Trier, which was only a week away.

"Alright." Franca didn't delay.

After sending letters to both Madam Judgment and Ma'am Hermit through their respective messengers, the three Demonesses waited for Madam Judgment's possible reply.

Franca looked out the window at the early evening lights and said somewhat emotionally.

"The scenery here is beautiful, and the environment is nice, but it feels somewhat stuffy living here."

This luxurious villa had just been gifted to them yesterday by Madam Justice, as additional compensation for awakening Mr. Fool.

Franca had also moved her belongings, especially that small analyzer machine, and announced her return to the telegraph group last night.

"Stuffy?" Jenna was a bit confused.

Franca smacked her lips and said, "Maybe I'm just not the type who likes living in villa districts."

"I prefer having lots of shops downstairs, street vendors gathering in the morning, but sleeping in a room away from the street to avoid being disturbed.

"Whatever I want to eat, I can go down and buy it anytime. When there's nothing to do, I can stand by the living room window and watch children chase and play, see how vendors do business, watch what stories passersby might act out, and sometimes, with a non-ordinary one's hearing, faintly catch some gossip and rumors."

Franca's voice grew softer, as if immersed in such scenes.

After a few seconds, she sighed and said with self-mockery, "Living here is good too, at least we don't have to worry about affecting innocent people when fighting."

"With Saint-level abilities, that would be difficult," Lumian reminded her.

To this, Franca could only respond with a brief interjection, "Ah..."

Soon after, Madam Judgment replied through her jellyfish-like messenger Ongla: "Results from communication with the Church of Knowledge will come tomorrow at the earliest, or the day after tomorrow at the latest."

"Tomorrow or the day after..." Lumian nodded and smiled, "Then there's nothing urgent for now, we have some leisure time."

He then left the bedroom and went downstairs.

Then, he went to the study, took several popular novels and a pile of recent newspapers and magazines, came to the living room, and started reading under the bright crystal gas chandelier, appearing very relaxed.

"Why are you reading these?" Franca asked curiously.

Lumian didn't hide anything and said with a slight sigh and smile, "The conversations with Mr. Fool and the exchange during self-reconciliation helped me understand some things. Since the end of the path is already determined-whether it's the apocalypse or resurrecting Aurore-then during this journey, if there really isn't anything urgent, I might as well be a bit kinder to myself."

Yes, Lumian Lee deserves to enjoy life too! A smile gradually bloomed on Jenna's face.

She extended her right hand to Lumian. "May I invite you to watch a play or opera tonight?"

"Sure." Lumian reached out and touched hands with Jenna.

Jenna then turned to Franca. "May I invite you too?"

"Of course, I thought I was going by default," Franca tried to smile lightly, but it turned out quite radiant.

Jenna then looked at Anthony, who was also reading newspapers in the living room.

Anthony put down his newspaper and cleared his throat. "I'll pass. After staying in the dream city for half a month, I haven't contacted many of my intelligence sources in reality for a long time. I already have appointments tonight."

"Alright." Jenna then said to Ludwig, who was waiting for the stew to finish cooking in the kitchen, "You must come."

Otherwise, no one would watch him!

Ludwig only raised one question, "Does the theater have food?"

"We can get you candy-like food, the kind that doesn't make noise when you eat it," Jenna smiled and said.

Franca then said to Ludwig. "You really should experience more things, life isn't just about eating."

Ludwig looked at her, his gaze full of "I don't think so."

Speaking of eating, Franca suddenly got excited. "How about hot pot tomorrow?"

"Does Trier have all the ingredients for a hot pot base?" Jenna looked toward Ludwig.

Before Ludwig could respond, Franca said quite happily, "We can have another version of hot pot, with bone broth. It's not as complicated, and we can use garlic, Feynapotter chili, salt and such for dipping sauce. It's equally delicious-those who want spicy can add spice, those who don't want it don't have to, everyone chooses for themselves.

"Hmm, we can use pork bones or beef bones for the broth, add some common spices, plus mushrooms..."

Hearing this, Lumian, Anthony, and Jenna said in unison, "Skip the mushrooms!"

After discovering their very "unanimous" opinion, the three immediately burst into laughter.

"Gulp." Ludwig, who had been made hungry by the talk, swallowed his saliva.

This made Franca laugh too.

Laughter echoed in the living room.

...

When they returned from the opera, it was already late at night. Franca walked back to her bedroom with light steps.

In one corner of the bedroom sat that small analyzer machine connected to a mechanical typewriter and wireless telegraph transceiver.

I'll chat a bit before sleeping. Franca walked to the complex machine and said silently to herself. How should I tell 007 and others tactfully and without showing off that I'm now someone with an honorific name?

Oh right, first summon Madame Hela's messenger to request a meeting in reality!

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Chapter 1048: Information Revealed by 007

[1,652 words]

After sending the meeting request through the skull-headed messenger, Franca turned on the wireless telegraph transceiver and small analyzer machine.

Click-clack, messages were typed onto paper by the mechanical typewriter one after another,

Franca read for a while before joining the group chat.

"I'm the group's early sleep assistant. Those members who haven't gone to rest yet must pay a fine-only gold accepted!"

As she sent out the telegraph, she recalled life in the dream city.

Group chatting over long distances in the real world is so difficult! Franca felt inexplicably melancholic and nostalgic, suddenly losing the desire to show off her honorific name.

What about Sequence 3? Even Sequence 3 can't solve the problem of real-time long-distance group chat!

If we ultimately survive the apocalypse, I hope the God of Steam and Machinery-no, the God of Electric Power and Information Technology will bring about a new industrial revolution.

I am a Demones of Unaging, I can wait!

Moon King was the first to reply to Franca: "Look at my nickname-obviously the type who's only active late at night!

"By the way, Hidden Blade, you haven't been online for almost a month. What kind of mission doesn't even leave you time in the evenings?"

"Look at you, not even knowing that secret missions require turning off phones and cutting off all contact with the outside world. You clearly haven't dealt with such things before, 007, am I right?" Franca suspected Moon King was joking with her, but had no proof.

007 replied: "I was also locked away for a while."

Franca immediately perked up. "You... advanced to Sequence 4?"

"Yes, I got the qualification." 007 didn't hide it.

The other group members exploded:

"The demigod?"

"The first Saint among us!"

"Besides Hela and Gandalf, this is the Research Society's third demigod, right?"

"007, didn't you say that even with the qualifications, you'd have to queue and wait for a long time?"

After the rapidly spitting paper slowed down, 007 explained: "I also thought I'd have to wait longer, but recently, the Church not only brought out many stored Sequence 4 and Sequence 3 Beyond character characteristics, but also crushed some Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts. Most candidates who currently qualify and meet all prerequisites have been scheduled for advancement, though some failed.

"This situation makes me suspect major events will occur within the next year or two, which is why the Church is mass 'producing' demigods regardless of consequences and costs."

This matches the speculation about the apocalypse coming early-the Eternal Blazing Sun Church thinks so too? Franca noticed the other group members suddenly fell silent,

clearly also thinking about the major crisis, wondering if they would be affected and whether they could handle it.

Franca could tell that 007 probably knew part of why the Eternal Blazing Sun Church was doing this, given that he was now a Saint, but he couldn't say directly and could only hint at it.

"Did you become an Unshadowed?" France changed the subject.

She actually didn't want 007 to continue advancing on the Sun pathway, feeling that the Unshadowed were too pure, and being within the Church, would inevitably become fanatical. If so, the 007 who would complain about her always finding things to keep him too busy to rest might never speak such words again.

This gave Franca the feeling of watching a friend gradually slip away before her eyes.

However, she had never tried to persuade 007, only pointing out the possible changes that becoming an Unshadowed might bring, letting 007 make his own decision with full knowledge.

Everyone's life should be their own to control-she had always believed this.

She was also grateful that when she was hesitating between becoming a War Bishop or advancing to Demoness of Unaging: Lumian and Jenna only presented options without trying to persuade her. Although they probably had their own thoughts and preferences, they never showed them, never manipulated, never pressured. Judge actions, not thoughts-that was very, very good, since everyone inevitably had dark and selfish thoughts, but ultimately not acting on them showed they'd overcome themselves, proving they're not that kind of person.

An Unshadowed might not have dark, selfish thoughts, but I actually hope 007 does... Franca silently sighed.

007 quickly replied to her: "Yes."

Staring at this word on the telegraph paper, Franca let out a long sigh. "Ah..."

007 continued: "Some colleagues have switched to other pathways, and some colleagues not in neighboring pathways have also gained advancement."

At this point, Franca quickly adjusted her mindset.

She kept telling herself, 007 just deliberately hinted and reminded everyone to prepare for major events and disasters, showing he still retains his positive emotions and humanity!

As people age, everyone changes and becomes somewhat different from before, 007 has just changed a bit more, but in terms of friendship, he's still that same 007.

"What major events will happen in the next year or two?" Another telegraph group member Wind Sound pressed.

"I'm not sure," 007 answered concisely.

"Stop asking, stop asking." Franca forcefully inserted herself into the conversation to prevent 007 from being put in a difficult position. "What we can do is take opportunities to improve ourselves and enjoy life in the meantime."

"Hidden Blade, you seem to know something?" Moon King telegraphed.

Franca wasn't bound by secrecy restrictions, but she didn't dare speak too clearly, fearing some group members might become too desperate and turn to extremes.

After careful consideration, she said: "If I tell you that the apocalypse is approaching, but there's hope of surviving if tall figures shield us and everyone is prepared, would you believe me?"

The previously constant incoming telegraphs suddenly stopped.

After a long while, 007 replied: "I believe you."

"Dammit, I'm panicking."

"Great Lord Hidden Blade, introduce me to a Demoness, I'm going all in!"

"Damn, I hope it won't be a case of dying before spending all my money."

"I need to buy land and dig a bunker..."

With 007's endorsement, Wind Sound and others truly believed Franca's words.

Those who could join this telegraph group were either laid-back, good-natured, or decent people. Although they were all quite nervous and worried at the moment, they could still express their inner emotions in rather lively and playful language, with no one particularly depressed or desperate.

Seeing her initial purpose achieved. Franca seized the opportunity to say: "I've actually become a demigod too."

"Now I really believe something big is going to happen."

"Good heavens, Hidden Blade has become a demigod?"

"Still a Demoness, or did you switch to the Hunter pathway?"

"..."

The group members immediately burst into chatter.

Don't you know to chat! Franca snorted and responded: "Still a Demoness."

"Demoness of Despair?" 007 suddenly inquired.

What does 007 mean? Right, he's already an Unshadowed, a church higher-up, and while Demonesses mainly operate in Intis and the Southern Continent, even if he doesn't know the exact Despair potion formula, he must know how the corresponding advancement ritual to detect anomalies and stamp out plague outbreaks early... Franca replied with understanding: "Don't worry, I didn't harm any innocent people, and I used a shortcut method."

"Shortcut? Rituals can have shortcuts?" Moon King's words revealed surprise.

Wind Sound sighed: "Hidden Blade, how can you advance so quickly, are you even human anymore? Oh right, not human, half-god half-human..."

Franca considered carefully before saying: "Actually, we transmigrators all possess certain special qualities.

When conditions are met and the pathway is suitable, these qualities manifest, helping us make tremendous progress at certain stages.

"In a sense, we are chosen ones."

Chosen by the Celestial Worthy!

Afraid the group members would become arrogant, she quickly added: "This isn't entirely a good thing."

"What special qualities?" 007, Moon King, and others telegraphed almost simultaneously.

Franca chuckled and typed quickly: "Can't say, if you know, you know. You'll know when you encounter it."

Not giving the group members a chance to ask follow-up questions, she quickly changed the subject: "007, are you still in Trier?"

Now that he was an Unshadowed, an archbishop or senior deacon, he would need to guard a diocese, and the Eternal Blazing Sun Church had sufficient forces in Trier, even with Angels hidden there.

"Still in Trier," 007 replied. "Many of the Saints who advanced this time have stayed in Trier as mobile forces."

Many stayed in Trier? Franca suddenly became alert.

Does the Eternal Blazing Sun Church think Trier is where problems are most likely to erupt?

Franca couldn't help but lower her head to look at the floor.

What she was really looking at was the Fourth Epoch Trier and the special mirror world sealed beneath Trier.

Will the apocalypse's outbreak start from beneath Trier rather than the high-altitude barrier? Franca slightly furrowed her brows as this thought fleshed through her mind.

At this moment, Madame Hela's silver skull-headed messenger returned, letting a paper held between its teeth float down before her.

Franca caught and read it: "Tomorrow morning at ten, Rue Ancienne, Little Dairy Cow Café."

...

Quartier de l'Observatoire, Rue Ancienne.

Franca, who only dared go out after using Lie to lower her looks and suppress her charm, arrived at the Little Dairy Cow Café fifteen minutes early.

She sat by the window, watching with interest as people came and went outside, as bicycles, bionic mechanical devices, and steam robots hurried past.

Soon after, Hela, dressed as a black widow, appeared at the door.

The moment she saw this lady, Franca suddenly had a strange feeling that she walked between darkness and sunlight, death and life.

Hela's complexion had grown slightly paler, the sense of being alive seemingly fainter.

Has Madame Hela advanced again? Indeed, if the Eternal Blazing Sun Church is mass-producing demigods, how could the Evernight Goddess Church not do the same? She switched back to the Death pathway, Sequence 3 Ferryman? Wonder what special

abilities come from combining the Darkness and Death pathways... Franca now had very rich mystical knowledge.

"Good morning." She stood up, smiling in greeting.

After Hela replied, she said to the café waiter, "A glass of absinthe, and a triple espresso shot."

After they both sat down, Franca fiddled with the veiled hat placed beside her and said with a smile,

"I went to a place recently with skyscrapers, electric cars, mobile phones, and the internet. Unfortunately, it was just a dream."

Madame Hela listened carefully before nodding slightly. "I know you went there."

"Uh Franca was stunned.

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Chapter 1049: Patron Saint

[1,631 words]

After being stunned, Franca's first reaction was, How does she know?

Although Franca had long suspected that the one at the Star Dream Provisions Store was the Evernight Goddess, and believed that Madame Hela was highly valued by this deity; otherwise, that ancient palace in the Nation of the Evernight wouldn't have been offered as a meeting place for the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society. She never imagined that the Evernight Goddess would tell Hela about something as trivial as their entry into Mr. Fool's dream.

Shouldn't She have only mentioned Mr. Fool's initial awakening?

Hela continued, "Actually, I've known the truth about the transmigration for a long time."

Franca, who had carefully prepared an explanation and planned to gradually tell Madame Hela about the transmigration to avoid shocking her too much, was completely dumbfounded.

When did this happen?

Before we knew?

How does she know?

At this moment, the waiter brought over a glass of absinthe swirling with dreamlike green color and a triple shot of Reem coffee.

After drinking the glass of absinthe in one go, Hela's pale, cold face showed a bit more expression.

"After Port Santa's sea prayer ritual.

"After seeing the fairy tale-like magic used by the helper you invited."

"Like Cinderella, Jack and the Beanstalk, Sleeping Beauty?" Franca recalled Ma'am Hermit's performance then, muttering, "I thought they came from Emperor Roselle's fairy tales..."

Hela gazed at Franca with her pitch-black eyes.

"I requested materials about this and learned what the core ability of Sequence 4 Mysticologist of the Mystery Pryer pathway is.

"It's called Mystical Re-enactment, which can draw power from mystical knowledge to create magic or witchcraft. The less known and spread the corresponding mystical knowledge is, the stronger the created spells become."

Franca vaguely began to understand.

"Those fairy tales aren't just stories, but mystical knowledge?"

"This proves they actually happened, in this current world," Hela stated her conclusion. "From that day on, I knew we had always been in our original world, only time had passed."

Franca suddenly remembered Hela's gaze and attitude when she mentioned Harrison and the hope of returning home at the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society gathering.

At that time, she had already guessed the truth...

At that time, she was looking at us with sadness and pity...

Hela finished her triple shot of Reem and continued, "I had originally planned to hint at this to you all, but then the Harrison incident happened, and many of you became very excited, very hopeful."

"Like me," Franca said with a self-deprecating smile.

She took a sip of her coffee and hesitantly asked, "Madame Hela, should we tell the other members the truth about the transmigration?"

Hela had already thought about this. "Not for now. Let those who haven't accepted reality live with hope.

"After we survive the apocalypse, if everyone's still here, we can gradually tell them the truth."

"Indeed, having something to hold onto is good," Franca sighed in agreement.

She added, "However, we can't let these hopes become too strong, too intense, or too urgent. Otherwise, I'm worried some of them might make rather extreme choices and actions."

After speaking, Franca saw a slightly relieved expression appear on Madame Hela's face.

Hela nodded and said, "This is good enough for now. don't actually catch Harrison."

"Even if we catch him, we can't tell them," Franca replied, showing their mutual understanding.

She then inquired, "Should we talk about the apocalypse?"

"We can mention a bit, focusing on emphasizing hope," Hela answered.

Just like what I was thinking... Franca proceeded to ask. "When is the next gathering?"

"Aiming for sometime this week," Hela decided.

Having discussed the important matters, Franca gazed at Hela's pitch-black eyes and pale face, remained silent for a few seconds, then spoke from her heart, "Speaking of hopes earlier, do you have any hopes left?"

This wasn't really a question-she didn't expect an answer. She was just reflecting.

To her surprise, Hela actually answered. This lady dressed as a black widow said with a faint smile,

"My biggest hope now is to survive the apocalypse.

"If the apocalypse crisis is resolved, and we're all still alive..."

As she spoke, she seemed to drift into memories.

"The most memorable gift in my life was the telescope my parents gave me, because I loved watching stars since childhood, and loved imagining what existed in that vast cosmos.

"If we truly survive the apocalypse, I have two dreams:

"First is for this world to develop into something like our original one-it doesn't have to be exactly the same, just similar.

"Second, provided those evil gods are gone and I can protect myself, I want to use my abilities or help from certain Sealed Artifacts to explore the stars, visit different galaxies, and experience different civilizations..."

Franca gradually became lost in the reverie.

Such a life doesn't sound bad...

Usually staying in Trier, enjoying modern life, and when bored, inviting Jenna, Lumian, and Aurore, along with Anthony, Ludwig, Madam Judgment, 007 and others to form a travel group, touring other countries, continents, planets, and civilizations together...

The cosmos is indeed dangerous, and we might not survive the apocalypse, but people need something to hope for...

Looking at Hela speaking softly, Franca suddenly felt this lady's image become much more vivid in her mind.

She waved over the waiter who had been sneaking glances at her from afar, and ordered two glasses of sweet wine and two glasses of absinthe.

Picking up one glass of sweet wine, she made a toasting gesture. Hela didn't quite understand but still raised her absinthe.

"This toast is to our homeland," Franca clinked glasses gently and drank her sweet wine.

After Hela finished her glass of green liquid, she picked up another glass of sweet wine and said, half-smiling, half-wistfully. "This toast is to distant horizons."

With a gentle clink, the two different colored liquids swayed, their contained light dispersing outward.

...

After returning to the luxurious villa in the arts district. Franca said to Lumian, "Madame Hela said she'll convene a meeting this week, aiming for before Saturday."

Lumian nodded and continued, "Madam Judgment has also replied to us. The Church of Knowledge has agreed to our request, but they need to do some preprocessing and necessary preparations. The time to go to the City of Exiles is set for next Monday."

"That's good, Julien won't return to Trier until next Thursday." Franca looked toward Jenna beside her. "Honestly, we need to trick your brother into leaving soon and not return to Trier for two years. If the information from 007 is correct, Trier will be a key point in the outbreak of the apocalypse."

Jenna nodded solemnly. "I'm working on it."

"There's suddenly nothing much to do." Lumian smiled as he picked up his wide-brimmed hat with veil from beside him. "Let's go for a walk."

"Your attitude has really improved. In the past, you would definitely have been anxious-waiting time was always the hardest to endure," Franca remarked teasingly.

Jenna asked instead, "Where to?"

Lumian smiled.

"Let's go to Lavigny Docks, to Mr. Fool's cathedral. The establishment and preaching about the patron saint should have already begun."

"I want to go listen."

"Listen to others talk about yourself? Wouldn't that be too awkward?" Franca's face showed resistance.

Neither she nor Lumian had told Madam Magician which cathedral they wanted to be assigned to, because they both wanted to be modest, yet felt the other wouldn't agree, so they simply let the Church of The Fool decide.

"I don't mind," Lumian smiled. "Besides, we should also look around the area to see if there's any way to collect anchors."

"Fine," Franca sighed. "If this were in the dream city, I'd debut as a celebrity! Those fans would be my anchors! Though there are problems with that too these kinds of anchors

have an expiration date and can't be passed down. Plus, the different attitudes and focus points from fans would bring conflicting perceptions, which might affect my state."

"That's one way," Lumian looked at Jenna. "When you reach Sequence 3, you could consider becoming the most famous theater actress in the Northern and Southern continents. Of course, this is assuming you receive Mr. Fool's protection, or..."

Lumian didn't finish his sentence.

...

At the square district, Lavigny Docks, inside Mr. Fool's cathedral with its wide, clear windows.

Lumian, Franca, and Jenna, wearing hats with lowered veils, settled into a corner of the rows of seats.

At this time, the half-giant bishop-with golden hair, standing over 2.5 meters tall, wearing a custom-made coat and silk top hat-was preaching.

On one wall that had previously been bare, artists were using scaffolding and various tools to create new murals.

In this world where the Church held such high status, being commissioned to create religious murals for a cathedral was the highest recognition and praise a painter could receive.

Shortly after Lumian and the others sat down, removed their hats, and lowered their heads, the half giant bishop proclaimed in a solemn, resonant voice "Let us praise Mr. Fool."

"Praise The Fool!" All the believers, including the bishop, stood up and pressed their hands to their chests.

The half-giant bishop continued, "Let us also praise this cathedral's patron saint, the great Saint Franca.

"Our cathedral is thus named!"

Franca's toes began to curl tightly inside her boots.

The half-giant bishop continued, "Saint Franca is Mr. Fool's cup, bearing people's joy and pain, keeping disease and plague at bay, she is the ageless one, the Demoness who spreads strife and catastrophe to enemies..."

"She once walked in Mr. Fool's dream, working for the Lord's return, she broke through illusion and reality, bringing the Lord's grace to the land..."

Dammit, they make me sound so impressive. Franca felt both embarrassed and somewhat pleased.

After recounting Saint Franca's deeds, the half-giant bishop said, "Let us praise Saint Franca!"

"Praise the One Who Never Ages, Keeper of Diseases and Plagues, the Demoness Accompanied by Strife and Catastrophe, the Cup Bearing Joy and Pain, the Great Franca Roland!"

The believers began to pray along with the bishop.

Franca suddenly froze, and turned her head toward Lumian and Jenna with a slightly bewildered expression.

"I hear some illusory voices, and I see some points of light..."

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

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Chapter 1050: Response

[1,633 words]

Lumian recalled the faith-related materials provided by the Tarot Club and carefully said, 'This should be the mystical manifestation of faith anchors, and the result of chanting your honorific name.'

'Oh, oh, oh, I'm receiving their prayers...' Franca suddenly understood.

She immediately continued, 'Fortunately, we're now unified both inside and outside the mirror, with our consciousness existing both within and without. This allows our mirror self to handle matters related to believers without affecting our daily life and combat state. Otherwise, if we were suddenly hit with prayers during intense combat, it would be easy to get distracted and have accidents.'

'However, I think some pathways' Sequence 3 should be able to effectively use these prayers to temporarily strengthen themselves, like the Sun pathway?'

'War Bishop,' Lumian smiled. 'Within a certain range, the more anchors, the stronger a War Bishop becomes. His soldiers are all his anchors.'

Franca nodded, browsing the points of light with interest and listening to the illusory voices to understand what the believers were praying for.

'Continued good health...

'Family being safe and sound...

'Business success...

'No dangers during sea adventures...

'Stay away from chaos and war...

'These are all generic prayers, I can't respond or help—they're too vague,' Franca muttered to herself.

She glanced at Lumian.

'Your fate domain powers could actually be useful here—there's nothing that good luck and fortune-turning can't solve.

'Why isn't anyone praying to curse their enemies?'

At this point, Franca paused. 'There's one prayer asking for their illness to be cured...

'I'm professional at making people sick, but healing isn't within a Demoness's authority...'

Jenna thought for a moment and said, 'Don't you still have some of those healing agents left from Mr. Moon?' Jenna thought for a moment and said.

Lumian had 11 bottles in his Traveler's Bag, while Franca, Jenna, and Anthony each had two bottles.

'You're right, nobody said a patron saint can't use external help,' Franca immediately took out a potion from the Traveler's Bag.

While recalling the mystical materials provided by the Tarot Club, she imitated their contents along with knowledge from pre-crossing textbooks, magnified the corresponding prayer light point, and extended her Demoness spider silk—so fine it was

invisible—into it, quietly inserting it into that believer's nostrils and reaching their stomach.

During this process, she used her Petrification powers to make the flesh touched by the spider silk enter a paralyzed state, preventing the prayer from noticing anything unusual.

Then, Franca unscrewed the healing agent's cap and let the liquid flow along the spider silk to its destination.

After completing all this, she withdrew the spider silk and removed the paralysis.

That plainly dressed believer with many patches suddenly felt their stomach become slightly heavier, as if they had unknowingly drunk a glass of water.

They didn't pay it much attention and finished their prayer, continuing to listen until the half-giant bishop completed the sermon and began distributing communion.

Just then, that believer let out a surprised sound. 'Huh...'

Seeing people around looking at them, he said with both confusion and joy, 'My spirit feels better, my body feels lighter...'

'My illness is cured!'

They finally realized what had happened and told the fellow believers watching them with some fanaticism.

'I just prayed to Saint Franca for healing from illness!'

'She blessed me!'

'Praise you, Keeper of Diseases and Plagues, Great Franca Roland!'

Hearing this from her corner, Franca felt both embarrassed and secretly delighted.

Helping others feels pretty good!

Getting sincere praise from others feels nice too!

After this batch of believers left Saint Franca Cathedral, Franca lowered her voice and said to Lumian and Jenna, 'We can't rely on healing agents every time, right? Since my honorific name includes Keeper of Diseases and Plagues, future prayers will definitely include plenty of such requests.'

Without waiting for her companions to respond, Franca muttered to herself, 'Actually, at Sequence 4, one can create their own unique plague varieties or mystical pathogens. I want to invent a mystical pathogen whose characteristic is devouring other pathogens, while its effect on humans is just causing drowsiness, fatigue, or laziness for a period of time. This could cure most diseases in ordinary people except for their own physical mutations...'

'If you succeed, this could also be used in battles with other Demonesses,' Lumian was quite looking forward to the mystical pathogen Franca described.

Of course, this was just a concept, and whether it could actually be created remained unknown.

Franca thought seriously for a while, then suddenly smiled. 'There's another illness that Demonesses can cure.'

'What?' Jenna asked curiously.

'Functional disorders in that matter.' Franca clicked her tongue both self-mockingly and with feeling. 'Just throw a Charm at them and it works for a certain time, though it can't be permanently cured. Damn, what kind of thing is this...'

Lumian and Jenna fell silent for a moment.

Franca thought for a bit and continued, 'When I advanced the other day, I felt there were anchor points besides you two, some others seemed to come from the market district...'

'The dancers and streetwalkers you helped before? Especially those who changed their lives through learning theater performance?' Jenna realized.

'That's another kind of anchor...' Franca sighed. 'No good deed goes unrewarded. However, with the Savoie Mob gone and us being forced to leave the market district, their situation must have worsened again, so they miss the past. I'll return to the market district later, find the people currently in charge of related matters, 'persuade' them, and control them. It's a pity this is Trier, and we can't completely solve these problems. If we don't have to stay in Trier in the future, I want to find a place to build a new society!'

Acting on her words, Franca and Jenna quickly left the cathedral for the market district.

Lumian didn't follow them, worried that doing so would split Franca and Jenna's anchors.

He chose to take a carriage to the outskirts to look at Saint Lumian Cathedral.

On the way, fifteen to twenty points of light suddenly appeared before his eyes, and illusory prayer voices echoed in his ears.

The preaching about me has begun too... Lumian nodded imperceptibly and browsed through the different believers' prayers.

As Franca had said earlier, the vast majority were vague, difficult to achieve, everyday requests, and Lumian temporarily had no intention of using his fate domain powers to help turn their luck around.

While browsing, he discovered a relatively special request.

This wasn't actually a request, but rather an elderly woman telling the patron saint about her regret.

When she was young, her family was poor and couldn't afford photographs. By the time their circumstances improved, she had aged and could no longer capture her youth, leaving that part of her life unrecorded.

I also regret not cherishing those early years in Cordu properly... After pondering for a moment, Lumian decided to respond to this request.

He magnified the corresponding light point and saw the old lady with obvious wrinkles wearing a conservative black dress.

Layers of mirror worlds then appeared in Lumian's eyes, reflecting the old lady's different stages of life—her as a child, her innocent self, her youthful and simple self, her mature and steady self, and her kind and benevolent self...

Sitting in the carriage, Lumian quickly chose the mirror trace of her at seventeen or eighteen years old.

The wrinkles on the praying old lady's face visibly contracted, and her skin quickly gained luster.

This was an application of the Unaging characteristic, but when used on others, it could only last for a very short time, no more than half an hour, since the mystical connection was only established with the illusory trace in the mirror—not real and not stable.

In Lumian's view, this was half temporary rejuvenation, half mirror illusion.

After the old lady returned to her seventeen or eighteen-year-old appearance, Lumian transmitted a message in a female voice, 'Hurry.'

The old lady immediately broke from her prayer state, not knowing where that somewhat cold and deep but pleasant female voice came from.

'You, you...!' Those around her all widened their eyes.

'What about me?' the old lady asked these fellow believers in confusion.

The next second, she discovered her voice had become quite sweet, just like when she was young.

'You, you, you...' The nearby believers still couldn't form proper sentences, but someone handed over a mirror.

The old lady looked in the mirror and froze in her seat.

This, isn't this me when I was young?

What's going on?

Have I regained my youth?

Did my prayer to Saint Lumian receive a response?

As thoughts raced through her mind, the old lady recalled the female voice she had just heard. 'Hurry.'

She suddenly understood, abruptly stood up, and said to the surrounding believers with a smile, 'I'm going to get my photograph taken!'

She quickly squeezed out of that area and walked briskly toward the cathedral door.

As she walked, she lifted her skirt and began to run, getting faster and faster, just like when she was seventeen or eighteen and ran desperately for a job opportunity.

She ran to the nearest photo studio and sat in front of the backdrop.

Click, a flash of light captured a youthful and radiant smile.

In the moving carriage.

Having responded to the prayer, Lumian seriously considered a Demoness's faith anchor issue.

War Bishop is actually simpler—recruit soldiers, cultivate a team, and that's it...

Most of a Demoness's abilities tend toward disaster, making it difficult to use them positively to develop believers... Those Demonesses of Unaging in the Demoness Sect probably rely on seduction, charm, and fear from disasters...

In the early stages of faith, making people fear is also a method of developing believers, the most standard method...

But since we're affiliated with the Church of The Fool, we can't do that...

Fear...

Lumian suddenly thought of a sect that deliberately spread fear of disease.

The Sick Church!

His eyes, like highland lakes, immediately brightened.

Is it possible to take over the Sick Church, eliminate all the Blessed and those corrupted by evil gods, then steal the faith directed at evil gods and make certain alterations?

This is somewhat similar to that section about the Sea God Church in scripture... This could also weaken the corresponding evil gods' influence on the real world...

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