

Lord of Mysteries



Undying

Cuttlefish That Loves Diving

In the waves of steam and machinery,
who could achieve extraordinary?

In the fogs of history and darkness,
who was whispering?

I woke up from the realm of mysteries
and opened my eyes to the world.

Firearms, cannons, battleships,
airships, and difference machines.

Potions, divination, curses, hanged-man,
and sealed artifacts...

The lights shone brightly,
yet the secrets of the world were never far away.

This was a legend of the "Fool".

Lord of Mysteries



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Lord of Mysteries

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Undying

Cuttlefish That Loves Diving

Lord of Mysteries



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Synopsis

With the rising tide of steam power and machinery, who can come close to being a Beyonder? Shrouded in the fog of history and darkness, who or what is the lurking evil that murmurs into our ears?

Waking up to be faced with a string of mysteries, Zhou Mingrui finds himself reincarnated as Klein Moretti in an alternate Victorian era world where he sees a world filled with machinery, cannons, dreadnoughts, airships, difference machines, as well as Potions, Divination, Hexes, Tarot Cards, Sealed Artifacts...

The Light continues to shine but mystery has never gone far. Follow Klein as he finds himself entangled with the Churches of the world—both orthodox and unorthodox—while he slowly develops newfound powers thanks to the Beyonder potions.

Like the corresponding tarot card, The Fool, which is numbered 0—a number of unlimited potential—this is the legend of “The Fool”.

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MAP OF THE LORD OF MYSTERIES WORLD

TO BE CONTINUED IN...

BACK COVER

CHAPTER 733: THE RETURN

Under a persistent rain, mingled with the thin fog, the rows of street lamps tried their hardest to shine through the mist. The occasional horse carriage that proceeded down the streets was a common evening sight in Backlund.

Apart from these, Klein noticed a few gratifying changes while standing behind the window.

Ring!

A crisp sound echoed in the air as a two-wheeled mechanical device rushed down the side of the street to the other end of the street. Its frame was black in color, with some parts revealing grayish-white steel. Under the illumination of the street lamps and rain, it sparkled with the beauty of metal.

On this device sat a man dressed in a postman's uniform. He kept pedaling with his legs, apparently using a great deal of strength. Behind him was a wooden box that had been painted in green.

It's been promoted very well... The white-shirted, black-vested, mature-looking Klein sighed inwardly when he saw this scene.

In a few hours within his return to Backlund, he noticed many similar mechanical devices, and they were none other than the bicycles that he had promoted and invested in!

From the newspapers, Klein knew that the Backlund Bike Company had done tons of advertisements. It even held a bicycle competition in boroughs like Cherwood and Backlund Bridge so as to garner the attention of others. Apart from that, they also actively promoted it to the government departments such as the postal service and the police departments. The results were said to be pretty good.

Their pricing strategy had followed Klein's original suggestion, avoiding the middle-upper class who often used horse carriages. Instead, they aimed their target audience at those with weekly salaries of 1 pound 10 soli and above, such as technical workers, students with a decent family background, and clerical employees that often needed to travel outside. Therefore, a bike worth 3 to 5 pounds was affordable for the people in this demographic if they bit the bullet a little. And at the same time, they could flaunt it to the masses who had incomes that were lower than them.

The current issue is that Backlund often rains. It's difficult to hold an umbrella while riding a bicycle... The next step should be a raincoat. Klein retracted his gaze, shook his head, and chuckled.

The place he stayed at was a high-end hotel in the Hillston Borough. It cost him 10 soli a night, making him feel quite the pinch. However, to

match his persona, all he could do was bite the bullet and put up with it.

His idea of Dwayne Dantès was that he was a believer of the Evernight Goddess and a mysterious tycoon that came from Desi Bay. He had sold his original land and mines, planning to seek out brand new opportunities in Backlund. He had a certain level of interest in obtaining an aristocratic title, but he didn't have the abundant wealth to do so. He had to first expand his social circle and begin making some investments.

The benefits of this identity was that it was clearly different from the characters Klein had previously acted as. It allowed him to very naturally interact with people from the middle-upper class, especially members of the military officers club and the Backlund diocese bishops of the Church of the Evernight Goddess. It made it convenient for Klein to continue his investigations into the Great Smog of Backlund while gathering intel before he made detailed plans to steal the Antigonus family's notebook.

There were obvious disadvantages as well. Such a mysterious tycoon would definitely catch the notice of the Nighthawks and Mandated Punishers, so there was a certain level of background checks that he would have to undergo.

According to Klein's experience, such an investigation would be done by the official Beyonder organizations under the premise that nothing important had happened. It could also be handed over to the police

department, but in summary, not too much effort would be put into it, as it would be considered a routine check.

Therefore, Klein, who was considered quite an expert at disguises, had prepared a second layer to his identity as Dwayne Dantès to his designs, so as to deal with the background inspection.

This second layer to his identity was that Dwayne Dantès was a person who had adventured in the Southern Continent's East and West Balam for some particular reason. He had used a nickname, and he spent more than ten years in that rather dangerous land filled with opportunity in order to amass a great deal of wealth.

Since the origin of his wealth wasn't overboard, he had secretly returned to Desi Bay, and he forged a new identity. He had planned on beginning a new life in Backlund and gradually legalize his wealth.

It wasn't rare to see such people in Loen. Their stories were acceptable and imaginable for an investigation. For this identity layer, Klein had left some inconspicuous clues in Conant City so as to indirectly reveal the "truth."

These clues included but were not limited to the stubs of his scalped tickets from East Balam to Conant City, habits as a result of living in the Southern Continent for extended periods of time, as well as his wealth of unknown origins.

Klein believed that as long as Dwayne Dantès didn't involve himself in any serious Beyonder matters, preparations such as this were enough to fool most routine background inspections.

And if he encountered an extremely dedicated official Beyonder who investigated it all the way and was even willing to seek the help of colleagues from the Southern Continent, then Dwayne Dantès had a third identity layer. It was that he was a cheat who had anti-divination measures to a certain degree. He disguised himself as a mysterious tycoon and spent large amounts of money in investments for this final scam.

This identity was enough to get Dwayne Dantès arrested, but the level of attention placed on him wouldn't be too great. This allowed Klein to exit the stage without much trouble.

Compared to my first time in Backlund, the creation of a three-layered identity shows how I've really matured significantly... Klein slowly walked to the middle of the room as he cast his gaze on a full-body mirror in the corner.

His reflection had black hair and some strands of gray hair. His eyes were deep, but his experiences had left indelible marks on his face. He was a charming middle-aged man with a mature bearing.

The design of Dwayne Dantès's identity wasn't difficult for the present Klein. However, stealing the Antigonous family's notebook from behind

Saint Samuel Cathedral's Chanis Gate was practically an impossible task for any external Beyonder. Even a King of Angels couldn't guarantee success.

Of course, unlike other Beyonders, Klein had two advantages. First, he was once a Nighthawk. He had quite a good understanding of the internal procedures they followed, and he knew which matters he could exploit. Therefore, the first solution he eliminated was to become a particular Nighthawk, infiltrate it, and find a chance to pass through Chanis Gate.

There was a problem that existed in this. Nighthawks weren't able to randomly enter Chanis Gate, even for the captains and deacons. Something had to happen first before they received the corresponding authority. Furthermore, Chanis Gate had its Keepers inside. Randomly entering or taking things would result in an attack on him, causing a battle to break out. Klein didn't wish for his theft to result in any deaths or injury to the members of the Church of the Goddess.

After careful consideration, he placed his sights on the Keepers.

These elders were retired Nighthawks who volunteered to enter Chanis Gate. They were in charge of watching the Sealed Artifacts, and they were from a different department from the Nighthawks. They entered and exited using the underground passageway through the cathedral, and they never interfered with the Nighthawks' work, nor would they be disturbed by the Nighthawks.

Perhaps a result of staying behind Chanis Gate for extended periods of time, these Keepers all had certain traits. They had cold auras and had deadpan expressions. Their skin was pale, and they resembled monsters from the deep darkness who were on the border of life and death. Klein believed that it wasn't difficult for him to locate his target if he met one.

His initial plan was to rent a place in North Borough near Saint Samuel Cathedral. He would hire a butler, a valet, a maidservant, a gardener, a chef, and a carriage driver to have a front as a tycoon. Then, he would often head to the cathedral to pray piously, participate in Mass, donate money, and familiarize himself with the bishops and priests.

During this process, he would work hard to find suspected Keepers. He would choose two or three targets and observe their habits. When the opportunity arises, he would imprison one of them, change into his appearance or directly possess him, pass through Chanis Gate, and attempt to flip through or take the Antigonus family's notebook away.

This was a very crude plan that was merely a train of thought. It needed to be perfected according to the intelligence Klein would slowly acquire.

For this matter, Klein's second advantage was the Tarot Club. He had assistants that the Church of the Evernight Goddess and the Nighthawks would never think of. Furthermore, he could consider extending the recruitment of a Backlund diocese Nighthawk or Keeper into the Gathering. He could then complete the theft through this traitor, just like how Emperor Roselle was used to obtain the Antigonus family's notebook by Zaratul.

I've got to frequently head to the cathedral. Only by doing so can I find a target... Klein faced the mirror as he silently nodded.

It had to be said that he felt conflicted. If a true Nighthawk or Keeper were to betray the Church to serve Mr. Fool, his first thought was to unleash divine punishment to get rid of this despicable traitor!

After exhaling, he gave a self-deprecating laugh. He wore his double-breasted frock coat and hat, walked out the room, and reached the streets.

With an umbrella, he circled to another street. Taking advantage of the distant street lamp and the drizzle, he suddenly changed back into Sherlock Moriarty.

Glancing at his wrinkled trousers, Klein stopped a carriage and planned on heading to Isengard Stanton's house in Hillston Borough.

Half an hour later, the somewhat ancient and dark building appeared before Klein's eyes.

He paid 2 soli for his ride as he walked steadily around the puddles amidst the drizzle that refracted the yellowish light of dusk before coming to the famous detective's doorstep.

Putting away his umbrella, he reached out to ring the doorbell and waited for a moment before seeing a man with a wide face open the door.

The man had a head of malt-colored hair, grayish-blue eyes, and high cheekbones. He had the traits of someone from Lenburg or Masin.

Mr. Isengard Stanton's new assistant? Someone from the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom? Klein took off his hat and said with a smile, "Good evening, is Mr. Isengard Stanton home?"

"He is. He just had his dinner after a busy day at work," the malt-colored lad replied politely. "May I know who you are?"

Klein chortled and said, "Tell the good detective that a friend of his has returned from his vacation."

The young man was taken aback as he blurted out, "Mr. Sherlock Moriarty?"

CHAPTER 734: OLD FRIENDS

You actually know me? This means that Mr. Isengard Stanton often mentions me as a friend, or does it mean that the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom knows that I was embroiled in the Great Smog of Backlund? Klein smiled as he nodded in an unperturbed manner.

“Yes, I’m Sherlock Moriarty.”

The grayish-blue-eyed lad immediately gave way as he warmly gestured him in.

“Mr. Stanton has been worried about you all this time. He was afraid that you met with trouble. He can now be at peace.”

Klein handed him his umbrella as he took off his hat and coat while walking in. At this moment, Isengard Stanton, who had sensed something, had put down his papers and pipe, and he left his reclining chair to take a look.

“Oh my, Sherlock, you’re finally back. It’s been so long, my friend.” The thin Isengard with grayed sides revealed a smile as he came over with welcoming arms in an attempt to give him a greeting hug.

Klein wasn't used to such a custom, so he forced himself to reciprocate it and smile.

"Mr. Stanton, this isn't something a believer of Wisdom would do."

The bishops and priests of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom had their pride, and they seldom gave greeting hugs.

But in fact, apart from the boorish Feysac Empire and the liberal Intis Kingdom, such a manner of etiquette was rare in other countries and regions. It only happened among very familiar friends.

Isengard took two steps back and chuckled.

"No, Sherlock. We're never stingy with respect and friendliness towards intelligent friends.

"In my heart, you're one of the top five detectives in all of Backlund."

I like that! Klein smiled inwardly as he retorted in jest, "So you're one of the top three detectives?"

To be praised as having true wisdom by a Sequence 7 believer of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom was really delighting.

“I wish that you share the same thoughts as myself,” Isengard skillfully and gently replied. Then, he invited him to the living room and to the sofa.

He leaned into a reclining chair and picked up his pipe. With a deep breath, he exhaled.

“I’m very happy that nothing bad happened to you. You seem especially fine, both in body and mind.

“How was it? Was Desi Bay fun?”

Klein had already prepared an excuse as he calmly smiled.

“In fact, I didn’t go to Desi Bay. I ended up going to Constant. Heh heh, I was previously embroiled in some trouble in Backlund, so I could only find a place to hide.”

Sherlock Moriarty was a gentleman from Midseashire who had a slight accent. It was a very normal choice to return to his hometown after causing trouble. Constant was Midseashire’s capital.

“I know,” Isengard replied heavily.

He didn't inquire about the trouble which Sherlock had involved himself in. Instead, he said with a smile, "In short, welcome back to Backlund. Come to me if you need any help."

Klein didn't stand on ceremony as he immediately said, "The purpose of my visit was first because it's really has been a while since we last met, and second, I wish that you can sell my shares in the Backlund Bike Company on my behalf. Heh heh, all the documents are in place, and there's no need to carry out any other procedures."

In order to act as a mysterious tycoon and to repay Miss Messenger with the 10,000 gold coins, not only did he plan on selling items he had little use for, but he also planned on letting go of the last 10% of his shares in the Backlund Bike Company. After all, Sherlock Moriarty wasn't able to appear in a legitimate fashion for a long period of time.

"Are you really going to sell it?" Isengard stroked his pipe and said, "Although I've never been a businessman, I can tell that the bike is a product that's of great value and something that can be promoted on a large scale. Its commercial future is like the newly-risen sun, and it has yet to reach its limits. You'll be losing plenty of money by selling it now."

"That's why a buyer will be very willing to raise the price significantly because of this expected value." Klein chuckled. "I believe the people who can tell the value of the bike and its future aren't in the minority. And Framis and Leppard are definitely unwilling to reduce any part of their holdings at this stage. There shouldn't be a problem selling my 10%

shares at twice or thrice the normal price. Isengard, the pricing of shares isn't about the present, but about its future."

To illustrate an alluring story for the buyer and investor, and drawing a beautiful future is very necessary! Of course, the value and future of the bike don't require additional input from me. Anyone with any business sense can tell. The only problem stems in the rubber production... Klein silently added inwardly.

"The pricing of shares isn't about the present, but about its future..." Isengard softly repeated Klein's words, and after a moment he sincerely sighed. "Sherlock, perhaps you should be involved in the business world. However, there will always be many accidents present."

"To dare to take risks is equivalent to chivalry in business. Oh well, I admit that I've recently been in dire need of large sums of cash," Klein replied with a smile.

Isengard picked up his pipe as he gave it a satisfactory suck.

"You've convinced me.

"I will specially hire a lawyer and accountant to confirm the market value of Backlund Bike Company. Then, I'll add on an estimate of the expected profits and sell that 10% of yours. The corresponding fees and taxes will be deducted from the amount received.

“Oh... How should I contact you? It seems like your rental contract for the house at Minsk Street has lapsed.”

Klein obviously wouldn't expose his present identity. He said, having prepared for it, “You can post news on the Tussock Times, Backlund Daily Tribune, and other newspapers about the sale of the shares to make more people know. Only when there's competition would there be better price negotiations. When it's sold, you can publish a notice to indicate that the deal has been closed and that further inquiries won't be entertained.

“And when I see that notice, I'll come visit you.”

Isengard was no stranger when it came to communicating over published notices in the newspapers. He nodded and said, “No problem. Of course, all expenses will be deducted from the final sum received.”

With his main goal accomplished, Klein stood up and reached out his hand.

“Thank you for your help, Isengard.

“I need to leave. We can talk in the future.”

Isengard didn't hold him back as he sent him straight out the door.

Klein circled to a nearby street and took a carriage to the Bravehearts Bar as he admired Bravehearts Bar's night view in the drizzle.

He planned on reestablishing all the news and resource channels which Sherlock Moriarty used to have!

After entering the noisy bar, he didn't head for the bar counter to order some beer and make inquiries. Instead, he circled around the boxing ring in preparation to leave, so that he could wait for Miss Sharron to appear on the carriage outside.

At this moment, the door to a billiard room creaked open. Ian, with an old coat, walked out with newspapers in hand.

His red eyes did a cursory sweep when he suddenly noticed a familiar figure. He gaped his mouth, but he didn't say his name. He greeted in pleasant surprise, "Good evening, sir. Is there anything I can help you with?"

"Not for now. I'm only here to visit an old friend." Klein smiled warmly.

As he spoke, he noticed that the papers in Ian's hand was News at Sea. On it was a striking headline: "Shocking! Crazy adventurer made a fugitive!"

Crazy adventurer... Klein intuitively believed that it had nothing to do with him.

Ian noticed his gaze and raised the newspapers with a smile.

“This is one of the rare up-to-date reports from News at Sea because the bounties have already appeared in various places.

“The crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, plotted to bring harm on the City of Generosity, and he has been proven to be a member of a cult. In this incident, thanks to the Church of Storms and the military, no one from Bayam was injured. But Admiral of Blood Senor, who was involved in the matter, vanished as a result. It’s suspected that he has been killed by Gehrman Sparrow.

“Guess how much of a bounty they are offering for Gehrman Sparrow.

“50,000 pounds!

“It has exceeded Admiral of Blood’s, and it’s almost reached that of Admiral Hell’s!”

50,000 pounds... Klein’s heart stirred.

He calmed the palpitations in his heart as he replied with a smile, “Unfortunately, few people can claim such a bounty.”

He pointed at the bar’s entrance and said, “I’ll come to look for you again when I have the time.”

“Alright.” Ian didn’t ask further as he mentioned in passing, “Is Mr. White from the Harvest Church your friend?”

That fellow, Emlyn, is finally willing to get out of the house? For those Primordial Moon believers? Klein nodded.

“That’s right.”

After saying that, he squeezed through the crowd and pushed open the door to leave the Bravehearts Bar.

After getting onto a rental carriage, Klein cast his gaze outside, awaiting Miss Sharron’s appearance.

Of course, he wasn’t certain that she was here. Months had passed, so it was very possible that this lady and Maric had switched their area of activity.

Silently, Klein's spiritual perception was triggered as he turned to look at the window. On the glass which could reflect the night view, a young lady in a black bonnet and gothic-styled black dress clearly appeared.

Turning his head, Klein saw Miss Sharron sitting opposite him. Her pale blonde hair, blue eyes, and pale expression didn't seem any different from before.

"Good evening." Klein, who no longer needed to act as Gehrman Sparrow, greeted first.

Sharron got up a little and curtsied.

Realizing that she might've read News at Sea, he was momentarily unable to find a topic for small talk. He cleared his throat and directly said, "I killed Senor."

"Okay." Sharron nodded slightly, indicating that she was aware.

Klein smiled as he continued, "If Maric still needs the Beyonder characteristic of a Wraith, he can wait and prepare the money needed. Once I find a replacement, I'll sell Senor to him."

Sharron didn't ask what "replacement" meant as she replied, "After seeing that piece of news, he has been awaiting your return."

“Very good.” Klein chuckled. He reached out for his collar, pulled out a silver necklace and said, “Senor’s lucky item. You should know about it, right?”

Sharron tersely answered as she waited for Klein to continue.

“I plan to sell either this or the Biological Poison Bottle. Would you, or people from your circle, be interested?” Klein took the initiative to ask.

CHAPTER 735: ANOTHER VISIT

Sharron was silent for two seconds before she said, "I'll help ask."

It means you need to consider it? That's right. The negative effects of Scales of Luck does leave one hesitant. However, Biological Poison Bottle is really compatible with a Wraith. If it wasn't because I'm short on money, and how it lowers my immunity, making me easily fall sick, I wouldn't be willing to sell it. It's rather effective in an ambush! Klein vaguely grasped Sharron's intentions as he stuffed the silver necklace back into his collar.

He asked after some thought, "Which power of a High-Sequence Prisoner pathway Beyonder makes all surrounding lifeless items attack one's target?"

"Puppet," Sharron succinctly replied.

It's the power of a Sequence 4 Puppet? Turning themselves into a lifeless puppet, so that they are able to control all lifeless objects in a certain range? Advancing further, will they be able to directly influence the mystical items of an enemy? Klein nodded in enlightenment and asked, "Then, do you know that demigod?"

He immediately described in detail the appearance of the elder who had attacked him outside Bayam.

“Shanks,” Sharron calmly said a name.

I actually wished that you could share with me more about him... Klein knew Miss Sharron’s style as he said with an exasperated smile, “Then, do you know Zatwen?”

He was the mentor of the Naturism Sect’s leader in Oravi Island.

“The demigod who was pursuing us,” Sharron answered without hiding anything or any emotions, like a doll.

That’s the one who made me feel like the chairs, tables, and curtains wished to kill me... What a coincidence... However, it wasn’t arranged. It just proves that as a secret organization, the Rose School of Thought, with a history of over a thousand years, doesn’t have that many demigods... Perhaps it has about the same number as the Aurora Order. The number of saints number around five, and the number of angels and Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts number about two to three... Of course, this is also because they were suppressed by the seven major Churches, reducing their headquarters to colonies. At the height of their powers, they might’ve had far more than these... Klein thought and asked again, “Then, do you know the Rose School of Thought member that is able to make an entire mountain tremble with just one arm?”

He planned on describing the arm's traits, but he realized that he hadn't dared to look straight at it.

Sharron listened quietly as her eyes darted around as though they came to life. She asked with a clear voice, "What did you encounter?"

A saint, an angel, as well as Sea King, an Aurora Order demigod, a monster byproduct from the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death... Klein silently made a self-deprecating comment as he said with a wry smile, "I got on the bad side with the Mother Tree of Desire, and I suffered an ambush from the Rose School of Thought. Thankfully, I was in Bayam, allowing the Church of Storms and the kingdom's military to take action. I also threw out an item corrupted with the True Creator's aura, as well as something related to the Numinous Episcopate. In short, it was chaos, and I took the opportunity to escape."

He replied frankly, apart from hiding the existence of Miss Messenger and Mr. Azik. As for the matter of the True Creator, he believed that Miss Sharron had long known that he wasn't affected by the ravings. This could be explained by a timely psychological intervention or psychic treatment.

"Mother Tree of Desire..." Sharron murmured the name as rare emotional upheavals slowly appeared in her eyes.

Klein didn't have the interpretation abilities of a Spectator, and he was unable to tell what was exactly on Sharron's mind. He could only sense

that she felt a little fear and loathing.

Sharron quickly restrained her abnormal reaction, turning back into an extremely exquisite “doll.”

She looked at Sherlock Moriarty and said, “You are very lucky and very mysterious.”

Klein smiled without a word, neither lying nor explaining.

Sharron didn't inquire as she said, “You might've met Suah. ‘He’ is an Abomination born 922 years ago and claims to be the son of the Chained God. ‘He’ is also the present leader of the Rose School of Thought.”

No way. The Rose School of Thought sent its leader and a demigod to deal with me... I'm just a mere Sequence 5! If not for Orange Light Hilarion's warning, I might've already been captured by the Rose School of Thought... Klein felt a chill run down his back again as he asked, “Is Abomination the name of the Prisoner pathway's Sequence 2 or Sequence 1?”

“Probably,” Sharron didn't give an affirmative answer.

At this moment, without waiting for Klein's response, she said, “Williams Street has been destroyed.”

Klein had pondered what kind of reaction he should have when Miss Sharron raised the topic, so he immediately frowned.

“By who? When did it happen?”

“The Nighthawks and Machinery Hivemind. About two months ago.” Sharron had clearly gathered the corresponding intelligence.

Klein nodded solemnly and, after some deep thought, said, “Perhaps we’ve neglected something. That evil spirit didn’t need us to rescue it. It was still controlling Baronet Pound!

“Could it be that something happened to that gentleman, incurring the notice of the Nighthawks and Machinery Hiveminds?” Klein offered a guess filled with half-truths without utmost confidence.

Sharron nodded.

“Baronet Pound died during one of his revelries.”

That’s it? That’s the end to Alista Tudor’s final bloodline? Klein thought and said, “How’s the situation with Williams Street at the moment?”

“Some high-rise buildings are being built,” Sharron described without much of an expression. “People monitored it in secret at the beginning, but the surveillance decreased with time, diminishing to zero early last month.”

Klein pondered for a few seconds and said, “Have you gone down to explore it?”

Sharron’s eyes swept his face.

“No.”

This is her remembering our unwritten agreement—to explore it together because we found it together? What a noble-hearted lady. The Rose School of Thought’s temperance faction is infinitely times better than the indulgence faction! Klein probed, “Shall we go now?”

“Alright,” Sharron succinctly expressed her stance.

Klein immediately instructed the carriage driver, and he changed the destination to Williams Street at the intersection of West Borough and Empress Borough.

Along the way, he casually mentioned what he heard and saw at sea, as well as the experiences that didn’t involve his secrets. Although Sharron

didn't answer him, she listened attentively, seemingly interested.

This made Klein recall the time when he first got to know her as Miss Bodyguard. She sat on the illusory high-back chair in the oriel window's glass. Her right hand held her cheek as she seriously listened to his conversation with Ian. She had great potential in being a Spectator.

The carriage passed through the silent streets in the drizzle before finally arriving near Williams Street.

Without approaching the area, Klein and Sharron discovered that the area had become a huge worksite.

After circling to the region that matched the underground ruins, they stood behind a huge tree with a lush canopy. Klein said to Sharron, who wasn't drenched by the rain despite not holding an umbrella, "Let's head down."

As the rain fell, they passed through Sharron's blonde hair and body before hitting the ground.

"Alright." Sharron didn't ask how Sherlock Moriarty was planning on heading down with her.

Klein reached his hand into his pocket and easily removed the wall of spirituality, and he opened the iron cigar case.

Beside him, a figure suddenly appeared. It was none other than Admiral of Blood Senor who wore a dark red coat and an old triangular hat.

“He will head down in my stead,” Klein said with a smile.

Immediately following that, he controlled his marionette in a composed manner.

Senor immediately pressed his hand to his chest and bowed at Sharron.

“Good evening. I’m honored to work with you.”

Sharron swept her gaze across Klein and Senor, and without a word, her body sank into the soil.

Uh, Miss Sharron seems to detest Senor quite significantly... Klein curled his lips and made Admiral of Blood rapidly turn into a Wraith and sink.

As for himself, he leaned on a tree, half-closed his eyes as he seriously controlled the marionette. There wasn’t anyone around him, and the drizzle was light and the streetlights dim.

Slowly, Klein found the feeling of being a Marionettist.

His vision and Senor's vision overlapped with one another as he saw black-brown soil, squirming worms, and miscellaneous items in between the rocks.

As they passed through layers of obstacles, they arrived at the region where the ruin once was. The dome ceiling had collapsed and the stone columns had snapped. The area was filled with soil and rubble, looking nothing like it once was.

Such a scene made Klein believe that the humanoid statues of the six deities had been completely destroyed.

To his joy, their location was relatively close to the room which sealed the evil spirit. That meant that he didn't need to worry that any subsequent exploration would exceed the hundred-meter range for the control of his marionette.

Amidst the smell of soil and rot, they soon entered the previously menacing room; however, between the rubble and soil, there were only a few signs of crushed bone and rotting clothes. The dark gold and deep blue light from before had all vanished.

The Beyonders characteristics have been taken away by the Nighthawks and Machinery Hivemind... Senor's expression twitched as it perfectly

reflected Klein's mood.

Sharron turned around in the dark solid environment and gently shook her head.

"They didn't send anyone in. There are no traces of living creatures existing in here."

That's right. If a living person had entered and exited this room over the past half year, a Wraith should be able to sense it... Besides, the deity statues obviously cannot be seen by the Nighthawks and Machinery Hivemind... Where did those Beyonder characteristics go? As Klein frowned, Senor had a similar reaction.

Could it be that the evil spirit wasn't completely obliterated? It had long escaped? Klein thought about it when he suddenly came to an alarming conclusion.

He held back his emotions and made Senor pass through the soil and rubble-filled room with Sharron, and they arrived at the spot where the bloody door previously stood. And at that moment, only a few splinters proved that it existed before.

After proceeding forward a few meters, the two truly entered the room where the evil spirit was sealed.