

# Lord of Mysteries



## Red Priest

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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## VOLUME 5: RED PRIEST



# Lord of Mysteries



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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, business, events and incidents are the products of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

The background of the entire page is a detailed illustration of a man in a Victorian-style top hat and dark coat. He is holding a tarot card that depicts a sunburst. The setting is a city street with a large clock tower in the background and falling autumn leaves in the air.

# 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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## CHAPTER 947: HOUSE CALL

Backlund, East Borough, in a two-room apartment.

A few policemen in black-and-white checkered uniforms opened the door and entered. All of them reached out to cover their mouths.

There was a strong stench of blood inside!

“Officer, I’ve no idea what happened. Other tenants said that it seems like there’s plenty of blood here that they can even smell it from next door.” The landlord with a silk top hat looked around in fear, unwilling to stay in the room for another second.

A black-haired, blue-eyed police officer with an inspector epaulet waved his hand and said, “Wait by the door. We still have questions for you.”

As he spoke, he wore his white gloves and cast his gaze towards the wooden door of the bedroom.

However, he wasn’t in a rush to enter. He slowly surveyed the area and visually took in the surroundings—a pile of coal, a cupboard with cutlery and food, a small stove, a cleanly washed iron pot, a somewhat greasy

table, two collapsed circular stools, two slanted chairs, a few glass bottles with unknown powders, and a stack of scattered tarot cards.

“A mysticism enthusiast with an ordinary financial situation?” The black-haired, blue-eyed inspector nodded gently as he made a judgment. Then, he signaled for a subordinate to open the bedroom door.

With a creak, a stronger smell of blood gushed out.

The constable who opened the door looked in and let out a short exclamation as he repeatedly retreated.

The inspector frowned. He pressed the retreating constable's shoulders, circled around him, and approached the bedroom.

When he swept his gaze, his expression immediately changed.

In the bedroom, on a wooden bed, there was a man lying there. His hands were tied to the bedpost.

He was naked with deep and shallow marks on his body. His blood had long been drained, dyeing the bedsheet and blanket beside him dark red.

On a cursory glance, the deceased had apparently been bound by metal wire, cutting into his skin and flesh, right into his bones.

This scene still affected the policemen who had seen many murder scenes. Furthermore, it had a diabolical feeling like it was a ritual.

As the inspector was about to say something, two people rushed into the room. One of them attempted to take photos while the other bombarded him with questions.

“Another murder case?”

“Hasn’t there been many murder cases in East Borough recently?”

“Officer, do you think it’s a serial murder?”

The black-haired, blue-eyed inspector frowned and waved his hand.

“Do not interfere with the scene; otherwise, we will view you as the criminal’s accomplice.”

He then said to the constable from before, “Khazix, please escort the two reporters away. Tell them that if they have any questions, ask the news department of Sivellaus Yard.”

After the reporters were escorted out of the crime scene, the inspector let out a long sigh.

“I’m going on the newspapers again. Damn it!”

In Empress Borough, the opulent villa of Earl Hall.

“Another murder in East Borough. The victim is suspected to have been abused before being killed...” Having had dinner, Audrey was in the activity room casually reading the Backlund Evening News.

Upon hearing his daughter’s soft muttering, Earl Hall shook his head and sighed.

“This isn’t new in East Borough. The statistics show that there are people dying every day in there. It’s far from one person.”

Audrey didn’t pay too much attention to the matter. After a casual chat with her parents and brother, she returned to her room with her golden retriever, Susie.

The human and dog could read each other’s minds without any exchanging of words. The latter stood by the door as a guard while Audrey locked the door. She sat by her bed and chanted Mr. Fool’s honorific name.

After a few seconds, she saw a dark red beam of light surge and drown everything.

Audrey arrived above the gray fog, coming inside the magnificent and ancient palace.

She then saw a small room to the side. The mottled door was ajar.

It's much better than the old confessional from before... However, this doesn't match Mr. World's character. Did something happen to his state of mind? In thought, Audrey entered the room and closed the mottled door.

She had previously had a follow-up appointment with The World Gehrman Sparrow and concluded that he had fully recovered. To her surprise, she received a request from him for another treatment.

This left her puzzled as she felt a little intrigued.

In the rather spacious dark room, Audrey leaned against the wall that obviously had another person behind it. Her body slowly slid down as she knelt down with her legs placed diagonally.

In the calm and serene atmosphere, she adjusted her state of mind and said with a brisk tone, "Good evening, Mr. World~"

Just as she said that, Audrey's spiritual intuition already knew the situation with his Body of Heart and Mind, or in common parlance, his emotions or mood.

Gloomy, disheartened, confused, depressed, and having no interest in anything... Mr. World's current problem is completely different from the last one... What happened this time? Audrey gently bit her lip and calmly made a judgment and used a timely Placate.

This was the most useful power of a Psychiatrist. In ancient times, it was called Psychoanalysis.

The "dark clouds" behind the wall scattered significantly. Gehrman Sparrow finally hoarsely said, "Good evening, Miss Justice."

Leaning against the wall, Audrey thought and canceled her original plan. She maintained her brisk tone and said, "I'm very curious about your recent experiences. It seems you have had too, too many encounters.

"There's no need to think about anything else. Let's have a chat first, just like we're friends.

"If you're interested in my life, I'm also willing to share with you some of the interesting matters."

On the opposite side of the wall, Gehrman Sparrow fell silent for a moment. Without answering the question, he asked, “What hopes do you have for the future?”

Audrey’s eyes darted slightly to the side as she replied seriously, “To advance myself, to work hard to become a demigod so as to better protect my father, mother, and brothers.

“Oh, I’ve recently visited the applicants to the bursary foundation with the other staff of the foundation. Their living conditions are really worse than I imagined. Although I’ve read some reports and was mentally prepared, I still found it unsettling when I saw it with my own eyes. A girl who’s just a few years younger than me was very short and skinny. She doesn’t fill her stomach daily, and she only has two tattered dresses. When she said that she wishes to study, her eyes were extremely pure and filled with an earnest desire. I can’t forget it to this day...”

As she spoke, Audrey acutely sensed the change in Gehrman Sparrow’s mental state. It was no longer a completely still lake, and it was now rippling and undulating

After a short deliberation, this Psychiatrist continued as though she didn’t seem to notice anything, “I once anticipated having a beautiful wedding, wishing that my ‘prince’ will appear like those popular novels. However, after becoming a Spectator, I realized that I might never be able to fulfill this dream. I can often read the true thoughts of those men and see through their lies. I’m able to confirm that many people

aren't as nice as I imagined, and it has left me disappointed. Hmm, in a few more years, I might be able to appreciate people for their flaws, but it's really difficult to do so now..."

Noticing that Gehrman Sparrow, who had his back to her across the wall, having the emotions of laughter, Audrey did a timely Placate on him. Then, she heard him ask, "You once gathered information about dragons from The Sun. You should have some understanding of the Dragon of Imagination.

"If I were to tell you that your father, mother, and brothers are imagined by the Spectator pathway's King of Angels and that they do not really exist, what would be your reaction?"

I'll definitely collapse on the spot and directly lose control... Mr. World has a psychological problem because of his discovery that the thing that he has been anticipating-his ultimate goal—will never be fulfilled? Audrey was first alarmed by Gehrman Sparrow's question before she realized the essence of the question.

She didn't reply as she asked in a guiding manner, "You seem to have witnessed the destruction of hope."

"Heh." There was a self-deprecating scoff sounding from the wall behind Audrey. "Indeed, I once thought that I had family. Later, I realized that it was only an extravagant hope of mine."

“Why do you say that?” Audrey asked like she was having a casual chat.

Gehrman Sparrow fell silent for a few seconds before saying, “Have you heard of those fairy tales that Emperor Roselle used for bringing up children?”

“Those are my childhood memories,” Audrey acknowledged.

At the same time, she discovered that Mr. World’s emotions were clearly stirred on the other side of the wall. Repressed pain was surging out. This time, Audrey didn’t use Placate. Her spiritual intuition and professional knowledge told her that he needed to vent it out.

“Then you should know of Sleeping Beauty and her prince,” Gehrman Sparrow said with a soft, hoarse voice. “There’s one such person who also entered a deep sleep until he suddenly woke up one day... He believes that his family is still around, and he works hard to improve himself, hoping that he can one day find them. This becomes his main driving force in life. Finally, he realized that he has slept for at least three hundred years, or even more than a thousand years, perhaps even longer. He can never find anything that he once had any more...”

The intense pain and sense of loss was extremely clear to Audrey. She came to a realization.

The gloomy, restrained, experienced, and ruthless Mr. World also has his own goals and reason for existing!

This is in line with his gentle heart... How pitiful... Although he was giving an example using a fairy tale, some of the emotions he felt when saying certain words reflect reality... When he mentioned “deep sleep,” “family,” “three hundred years,” “more than a thousand years,” “even longer,” “never find,” his pain clearly increased... This means that he’s from an ancient time and has lived to this day due to certain encounters? This matches the situation of Mr. Fool being an awakening ancient god. It’s no wonder he became his Blessed... Audrey quickly grasped the key to the matter.

She pursed her lips and pondered for a moment.

“Did his family say anything? Did they say what they wanted him to do when he wakes up?”

## CHAPTER 948: MEANING OF EXISTENCE

From Audrey's point of view, Mr. World's current situation wasn't him suffering from a mental illness, nor was it close to pushing him to the state of losing control. It was because his goal in life and the meaning to his existence had been destroyed. It left him with a psychological barrier that just needed some guidance. Once she helped him set up a short-term goal, allowing him to find meaning in life, the problem would slowly be resolved.

In the serene and silent darkness, Audrey heard Gehrman Sparrow answer in a deep voice across the wall, "No."

As expected... Audrey wasn't surprised as she asked, "Then did he search for his family's last words? Did he search for their grave? Did he try to figure out the reason for the deep sleep?"

The Spirit Body behind the wall seemed to vanish for a few seconds as there wasn't a single sound. After a moment, the hoarse voice continued:

"No, not yet."

Not yet... That means that it's a possibility in the future? Audrey felt relieved as she clearly felt that Gehrman Sparrow's emotional state wasn't as heavy and gloomy as before, without any interest in anything. He had a certain level of drive and a tiny sense of urgency. He was just still in a state of confusion.

Taking this opportunity, Audrey cast Placate again. The effects were much better than before. At the very least, she believed that Mr. World had used this impetus to escape from the abyss of gloominess and depression, returning to a normal person's disheartened state.

Following that, Audrey didn't press on regarding how he could find clues or investigate, because this could bring about some resistance. She nodded in the dark room in a natural manner and said, "Yes, there are many things to do, and many things that need amending! Perhaps you will have the chance of meeting someone from the same bloodline? Perhaps a family member of his hasn't died from age, or had ended up living to this day due to some reason? The reason why there's meaning to life is because of its infinite possibilities.

"In the process of searching, make sure to not miss out on your surroundings. Life isn't just a one-way street. There are many branches and alleys. If only the former exists, how boring would it be. You should know how to approach it, to broaden your horizons, and to discover..."

Trying hard to recall all the suitable words she read in books, Audrey suddenly thought of something as her voice softened significantly.

“Also, don’t wear that thick mask.”

The thinner and transparent ones don’t matter because everyone wears a mask when interacting with others. No one likes to directly express one’s relatively private secrets to others. It’s both a way to protect oneself and also a way to respect others... When Mr. World has a certain number of friends, a new meaning in life will naturally be formed... Audrey added inwardly, but she ultimately didn’t say it out loud. She believed that it might even backfire.

Unsurprisingly, Gehrman Sparrow fell silent again, seemingly still in confusion.

After a few seconds, a voice that wasn’t that hoarse sounded again:

“Thank you for straightening me out, and for your treatment.”

“No, this is all a result of the strength inside you,” Audrey replied seriously.

She cast a final Placate to confirm that Mr. World’s mental state was back to normal and that it wouldn’t relapse.

She then heard Gehrman Sparrow say, “Let’s end it here for today, okay?”

Audrey adjusted her tone and briskly replied, “Of course. It’s not a serious problem. I can do another follow-up whenever you’re free next week.

“Also, if it’s possible, make some medicine to stabilize your mental state. Take it for seven consecutive days. The ingredients are 10 grams of chamomile powder, 5 grams of rosemary powder, 10 milliliters of lemon balm extract... During this period, don’t reduce your consumption of desserts, and try to relax yourself in an appropriate manner...”

In the dark and silent room, she propped herself against the wall with her hands and slowly stood up.

At this moment, Gehrman Sparrow’s voice passed through the wall:

“What’s the consultation fee?”

Audrey held one hand to the wall and turned her head in thought.

“Wait till I get the potion formula for Sequence 5 of the Spectator pathway. I might need you to help me find the ingredients.

“If the Psychology Alchemists provides me with the ingredients, hmm...”

She curled the ends of her lips and said, “When you return from the Southern Continent to Backlund, remember to bring me some of the local produce as a

gift.”

A super luxurious and light transportation coffin that’s carried by eight people? On the other side of the wall, Klein had the inexplicable urge to lampoon. He then stood up while clinging to the wall and sent Miss Justice back to the real world.

With a wave of his hand, the room vanished. He returned to the seat of honor at the long bronze table and sat at the seat belonging to The Fool.

In front of him, there were the Black Emperor, Tyrant, and Red Priest Cards of Blasphemy on the right. On the left, there was the Creeping Hunger, which Leonard Mitchell had sent back via Miss Messenger Reinette Tinekerr.

“I owe Miss Messenger 10,000 gold coins again...” Klein retracted his gaze and raised his right hand to rub his temples.

To prevent Ince Zangwill from escaping through the spirit world, he had already communicated with Reinette Tinekerr before he made plans for the murder. She was in charge of chasing away all the spirit world

creatures around Revival Square, in exchange for that very same 10,000 gold coins.

The only thing that caught him by surprise was that 0-08 was more terrifying than he imagined. With Ince Zangwill suffering from Deity's Curse, and with King of Angels Adam having drained it, its first attempt was able to "attract" an unknown creature which could pass through Reinette Tinekerr's seal. If not for Daly Simone's forceful spirit channeling and signing a pact, Ince Zangwill might very well have escaped.

Of course, while under Deity's Curse, even if Ince Zangwill were to successfully escape, there was a high chance of him encountering other misfortunes, such as being thrown by the unknown creature to somewhere more dangerous or having it directly cause him harm. However, that wasn't within Klein's control.

At the thought that he was 10,000 gold coins in debt again, Klein felt a headache, but his mental state was a lot better.

After seeing the cocoon above the gray cloud, and the door of light beyond the staircase of light, he had suffered a shock that was as though a river had broken through its banks. He felt that all his expectations had been shattered. His mature world view, outlook on life, and values had crumbled as a result, causing his entire being to fall into a turbid state, as though he were a walking zombie.

Thankfully, he still had the innate desire to live and had sought out his private psychiatrist, Miss Justice Audrey, in time for treatment.

Phew... Klein exhaled and forced himself to turn his thoughts towards the cocoons. And from the scene he saw, his first reaction was:

An extremely high-level existence or Sealed Artifact had used different means to grab a large group of people from Earth at the same moment in time. Here, there were people who used the luck enhancement ritual, others bought strange silver plates, or had their phones hit by some strange virus...

Then, these transmigrators had their souls sealed inside the cocoon and were left hanging above the door of light, awaiting a particular opportunity before being sent to the real world.

Based on Klein's observation, the door of light didn't have any intelligence. It was operating based on pure instinct. This also meant that as long as the conditions were met, it would catalyze a cocoon and deliver the soul inside to a specific target's body.

Based on the current circumstances, Klein guessed that there were probably two conditions that needed to be met.

First, there mustn't be any other transmigrators prior, or the transmigrator had already been deemed to have failed or died. Second,

the “calling out” of a certain object, item, or ritual. For instance, Klein Moretti had followed the Antigonus family’s notebook to perform that dark divination.

As for the rest, it’s impossible to know. Unless I can find the corresponding content in Emperor Roselle’s diary... Putting together everything that I know, my current theory should be very close to the truth. This will make it easy to explain why, despite being from the same era as the emperor on Earth with less than a year in between us, our entry into the real world was separated by slightly more than two hundred years... It’s because we transmigrated at the same time, but we were “released” in different eras! Before entering the real world, who knows how long we’ve been asleep for... A brother from next door? Klein leaned back into his chair as his eyes shimmered before turning gloomy again.

This was a hypothesis he came up with based on the conditions of the door of light, his situation, and the emperor’s diary.

Of course, this didn’t mean that there weren’t other possibilities. At present, Klein was just unable to find evidence to support them. For example, a cocoon might represent the life of a transmigrator, but this was in contradiction with Klein’s own recovery or the lack of change in his Spirit Body.

And if his hypothesis wasn’t too different from the truth, it meant that he had left Earth, transmigrating over for at least two hundred years or

even thousands of years. Even if he found the way and method to go back to Earth, he was unable to return to the place he called home.

Compared to the gap in distance, the barrier of time left him in greater despair.

This was the reason why it caused Klein's mental state to instantly collapse. "Returning home" was always his ultimate goal.

Miss Justice is right. There are still many questions to resolve and to probe... What's the meaning behind hanging so many transmigrators behind the door of light? What goal does it have? Who set up everything back then? How many people were pulled in here? Where has the other person gone to? The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth? Klein tried hard to engross himself in thinking, so as to find a new goal for the future.

Unfortunately, he was only able to approach the door of light and not touch it. He was unable to touch it, grasp it, or even carefully inspect it. He had no means to do any studies to receive any direct information.

I should consider finding clues from the real world... Also, since reaching Sequence 4 allows me to reach that gray cloud and see the door of light, will there be another qualitative change at Sequence 2? Will I be able to gain control over the door of light when that happens, allowing me to figure out the truth?

Heh heh, I was affected by the Seven Lights, the Goddess, and Arrodes's attitude. I almost imagined myself to be the real owner of the gray fog, and believe that I'm some great master above the spirit world. Now, from the looks of it, I'm just a "test subject" that was randomly thrown down. Once I fail, the next transmigrator will appear... Klein thought as he tapped the edge of the long bronze table.

He was rather curious of another point. Three broken "cocoon," with one representing himself, and another representing the emperor, so who was the third one?

## CHAPTER 949: DIRECTION OF INVESTIGATIONS

Klein's first target of suspicion was undoubtedly Elf King Soniathrym.

This ancient god had created chopsticks, made blood cakes, enjoyed eating animal innards, and was good at using spices for cooking. "His" descendants had facial features, hair color, and eyes that resembled Asians on Earth. Not only did Klein suspect that "He" was a transmigrator, even Emperor Roselle shared his feelings.

Of course, after a deeper level of investigations, Roselle had ruled out that hypothesis from their language, symbols, traditional proverbs, and other facets. Klein believed that using chopsticks as cutlery, the preference for eating innards, and using spices wasn't an exclusive trait. To a species that enjoyed nature, it was possible for these to gradually appear in their daily life!

As for why elves who wielded the Sailor pathway were close to nature, Klein didn't know why. It was just something as described by the murals and texts they left behind.

*I for one felt that the Elf King is unlikely to be a transmigrator, but after seeing the three shattered cocoons, I can't be too sure... Perhaps "He" might be a fellow countryman... Hmm, I can't rule out the possibility that this ancient god isn't a transmigrator but that one of the high-ranking*

*elves around “Him” is one. This can also allow the tradition to pass down in the name of the Elf King... Klein tapped his fingers as he thought silently.*

Almost at the same time, he had two directions for his investigation:

Groselle’s Travels had Elven Songster, Siatas, who served Soniathrym’s queen, Queen of Calamity Cohinem!

*As long as I enter her sea of collective subconscious, I should be able to see or make contact with the elves and find memory fragments regarding the ancient god!*

*I can also use Hypnosis, directly allowing her subconscious to speak... But the problem is that I’m not good at such matters. The last time I attempted to delve into Groselle’s subconscious, I felt quick-tempered and could hardly calm down. Although I’m already a demigod, it also becomes more pressing that I resist the inclination towards madness and losing control. And I won’t be able to regulate my mental state for quite some time... Forcefully spirit channeling isn’t suitable for such a situation and for such a target... Klein frowned slightly. He felt that he might need a mystical item that was of a relatively high-level Sequence in the Spectator pathway, or an assistant that was at least a Hypnotist.*

He began seriously considering the possibility of getting Miss Justice’s help.

*There's no problem doing it. It's not impossible to leave by entering as a Spirit Body above the gray fog...*

*I don't have to worry that Miss Justice will pry into the secret of a transmigrator. As long as Siatas doesn't have any knowledge of this, her subconscious and collective subconscious wouldn't point towards such a conclusion. And I can find the desired clues in details so they don't pay any notice...*

*The biggest problem is that Miss Justice has no adventuring experience and she lacks it. Entering the sea of subconscious of an ancient figure is very dangerous to her. There might be the remnants of an ancient god in there at any time... Once I don't have the help of a Psychiatrist, I will also end up the same...*

*Even if I'm getting Miss Justice as support, I'll have to wait until she reaches Sequence 5 so that she can use her level to make up for her lack of experience. When that happens, we can first attempt to hypnotize Siatas and see what we can learn from her mouth. If there's nothing of value, we can consider entering her dream to delve deeper into her consciousness and step into that sea.*

*Yes, the Dream Charms I create now aren't potent enough. I might not be able to maintain such a long exploration. Sigh, the Goddess won't directly respond to such trivial matters. It's a fixed feedback based on a fixed ritual... The corresponding Beyonder characteristics have been returned to the Church... Don't tell me that I need to bring Leonard with me? I wonder*

*if pulling someone at the Spirit Body level can avoid the notice of the grandpa inside him. I'll do some research over the next few days...*

Klein reined in his thoughts and considered his second target of suspicion.

This person didn't seem too special in the past, nor did Klein believe that he was a transmigrator. But now that his mind calmed down, he began processing his thoughts and analyzing, Klein realized that many points that he viewed as common sense weren't that simple on careful thought. They contained an unspeakable sense of horror.

He suspected: the ancient sun god, the City of Silver's Creator!

*The seven Church's separate bibles have similarities to Earth's Western religions... It is similarly the case for their Masses!*

*Based on Little Sun's description, from what Emperor Roselle saw from Adam's chapel, and the content of the murals in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, it's clear that the ancient sun god's main symbol is the cross!*

*"He" gave his children the names Adam and Amon...*

*The angels beneath "Him" all have wings of light. I've not seen that in the other pathways to date...*

*It's unknown how "He" rose up. "He" suddenly appeared late in the Second Epoch, killed several ancient gods, and took "Their" various authorities...*

*I never thought much about these details in the past. It's quite scary now that I think deeply of it. Klein drew a gasp as he began feeling more convinced that it was the ancient sun god instead of Elf King Soniathrym.*

"His" experiences were just too legendary, more of a protagonist of an era than Emperor Roselle!

Of course, "His" outcome was rather tragic, becoming a feast for "His" Kings of Angels. Emperor Roselle was also tragic but in no way as terrible.

*Doesn't this imply Amon's and Adam's attitude in a certain sense? "They" believe that the gray fog is related to "Their" father, but due to "Their" different pathways, they made different choices? Hmm, there's a certain chance that Adam can't see the gray fog. "He" isn't a High-Sequence Beyonder of the Fate, Marauder, Seer, and Apprentice pathways... Klein nodded slightly.*

Based on these clues, he also had a direction of investigation that didn't require him to make contact with major figures at the angel level.

In Groselle's Travels lived Ascetic Snowman who survived the Third Epoch and had served the ancient sun god!

*The problem circles back to itself... There's nothing to doubt about the rest for the time being.* Klein slowly exhaled, reached out his right hand, and picked up the newly obtained Card of Blasphemy: Red Priest card!

Infusing his spirituality into it, the card produced a blood-red light, forming a palm-sized illusory book.

The pages of the book flipped, presenting portraits of a lifelike Roselle Gustav. He was either wearing a hunter's attire, raising his middle finger, walking through a burning building, or standing behind a trap. He had all sorts of attires and was doing all kinds of things.

*Sequence 9: Hunter... Sequence 8: Provoker... Sequence 7: Pyromaniac... Sequence 6: Conspirer... Sequence 5: Reaper... Sequence 4: Iron-blooded Knight... Sequence 3: War Bishop... Sequence 2: Weather Warlock... Sequence 1: Conqueror... Sequence 0: Red Priest...* Klein's gaze swept past the different portraits on the tarot card and imprinted the content into his mind.

He wasn't surprised at this pathway's Sequence 0's ritual to become a god. This was because Hermes had once told Roselle that the "red" in Red Priest meant the red of war.

Therefore, when he saw “stirring up a war that sweeps an entire continent and gain victory,” he wasn’t stirred at all.

After flipping the Red Priest card, he began thinking about problems and felt his mental state improve. He rubbed his temples, finally feeling exhausted.

*I should set a short-term goal and investigate the person behind the Great Smog of Backlund. This is something that I’ve yet to complete. Yes, I should continue the arms deal according to my original plans, and return to Backlund after receiving the money. Now, there are two clues. First, the captain of the royal guards, Viscount Stratford, and the other is MI9’s deputy director, Brigadier General Qonas Kilgor...* Klein tried to pull himself up and decided to occupy himself with something.

Before leaving the gray fog, he threw the mental medicine recipe that Miss Justice had given him to the crimson star representing The Moon Emlyn. He requested this vampire, who was good at making it, to make a week’s worth at 1 pound a bottle.

...

Backlund, within the Odora family’s villa.

Emlyn White, who was waiting in the activity room, curled his lips and thought to himself, *A transaction that’s just 7 pounds. I really don’t want*

*to do it... The World can concoct it himself if he's a little careful.*

He hadn't objected to The World's request, because after spending 5,000 pounds to buy the Sequence 5 Vampire Beyond characteristic, he only had 730 pounds left.

At this moment, Cosmi walked over, looking like a middle-aged gentleman.

After exchanging a bow, the Sanguine Baron asked, "Emlyn, why are you suddenly here?"

Emlyn immediately felt a little guilty before recalling his previous experiences of conversing with The Hanged Man and The World. He tipped his chin slightly and answered in a seemingly casual manner, "I've received a Sequence 5 Scarlet Scholar Beyond characteristic. I wonder when we can begin the ritual to make me a Viscount."

Cosmi was taken aback as he asked in surprise, "You obtained a Scarlet Scholar Beyond characteristic?"

Emlyn glanced at him and nodded with a faint smile.

"That's right."

He didn't explain how he had obtained the Beyonder characteristic, as though Cosmi wasn't worthy of knowing.

Cosmi turned agape as he fell silent. After a few seconds, he said, "Wait till the next full moon."

He paused and said, "I happen to have something for you.

"My grandfather wishes to inform you that an important figure will be coming to Backlund. 'He' wishes to meet you."

"*He*"? Emlyn's pupils dilated instantly.

The ancient ones of the Sanguine that lived since the Second Epoch to this day, together with the Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, all of those important existences at the angel level didn't exceed five in number!

## CHAPTER 950: KEEPING SECRETS

Emlyn fell silent for two seconds as he lowered his chin and asked, “Who... is it?”

To him, angels were naturally worthy of respect, but those who could truly make him bow his head were the important figures addressed as “He” by every Sanguine. “They” had witnessed and experienced the Sanguine’s long history, the source of his pride.

“I’m not sure. But in short, I’ll notify you when the time comes.” Cosmi Odora shook his head.

... The person is coming because of the Ancestor’s revelation? There are subsequent instructions? Why doesn’t the Ancestor directly give me a revelation? This will be better concealed. I’m “Her” chosen one! This is to avoid agitating Mr. Fool? Questions flashed past Emlyn’s mind as he answered them himself.

He didn’t speak further as he wore his top hat and left Odora’s villa.

When he arrived at the door, he looked at the thin clouds that could hardly block out the sun. Emlyn curled his lips in disdain, raised his hand to press down on his hat, and ran for a rental carriage at the end

of the street as he inwardly mumbled, Such weather really isn't suitable for heading out!

The medicine that The World wants isn't rare. It can be concocted in fifteen minutes... Hmm, the ingredients I ordered previously should be in by today. I can carry out the transaction with Miss Magician that I've delayed for days...

Backlund, Cherwood Borough.

Fors placed glass bottles on an altar and looked at the light blue and golden liquids, feeling the exhilaration from shopping. More enticing than a cocktail. I wonder what it tastes like. Putting some ice in might make it taste better... Seriously, what am I thinking? These are all medicine! Fors sputtered at herself and hurriedly cleaned up the room.

Upon receiving the medicine required for medical treatment, she finished her preparations for heading to the abandoned castle in Delaire Forest. She was just waiting for Xio to return!

After tidying up certain matters, Fors slumped onto the sofa and casually picked up a few newspaper copies and began planning her itinerary for the day.

Set off at dusk. Dinner will probably be when we arrive at the town bordering the forest...