

# Lord of Mysteries

7

## The Hanged Man

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 7: THE HANGED MAN

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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 1267: WELCOME

Beyond the open grayish-blue door, a flight of stone stairs led to a sea that glowed with golden light. This, along with boundless light, once again entered the eyes of the residents of the City of Silver such as Liaval and Candice.

As members of the former expedition team, this wasn't the first time they had seen such a scene. Even so, their souls remained deeply shocked as they subconsciously held their breaths.

With the Thunder God's Roar hammer in hand, Derrick stood at the front with his two-meter-tall, wide-shouldered build. He was silent.

Nearly a minute later, Liaval probed, "Elder Berg, when are we leaving?"

He was a Sequence 5 Guardian who stood at nearly 2.5 meters tall. This made his limbs' physical proportions slightly abnormal.

Derrick stared at the sea that was rippling with golden spots for a few seconds before saying, "Wait a while longer."

At this moment, several days had passed since he opened the door. He had led the expedition team back to the City of Silver with the ashes of the Chief and Elder Lovia, as well as their characteristics and Sealed Artifacts. He had also used the secret to obtain the trust of the current Chief of the six-member council, Waite Chirmont.

This time, Derrick led the twenty City of Silver Beyonders to do reconnaissance so as to find a safe passage to confirm the situation of the outside world.

On this matter, he had rejected Mr. World's suggestion of using the Staff of the Stars to directly transfer the entire City of Silver from the Forsaken Land of the Gods. He wanted to use his feet to take in the path of hope. He wanted to remember what the "light" that the City of Silver had finally found after experiencing two thousand years of persistence and sacrifice was like.

Upon hearing Elder Derrick's answer, the members of the expedition team, such as Liaval and Candice, didn't say much. They all took a step back and continued enjoying the scenery.

They still didn't trust Derrick Berg much. After all, he had a close relationship with outsiders. And the Chief and Elder Lovia had both died during the previous expedition. Only this Unshadowed and that outsider had survived. If not for the six-member council choosing to believe him, they would definitely be hostile and wary.



After an unknown period of time, the shimmering sea was suddenly enveloped by darkness.

Deep in the darkness, they could barely make out a thin fog. In the fog, there was a black pointed cathedral with all sorts of buildings. It gave people the feeling that it was both real and illusory.

Derrick and company were no stranger to darkness. He instinctively glowed, while those who needed to light up candles did so. They did it hurriedly without any signs of turmoil.

After the twenty-one-strong team was protected by light, they looked with curiosity at the town and fleeting pedestrians in the fog, unable to understand what was going on.

This wasn't the darkness they were familiar with.

At this moment, the naturally glowing Derrick raised his left hand and said in a low voice, "Let's set off."

Without waiting for his team members to respond, he took the first step through the door and followed the stone steps outside, taking one step after another into the darkness.

Everyone exchanged looks, then gritted their teeth. Without falling behind, they followed the newly-appointed six-member council Elder, Derrick Berg, out of the Giant King's residence.

In the rich darkness, as they walked down the stairs, their eyes suddenly lit up. They saw an orange glow and a row of black cloister-like buildings.

"Is this the outside world?" Candice looked around warily and curiously. She realized that all of them had unknowingly walked to the opposite side of the Giant King's Court and were separated by a sea of orange-red from where they were.

"No." Derrick compared the current environment to Mr. World's and Ma'am Hermit's description. He nodded slightly and said, "We still need to wait here for a while. Feel free to find a spot to rest."

This Unshadowed, who no longer had any hint of adolescence, calmly arranged everything.

Liaval looked at the tightly shut black cloister and asked in puzzlement, "Is there no need to explore this place in search of an exit?"

"There's no need." Derrick shook his head.



The members of the reconnaissance team didn't ask further, nor did they rest. They remained standing in their spots and waited patiently.

As time passed, blinding sunlight suddenly shone into this world, turning everything bright and white. It then dimmed and vanished.

Everyone subconsciously looked around and saw the golden sea once again. They felt a terrifying aura that daunted them from looking straight at.

However, unlike before, they were already on an island. Behind them were huge patches of golden strange plants with smiling faces. They didn't seem to have any signs of degeneration or abnormalities, making every member of the City of Silver's reconnaissance team experience the joy of life.

*We're really outside... It really is a different world...* Liaval, Candice, and company found it impossible to contain the amazement in their hearts.

They immediately confirmed a fact:

Elder Derrick didn't betray the City of Silver. His cooperation with the outsider really had the goal of leading everyone out of the cursed land.

"Elder Berg..." Candice stammered. "Thank you."

Derrick nodded slightly, his back straight.

Instead of expressing the apologetic feelings in his heart like Candice, Liaval looked around and asked, “Elder Berg, how should we leave this place? Build a boat?”

The term “building a boat” was only limited to the words in their history books, so it sounded rather odd.

“There doesn’t seem to be any materials here that we can use to build a boat...” Candice and company immediately inspected the small island, but they couldn’t find any trees or plants.

Derrick shook his head again.

“There’s no need. Wait a little longer...”

Before he could finish his sentence, he saw a black shadow loom across the horizon.

The shadow grew bigger as it quickly followed the safe sea route between the golden spots of light.

Not long after, the shadow revealed its outline. It was a hybrid ship with smoke spewing out from it. With all its sails up, the ship hung a blue sea serpent flag.

“A boat?”

“That’s a boat?”

...

As Liaval, Candice, and company kept their vigilance up, they posed questions.

Derrick had received some general education at the Tarot Club. He was an experienced person who had seen pictures of various ships. Upon hearing this, he nodded slightly and said, “That’s right.”

As they spoke, the ship approached, making the figure standing at the ship’s bow gradually become clearer.

It was a black-cloaked man with yellow eyebrows and dark blue eyes. He jumped onto the masthead and spread his arms slightly to the people of the City of Silver.



Upon seeing this scene, Derrick, who had been maintaining his stern attitude, secretly heaved a sigh of relief. He knew that everything was as he had expected. No accidents had happened.

Danitz originally wanted to jump off the ship and walk in front of the believers of Mr. Fool to announce that they had been saved, but after glancing at the height of the people from the City of Silver, he silently held himself back.

Standing on the masthead, he completely widened his arms and said to Derrick and company with a reserved smile, “Welcome to the world of light promised by God!”

...

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Klein sat on the high-back chair belonging to The Fool. Through the crimson star that symbolized The Sun, he watched the entire process of the City of Silver’s expedition team’s progress. He was constantly prepared to deal with any accidents.

When the “history,” which had been sealed for thousands of years, had combined with the “present,” with them boarding the ship that originated from the new government of the Rorsted Archipelago, and leaving the most dangerous, core region of the ruins of the battle of gods

was over, he heaved a sigh of relief. He put down the Staff of the Stars and beckoned for two items.

They were the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic that had seeped out of the “curtain,” and the Worm of Star from Saint of Secrets Botis.

After some thought, Klein reached out his left hand and grabbed a large blob of a dark red liquid from the Historical Void.

This was Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar’s blood. There was exactly 300mls of it, and it was the core supplementary ingredient of the Miracle Invoker potion.

Of course, as a supplementary material, it only had one purpose—to reduce the negative effects of the Beyonder characteristic and reduce the corresponding mysticism influence. Therefore, it didn’t matter if it was a historical projection. After all, as long as it could play its role during the potion’s concoction and consumption, Klein would have either succeeded or failed in his advancement by the time the historical projection expired. If he failed, he would’ve broken down into a monster. If he succeeded, he would’ve become a Miracle Invoker and gained initial control of the Beyonder characteristic. There was no need for the supplementary ingredient’s effects.

Following that, Klein took out something from the fog of history.

It was a ringed Worm of Time.

As he had a strong psychological trauma towards Amon, Klein had chosen to summon a Worm of Time that Pallez Zoroast had once given to him, lest anything unexpected happened.

After preparing the materials, he conjured a metal pot and threw the 300mls of blood from Dark Demonic Wolf into it. Then, he placed the Worm of Time and sparkling Worm of Star inside, one after another.

The black and red liquid in the cauldron turned dark, its surface becoming translucent and clean. Deep in the cauldron was a dark vortex.

Without any hesitation, Klein picked up the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic.

It resembled a heart, transparent like a crystal, but there were tiny bubbles emerging from time to time. Every bubble seemed to contain an illusion.

When the Beyonder characteristic came into contact with the liquid in the metallic pot, it immediately merged into it, causing the darkness to instantly deepen, making it seem as though countless eyes were opened at the same time.



After staring at it for a few seconds, he poured the concocted Miracle Invoker potion into a glass bottle, and he used the bestowment ritual to bring it to the real world.

On an uninhabited island in the Sonia Sea, Klein, who had “Teleported” over, looked at the potion in his hand. He suddenly felt a little hesitant. This was because once he became an angel, his body would inevitably be affected by the Beyonder characteristic. He would become colder and crueller, becoming more and more indifferent towards life. He needed sufficient anchors to maintain his humanity.

This wasn’t something that could be avoided by completely digesting the potion using the “acting method” he grasped. Back then, Emperor Roselle went through the early stages smoothly, but when he became a Sequence 2 angel, he nearly mutated, almost losing control.

As for the angels that he knew, they looked normal on the surface, but he had no idea what they were like when they were hiding behind the scenes.

If one could obtain a long life at Sequence 4 and Sequence 3, allowing them to live for more than a thousand years, a saint really didn’t have much motivation to become an angel.

Combined with the saying that the higher one’s Sequence was, the closer one was to the Primordial One, he suddenly understood why

Demoness of White Katarina only rose from Sequence 4 to Sequence 3 in a thousand years.

*But I have no way out...* After a brief moment of silence, Klein sighed silently.

Nearby threats like Amon and Zaratul, and the approaching days of the apocalypse, as well as the fact that he was previously unable to interfere with the war, these all pushed him towards becoming an angel. He didn't want to simply contribute his strength through donations.

His eyes flickered for a few seconds before they returned to their calm state. He picked up the potion bottle and poured the liquid inside into his mouth.

## CHAPTER 1268: MIRACLE INVOKER

The moment the Miracle Invoker potion entered Klein's stomach, it immediately turned into countless cold "worms" and swam towards every corner of his body.

Suddenly, Klein's mind tore apart, turning into countless small pieces that combined with different Worms of Spirit. There was no longer any discernible difference between the main body and the auxiliary ones, nor was there any piece that remained dominant.

At some point in time, he had entered the grayish-white fog. His half top hat and long black trench coat quickly disintegrated, and numerous translucent and twisted maggots crawled out.

These maggots quickly flew into the depths of the fog of history, each occupying different "light fragments," overlapping with the projections of themselves in the Historical Void.

In just two or three seconds, the spot where Klein stood only had his windbreaker, shirt, top hat, socks, leather shoes, and personal items remaining. They had lost the support of a body and were held, suspended there.

“I...”

“Who am I...”

“Who’s me...”

“I’m the main body...”

...

The various Worms of Spirit had different but similar thoughts. None of them were willing to return to their “body” on their own accord. Instead, they felt a strong sense of animosity towards their own kind. It was only because they still had Klein’s remnant psyche influence that they hadn’t done anything extreme for the time being.

At this moment, yet another invisible ripple appeared within the grayish-white fog.

This ripple didn’t appear by coincidence. It had long existed in the fog, but compared to his collective whole, it appeared indiscernible. However, to a Worm of Spirit, it was obvious enough.



It came from a portion of history that appeared in the present era. It symbolized the fragments of light from the end of the Second Epoch and portions of the Third Epoch. They symbolized the two thousand years that the City of Silver had persisted in the darkness.

This forgotten history had a certain clash with the present era. As it formed a corresponding Historical Void, ripples spread out in an indescribable manner.

Such ripples seemed to exert a strong attraction on the Worms of Spirit, making them peek their heads out from the historical scenes.

After a short period of time, one of the Worms of Spirit crawled out of the light spot from which it occupied, having failed to resist it any further, and also succumbing to the effects of Klein's remnant consciousness. It flew towards the center of the ripples.

Right on the heels of that, Worms of Spirit returned from different spots in the fog of history, and they arrived at the fragments of light formed by the City of Silver's history in the present era.

When they reached a certain distance from each other, a strong force of convergence finally appeared, pulling together countless Worms of Spirit into one.

This wasn't an effect that could be produced by two or three Worms of Spirit. It needed to have a sufficient number for this phenomenon to happen.

And when that portion of the Worms of Spirit was once again whole, Klein's incomplete consciousness completed the piecing together of his identity. Things finally turned simple.

The Worms of Spirit formed a transparent and gigantic vortex, emitting a strong convergence force that sucked over the remaining, hesitant, nearby Worms of Spirit that were unwilling to return.

After more than two-thirds the Worms of Spirit returned, a series of transparent tentacles grew out of the vortex.

They extended towards the Second Epoch, the First Epoch, and even the prehistoric city of an earlier time. They grabbed the last batch of Worms of Spirit, one after another, and stuffed them back into the vortex.

In less than twenty seconds, the vortex began to extend, turning into a terrifying figure formed from transparent, twisted maggots. An invisible tentacle naturally extended from the figure's body.

The tentacles pulled over the windbreaker, top hat, socks, and leather shoes that floated in the fog of history, dressing up the terrifying figure.

The figure formed from countless Worms of Spirit pressed down on the top of his head, causing the translucent feeling on his body to quickly fade, forming a layer of flesh-colored skin. Short black hair and brown eyes grew out.

This was the appearance of Klein Moretti, but his height had reached 1.8 meters.

With great difficulty, he finally regained consciousness. Before Klein, who had made his Soul Body whole again, could analyze his present state, he felt two abnormalities:

One was from the Beyonder characteristic that fused with his body. It was a strong, terrifying, high, and mighty will that made it impossible to resist. It seemed to awaken a little as it transmitted one image after another. These images were filled with the mysterious knowledge of a Miracle Invoker. Some of them were dust that burned into suns, magnificent scenes generated by various celestial bodies. They were filled with a sense of desolateness, coldness, cruelty, madness, superciliousness, and void of any emotional imprints. They quickly assimilated into Klein's spirit, changing his state in an irresistible manner.

Another thing that surfaced before Klein's eyes were the crimson stars and the numerous points of resplendent light. The prayers from the members of the Tarot Club emitted from those stars, including Justice, The Hanged Man, and The Moon. Most of the light points echoed with the prayers from the residents of Moon City. Together, they created an

image that enveloped the grayish-white fog that looked at the world with pity. It was the image of an extremely high-level and secret existence.

The two abnormalities reflected on Klein's body, causing his left body to be covered in a grayish-white fog. A slight smile showed on his face that had deep-set eyes. His right body fractured once again, turning into a cluster of translucent squirming maggots and a bloodshot eye that was filled with madness.

At that moment, the right side was constantly corroded to the left, and the grayish-white fog was gradually compressed to the extreme.

Without any hesitation, he raised his left hand with some difficulty, and he summoned the white bone scepter with blue gems embedded at the top from the fog of history.

Circling the Sea God Scepter were prayer points of light. With the help of this medium, they were transferred onto Klein's body.

Lightning bolts leaped out from the right side of his body as invisible winds and illusory waves swirled around him. This helped the grayish-white fog withstand the contamination from the left, allowing his entire body to come to a delicate balance.



At this point, Klein recovered bits and pieces of his humanity and memories, making an initial recovery back to the state before he consumed the potion.

He had finally advanced to the level of Sequence 2. He now had the level and status of an angel—a true Miracle Invoker.

Originally, Sefirah Castle was about to be stirred by his change, but with a thought from him, all the abnormalities returned to normal.

This proved that he had truly gained control of Sefirah Castle and had become the owner of the sefirah. As for how much power he could unleash in the real world, he was still unable to estimate it.

*Phew... Thankfully, I made the history represented by the City of Silver return to reality, and it's powerful enough. If the ritual's effects were a little weaker, I would've lost control and collapsed here today...* Klein rubbed his temples and slowly exhaled. He had a better understanding of anchors.

The anchor wasn't a tool to help him maintain his humanity. Its main purpose was to form a corresponding understanding, positioning, and image, one that would resist the mental imprint within the Beyonder characteristic so as to maintain an intricate balance.

Under this balance, Klein could then barely maintain his humanity and not be severely affected by any other influences.

In other words, the deities that the believers knew were different from the actual deities. Without the mental imprint within the Beyonders characteristic to resist this influence, the image of the deities in their hearts would gradually envelop the true appearance of the deities.

This was also a type of corruption.

Only at this moment did Klein realize why the orthodox deities went from having humanoid statues to simply having Sacred Emblems. This prevented the believers from having a unified impression of “Them.” This improved the effects they had as anchors to resist the remnant mental effects of the Primordial One, whilst also not subtly changing their bodies.

As for why the orthodox deities took one or two epochs to figure this out, Klein quickly thought of two reasons:

Firstly, he had the past images of the orthodox deities for comparison. He had Emperor Roselle’s diary as reference, and the corresponding mysticism knowledge to provide inspiration. Secondly, the Mythical Creature form of a Seer was all about being split and separated. It made him very sensitive to such influences.

*This sort of balance isn't too stable, and it often tilts to a certain extent. This will cause problems with my condition's stability. From time to time, I will end up scaring the people around me. Fortunately, this can be predicted ahead of time, so it can effectively be avoided... Also, when I'm in a delicate balance, I should try my best to show my humanity to strengthen my self-awareness... This is commonly chosen by many angels. The Rose School of Thought's indulgence can be considered to be doing the same...*

*But Amon's believers are all "Himself." How does "He" maintain the balance?*

*Could it be that the Mythical Creature that's born with the Uniqueness itself has the will of the Primordial One fused with "Him"? Amon is long accustomed to being half-crazy. No, that's not "His" normal state... It's the image that arose from the referendum of every Amon...*

*That's a line of thought. I can form a marionette group and make every marionette a believer of The Fool. In addition, with my truest appearance as a deity, this can effectively provide the best anchor... It's no wonder that Zaratul and the Dark Demonic Wolf don't have any believers... Uh, once the residents of the City of Silver switch faiths to The Fool, I can consider separating the embodiment of Sea God from myself, making it no longer one of my anchors. This greatly contradicts the beliefs and understanding of my other believers. They can't truly be united... Klein instantly thought of a lot of matters, and after his thoughts finished racing, he returned above the gray fog.*

When he became a Miracle Invoker and became a “Him,” as well as becoming the owner of Sefirah Castle, he no longer needed to take four steps counterclockwise, recite the incantations, or get all the members of the Tarot Club to pray. He could now easily return.

However, he seemed incapable of expressing the full powers of Sefirah Castle. He could only enter with his Spirit Body, unable to bring his physical body along.

After sitting in the seat belonging to The Fool, Klein wasn't in a rush to check on the changes in Sefirah Castle. He first confirmed his advancement and digested the mysticism knowledge he had just obtained.

*Yes... The Beyonder powers of a Miracle Invoker come from two different aspects. One is the greater utilization of the fog of history, and the other is the newly enhanced core power of “Wishes.”*

*The improved utilization of the fog of history includes several abilities:*

*One, using the help of past Worms of Spirit to revive myself, but it will be ineffective after four times. I've already used it three times, so I can only revive one more time as a Miracle Invoker. Once I advance to an Attendant of Mysteries, there should be a corresponding increase in this number. Two, I am able to exert some influence on the future, causing the probability of certain things to increase or shrink to a certain extent. It's equivalent to interfering with the fate of the target. Heh heh, I'm finally*

wielding good luck. However, this aspect is still different from the Die of Probability. Three, summoning from the Historical Void is no longer limited to just items. It can be extended to certain scenes I'm familiar with.

Yes, the total number of items and scenes I can summon now is nine, but only three of them can be at the angel level...

“Wishes” already make it a standard deity's ability, but it's a little strange. Only by fulfilling someone's wish can I fulfill my own wish. A small wish has to be granted before a bigger wish can be gradually granted...



## CHAPTER 1269: THE POWER OF WISHES

Klein originally believed that the “Wishes” ability could be used freely as long as it didn’t exceed a limit. To his surprise, the effects didn’t solely come from the Beyonder characteristic.

To put it simply, a Miracle Invoker needed to seek out and satisfy all kinds of wishes before they could make wishes and personally grant them during battles, turning the corresponding situation into a reality. Furthermore, at the very beginning, the wishes that Klein could fulfill were small and trivial. He had to accumulate them one step at a time before he could create a true miracle. He couldn’t do as he wished.

*Yes, if I want to use Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar’s wishing method to teleport, I would have to first satisfy many similar wishes. It comes from others, from simple to the more difficult wishes... I do have a solution in this aspect. I can use Creeping Hunger and the Staff of the Stars to fulfill the corresponding wishes. There’s no need to start from the simplest...*

*Speaking of which, the “Wishes” ability resembled using an anchor. It’s a type of “collective” ability. Since the faithful’s understanding of deities can effectively affect the deities and become a certain “definition” for “Them,” helping “Them” resist the Primordial One’s mental imprint in the Beyonder characteristics, in the same way, similar wishes of different creatures with spirituality can indeed help me create a miracle...*

*This might be related to the sea of collective subconscious. It's not scientific enough, but it's fairly mystical... After figuring out the situation of the "Wishes" ability, Klein had a preliminary idea of how to act as a Miracle Invoker.*

That was to walk the real world, and as the most powerful "magician," he would allow different people to witness a miracle and satisfy their wishes.

*It's no wonder the Dark Demonic Wolf's original title was the God of Wishes... When such a belief spreads, many people would use the method of praying to voice out their wishes, allowing the Miracle Invoker to respond from afar. This makes acting a lot simpler. It can save a lot of time, but the problem is that the potion's name is Miracle Invoker and not the God of Wishes. The role one needs to act as is that of a deity, so there are still some differences between the two...*

*I can roam the various countries and let different people witness miracles while using The Fool's name to satisfy some of the believers' wishes. I'll then see which would be more effective...*

*However, this isn't the only way to act as a Miracle Invoker... I still need to take the initiative to create a miracle in real life, leaving behind the corresponding legend? Klein tapped the edge of the long mottled table with his finger as he silently muttered to himself.*

During his scrutiny of his own body moments ago, he realized that he had digested more than half of the potion. After all, he had created miracles several times. He had even been “revived” three times.

Of course, Klein believed that it was very coincidental because he could create a “miracle” and act in advance, mainly because of Sefirah Castle.

*It's as though someone set me up...* Klein sighed inwardly as he didn't feel relaxed. Instead, he became more serious and wary.

As for who arranged it, he had a suspect.

The “Mysteries” that the ancient sun god mentioned, the existence suspected to be “The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings.”

And what made Klein even more puzzled was that when he advanced to Sequence 2 and became an angel, The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings didn't appear, neither did “He” awaken in his body after he experienced the qualitative changes.

This was completely different from what he had expected.

*There weren't any traces of it at all. Apart from the initial mental corruption from the Primordial One—something that will definitely*

*arrive—it should be the spiritual imprint left behind in the Beyonder characteristic... Could it be that The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings has completely perished despite making all the arrangements? “He” doesn’t have the ability to influence me and revive from my body? If that’s the case, then I have to thank “Him”!* Klein teased himself and stood up with caution and puzzlement.

With this thought, he appeared on the grayish-white cloud and arrived in front of the strange door of light.

Glancing at the transparent “cocoons” hanging above his head, Klein slowly extended his right hand and touched the door of light.

When he truly became the owner of this mysterious space, he had clearly realized a fact when he returned. It was that the strange door of light was core to this place. It was Sefirah Castle in the truest sense of the word, and this boundless void belonged to the divine kingdom that Sefirah Castle came with.

As for the ancient palace, the twenty-two high-back chairs, the long bronze table, and the items that the members of the Tarot Club usually conjured, Klein believed that they were a manifestation of the “Wishes” power.

In other words, back when he wanted a palace and a gathering place, Sefirah Castle had satisfied his wish.

And because he didn't have a specific description of his wish, Sefirah Castle had extracted scenes from similar wishes in the past. Klein suspected that the ancient Greek palace and the twenty-two high-back chairs were conjured by the existence that was suspected to be the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings.

As he moved inch by inch, Klein pressed his right hand against the edge of the door of light.

This time, his palm didn't directly pierce through it as he touched something corporeal.

Suddenly, the door of light began to tremble slightly, along with the hanging "cocoons" which contained human figures.

Above the grayish-white fog, there was only an ancient palace in the endless void. Numerous skyscrapers rose rapidly. Cars appeared one after another as pedestrians suddenly appeared.

In one of the residential districts, in an ordinary rental apartment, there was a window illuminated by an energy-saving bulb that wasn't bright enough.

This was what the old metropolis from before the First Epoch looked like before the disaster. This was the place Klein had once lived.

Looking around, Klein sighed, letting everything disappear before his eyes.

*Indeed, I can preliminarily use Sefirah Castle's powers... By relying on this point, I would already be close to the level of a King of Angels when I'm above the gray fog. Furthermore, the authority I show isn't only that of Miracles, but also a portion of a Planeswalker and a Trojan Horse of Destiny...*

*If I were to return to the real world, apart from being able to further utilize Sefirah Castle's aura, I would be able to directly obtain a portion of its powers... This should allow me to form a nascent divine kingdom and reach Sequence 1 in here... Unfortunately, in reality, I can't use the high-level Beyonder powers of Marauder and Apprentice... As Klein evaluated the situation, he cast his gaze at the transparent cocoons hanging above the door of light.*

He ultimately didn't release the people inside, because they would definitely be used by Amon.

After confirming everything, Klein returned to the ancient palace and sat on the high-back chair of The Fool.

He remembered that some of his memories were sealed, so he summoned the piece of paper from the junk pile.



Upon opening it, Klein's eyes narrowed and his lips quivered as he muttered to himself, "Great Old Ones, Outer Deities, Cosmos, Creator, Above the Sequences... So that's how it is..."

At that moment, he completely understood the rationale behind the battle of gods that had just ended. He understood the possible origins of the apocalypse and understood why the seven deities had given tacit consent to the birth of a Black Emperor, and their indifference towards the Red Angel evil spirit's return to the real world.

*From the information provided by Leonard and Miss Justice, Loen ultimately clinched victory. It's very likely that the God of Combat has already perished... In other words, the Goddess has succeeded, but I don't know what other conditions "She" is lacking to become a Great Old One that's Above the Sequences... I'll summon Arrodes later to inquire about the details of the situation and grasp the present situation... With this in mind, Klein recalled the various details of the past and connected many matters together.*

*Earth Mother, whose identity had been unknown, had succeeded in acting as the Giant Queen Omebella for thousands of years without being exposed. It's impossible without the help of Concealment... Man, the Goddess has been plotting something like this from the Third Epoch or even the end of the Second Epoch?*

*W-why does this feel more terrifying than Amon...*

*Yes, Concealment can only hide traces of various aspects. It can mislead the corresponding prying and divination attempts, making it impossible for a person to don a disguise. For the Earth Mother to be able to pretend to be Omebella, without being suspected by the God of Combat, there may be other factors involved... For example, a particular existence helped “Her” steal the fate of the Giant Queen? At that time, there was only one person who had the authority to participate in this matter—the ancient sun god, the second Creator, Amon and Adam’s father...*

*If that’s the case, the Goddess and the ancient sun god should’ve cooperated from a long time ago. Until the new Creator awakened the Primordial One in “Him”... This can also explain why the first existence that Dark Angel Sasrir sought out was the Goddess. Of course, Concealment is also an important factor...*

*Ever since I obtained the Uniqueness of the Death pathway, the Goddess has been setting up the trap. On the one hand, “She” wants me to take over the Numinous Episcopate’s Artificial Death faction in Backlund to pretend that everything is normal. On the other hand, “She” didn’t deal with the people or objects that might’ve discovered something was amiss, resulting in the leak of information. This way, in the eyes of the God of Combat, the situation became the Goddess trying “Her” best to conceal the secret, but due to “Her” lack of control while digesting the Uniqueness, “She” was unable to do so...*

*After that, be it tacitly acquiescing George III becoming the Black Emperor, or the aid provided to me in destroying “His” ritual, the Goddess doesn’t care about the final outcome of the matter. “Her” main goal was to show that “She” didn’t have the ability to directly interfere with the real world,*

*further deepening the impression that “She” was attempting to accommodate the Uniqueness of the Death pathway...*

*There are a lot of similar details...*

*To the God of Combat, as “He” had a deeper understanding of the Goddess, “He” definitely wasn’t fully convinced in regards to this matter. Therefore, “He” chose to take it safe by first shaking the Goddess’s anchors, allowing “Her” psyche to be corrupted. To “Him,” this definitely made “Her” divert a large portion of “Her” efforts to resist the corruption before “He” chose to attack the Goddess together with Earth Mother...*

*This... And it’s because of this that “He” fell into the Goddess’s trap...*

*In other words, the true goal of the Goddess’s various actions wasn’t to lay a trap with the Uniqueness of the Death pathway, but to let the other deities place their focus on this matter, and ignore the possibility that there was something wrong with Earth Mother...*

*How terrifying...*

Klein sighed from the bottom of his heart. He felt that Adam and Amon were probably inferior to the Goddess when it came to horror.

He shook his head, conjured a pen and paper, and wrote his warning:

“Always remember you are a he, not a ‘He.’”

## CHAPTER 1270: “VISITING”

On the ship, Sea God, the members of the City of Silver, like Liaval, Candice, and other City of Silver scouts, were seated on chairs that didn't suit their size. They watched the “dwarfs” around them warily.

Of course, they knew that these were normal humans. After all, they all knew that their exaggerated heights were brought about by potions, but they still felt that the people on the ship were too short, including Lord Danitz, who called himself an oracle. After all, in the City of Silver, other than children, the residents who had yet to reach Sequence 6 had an average height exceeding 1.8 meters. Among them, there were no lack of Sequence 9 Beyonders who were more than two meters tall.

The slight sway of the boat made the “half-giants” feel somewhat uncomfortable, but their strong physique helped them quickly overcome this influence. And the contrast between the sea and the lone boat beyond the window made them unable to contain their unease, fear, and anxiety. It was like the first time they participated in an expedition. The surroundings seemed to have monsters lurking in the darkness that could attack them at any moment.

At that moment, Danitz entered the room that had been transformed into a dining mess. He smiled at the tall, wary, cautious, strangely-dressed people who sat stiffly and said, “Your food is ready. Next, you can enjoy your food as you please.

“By the way, don’t forget what I told you just now. These waters are very dangerous.

“There’s no need to get up. You can stay in your seats.”

When Danitz saw that the young Elder who introduced himself as Derrick, and the other “half-giants” wished to get up and speak to him in the most polite manner, he hurriedly lowered his hands and stopped their uncivilized behavior.

*If I was as tall as them, I would’ve already begun mocking the people around me...* Danitz muttered as he clapped his hands, signaling the crew to send the food in.

A strong fragrance immediately drilled into the noses of Derrick and the other residents of the City of Silver. It was the scent that they were familiar with when roasting meat-type mushrooms, but there was an additional indescribable smell. It was rather strange and slightly stimulating.

The smell was so alluring that Liaval, Candice, and the rest began to have saliva secrete from their mouths as their stomachs churned to attention.

“Desi-style roasted meat,” Danitz said as he pointed at a crew member who walked in.

He held a large steel plate that had a piece of roasted golden-brown piece of meat that glistened with oil. Evenly spread across its surface were fennel, basil, and other spices.

“Steak, pan-fried fish, white bread, seafood soup, and light beer...” Danitz introduced each and every dish, smiling when he was done. “Don’t worry about anything. Feel free to indulge. We have plenty of food reserves.”

With that said, he glanced at the “half-giants” who seemed eager to stand up. Then, he left the room chuckling.

The short-haired Candice retracted her gaze from the food with great difficulty and swallowed her saliva.

“Elder Derrick, what do we do now?”

Although Derrick believed that Mr. Fool’s Oracle wouldn’t harm them, he habitually gave a very cautious opinion.

“Split into two groups. One group is to wait for their turn to eat. One team is to eat now.”

“Alright, Elder Derrick.” Candice suddenly stood up. “I apply to join the food-tasting team!”



A group of ten people quickly formed. At the same time, Liaval and Candice walked to the long table near the wall, and they took a portion of what they found the most tempting, the so-called Desi roasted meat.

After taking a bite, the rich juices, the fragrance and pure meat mixed in the texture formed a complex and unique experience in their mouths. They could only chew twice before swallowing the food ravenously into their stomachs so as to take a second bite.

This was many times more delicious than the meat-type mushrooms they had eaten previously.

Unknowingly, the ten residents of the City of Silver were already eating with tears in their eyes, their vision blurred.

On the deck, Danitz looked at the safe sea route in the ruins of the battle of gods. He considered how to settle the problems of Mr. Fool's flock.

Suddenly, a sailor ran over and panted.

“Lord Oracle, they’ve already finished eating. They want seconds!”

*...Where did these guys come from?* Danitz was taken aback.

“Prepare another set for them.”

Seeing that the sailor was about to turn around, Danitz quickly added, “From tomorrow onwards, the crew is to begin fishing!”

...

In the Sonia Sea, on an uninhabited island.

Klein had gotten used to his current state, and he restrained his spirituality. He planned on “Teleporting” back to Backlund and summoning the magic mirror, Arrodes, to ask some questions.

He wasn’t in a hurry to extract the residents of Moon City to the outside world. He planned on waiting for Danitz to settle down the City of Silver’s vanguard unit. With sufficient experience, he could turn his attention to this matter. After all, the path to leaving the Forsaken Land of the Gods had been opened. He could use the method of responding to prayers, and rely on the power of the Staff of the Stars to move all of Moon City out.

Of course, if the door closed once again, Klein also had a solution. He would first transfer the residents of Moon City to the Giant King’s residence and let them open the door themselves. Without the first Blasphemy Slate and the Dark Angel evil spirit, ordinary Beyonders would be able to open the door.