

Lord of Mysteries



Fool

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 8: FOOL



Lord of Mysteries

8

Pool

Cuttlefish That Loves Diving

Lord of Mysteries

8

AUTHOR:

Cuttlefish That Loves Diving (爱潜水的乌贼)

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Official Weibo of Lolli, 叁乔居, Ghonz, 阙憾空城

COMPILING/EDITING/DESIGN:

SooYouna



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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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BACK COVER

CHAPTER 1354: THIS NIGHT

Late at night, the clanging sound of the door and windows opening woke Wendel up from his deep sleep. He warily rolled off the bed and surveyed his surroundings.

What happened? Utopia encountered a super heavy storm? It wasn't easy for the recently insomniac Wendel to fall asleep, but he had no choice but to get out of bed. His mind was still lethargic, and he looked rather lost.

He soon realized that there was no wind blowing in from the open window, nor did the rain enter. It was like he had opened it while sleepwalking to take in fresh air.

Wendel suddenly thought of the supernatural events that he had experienced and learned from the dossier. He was reminded of the fear of the unknown that once ruled his heart.

He didn't know what else would happen next, nor could he guess what he would encounter. He felt a chill run down his back as he shivered again.

At this moment, he heard the commotion outside the door. All sorts of voices entered his ears.

There were the loud sounds of running, the sounds of judgment, the declarations of orders to be changed, and unconcealed shouts.

“Something is wrong with the underground seal!”

“Be on high alert!”

Underground seal? What kind of item is sealed beneath the Irises Hotel? Wendel was surprised and confused. He couldn't help but walk to the door and look around.

He then saw an MI9 colleague, who he barely knew, and Colonel Xio Derecha, who was on duty tonight.

Did MI9 find Utopia because of me? They're here to handle the abnormality? Wendel instinctively frowned just as the thought flashed through his mind.

He discovered that the corridor outside was completely different from the Irises Hotel. Not only were there gas lamps on both sides, but there were also classical candle stands. The floor was very bright, and the ceiling was more than three meters high...

This... This isn't the Irises Hotel... Wendel suddenly turned around and sized up the room he was in.

He quickly recognized that this was his sleeping quarters at MI9 headquarters. His luggage was placed quietly in a corner without any signs of movement.

Wendel clearly remembered that he had headed to Utopia through the washroom in his room. He wasn't too confident in the process, so he didn't bring his luggage and only held the subpoena from Utopia's courts.

Tap! Tap! Tap! He quickly ran to the window and looked outside.

What greeted his eyes was the garden and lawn at MI9 headquarters.

I-I'm back in Backlund again? Or perhaps, I didn't return to Utopia at all. I was just too tired and ended up having a dream in my sleep? Wendel dazedly walked back to his bed and sat down.

After about ten seconds, he suddenly jumped up and picked up his coat from the ground.

Then, he saw the Utopian subpoena in the inner pocket of the coat when it should be inside a drawer.

Wendel fell silent, as though he had become a statue.

...

Travel columnist, Monica, also woke up from the banging of the doors and windows.

She sat up straight, pulled the blanket up, and placed it in front of her chest.

The sleepy-eyed Monica's first reaction was that a robber had barged into the hotel. She was about to scream and call for the police.

But in the next ten to twenty seconds, Monica didn't hear any footsteps entering her room. However, there were more and more people gathered along the corridor.

"What happened?"

"It doesn't seem like a hurricane..."

"Was it a prank?"

“Damn clown, if I knew who it was, I would definitely kick his ass hard!”

...

The voices of discussion were mixed with all kinds of curses.

Monica didn't think much of it when she heard it. Instead, she thought of using the crowd's discussion to consider the reason underlying the paranormal activity and write it in her traveling column.

But as she listened, she gradually realized something was amiss.

How could Irises Hotel have so many guests?

She remembered clearly that on this floor, there were at most five rooms with guests. This included her room.

At that moment, Monica thought of the ghost stories she had heard. She immediately felt as if there were wraiths and shadows outside.

She had originally stretched her feet towards the bedside, preparing to leave the room to participate in the discussion and grasp more details

for her writing material. But now, she retracted her feet and curled into a ball, trembling.

A few seconds later, she heard a man say, “I asked the hotel owner, and he said that he had no idea what happened. Perhaps there was a short storm just now.

“Return to your room and get some rest. Remember to lock the windows. Yawn. I have to get up early tomorrow to go to the Royal Museum.”

Royal Museum... Monica was stunned.

As a travel columnist, as a traveler who had been in Utopia for a long time, she naturally knew that there was no Royal Museum.

In the Loen Kingdom, a museum with such a royal name would definitely be in Backlund.

To take a steam locomotive from Utopia to Backlund required many hours. Even if he woke up early, he wouldn't be able to arrive before the Royal Museum closed.

Monica was puzzled. She slowly lifted the blanket. She heard the sound of the door and windows closing continuously.

She got off the bed carefully and walked towards the door.

During this process, she gradually saw the room through the moonlight.

Hiss... Monica almost screamed.

This wasn't the guest room she had slept in previously!

Regardless of the layout or arrangement, they were completely different!

The ghost stories that she had thought of earlier surged into her mind again, causing her legs to give way, and she almost couldn't support herself.

Just as Monica's teeth were chattering, she saw a hotel name card on the table. It was prepared for guests. If she brought it out, she would be able to get someone to guide her back when she was lost—even if she didn't know the language.

Monica subconsciously approached it and used the moonlight to identify the words on the name card.

Carlpena Hotel, Backlund West Borough, 19 Mourning Street.

Backlund West Borough... Backlund... Monica's eyes widened as she felt like space and time had gone topsy-turvy.

...

Backlund, Hillston Borough, in a house with a fireplace.

Fors heard the door and windows open, but she didn't immediately wake up. This was because she had fallen into a strange nightmare and couldn't break free.

She dreamed that her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham, had been influenced by the family's Sealed Artifact, dying in front of her with blood dripping. She dreamed that she had lost control and mutated, turning into a series of starlight insects that warped into the shape of doors. She couldn't help but fly towards a Door of Flesh and Blood. She dreamed that the apocalypse had dawned, and the surging blood-colored tide had drowned the entire world, preventing Xio, Gehrman Sparrow, and company from escaping...

Finally, Fors escaped the dream and sat up, panting heavily.

As a demigod, one who was once an Astrologer, she knew what such a dream meant. She hurriedly suppressed her emotions and looked up ahead.

The glass on the oriel window in the bedroom all bore open at some point in time.

Something must've happened... Furthermore, it has a certain relationship with the apocalypse, the Abraham family, and the Apprentice pathway... Fors silently muttered to herself before standing up and wearing a cloak, preparing to “Teleport” to her teacher to confirm his safety.

Such a change made her feel a sense of urgency towards advancing to Sequence 3 or even Sequence 2.

After learning about the apocalypse from Mr. Fool and The World Gehrman Sparrow, Fors had actually been working hard, but the Secrets Sorcerer potion wasn't something that she could digest in a short period of time. Furthermore, without making any contributions, she couldn't bring herself to ask her teacher for the Wanderer's formula and ingredients.

Of course, if she was willing, she could've obtained it from Mr. Door. However, how could she have been bewitched after receiving all kinds of reminders?

Phasing away, Fors vanished from the room.

A few seconds later, she appeared at Dorian Gray Abraham's residence and saw her teacher sitting there, pressing down on his heart as though

he had been frightened.

“...Do you need medicine?” Fors asked carefully.

She had purchased medicine from Mr. Moon to treat ailments of age.

Dorian took a deep breath and shook his head.

“There’s no need.”

Fors immediately relaxed.

“Teacher, I dreamed that you were affected by the negative effects of the Sealed Artifact. Uh, the windows and doors around me had undergone unnecessary changes, so I came over to take a look.”

Dorian looked up at the window open and said with a serious expression,

“Your dream wasn’t wrong. I nearly died just now, but at the most critical moment, the seal came into effect...”

Having said that, he suddenly stood up and said to Fors, “Quick! Bring me somewhere else. I’m worried that something might happen to the other family members!”

Without any hesitation, Fors immediately grabbed her teacher’s arm and asked for the exact location.

Their figures rapidly faded away and disappeared.

After traveling through the spirit world that was covered in gray fog for several seconds, Fors and Dorian suddenly left their present environment and landed in a place that looked like a study.

There were quite a few people standing there. They were members of the Abraham family who wielded different Sealed Artifacts and could “Travel.”

“Vilos? Why are all of you here?” Dorian blurted out.

Vilos and the others shook their heads at the same time, both confused and terrified.

In the next second, countless dazzling stars appeared out of the void.

The starlight quickly gathered together, turning into objects that fell to the ground one after another.

There was a miniature door of starlight, a crystal ball formed from insects. There was a translucent, strange-looking key, a resplendent torch that burned slightly...

For some reason, names after names appeared in Dorian and company's minds:

Sequence 3 Wanderer Beyond characteristic... Sequence 4 Secrets Sorcerer Beyond characteristic... Sequence 1 Key of Stars Beyond characteristic, Sequence 2 Planeswalker Beyond characteristic...

Furthermore, there wasn't just one of each Beyond characteristic. There were even two Sequence 1 Key of Stars Beyond characteristics! In addition, there were three Planeswalker Beyond characteristics, and even more of the rest.

The key members of the Abraham family and Fors slowly turned agape, unable to close them for a long time.

By the time all the Beyond characteristics dropped to the ground, nothing abnormal happened again. There was silence.

CHAPTER 1355: WRAPPING UP THE MATTER

The nearly frozen silence lasted for nearly ten seconds before the Abraham family members uniformly cast their gaze at Fors.

After sensing the mixed emotions of wariness, guardedness, and fear, Fors took the initiative to take a few steps to the side and warned, “Be careful of the negative effects.”

Even if the Beyonder characteristics hadn’t fused with the surroundings and formed Sealed Artifacts, they contained certain negative effects. However, most of the time, it would only have effects from direct contact. Of course, the Beyonder characteristics here were all High-Sequence Beyonder characteristics. No one could be certain if they would actively expand their area of influence.

Seeing that Fors didn’t show any obvious greed, Dorian nodded and said, “When you finish digesting the Secrets Sorcerer potion, you can consider advancing to Sequence 3 Wanderer. I’ll give you the potion formula and prepare the corresponding ingredients for you. Of course, at this level, the higher the Sequence, the greater the danger you face. This is an objective situation. It doesn’t change because of your personal will and arrangements. When the time comes, you can decide whether you wish to advance or not.”

He said these words because he cared for his student, and on the other hand, he wanted to assure her that whatever the Abraham family possessed was equivalent to her possessing it. No one would treat her as an outsider and deliberately make things difficult for her on the matter of raising her Sequence.

This could effectively eliminate the heat brought by greed.

And after obtaining so many High-Sequence Beyonder characteristics, Vilos and the other members of the Abraham family weren't unwilling to part with a Wanderer Beyonder characteristic. They even believed that using it to exchange for "peace" was absolutely worth it. After all, there was only one demigod here—Fors.

Without the time to bring out their Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, and because of the ineffectiveness of the seals, the Abraham family members didn't dare take out most of the Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts. Under such a situation, Fors had the ability to finish all of them off.

Faced with her teacher's promise, Fors tersely acknowledged.

"Was the 'door' to the concealed space opened?"

She thought that the High-Sequence Beyonder characteristics in front of her were all from the Abraham family's treasure vault and had been

thrown into the real world due to the recent abnormality. However, she did feel that there were too many of them.

“No.” Dorian slowly shook his head, looking confused.

The other Abraham family members remained silent, equally confused.

No one would believe that treasure would fall from the skies unless it happened before their eyes!

“Should we pray to Mr. Fool?” Fors tried giving a suggestion.

Dorian, who had a vague guess, immediately looked at the other Abrahams. He saw the ones who had changed faiths to Mr. Fool nod in agreement. Those who hadn’t changed faiths were clearly hesitant and eager to object.

After some consideration, Dorian composed himself and said, “Gather the ones with negative area-of-effect traits while using the correct method. Prevent them from combining with the surroundings.

“I’ll pray to Mr. Fool at the side.”

“Alright.” The few members of the Abraham family hesitated for two seconds before agreeing.

Following that, they seized the opportunity to identify the characteristics and attempt to gather them.

After some of the members had obtained a certain amount, Dorian finally retreated to Fors’s side and bowed his head to pray to Mr. Fool.

Soon, a grayish-white fog and an ancient palace deep in the fog appeared in front of him. A high and solemn voice resounded in his ears:

“These are the relics of Mr. Door.

“Your bloodline curse has been completely removed.”

Relics of Mr. Door... Relics... Dorian ruminated over the word and opened his eyes, casting his gaze at the High-Sequence Beyonders characteristics.

He looked on silently, his vision gradually blurring.

...

East Chester County, the Hall family manor.

Alfred and the others, who had just figured out the source of the explosion and the “enemy attack” shout, saw the doors and windows opening at the same time as they crashed into the walls.

During this process, several pieces of glass shattered.

There is indeed something abnormal... Alfred raised his hand with a solemn expression. He said to his adjutant, squire, personal guards, and bodyguards, “Retreat back to the main house to prevent any accidents that might happen next.

“At the same time, send a telegram to the archbishop of East Chester diocese, and request for assistance.”

He felt that the most important thing right now was not to investigate the anomaly, but to protect his father, mother, and sister.

He had plenty of time to do the former after daybreak. But if anything happened to the latter, it would be impossible to make up for it.

After returning to the manor’s main house and arranging for strict patrols, Alfred walked into the living room and said to Earl Hall, “There

was indeed something abnormal, but the guard couldn't describe what he saw. He only felt extreme fear at that moment."

Earl Hall nodded calmly and said, "We'll do further investigations after daybreak.

"Sit down and get some rest."

Beside him, Audrey was holding her mother's arm as she quietly listened to her father and two brothers talking.

Of course, this was only an image. She had been continuously releasing Virtual Personas in an attempt to find the reason for the sudden opening of doors and windows from the memories of eyewitnesses.

After a few minutes, she ended the investigation, somewhat disappointed. For the time being, she temporarily attributed it to the influence left behind by the mind dragon, Arieogg, and Mr. Wrath.

At that moment, she realized that the golden retriever, Susie, had a strange look in her eyes. She quickly sent out a Virtual Persona and entered the mind island of the other party's soul to have a private conversation.

"What did you discover?" Audrey asked directly.

On Susie's mind island, a voice resounded:

"I smell a thick scent of blood. At the edge of the manor, It happened sometime before the doors and windows opened. Yes, it happened about ten seconds after the explosion."

After hearing that, Audrey pursed her lips and fell silent for a few seconds.

"Go take a look."

Susie immediately stood up and tiptoed out of the living room. She left the manor's main house from a side door on the first floor.

During this process, there would be people looking at her from time to time, but they didn't mind her and didn't attempt to stop her. After all, she was just a dog, a dog who had mastered Psychological Invisibility.

After walking the path to the furthest building from the manor's main house, Susie twitched her nose and chose an open window before jumping in.

Then, she saw a bloody corpse on the bed. Its skin had shed.

And what she saw was equivalent to Audrey seeing it through the Virtual Persona that she planted in her mind island.

In the living room inside the main house of the manor, Audrey, who was holding her mother's arm, lowered her head.

Then she lifted her head, and her eyes swept slowly and deeply across her family's faces—Earl Hall, Lady Catelyn, Hibbert, and Alfred.

She maintained her silence, becoming increasingly silent.

...

Bayam, inside the Cathedral of Waves.

Alger, who was wearing a robe embroidered with the Storm symbol, walked out from the underground area one step at a time. He nodded at the Mandated Punishers and priests who were waiting by the sides.

“The seals were restored to normal in time.

“You can return the items under your watch.”

“Yes, Your Eminence.” The Mandated Punishers, priests, and bishops heaved a sigh of relief as they struck their left chest with their right fists.

Alger didn’t say anything else as he responded with the same salute.

After returning to his room, he slowly looked around. He took a deep breath and found a seat to sit down.

The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era... Alger silently prayed to Mr. Fool, expressing his thoughts of preparing to leave the Church of Storms.

The explanation that the seal was restored to normal in time could only convince relatively low-level members of the Church. It was impossible to hide from any cardinal or high-ranking deacon, much less the pontiff and the Lord of Storms.

And if he didn’t get Mr. Fool’s approval and protection, Alger didn’t dare leave the Church of Storms so casually. He would definitely suffer the wrath of a god.

A few seconds later, he saw the familiar boundless gray fog and heard Mr. Fool’s reply:

“Okay.

“Go to the Church of the Sea God.”

Phew... Alger relaxed, stood up, and took off his Storm robe.

After changing into a linen shirt, brown jacket, and pantaloons, Alger looked at the cardinal robe on the table and fell silent for a while.

Then, he reached out and folded the robe neatly.

After carefully examining it for a few seconds, Alger retracted his gaze and flew out of the cathedral through the open board window by controlling a strong wind.

He first flew to the bell tower and landed on the top. He looked down at the surrounding streets and down at Bayam.

During this process, Alger stepped on the edge of the roof and slowly circled it.

Finally, he closed his eyes.

A hurricane suddenly stirred as it swept Alger towards the Church of the Sea God.

...

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Klein silently sat on the high-back chair belonging to The Fool.

His figure would occasionally turn incorporeal, as though he was wearing a mysterious and classical black robe. During such instances, he wore a hood that made his face indiscernible. At other times, he would return to normal. However, he was enveloped in a faint gray fog.

The frequency of this change gradually slowed down.

And every time Klein transformed into the black-robed, hooded figure, slippery tentacles with strange patterns growing would extend out from under his clothes.

These nearly transparent tentacles flailed about, striking everywhere as if taking the palace for itself.

After a while, Klein's figure finally stabilized.

Out of habit, he raised his right hand and rubbed his temples as he muttered to himself, *The awakening of the Celestial Worthy's will is faster and more intense than I expected... If I hadn't devoured Zaratul's Beyonder characteristic and used the remnant mental imprint to balance it and stalled for time, I wouldn't have been able to adjust my state and stop "Him" from awakening...*

However, this made Klein's mental state rather unstable.

And he didn't lose control because his Miracle Invoker potion had already been completely digested, and the new Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic he consumed was mostly digested shortly after consumption. The identity of The World was a Blessed of the owner of Sefirah Castle, making it directly equivalent to the Attendant of Mysteries. Therefore, Klein had already acted the role of Attendant of Mysteries for a very long time, and it had been quite successful.

As for the second Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic, he still needed some time to digest it.

CHAPTER 1356: URGENCY

After stabilizing his anchors, the will of the Celestial Worthy, and the weak balance of his consciousness, Klein leaned back in his chair and observed the various powers brought about by the Attendant of Mysteries Beyond characteristic.

Among them, there were three most important ones. They were all grasped by Klein using Sefirah Castle and the “curtain,” ahead of time, but he just didn’t know the exact names.

The first was “Regenerate”: If the materials that made up an item once had a Spirit Body, then the Attendant of Mysteries could use the powers of “Regenerate” to summon the corresponding Spirit Body Threads, making the item become his marionette. Then, he could establish a deep connection with the item and also naturally transform it into a marionette.

To put it simply, an Attendant of Mysteries couldn’t allow something that didn’t have Spirit Body Threads to produce Spirit Body Threads, but he could allow some items to regenerate their Spirit Body Threads that had long disappeared. The former represented metallic items, gold coins, gold pounds, and so on. The latter mainly consisted of beef, fish, and other food. Once humans ate food that were marionettes, they would also transform into marionettes, as though they had encountered intense corruption.

The second was “Reassembly,” which was also known as “Tampering”: It could reassemble many physical objects or abstract concepts into something different, resulting in an unbelievable effect. It was like changing the definition, logic, orientation, or rules.

The third was the “Realm of Mysteries”: This was an ability used to create an embryonic form of a divine kingdom. It could bring about a certain concealment effect.

“Reassembly” represents the authority of “change,” while the “Realm of Mysteries” represents “concealment.” The two essential elements of The Fool’s symbol are in place... However, “Reassembly” and “Tampering” doesn’t sound nice, and the meaning isn’t clear enough. “Grafting” is still better. It’s obvious at a glance... Klein mumbled inwardly before casting his gaze around.

Now, he had deepened his control of Sefirah Castle, he could directly borrow the powers nearing Sequence 0 of the Seer pathway. He could also use most of the Beyonder powers below Sequence 0 of the Marauder and Apprentice pathways. It was quite similar to Dark Angel Sasrir from back then.

Of course, Dark Angel Sasrir could only use the first Blasphemy Slate to indirectly use the powers of the Chaos Sea. As for Klein, he was the owner of Sefirah Castle, one that hadn’t fully gained control of the sefirah. Therefore, his level was higher than Dark Angel Sasrir’s.

As for strength, in theory, he was stronger, but his strength was affected by too many factors. Having only become a Beyonder after a few years, Klein couldn't guarantee that he would definitely be able to defeat Heaven's deputy and the left hand of God.

In short, he was now considered a king of the King of Angels, and he was very close to the level of a true god.

After gaining a deeper grasp of Sefirah Castle, the difference between me in here and in the outside world is almost gone. It wouldn't result in me being a King of Angels outside but having the power of a true god in Sefirah Castle... The greatest advantage here is it provides me a defensive barrier that even a true god can't break. Yes, whether the Outer Deities can do it remains to be seen... Klein slowly exhaled as he focused his attention on the current situation.

There were two things he was most worried about at present:

The first was the Primordial Moon, which was also the Mother Goddess of Depravity. Although "She" failed to fully descend into the real world with Mr. Door's return, a little portion of "Her" strength had invaded. Furthermore, "She" maintained it for a few seconds under the attacks of the five orthodox deities of Evernight, Steam, and company. Whether this would affect the surroundings, the corresponding pathways, and exert certain effects on some matters remained to be seen.

Second, Angel of Time Amon has already stolen Mr. Door's ritual and became Sequence 0 of the Marauder pathway. "He" would be Klein's most direct and most powerful enemy.

I wonder if Amon has taken the opportunity to accommodate Mr. Door's Uniqueness and Sequence 1 Key of Stars. If "He" has completed this step, "He" will be the most powerful true god in the real world. Hmm, I wonder how "He" compares to the Evernight Goddess. No one knows how much of the Death and God of Combat Uniquenesses the Goddess has accommodated.

Typically speaking, Amon shouldn't have the time to accommodate the Apprentice pathway's Uniqueness. Although Mr. Door's return is equivalent to the ritual itself, the most important matter at that moment was to replace Mr. Door, allowing the three Sequence 1 Beyonders characteristics and the Uniqueness of the Marauder pathway to gather together, resulting in a qualitative change. There's no time to accommodate the Uniqueness of the Apprentice pathway. Also, this operation has a high chance of awakening the Celestial Worthy. Amon wouldn't take such a risk...

In other words, Amon's subsequent focus is to accommodate the Uniqueness of the Apprentice pathway and become a true god of two pathways. Otherwise, under the watch of the other true deities, it will be very difficult for "Him" to finish off a King of Angels like me.

Furthermore, even if "He" does take the risk and succeeds, "Him" having accommodated the Apprentice pathway's Uniqueness means that "He"

has to slowly adapt and stabilize “His” condition, making it impossible to deal with me in a short period of time.

I have to make use of the time to become The Fool. Only by doing so can I use Sefirah Castle and my own level to resist Amon.

I don’t have much time left... Klein silently gave a self-deprecating comment. He leaned forward and gently tapped the edge of the long mottled table.

He was analyzing the possibility of him becoming The Fool in a short period of time.

The digestion of the Attendant of Mysteries potion was relatively simple. By the time Klein used his anchor and consciousness to suppress the awakening of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings, and not lose control or become someone else, he could use Sefirah Castle to create an avatar like Amon. Then, he could use the power of Sefirah Castle to steal the undigested Attendant of Mysteries Beyond character he got from Zaratul.

At this point, Klein would immediately turn the avatar into a marionette to prevent any unexpected developments.

This way, Klein would drop to the level of an Attendant of Mysteries who had fully digested the potion, and he would have an Attendant of

Mysteries marionette—this was one of the main ingredients of the potion.

And the Attendant of Mysteries who had digested the potion was qualified to consume The Fool's potion and become a Sequence 0 true god.

These series of operations weren't too complicated, but it was prone to mistakes. Furthermore, an ordinary dual Sequence 1 King of Angels from the Seer pathway couldn't do it unless "They" have a Sequence 2 Trojan Horse of Destiny friend of the Marauder pathway who's willing to sacrifice "Himself" to provide help. Of course, a Sequence 1 Worm of Time friend could do it.

Therefore, to Klein, the most troublesome thing was the other two matters: First, how to deal with The Half-Fool of the Antigonius family, and secondly, how to complete the ritual of "fooling time, history, or fate."

With my current level and strength, it isn't impossible to deal with the Antigonius family's ancestor. Of course, the prerequisite is that I should first familiarize myself with the corresponding Beyonder powers and changes in Sefirah Castle... Sigh, I don't have any idea on how to approach The Fool's ritual at all. Klein raised his hand and pinched his forehead, casting his gaze at the grayish-white fog beneath Sefirah Castle.

Among time, history, and fate, he was undoubtedly more familiar with history.

Now, he could use Sefirah Castle to directly influence the fog of history, allowing the corresponding powers of the Seer pathway to become stronger or weaker.

This was the embodiment of authority.

Fooling history... Fooling history... Klein tapped the edge of the long mottled table again as various thoughts flashed through his mind, but he repeatedly wrote them off.

In his opinion, all the possible solutions didn't satisfy the requirements of "fooling history." This was because history objectively recorded what had happened. Whatever happened was definitely reasonable. And the solutions that could satisfy the requirements, such as returning to the past, consuming the potion, and becoming The Fool that came from history, wasn't able to achieve it. At the very least, Klein had never seen the ability to reverse time.

As his gaze moved deep into the fog of history, Klein suddenly had a feasible idea.

The present reality of history was this: The Tarot Club members believed that they were following The Fool that didn't belong to this era—an

awakened ancient god or an existence that surpassed an ancient god. In fact, Mr. Fool was originally just an ordinary person hanging above the gray fog. He used all sorts of resources to package himself and improve himself.

Klein's thoughts were inspired by Amon.

He could use Sefirah Castle to create an avatar, and let the avatar use Sefirah Castle to steal the fate, consciousness, anchors, and Zaratul's Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries Beyond characteristic.

Therefore, the main body's Beyond characteristic was formed purely from the one inside the "curtain," in which the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings was slowly awakening in.

This way, the understanding of the Tarot Club members was correct. Mr. Fool was a great existence that was awakening.

This went against the true history, but it was a fact grounded in reality. It could fulfill the requirements of the ritual.

Of course, the premise was that the act of stealing an avatar needed to happen in Sefirah Castle or other concealed areas. Otherwise, it would also be recorded in history, preventing it from achieving the effects of "fooling."

As for how he was to deal with the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings when “He” awakened, and how his avatar was to kill his true form and make “Him” a potion, Klein was temporarily out of a solution.

The result of this attempt is equivalent to suicide. Heh, before being killed by the Celestial Worthy, my avatar’s Attendant of Mysteries Beyond characteristic would’ve been digested by then. After all, I successfully revived the Lord of the Mysteries... Klein shook his head and threw the incomplete plan to the back of his mind.

Under the circumstances where he couldn’t think of a solution, he decided to seek advice from the existences that might know what to do.

He had two targets: One was Snake of Fate Will Auceptin, and the other was the Evernight Goddess.

The former might have some thoughts about “fooling fate,” while the latter probably knew what kind of ritual the ancestor of the Antigonus family used to accommodate The Fool’s Uniqueness.

After stabilizing his mental state, Klein left Sefirah Castle and directly “Teleported” to Backlund.

CHAPTER 1357: MEETING

Deep in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, on the peak of a mountain stood a gigantic cross that bordered the realm of reality and illusion.

There was a blurry figure hanging there. Ancient wooden stakes dyed with fresh blood that didn't drip down passed through "His" body, nailing "Him" to the cross.

At the bottom of the cross was the Angel of Fate Ouroboros, who was wearing a simple linen robe and had silver hair that reached "His" waist. "He" sat there cross-legged with a gentle and pious expression as "He" closed "His" eyes and prayed.

Adam, whose face was half-covered by a pale blond beard, walked over and stopped in front of the huge cross. "He" raised "His" head and silently looked at the hanging figure.

"He" held Arrodes in one hand and held the second Blasphemy Slate in the other. "His" eyes were limpid and his expression was calm.

After an unknown period of time, the image of The Hanged Man on the huge cross suddenly faded away, connecting to the sky and to the land

below with a shadow curtain. Behind the curtain, there seemed to be a pair of cold eyes watching over the world.

In the next second, a rift appeared in the shadow curtain. It was dark inside, faintly reverberating with an illusory tidal wave.

Adam raised “His” left hand and let the ancient and mysterious magic mirror emit a faint glow.

In the light, a sticky but illusory black liquid surged out. A boundless sea that seemed to contain all colors appeared. It looked like it was at arm’s length but couldn’t affect reality.

Following that, Adam placed the second Blasphemy Slate into the illusory scene.

The illusory sea scene in the distance ebbed gently as it circled the second Blasphemy Slate, forming a certain connection with it.

The second Blasphemy Slate was a manifestation of the corpse of the ancient sun god—one which was extremely close to being a Great Old One, and almost equivalent to the owner of the Chaos Sea.

Upon seeing this scene, Adam’s left hand moved slightly, allowing Arrodes to fly up and fall towards the Angel of Fate Ouroboros under the

huge cross.

The second Blasphemy Slate that “He” held underwent some subtle changes, and through the rift on the curtain, “He” walked inside.

The shadow curtain closed and quickly faded away, leaving behind a huge empty cross.

No one said a word throughout the entire process. Everything was carried out silently. Angel of Fate Ouroboros didn’t even attempt to open “His” eyes.

At the same time, Amon became a god and used the first Blasphemy Slate to block the tunnel that the Mother Goddess of Depravity was trying to enter through. The Lord of Storms finally smote apart the corpse cathedral that Adam had envisioned out of nothing, and one of Adam’s identities.

After a while, Tail Devourer Ouroboros opened “His” eyes and cast “His” gaze at Arrodes, which had landed on “His” lap.

On the surface of the mirror, silver words appeared in the swirling illusory water:

“You should know the feeling of piously believing and following a great existence, right?”

Ouroboros nodded indifferently.

“So, can you send me back to my Lord?” On the surface of the mirror, silver words squirmed and formed a new sentence. “Once you answer, you can ask me two questions.”

Ouroboros silently looked at the ancient mirror in silence for a long time.

Finally, Arrodes couldn't help but produce a new question:

“Why aren't you answering?”

Ouroboros looked at “Himself” in the mirror and replied calmly, “I haven't thought through it yet.”

“Three questions...” On the surface of the magic mirror, the silver light slowly outlined two words.

...

In Backlund, on a lawn that belonged to a bungalow.

Will Auceptin, who was already over two years old, was happily chasing a fat golden cat with glistening fur. Beside “Him” was a nanny and a maid.

Ever since this Snake of Fate was born, Aaron Ceres’s career had improved by the day. Now, he owned a private hospital that provided medical services to high society.

As “He” ran, Will Auceptin stepped on a spot that was slippery. With a slip, “His” body involuntarily leaned back.

“He” took a few steps back and stepped on another rock.

This provided an impetus to stop Will Auceptin’s fall, miraculously allowing him to maintain “His” balance.

In regards to this encounter, alarms started ringing in this chubby toddler’s head. This was because with “His” luck, it was impossible for “Him” to step on a spot that could make people slip.

A familiar figure quickly appeared in “His” eyes.

It was Sherlock Moriarty wearing a half top hat and a black double-breasted coat.

Will Auceptin turned “His” head abruptly and looked at “His” nanny and maid. “He” discovered that they hadn’t noticed the appearance of the stranger on the lawn.

“I have a nagging feeling you would say: ‘Go ahead and scream. No one will hear you,’” the two-year-old toddler mumbled as he turned around.

Without waiting for Klein’s reply, “He” spread “His” hands and said, “In short, I must congratulate you on becoming a King of Angels.

“Bullying children doesn’t suit your current status.”

Klein let out a soft chuckle.

“Do you know how to fool fate?”

Will Auceptin raised “His” head and looked warily at Klein.

“Giving me fake ice cream isn’t equivalent to fooling fate.”

With that said, “He” grumbled, “Why don’t you squat down? At my age, it’ll be bad for my neck’s development if I have to keep raising my head like this.”

Klein didn’t have the air of a newly advanced King of Angels. He squatted down with a smile, allowing Will Auceptin to look him straight in the eye.

Will Auceptin held “His” nanny’s hand and said, “Unless I’ve advanced to Sequence 0 and become a Wheel of Fortune, fooling me in any form doesn’t count as fooling fate.”

Klein thought and asked, “You haven’t found the opportunity to accommodate the Die of Probability?”

“No.” Will Auceptin shook “His” head before adding, “I have a premonition that it’s coming soon.”

Klein carefully looked at the chubby two-year-old toddler for a few seconds before suddenly smiling.

“If I were to give you and the Die of Probability to Ouroboros, would ‘He’ quickly advance to Sequence 0?”

Will Auceptin glared at Klein and said, “He will also need to wait for an opportunity to accommodate it. Furthermore, the opportunity to become a Wheel of Fortune, and the requirement to accommodate the Die of Probability isn’t the same.”

As “He” spoke, Will Auceptin curled “His” lips.

“If you wish to accommodate The Fool’s Uniqueness, the corresponding ritual can be simplified. It won’t be that difficult.

“In such a situation, by ingeniously using the abilities of a Trojan Horse of Destiny and making a sacrifice to a certain degree, there’s a chance of fooling fate.

“However, when you attempt to advance to Sequence 0, even if you accommodate the Uniqueness and absorb three Sequence 1 Beyonders characteristics on separate occasions, you will still have to hold a ritual, allowing the corresponding items to fuse and undergo a qualitative change.”

Is that so... In other words, choosing to first accommodate the Uniqueness is just a trick, but in the end, I have to truly fool time, history, or fate...
Klein nodded slightly and said, “I roughly understand.”

He smiled and added, “Enjoy your childhood. I wonder how long it will last.”