

Chapter 114: The Standards of a Member

No crude oil? It couldn't be found for some reason, or there really wasn't any available?

From the period Emperor Roselle was assassinated till this day, about a hundred and fifty years have passed, and there are still no traces of crude oil...

Klein's pupils constricted as his hand quivered while holding the diary.

No crude oil not only meant that the future of the internal combustion engine became uncertain, it would also lead to a state of stagnation in the chemical industry. In other words, Earth's modern industrial age would never transpire here!

In short, the development of this world was uncertain to Klein.

Although he couldn't invent things, he had assumed that he was still at an advantage because he knew a bit of everything and could foresee the direction of technological development. When he saved enough money, he could make a risky investment on an industry that he thought showed promise. Furthermore, he wouldn't put all his eggs in one basket.

Klein thought that it was only a matter of time until he could own enormous wealth. By then, he would hire the so-called white gloves as representatives to establish international charity foundations. On the surface, they would provide relief to the poor. In reality, they would actually be establishing and funding a revolt, in order to fight against the higher strata of society and enhance the living standards of the people in the lower class.

If he were to find a method of returning to Earth, he would segregate his property. A third to Benson, a third to Melissa, and a third for his foundation.

However, it was a pity that his perfect vision of the future was instantly half-shattered.

Luckily, there's still electricity and magnetism in this world. The telegram is a successful example, I should mainly invest in this in the future... Klein settled down and read down row by row.

"21st December. I'm no longer thinking about crude oil anymore. Upgrading my Sequence level is what matters!"

"22nd December. The filthy environment in Richeux Borough is unacceptable. If I hadn't visited incognito, I might've never known that it still looks the same as when I was young. I want to gather all my ministers and formulate a 'Capital Sewer and Public Toilet Enhancement Plan'. Hmm, I have to rectify the people's bad habits. Let them boil hot water for consumption, wash their hands and faces frequently, don't litter, don't pee and poop anywhere, use condoms if possible... Haha, I thought of what to name this campaign: the Patriotic Health Campaign!"

"Hence, the invention of the condom has to be brought forward. There's also masks, paper cups, and others. Yes, even the most primitive version would do. Give it a try. I have to thank this world for they still have rubber trees."

"23rd December. Perhaps I should consider that suggestion. Keep a back door for myself outside of the Church of the God of Craftsmanship. For example, I could join that ancient and mysterious organization which influences the world from the shadows?"

Klein then suddenly realized that there was nothing else at the bottom. His emotions were indescribable.

Emperor Roselle, what was the name of the ancient and mysterious organization that was influencing the world from the shadows? Do I know it?

How could you stop here? Why didn't you write more?

It's just like when I used to read novels. When I read till the end and realized that the author ended up dropping the novel...

And Patriotic Health Campaign? The Emperor sure knows how to have fun...

The contents of the diary should've been written after he became the Consul of the Intis Republic. He might already have called himself the Emperor Caesar.

I have to read some books when I get back and flip through some historical texts of other countries. I have to see which year the 'Capital Sewer and Public Toilet Enhancement Plan' took place.

After his nearly twenty seconds of silence, Klein reined back his thoughts and let the diary in his hands vanish into thin air.

“You can start your discussion now.”

Audrey let out a breath of relief and adjusted her state to become a Spectator. She smiled faintly and said, “I’d like to know if there are any Sequence potion named Arbiter, or a kind of Beyonder that can go through wooden doors or make locks ineffective?”

I know about this... Enveloped in the grayish-white fog, Klein was going to reply, but The Hanged Man answered first.

“I need you to help me investigate something in return for the answer.”

“What is it?” Audrey asked with interest as well as with puzzlement.

Alger glanced towards The Fool and said, “I’d like to know if the King has the intention of taking revenge on the Feysac Empire and launching a new war on the East coast of Balam within this year or before June of next year.”

The Tarot Club was currently using the Loen language, which was confirmed by the trio’s accents at the first Gathering. Hence, Alger knew that Miss Justice was a noble in the Loen Kingdom while he also believed that Miss Justice knew that he was a Loen.

As for The Fool, Alger believed that His behavior as a Loen was merely a disguise, a disguise that would ease the discussion.

Ever since the ritualistic magic, Alger started using ‘Him’ to address The Fool politely.

Audrey recalled everything that she heard from various social events. She nodded confidently and said, “No problem, but I would need sufficient time to be certain.”

“I can wait.” Alger smiled and said, “With Mr. Fool as a witness, I believe you wouldn’t go back on your promise.”

Audrey looked towards the quiet yet mysterious Fool engulfed in gray fog as the corner of her mouth curved upwards.

“But I think the value of this information is worth more than both questions put together.”

“When you confirm the answer, I’ll provide compensation depending on the situation,” Alger replied with an answer he prepared beforehand.

Miss Justice, Mr. Hanged Man, do you need virtual currency to determine value? Klein smiled and leaned backwards while he looked at the two people before him.

Audrey relaxed and cheered for herself in her mind.

Well done! Audrey, you learned how to negotiate! She was so excited that she nearly broke out of her Spectator state. She quickly thought of something and asked, “Oh right, Mr. Hanged Man, did you receive the one thousand pounds?”

“I’m sorry, I’m still sailing. I have yet to return to land.” Alger wasn’t willing to bring it up. He answered her original question, “The Beyonder that can go through wooden doors and foil locks would probably be Sequence 9 Apprentice. The secret organization, Theosophy Order, has its formula. However, don’t ignore the possibility that it was obtained through other channels, such as an ancient tomb of the Fourth Epoch.”

The Theosophy Order, the secret organization that has countless ties with the Demoness Sect... Klein rubbed his chin with his finger leisurely.

Seeing that Mr. Fool didn't refute what was said, Audrey couldn't help but sigh.

"If I had found the formula for Apprentice before, I might not have opted for Spectator."

The performance was simply outstanding!

Alger didn't bother with Miss Justice's remark but continued his explanation, "There is also a Sequence potion that is entitled Arbiter. I think you should be familiar with it, because it is the Sequence pathway that the Augustus and Feynapotter Kingdom's Castiya family has. Of course, the low Sequence formulas were used as rewards in ancient times. Some nobles might have received it before."

The Augustus family was a royal family of the Loen Kingdom while the Castiya family was a royal family in the Feynapotter Kingdom.

It turns out that the Augustus family are all Arbiters... Audrey was enlightened and felt that it cleared up her suspicion.

She sighed and thought, It's no wonder I've always gone along with their arrangements, always uncomfortable, always willing to admit defeat, like I'm never myself when I'm before them! I thought it was because I was timid...

"The Arbiter has a convincing charm and considerable authority, as well as outstanding combat ability that can deal with the unexpected," Alger described the situation simply.

Audrey nodded slowly and leaned backwards. She then spoke

elegantly, “I have no more questions.”

Alger thought and looked towards the seat of honor at the long bronze table.

“Honorable Mr. Fool, I’d like to ask if the True Creator’s Holy Residence that the Aurora Order advocates is the legendary Forsaken Land of God?”

Forsaken Land of God? I have only seen that term once in Roselle’s diary... It might be in the secret dockets of the Nighthawks, but it isn’t something I can know of currently... How do you want me to answer? Klein nearly twitched the corner of his lips.

He considered it for a while then he replied in a calm tone, “This is not something you should know now.”

Alger felt his heart tighten, and he immediately lowered his head and replied, “Please forgive me for overstepping my boundaries.”

Audrey wanted to ask about the Forsaken Land of God but she also gave up the thought when she heard that.

In the lofty divine hall above the gray fog, silence suddenly filled the air.

At that moment, Audrey felt that she should say something.

“Mr. Fool, if—and I’m saying if—I have the opportunity to join another organization, such as the Psychology Alchemists, is it permitted?”

Klein maintained his posture of leaning backward as he said with a chuckle, “That is no problem. My requirement is that the existence of the Tarot Club is not to be exposed.”

“If you become a member of another organization, the materials and information you can use for exchange will also increase.”

After saying that, he suddenly recalled that he was also a member of another organization. He was a real Nighthawk while The Hanged Man was most likely related to the Church of Storms.

Would my Tarot Club be the so-called Rebels Alliance? Traitor Gathering? Klein was drowned in deep thoughts.

“I understand now.” Audrey was excited but she immediately thought of a question, “Mr. Fool, if I found a suitable gentleman or lady for this gathering, could I guide them to join? How do I do that?”

Alger thought and asked, “Mr. Fool, what is the requirement to be a member of this gathering? How do we determine?”

Ambitious, ethical, cultured, disciplined... Four words popped into Klein’s head instantly.

He maintained his silence for a few seconds and only spoke when Justice and Hanged Man appeared a little uneasy.

“You can inform me here of people who you find suitable. I will decide if they will join us. Before that, you can’t give any hint that would cause the secret of the Tarot Club’s existence to be exposed. You must remember, to non-Gathering members...”

Klein paused and said in a heavy voice, “You must not speak my name without my permission.”