

Chapter 94: Hidden Sage

“The Fallen Creator... Fallen...” Alger ruminated over The Fool’s words and fell deep in thought.

However, what struck Alger the most was The Fool’s relaxed, natural, and nonchalant attitude.

He acted as if they were equal!

If he hadn’t experienced their previous ritual, Alger might have thought The Fool was merely bluffing, and building himself up to intimidate him and Justice. But now, he was of the opinion that even if The Fool was inferior to the True Creator, he was at least close to that level.

It’s dangerous. It’s also an opportunity... Alger muttered softly. He then spoke with a smile, “Mr. Fool, your description is indeed more appropriate. According to our observations, Beyonders who believed in the True Creator, no—the Fallen Creator, have a higher probability of losing control. The rest of them are mostly psychopaths.”

That’s something that the Nighthawks’ intelligence mentioned as well... And the so-called ‘psychopaths’ didn’t lose their sanity; instead, their ideologies became twisted... Klein maintained his seated posture but didn’t continue with the conversation.

He was still considering how to inquire about the Secret Order and Clown potion, but he couldn’t figure out a way of asking the questions in a way that fit with his persona.

It's such a pity that the Gathering is still so different from an Internet forum. Otherwise, I could create another smurf account to join the Gathering, and that account would be in charge of asking questions that are inconvenient for me to ask... Perhaps, one day, I'll learn mirror-related magic and give it a try. For example, I can make half the members here my smurf accounts...

There are twenty-two chairs here, and there are twenty-two cards in the tarot deck. That matches up perfectly. But when I 'created' this divine hall, I didn't even name myself 'The Fool' or have any intention of forming a 'Tarot Club'. Hmm, do these symbolize the twenty-two different Sequence pathways?

I wanted a divine hall, so a divine hall appeared. If I wanted a smurf account, would I get a smurf account...

Upon seeing The Fool remain silently engulfed in the thick gray fog, Audrey asked both wistfully and curiously, "That sounds scary. Mr. Hanged Man, could you share, in detail, information about each, and every mysterious organization? And also the matters regarding each secret cult? It's hard for me to come into contact with them during my daily life. I can only understand them through the both of you. I'm willing to pay for it. May I know what you'd like in return?"

That's a great question! Miss Justice, you're playing the role of my smurf account to a certain extent... This way, The Hanged Man will definitely bring up the Secret Order... You're the best! Klein's mind stirred when he heard that, but he didn't let his emotions show through his expression or movements.

Alger thought for a moment before saying, "I need money—a thousand pounds. It'd be best if they weren't bills marked by a serial number. Or maybe gemstones that have just been unearthed. Price them according to the Backlund Jewelry Exchange's monthly average price."

A thousand pounds? That's a huge sum of money. It could be used to buy a house in a high-class street in Tingen City! Not everyone would have that available immediately... Captain might have an annual salary like that, I guess? Hayley's death compensation was only three hundred pounds... Although Miss Justice is a noble, she obviously hasn't inherited her family's wealth yet, and she'll only be receiving some sort of annual allowance... Hmm, it's no wonder that The Hanged Man stated that it could be paid via gemstones... Klein was very sensitive towards monetary figures. Luckily, he was blanketed in thick fog.

For a single lady or madam, two thousand pounds could let her live a decent life!

If two thousand pounds were invested, the investment could reliably produce an annual return of about a hundred pounds.

“A thousand pounds?” Audrey said, sounding shocked. She then replied happily, “No problem, do I send it to the previous address?”

Judging by Miss Justice's tone, she finds it very cheap? Klein didn't look over.

Alger was quiet for a good twenty seconds before he said, “Yes, send it to the Warrior & Sea Bar at Pelican Street, in the White Rose Borough of Pritz Harbor. Tell the boss, Williams, that it's what the ‘Captain’ wants.

“Alright.” Audrey leaned back and posed in a Spectator-like manner. “Mr. Hanged Man, you can start now.”

Alger looked at The Fool, deliberated for a moment before saying slowly, “Let's start from the Moses Ascetic Order. It is the earliest hidden organization. Of course, many think that the earliest

hidden organizations are the Church of Evernight, the Church of Earth Mother, and the Church of the God of Combat.

“These people must be from the Church of Storms, the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun, or the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom,” Audrey refuted sulkily.

The Church of the Goddess is the earliest hidden organization?
That was the first time Klein had heard of such a claim.

What exactly happened in the Fourth Epoch or the Third Epoch?

Alger smiled and said, “The truth is buried in ancient history. Only one thing is certain: no one has ever said that the Church of Storms, the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun, or the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom were once hidden organizations.

“Alright, let’s save some time and return to the main topic. The Moses Ascetic Order was first established by a few humans that had read the Blasphemy Slate. They believed in an non-anthropomorphic god, called ‘the Hidden Sage’.”

“The description is that of a god, but it is more of an ideology, a natural law. For example, all objects are numeric. The Hidden Sage is an embodiment of Spirit Numerology. Or that knowledge is supreme, and the Hidden Sage is knowledge itself. Hence, the original Moses Ascetic Order was a very respectable organization, and it maintained a good relationship with the other major churches.

“The members of the organization led ascetic lives to resist losing control and to resolve the effects of the Remnant potion. They strictly kept their order’s secrets, and they upheld moral and religious precepts. They believe that humans continuously

reincarnate after death...

“The Sequence 9 that they grasp is called Mystery Pryer... The word ‘Warlock’ was also spread from that organization.”

Audrey listened to The Hanged Man’s description carefully and asked sharply, “You said that the Moses Ascetic Order used to be a respectable organization. Are they not one anymore?”

Alger nodded his head indiscernibly.

“Yes, they have fallen into corruption and are now an evil organization.”

“Why? I find their beliefs very good and very normal,” Audrey expressed her confusion.

That was Klein’s confusion too. The information that he could get at his security clearance didn’t provide the reason for the Moses Ascetic Order’s fall from grace.

Alger looked at the unfathomable Fool and tersely agreed.

“I am not sure of the real reason. It might be because it has been buried by history. However, I have heard one terrifying explanation.

“In that story, the main reason why the Moses Ascetic Order fell into corruption was because the god that they believed in, the Hidden Sage, had come to life!

“He became the personification of an evil god!”

“Came to life? This... how?” Audrey found it unimaginable as she replied with an incredulous tone.

Without realizing it, she had exited from her Spectator state.

It's like a horror story, but the ghost is even a god... Klein's heart stirred with a surge of emotions as well.

“I'm sorry, no one knows the answer.” Alger had originally wanted to casually say, “Maybe Mr. Fool would know,” but he held back the urge.

He had already teetered on the borders of danger once.

In The Book of Storms 5:7, there was a saying that Alger remembered clearly, which was: “Thou shalt not test God!”

Audrey calmed herself down and didn't press for more answers. She gestured for him to continue.

Klein maintained his seated posture and his silence, validating The Hanged Man's descriptions with his own understanding.

Finally, he realized that there were four points that he needed to take note of.

First, the Demoness Sect was also known as the Demoness Family in the Fourth Epoch. Back then, they had very few members, and their beliefs were passed down through their

bloodlines. Plus, they would kill the fathers of their children and abandon the baby boys. Hence, all the members were female. Of course, that was all from Alger's description, and there was no way to verify it at the moment.

Second, the Numinous Episcopate that believed in Death and the Rose School of Thought that liked bloody sacrificial worship ceremonies both originated in the Southern Continent. After the colonial era came, they almost vanished under attacks by the seven churches. But as such, they began spreading to the Northern Continent.

Third, the current Psychology Alchemists was similar to the earlier Moses Ascetic Order. They believed in an non-anthropomorphic existence and believed that the human spirit could change everything.

Fourth, the Secret Order had the lowest activity level among all the other hidden organizations. Thus, they were the most unknown. Every time they appeared, they seem to be after something or looking for something.

What are they after or looking for? Klein suddenly recalled the diary which he had read earlier: The leader of the Secret Order, Zaratul, cooperated with the Roselle. His goal was to get something left behind by the Antigonus family.

Their appearance that time was to look for the lost notebook, the Antigonus family notebook... Klein narrowed his eyes slightly and felt that he had apparently found the key reason for the Secret Order's actions.

They are after the things that the Antigonus family left behind!

Klein suppressed his urge to tap the edge of the table as his

thoughts appeared one after another.

Oh, they were looking for remnant traces the Antigonus family left behind?

Then must I direct my focus onto these areas to obtain the Clown potion formula from the Secret Order?

After a further exchange of information, Klein announced the end of the Gathering.

“By your will.” Audrey and Alger stood up together.

Cutting off the connections, he saw both their figures shatter and disappear. Klein rubbed his glabella and attempted conjuring a smurf account with his mind.

As he thought, a figure appeared at the furthest end of the long bronze table. That figure was wearing a black tuxedo, a silk top hat, and a dull expression. His actions were clumsy and inarticulate. Even though he was engulfed in gray fog, it was obvious that something was wrong with him.

That won’t do... Klein experimented a few more times before sighing and dismissing the idea of creating a smurf account.

He attempted other things too. He continued to sit above the gray fog in the seat of honor at the long bronze table. He considered what Audrey had said, and he cast his gaze curiously at the illusory crimson stars.

After a moment of silence, Klein started to pray as a form of

feedback instead of establishing contact with those stars.

Amidst the tranquility and silence, he didn't receive any feedback from the ten plus crimson stars nearby.

In order to receive feedback, I need to pull someone above the gray fog before I can reply? Klein nodded as he thought, feeling somewhat disappointed.

He didn't want to violate someone else's will and forcefully pull them into this mysterious space.

Hmm... Klein was just getting ready to leave, but he habitually touched a nearby illusory crimson star.

Just then, he suddenly felt that there was a faint and insignificant prayer deep inside the crimson star!