

Chapter 180: A Smart Person Always Overthinks

Upon hearing The Fool's question, Audrey perked up her ears and entered her Spectator state. She waited for The Sun to answer.

She had always been curious about where the City of Silver was and what was so special about that place, but she couldn't bring herself to ask. It touched upon his privacy after all.

At that moment, Mr. Fool was asking personally. It was like finishing the first volume of an outstanding detective novel she had been reading for a long time, and she finally had the chance to buy the next volume!

The Sun's answer didn't disappoint her. They didn't believe in the mainstream seven orthodox deities, nor did they believe in Death as the Southern Continent did. They also didn't believe in the hidden existences, evil gods or devils—Primordial Demoness, Hidden Sage, Dark Side of the Universe, Chained God, or the True Creator—which The Hanged Man had told her before.

The City of Silver is really special! They actually worship the Creator Himself! This is the primordial worship that Mr. Hanged Man described, right? Hmm, the description of omnipotence is a little strange... Audrey stole a glance at The Hanged Man subconsciously and realized that he was nodding slightly.

Klein wasn't surprised at all. He purposely chuckled and asked in reply, "Even though He abandoned you?"

Abandoned? The Creator abandoned the City of Silver? Alger was shocked. Suddenly when he suddenly made the connection regarding a particular term.

The Forsaken Land of God!

In the confidential information of the Church of Storms, at the security clearance level that Alger, who was Captain—equivalent to the Bishop level—could access, the Forsaken Land of God had always only been a name with no actual description. However, it clearly pointed towards the end of the Sonia Sea. From what he knew, even the Cardinals at the core of the church had no idea what the Forsaken Land of God represented. But only the leader of the church, the Proxy of the Lord of Storms, knew something about the situation and seemed to be taking charge of the hidden mission to look for the Forsaken Land of God.

Alger had once made a bold guess when he equated the True Creator's holy residence which was promoted by the Aurora Order with the Forsaken Land of God. But, unfortunately, The Fool hadn't confirmed his guess, so he couldn't be sure.

Now, he was shocked and surprised to find that the Tarot Club member using The Sun as his code name was very likely from the Forsaken Land of God!

Mr. Fool knew where the Forsaken Land of God was all this time, and he could pull someone from there to be a member of the Gathering! This is a hidden place that the Church of Storms has been trying to find to no avail!

Alger looked at The Fool who was seated in the seat of honor at the end of the ancient long bronze table in horror. He could only see that he was leaning back in his chair in silence, engulfed by the thick fog.

Audrey wasn't particularly moved about it. The only time that she had heard about the Forsaken Land of God was from The Hanged Man's question. She wasn't particularly interested, so she failed to associate it to anything from what Mr. Fool said

earlier.

The City of Silver has the legend about being abandoned by the Creator... Huh, Mr. Hanged Man seems to be deeply affected... What is he amazed and afraid of? Audrey nodded in puzzlement as she remembered the details of the moment.

“Yes, we believe that we will regain the Lord’s favor in the end. Perhaps, it will be on the day the sun rises again,” Derrick Berg answered in an uncertain tone. “We were once ruled by the giants’ royal family, and we worshiped the Giant King Aurmir. Later, we were saved by the Lord and we will never betray the Lord again.”

Ruled by the giants’ royal family... It really is ancient. But it doesn’t seem to match... Alger, who had guessed at something, suddenly recalled the description about the Second Epoch in the hidden chapter of The Book of Storms.

The Second Epoch was also known as humanity’s Dark Epoch. At the time, the sky, ocean, and land were ruled over by dragons, giants, elves, mutants, devils, phoenixes, demonic wolves, and dead spirits. But in the end, the Lord of Storms, Eternal Blazing Sun, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom led humanity into defeating the supernatural creatures and ushered in the beginning of the Third Epoch, the Glorious Era, which was later known as Cataclysm.

Giant King Aurmir... Klein repeated the name in silence.

In various legends and myths, it was a great existence on par with the deities. Even now, there were still some places that worshiped him. Even the most famous and most expensive grape wine in the Intis Republic was named after Aurmir. It was said that the Giant King particularly fancied grape wine which was like blood.

Considering the fact that the Church of the God of Combat is in control of the complete pathway of the Warrior, which once belonged to the giants, can I assume that Aurmír was the ancient God of Combat? Klein guessed.

He nodded deliberately but didn't think any further about it. He then asked calmly, "Do you still offer sacrifices to this omnipotent God?"

"Yes, we still do. But since the day we were abandoned, we have never gotten any response." Derrick's voice had a hint of unconcealed pain.

Klein leaned against the back of his chair leisurely. He half-closed his eyes and said, "Describe the process of your offering ritual in detail."

Does Mr. Fool want to figure out the truth behind the City of Silver's abandonment? Or does He want to determine if the Creator still exists? Alger suddenly felt a shock through his body and he quivered.

Not only was he afraid, but he was also excited too. This was because he felt he was being made privy to the secrets between deities!

That made him feel like he had been elevated to a whole new level!

I've been chasing after power, after strength. Didn't I do it to achieve this kind of feeling? Alger leaned back, lifted his chin, and got carried away with his thoughts.

Mr. Hanged Man's mental state doesn't seem to be normal... Audrey looked at him with pity.

She finally understood that there might be some sort of shocking secret behind the communication between Mr. Fool and The Sun, which led to The Hanged Man's loss of composure.

After the Qilangos commission is over, I'll pay the price to get information about what Mr. Hanged Man learned today... I wonder if he would be willing to... Audrey thought in anticipation, yet was still a little worried.

Derrick didn't notice the weight that was hanging on his answer as he replied frankly, "We build opulent altars covered in the Lord's symbol. Every time we receive a bumper Black-Faced Grass harvest, we hold a sacrificial ritual.

"We use the monsters we capture in the depths of the darkness to use as sacrificial offerings. After we recite God's honorable title and the necessary prayers, we dance for Him and then kill the monsters, to let their spirituality and tainted blood dye the entire altar. If we haven't caught any monsters, then we use a sinner on the lowest floor in the City of Silver prison instead.

"Then, we turn the very first batch of Black-Faced Grass into food and serve it before the Lord.

"In the end, we sing praises in unison and end the ritual."

Since I was planning to offer a sacrifice to myself, I'm not picky about time, and the altar can be as simple as possible. The most important part would be to open a channel with the aid of the monsters' spirituality or the blood containing Beyonder powers to complete the sacrifice offering. Of course, this is under the premise that one will receive a response? How extravagant... Klein used his

mysticism knowledge to analyze every step of the sacrificial ritual in the City of Silver before finally saying, “What are the corresponding prayers? What language do you recite them in?”

Derrick was also looking forward to this, so as to gain hints from Mr. Fool on how to shake off the curse, so he recalled it carefully and answered, “We use Jotun, which is also our common language.

“The corresponding prayers are,

“Your devoted believers pray for your attention.

“We pray for you to take their offerings.

“We pray for you to open the gates to your Kingdom.”

...

Klein listened in silence and intentionally let the engulfing fog slowly swirl around him. He nodded as though deep in thought and remained silent.

As for what he learned from it, he obviously wouldn’t share it...

Alger found it very normal. How could the secrets of a deity be revealed directly to a mortal? Derrick also steeled his resolve to quickly grow in power, so that he could obtain something that could garner Mr. Fool’s interest in exchange for his guidance.

After some more communication, Klein ended the gathering. He

watched Justice's, The Hanged Man's, and The Sun's figures vanish before him.

He looked down and saw the boundless gray fog and crimson stars that seemed eternally immutable.

However, after he advanced to Sequence 8, he realized that he could connect even more stars. In other words, he could pull in more members.

At least two... Klein nodded indiscernibly.

He wasn't in a hurry to add new members. He planned to act as he had before. He would first wait and observe. If Justice and The Hanged Man had any recommendations, he could assess them first.

What I saw the last few times was when The Sun was praying. There was a clear crystal ball before him, but ever since I pulled him into the world above the gray fog, that crystal ball has never appeared again... Does the prerequisite needed to pull people in through the connection of the crimson star have something to do with having a special item around them? Or does every crimson star correspond to an item in reality, which, when it's connected successfully, it would return to the world above the gray fog?

I wonder if Miss Justice and Mr. Hanged Man were the same... Let's just assume that's the case. In that case, if people without this special item were to recite: "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era, the mysterious ruler above the gray fog; the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck." and allow me to hear their prayers, would I be able to pull them in?

I can give it a try in the future.

Klein didn't stay any longer. He wrapped himself with spirituality and stimulated a descent, leaving behind the lofty palace, the ancient table, and the twenty-two high-back chairs which sat immutably above the gray fog.

He had mastered the overflowing power of the Clown potion and eliminated the corresponding negative effects. Therefore, he wanted to try the ritual to summon himself!

I wonder what I'll conjure this time... Klein thought in anticipation and fear as he fell through the mad ravings.