

Chapter 93: New Diary Page

Above the gray fog, gigantic stone columns held up a majestic divine hall.

Two dark red blobs extended out into faint human figures by the side of the ancient mottled bronze table.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Fool.” Augmented with a blurry effect, Audrey greeted him with a bow and smiled. “It is unfortunate that there is no wine here; otherwise, we could have a toast to your successful trial.”

She was referring to the ritualistic magic.

“You are more powerful than we imagined,” Alger Wilson praised as well.

Klein was surrounded by the thick fog as usual. He pressed down with his right arm and spoke with his normal tone, replying as though it was natural.

“Great, this means that we are on the path of excellence. If you have any matters to tend to that leave you unable to attend the gathering on Mondays, conduct the ritual and inform me. All you have to do is change the line in the incantation ‘I pray for a good dream’ with the reason.”

“Alright,” Audrey quickly agreed. “Mr. Fool, I obtained another page of Emperor Roselle’s diary. I believe I still owe you one page.”

"I was away from land this week and haven't found any new pages." Alger placed his right hand near his chest and bowed in apology.

"No matter. I expected my request to take a long time." Klein leaned back into his chair and tapped the armrest with his index finger. He looked at Miss Justice and said, "You can express the contents of the diary now."

Audrey bowed slightly and said, "As you wish."

A pen suddenly appeared before her. She recalled the symbols that she had memorized and tried her best to transcribe them.

In seconds, she saw that the goatskin was already filled with content. The strange symbols neatly covered the entire page.

After checking the contents, she put down the fountain pen and said, "It's done."

Klein raised his hand and the goatskin parchment appeared in his palm.

Shifting his gaze down, he started reading without emotion.

"July 9th. I suddenly thought of an interesting question. Since the Sequence pathways are also called the 'Blessings of The Divinities' or 'Paths of The Dive', then why would the stone slate that records the completed twenty-two Sequence pathways be called the 'Blasphemy Slate'. Blasphemy, what an interesting term... Just who is the one blasphemed?

"And who created the Blasphemy Slate? How could that person hold all of the Sequence pathways? Just what other information was on the stone? I really want to see it..."

"July 12th. I've realized another fact today. The Sealed Artifacts are an important component of a church's overall strength, even though some of the Sealed Artifacts are very, very dangerous. Among the seven churches, the God of Craftsmanship wields the least number of Sealed Artifacts which are also relatively less dangerous... Did I join an organization without a future? No, I should think of it this way; only a blank piece of paper can produce a good painting. A weak organization is the best place for me to display my abilities!"

"July 14th. I saw that mysterious Mr. Zaratul again. I never expected him to be the leader of an ancient organization, the Secret Order!"

Klein's pupils constricted when he read this. He nearly revealed an unnatural expression.

The Zaratul family only had a certain connection with the Secret Order in the notes of the Church of Evernight. But now, he learned from Emperor Roselle that the mysterious Mr. Zaratul was further determined to be the leader of the Secret Order.

From the looks of it, it is an unquestionable fact that the Secret Order holds the Seer Sequence pathway...

While Klein was reading the diary, Audrey looked over and began observing him out of habit.

However, her field of vision was completely obscured by the thick fog.

Momentarily taken aback, Audrey snapped back to her senses and turned her head frantically to look at the other illusory dark red star.

I was too reckless, too insolent, too foolish in trying to observe Mr. Fool... I was lucky, lucky that he isn't angry. Audrey stuck out her tongue secretly and pretended to admire the scenery. She was just short of humming a lively tune.

Alger sat silently, his gaze never leaving the long bronze table. He knew his place, as if he was in the presence of a true god.

Klein collected himself and scanned the last portion of the diary.

"After learning that I had become a Savant, Mr. Zaratul mentioned that I had chosen a difficult, yet relatively safe path. I asked him why that was the case, but all he did was smile before telling me that the Sequence pathway contains secrets beyond my imagination. I couldn't help but ask him which Sequence pathway he selected. He told me that his Sequence 9 was Seer.

"I intentionally mocked him and asked if every Seer only disclosed half-truths, never explaining things more clearly. Furthermore, he was clearly a powerful High-Sequence Beyonder. There was no need for him to continue acting as a Seer!

"Mr. Zaratul told me that it was a habit he adopted from back when he was a Seer, and that this was a method that could pique my curiosity and make me cooperate with him. He hoped that I could help him steal a dangerous Sealed Artifact from the Church of the God of Craftsmanship, a relic of the Antigonus family.

"Clearly, this must wait until I become a core member of the

Church of the God of Craftsmanship. I asked Mr. Zaratul how long it would take to digest the potion if I used the acting method, and what standards I should use to determine if I had digested it completely.

“He told me that for the lower Sequences, it would only take half a year to digest the potion as long as one strictly used the acting method. In fact, in the fastest case, it might only take a month. And standard measure for progress was simple; every Beyonder would sense it immediately once the potion was completely digested. It is what it is.

“I asked him for more details, but he merely smiled at me.

“To hell with his smiles, I’ll beat up every Seer I see when I become a High-Sequence Beyonder!”

...Rest in peace, Emperor... Klein read the diary several times before looking at Justice and The Hanged Man again.

“Sorry for the wait.”

“It is our honor.” Audrey was still shocked, forgetting that she was a Spectator.

She looked at The Hanged Man and organized her words.

“Where can I find the Psychology Alchemists?”

Psychology Alchemists... Klein suddenly recalled the man buying supplementary ingredients for the Spectator potion at the Tingen underground market.

Perhaps he was a member of the Psychology Alchemists?

Just as Klein was considering how to get closer to that man, The Hanged Man, Alger Wilson shook his head and said, “Miss Justice, firstly, I don’t have a clue. Secondly, I don’t think there’s any rush in seeking out the Psychology Alchemists. What you should focus on now is completely digesting the Spectator potion.”

Audrey glanced at The Fool and noticed that he didn’t have any intention of adding to the conversation. She nodded in disappointment and said, “All I want is to have plenty of time to prepare so that I can approach them more naturally. Alright, then when can I digest the Spectator potion and stop acting? Is there a standard that indicates when I can? I’m almost at the point where I no longer feel frustrated, nor do I hear the constant murmuring anymore.”

Alger looked at The Fool in the fog but saw that he didn’t have any intention of speaking. He then deliberated before saying, “If you don’t use the acting method, the typical rule of thumb is to wait three years and confirm that you no longer feel restless or receive any auditory or visual illusions. There is one simple test to determine when you can. That method is to exhaust your body to its limit. If you still don’t hear any maniacal murmurings or see any strange things at that point, that would mean that you’re ready to advance.”

“With regards to the acting method, I have also just come into contact with it. It feels good, so I don’t think it’ll take three years.”

That wasn’t useful at all... Three years, that’s too long... Audrey criticized inwardly.

She had just thought about this when she heard an armrest

being tapped.

Audrey froze, then turned her head in joy. She saw The Fool tapping on the edge of the long table.

Alger sat straighter, waiting for The Fool to speak.

Klein said in his normal tone, “For Low-Sequence Beyonders, as long as you strictly stick to acting, you should be able to digest the medicine in half a year. It’s even possible to do it in a month.”

He looked at Justice and added, “As for the signs of digestion, you’ll know it when it comes. It doesn’t need to be taught.”

“One month... Great! Thank you, Mr. Fool!” Audrey exclaimed while brimming with joy.

Miss Justice, don’t think that you are the chosen one. The key point is half a year... Klein lifted his right hand and placed it beside his lips.

“Half a year...” Alger repeated softly.

Audrey sensed joy, relief, and intense doubt in his tone.

What is he suspicious about? Audrey thought as she asked, “Mr. Fool, have you considered adding more members?”

Klein leaned back casually. He had long prepared an answer.

“This started as a trial, so I didn’t spend much time thinking about extending our meetings.

“But now, as a regular gathering, we must choose our members carefully. Secrecy is our motto.”

Audrey nodded gently and said, “That is to say that we have to follow a process of observation, recommendation, and testing process. Yes, a process.”

“You can interpret it that way,” Klein affirmed.

In his mind he was thinking about how he could inquire about the Secret Order and the Clown potion.

How can I ask questions in a way that befits my status? Klein was placed in a difficult spot.

At that moment, realizing that Justice temporarily had nothing else to say, Alger took the initiative to speak, “I’ve heard that a Listener from the Aurora Order is searching for traces of the True Creator, which is the holy residence they advocate.”

“True Creator?” Audrey asked, puzzled.

“It is an ancient entity worshiped by numerous secret organizations and cults. They believe that the Creator hasn’t completely perished. The Core he left behind is the True Creator.” Alger gave a rough explanation. “Since the Fifth Epoch, the True Creator has appeared in many forms, such as The Hanged Giant or the Eye behind the Shadow Curtains. Heh heh, many people believe that Emperor Roselle referenced the imagery of the True Creator when he was creating the tarot cards; hence, there exists

the card of The Hanged Man.”

At this point, he looked at Klein and said, “Mr. Fool, there’s nothing with what I said, right?”

Is he trying to probe for my views on the True Creator? Klein thought about the bloody man on the cross that the Captain saw in Hanass Vincent’s dream and immediately had an idea.

Doesn’t both the hanging and the shadows imply evil connotations?

Therefore, he chuckled and said, “I am more inclined to call him, the Fallen Creator.”