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Chapter 141: Nightmare

**Translator:** AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

The exhausted Klein dispelled the sealed wall of spirituality, allowing the cool wind to blow onto his face. The scent of grass and trees that the wind carried revitalized him.

He rubbed the warm and classic Sealed Artifact 3-0782 with his hands and sighed to himself.

“Who would have thought that there would be a drop of god’s blood in this emblem? I have to assume that the experts from the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun must have tried searching for this item in the past, but couldn’t find it...”

Klein stretched his neck. He didn’t dare try anything else, keeping the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem in the inner pocket of his windbreaker.

His hand followed a chain and took out a silver vine-leaf pocket watch. He opened it to see that there was still about an hour before Corpse Collector Frye’s shift.

I need two matches to prop up my eyelids... This is a side effect of that near-death experience! Klein didn’t have any other ideas. All he could do was take out a small metal bottle from a tiny hidden pocket. He uncapped the bottle and brought it near his nose.

A pungent smell, a mix of mint and disinfectant, quickly entered his nose, giving Klein goosebumps. His senses were jolted, making him forget his fatigue temporarily.

He had learned the formula from Corpse Collector Frye. It was called Quelaag's Oil, and it could help a person ignore the stench of rotting corpses, as well as refresh and clear the mind.

The next hour felt like torture. Klein paced around from time to time, and was bitten by the mosquitoes in the forest several times.

Finally, he saw the black-haired, blue-eyed Frye walking out of the town wearing a windbreaker and holding a cane.

Even though Frye still looked like a living corpse, Klein felt as though he was looking at his savior. He covered his mouth and let out a yawn, making his eyes teary. He made his way over and took out Sealed Artifact 3-0782 from his pocket.

“What happened?” Frye asked as he looked at his partner's pale face.

Klein sighed and said, “I just did my shift at Chanis Gate the previous night and didn't sleep too well in the morning, so I'm very tired.”

He didn't elaborate further and changed the subject. “Shall I come for my next shift four hours from now?”

“Seven hours. The Captain doesn't need sleep at night.” Frye took the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem.

I'm glad someone enjoys staying up late... Klein ridiculed the Captain under his breath. He bade goodbye to Frye and walked towards the town.

On the way back to the inn, he took out his pocket watch again and checked the time.

Hmm, ten minutes earlier than we arranged... What a nice person... Klein laughed and walked faster. He returned to the inn and opened the half-closed door. The boss watched him as he made his way to the second floor before he entered his room.

He removed his coat and shoes after locking the door. He didn't wash up, but instead fell directly onto the bed.

His breathing became heavy in just a few seconds, then long and peaceful.

In his dreams, Klein returned to Earth where he was playing a game he hadn't beaten. A cup of soda and a plate of spicy chicken wings were on his left. To his right was a bowl of rice and bitter bamboo shoots meat soup.

He didn't like bitter bamboo shoots, but he liked it in soup with meat slices. The refreshing taste and the little bit of fat from the meat were tantalizing, a perfect complement to the rice.

He could eat an extra bowl of rice if it was paired with some good sauce dip!

Just as Klein was about to enjoy his supper and continue playing his game, his dream changed again, presenting him with the internal layout of 2 Daffodil Street.

Klein suddenly became alert, aware that he was dreaming.

He saw himself seated at the side of the dining table, a copy of the Tingen Daily Tribune in his hand. In front of him was a bowl of tomato oxtail stew, pan-fried lamb chops, mashed potatoes, and wheat bread.

He subconsciously turned to look at the door, suddenly noticing a figure standing outside the window of the living room, silently staring inside the house!

Klein was shocked. He immediately recognized the gray-eyed Dunn. Half his face was clinging close to the window as he silently watched the people inside.

... Captain, can you not scare someone in their dreams? Is this your way of acting as an Nightmare? Klein thought, finding humor in his exasperation. He scooped up a mouthful of stew and put it into his mouth.

Ah, this is my cooking! He sighed to himself. He understood why he became suddenly became alert in his dream, why the scene of him on Earth vanished.

He would naturally become aware when someone barged into his dreams!

At this moment, Dunn left his spot by the oriel window and directly entered the house. In his black windbreaker, he came silently before Klein.

He took off his hat and nodded before sitting down. He didn't stand on ceremony, picking up cutlery and quickly polishing off the stew, lamb chops, wheat bread on the table.

Klein looked on dumbfounded, unsure what the Captain was doing.

Phew. Dunn exhaled in satisfaction and gave Klein a thumbs up. He then took out his pipe and a matchstick before taking an intoxicated puff.

He exhaled a cloud of smoke and stood up. He then put on his hat and bowed before leaving the house and the dream.

“...” Klein looked at the Captain’s back, unable to collect himself for a long time.

He looked down at the empty plates and instinctively wanted to conjure up the food he had just now.

But this time, the oxtail stew, lamb chops, mashed potatoes didn’t appear in his dream.

It was completely eaten? A Nightmare can do that? Klein twitched his lips and thought in frustration. So the Captain’s goal was to prevent me from eating supper in my dream? That sure is a nightmare... This method of acting as a Nightmare sure is creative...

He let out a laugh and exited his dream, once again falling asleep.

At about half past five the morning the next day, Klein, who had no choice but to wake up early, drink his coffee and eat his toast and bacon. He hurried out of town to take over from Dunn.

At seven in the morning, they prepared to set off back to Tingen.

It wasn’t even ten when they arrived at 36 Zouteland Street. Fyre sat behind the typewriter after Dunn, the most energized of the lot, returned Sealed Artifact 3-0782 to the back of Chanis Gate. He took advantage of the fact that the clerks hadn’t arrived yet so that he could write a report on the mission and the claims of the related expenditures.

Klein looked on from the side, satisfied that the items he had expended were within the list—including the materials he used to drive the bugs and mosquitoes away.

He didn't return home immediately, for he had arranged to meet the asylum's Doctor Daxter at one in the afternoon at the agreed upon venue through a coded letter.

Then there's still the Tarot Gathering at three... Why does the boss of a secret society have such a tiring life? Klein thought to himself. He took a two-hour nap in the Nighthawks break room to catch up on sleep.

He didn't forget the information he had obtained the previous day. He wasn't worried that he would forget, for the information could be recalled using divination. He was afraid that he would disregard the existence of this information and even lose the ability to divine the information. Thus, he recalled the pieces of information once again before he slept to reinforce them.

This was also the reason Klein insisted on doing a review every week and reorganize all the information he knew.

After lunch, he took a look at his pocket watch and left the Blackthorn Security Company for the Shooting Club at 3 Zouteland Street.

Klein entered the reception area after pushing open the door, but he didn't head directly to the shooting range belonging to the Nighthawks. Instead, he found a seat in the hall as he waited patiently with his black cane in hand.

He had arranged to meet Daxter at the Zouteland Street Shooting Club!

He had arranged this through handwritten letters. Whenever Klein needed to meet him, he would write to Doctor Daxter Guderian in place of a

patient's family member and ask about a unique condition called "dissociative identity disorder." In his letter, Klein would use various methods to mention the term Spectator, as well as a hidden mark of ink to authenticate his identity. The letter would also casually mention a time to meet.

As for the place to meet, they had already decided this the first time they met. If Klein felt that there was a need to change the location, he would mention it when they met in person.

When Dexter Guderian needed to meet for nonurgent matters, he could send a letter to the Hound Pub or the Shooting Club. The recipient would be marked as Mr. Hornacis which Klein would take at scheduled times.

In urgent situations, he could hand the letter directly to the boss of the Hound Pub, Wright, and mention his "search for mercenaries." This way, Wright, who was an associate of the Nighthawks, would immediately hand the letter over to the Blackthorn Security Company.

After waiting for a while, Klein saw the refined Dexter enter the Shooting Club, a few minutes past one.

He was wearing a black hat and a fitted tuxedo. He had a cane inlaid with silver in his hands, as well as a pair of gold-framed spectacles on his face.

Dexter walked around the club without attracting attention and saw Klein, who nodded slightly. He then retracted his gaze and walked to the counter, expertly applying for a shooting range and renting a gun.

This was not his first visit.

“Small shooting range 7, 3 soli an hour. The fee for renting a revolver is one soli seven pence per hour and it contains six rounds,” the receptionist quickly settled the request.

After Daxter confirmed that he was renting the items for an hour and paid the fee of 10 soli, he took the revolver and extra bullets and was led into the respective shooting range by the facilitator.

Klein waited another five minutes before slowly standing up. He grabbed his cane before walking to the small shooting range 7 and knocked on the door.

The door opened a tiny crack with a creak. Daxter first looked around cautiously, then opened the door fully.

Klein immediately entered and locked the door.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Daxter,” he said as he took out a 10 soli bill. He handed the bill over to Daxter. “We wouldn’t let our associates bear any extra fees.”

Because I can claim compensation... He added in his heart.

Daxter didn’t decline. He took the cash and asked heavily, “Mr. Moretti, why did you ask to meet me?”

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Chapter 142: Association

**Translator:** AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios



Klein obviously couldn't just bring up the Telepathist formula right at the start. However, he didn't hide his intention either. After all, the man opposite him was a Spectator. He wouldn't be conned so easily.

"Has Hood Eugen behaved unusually recently?" he first asked Dexter Guderian about the patient in the asylum who was a member of the Psychology Alchemists.

Daxter examined Klein's eyes, expression, and gestures. He thought and said, "No, he's acting normal. Frankly speaking, I think if he really wanted to leave the asylum, he could immediately behave in a very healthy and very normal manner. But he hasn't done so, and he continues to stay in the asylum. He appears to be treating every patient. Yes, patients who exhibit chaotic, violent, or abnormal thoughts appear to be getting better. Maybe Hood Eugen is trying to train his Beyonder powers with this method."

Psychiatrist, Sequence 7 that corresponds to Spectator? Perhaps even higher... Since Hood Eugen isn't a doctor in the asylum but entered as a patient, it means that he hasn't truly grasped the acting method. It should be as Daxter has guessed; he's probably training his Beyonder skills and doing so resembles that of the "acting method." To a certain extent, it could slow down the potion's negative influence. Hence, Hood Eugen decided to just take the asylum as his home... Klein openly showed that he was in deep thought regarding Hood Eugen's matter.

Because that would make Dexter Guderian feel that he knew and understood a lot, making him appear unfathomable.

With this in mind, Klein guessed something else. The Psychology Alchemists hadn't grasped the "acting method." After all, even a mainstay member at the Sequence 7 was unaware of this. In this era with few Bypassers, a Sequence 7 was considered mid level in any secret

organization. They were important enough to know crucial matters, especially those that could help members resist the loss of control.

Plus, the Psychology Alchemists was a secret organization that had only been established in the last three hundred years or even earlier. It was understandable that they hadn't grasped or deduced the "acting method." The only organization that brought up the method explicitly was the Secret Order. They were an ancient organization that had more than fifteen hundred years of history and could be traced back to the previous epoch!

Hey, the Church of the Goddess is even older than the Secret Order. Just the Letter of Saints from the The Revelation of Evernight clearly indicates that it's nearly three thousand years old. That's not to mention the mythical legends before that... How could such an ancient church not discover the "acting method?"

During the long history of a huge organization, there must have been members who experimented with various possibilities, just like Spirit Medium Daly. They might not have understood the principle of the acting method in detail, but they acted out the name of the potion correctly anyway. They would have discovered the gist of it through the good feedback they received. As that accumulates through the generations of Nighthawks, unless the higher-ups were a bunch of curly-haired baboons, it would be impossible to deduce the "acting method!"

Klein's thoughts made the connection and was suddenly shocked.

To the Nighthawks who didn't know of the "acting method," someone like Spirit Medium Daly was a genius, an example that an ordinary member couldn't emulate. Hence, no one suspected that the experience of Daly and others could be adapted for their own use.

But to those who have grasped the “acting method,” this would be extremely odd!

Klein believed that in the long history of the Church of the Evernight Goddess, Spirit Medium Daly was definitely not the first member to have used the “acting method ” to digest the Low Sequence potions quickly. She might not even be in the top ten or top fifty!

It doesn't make sense. Unless Daly didn't understand the “acting method” on her own, but had other people's guidance... Then, it could be concluded that every member of the Holy Cathedral follows the beliefs of the past, believing in their predecessor's experience, and not daring to rebel against their teaching. After all, rebelling would imply the loss of control most of the time... Yes, other than this explanation, there is another possibility. The higher-ups of the church have hidden the “acting method” for some reason...

I need to flip through some records and search for examples of Beyonders in the Church of the Evernight Goddess digesting their potions quickly, as well as their final outcome... Klein thought with a mask of solemnity.

Daxter looked at him, waited for a few minutes, and asked curiously, “Officer, is there some sort of problem with Hood Eugen's actions?”

“Not right now. It just made me think of other matters,” Klein replied, smiling. He cast his suspicions aside.

He asked instead, “Has there been any actions taken by the Psychology Alchemists recently?”

“No, besides a small gathering in Awwa to exchange items and experience,” Daxter answered honestly.

Klein nodded slightly and said, “How about your own situation?”

Daxter controlled his expression as he replied, “Not too good myself. I still hear some ravings and have some illusions. If I wasn’t a doctor specializing in mental health, I might even think that I have some sort of disorder.”

As he spoke, his face grew solemn. “I followed Hood Eugen’s and your instructions to ignore those illusions and ravings. That made me feel much better, but they still affect my sleep, and I have become more grumpy and short-tempered. I’m not like myself, as though another new me is growing from within, or maybe it could be described as a new character. I’m very worried and terrified that I might suddenly lose control one day.”

Just as I have predicted, I didn’t even need to divine to see that coming... Having prepared for this, Klein smiled and said, “You don’t have to worry, you’re a subsidiary member of the Nighthawks now. There are benefits for you. As an ancient organization, we master many methods to keep one from losing control. It isn’t one hundred percent effective, but it will definitely help you.”

“Besides, I’m willing to share with you my personal experience. You must know the man standing before you only used a month to shake off the shackles of illusions and ravings, and they haven’t resurfaced. You should know from Hood Eugen and your other cadres that doing so is very difficult.”

For Sequence 8 Telepathist, Klein bragged a little.

“Officer, there’s a bit of a lie in what you said, but it’s mostly the truth,” Daxter suddenly said calmly. “What do you want from me?”

It's tough to lie to a Spectator... Klein replied with a smile, "It's not something that only I want to get."

Miss Justice wants it too.

Of course, he knew that Dexter would definitely assume that the Nighthawks Squad wanted something.

"If your method is really effective, and the items or information you want is within my reach..." Dexter weighed his words as he spoke.

"I will give you the perks in advance," Klein said straightforwardly. "We want the Telepathist formula."

He wouldn't hide the potion formula but inform the Captain as well. He would tell the Captain that Dexter used it in exchange for his personal experience on bringing the potion under control.

During the procedure, Klein would definitely verify the formula and "accidentally" memorize it in his head.

Besides, he would use the fact that he used his personal experience in exchange for the formula to earn merit with the Nighthawks.

By then, with his previous merits, he might not even need to put in extra effort to apply for the Clown formula and main ingredients.

A formula for two deals, quite a good bargain... Klein thought happily.

Dexter looked into his eyes and kept quiet for a while before he said, "You're very frank... I'll try my best to get the formula, but I'm not sure how long it'll take me. If it gets too dangerous, I hope that I can replace it with something else."

“No problem.” Klein didn’t intend to force the request on the man. He then described the ” acting method ” vaguely. “The key to resisting the loss of control lies within the name of the potion. We have to understand it and learn its true meaning. You can’t completely understand it by thinking about it. It must be understood through experience. For instance, as a Spectator, you have to understand that you’re only a spectator, not an actor. How a Spectator should act is something that you need to discover through attempts and experimentation to deduce the principles required of you. From there, adhere to it strictly.”

Daxter listened attentively. Then, he replied, “That’s a brand new way to look at things. Heh, I’m willing to use the word ‘theory’ to describe what you just said. This is just like a theory of a play and opera... I’ll try, and I hope it’ll help.

“If—if it really works, I’ll do my best to get you the Telepathist formula!”

“May the Goddess protect you.” Klein drew a crimson moon on his chest.

Klein didn’t request the potion formula of Psychiatrist as well, because he knew that it was a task that Daxter couldn’t complete with his current position. He might end up exposing him if he wasn’t careful.

Thus, he planned to take it one step at a time by helping Daxter achieve a higher position in the Psychology Alchemists slowly.

Then, the long-term benefits would be abundant.

Klein looked outside through the peephole in the door, then he left quickly and turned to the small shooting range that was designated for the Nighthawks.

He entered and locked the door. His face grew grave once again. When he was guessing the reason why the Church of the Goddess hadn't developed the "acting method," he realized another thing that he had overlooked!

He had overlooked it because he had obtained two crucial factors in reverse order. It made him fail to make a further consideration.

The first matter was that the Antigonus family was destroyed by the Church of the Evernight Goddess.

The second matter was that the Antigonus family had the Seer Sequence in its grasp, or at least, most of it.

As there was a very long period of time between when Klein learned the two facts, he almost didn't piece them together. Hence, he overlooked something that should have been pretty obvious.

Since the Antigonus family had grasped a majority of the Sequences of the Seer pathway, how is it possible that the Church of the Evernight Goddess only received Sequence 9 Seer?

They should have obtained more than that as the spoils of war!

If a member from the Aurora Order got ahold of the Clown formula from the Antigonus family's magical notebook, then what about the Church that destroyed the entire Antigonus family?

Even if the Antigonus family was well prepared and hid their most valuable things at the highest peak of Hornacis Mountain, the Church of the Evernight Goddess shouldn't have gained so little. They were the ones who killed the family members of Antigonus family. Furthermore, the dead can be made to speak!

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## Chapter 143: The Fool' s Real-time Translator

**Translator:** AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

Klein paced around the small shooting range as he pondered over the intent of the Church of the Evernight Goddess regarding the Seer pathway.

Do they not want Nighthawks to choose this pathway, or do they not want Beyonders to become powerful through this pathway? As such, they only revealed the Sequence 9 Seer which is clearly a support type? Captain also mentioned that the Holy Cathedral might have the subsequent recipes...

No, they didn't even provide the names of the potions for Sequence Numbers 8 and 7 in the confidential information that I read. They merely described the battle characteristics of each Sequence... In other words, they don't want those under them to realize that the Church might hold the actual formulas.

Is there a possibility that Nighthawks who chose this pathway could become "vengeful spirits" for the Antigonus family, and thus, the higher-ups of the Church made a decision like this? Or could there be some other reason?

Klein suddenly felt incredibly suspicious, a sense of intense wariness and vigilance, towards the higher-ups of the Church. He began reconsidering whether he should openly hand over the special application to become a Clown.



If there are some terrifying secrets behind this, wouldn't I be jumping into the fire myself? Frankly, I'm not a person that can be placed under strict investigation...

But the Tingen branch has handed the Clown potion formula over to the Church. Any Seer who learned of this would hope to advance. Isn't that normal? Sequence 8 is still considered a low Sequence, so it shouldn't invite too much attention...

The only problem is that I would only take a month to completely digest the potion and submit a special application. If the higher-ups are familiar with the "acting method," they would be able to realize what I did immediately... Of course, I do have an excuse; I know Spirit Medium Daly after all. Old Neil, who is strict in abiding by the Mystery Pryer's maxim, is also my friend. The claim that I gained inspiration from them and refined the "acting method" isn't too hard to believe.

Yes, even Daly received attention from the higher-ups only after showing signs of digesting a Sequence 7 potion in three years, and is now being nurtured to become a future Archbishop. Being at the stage of Clown shouldn't garner me too much attention—unless I fully digest the Clown potion in a few months, giving them confirmation to believe that I have truly mastered the "acting method"...

In other words, applying for the Clown potion isn't a risky move. I can continue with that plan, but I should pay attention to this in the future. Sigh, I'll have to take things one step at a time. I'll do a divination back at home.

Klein collected himself and took out his revolver from his holster before carrying on with his daily shooting practice and maintenance.

The quality of the revolver that he had gotten from his schoolmate, Welch, was unexpectedly good. Without any surprise, it would last for

quite some time. Of course, he had to credit Dunn and Leonard for teaching him how to maintain a revolver.

To be honest, it doesn't matter if it's damaged. These are all things I can request compensation for. Klein looked at the target, put away his revolver, and left the Shooting Club.

He took the public transport back to 2 Daffodil Street. Before arriving at his destination, he saw a young lady pacing about his door.

This lady was dressed in a blue lacy dress, as well as a thinly veiled hat. She was Melissa's classmate—Elizabeth who had her adorable baby fat.

She quickly approached when she saw Klein arrive, taking off her hat to reveal her joyful face.

She paused for two seconds before smiling.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Moretti. I'm guessing that you just came back from Lamud Town, right?”

I'm sorry, I came back in the morning... Klein smiled.

“No, I came from Zouteland Street.”

Yes, that was a very honest answer... He laughed to himself.

Elizabeth froze for a moment, then said with excitement, “Alright, I guessed wrongly. I came to look for you because I wanted to tell you that I didn't have that nightmare last night. I no longer dreamed about the knight in black armor! This was exactly the same as the result of your divination!”

Of course — that wraith was completely purified by Sealed Artifact 3-0782. I couldn't channel his spirit even if I was there, much less your dream... Klein laughed and replied gently, "I'm happy that you're freed from your troubles. I'm also very satisfied with my divination yesterday."

"Thank you, thank you once again! Alright, I have to go now, I still have lessons in the afternoon. Bye bye, Mr. Moretti. I'll visit Melissa when I have the time~" Elizabeth left joyfully, renting a carriage by the side of the road.

As the carriage began to roll forward, she smiled and thought proudly, Melissa definitely doesn't know how great her brother is...

...

It seems as though my explanation just now was useless. Young ladies would rather trust their intuition and the truths made up in their minds... Klein saw Elizabeth board the carriage and opened the door to his house. He made his way to his room.

He rested for a while before he began to consolidate everything that had happened over the past week, including the questions he had yet to resolve.

After completing the task, he burned his notes, took out his pocket watch, and opened it.

"Half past two? There's another fifteen minutes left..." Seeing that he still had time, Klein put on his oldest suit and headed to Smyrin Bakery at Iron Cross Street to buy a cup of sweet iced tea from Mrs. Wendy.

He drank his beverage as he returned, then sealed his room with a wall of spirituality at fifteen minutes to three. He then took four steps counterclockwise and entered the world above the gray fog.

In the quiet, ancient palace, Klein conjured a piece of goatskin and wrote down a divination statement: "I should obtain the Clown potion through the Nighthawks."

He put his pen down and untangled the spirit pendulum on his wrist. He grabbed the pendulum firmly with his left hand, allowing the topaz to be suspended right above the piece of paper.

He recited the statement seven times. His eyes darkened and the pendulum in his hand started to turn. It turned clockwise.

It's a positive answer, so it's appropriate. But it'll be hard to say for the sequences after Clown. I should seriously develop my Tarot Club... Klein did another divination to confirm the answer.

After this, he used his hand and pressed down on the dark red star representing the Sun.

He wanted to bring the youth from the City of Silver in early and ask if he revealed whatever had happened in this world to the six-member council. If he hadn't, then Klein would give him a better way of knowing what time the gatherings would start.

...

In a room of the Berg household in the City of Silver.

Derrick sat silently by the side of his bed, waiting for The Fool's summoning.

In order to avoid being near anybody, he didn't even go out of the house after he "returned." He had nearly finished all the food in his room.

Bearing with the hunger and hearing the growls of his stomach, Derrick felt as though he was a living corpse roaming around on a dark plain. However, he remained silent nor did he stand.

At that moment, he saw a dark red color spread in the air, quickly swallowing him.

The gray, boundless, cold, lonely world appeared in his field of vision once again. Seated at the seat of honor, The Fool, who was obscured by the thick fog, presented himself in front of him once more.

Klein was satisfied that his "summoning" wasn't interrupted. He also confirmed that he didn't face any immediate danger.

"Sun, we meet again," he said smilingly, using Jotun.

Derrick was shocked by what had happened. He lowered his head.

"You are a Fool who keeps his word."

"The other members will arrive in a while. Before that, I'll confirm a few things with you first." Klein used the Loen language this time, but willed the mysterious space to translate it into Jotun.

The words rang through the air, coming to Derrick in Jotun. He asked curiously,

"What's the matter?"

Well, now that I've gained a certain degree of mastery over Jotun, the mysterious space above the gray fog can translate whatever I say in real

time. This means that I won't have to worry about Justice and The Hanged Man not understanding whatever Sun says... Sigh, why does a boss like me have to work so tirelessly? Klein pinched the bridge of his nose. He laughed and shook his head.

"I'll permit you to recite my name; remember the incantations I'm going to tell you."

"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"

Derrick's pupils constricted when he heard that, but he didn't dare to get distracted. He recited it over and over again in his heart, then confirmed it with The Fool.

"You have to use a simple ritual and recite my name whenever you return to the City of Silver... I will notify you in advance for future gatherings. You need not pay too much attention to it on other days, nor do you have to avoid anyone. When you receive my notification, isolate yourself within a thousand heartbeats." Klein told him the method he had been deliberating on for quite some time.

This was essentially a response to a prayer.

As he had to consider the situation regarding the City of Silver, as well as save time, Klein opted to omit the other steps of the ritual since it was a plea directed toward him.

"A thousand heartbeats?" Derrick muttered to himself.

Klein described the general idea of the Tarot Club to Derrick, then took out his pocket watch and looked at the time.

Derrick froze for a while, instinctively looking at the wondrous item.

When three approached, Klein extended his hand and pressed on the dark red stars representing Justice and The Hanged Man.

Derrick didn't blink as he witnessed this. He saw light burst forth opposite and beside him, as two hazy figures extended from within.

Audrey Hall surveyed her surroundings and froze suddenly. She then heard the ever-calm voice of Mr. Fool.

“This is our newest member, his code name is Sun.”

“This is Miss Justice, and that is Mr. Hanged Man.”

Newest member? Audrey was shocked at first, then her shock immediately turned to joy.

She was very excited to see the development of the Tarot Club. She felt like a protagonist.

The Hanged Man Alger creased his brows, a little upset that The Fool would drag in a new member so suddenly.

He should've at least mentioned it to us... But a great figure like Mr. Fool wouldn't have to care about our feelings... He thought in exasperation before giving a simple greeting to Justice and Sun.

In this short process, Audrey entered the her Spectator state and paid close attention to the newest member Sun.

“He should be quite young... His body language tells me that he's a little nervous and restrained... But he ultimately maintains a tolerable air of silence, giving the feeling of, hmm, a lone wolf, yes, a lone wolf...”

Audrey thought as she cast her gaze at The Fool who was seated at the end of the long bronze table.

She said in joy, “Mr. Fool, I’ve collected another two pages of Emperor Roselle’s diary.”

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## Chapter 144: Three-Way Deal

**Translator:** AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

Actually there were three pages, but the characters were too complicated and too difficult to memorize. My limit is only a little over two pages. I would mess up if I were to memorize more. The rest will have to wait until the next gathering... Audrey added in her head.

New pages of Roselle’s diary ? Klein’s mind stirred. He smiled and asked in reply when he already knew the answer, “Miss Justice, what do you need ?”

Audrey’s eyes beamed with excitement, but she replied in a reserved manner, “You know that I’ll soon fully digest the Spectator potion. I hope that I can get the formula for the Telepathist potion so that I can prepare the ingredients ahead of time. Hmm, I know that there isn’t much content for two pages of the diary, and it might not equal to the value of the Telepathist formula, so I’ll give you another page, hmm, I’ll also pay you a sum of money on the side...”

She had yet to finish what she said when she suddenly felt that it had come out wrong. She couldn’t help but berate herself in her head, Mr.



Fool is at the very least an important figure which approaches that of a god, how could he be bought over by money?!

Hence, Audrey couldn't maintain her Spectator state as she hurriedly added with a stammer, "That's not what I meant! Mr. Fool, what I meant is that you can determine the compensation that you'd like. Yes, that's what I meant!"

I like your earlier suggestion... I would answer like this: When you have fully digested the Spectator potion, you will get the formula you need. I have a subordinate, no, I have to use the word "adorer" that sounds more awesome. He happens to be handling some matters that require money, and this is his anonymous account in Backlund Bank... Yes, then I will disguise myself and make an anonymous account in Backlund Bank. Klein didn't answer immediately but weighed his words carefully with an unfathomable expression.

Backlund Bank was one of the seven major banks in the Loen Kingdom, and as such, it possessed the right to clear transactions.

The Loen Kingdom settled accounts with receipts to take care of cash transfer business between banks within the same city in a centralized manner. However, unlike banks in the Intis Republic, not all banks were part of the same league. The biggest seven banks held on to these rights. Hence, they were called the clearance banks, making other banks rely on them.

Transferring money from a different location, on the other hand, could only be done within the same bank. It would be completed by squaring accounts between branches. With the invention of the steam locomotive and telegram, the efficiency of these transfers had been enhanced drastically.

Just then, The Sun, Derrick Berg, suddenly spoke.

“The Telepathist potion formula? Telepathist that is followed by Psyche Analyst?”

Audrey looked towards him puzzledly. “You know of it?”

At the same time, Miss Justice saw a problem through her instinct as a Spectator.

The young man had used the ancient title “Psyche Analyst” instead of the modern term, “Psychiatrist!”

This guy is very strange... Audrey examined Sun’s every movement.

Derrick didn’t think that he behaved any differently but replied seriously, “I can get you the formula!”

Then, he felt guilty as he couldn’t provide it immediately. He tried his best to explain himself, “It’s a Sequence pathway that stemmed from the Dragon race. And our City of Silver was once ruled by the Giant King’s imperial household. As you know, the Giants and the Dragons are sworn enemies. Hence, the City of Silver has all of Sequence 9, 8, and 7. I have ways to get them.”

This kid... I already warned him not to speak carelessly or expose his origins. In the end... Klein nearly wanted to extend his hand to cover his face.

Sigh, although The Sun appears to be in great pain, very mature and silent for his age, he’s just a boy after all! However, that clarifies one thing for me... It turns out that the Spectator Sequence’s origins stem from the Dragon race. It’s no wonder that the symbol formed by stars behind Miss Justice’s high chair is the Dragon... The City of Silver has

preserved history well... Klein maintained his posture of leaning against the back of his chair while he listened thoughtfully to The Sun's description.

In fact, he could've easily stopped The Sun from exposing those matters. As long as he didn't help in the simultaneous translation, Justice and The Hanged Man wouldn't have understood him at all.

However, Klein took a different approach. He felt that it might help him consolidate his mighty and mysterious image in the minds of the three members effectively. Hence, he listened with a smile and didn't make a sound.

Giant King, Dragon race, the City of Silver... Audrey was confused. She first took a look at The Hanged Man opposite her, but she could tell that he was shocked and confused as well from his body language.

She looked sideways towards the seat of honor on the long bronze table. She saw The Fool sitting on the high chair, engulfed in thick grayish-white fog. His right arm was placed on the armrest while he leaned sideways leisurely. He showed no shock, no curiosity, no thoughts, and no doubt. He only looked at them with a smile.

He knows... He knew all of this... Audrey and Alger made the definite judgment almost at the same time.

"The City of Silver, I've never heard of this place... Where is it?"  
Audrey probed while Alger listened attentively.

At that very moment, Derrick Berg's head was filled with questions as well. He could tell that, besides the godlike Fool, Justice and The Hanged Man were some sort of Beyonders.

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, besides the people in the City of Silver, Derrick had never seen another living human.

So, he asked in reply, “If you aren’t residents of the City of Silver, which city-state are you from?”

Sigh... Klein couldn’t help but wish to sigh again.

Audrey trembled her lips, momentarily at a loss for words.

Yes, the hidden meaning behind his question is that if you don’t want to answer a similar question, don’t pry into the questions about where the other person lives...Miss Justice nodded faintly and elegantly kept quiet.

Obviously, Alger had misunderstood The Sun’s intentions as well. He didn’t know the other person was really just asking straightforwardly. So, he kept quiet too.

When Derrick didn’t receive any reply, he seemed to realize what was happening. He didn’t bring it up again and instead said,

“I will try to get the Telepathist potion formula as soon as possible. I would like to use it to exchange for the beginning Sequence pathway of the Sun.”

“Sun Sequence pathway? Sequence 9 Bard?” Alger asked in reply.

Derrick thought and said, “Probably, but I lack information about it.”

Klein who was watching from the side decided to get involved, because he didn’t want to risk anyone taking his business away.

He smiled and said, “I believe Miss Justice doesn’t have the Bard formula.”

But Mr. Hanged Man seems to be able to get it...

Seeing Audrey nod, Klein continued with a faint smile, "I will give The Sun the Bard formula. The Sun will pass the Telepathist potion to Miss Justice as soon as possible. Try to get it done within the next two Gatherings. Miss Justice, please pass me the new pages of Roselle's diary. Then, the deal is done."

"Yes, according to the law of equivalent exchange, The Sun is on the losing end of this transaction, but as of now, he has only made a promise. When he really provides the Telepathist formula, Miss Justice can consider how to compensate him again, or I will compensate him while Miss Justice provides money to one of my adorers who needs to do somethings recently. Heh heh, that's because The Sun might not necessarily be able to receive Miss Justice's cash or ingredients as compensation."

Klein intentionally added that final statement to redirect The Hanged Man and Justice's focus onto the fact that Sun might not be able to receive her compensation. He also did that to place himself in an unfathomable position; then, everyone would ignore the adorer that lacked money.

Might not necessarily receive the compensation... Where exactly is The Sun? The Southern Continent? Alger suddenly creased his eyebrows.

The origin of The Sun is mysterious too... As expected, Mr. Fool does have subordinates in reality. Audrey finally saw her hope of becoming a Sequence 8 Telepathist. What other thoughts could she have? She suppressed her excitement and flashed a faint smile as she said, "I have no objections."

“Neither do I.” When Derrick saw that he could obtain the beginning sequence of the Sun pathway, he nodded without hesitation. He couldn’t care less about the additional compensation.

Alger, who was out of the three-way deal, didn’t have the right to speak. Although he could get the formula of Bard, he would need to wait a week or two as well.

At that moment, Klein, who had successfully delayed the compensation to the next Gathering, or the following one after, pressed his palm forward happily. The Bard formula surfaced.

“Main ingredients: a Crystal Sunflower or an adult Flint Bird’s tail feather or a Fire Bird’s tail feather... A piece of Siren Rock or a Singing Sunflower...

Supplementary ingredients: a blade of Midsummer Grass, 5 drops of July Wine Juice, a blade of Elf Dark Leaf...”

He sent the formula before The Sun and saw the young man first crease his eyebrows and then relax.

Yes, the ingredients in the Forsaken Land of the Gods will still be known by their ancient names. Luckily, my formula was obtained directly from the Eternal Blazing Sun. The knowledge that I gained used ancient names and various replacements...Klein suddenly cast his eyes of realization towards Miss Justice.

Audrey looked at The Sun who was memorizing the formula, then she quickly willed the two pages of the diary that she had memorized.

The diary immediately appeared on the yellowish-brown goatskin and, with a flash, appeared in Klein’s hands.

Just like before, he started reading immediately.

“3rd November, Matilda is three months pregnant now. I even find those maidservants who come from the villages beautiful. No, I can’t lower my standards. Coincidentally, Countess Florais has invited me to join a private party, hehe.

“8th November, Archbishop Fan Estin sought my help. Huh, what can I do for an archbishop ?

“9th November, it turns out that there is actually a secret hidden within Sequence pathways. Archbishop Estin told me that after becoming a Sequence 5 Beyond, the rest of the Sequences could be replaced with Sequences of the same level from one or two other pathways! In other words, it starts from the Mid-Sequence to High-Sequence! But this is only limited between those one or two pathways. If it’s replaced with a potion from a wrong pathway, semi-insanity is the mildest outcome, and one can’t advance any further.

“This way, one can begin substituting pathways from Sequence 4 onwards. Sleepless and Corpse Collector pathways. Yes, the Church’s Savant and Mystery Prayer pathways can also substitute for one another at a High Sequence.”

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Chapter 145: Request for Cooperation

**Translator:** AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

Some pathways are interchangeable after Sequence 5 ? That's different from what the Nighthawks told me!

Isn't it a fact that you cannot change your pathway after you choose one ? Wasn't it mentioned that diverging from your pathway would allow one to obtain strange, mysterious powers, but that person would definitely go insane and would never be able to advance ?

To think that there are some hidden exceptions to this!

Klein looked at the diary, his pupils constricting.

He didn't think that the Emperor Roselle would spout nonsense about something like this. After all, the surprise in his words were so real. But he didn't assume that the information Emperor Roselle had received was definitely correct. There was also a possibility that he had been lied to, or that he had misinterpreted the information.

I will need to verify this. I'll commit it to my memory first... Klein reminded himself, then thought deeply about this.

If what Roselle described here turns out to be correct, then the Sequence pathways go deeper than what I imagined... It hides many secrets...

The complete pathway possessed by the Nighthawks is Sleepless. They also possess a relatively complete path in the Corpse Collector, which they have up to Sequence 4. To think that those are interchangeable after Sequence 5... The other potion chains they have are even less complete, as some pathways only possess the first Sequence...

Similarly, the Church of the God of Steam and Machinery holds the complete pathway of the Savant, and has a relatively complete pathway for the Mystery Pryer. These can also be interchanged at High Sequences...



Interesting... I wonder which pathway is interchangeable with the Seer pathway? The Apprentice or Marauder that was mentioned by the Emperor?

Hmm, there's a high possibility that the first five Sequence pathways of the Seer pathway would each provide a separate ability, and that these abilities would be combined at Sequence 4. At that stage, there should be no way to interchange it with some other potion... Klein retracted his thoughts, once again placing his attention onto the diary.

He noticed that although the two diary pages were connected, the content was not in chronological order. The dates belonged to two different periods. This could be a mistake made by whoever copied their content.

"9th April. The relationships between the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun, the Church of the Lord of Storms, and the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom are poor. They see each other as enemies. The Church of the Evernight Goddess is at odds with the Church of the God of Combat from the Feysac Empire. This can be taken advantage of. These are all facts worth considering."

"13th April. I participated in an ancient organization's gathering. I never expected them to be members of this organization as well. It sure was frightening."

"To think that the second Blasphemy Slate was in the hands of this organization. This is the first time I'm seeing this legendary item!"

"Indeed, it was hiding an unimaginable secret, hehe. Perhaps there will come a day when I will create a Blasphemy Slate unique to me. No, a set of them, with each one hiding an ultimate secret!"

Holy f\*\*k, Emperor, why didn't you specify the name of this ancient organization!? You're killing me! Perhaps—perhaps, Roselle had a reason, or didn't dare to write down the name of the organization, even if he was using Chinese... Klein looked at the diary, a little uncomfortable and puzzled.

But with this page of the diary, Klein could finally confirm that Emperor Roselle had seen the second Blasphemy Slate. Furthermore, he created a set of cards after that, each card represented a pathway to godhood.

Yes, that could be the ultimate secret that matches each pathway to godhood. I wonder where that set of twenty-two cards are now? That ancient organization managed to obtain the second Blasphemy Slate... Klein's thoughts flowed quickly.

But he quickly reined in his thoughts. He shifted his gaze away from the diary and shot it towards The Hanged Man, Justice, and The Sun. He smiled and said, "Actually, you didn't need to wait for me."

"It's our honor." Alger had already reined in his dissatisfaction as he answered humbly.

Audrey thought for a moment before smiling.

"Mr. Fool, the open selection of government officials through examinations that you described previously has already garnered the support of the King and the Prime Minister. It will soon be passed by the House of Lords and the House of Commons and is predicted to be implemented early next year."

"It looks like the King and the Prime Minister still use their brains," Alger mocked out of habit.

Well, with Benson's intellect and diligence, his grammatical and accounting skills should be passable by early next year... But once it's passed by the two Houses, it will definitely be announced widely by the various newspapers. I wonder how long Benson's advantage will last? The earlier the examination, the better...

Sigh, there's no way Benson can triumph over the elites who graduated from the various universities in such a short period of time. But he need not compete against them; the positions they're fighting for wouldn't be the same. Those people might only have their sights trained on positions such as the Cabinet secretary, or Finance secretary... The silent Klein worried for his brother as he nodded his head with a smile.

Audrey straightened her back when she saw The Fool's affirmative nod. She said with a smile, "Mr. Hanged Man, you got me to check on something for you previously. I've received an answer. The King has been convinced by the Prime Minister and won't seek revenge on the Feysac Empire at the East Balam Shore for the time being. I think you can now give me the extra payment that you promised me."

Alger thought for a few seconds before saying, "Miss Justice, thank you for your answer. This eases my concerns over certain things. What kind of extra payment do you want? I'll consider it if it's within reason."

Audrey smiled, obviously prepared.

"Clues to the Psychology Alchemists, or clues to the main ingredients of the potion Telepathist. Of course, that can wait until after The Sun hands the formula over to me."

"No problem," Alger said without hesitation.

Two seats away from The Hanged Man, Derrick Berg couldn't understand a single word. He was very confused, feeling that he only understood a few terms, but couldn't string them together to provide any logical sense.

A method of selecting officials through examination? A King and Prime Minister, House of Lords, House of Commons, East Balam Shore, Feysac Empire, Psychology Alchemists? He understood none of that.

Feysac, the root of the word came from Jotun. What connection did it have with the fallen Giant King's imperial household? Derrick looked at Justice and The Hanged Man, suddenly having the feeling that they might not come from the same world.

Could there be another city-state, or one that had formed a nation, somewhere far away from the City of Silver in the cursed lands? Derrick remained silent and listened on. He had a faint understanding of why the mysterious Fool mentioned that he might not be able to receive the monetary compensation Justice was going to give him.

To be able to gather people this far away from each other, disregarding the terrifying monsters hiding in the darkness of the cursed lands, The Fool might really be a god, an ancient god... he thought.

After accomplishing everything that she set out to do, Audrey wanted to become a silent observer, but she suddenly remembered something. She spoke in a hurry, "I recently came into contact with a Beyonder circle and found out about a powerful person named Mr. A. Mr. Fool, Mr. Hanged Man, Mr. Sun, do you know of this person's background and identity?"

I don't even know what you're talking about... Derrick maintained his silence.

Mr. A? I only know a Mr. Z... With such a similar code name, could he also be from the Aurora Order? Klein made a guess, but didn't give an answer.

He had to maintain his image and try not to give answers he wasn't confident in. If he had to, he would give a vague description just like a charlatan.

Alger looked at The Fool and found him calm and unchanging. It was hard to read his true thoughts. Thus, he said in a deliberative tone, "The Aurora Order is at odds with the Church of the Lord of Storms, the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun, and the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, so members of these Churches understand the Aurora Order more than any other organization. And I happen to know something about them."

You need not explain, I know that you come under the Lord of Storms. Of course, you could be a whistleblower... But why would there be hatred between the Aurora Order and the three ancient Churches? Klein smiled but didn't speak. He looked calmly at The Hanged Man.

Alger knew that he couldn't hide his Sequence pathway from The Fool, but didn't pay too much attention to it and continued.

"The Aurora Order has five Saints and twenty-two Oracles. These Oracles use the alphabet as their code names, from Mr. A to Mr. X. They are Beyonders, with the weakest being Sequence 7 and the strongest Sequence 5. They are all adept at hiding themselves. Should an Oracle die, a new Oracle will take their place."

"I cannot guarantee that the Mr. A you spoke of is the Mr. A from the Aurora Order, but there is a good possibility. As for the details of the Aurora Order, I have mentioned that to you before."

Audrey nodded, becoming even more cautious of Mr. A.

She said, feeling a little pinch in her heart, “Thank you for your answer, Mr. Hanged Man. You need not make a payment anymore.”

“No, I wish to ask for your help with the answer just now, as well as provide extra compensation,” Alger said with a deep voice.

“What help?” Audrey asked curiously.

Alger thought for a few seconds before saying, “I received intelligence that the pirate Qilangos, codenamed Rear Admiral Hurricane, has secretly gone onshore and infiltrated Backlund. I don’t know what he’s up to, but I hope that you can help me locate his whereabouts. As for whatever happens afterwards, you need not put yourself in danger.”

“Rear Admiral Hurricane Qilangos? One of the seven great admiral pirates?” Audrey widened her eyes, almost unable to maintain her Spectator state.

What was the thing she wanted to do the most after she became a Beyonder? It was, of course, to interact with the people that only existed in the fables of the nobles!

“Yes, he’s a Sequence 6 Beyonder of the path of the Sailor, a Wind-blessed. He also has a miraculous item that could be classified as a Sealed Artifact. He’s quite crafty and cruel. Don’t attempt to deal with him,” Alger introduced seriously.

He suddenly turned to Klein.

“Mr. Fool, can I get your adorer to assist me at the critical moment? I would pay a price that interests you.”

The only adorer I have is myself... Klein lampooned to ease his emotions as he smiled.

“That is built on the premise that my adorer happens to be in Backlund.”

“Alright.” Alger retracted his gaze, a little disappointed, but also a little expectant.

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“What’s so special about Qilangos’s magical item?” Audrey asked slightly confidently.

She considered it carefully and suddenly realized that she had a decent ability to locate people in Backlund.

Firstly, her father was one of the most wealthy, connected, and reputable nobles, while she was quite popular amongst the younger generation too. Hence, in the upper-middle class of the society, she had quite a few resources to take advantage of.

Secondly, the two Beyonders that she knew had their own circles as well. Apprentice Fors was originally a clinical doctor, and was now an author. She knew quite a number of people in the literary world and publishing industry, as well as among the middle-class doctors.

Arbiter Xio Derecha had helped many middle-lower class people to coordinate and mediate disputes over a long period of time. She was also quite famous in East Backlund borough among the working class and mafia. She had a lot of hidden channels.

Plus, considering the Beyonders that they knew and their circles of influence, their ability to look for a person wasn't to be belittled.

Towards Justice's question, Alger answered almost straightaway without hesitation or thought.

"No one knows the real name of the magical item, but the people who have come into contact with it call it the 'Creeping Hunger.' Qilangos uses a living person's soul and flesh to satisfy it every other day. Otherwise, it would consume its owner as a replacement."

"This could be one of the most important clues to seek out Qilangos," Audrey said, creasing her eyebrows.

She felt utter discomfort and extreme hatred towards any evil item that desired a living human's fresh blood and soul.

"Yes, but in a big city with at least five million people, a few vagrants going missing wouldn't be noticed," Alger reminded her. "Ever since he got his hands on the Creeping Hunger, Qilangos has been very difficult to deal with."

"He was originally a Wind-blessed. He possesses great Beyonder power in domains related to water, wind, and the weather. But, later on, people realized that he could drive his targets crazy, enter the dreams of others, summon light to purify a dead soul, sing to strengthen himself, and change his appearance... There's almost nothing that he can't do," Alger described in detail. "We suspect that those are all effects that came from the magical item, Creeping Hunger..."

Before he finished sharing, Derrick Berg, who had been listening quietly, suddenly blurted, "Shepherd!"



Shepherd? Sequence 5 of the Secrets Suppliant and Listener pathway?  
Hmm, among the six-member council in the City of Silver, there is a new elder who's a Shepherd. Sun had mentioned that she's strong enough to fight against a Sequence 4 expert, well—an evil spirit of the same grade... Klein's expression changed slightly, but it was covered by the gray fog. Justice wasn't paying any attention to him either.

“Shepherd?”

“Shepherd?”

Justice and The Hanged Man asked in unison. One sounded completely confused while the other sounded shocked, as though they had heard the title of Shepherd elsewhere before and knew something about it, but didn't understand the actual situation.

Seeing that everyone was staring at him, Derrick suddenly panicked a little. No matter how quiet, depressed, and vexed he was, he was a boy after all.

He hurriedly explained with a stammer, “What I meant was, the traits that The Hanged Man described were like the Beyonder power of the Sequence job, Shepherd. Every Shepherd can swallow another's soul into their body, including wraiths and evil spirits. They control these souls to do their bidding with a unique method, which allows them to make use of their abilities, just like a god letting his lambs out to graze.

“Hence, no one knows how many powers a Shepherd has. That depends on how many Beyonder souls they have swallowed, and that makes them very scary. They're almost like a High-Sequence Beyonder.

“However, there are people who suspect that there’s a limit to the number of souls that a Shepherd can consume and let out to graze, and that the souls inside them could be replaced as well.”

So that’s what being a Shepherd means... The Sequence pathway that the Aurora Order has in its control is enigmatic... No wonder they worship the True Creator, no, the Fallen Creator... Klein was suddenly enlightened, but he didn’t nod, taking on the appearance that he knew so long ago.

Meanwhile, he sighed inwardly. Sun, you are a boy after all. This is very important information, very important insight. You could’ve exchanged it for valuable things, but you just revealed it all! Just like that...

Yes, the ability demonstrated by the magical item Creeping Hunger is similar to a Sequence 5 Shepherd... I wonder if other Sealed Artifacts have the same powers of Beyonders? I wonder which Sequence the Sealed Artifact 2-049, the Antigonus family’s puppet, resembles...

After listening to Sun’s explanation, Alger seemed to have sorted out the puzzle in his mind as he nodded in silence.

Audrey got even more curious and pressed, “Which Sequence pathway is Shepherd from? Which number is it?”

“The Secrets Suppliant pathway, Sequence 5.” Klein seized the opportunity to answer so as to demonstrate that he knew everything.

“Secrets Suppliant... Aurora Order...” Audrey suddenly recalled Mr. A, who was a suspected Oracle of the Aurora Order, and she immediately felt heavy-hearted.

She started thinking seriously, thinking of what price she could pay in exchange for Mr. Fool to take action and rid off that disgusting fellow effortlessly. However, she couldn't think of anything that would move Mr. Fool into doing so.

As expected, a figure akin to a god wouldn't be easily moved... There aren't many things and matters that would garner their interest after all... Audrey sighed.

Putting her impulse aside, she nodded to The Sun gratefully, thanking him for giving them a new perspective on Creeping Hunger, so that they could deal with it more reasonably and efficiently.

“Mr. Hanged Man, I'm willing to accept the mission. But I can't guarantee if I can find Rear Admiral Hurricane, Qilangos.” Audrey looked opposite her when she spoke.

“There's no better answer than this. Regardless of your success, as long as you try, I will definitely compensate you with things like secret information or intelligence. And if you succeed, maybe I could provide you the Telepathist's main ingredients directly. Of course, the prerequisite is that we have to know what it is,” Alger promised generously, which was a rare sight.

“Deal,” Audrey pursed her lips and replied with a faint smile.

Then, Alger created Qilangos' portrait with Klein's permission and assistance.

He was one of the seven major pirate admirals. He had a distinctive broad chin, brown hair tied into a bun at the back of his head like an ancient warrior, and green eyes that seemed to hint at laughter, but were abnormally cold..

After they finished their discussion and shared their insights, Klein smiled as he announced the ending of the Gathering. He saw Justice and The Hanged Man get up swiftly from their seats and bow while The Sun mimicked their motions, only slower.

He pressed forward with his right hand and severed the connection, but he didn't leave immediately.

...

In the Berg household in the City of Silver.

Derrick looked at his familiar surroundings and glanced outside at the dark sky that had flashes of lightning. He was momentarily thrown into a trance.

But he soon jolted to his senses. He searched for goatskin and a quill before writing down the Bard formula he memorized.

He looked at it several times and was finally certain that there was nothing wrong with it.

Derrick wasn't worried that possessing the Bard formula and becoming a different Beyonder would gain the suspicion of the upper echelons of the City of Silver. This was because in past exploratory expeditions, members of those elite troops would often collect some formulas, ingredients, and strange artifacts from the monsters in the abandoned and destroyed cities.

During this process, it was normal that people kept some of the loot privately. As long as it didn't involve anything too important, the captains and higher-ups would tacitly overlook it.

Over time, some formulas started going around through non-official channels within the City of Silver. Some became the foundation of strong

families from generation to generation. The Things of the Dark surrounding the City of Silver were relatively fixed. Some ingredients could be obtained easily while some could only be encountered if one went far into the cursed land.

Putting aside the goatskin, Derrick recalled the mysterious Fool's instructions. Hence, in his simple bedroom, he lowered his head and simply prayed,

“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.”

...

Jotun was a very ancient language. It came equipped with the mystical properties demanded by rituals, prayers, and spell casting; therefore, Derrick didn't need to change the incantations into ancient Hermes.

...

“The Fool that doesn't belong to this era.”

...

Klein, who was seated at the seat of honor at the long bronze table, suddenly heard prayers reverberating in his ears. He then saw the crimson star that corresponded to Sun blinking.

He didn't try to touch it, but planned to reply to him ten minutes before the next Gathering so that the City of Silver youth would make preparations to be alone.

The most important part was for him to evade the conversion of time and date, to decrease the possibility of damaging Fool's mighty image.

After he confirmed that, Klein wrapped himself up with spirituality and stimulated a descent.

Returning to his room, Klein removed the spirituality wall and took a break before he got ready to head out again.

It wasn't necessary for him to play the role of a Seer, and he didn't have to fix his trip to the Divination Club into his daily schedule. He would only visit occasionally to make some extra pocket money and fulfill his supervision as a Nighthawk.

Originally, Klein wanted to laze around through the entire afternoon, but he suddenly thought of something that he had yet to do. So, he had no choice but to gather himself up. According to his appointment, he had to pay Detective Henry a visit that day and accept the final report about the red chimney investigation.

Sigh. I've heard that the big timers are all quite busy... I still have to spare some time to go to the Tingen Family Servant Assistance Association with Benson and Melissa to look for a good maidservant... Klein unwillingly changed his shirt, put on his black tuxedo, and held his silk top hat and silver-inlaid cane before walking out the door like a gentleman.

At Besik Street, under Henry's Private Detective Company, Klein put on a mask and lowered his hat as he went across the street quickly and entered the stairway.

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In the office of the private investigator.

“Sir, your request has been completed,” Detective Henry said to the gentleman in front of him with his hoarse voice. He heaved a sigh of relief. “This wasn’t an easy mission, nor was it too difficult, but it used up a great deal of our resources and energy. To be honest, I’m a little regretful. I regret setting too low a price for this mission.”

No, no matter what you say, I will not pay a single penny more! Klein emphasized in his heart. He pointed at the thick stack of documents on the coffee table and asked, “Is this the investigation report?”

“Yes.” Henry pressed on the report that had at least sixty pages and sighed. “This is the most troublesome report that I’ve completed...”

He hadn’t even finished his sentence when he saw Klein hand over four pounds in cash. His attention shifted to determining the authenticity of the notes.

“This is the remainder of the fees.” Klein held the thick stack of notes.

Henry coughed.

“You sure are a gentleman that keeps to his word. Sigh. I didn’t expect the investigation report to use this many pieces of paper. It was completely out of my budget.”

At that moment, Klein took the thick investigation report and stood up.

He gave a slight bow and immediately made his way to the door with his cane in hand.

Detective Henry’s last sentence was left stuck in his throat.

Hey, how can you expect me to pay for the paper used in the investigation report? That should be included in the fees already! Klein touched the five pounds eight soli he had left and muttered in his heart. He walked quickly onto Besik Street.

He surveyed the surroundings and confirmed that no one was paying attention to him before leaving the place. He found an opportunity to remove his mask.

Klein didn't intend to head home right away. He wanted to search for a cafe and organize the investigation report. He wanted to find the houses that had a change in tenants after divining the red chimney. He could then conduct his search before dinner.

There were many cafes in the area, but none of them met Klein's criteria. Ever since steam and machinery became the symbol of the times, more and more cafes had toned down on their decor and become something like cheap restaurants. They provided refreshments, coffee, bread, and dishes like pea and mutton stew to the busy workers. Thus, respectable ladies and gentlemen no longer went to cafes to discuss things. They no longer viewed these actions as being symbolic of their status. Various clubs started appearing and replaced cafes as a place for socializing.

After some time, Klein finally found a cafe that had a decent atmosphere.

He sat in a secluded corner and took a sip of his one-penny Southville Coffee before flipping open the investigation report.

“In Tingen City's North Borough, South Borough, East Borough, West Borough, Golden Indus, Harbor Borough, and University Borough, there are a total of 1179 buildings that have a dark red chimney... Along the outskirts of Tingen City, there are a total of 546 buildings with the red chimney the requester described. This doesn't include buildings in towns



or villages that are relatively further away despite them falling under the jurisdiction of Tingen.”

“Below are the addresses and tenant records of each of those buildings. As per the request, the activities within the last three months are recorded in more detail.”

...

Klein flipped through page after page, occasionally making notes on paper he brought around with a fountain pen.

Finally, when he found the type of red chimney he had seen, he realized that there was a change of tenants in twenty-five buildings.

That’s not too many. I should try to finish my investigations within two days. After all, I’ve seen that red chimney and parts of the house in my dream. My spiritual sense would have a feeling of familiarity when I see those signs again. I’ll confirm the target that way. In other words, I’m a living investigation machine... Klein nodded. He split the buildings based on their location and planned to investigate fifteen of them that day.

He didn’t need to do a divination to get an answer if these investigations would prove dangerous.

Since there was a change of tenants, that would mean that the mastermind behind the coincidences had already left!

Let’s hope that the new tenants know what the previous tenants look like... But since the person behind the scenes can control my fate without anyone noticing, to the point of making the coincidences feel so natural, he would definitely have a way to remove any traces he might have left behind... Sigh, I can only pray to the Goddess and hope that he left behind some sort of clue... Klein sighed. He pumped himself up and put

on his hat. He then grabbed his cane and the report before leaving the cafe.

Klein spent two soli on a rented carriage and visited fifteen buildings with the red chimneys before dinner. Unfortunately, none of the buildings was the one he saw in his dream.

It would be quite troublesome if tomorrow's investigation yields the same result. He might still be living in the house with the red chimney even after I saw it in my divination. This could say that he is very confident and isn't afraid of my investigation; in fact, he might not even be afraid of the Tingen Nighthawks. Or perhaps, he doesn't know that he's been exposed. That would mean that the power resisting my divination was a power not belonging to him... Klein stood in front of 2 Daffodil Street and analyzed the various possibilities.

A few minutes later, he patted down his tuxedo and pressed on his hat before taking out his key and entering the house with a smile.

He intended to prepare stewed mutton and honey glazed barbecue for Benson and Melissa that night.

...

At eleven in the evening, the siblings bade each other goodnight and returned to their respective rooms.

Klein closed the door to his room and stood before his desk. He looked outside the oriel window with the light of his gas lamp. At that moment, the streets were engulfed in darkness, with only a few street lamps illuminating the way. Stars dotted the screen that was the night sky. There were many stars, they were just not clearly visible.

“I wonder what Backlund is like, with its titles of the Land of Hope and the Capital of Capitals...” Klein muttered to himself. He extended his hand to grab his curtain, intending to draw it.

Woo!

At that moment, a sinister wind blew at him without warning. The light from his lamp turned a dark green.

Klein subconsciously took a few steps back. His occupational instincts made him tap his left molars twice. At the same time, he leaned toward the bed and tried to reach for his revolver under his pillow.

In his vision, a face suddenly protruded from the wall above the desk and under the gas lamp. It was a translucent face without any eyes or nose. All it had was a mouth!

“Do not fire.” The face with a mouth spoke.

It can communicate? Klein already had his revolver in hand as he took aim.

“What do you want?” he asked in a deep voice.

The face chuckled.

“I’m Daly.”

Daly? Spirit Medium Daly? The Spirit Medium Daly who was sent to the Backlund diocese? Klein raised his brows in doubt.

“Madam Daly?”

“I know that this method of visiting you is a little rude. I should’ve given you a warning so you could make the necessary preparations. But it isn’t convenient for me to meet you right now, and so, I can only communicate with you using this little guy.” The translucent face laughed.

Even though the voice is different and jarring, the manner of speech is indeed Madam Daly’s style. The abilities of a Spirit Medium sure are cool... Klein reflected wistfully. He didn’t lower his revolver as he asked, “Madam, what do you want to talk about with me?”

“If I were you, I would first seal the bedroom with spirituality. Otherwise, your family members might think of you as crazy.” The translucent face quipped, “Heh heh, you need not be so cautious. I came back to Tingen in secret because of Dunn’s letter. You know that a Nighthawk cannot leave the area they are assigned to at will.”

“The Captain’s letter?” Klein didn’t approach the desk. Instead, he felt for the Holy Night Powder he had in the hidden pocket of his black windbreaker.

“Dunn and I are both Beyonders that started with the Tingen Nighthawks. We have always maintained a good relationship. Last Thursday, yes, Thursday, he sent me a letter and mentioned you. He said that you emulated the maxim of a Mystery Pryer, came up with a set of rules for a Seer, and claimed that it was effective in helping you grasp your potion. From then on, you no longer hear sounds and see visions that you shouldn’t. Dunn said that it was similar to what I did.

“Heh heh, are you not going to seal the room? I personally do not mind your brother and sister misunderstanding...” the translucent face said at an adequate pace.

So that's the reason... She's indeed Madam Daly... Klein heaved a sigh of relief, pushing the Holy Night Powder back into the inner pocket. He then walked to the desk and took out the silver dagger he used for rituals from the drawer.

He quickly built up a wall of spirituality before turning to the protruding face.

“Madam Daly, what else did the Captain talk about in the letter?”

“He only expressed his own confusion and said that he seemed to understand something — yet, he couldn't describe it clearly. He hoped to get my opinion on the matter,” Daly said with the help of the face without eyes. “And when I read the letter this morning, I knew that you aren't as clueless as you pretend to be. Heh heh, Mr. Moretti, I think that you have deduced the ‘acting method!’”

“That's the reason you came looking for me?” Klein neither confirmed nor denied her statement.

Daly clearly knows about the “acting method”... He calmly made the judgment.

Daly's translucent face revealed a slight smile.

“Yes.”

“I believe that we should be honest with each other. I know that you have deduced the acting method, and you also know that I grasp the ‘acting method’ as well. Sigh. But what's making me unhappy is that I used nearly two years to understand it — yet, you've only been a Beyonder for one and a half months.”

Klein fell silent for a while after hearing Daly. He then smiled honestly.

“That’s because I have you as my role model.”

He wanted to say that he was “standing on the shoulders of giants,” but ultimately decided not to give the Emperor Roselle a chance to appear in the conversation.

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## Chapter 148: Messenger

**Translator:** AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

Klein’s reply made Daly chuckle. The translucent face with only a mouth said, “Even though you found inspiration through the maxim of the Mystery Pryers and confirmed your theories through my experience and performance, it only took you a month to understand the ‘acting method’ and come up with your own Seer principle. That shows that you possess outstanding wisdom and an open mind.”

Klein didn’t engage in the topic which made him guilty, but instead asked in response, “Madam, do the higher-ups in the church know about this so-called ‘acting method?’”

“No doubt, they understand it very clearly. I once read through the historical information in the church and searched through stories of people ignoring the norms and advancing quickly. I realized that there were more than a few Nighthawks and bishops who have done so, I’m not the most unique one either. But their ending...” Daly intentionally paused, and she suddenly sounded heavy-hearted.

“What kind of ending did they have?” Klein asked, feeling a tug at his heartstrings.

Could it be that the Church of the Evernight Goddess views the “acting method” as the seduction of some devil or evil god ?

The translucent face suddenly laughed. “Their endings were rather great. Besides the few who lost control or were sacrificed in Beyonder incidents, the rest of them have at least become archbishops or high-ranking deacons. Among them, there are also experts that have successfully become High-Sequence Beyonders. In the Church of the Goddess, Sequence 4’s and Sequence 3’s are called Saints, while Sequence 2’s and Sequence 1’s are called Grounded Angels. Of course, every angel was once a Saint.”

... Madam Daly, you deliberately tried to scare me earlier... the corner of Klein’s lips twitched before he asked, without hiding his suspicions, “Since the Church has mastered the ‘acting method,’ why didn’t they just tell every Nighthawk ? Although it wouldn’t prevent every Nighthawk from losing control, it would definitely lower the probability and reduce unnecessary losses.”

A sense of loss appeared on the translucent face. “I have no idea why either. They told me that when I become an archbishop or high-ranking deacon, I’ll be able to know the secret. I came here today because I hope that you can tell Dunn about the ‘acting method’ more clearly before you hand in your special request.”

Klein wasn’t stupid enough to ask why she couldn’t do that herself; instead, he said thoughtfully, “Once noticed by the Church, one has to swear not to tell anyone about the ‘acting method?’”

“Yes, you must do it before the Goddess’s holy items and swear upon Her name. That holds enough binding force. Trust me, you definitely don’t want to know the outcome of a violation. I can only talk about it with people who have mastered the ‘acting method,’ like you. Your body

language already gave me the answer before you replied; that's why I dared to say the term." Daly made the creepy face sigh.

She paused for a moment before saying, "I only faintly grasped the essence of 'acting' back then and digested the potion very quickly. Yes, among the higher-ups in the Church, using the term 'digesting' to describe the control of the potion is very aptly worded. Anyway, before I made the pledge and found out about the 'acting method,' I had no clear understanding of it, so I couldn't accurately explain it to Dunn and the others.

"I gave up at first. I never thought that I would meet you, an eccentric wonder that could clearly understand the 'acting method' before handing in a special application—no, a genius."

So that's how you see me, Madam... the corner of Klein's mouth twitched before he solemnly promised, "I originally intended to remind Captain about the existence of the 'acting method' through my special application. With your explanation, I don't have to worry further."

"Very well, you're such a kind lad." Daly sounded relaxed.

Madam, you're only about two to three years older than me... Klein inwardly pointed out the error in her words.

Without him speaking any further, the translucent creepy face continued, "If you have any problems or anything that you require assistance with, you can write a letter to me. Wait for me, heh heh. When I become an Archbishop or a high-ranking deacon which allows me to understand why the Church hides the 'acting method,' I'll give you a hint whether if it's a good or bad thing.



Klein was suddenly energized, and he asked without hesitation, “Madam, what’s your address?”

To him, the more help he got, the merrier. Plus, she was a pretty strong Spirit Medium!

Seeing that Klein didn’t oppose the idea at all, Daly remained silent for a while before she laughed.

“Our communication shouldn’t go through the post office, as we would be using normal letters. That’s very dangerous.

“I’ll teach you a relatively easy ritualistic magic. You can use it to summon a special spirit, one that belongs to me. Pass the letter to it, and it’ll send it precisely to me. It wouldn’t be faster than a telegram, but it’s faster than a steam locomotive. If you were to send a message at noon, I would receive the message in Backlund that same night.”

Klein listened to her with his full attention. He nodded faintly. “A very pragmatic ritualistic magic.”

Daly chuckled.

“The uniqueness of the ritualistic magic is to pray to yourself. Obtaining power from your own spirituality, without going through a god. Hence, it’s quite secretive, but it isn’t very powerful.

“... First, you select a herb and essential oil in the corresponding domain. This is no different than normal ritualistic magic. However, you only need the candle that represents yourself. Then, regarding the spell, there are three parts. The first part is ‘I.’ Shout ‘I’ in either ancient Hermes, Jotun, Dragonish, or Elvish. The second part is ‘I summon in my name.’ That part can be said in Hermes. The third part is the exact description of

the summoning object. For instance, you would use this in the future: “the spirit that wanders about the unfounded, the higher-dimensional creature that a human orders, the messenger that belongs to Daly Simone.”

Higher-dimensional? In mysticism, this is normally referred to as the spirit world...Klein memorized as he analyzed the ritual procedure.

In that aspect, he could barely be considered an expert.

The benefit of this kind of ritualistic magic is that it avoids calling upon a god but relies purely on a person’s power. It achieves various magical effects without the constraints imposed by a god’s specialized domain. The problem lies in the strength of a person. A weak result for the weak, and a strong result for the strong... Klein felt that he had once again obtained new mysticism knowledge that he would’ve never come into contact with at his current Sequence.

Daly repeated the description a few times and emphasized solemnly, “Remember, don’t change the actual description of the summoning object, or the ritual could easily attract a terrifying monster.”

“Okay.” Klein nodded honestly.

At the same time, he suddenly thought of something.

If I were to change the description of the summoning object to “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,” what would be summoned?

Would it be utterly useless, or would the gray fog suddenly descend, or would I need to respond in that mysterious space?

Would this help me in stirring more power from the world above the gray fog ?

Would it cause a terrifying chain effect ?

Klein still felt traces of the fear after his experimentation with the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem. In the end, he followed his intent and planned to divine above the gray fog before deciding whether he should make the attempt or not.

He contemplated and asked out of interest, “Madam, if one were to strictly practice the ‘acting method,’ how long does it take to go from Sequence 8 to Sequence 7, and how long from Sequence 7 to Sequence 6 ?”

“According to the information that I’ve read, it varies from three months to two years for Sequence 8 to Sequence 7. It depends on whether you can grasp the core spirit and corresponding principle during the ‘acting’ process. From Sequence 7 to Sequence 6, it varies from half a year to three years; likewise for Sequence 6 to Sequence 5. As for Sequence 5 to Sequence 4, three to twenty years...” Daly described roughly.

Klein suddenly smiled.

“So Madam, are you already at Sequence 6 ?”

He heard from Dunn that Daly used a year’s time from Sequence 9 Corpse Collector to Sequence 8 Gravedigger. Then, from Gravedigger to Sequence 7 Spirit Medium, she used another year. She had been a Beyonder for five years. In other words, Daly was at the Spirit Medium stage for about three years.

“Yes, that’s the reason why I was transferred to Backlund diocese,” the creepy translucent face answered frankly. “My current occupation is a

Spirit Guide. However, I prefer the name Spirit Medium. Alright, this little guy is getting tired. I have to go. Under such circumstances, I won't be saying 'may the Goddess bless you.'

"Sweet dreams." Klein pressed his chest, smiled, and bowed.

"No, there won't be any sweet dreams tonight. I have to rush back to Backlund. This isn't a happy experience, it's like having a relationship with someone you don't like..." Daly's voice grew softer, and the translucent face with no eyes or nose slowly shrank back into the wall without leaving behind any traces.

The gas lamp light suddenly became bright and the gloominess vanished into thin air.

Klein, who had his Spirit Vision activated the entire time, watched the changes in a daze. It took him a while to snap back to reality.

"Spirit Medium—no, Spirit Guide is very impressive. It can actually conjure a 'messenger.' I wonder what's the specialty of my Sequence 7 and Sequence 6?" he muttered to himself. Then, he quickly dispelled the spiritual wall, switched off the gas lamp in his bedroom, and silently lay down in the darkness.

He didn't plan to head to the world above the gray fog that night, just in case Daly suddenly returned and said Dunn Smith's classic words, "Oh yeah, I forgot one thing."

When that happens, I wouldn't even be able to silence her with death!

...

On the second day, Klein arrived at the Blackthorn Security Company three minutes early.

“Good morning, Klein. The new clerk is here!” Rozanne greeted with a splendid smile.

Klein felt sincerely happy for her.

“Congratulations, Rozanne. The Goddess heard your prayers.”

“My skin shall be back to perfect condition!” Rozanne nodded, her eyes beaming with joy.

After they chatted for a while, Klein walked through the partition and knocked on the door to the Captain’s office.

“Please come in.” Dunn’s mellow voice sounded.

Klein pushed open the door to enter. He saw his Captain sit up instinctively as his gray eyes turned dark. It was as though he was prepared for trouble.

Ahem. Klein cleared his throat, set aside his hat and cane, then sat down.

“Captain, I have something that I’d like to report.”

“What is it?” Dunn asked in a deep voice, his arms crossed.

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Klein looked at the serious Dunn Smith and smiled suddenly.

“Captain, I understood something yesterday.”

“And what is that?” Dunn repeated the question in a serious tone. He leaned back and unfolded his crossed arms.

Klein recalled the script that he had prepared.

“As I was concluding my past experiences, I realized that the names of Sequence potions encompass a whole set of principles that can help us gain control over them, a set of principles that allow us to avoid the negative impacts. When we’re doing things according to these set of principles, we seem to become a member of the corresponding job.

“Similarly, these sets of principles are hidden. They aren’t made known to you directly. All we can do is make conclusions from the corresponding job bit by bit, then adjust our understanding based on the different feedback we receive.

“Thus, when I became a real Seer at the Divination Club and obtained my set of principles for the Seer, the auditory and visual illusions that plagued me just vanished.

“That is what I understood.”

After finishing his narration, Klein heaved a sigh to himself. He said everything he needed to say, other than explicitly mentioning the term ‘acting.’

Sigh, let’s hope that the Captain doesn’t tell the Church that I’ve already developed such ideas when he is asked. That would place much more attention on me... There’s also the factor of the relationship between the Seer pathway and the Antigonus family. That might cause trouble eventually. But the Captain has also experienced all kinds of situations, and he’s an experienced and smart person. Once he understands the “acting method,” he’ll definitely notice that the Church is hiding relevant information. He’ll know what he should say and what he shouldn’t... Klein had many complicated thoughts.

But he quickly made a decision and had a plan.

If the Captain was still unable to understand the “acting method” or sense of the cover-up by the Church, then I’ll tell him straight up before submitting the special application!

Yes, I’ll probe him first and determine what he knows...

Dunn listened to Klein’s description in silence, his gray eyes becoming even deeper.

He was silent for nearly twenty seconds as he rubbed his temples before he picked up his pipe and took a whiff.

After sniffing it, he took out a matchbox, seemingly forgetting about the rules of the Nighthawks.

The white smoke billowed into the air as Dunn closed his eyes, seemingly appreciating the smell of tobacco.

After a while, he opened his eyes and smiled at Klein.

“I’m sorry, I forgot that you don’t smoke.”

“Smoking is bad for your health,” Klein answered in all seriousness.

Dunn thought with his pipe in his hand.

“I seem to have understood something too.”

No Captain, you don’t understand anything! Just don’t loiter in my dreams too often! Klein didn’t speak and instead, gave a friendly smile.

“Perhaps it won’t be too long before you submit the special application to me...” Dunn said to Klein, half-jokingly as he took a deep puff of the mint and tobacco.

Can I submit it tomorrow? Klein replied inwardly. He took out his pocket watch and looked at the time.

“Captain, I have been at Old Neil’s. Today’s mysticism lessons are starting soon.”

“Alright.” Dunn watched Klein leave, his pipe still in his hand.

After closing the door to the Captain’s office, Klein made his way towards the steps leading to the basement in high spirits. He saw two strangers, a male and a female, when he walked past the clerk’s office.

The new clerks... Klein’s mind wondered before he added inwardly, In another two days, definitely within this week, I’ll submit my application to Captain!

Then I’ll pass a series of inspections and become a Sequence 8 Clown!

...

Along the silent underground passage, Klein turned to the armory and pushed the guard room door open.

“What happened to you?” Klein had a shock when he saw Old Neil.

Old Neil looked dispirited, his face was pale. He yawned constantly as he said, “I’ve been a little constipated lately. I tried ritualistic magic that can solve such problems last night. In the end... I didn’t sleep well the entire night. I had to head to the bathroom multiple times, and in the end, and I nearly fell asleep on the toilet bowl.”



Well, the problem of constipation has been solved... Klein nearly laughed, seeing that it wasn't a serious problem.

But he controlled himself. He asked, "Are you feeling better now?"

At the same time, his concern made him tap his left molar twice. He used his Spirit Vision to observe the aura of Old Neil's health.

There are some darkness and impurities in the digestive system's yellow and the kidney's orange colors, but it's nothing too serious and is within an acceptable range... Klein heaved a sigh of relief.

"I'm fine now. I got some medicine for the diarrhea from Frye." Old Neil yawned like a drug addict. "Self-study for today's supernatural lesson. There's only two or three days left of content anyway."

"Alright," Klein responded politely. "I could help you guard the armory and study here. How about you go rest in the break room?"

Old Neil immediately straightened his back, his eyes glimmering as he answered, "Lad, you surely are the kindest Nighthawk, second to Frye!

"I'll hand the armory over to you!"

He picked up the cushion he had placed on his knees and rushed out of the guard room like a typhoon, leaving Klein the only person there, dazed.

...

The Blackthorn Security Company accepted an extra mission in the morning. The task involved escorting a rich merchant to the harbor for a deal. Leonard and Kenley completed it easily, earning themselves some extra pay, much to the envy of Klein.

He went about his day, learning about mysticism, practicing his shooting, and getting tortured by Instructor Gawain who seemed to have been agitated by something.

Huff, huff... Klein gasped for air. He only regained the ability to take a shower and change after quite some time.

He continued toiling after leaving Gawain's house. He spent two soli on a carriage and investigated the other ten houses with red chimneys.

Klein's expression became very grave when the last house with the red chimney left his field of vision.

The house with the red chimney that I saw in my divination isn't in the list of houses with a recent change in tenants... If that's the case, this has just become troublesome. I wonder how much time I would need to investigate about 1600 houses... Sigh. I can't ask for any help to do something like this. After all, only I would have the sense of familiarity from my spirituality when I see the target...

Don't be discouraged, don't give up. I'll continue the investigation whenever I have free time. I'll try to complete it within three months, no—two months! Who knows, the target might be found in tomorrow's investigation!

And, I'll organize the material when I get back and plan a route according to the distance of the sectors!

Klein motivated himself, banishing his feelings of depression.

Now that he had made a decision, he planned to instruct the driver to turn toward Daffodil Street. However, he suddenly realized that he was somewhere close to where Mr. Azik stayed.

Before Mr. Azik went for his holiday, he did write to tell me that he would be back sometime this week, but he didn't specify the exact date. Since it's on the way, I'll leave a note for him. Also, I rented this carriage for an hour with two soli, and the time's almost up anyway. I'll just stop at Mr. Azik's house, then take a public carriage back... Klein quickly made a decision.

Four minutes later, he alighted from the carriage and arrived outside Mr. Azik's house.

The houses here were obviously of higher quality than those at Daffodil Street, but not as good as those on Howes Street. There was a patch of grass in front of the house, and a small garden in the back.

Ding! Ding! Ding!

Klein pulled on the rope outside the door and sounded the bell within the house.

A few moments later, he heard footsteps from inside before the door swung open.

Azik's mild facial features and bronze skin appeared before Klein. Since he was at home, he was only dressed in a simple white shirt, a brown vest, and matching pants.

"Klein? I was just about to write to you," Azik greeted enthusiastically. "I just arrived home last night."

Klein stared at the small mole near Azik's right ear.

"Mr. Azik, I found a clue to your past."

“Really?” Azik instantly became excited. The sadness he had in his eyes dulled.

“Let’s talk inside.” Klein looked around.

Azik quickly nodded. He moved to the side and allowed Klein entry.

He locked the door and guided Klein to the living room on the first floor. They sat on the soft sofa.

“What clues did you find?” he asked impatiently.

Having not expected to meet Mr. Azik today, Klein organized his words.

“I received a mission recently and had to deal with a wraith in Lamud Town.”

“Lamud...” Azik repeated the term softly, his eyebrows creasing.

Klein observed his expression and slowed down his tone.

“In the process of dealing with the wraith, we discovered something and thus conducted an investigation within the town...”

“A resident of the town was in possession of a portrait of the first Baron Lamud which he tried to sell me. I asked to view the portrait out of curiosity and discovered that the person drawn had facial features that resembled yours, other than the hair. He even had the same mole near the ear, similar position, similar size.

“Under my interrogation, the man told me that the portrait was about forty years old, but the person in the portrait definitely came from the abandoned castle. It was a replica of the ancient portrait excavated from the castle.

“You should know that people like us with unique abilities can more or less tell if somebody is lying. This told me that the man wasn’t lying.”

Azik leaned forward as he listened to Klein. He crossed his arms and remained silent for a while.

Five minutes later, he exhaled.

“Your description didn’t make me recall anything. Perhaps, I should visit the abandoned castle myself. Can you take me there?”

“That would be my honor,” Klein replied. “But I have to head home first. I don’t want my siblings to worry.”

“No problem.” Azik stood up.

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## Chapter 150: Azik’ s Discovery

**Translator:** AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

2 Daffodil Street. Klein nodded at Azik and briskly walked to the door of his house, fished out his keys, and opened the door.

Melissa was already home, so she heard the click of the door lock and quickly came out of the kitchen and into the living room.

Upon seeing Klein, she said with eyes beaming with joy, “I bought groceries. There’s chicken, potatoes, onions, fish, turnips, and peas. I even bought a small jar of honey.”

Sis, are you also getting used to the occasional luxury? Klein chuckled.

“You’ll have to prepare dinner tonight. Count me out for I’ll be out of town. I might not return until dawn. Yea, I’m doing a favor for Mr. Azik, a teacher from the Khoy University’s Department of History.”

As he spoke, he turned sideways and pointed at the carriage that was waiting outside.

Melissa’s lips opened and closed twice, before she pursed them and said, “Alright.”

Klein bade his sister farewell and left. He got into the rented carriage that Azik had hired and traveled two hours and forty minutes to Lamud Town.

It was almost nine at that point. The sky was dark, and they could only rely on the crimson moonlight and the twinkling starlight that penetrated the clouds to illuminate the areas without street lamps.

After he instructed the driver to wait in town, Klein led Azik towards the ancient abandoned castle.

As they walked, he realized that Azik was walking faster, to the point of him having to break out into a small jog to keep up. In the end, it was Azik who led the way.

Klein wanted to say something initially, but cleverly swallowed his words when he saw Azik’s solemn expression and tightly pursed lips.

With such speed, they quickly arrived at the ancient castle.

The castle which was almost a wreckage extended itself in all four directions while its spire looked desolate, wild, eerie, and dark.

Azik looked at the ancient castle and slowed down his footsteps.

He stopped there and his gaze looked profound but lost, as though he was hovering between dreams and reality.

Suddenly, he groaned in pain, lifting his hand to pinch his forehead while his muscles looked distorted with agony.

“Mr. Azik, are you okay?” Klein asked carefully as he activated his Spirit Vision.

When they were onboard the hired carriage, making their way from Daffodil Street to Lamud Town, he had done a quick divination by flipping a coin to see if there would be any danger on their trip.

But he believed that divination wasn't all-powerful, and he kept his guard up to prevent any misinterpretation on his part. Plus, Azik was quite mysterious. No one knew about his past, and it was uncertain how he would respond if he were to be stimulated by an encounter with his past. Caution and worry had accompanied Klein throughout the trip.

Azik didn't reply immediately but took another two steps forward with a pained expression. He relaxed the hand that was holding his forehead. He then pointed forward with a dreamy tone.

“I've seen this ancient castle before in my dream.

“Back then, it was still complete with a robust outer wall and a high spire.

“I remember that there was a stable there, a water well there, and a barracks there. Over there was a garden that was used to plant potatoes and sweet potatoes...

“I remember there was a training field. My child, he was a boy. He was only about seven or eight years old, but he enjoyed running around while dragging a broadsword that was taller than him. He said that he wanted to become a knight when he grows up...

“My wife always complained about it being too gloomy in the castle. She liked the sunlight, the warmth...”

...

Klein looked at the color of his energy field, and what the man said made his scalp tingle. He was also slightly touched, as though he was experiencing a paranormal story himself.

The ancient castle is really related to Mr. Azik... Could he really be the first generation Baron Lamud, a transcendental creature that has lived for fourteen hundred years? Is he a human or an evil spirit? No way, there are no such things as evil spirits running around under broad daylight and getting involved with the Nighthawks... Klein couldn't help with his thoughts and allowed them to clash against each other to ignite more ideas.

Just then, Azik stopped muttering and took huge strides through the main gate.

He walked all the way into the castle without Klein's guidance. He found the hidden gear with obvious familiarity and opened the secret door to enter the basement.

Gripping his cane tightly, Klein followed behind Azik. They walked down along the stairs and returned to the place where there was a coffin.

Unlike the previous time, the coffin was closed and the warm and pure feeling was gone.



The coffin is closed... It must've been Frye. It's his work ethic as a Corpse Collector...Klein nodded thoughtfully and watched the conflicted Azik walk in front of the coffin with his Spirit Vision.

Azik extended his hands to push the coffin lid until there was a gap.

He gazed at the skeleton without a skull for a long time, and he suddenly wailed in pain and sorrow.

Azik lurched backwards with heavy footsteps. He staggered and fell against the wall before Klein managed to respond.

He covered his face with his hands and sat there dispirited. The surroundings suddenly became even darker.

Klein quickened his pace and extended his hands, but he retracted them again, not daring to disturb the man.

Just then, his spiritual perception told him that the current Mr. Azik was very scary, so scary that the basement grew gloomy and terrifying.

Klein slowly moved closer to the stairs.

He trusted Mr. Azik's character, but he was afraid that the man would lose control.

In such an uneasy situation, he waited for a few more minutes. Then, he finally saw Azik lower his hands and stand up slowly.

Mr. Azik seems to have changed... This is what my spiritual perception tell me... But in my Spirit Vision, his aura colors don't have any obvious changes. His emotions are in low spirits, depressed and pained as before... Klein made a quick judgment and felt that Azik had become gloomier and more imposing.

“I recalled something, but it’s very minor.” Azik spoke with an emotionless tone.

Then, he looked around and said,

“I sense the power that made your fate disharmonious.”

“Huh?” Klein was stunned. Pleasantly surprised, he asked in reply, “Can you trace the source?”

The person behind the scene who stayed in the red chimney house created coincidences in secret and came to Lamud’s ancient castle to take away the black armored knight’s head?

What is he trying to do? What is his true intention?

“It’s been too long, but, I’d like to try.” There seemed to be a volcano that was close to erupting within Azik’s deep voice.

“How?” Klein asked curiously.

Azik walked before the coffin and gazed upon the skeleton inside it.

“He took my child’s skull. I want to find him through a blood connection.”

Your child? Mr. Azik, are you sure the black armored knight is your child? So you really are an antique... You really lost your memory after such a long time? This is the price you have to pay in order to obtain such longevity? Klein took a silent breath, feeling the odd sensation of interacting with a legendary creature.

Then, Azik extended his right hand and suddenly cut his index finger with his thumbnail.

A drop of fresh red blood accurately dripped onto the white skeleton.

It quickly seeped into the skeleton, and the entire skeleton suddenly turned blood-red.

Wah! Wah! Wah! Klein suddenly heard the sound of a baby crying and felt that there was someone staring at him from behind.

He drew his revolver and pointed behind him before turning around slowly. However, there was nothing in sight. Nothing existed behind him.

Even the stairway that connected to the ground floor was gone!

Wah! Wah!

The sound of a baby crying drilled into Klein's ears, and when he looked towards the coffin again, he was shocked to see that there were many shapeless and distorted faces rising amidst billowing black fog. Then, they manifested a strange door.

Creak!

The illusory door opened and palish-white arms extended out, one after another, but they vanished into the black fog before Azik.

Through the crack that the door opened, Klein saw a white skull. It was thrown underneath a brown tree and reduced to powder as a result of the elements.

Creak!

Countless palish-white arms were sliced off by the door that suddenly slammed shut as they fell onto the ground.

Then, Klein heard a long sigh, Mr. Azik's heavy sigh, a sigh that seemed to have a rich history behind it.

Along with the sigh, the black fog dispersed and the sound of a baby crying ceased. Everything returned to its original state, except for the accentuated chill.

Klein clenched his chattering teeth and looked into the coffin. He saw that the red skeleton had returned to its original, crystal-clear white.

"I'm sorry. I couldn't find him..." Azik said in a deep voice, his back to Klein.

At the same time, he closed the coffin.

"It's not surprising that we couldn't find him. It would've been a surprise if we could," Klein comforted him.

Anyway, I've been disappointed many times regarding this matter... he added in his head.

Azik took another glance at the coffin before him. He turned around slowly and said, "I'll continue investigating and I hope that I can have your assistance."

"No problem. This is exactly what I wanted to do." Klein held back his urge to tell Azik about the red chimney.

Because it was useless to bring it up. He could only rely on himself to confirm his target.

However, that solved one of his major problems, which was how he should involve the Nighthawks after he found the red chimney house. He

didn't believe that he could take out such a mysterious and scary puppet master alone.

Now, he could ask for Mr. Azik's help!

Azik widened his mouth, but didn't say anything in the end. All he did was sigh and walk towards the stairway quietly.

After leaving the basement and closing the secret door, the two of them walked along the road covered with weeds and brambles. Neither one of them spoke as they walked back from the abandoned ancient castle.

In the dark night, Azik suddenly said,

“Until this matter is resolved, I will quit my job and leave Tingen, to look for my lost past.”

“Mr. Azik, did you find out what happened to you?” Klein asked, having failed to hide his curiosity.

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