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Howes Street, Divination Club.

Klein pressed down on his half top hat and walked along the stairway towards the main door.

He wasn't dressed in his usual formal wear. Today, he was wearing a white shirt and a light-colored vest, paired with a thin black windbreaker, making him look more spirited than he had before.

This set of clothing was more suitable for combat and had only cost him one pound, including the fee for the small pocket that he had sewn into the vest. Compared to the suit he had purchased, it was so cheap that it brought tears to his eyes.

He stroked the revolver in his holster, as well as the metal bottles in his tiny inner pocket. Klein then took out the portrait and entered the Divination Club.

Without any surprise, he met the beautiful attendant, Angelica.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Moretti. I thought you would come only a few days later." Angelica was taken aback at first before she immediately revealed a brilliant smile.

Klein took off his hat and sighed.

"Good afternoon, Miss Angelica. I had a dream at noon. I dreamed about Mr. Hanass Vincent and matters regarding him. You know that, as a fortune-teller, I absolutely cannot overlook any dream. It could be a revelation from the divine."

Confused by his charlatan-like words, Angelica nodded in thought and asked out of curiosity, “What did you dream of?”

“I saw Hanass Vincent arguing with someone.” Klein passed her the folded piece of paper in his hand.

As Angelica unfolded the portrait, he pinched his glabella and observed the color of her emotions.

“This person...” Angelica looked at the realistic portrait and slipped into deep thought.

Klein saw her emotions turn into a ‘thinking blue’, a normal reaction.

“This person...” Angelica muttered once again. She slowly looked up and said, “I’ve met him before.”

Klein’s mind whirled as he immediately asked, “When was it?”

“I can’t remember the exact date. Maybe a month ago? I saw him send Mr. Vincent to the door and they were softly discussing something. I have a deep impression of him because of his thick and messy eyebrows, as well as Mr. Vincent’s rare smile,” Angelica described as she recalled. “Yes, he had a pair of grayish-blue eyes and, like most men his age, had little hair on his head.”

“Did you meet him again before or after that?” asked Klein gently.

Angelica shook her head.

“No, I am certain of that. I don’t even know his name. To be honest, if it wasn’t you, I would have suspected that any person showing me a portrait like this is a policeman investigating Mr. Vincent’s death. Heh, I

don't find it odd no matter what revelation you receive, for you are a true Seer."

My apologies, I am a policeman... Klein retorted silently as he sighed and said, "A true Seer would understand how minuscule he truly is compared to the vastness of fate. We can only see a hazy corner, forever receiving revelations, but never answers. We must reflect upon them constantly and keep up our respect and fear. We must decipher these hints with caution and not see ourselves as the intelligent ones who have taken control of fate."

By summarizing what he had figured out over the past few weeks, Klein suddenly realized that his Spirit Vision turned clearer. He could even faintly make out the details within Angelica's aura.

At that instant, he felt like a shortsighted man who was wearing glasses that suited him.

This... has my Seer potion begun to produce clear signs of digestion? Klein was stunned in disbelief.

"I never imagined that a Seer like you can still maintain such fear and respect towards fate. It's truly admirable," said Angelica earnestly.

She had seen too many people in the Divination Club who claimed to see through the truth and change fate after learning a few divination methods.

Klein retracted his gaze and chuckled.

"The more you know, the better you can understand how small we truly are."

As he was saying this, he checked his body's condition and reflected on his past experiences. He could basically narrow the essence of the

‘acting’ technique to ‘actions corresponding to the name of the potion, understanding the hidden laws governing the role, as well as strictly abiding by these laws’.

Only by doing so could he change the state of his body, heart, and soul, making them closer to the remnant psyche in the potion, so as to gradually digest it.

The acknowledgment of a Seer’s identity was only a factor on the surface. The reason why it made one’s spirituality feel light had to do with how the feedback strengthened one’s affirmation of particular divination actions. And these actions collectively formed the rules for digesting the Seer potion.

To help others interpret revelations and guide them in a better direction; yet constantly maintain one’s fear and respect towards fate. One cannot be too egoistical, too proud, or blindly believe one’s interpretations... These are the laws I can think of for the time being, as well as the essence of the ‘acting’ technique that will guide me towards the future. If it continues to be this successful, I won’t need half a year. Perhaps in two or three months, or even two to three weeks time, I’ll be ready to completely digest the potion.

... That sign was extremely obvious. It’s no wonder the mysterious Mr. Zaratul said that the Beyonder will clearly sense it when the potion is fully digested. There’s no need for anyone to teach them. It is what it is... Just like now, although my Spirit Vision has been enhanced a little, I know very well that this is only a pit stop in the digestion process and not the final destination.

With this in mind, Klein couldn’t help but thank the suited clown for teaching him with his life!

If it wasn't for him, he would probably spend months at the Divination Club, summarizing the rules of a Seer through numerous attempts—for better or for worse—before he began 'acting' strictly.

"Mr. Moretti, I sometimes even think of you as a philosopher," Angelica said with a sigh upon hearing Klein's reply.

"In my circle of friends, the term 'philosopher' is used to scold somebody." Klein was in a good mood.

With that said, he bowed, wore his hat, and left after bidding farewell.

Although Angelica was unaware of the gentleman's name or identity, Klein was in no way depressed. What he learned was sufficient enough for him to engage in the next phase of his plan.

...

36 Zouteland Street. Inside Blackthorn Security Company.

Dunn looked at the portrait in his hands with his deep gray eyes.

"You wish to carry out a search for this person?"

"Yes." Klein had long prepared a reason for this. "Captain, didn't I mention that I would head to the Divination Club to observe the reactions of its members on Hanass Vincent's sudden death? I didn't discover anything yesterday, but I accidentally found out today that the person in the portrait had appeared with Hanass Vincent once and was secretly discussing something with him. I flipped through our team's investigation report just now, but I didn't discover any person resembling him in the report."

There were no loopholes in his description. Even if Dunn Smith were to take this portrait to the Divination Club, he would get the same answer from Angelica.

Dunn cast his gaze away from the portrait and laughed.

“From the looks of it, the compensation funds weren’t a waste.”

... Captain, isn’t your memory bad? Why would you mention the compensation at this point in time... Klein maintained a smile and didn’t say a word.

“Was this drawn by you?” Dunn asked in passing.

“Yes. I drew it with the help of ritualistic magic,” Klein replied, completely honest.

Of course, speaking the truth and revealing the whole truth were two different matters.

Dunn nodded slightly and said, “Get Old Neil to make a few more sets. I’ll get Kenley and Royale to investigate and seek the cooperation of the police department. If this clue is of any use, you would’ve contributed greatly once again.”

“May Goddess bless us.” Klein tapped four spots on his chest as he appeared abnormally devout.

For him, all he needed from Dunn and company was to figure out the name and identity of the man in the portrait. He could divine his location above the gray fog!

...

Despite it being his day off, Klein didn't immediately return home after leaving the Blackthorn Security Company. Instead, he took the public carriage to the harbor and arrived in front of the Evil Dragon Bar's entrance.

In his considerations, although a Seer lacked the means to directly engage in combat with an enemy or the means to cast spells quickly, combat could be classified in many ways. Not all battles were chance encounters. As long as he had sufficient time to prepare, a Seer could similarly deal with an enemy using ritualistic magic. It was exactly how he resolved the magic mirror divination incident at Selena's house.

And this also meant that it was best if a Seer brought along the essential oils, herbs, and tiny candles to avoid being in a situation where they were unavailable when they were needed most, thus, resulting in a helpless death. After all, not everyone was like Selena who had an entire assortment of mysticism items which could be used.

As for the ones he applied for, as Klein had practiced frequently, he had used up most of them. He kept what was left in his tiny inner pocket.

He patted the cash note in his pocket and pushed open Evil Dragon Bar's door and strode in.

It was noon and there weren't many customers in the bar. Nor were there any rat-baiting or boxing matches. It was quiet and not lively enough.

Klein observed the guests drinking beer and playing cards as he walked toward the billiard room that led to the underground market.

At that moment, he saw a muscular old man walk out with a torn Admiral's jacket draped over his shoulders.

“Were you the friend Old Neil brought last time?” Reeking with the smell of alcohol, the blue-eyed, messy brown-haired elder sized up Klein and laughed.

Klein guessed at his identity and took off his hat and bowed.

“Yes, how might I address you?”

“Old Neil often mentions you. I’m the boss here, Swain.” The blue-eyed elder’s arms were thick and brawny. He had firm muscles and had the bearing of a military officer.

Former Tingen Mandated Punisher Captain... Rumor has it that he was once part of the Royal Navy... Klein replied politely, “Yes.”

“If you’re in need of money, feel free to approach me.” Swain laughed as he mentioned before walking towards the bar counter.

At that moment, Klein’s heart stirred as he immediately shouted, “Wait a moment, Mr. Swain. I have something I would like to ask of you.”

Swain halted in his steps, turned halfway around, and said with a chuckle, “You look, well—very similar.”

No, I’m not having memory issues... The corner of Klein’s lips twitched as he pointed at the portrait he drew and asked, “Have you met this gentleman before?”

He suddenly realized that Selena had likely been brought by Hanass Vincent to the underground market. This resulted in Elizabeth’s knowledge of the Evil Dragon Bar as well. Then, could the man in the portrait who had some relationship with Hanass Vincent have come here before?

Swain took a careful look and replied affirmatively, “I remember him. He had asked me if I had documents or items related to the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range.”

Documents and items related to the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range? Klein was taken aback as he suddenly connected that to another matter.

Back when he was borrowing the journal issue related to the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range at Deweyville Library, the librarian had casually mentioned that someone had just returned it. Therefore, he still remembered very cleverly and didn't need to flip through his name cards to determine if the man existed.

Could the gentleman who borrowed the journal issue before me be the one in the portrait?

The gentleman that had witnessed the exchange of the Antigonus family's notebook.

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Chapter 102: Cloth Merchant

Translator: AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

The more Klein thought about it, the more likely it seemed. Otherwise, who would have borrowed those random journal issues for no reason?

Yes, research regarding the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range is quite an unpopular field. Other than the corresponding lecturers and associate professors, the common hobbyist would've never heard of it.

Even the original Klein, who was a history graduate, only knew about it from the Antigonus family's notebook... Although Tingen is a city of universities, there wouldn't be that many people who would be interested in the topic. And even if there is anyone interested, most of them would remain within the university's compounds. There would be no need to borrow the book from the Deweyville Library.

The most important point is that the book happened to be borrowed only recently...

By analyzing it this way, there really is a problem. I wasn't sharp enough and failed to realize it... Sigh, it looks like I have no talent at being a detective or acting like Sherlock Holmes...

While these thoughts raced through his mind, the boss of Evil Dragon Bar, Swain asked in puzzlement, "Is there a problem?"

Since there were customers and bartenders around, he could only ask indirectly.

"Nothing at all. I'm just wondering how I can investigate this gentleman. As you know, Hanass Vincent died at his home." Klein had long prepared his excuse.

He didn't want to make the Mandated Punishers become interested in the ancient relics from the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range.

"Vincent was one of the rather famous fortune-tellers in Tingen City. He often came here." Swain had indeed given a perfunctory answer, but as he recalled, he said, "Now that I think about it, the gentleman in the portrait did come together with Vincent at the very beginning..."

"That is exactly what I wanted to know. Do you remember his name?" Klein pressed immediately.

Swain shook his head and chuckled.

“I won’t ask for my customers’ names or identities unless I knew them to begin with, like Old Neil.”

“Alright then.” Klein deliberately revealed a saddened look.

To him, it didn’t matter if Swain knew, because he could check the Deweyville Library.

To borrow books from a privately-funded library, he had to leave personal information, and his identification must have had sufficient credibility!

After all, Klein had relied on an introduction letter from a Senior Associate Professor before he obtained a library card.

Even if the gentleman had forged his information, it is very likely that he left some clues which can be helpful to my divination... Klein watched Swain as he returned to the bar counter before entering the billiard room in deep thought.

He wasn’t in a hurry to head to the Deweyville Library for his investigations. He planned on completing his purchases first. After all, it was unknown if he would encounter danger and be required to use ritualistic magic for subsequent developments.

After passing through a few rooms, Klein arrived at the underground market. There were a few stalls and customers, a clear indication that it wasn’t peak hour yet.

Just as he took a step forward, he suddenly saw the monster, Ademisaul, who could smell the scent of death, standing in a corner.

The young man was pale, and his eyes gave off a hint of terror and madness. He had also noticed Klein as he looked over.

As they made eye contact, Ademisaul suddenly extended his hands to cover his face. He moved toward the corner of the wall in a panicked state.

Soon, he moved to a side door beside him and staggered as he ran out.

Is that necessary? I just nearly blinded you the last time... But I didn't do anything... Seriously, it's as if I'm the devil. Klein's facial expression was somewhat stiff.

He shook his head and smiled. He stopped thinking about the monster and came to a stall. He started shopping with a goal in mind.

After about half an hour, Klein spent a few pounds which was most of his secret stash of money.

He counted the three pounds and seventeen soli he had left, and he felt his heart ache. However, he touched the small metal bottle in the inner pocket of his black windbreaker.

“This is the floral essence, Amantha, which Madam Daly used previously.

“This is powder mixed with drago tree bark and leaves.

“Essential oil which is extracted from slumber flowers.

“Dried chamomile petals.

“This is Holy Night Powder which I previously produced myself.”

...

Klein recalled the items stored in every tiny pocket of his and repeated them. He did it to prevent himself from failing to find the ingredient that he would need at a crucial moment.

Relying on his unique traits in mysticism, he quickly finished memorizing them and walked toward the door.

Suddenly, he saw a somewhat familiar figure in the corner of his eyes.

It was a young lady in a casual green dress. Her smooth black hair was soft and glistening. She had a round face with long eyes. They gave her a sweet look and a refined bearing.

It's the girl who was shivering strangely on the public carriage? She does seem fine... I never expected her to be a mysticism enthusiast... Klein slowed down and thought for a few seconds before finally recalling who she was.

He had to admit that, other than Justice who he had never seen clearly, the young lady was the most beautiful girl he had seen ever since he transmigrated into this world.

The sweet and refined girl stood before a stall that sold mysticism books and, in a breach of etiquette, kneeled to rub her fingers against an ancient book.

The ancient book was bound with a black hardcover. The book cover had the words "Book of Witches" in Hermes.

"It records the black magic of witches. Although I haven't dared to try them, someone I know did, and it really worked." The vendor seized the opportunity to promote the book.

The beautiful lady thought and asked, “In your mind, what does a witch look like?”

“A witch? A wicked person who brings calamities, disease, and pain,” the vendor answered after some thought.

Klein didn't hear their conversation because he had already quickly walked out the front entrance. He was rushing to the Deweyville Library in a hurry to settle everything before returning home to cook dinner for his brother and sister. Tomato Oxtail Soup was on the menu.

...

Backlund. Crown Turf Club.

Audrey Hall wore a long white dress with engageantes and ruffled edges, as well as lace around her chest. She stood in a VIP room and watched the horses gallop.

She wore a veiled hat decorated with blue ribbons and silk flowers, and a pair of light colored fishnet gloves. Her cold and distant gaze seemed out of place in the bustling venue.

Just as the racehorse breasted the tape, her friend Viscount Glaint came closer and said with a suppressed voice, “Audrey, every time I see you, you look beautiful from a different angle.”

“How can I help you?” In the past, Audrey might have basked in the young man's compliment, but now she could see Glaint's ulterior motives through his speech and attitude.

Due to the early passing of Glaint's father, he had inherited his title of nobility at the age of twenty. He was a slightly skinny young man. He looked to the left and right, then chuckled softly as he said, “Audrey, I

know a real Beyonder, a Beyonder that doesn't belong to the royal family."

You've disappointed me every time you said that... Audrey looked forward and replied elegantly, "Really?"

"I swear on my father's name. I have seen his Beyonder powers," Glaint replied with whisper.

Audrey was no longer the same as before in which should be excited over the news. She was now a Beyonder, but to prevent Glaint from turning suspicious, she widened her eyes and faked a surprised smile. She asked with her voice trembling, "When can I see him?"

Yes, it'd be great to meet other Beyonders. I can't just solve every triviality through the Tarot Club... Besides, I must gather my own resources to exchange them with Mr. Fool and Mr. Hanged Man... Not everything can be solved with money... Sigh, now that I've sent out the thousand pounds, I'll have to be more frugal...

Glaint was very satisfied with Audrey's response. He looked towards the racecourse and said, "Tomorrow afternoon, there will be a literature and music salon at my place."

...

Inside Deweyville Library.

Klein took out his identity card and badge from his pocket and showed them to the few librarians.

"I am a probationary inspector from the Special Operations Department of the Awwa County Police. I need your cooperation in an

investigation,” he said in a deep voice, recalling the police films that he used to watch.

The librarians looked at the identity card and badge before exchanging looks and nodding at each other.

“Go ahead and ask, Officer.”

Klein recited the names of the journals like *New Archeology* and upon finishing, he said, “I want the borrowing records of the journal for the last two months.”

He realized that one of the librarians had attended to him before, but it was obvious that the man didn’t recognize him.

“Alright. Hold on a second.” The librarians started searching and quickly found the recent borrowing records.

Klein flipped through the records seriously, looking for the man who had borrowed the same journal as he did.

There weren’t many names since there was only one. He had borrowed the journal several times, including the issue that Klein knew of. The earliest entry was at the end of May, and the most recent one was last Saturday, a day before Hanass Vincent’s death.

Klein ran his finger over the borrower’s information and memorized it.

Sirius Arapis, cloth merchant, residing at 19 Howes Street...

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Chapter 103: Doing As the Heart Willed

Translator: AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

He resides at 19 Howes Street?

Whilst memorizing the information, Klein keenly noticed a piece of information.

Yes, Welch stayed on Howes Street. The Divination Club is on Howes Street. This cloth merchant named Sirius Arapis also lives on Howes Street... From the looks of it, it's nothing strange for Welch to know Hanass Vincent either. They might have even gotten to know each other through Sirius Arapis...

Suddenly, Klein felt that he had linked the clues together as his thoughts turned clear.

He was originally confused as to how Welch would be acquainted with Hanass Vincent since this son of a banker wasn't particularly interested in mysticism. To him, money was more important than divinations. But now, Klein felt that he had an inkling as to how they became acquainted.

According to the descriptions of several magazines, middle-class and wealthy residents would gladly pay a visit to their neighbors from the same social class in order to form a social circle which is beneficial to them. Similarly, Welch and the cloth merchant, Sirius, absolutely have the motivation and opportunity to become friends since they both lived in the Howes Street vicinity...

It isn't hard to understand how Sirius knew Hanass Vincent, who regularly went to the Divination Club on Howes Street. Perhaps it was a coincidental meeting, or perhaps Hanass had helped him out before.

Regardless, this made it possible for the two of them, who frequently ran into each other within the same area, to become closer to one another....

Hanass Vincent wanted to sell his ancient books, and thus, Sirius introduced him to Welch, who was an undergraduate of the History department...

In Hanass' dream, there was the figure of the suspected evil god, the "True Creator." He also knew of the proper incantation format. This proves that he was very deep into the realm of mysticism. The possibility that he might have even been a member of some secret organization cannot be dismissed.

I cannot rule out the possibility of him joining some secret organization under Sirius's influence.

...

With ideas coming to him so easily, Klein could tell that the information the man had left behind had a certain level of credibility without even using divination methods.

Even if he isn't called Sirius Arapis, nor work as a cloth merchant, and doesn't live at 19 Howes Street, he definitely resides at Howes Street or, at the very least, somewhere nearby!

While these ideas ran through his mind, Klein viewed the borrowing records once again with this new train of thought.

The last time he came to Deweyville Library was last Saturday, a day before Selena's birthday party, which was also a day before Hanass Vincent died. Several days have already passed since then, but he hasn't returned the issues that he borrowed.

According to past records, if he only borrowed two issues, he would usually return them the next day.

Could this mean that he knows of Hanass' death and was scared to the point that he no longer dares to come to the Deweyville Library again?

Yes, he started by borrowing several unrelated history books and journals until he narrowed down what he needed, which is very similar to what I had read...

This means that there was no one teaching him. There was no Senior Associate Professor from the history department of a university. He did this completely through trial and error.

What would a shocked target do? Two choices. One, if he had all the necessary information, he would head straight to the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range. Two, if he still lacks information, he would lay low and observe the situation. He would only show himself again if he's certain that Hanass' death wouldn't implicate him.

Having made this conclusion, Klein closed the borrowing records and returned them to the librarians. He then took out the portrait and asked if anyone had seen the man. Unfortunately, many people came to borrow books every day, and the librarians didn't have any impression of the average person.

"Alright, thank you for your time." Klein put away his identification documents and his badge.

He had no intention of continuing the investigation alone. This wasn't only dangerous, but also troublesome. He planned to head to Zouteland Street once again and hand the case over to Captain and his teammates. He then planned to go home and prepare his Tomato Oxtail Soup for his

siblings before heading to the world above the gray fog to divine the target's whereabouts and condition.

“Officer, is there anything else?” a librarian asked sincerely as he heaved a sigh of relief.

Klein nodded slightly and asked, “No, I will come back if there are new clues.”

He held his black cane with his left hand and made his way to the door.

At this moment, he saw a man enter the library with his head hung low. He was dressed in a double-breasted coat, its collars standing tall.

When they walked past each other, Klein caught a glance of his thick, messy brows, and his pair of grayish-blue eyes!

These were things the tall collar couldn't hide!

Sirius? Sirius Arapis? A coincidence? Klein froze. He didn't expect to meet his target here!

What kind of luck was this!

Wasn't this too much of a coincidence?

He evaluated his physical condition and felt his aching sore muscles. Thus, he acted as though nothing had happened and continued walking towards the door.

Well, we have to follow what our heart tells us! Safety matters!

It doesn't matter if I missed this opportunity as long as Sirius is still in Tingen!

At this moment, the man in the double-breasted coat arrived before the counter and was handing the journals to one of the librarians.

“It’s a return,” he said with a soft, muffled tone.

The librarian received the journals causally and when he saw it, he suddenly froze.

He subconsciously looked up and differently as his body couldn’t help but tremble.

“Is there a problem?” the man asked in a deep voice.

His question seemed like a spark that ignited a fuse, causing the librarian to instantly lose his self-control. He sprinted to the side and shouted,

“Officer!”

“The criminal is here!”

At this moment, Klein, who hadn’t left the building, cursed madly in his heart.

He instinctively reached for his holster with his right hand and drew his revolver.

That man froze for a moment before turning and breaking into a sprint.

But he didn’t head for the door. Instead, he escaped in the direction of the oriel window to the side, as if he wanted to smash through the glass and jump out onto the street.

Klein, who was flustered, turned his head to see the scene when he felt a sudden calm.

He realized that even though he was afraid of the target, his target was more afraid of him!

The man must be unable to determine my abilities in such an abrupt meeting. He isn't clear on what I am adept in, and so, he will instinctively avoid a direct confrontation and look for other ways to escape! Confident of his analysis, Klein lifted his revolver and pulled the trigger.

At that moment, the man in the double-breasted coat abruptly rolled onto the ground in an attempt to avoid the bullet.

Following up on that, he pressed down on the ground with his right hand and propelled himself into the air towards the oriel window.

Click! Klein's first shot was empty.

But this was something he had expected. He took advantage of Sirius's inability to dodge while in midair to aim at his torso and pulled the trigger.

Bang!

The silver demon hunting bullets tore through the air and penetrated straight through Sirius's back.

Crash! The glass shattered and Sirius flew out the window, leaving drops of crimson blood on the crystalline glass fragments and windowsill.

Klein was no longer afraid now that the target was injured. He ran over and jumped out the window with the help of a chair.

This was the area lining the back of Deweyville Library's ground floor. A row of trees isolated a lush green field.

The injured Sirius was running to the side, in an attempt to enter a small alley between two buildings. Having not practiced shooting at moving targets, Klein didn't dare to fire blindly. He could only carry his cane in one hand and his gun in the other as he pursued the man in a black coat.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

He followed the trail of blood on the floor and tried to close the distance.

With a corner coming up, the injured Sirius's speed became slower and slower. Klein, who had been waiting for an opportunity to capture him, suddenly felt a little afraid. He felt as though the man in front of him wasn't human, but a wolf or a tiger, one that harbored terrifying dangers.

This was an instinct he had as a Seer, and also a warning given to him by his spirituality!

Klein immediately slowed down, his eyes scanning the blood on the ground.

Compared to the blood he had seen earlier, Sirius's blood was now black!

At this moment, a violent wind overwhelmed him. Sirius's face was reflected in Klein's eyes.

Thick, messy brows. Grayish blue eyes. Multiple protruding warts. An open mouth with two rows of white teeth.

Sirius was launching a counterattack at this moment!

This made the face reflected in Klein's eyes more visible. He could even smell a particularly putrid stench!

Sirius pounced a distance of seven or eight meters, far more than any normal human being could jump. But as Klein had stopped chasing him just in time, there was still a distance of nearly ten meters between them.

When the distance was shortened to two meters, the sticky saliva caused by drool and the disgusting dense warts formed a harrowing scene that made Klein's nerves tense up.

Without thinking, he seized the opportunity of the temporary immobility caused by Sirius's pounce to raise his right hand. He fired without stopping, allowing the bullets to rain down on the target's head.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Shooting from such a close distance allowed the silver demon hunting bullets to drill through Sirius's head. Blood splattered everywhere as his face became more and more mangled, until he staggered backwards.

Klein had emptied the bullets in his revolver in an instant. He subconsciously wanted to take a few steps back in order to confirm the results of this battle.

But at this moment, Sirius gave Klein the shock of his life by trying his hardest to stand up straight. Klein abruptly lifted the cane in his left hand.

Smack! The sturdy silver-inlaid black cane struck Sirius's neck, leaving a dark red mark.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

Klein acted on instinct, raining blows on his opponent until Sirius collapsed stumbling onto the ground.

Huff! Puff! Huff! Klein supported himself with his cane and took deep breaths. His eyes were trained intently on his target, afraid that Sirius would suddenly jump back to life.

At that moment, Sirius' head had basically been smashed into a pulp, and the warts gradually receded. His body stopped moving after a few convulsions.

Klein was in no hurry to examine the corpse. Instead, he tossed his cane to the side and took out the demon hunting bullets he had on him and reloaded his revolver.

After doing this, he collected himself and fought back his disgust, kneeling down to search the pockets of Sirius's double-breasted coat.

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Chapter 104: Mr. Z

Translator: AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

One pocket, two pockets, three pockets... Klein soon found a bloodstained wallet, a Deweyville Library card, two pairs of brass keys, an unstuffed smoking pipe, a sheathed dagger, and a few letters that were folded neatly.

Laying everything onto the ground except for the letters, he stood up straight and looked at the wallet. He confirmed that there were only ten plus soli and some copper pennies.

The craftsmanship of the wallet is quite exquisite. It's such a pity... Klein sighed, feeling a little distracted.

If I didn't spend so much of my private stash of money, buying a wallet would've been on my schedule today.

After shaking his head, Klein opened the letters and quickly scanned through them.

"Dear Mr. Z,"

"Please allow me to defend myself. When Hanass and I sold off the Antigonus family's notebook, it wasn't stupidity or betrayal. It didn't appear special in any way when it was in our hands."

"I suspect that it's alive and that it's a wicked item armed with a certain life and wisdom. It was something dangerous that needed to be sealed."

"At different stages and before different people, it shows different contents!"

"This is a proven fact that I've learnt from the lamb in the police station."

"Although the notebook shows content that is sufficiently true each time with plenty of evidence, I believe that it would only reveal the completed content in the hands of a descendant of the Antigonus family."

"When Hanass and I received it, we could only see some trivial matters of the Antigonus family, the general situation of the Nation of the Evernight on the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range, and also the three Sequence potion formulas we handed in to you previously."

"As you know, the Secret Order has the Seer pathway in its grasp and possesses powerful tracking abilities, so Hanass and I believed that it would be a risky move to continue keeping the notebook. The value it had presented to us wasn't sufficient for us to take the risk."

“Since we couldn’t wait for your reply, we agreed amongst ourselves to sell the notebook to Welch, who was living on the same street . He enjoyed collecting relics and ancient books, and he could afford to pay a high price for it. As for the subsequent developments, you are already aware of it.”

“This is the first thing that I’d like to explain. As I am writing these words, Hanass is dead. He died due to a heart attack during his sleep. That must be a blessing from God, to prevent him from suffering the outcome of falling into the hands of heretics.”

“I had no choice but to move to somewhere safer, more hidden. I didn’t even dare to leave the house. Luckily, the lamb told me that the reason Hanass was being eyed by the heretics wasn’t because of the Antigonus family’s notebook, nor was his identity exposed. It was just that he had taken in a silly female disciple in the hopes of slowly developing her into one of us.”

“His female disciple had stolen a glance at his secret incantation and tried the magic divination while a Nighthawk heretic was watching. I believe you can pretty much guess the rest of the story, so there is no need for me to describe it.”

“It’s a pity that the position of the lamb isn’t high enough, so the actual details cannot be determined.”

“From various feedback, it seems the heretics have yet to suspect me. Their investigations came to a halt due to Hanass’ sudden death.”

“Therefore, I will return to the streets and plan to borrow a few more journal issues from the Deweyville Library to seek out more clues.”

“As a faction that also had the Seer pathway in its grasp, the Antigonus family must have had some divinations regarding its decimation. They

must have left behind secret treasures that would allow for the revival of the family!”

“There’s sufficient reason to believe that the treasure is hidden on the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range, which is in one of the relics in the Nation of the Evernight!”

Having read that, Klein’s pupils constricted rapidly. He nearly dropped the letter.

The pathway that the Antigonus family had in its grasp was the Seer pathway?

What a coincidence!

...

Thunder seemed to boom in Klein’s head again and again that left him in a daze. He felt as though it was destiny.

The notebook that led to the original Klein’s death and indirectly helped me transmigrate, originated from the Antigonus family that has the Seer pathway in its grasp. The one that eventually made me choose the Seer potion was the Emperor Roselle’s diary, while Emperor Roselle was biased towards the Seer Sequence because of the mysterious Mr. Zaratul who was the leader of the Secret Order, which also has the Seer pathway in its grasp!

... This is like a suffocating net sewn by Fate.

What exactly is lurking behind all of this?

Klein held the letter and paced back and forth. He needed to verify the contents with other sources.

Yes, the Secret Order that the Zaratul family controls is pursuing and searching for the belongings left behind by the Antigonus family. If both parties shared the same Beyonder Sequence, there would be a sufficient reason and motive. Perhaps, it is to bridge any missing Sequences, obtain rare ingredients for a higher Sequence advancement, or covet the other party's accumulated experiences in avoiding the loss of control...

Going by this line of thought, it is rather reasonable that the Antigonus family has at least part of the Seer Sequence chain.

Yes, when I was divining for clues pertaining to the Clown potion, the images that emerged were mostly related to the Antigonus family. The only exception was the suited clown from the Secret Order... Therefore, the true meaning behind the symbolism is that each scene carries the possibility of obtaining the Clown potion and a clue. However, I didn't understand the crux of the issue and regrettably missed it.

With the two corroborating evidence, Klein nearly believed the matters that Sirius had brought up in the letter. He also understood why he constantly heard the word 'Hornacis' in the murmurs he shouldn't be hearing.

The earliest occurrence of this happening was when I first consumed the Seer potion!

He wore a serious expression as he thought to himself.

Meanwhile, he guessed that 'being a survivor of those that made contact with a relic of the Antigonus family' and 'becoming a Beyonder of the Seer pathway' were two necessary conditions to hear the murmurs saying 'Hornacis.'

Is there really a secret treasure buried within the ancient ruins on the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range by the Antigonus family? No,

I can't think about this! Just the notebook alone has killed so many people. Any complete treasure would be even more terrifying! Klein shook his head subconsciously and cast his gaze onto the third piece of paper, which was the last of the letters.

“Honorable Mr. Z, I hope I can gain your assistance. I believe that you should be sufficiently interested in the treasure too.”

“Until then, I will make myself look like a normal person, a normal lover of history.”

“When the end of days arrives, I will offer all of Tingen's lambs as a sacrifice to God.”

“Humbly, Sirius Arapis.”

When he finished reading Sirius's letter, Klein had the urge to laugh.

Heh, why do I feel like I saved Tingen? What was this guy trying to do? Heretics are truly unbelievable...

Who is this Mr. Z? He seems like someone in a high position... At the very least, he should be at the same sequence as Captain.

Where was Sirius sending the letter to? He didn't write down the address... It seems like that's the cautiousness of a heretic. They wouldn't put the address on until the moment before they sent it out...

Right, if the Antigonus family had the potion of the Seer pathway in its grasp, then would the Clown potion be among the three formulas inside the Antigonus family's notebook that Sirius sent?”

Highly likely!

In that instant, Klein seemed to have found clues to the Clown potion.

Although Sirius didn't bring the formula along with him, it was possible that he had left some form of record at his hideout. He must have also had it in his head, in his memories!

Klein looked at the corpse before him and considered the problem of making a dead person speak.

It required almost zero consideration, as an idea immediately popped into his head.

“Mediumship!”

Spirit Mediums could directly communicate with spirits that had yet to disperse. Seers, Mystery Pryers, and others could roughly accomplish the same thing using ritualistic magic.

Previously, when he was dealing with the corpse of the suited clown, there were three things that had kept Klein from using mediumship. Firstly, he was in a hurry to save the rest. Secondly, he didn't have the ingredients with him, and lastly, he lacked confidence. Thus, he didn't consider the option of mediumship and missed his best chance. When they returned to Blackthorn Security Company, the spirit was mostly gone. Even a Spirit Medium could only get superficial information.

But now, Klein happened to have all the ingredients and tools, and he happened to have the experience of communicating with lingering resentment through the help of dream divination.

My only concern about contacting the spirit of a heretic would be being placed in the same situation as Captain's entry into Hanass' dream where he saw a horrifying existence... However, Captain only remained frail for two days, and he wasn't considered severely injured. Yes, I could

give it a try! He hesitated for less than twenty seconds before making a decision. He didn't want to miss out on this opportunity.

He raised his head, turned around, and cast his gaze toward the spot where the window had shattered. There was a crowd gathered there watching.

He took out his identification card and badge before returning to the broken window. He then told the onlookers through the shattered oriel window,

"I am a probationary inspector from the Special Operations Department of the Awwa County Police. I have shot the criminal to death. Please take this badge to the nearest police station and tell them to send backup to deal with the follow-up."

"The rest are to help me cordon off this area. Do not allow anyone to come close for they might contaminate the scene."

"Yes, Officer!" The librarian that caused Klein the trouble quickly took the badge.

When the entire scene was cordoned off and no one could enter the grass patch, Klein returned to the corner and stood by the side of the corpse.

He was glad that the innocent crowd couldn't see the dead body, which looked more like a monster than a human. He put down his cane and revolver, then reached into the inner pocket of his windbreaker to take out a metal bottle.

He was going to use the techniques of a mediumship ritual with dream divination to make the dead man speak!

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Chapter 105: Spirit Channeling

Translator: AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

Klein twisted open the golden bottle's cap and brought it to his nose. He took a whiff of the stimulating scent that energized him.

This was Holy Night Powder made using Slumber flowers, Dragon Blood grass, deep red sandalwood, mint, and other herbs. Since it was simple to concoct, Klein had made a batch the moment he got the ingredients from the underground market. It was going to be of use now.

He poured a little of the Holy Night Powder on his palm and collected himself. His irises turned dark.

Next, Klein put away the metal bottle and scattered the powder onto the ground after infusing his spirituality into it.

He scattered the powder as he walked, forming a circle around Sirius's corpse.

A formless barrier rose, separating them from the outside world.

Klein flicked away the remaining Holy Night Powder on his hand and took out the other metal bottles. He sprinkled the Amantha pure dew and other liquids in the surrounding area.

The ritual he set up was different from the one Old Neil used at Ray Bieber's house since the aim of the ritual was different.

For example, Old Neil poured the liquids before using the Holy Night Powder. That could create a serene and holy state second only to an actual altar. Klein had used the Holy Night Powder first before pouring the liquids to prevent Sirius's remnant spirituality from being disturbed by the surrounding objects while still barely managing to have an environment that satisfied the requirements of the ritual.

If he had used Old Neil's method, the rest of Sirius's spirituality would've been purged, making it impossible to establish a connection.

After finishing his preparations, Klein put away the materials and entered a state of Cogitation. He recited the Hermes incantations softly, "I pray for the power of the dark night.

"I pray for the power of the mystery.

"I pray for the Goddess' loving grace.

"I pray that you'll allow me to communicate with the heretic's spirituality inside this altar."

...

As the incantations reverberated throughout the sealed space, Klein suddenly felt a massive, terrifying, and mysterious energy descend upon him.

His eyes turned completely black as though he had lost his pupils and the whites of his eyes.

Seizing the opportunity, Klein recited a divination statement in his heart, "The formula to the Clown potion.

"The formula to the Clown potion."

...

As he was reciting the statement, he used Cogitation to temporarily enter a dreamlike state.

It was a hazy gray world without a sky or ground. Klein was unusually alert as he observed a transparent, ethereal figure.

He extended his right hand and touched the remnants of Sirius's spirit.

The scene in front of him changed with a rumble.

It was a study table painted with dark red paint. There were three candles on a silver candle stand, as well as a blank piece of paper.

Sirius had a pen in his hand. He wrote in Loen language, "This is the second formula, its name in the notebook is 'Clown.'"

"80 milliliters of pure water, 5 drops of tornapple juice, 7 grams of black-rimmed sunflower powder, 10 grams of golden cloak grass powder, 3 drops of poison hemlock. These are the supplementary ingredients."

"The main supernatural ingredients are: one crystal of the single horn of a matured Hornacis gray mountain goat and a complete stalk of a human-faced rose."

Sirius seemed to have the Clown potion's formula memorized as he quickly finished writing it.

He paused for a moment and took a sip of coffee, then he unwound the silver pendulum around his wrist.

He held the pendulum and closed his eyes, muttering terms to himself such as “the end of days”, “peace of mind”, “hope for the Lord’s blessings”, and “confess”.

After Sirius finished his prayer, Klein finally saw the pendulum clearly.

Under the wound silver chain was a thumb-sized human figurine.

The figurine had a single eye, a trait unique to giants. It was facing down, its legs bound by chains that connected upwards.

At that moment, the single eye of the giant suddenly had a faint red glow.

Crack!

The scene Klein witnessed shattered as his legs buckled, almost causing him to kneel to the ground.

Klein felt pain in his head as though he had been struck ruthlessly in the head with a bat. His vision turned blood-red as his hands involuntarily reached out to protect his knees.

He recovered several seconds later and stood back up. He felt that his spirituality was unusually weak, as if he had heard the murmurings that penetrated his mind once again.

But due to his progress in ‘digesting’ the magic medicine, the adverse reaction calmed down quickly.

The Hanged Giant, the True Creator... Sirius and Hanass were both members of the Aurora Order? But the Captain saw a huge cross in Hanass’ dream. The terrifying being crucified on the cross wasn’t the Aurora Order’s Hanged Giant... Klein took two deep breaths and waited for his spirituality to slowly recover.

The Aurora Order was a secret organization that sprang into existence about two to three hundred years ago. They worshiped the True Creator and symbolized him with The Hanged Giant. They believed that every human being had divine qualities, and as long as they persevered and made it through the countless trials, they would be able to accumulate enough divine qualities to become angels.

According to the internal records of the Nighthawks, the Sequence 9 of the Aurora Order was Secrets Suppliant. These Beyonders could sense the existence of mysterious and horrifying beings and were armed with a decent amount of knowledge regarding sacrifices and some knowledge on ritualistic magic. There was enough evidence to claim that senior Secrets Suppliants experienced distortions of their worldview and lost control easily.

Little was known about the Sequence 7 which the Aurora Order had grasped. Sequence 8 was Listener. This was considered quite a terrifying 'job' for a Beyonder.

Every Listener could listen directly to the whispers of the secret entities; thus, they frequently came into contact with powerful, distorted, unique abilities. But consequently, if they were unable to advance, it was difficult for them to survive the next five years after becoming a Listener. Furthermore, the comments the Nighthawks had in the reports were that every Listener was a lunatic. Even if they looked normal on the surface, they were always crazy on the inside.

The details of the report regarding the Aurora Order flashed through Klein's mind. His initial theory was that Sirius was a Secrets Suppliant.

From the description, Secrets Suppliant are as hopeless as Seers in battle. That does fit Sirius's actions just now. What happened later was a loss of control brought about by the injury? Yes, Frye once said that every

Beyonder would more or less undergo some weird changes after they die... Klein thought as he tapped four points on his chest to praise the Goddess.

After his spirituality recovered slightly, he concluded the ritual with the appropriate procedure and dismantled the wall of spirituality.

With a whoosh, a gust of wind blew as Klein forced himself to look at Sirius's corpse.

He noticed that there was still an obvious wart on Sirius's mangled face. It was a dark purple wart, almost black. There seemed to be liquid and a light gleaming within.

"What kind of transformation was that?" Klein rubbed his temples, not daring to touch it.

He bent over and retrieved his cane, allowing it to bear his weight.

After what had just happened, he knew that Sirius's spirituality had been completely destroyed. Even the Spirit Medium Daly would be unable to communicate with him.

After a while, Klein saw Captain Dunn and his partners, Leonard and Kenley.

"It seems like your fate is tied to Beyonders and evil forces. In just a few weeks, you have come across more supernatural incidents than what we usually see in months," Leonard joked, looking at the corpse on the ground.

"It might not be a coincidence," Klein added, as he suddenly thought about the red chimney he had seen in his dream divination, as well as the

majestic palace on the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range and the formless focus on him. He took the opportunity to mention it in passing.

Dunn surveyed the surroundings and, with his gray eyes trained on Klein, asked, “You tried channeling his spirit?”

There were still traces of Holy Night Powder and the scent of the essential oils.

“Yes,” Klein replied truthfully. “I was worried that you would arrive late and that the remains of his spirituality would scatter.”

“You don’t look well. Are you alright?” the short Kenley asked in concern.

Klein passed Sirius’s undelivered letter to the captain and began from the beginning.

“When I went to the underground market to purchase materials for the rituals, I suddenly remembered that Selena had also once gone to the Evil Dragon Bar and that it was Hanass Vincent that brought her there. This meant that Hanass was a regular there. Thus, I suspected that the person in the portrait, someone who’s definitely connected to Hanass, might have gone to the underground market too.

“I asked the boss Swain about the portrait, and he gave me confirmation. He told me that the man had once tried to buy documents and items related to the Hornacis Mountains. That reminded me of the library. I recalled that the librarian had mentioned that someone had just returned the journal issue I wanted to borrow...”

Leonard stood to the side, listening with a smile. He suddenly interrupted, “And so you brought your identification documents and badge here to flip through the borrowing records? Actually, I am very curious; why would you come into conflict with this man here? Even if it was a direct

encounter, with your style of doing things, you would've pretended that you didn't know him and would just leave the library. Then you would come to Zouteland Street to ask for our help."

"Yes, there was no need for you to take the risk. As long as you confirm the target and that he hasn't left Tingen, there would always be a way to find him," Dunn added as he reviewed the letter.

Klein immediately said in embarrassment, "The librarian recognized him and shouted for the police to help.

"There's no way I could have pretended not to hear that..."

Leonard and Kenley looked at each other. One tried to cover his amusement, while the other turned his head to the side.

Dunn nodded, his gaze leaving the letters.

"Did you get anything from channeling his spirit?"

"I saw a pendulum that took the shape of a Hanged Giant. I saw a blood-red glow flash in the giant's only eye before I was forced out of the ritual," Klein described honestly.

He didn't want to talk about the Clown potion for the time being as he had two considerations.

First, if Dunn and the rest were able to find Sirius's hideout and the corresponding records, then it would make no difference if he told them or not, as there would be no additional contributions attributed to him.

Second, if Dunn and the rest were unable to find it, he could report it in the future. This way, he would be awarded with another contribution, allowing him to acquire the ingredients needed to concoct a potion. This

was a way to obtain double the rewards for a single task, a technique that stemmed from Old Neil's recent teachings.

"Aurora Order?" Dunn muttered to himself before he asked some relevant questions.

After Klein answered all his questions, he saw the fatigue in Klein's eyes and waved his cane.

"Not bad. You foiled a scheme that was targeting Tingen. You can go back and rest. Kenley, bring Old Neil over."

After giving out instructions, Dunn smiled bitterly and shook his head.

"Before Sequence 6, Beyonders of the Sleepless pathway lack many supplemental abilities. We can only conduct the simplest of ritualistic magic."

"Captain, you mean that from Sequence 6 onwards, a Sleepless pathway Beyonder would gain improvements in the corresponding aspects?" Klein asked out of curiosity.

"Yes," Dunn confirmed.

...

After leaving the Daffodil Street Library, Klein nearly fell asleep in the carriage on multiple occasions on his way back to Daffodil Street.

He lumbered into the house, he then removed his hat and jacket before falling asleep on the sofa.

Sometime later, he woke up abruptly, took out his pocket watch, and snapped it open.

“Melissa will be back in half an hour, Benson in forty-five minutes... If I don't get up, I'll have to make them wait an hour before we can have dinner...” Klein rubbed his forehead as he entered the kitchen.

He washed his face with cold water, then took out the oxtail, tomatoes, carrots, and onions he had bought that afternoon.

After he prepared the ingredients, he suddenly froze. He had the feeling that his actions just now formed a strange juxtaposition with the incident that afternoon.

“I am a man who just saved Tingen...” Klein mumbled in amusement. He put on a white apron and got to making dinner.

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After eight in the evening, in the Moretti family's dining room.

As he looked at the shallow soup left in the bowl, Benson raised his hand to cover his mouth to give a satisfied burp.

“Although that was our third time eating it, I still find it delicious. The sourness and sweetness of the tomato and the chewy texture of the oxtail blends into a perfect and unique flavor. Klein, I'm sorry that the Blackthorn Security Company caused Tingen City to lose such an outstanding chef.”

Melissa leaned backwards in her chair and nodded in agreement silently.

“This is because you have yet to try real cooking.” Klein smiled humbly. “If we have a chance in the future, let's head to Bonaparte Restaurant on Howes Street for some authentic Intis cuisine, and also to Coastline Restaurant in the Golden Indus borough for some southern delicacies.”

These were restaurants that were always covered in the newspapers, where the average cost per person was around a pound and a half.

“I like your cooking more,” Melissa answered without hesitation.

Benson chuckled and changed the topic.

“But I ultimately feel that there’s something lacking from the tomato oxtail soup. Perhaps, it shouldn’t be eaten with bread?”

Klein nodded in agreement.

“It’s best complemented with rice.”

“Rice...” Melissa muttered with an expression of yearning.

Tingen, which was located north, wasn’t considered a big city. Besides a few particular restaurants, it was difficult to have any chance of eating rice.

To Benson and Melissa, this kind of food only existed in the descriptions of newspapers and textbooks.

Looking at his sister’s expression, Klein laughed.

“Wait till we save another six month’s salary, and we will find a chance to go on vacation in Desi Bay and try the delicacies there.”

Desi Bay was located in the far south of the Loen Kingdom, and a third of it belonged to Feynapotter Kingdom. It had plenty of sunlight and beautiful scenery, and the paella there was very famous.

Before Melissa could share her opinion on saving money, Klein said, “In another three months, I should get another raise. By then, we could totally fulfill our desire to travel as well as save money for necessities.”

“Why?” Benson and Melissa’s attention was redirected as expected.

Klein coughed lightly and smiled while explaining, “Due to my professionalism, the police department which always collaborates with our company intends to hire me as their part-time history consultant. They would pay me extra, at least two pounds a week. If you see me in a police uniform in the future and showing the corresponding police documentation, please don’t be shocked.

“Of course, as you know, the work efficiency in governmental departments is as slow as a ninety-year-old lady’s footsteps. They still have to go through a lengthy procedure, and they’re required to do a thorough inspection of me. Hence, on my off days for the next two months, I’ll be heading to Khoy University quite often to see my mentor and the teaching staff I know to learn more.”

Seeing the shocked look in his brother and sister’s eyes, he paused and said with a strange expression, “Just like Emperor Roselle said, ‘One is never too old to learn.’”

Benson maintained a few seconds of silence before saying in a half self-deprecating and half emotional manner, “Is it too late for me to sign up for university? Knowledge really is wealth.”

And also power... Klein added silently.

“Benson, you need Klein’s grammar books and his classic literature textbooks,” Melissa said out of the blue, stealing the words from Klein’s mouth.

Benson's expression seemed to change. He gritted his teeth and said, "Klein, pass me those books tonight."

"Even if all they do is put me to sleep, I am determined to read them for an hour, no—an hour and a half a day."

"I swear in the name of the Goddess! If I can't do it, I will be a curly-haired baboon!"

A smile immediately plastered across Klein's face.

"No problem."

...

The next morning, Klein hung his coat and hat on the clothes rack in the break room. Then he followed Rozanne's instructions and walked to the basement to the duty room outside Chanis Gate.

Captain Dunn and members Frye, Seeka, Royale, Leonard, and Kenley were all there.

As his gray eyes glanced past the newly promoted Nighthawk, Dunn smiled and said, "We have a routine meeting every Thursday to summarize past missions and discuss various challenges."

I am a man who has endured the test of many regular meetings as well... Klein lampooned. He found a seat and joked, "Do I need to introduce myself?"

Dunn smiled and turned to look at Kenley.

"Briefly tell us about the investigation of Sirius Arapis."

Kenley was also a Nighthawk who had been promoted from a member of the civilian staff. He wasn't very tall, his brown hair was quite thick, his body size was average, his muscles were very toned, and he looked like someone who was smart and capable.

He thought and said, "With Old Neil's help, we found Sirius's secret hideout. There were many books and items at the scene. From them, we can be certain that Sirius was one of the underground members of the secret organization, the Aurora Order. He was also a Secrets Suppliant.

"There's sufficient evidence to show that he and Hanass Vincent sold the Antigonus family notebook to Welch. Those who don't remember Welch can ask Klein about him.

"We found valuable items, including three Sequence potion formulas, which are Sequence 9 Seer, Sequence 8 Apprentice, and Sequence 8 Clown...

"The subsequent task is to use Sirius's social circle and the letters we found to locate other outer circle members of the Aurora Order. The focus of our search will be directed at the heretic who has infiltrated the police department.

"Also, people who were in contact with Hanass need to be reinvestigated."

Dunn nodded lightly and looked towards Klein.

"As you heard just now, we've obtained the Clown potion formula, but are unable to determine if it's real. We have to wait for the Holy Cathedral to give us feedback.

"In the mission relating to the Aurora Order, you have made a crucial contribution. Plus, given that you shot a member of the Secret Order, it

won't be long until you accrue enough contributions to be promoted. But, I have to remind you that not everyone is like Daly. You have to suppress your desire and wait for three years. In order to avoid losing control, you can't allow your mindset to be affected by our discovery of the Clown potion formula."

Captain, you don't understand how magical it is to 'act'... I have already confirmed the authenticity of the Clown potion formula using divination above the gray fog last night... Klein nodded obediently.

"I will keep my emotions in check."

Then Seeka Tron, the quiet Midnight Poet with white hair and black eyes, said, "We still haven't found any clues regarding Instigator Tris. I suspect that he has already fled from Tingen."

...

After they were done exchanging their new information, Klein left the duty room and found Old Neil to continue his mysticism lessons. In the afternoon, he went over to his combat teacher, Gawain, to do basic strength, endurance, and overall coordination training.

...

With the sun still up and bright at five.

Klein took off his training costume, took a quick shower, and changed into his original clothing. He then took the public carriage to Besik Street.

He hadn't forgotten about the red chimney that he had seen in his dream divination, nor did he forget about the man that he suspected to be a member of the Psychology Alchemists who had bought supplementary

ingredients for the Spectator potion in the underground market. These things would be inconvenient to investigate in his role as a Nighthawk.

“Number 27. Henry’s Private Detective Company... Yup, it’s here.” Klein found a private detective company according to the newspaper’s descriptions. It was said to be trustworthy.

He put on a mask, lowered his top hat, and flipped up his collar. He walked up the stairs and came to the company on the second floor.

Knock! Knock! Knock! He knocked on the door that was half-closed.

“Please come in,” said a voice that seemed that be affected by phlegm.

Klein lifted his cane and pushed the door to enter. He saw the detective company using an almost open layout. There were four employees sitting at their respective seats partitioned into small cubicles.

“Hi, I’m Detective Henry. How may I help you?” a man in a white shirt and black vest greeted him.

He held a smoking pipe in his hand, and he had a prominent jawline, blade-like eyebrows, and dark blue eyes that sized up his client.

Klein used the collar of his windbreaker to block half of his face as he spoke.

“I have two matters to entrust to you. How are your rates?”

“That depends on the difficulty of the task.” Detective Henry retracted his gaze and pointed towards the sofa in the guest area. “Let’s talk over there.”

Klein followed him to the semi-partitioned area and sat on the single-seat sofa. He didn't take off his coat, nor did he take off his hat and mask.

He purposely made his voice hoarse and said, "First, I need you to help me find a house with a chimney that looks like this, as well as information on who the owner and current tenant are."

As he spoke, he took out a neatly folded paper. When he opened it, there was a chimney with its color noted down and its surrounding scenery.

This was the drawing that Klein completed by using the uniqueness of the area above the gray fog and the method of praying to himself.

"What a great drawing..." Detective Henry complimented subconsciously. He then knitted his eyebrows and said, "This is not complicated but very tedious. It would require a long time and a large amount of manpower."

"I understand." Klein nodded lightly.

Detective Henry pondered for a moment and said, "Seven pounds. The price for this job would be seven pounds. In addition, you have to give me at least two weeks."

"Alright. Second, help me find this gentleman and find out his identity. The only thing I know is that he occasionally appears at the Evil Dragon Bar near the harbor borough. And he must not detect any men you send. He is very sensitive and he has terrifying observational skills." Klein took out the second portrait.

He intended to get in touch with a member of the Psychology Alchemists to see if he could find any valuable information and materials. For example, perhaps a formula that could be exchanged with Justice ?

“Three pounds, such a mission would cost about three or four pounds. Your outstanding drawing skills will help my assistant and I save time,” Detective Henry replied skillfully.

“Ten pounds in total?” Klein found the price upsetting.

Detective Henry took a puff on his pipe and said, “Yes, and you need to put a deposit of two pounds. When there’s progress, you’ll need to pay another three to five pounds. The rest of the payment can be made when the mission is completed.”

“Then I shall come next week to check on your progress.” Klein didn’t haggle over the price to prevent the observant detective from remembering any of his characteristics.

After they signed a standard contract, he took out two one-pound notes and passed them to the detective. He only had one pound and seventeen soli left from his savings.

As Detective Henry watched the man wearing a gauze mask and a black windbreaker with its collar raised leave in a hurry, he had a suspicious look in his eyes as he smoked his pipe.

Why is he looking for a house that has that kind of chimney?

He must be an artist, or at least a professional sketch artist of some sort...

...

In the afternoon, in Viscount Glaint’s luxurious mansion.

Audrey, with her maidservant in tow, followed etiquette and passed her hand to the host. She looked at him giving her hand a quick peck.

“Your beauty accentuates my salon,” Glaint first gave a compliment as usual. Then, he lowered his voice and said, “That lady is already here. She’s a Beyonder and also an author.”

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“Author?” Audrey asked casually as she observed Glaint’s reaction.

Subsequently, she didn’t have to mind the presence of her maidservant, Annie, since they chatted about ordinary topics.

Glaint straightened his body and chuckled.

“Yes, I believe that you have read her works in the past. She wrote the book, Stormwind Mountain Villa, which was highly acclaimed for the past two months.”

“I enjoyed that book, especially the calm Lady Sissi,” Audrey replied with a faint smile.

Meanwhile, she was rolling her eyes at her own hypocrisy inwardly.

That was because her latest hobby had nothing to do with novels. She had stopped reading Stormwind Mountain Villa a month ago, her progress stopped at the one-third mark.

Ever since she joined the Tarot Club and acquainted herself with the powerful Fool, and became a real Beyonder, she had been immersing herself in mysticism knowledge. She had been systematically learning about psychology and had lost interest in other activities.

Smiling, Glaint guided Audrey to a sofa in the hall.

“I am sure that Miss Fors Wall will leave a good impression on you, for she is just like Stormwind Mountain Villa’s Lady Sissi—calm, intellectual, and lazy.

“Also, my dear Miss Audrey, are you going to play the piano for us later? That is the greatest compliment for a novel and literature.”

Audrey looked at the side profile of Glaint’s face. His expression, tone, and body language all conveyed his intention to flaunt himself.

He wants to use me to show off... Audrey thought to herself, as if she had just met this good friend of hers for the first time.

She maintained her elegant smile and said, “My music teacher, Mr. Vicanell the pianist, said that my standards have deteriorated recently and needs more practice.”

“Alright.” Glaint was just about wondering what to say when he suddenly saw a lady taking desserts from the long table. “Audrey, this is Miss Fors Wall, the author of Stormwind Mountain Villa.”

Audrey looked over. Miss Fors Wall was about 23 years old and 1.65 meters in height. She was wearing a pale yellow dress with frills. Her brown hair was slightly curly. She looked over with her pale blue eyes as Glaint introduced her while wearing a smile that appeared ruminative.

Audrey had noticed several small details in the less than three seconds of observation.

There are faint traces of yellow on Miss Fors’s fingers... She likes cigarettes...

There are obvious calluses on her fingers at spots used to hold a pen, fitting her identity as an author...

Her arm movements show that she has decent strength. This is not a quality expected of an author, unless she is passionate about exercising. Perhaps she was born like this, or she might have engaged in some other occupation in the past...

She displayed her calm, rational, and precise style in Stormwind Mountain Villa. This must be linked to her previous occupation...

Her eyes and emotions are relaxed, giving me the feeling that she is looking down on me and Glaint. Is this the psychological superiority a Beyonder has over an ordinary human?

If it was a coincidence that Glaint discovered her identity as a Beyonder, then she should feel some anxiety and uneasiness. After all, she is unable to guess his reaction and what he would do next since the unknown always brings about fear.

This indicates that she was the one who voluntarily approached Glaint, having learned about our hobbies. She must be quite confident about what is going to happen next...

Why would a Beyonder approach Glaint? Does she need monetary support, or the Beyonder ingredients stored in the treasury? Or perhaps she needs help with something...

At this moment, Glaint was introducing Audrey to Fors.

“Madam, this is the Miss Audrey that I mentioned previously, the most sparkling gem in all of Backlund. Her father is Count Hall, a trusted aide of His Majesty and respected member of the cabinet.

“Good afternoon, Madam Fors. Stormwind Mountain Villa is still seated by my bed to this very day.” Audrey adhered to the rules of the aristocracy and curtsied.

But she added silently, That’s because I haven’t finished reading it even after a month...

Fors returned the niceties simply and said, “Good afternoon Miss Audrey, your beauty sure leaves an impression. I think that I already have an idea for my next novel. Heh, Viscount Glaint said that you have exceptional talents in music.”

They merely exchanged praises as they were in public.

After watching Fors continue towards the dining table as she targeted a cream cake, Audrey retracted her gaze and headed to the living room with Glaint.

She recalled the details she had seen just now and tried to figure the motives of the woman. She wanted to gain some advantage in future conversations.

As she took a step forward, Audrey, who was as calm as an objective Spectator, stepped on her dress and nearly fell.

At this moment, her personal maidservant, Annie, caught her, allowing her to maintain her grace.

“Miss, the unique design of this dress means that you cannot walk too quickly,” Annie pulled close to Audrey’s ear and reminded her softly.

“I know.” Audrey nodded in reply, her face flushed red.

I was too absorbed in observing others that I forgot to look at where I was placing my foot... she silently complained in resentment.

Audrey met with many other esteemed authors, critics, and musicians for the rest of the salon, always maintaining her sweet, elegant smile.

Finally, after her facial muscles began turning sore, she saw Viscount Glaint's signal.

She waited for a few minutes and gave the excuse of needing to use the washroom. She lifted her dress and stood up slowly to leave the salon.

After confirming that there was no one tailing her, she made her way to the study on the first level and told her maidservant Annie, "I have something to discuss with Glaint. Guard the door for me. Do not let anyone enter."

"Alright." Annie didn't feel that the request was strange, for she knew that Audrey and Viscount Glaint shared similar hobbies and would often discuss mysticism in a private setting.

Audrey entered the study and locked the door. She saw Glaint seated behind the desk while playing with a pen. Fors Wall was standing in front of the bookshelf, nonchalantly flipping through a book.

"I'll introduce you both again. Madam Fors, a true Beyonder." Glaint put down his pen and walked over.

"Is that so?" Audrey intentionally exaggerated her feelings of doubt.

Fors returned the book to its original position and turned around with a smile.

"It looks like I have to prove myself."

She walked over to the door and extended her right palm, grabbing the handle of the door.

Suddenly, Audrey's vision blurred. It was as if she witnessed Madam Fors turn incorporeal as she passed through the door.

She was shocked. Concentrating, she realized that Fors was no longer standing in her original position.

A few seconds later, the door handle turned. The locked door was opened just like that. Fors Wall smiled as she walked in from the outside.

Audrey's maid, Annie, who was not far away, didn't seem to be aware of what had happened.

"What a magical ability!" Glaint exclaimed.

Audrey took in a deep breath and said, "I have no more doubts."

At the same time, the ability Fors had displayed allowed Audrey to confirm what her true motives were, since acquiring money or materials would be no trouble for a Beyonder like that.

Glaint doesn't have any Beyonder guards... Fors wants to use the statuses and resources available to Glaint and I to achieve something? Audrey tried her hardest to act as a Spectator.

Fors chortled and said, "Let us interact with honesty. We do not have much time left."

"I was once a doctor at a clinic and was given an opportunity to become a Beyonder. That was more than two years ago."

“I hope that you can do something for me, and the reward I will give you is allow you to join the ranks of true Beyonders. I will sell you the formula of a particular Sequence potion and its corresponding materials.”

Upon hearing such a promise, Glaint could not help but ask, “What do you want us to do?”

“I have a partner who’s in jail now, awaiting the final verdict. I hope that you can save her, regardless of the methods used,” Fors said simply.

Audrey frowned.

“Madam Fors, the abilities you have demonstrated should be better suited for the task...”

Fors laughed and shook her head.

“No, that is not the case. She cannot pass through the places that I can. I can only go in regularly and chat with her.

“Also, I think that risking my life to save her is not a good idea. Life is short, but there is much for us to do.”

Audrey observed Fors’s face and body language. She considered her words before asking, “I understand. What crime is your partner being locked up for?”

Fors’s expression immediately turned a little awkward.

“My partner is a very respected person who can make others comply from the bottom of their hearts. She is of good character and kind. Well... Uh... It was that the means she used to convince a thug was a little over the top...”

...

After handing out the mission, Klein followed his original schedule of mysticism lessons in the morning and combat lessons in the afternoon. The regularity of his life almost made him forget that he was a member of the Nighthawks. The ‘curse’ of often encountering supernatural incidents seemed to disappear as well.

It was Saturday, his turn to guard Chanis Gate.

“You can enjoy the coffee I left here or the black tea in the clerk’s office.” Dunn surveyed the room with his deep gray eyes.

Klein, who had already given an excuse to his siblings, nodded in joy.

“Alright Captain. You sure are a generous gentleman.”

Dunn laughed.

“Those will help you relax. Being tense all the time is not good for your health.”

He took his hat and cane and walked toward the door.

As he was exiting the door, he suddenly turned around and said, “I forgot to remind you; do not open Chanis Gate no matter what you hear, unless it is opened from the inside.

“Remember, no matter what you hear, no matter what happens.”

Captain, that’s a little scary... Klein tensed up instantly. He felt the darkness of the basement triumph over the light of the gas lamp.

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Chapter 108: Deep Into The Night

Translator: AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

Despite not being dawn yet, the well-ventilated but quiet and dark underground was illuminated by gas lamps. The dim yellow light emitted from the gas lamps were protected by glass, allowing them to steadily shine throughout the empty and quiet tunnel.

Klein sat in the duty room and casually flipped through the newspapers, magazines, and books piled before him. He directed some of his attention outside, to prevent anyone from charging inside the Chanis Gate.

His windbreaker and top hat were hung on the clothes rack near the entrance while his cane was leaning against the wall where it could be easily retrieved.

The rich aroma of coffee filled the air, and Klein couldn't help but take a whiff. He massaged his temples to fight against the heavy head feeling he was experiencing and the weariness of his body.

As a college student back on Earth, he often slept at five in the morning and woke up at noon, while staying up all night during the past two to three years of working life, to the point of being able to attend work energetically the next day. However, it was all thanks to the games that were too exhilarating, novels that were too interesting, television shows and movies that were too entertaining.

This world obviously didn't possess any of the necessities needed for staying up all night.

“Seriously, Emperor Roselle. If you want to posture, do it properly. Pour your limited life into an unlimited enterprise. Lead the people of this world into the information age!” Klein muttered silently. He could only console himself that there were at least newspapers, magazines, and increasingly interesting novels.

At first, he wanted to focus on his studies to restrain his sleepiness. However, practically speaking, it conflicted with his duty. Once he entered that state, he would easily overlook any movements outside and any changes to the situation at the Chanis Gate.

Phew. Klein picked up his coffee cup and carefully blew at it.

He took a sip and let the fragrant taste swish around his mouth before letting the liquid slowly flow down his throat.

“Fermo Coffee from the Paz Valley, very bitter but very refreshing,” Klein gave a compliment and put down his coffee cup.

The Paz Valley was located in the Southern Continent, a region that produced high-quality coffee beans. It was currently being fought over by the Intis Republic and the Loen Kingdom. They both built colonist settlements on the left and right banks of the Paz Valley, and had destroyed the original Paz Kingdom.

In the eerie silence, Klein casually picked up a magazine and realized that it was Ladies Aesthetic, which talked about fashion and dating.

“This must be from Rozanne...” he murmured in amusement as he flipped through it with his interest piqued.

Maybe it was due to the sudden advancement of camera technology in the past decade or so, not only did the magazine use a lot of illustrations, it

even used monochrome pictures as their content—just like the newspapers.

They fashionably invited the famous play and musical actors to model the charms and the magical pairing of the clothing. In a short span of seven years, the new regional Backlund magazine became a mainstream magazine that spread across the nation.

“The dress looks nice, she’s pretty too...” Klein flipped through it casually and didn’t hide his aesthetic inclinations.

He was a man that had matured normally both in body and mind. He had always appreciated beautiful ladies, but he had long set his goal—to find a way home. Hence, he tried his best to keep his distance from the opposite sex, so that he didn’t waste the other person’s time or leave behind any emotional baggage.

As for streetwalkers, he was quite a germaphobe in that aspect.

Benson and Melissa were already shackles that couldn’t be removed. He could only find the means to make it up to them in the future... Klein suddenly felt his heart heavy and he couldn’t help but let out a sigh.

The further he strayed away from home, the more he felt melancholic during quiet late nights.

He suddenly lost his interest in looking at beautiful women and put down the magazine in his hands. He picked up a novel instead.

“Stormwind Mountain Villa, author, Fors Wall,” Klein read the content on the cover.

The tranquil night, dim yellow light, and the leatherbound book reminded him of his younger days when he rented books. Hence, he continued to read simply because of nostalgia.

Stormwind Mountain Villa was a novel about Lady Sissi, who was 1.65 meters tall and weighed ninety-eight pounds. It was a story of her embarking as a home tutor in the Fruys Mountain Villa.

“One pound is about half a kilogram... Is this Jane Eyre of an alternate world?” Klein caressed his fingers against the smooth paper as he began making guesses of the subsequent content.

However, just as he thought it was a romance novel, an evil spirit emerged in the story. When he believed that it was a ghost story, Lady Sissi revealed herself as a detective and made a marvelous deduction.

Just as Klein felt that it was definitely a detective novel, the main male character took a heavy blow to the head and lost his memory. Then, it became a heart-rending drama.

“... In the end, it’s still a romance book.” Klein closed the book and drank a mouthful of coffee.

Thump!

Thump! Thump! Thump!

A ferocious knocking was suddenly heard as it reverberated in the dim and quiet empty corridor.

Klein jumped in shock as he immediately turned tense.

He instinctively drew his revolver from his armpit holster, adjusted the cylinder and hammer. Then, he slowly walked to the door and looked for the source of the sound.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The thumping became more and more intense. Klein looked in the direction of the sound and saw the black outward-swinging gates that were engraved with seven Sacred Emblems.

“Sounds from beyond the Chanis Gate?” He squinted his eyes and his heart was beating like a drum.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Klein saw Chanis Gate shake gently, and he sensed the massive impact it was withstanding.

“It can’t be, right... I’m encountering something on my first day on duty? Did I get an unlucky constitution after I transmigrated?” Klein’s right hand broke into cold sweat as it held the revolver.

Very soon, he recalled the Captain’s instruction: do not open Chanis Gate no matter what you hear, unless it is opened from the inside.

Uh, could this be a normal phenomenon? Klein suddenly calmed down.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Thump! Thump! Thump! The commotion beyond the Chanis Gate grew in intensity, but the heavy black metal gates only shook. Otherwise, it didn’t show any unusual signs.

“This is normal. I nearly died from the shock...” Klein muttered, before he prepared to return to the duty room.

Just then, he heard a sharp grinding noise. He looked at the heavy Chanis Gate bulging outwards as a crack appeared on its surface!

Zing!

In the jarring noise, Klein’s almost fixed eyes saw a figure. Its height was about the length of a man’s arm, and it was wearing a classic, black, miniaturized regal gown. There was an obvious stain on the gown.

It had a not-so-exquisite face, black eyes, and tightly sealed lips.

It was a cloth puppet, a toy cloth puppet!

At that moment, when Klein was about to subconsciously raise his gun to take aim, the cloth puppet leaned heavily into the crack in Chanis Gate and unfurled the paper it was holding.

There were many mysterious symbols on the paper, some that Klein knew and some that he had yet to learn. Together, they formed a vertical eye!

Klein had yet to understand the situation when the regal-gowned puppet was suddenly dragged back by a shapeless force to the back of Chanis Gate!

Creak!

Chanis Gate closed once again, with no more knocking or pounding sounds.

The basement regained its tranquility and silence as though nothing had happened.

“I have to inform Captain that Chanis Gate was opened from the inside... But it closed itself...” At that moment, Klein’s mental facilities returned to him as he felt alarm, fear, and doubt.

A few seconds later, he recalled what the cloth puppet was. Since he was an official member of the Nighthawks, he was given the clearance to know about the Grade 3 Sealed Artifact sealed behind Chanis Gate.

“Number: 0625.

“Name: Misfortune Cloth Puppet.

“Danger Grade: 3. Considerably dangerous. It has to be used carefully. It can only be applied for operations that require three or more people.

“Security classification: Official Nighthawk member or above.

“Sealing method: Only needs to be separated from humans.

“Description: The cloth puppet is wearing a regal gown which was popular in around the year 1300. The gown has a stain that is almost impossible to remove. It is uncertain if the stain was present from the very beginning.

“In a few tragic cases of individual family financial crises recorded in Tingen, the police noticed the existence of the puppet. It was always placed in the children’s bedroom, on the side table next to the bed.

“A few Nighthawks accepted the request and started an investigation on the puppet.

“The initial evaluation determined that it brought misfortune, causing people around it to be unlucky and find themselves in danger. Finally, they would die one after another. It only took two weeks for the tester to reach the brink of bankruptcy.

“The puppet isn’t equipped with the capability to live. It doesn’t have any inclinations of escaping the seal.

“Through extended periods of experimentation, we discovered that as long as one does not come within ten meters of it for more than half an hour a day, one wouldn’t be tainted with misfortune. If misfortune has befallen someone, the person will immediately have his situation turn for the better as long as the misfortune is transferred to another person.

“Appendix: The puppet first appeared in the house of an old lady, Tess, who lived in the Lower Street of Iron Cross Street. She was a toymaker. Due to old age and her husband’s severe illness, with both her children passing on early, she had no choice but to move to the Iron Cross Street’s Lower Street.

“This was the last toy she sold. She exchanged the puppet for some poison hemlock and ended her and her husband’s lives, having starved for more than three days.”

As Klein recalled the information of Sealed Artifact 3-0625, he felt even more doubtful and horrified.

Didn’t it say the puppet isn’t equipped with the capability to live? Didn’t it say that it doesn’t have any inclinations of escaping the seal?

What did I see just now!?

What dragged it back in the end?

The symbol that was drawn on the paper that it unfurled, what does it mean ?

That scene earlier was like how a psychotic murderer deals with his victim as the victim slams on the gates heavily and cries for help desperately, only to be dragged back...

While these thoughts flooded him, Klein decided not to make any decision on his own.

He returned to the duty room and pulled a rope.

The rope tightened, the gear spun, and there was suddenly a hurried ringtone that rang on the second floor of the Blackthorn Security Company.

Leonard Mitchell and the other Sleepless who were playing cards in the entertainment room immediately put down their poker cards and ran to the basement.

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Chapter 109: Deduction

Translator: AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

The sound of running footsteps entered Klein's ears, calming him down as he stood at the entrance of the guard room.

Leonard arrived first, holding a revolver. He asked in a solemn voice, "What happened ?"

Watching Leonard struggle to stop, Klein suddenly thought of something that Rozanne had mentioned in the past. Three years ago, Leonard, who had just become a Sleepless, tried to run down the flight of stairs despite not having adapted to the potion's power, causing him to fall and roll down.

With a cough, Klein pointed at Chanis Gate and said, "There was a knocking noise from the inside, which then became a loud slamming noise. Then the door was pushed open a little."

"Chanis Gate was pushed open?" the short Kenley asked in shock.

"Yes, a slit was opened." Klein continued his description. He saw that Leonard, Kenley, and Royale had stopped approaching the guard room, instead forming an arc formation a few steps away, loosely surrounding Klein.

He paused for a moment before asking, "Are you suspicious of me?"

"No, it isn't suspicion. This is protocol." Kenley shook his head.

In this tense atmosphere, Leonard maintained his flippant attitude, laughing as he added, "There have been incidents like this in other churches. The Beyonder guarding Chanis Gate lost control and pulled the bell before killing two teammates who came to help."

"Alright." Klein no longer felt angry and aggrieved at being ostracized. Instead, he asked, "Then how should I prove that I haven't lost control?"

Leonard wiped away his flippant smile and tapped his chest four times. With a hoarse voice, he recited softly, "Lacking clothes and food, they have no shelter in the cold."

“They are drenched by rains, and huddle around the rocks for lack of shelter.

“They are orphans snatched from the breast, hope lost on them; they are the poor that have been forced off the proper path.

“The Evernight did not forsake them, but bestowed them with love.”

...

The holy, yet pitiful prayer reverberated around the basement, making the bodies, hearts, and souls of everyone present feel purified and tranquil.

Seeing Klein not display any abnormal reactions, Leonard stopped his recital and smiled.

“There’s no problem. You are still our trusted partner.”

Madam Royale, who had been quiet all this time, looked at Chanis Gate and asked, “What did you see when the gate was pushed open?”

“I saw a Misfortune Cloth Puppet, the one wearing the black classic regal gown, 3-0625,” Klein replied, still a little fearful. “But three seconds later, a formless power pulled it back and Chanis Gate was closed once again. What’s going on?”

Leonard, Kenley, and Royale exchanged looks.

“Heh heh, we are in the same boat as you. We don’t know the true cause. But since Chanis Gate is closed once again and there’s nothing unusual, we shouldn’t enter it at this time. We have to wait till dawn for the Captain.”

Royale calmly added, “I will wait here and guard the gate with you.”

“Alright.” Leonard moved his hand and gave a bantering laugh. “As the most powerful person here, I shall stay too. Kenley, return to the second floor just in case the police department has an emergency case and cannot open the door.”

Kenley didn’t say much, he just nodded immediately and left.

Leonard glanced at Klein and Royale.

“Perhaps we can continue our card game? It’s best to have some sort of entertainment in circumstances like this, to relax.”

“No problem.” Klein adjusted his revolver and put it back into his armpit holster. Royale didn’t voice an opinion, but instead stroked her smooth, black hair as she entered the guard room.

While playing Fighting the Landlord, no—Fighting Evil, Klein said casually, “Misfortune Cloth Puppet, I mean 3-0625, according to its description, isn’t equipped with the capability to live...”

“Haha, three aces.” Leonard showed his hand and replied with the same casual tone, “In the past forty years, 3-0625 hasn’t displayed any life-like characteristics. We can first assume that the information is correct and make our assumptions based on that.”

“Pass. You already have an idea?” Royale asked simply.

As Klein hesitated to think about whether he should throw his three deuces, Leonard took a sip of his freshly brewed coffee and said, “Yes, since 3-0625 shouldn’t have any life-like characteristics, then its actions today must have been influenced by some other factor. This

factor must also be rather recent; otherwise, we would've observed this phenomenon a long time ago.”

“Has there been anything different about Chanis Gate over the last month?”

Royale saw Klein toss his three deuces and pondered for a few seconds.

“There is only one thing different; the Antigonus family's notebook and the Sealed Artifact 2-049 was stored behind Chanis Gate for a night.”

Leonard looked at the cards in his hand and as he tapped the table, he said with a smile, “If 2-049 can make the Misfortune Cloth Puppet act abnormally, then something similar should have happened behind Backlund's Chanis Gate a long time ago. So I suspect that the problem lies with the Antigonus family's notebook.”

Klein thought for a moment and nodded.

“That is the most likely explanation... Leonard, I never expected you to be this good at deduction.”

Typically speaking, being a romantic poet and a person with excellent deductive skills was mutually exclusive...

“That's because he's recently into detective novels,” Royale explained indifferently. “Two Kings, a straight from 8 to King. Does no one want it? Three 6's and no more.”

Upon seeing this, Klein and Leonard fell silent.

Having not been concentrating on the game, they forget something important.

Royale was the ‘Evil’ in this round!

Watching Royale cut the deck, Klein took the opportunity to ask, “Then what power pulled 3-0625 back?”

Leonard glanced at him and chuckled.

“Do you really think that the defensive mechanisms behind Chanis Gate only consists of the buried sealed chamber and a few elderly keepers?”

“In reality, when the sun sets fully, the keepers would have already left Chanis Gate and returned to Saint Selena Cathedral.

“The power in the gate is strongest at night and is no longer safe for any living creature. The power only weakens when the sun rises again. That is also why the Captain asked us not to enter Chanis Gate no matter what we hear.”

In other words, the Captain had forgotten to tell me the reason... Klein thought for a bit before asking, “Defensive mechanisms such as nexus formations?”

Like magnified versions of amulets and charms?

“Yes.” Royale nodded as she stroked the edge of her cards. “There is a reason that Chanis Gates are placed in the central cathedral of each city. The gate is maintained by the followers that go to these churches every day. Their sincere prayers allow a part of their spirituality to enter the nexus formations, and from small contributions comes abundance.”

“I see...” Klein nodded as he saw that he had a lousy hand.

At that moment, Leonard laughed and said, “There isn’t just one defensive mechanism behind Chanis Gate. Saint Selena’s ashes are

buried inside. She was a High-Sequence Beyonder when she was still alive.”

The ashes of Saint Selena ? Ashes of a High-Sequence Beyonder ? Sacred ashes ? What use do those have ? Klein was as puzzled as he was curious.

Saint Selena was a devotee when the Church of the Evernight Goddess was being established. She was active during the Third Epoch and her deeds were written in many holy scriptures. Thus, Saint Selena was a fairly commonly-used name among the commoners who believed in the Evernight Goddess.

Leonard seemed to read Klein’s mind as he continued, “Rumors suggest that the skeleton or ashes of High-Sequence Beyonders still contain incredible power. Of course, those are just rumors.”

Klein nodded, focusing his attention on the cards in his hand.

There were no unusual incidents in Chanis Gate for the next few hours, but Klein lost exactly two soli. It pained his heart, but Leonard, who fully expressed his romantic poetic vibes while playing, lost four soli and five pence, leaving Royale as the undisputed winner.

“The sun has just risen, it’s my turn.” The quiet Author, Madam Seeka Tron entered the guard room at six.

Klein wrote the incident he encountered the previous night into the record book and returned to the Blackthorn Security Company with Leonard and Royale.

He felt unusually exhausted, but the Midnight Poet and Sleepless beside him remained energetic.

This is the difference between the different Sequences... Klein was just about to make his way past the partition and catch up on some sleep at home when he suddenly saw the Captain enter.

“Good morning, Captain.” He couldn’t help but yawn when he greeted him.

Dunn, who was in a black windbreaker, took off his hat and looked at him with his gray eyes.

“Good morning. You should head back home for some rest. Did anything happen last night?”

Klein immediately gave a succinct summary of the incident regarding the Misfortune Cloth Puppet and Leonard’s deduction.

“Okay.” Dunn didn’t give his opinion. He concentrated on making his way to his office. “I will send a telegraph to the Holy Cathedral.”

Klein didn’t stay any longer. He slowly walked out of 36 Zouteland Street and breathed in the cool morning air.

He felt a little more energized, suddenly remembering something he had forgotten all this time.

I forgot to tell the Captain and the rest about the piece of paper in the Misfortune Cloth Puppet’s hands!

How could I have forgotten?

It was as if some power was influencing me, stopping me from telling this to the other Nighthawks...

It has been some time since the Antigonus family's notebook was present at Chanis Gate. The Misfortune Cloth Puppet 3-0625 should have been affected long ago. Why did it only show abnormal behavior last night?

Was it because it was the first time I was on shift at Chanis Gate?

It used all of its power to show me the picture on the paper?

What is the motive of the Antigonus family's notebook?

Has it got to do with my survival despite making contact with it? And that I became a Seer?

...

Many suspicions flashed through Klein's brain, rooting him to the spot. He was unsure if he should pretend that he didn't remember anything and make his way home to sleep, or head up and report it to the Captain.

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After thinking for a while, Klein decided to return home to confirm something.

He believed that if the Misfortune Cloth Puppet hadn't intentionally shown him the picture on the paper, then the Captain and the rest would definitely find traces in their follow-up investigations. It wouldn't matter much if he reported it or not.

If it were the converse, it was something worth careful consideration.

That was also what Klein wanted to confirm.

He took the trackless public carriage to Daffodil Street. When he returned home, his brother Benson and his sister Melissa had yet to wake up, since it was Sunday. The living room was dark and quiet.

Klein boiled a kettle of water, threw in some tea leaves, and drank it with wheat bread. Then he took his coat, hat, and cane towards the stairs.

He subconsciously lightened his footsteps to avoid making any loud noises.

Just as he got to the second floor, he saw the bathroom door suddenly open, and Melissa, who was wearing an old dress, came out with a sleepy face.

“You’re home...” Melissa was rubbing her eyes sleepily.

Klein covered his mouth and yawned.

“Yeah, I need to crash. Don’t wake me up before lunch.”

Melissa tersely acknowledged when she suddenly recalled something.

“Benson and I are going to Saint Selena Cathedral pray and attend Mass in the morning. Lunch might be slightly later.”

As not-so-devoted believers of the Evernight Goddess, she and Benson went to the church once a fortnight, while Klein, who was a Nighthawk, hadn’t entered the church since the last time he was followed by the member of the Secret Order.

No, I’m at the cathedral every day, just that I’m in the cathedral’s basement... Klein justified himself subconsciously.

He was currently most worried that the Goddess would abandon him as a fake believer. If his ritualistic magic didn't respond at crucial times, he would be in big trouble.

But then, when one considers Old Neil, the Goddess is quite forgiving towards the Nighthawks. Hmm. That's right! Klein comforted himself.

His scattered thoughts flashed past him, and he looked at Melissa. He nodded and smiled.

"No problem. I can sleep longer then."

Walking past Melissa, he entered his bedroom and locked the door behind him.

Immediately following that, he psyched himself up and took out the ritual dagger and created a sealed spirituality wall.

He took four steps counterclockwise while reciting the incantation and withstood the chaotic roars before appearing above the gray fog.

In the illusionary boundless world, he was the only living spirit sitting on the seat of honor at the long bronze table.

For nearly a minute of silence, Klein conjured a piece of goatskin parchment and wrote down a divination incantation.

"The picture that the Misfortune Cloth Puppet displayed."

Although Klein had seen the mysterious picture on the paper clearly for a split moment last night, he only managed to remember the rough shape of the picture due to his anxiety. But that wasn't a problem for a Seer; he could reproduce anything he remembered and had seen once!

According to mysticism theory, one's spirituality could remember everything they had seen. As long as they possessed the appropriate method, they could reproduce the scene whenever they wished.

Klein even felt that the theory that Spirit Medium Daly described regarding the Psychology Alchemists made sense. Human memory was merely islands that were exposed above the sea; it couldn't withstand much. Hence, a person's spiritual essence remembered most of the information and turned it into the subconscious, which formed the entire ocean.

While spirituality itself, even if it wasn't the entire ocean, also included the entire sea region surrounding the island.

After reciting the divination incantation, Klein leaned backwards and fell asleep through Cogitation.

In the blurry, distorted, separated world, he saw Chanis Gate crack open once again as he heard the heavy grinding noises.

The puppet in the black classic regal gown leaned into the opening of the door and unfurled the paper that it was holding.

On the piece of paper, there were many mysterious symbols that collectively formed a vertical eye.

Klein carefully observed the picture before exiting the dream. Then, with the aid of the uniqueness of the world above the gray fog and the memory that had yet to fade, he expressed the image on the brown parchment.

The vertical eye looked up at him, looking both sinister and mysterious.

Klein thought and wrote below the eye, “This is key to the treasure that the Antigonus family left behind.”

Putting down the pen, he untied the silver chain that was wound inside his sleeve. As he held it with his left hand, the topaz pendulum stably hung above the divination statement and the mysterious vertical eye. There weren't any obvious movements.

Klein closed his eyes and recited the sentence with his mind cleared.

After seven times, he opened his eyes and saw the topaz spinning in small circles in a clockwise fashion along with the silver chain.

That meant affirmation.

The vertical eye picture is really key to the treasure that the Antigonus family left behind... Klein nodded in deep thought.

He tapped his fingers on the edge of the long bronze table and muttered to himself, “Because of Ray Bieber's death, there are no descendants of the Antigonus family left. Hence, the notebook views me, the Seer that interacted with it but remains alive, as its inheritor?”

“It affected 3-0625 and left the key to the treasure with it, only to show it to me during my shift at Chanis Gate?”

“There doesn't seem to be any problem with the logic, but it still doesn't seem very convincing.

“How could the notebook be sure that there are no more descendants of the Antigonus family?”

“And I am totally unrelated to that family... If I shared their bloodline, the original Klein wouldn't have committed suicide to begin with.

“Hmm, it doesn’t seem to matter if I tell this to the Captain and the team. Let me look into this.”

Klein then divined the location of the Antigonus family’s treasure. But, unsurprisingly, there was no detailed information. Just like in the letter that Sirius wrote to Mr. Z, Klein could only be certain that the treasure was related to the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range and the ancient Nation of the Evernight.

After he finished divining all the matters, Klein noticed that the crimson star from which he had previously heard prayers was producing a faint fluctuation again.

He used the method of answering prayers and touched the illusory star. He saw the brown-haired young man who wore the unique black tight suit again.

The young man was kneeling on the ground, facing the pure crystal ball, still muttering about something.

Klein, who had purposely learned some Jotun, finally understood one of the sentences.

“Pray... Save... Father and Mother.”

It really is Jotun... Where in the world is Jotun still used? That’s an ancient antique that is thousands of years old... What a pity; the mysterious ruler above the giant is totally powerless. I don’t have the ability to save them even if I want to... Klein shook his head and sighed. He decided to observe him for a little longer.

I’ll see what I can do when I master more Jotun vocabulary and can understand what happened to his father and mother... Klein retracted his spirituality, wrapped it around himself, and initiated a descent.

When he returned to his bedroom, he dispelled the spirituality wall, changed into old but comfortable clothing, and laid down on the bed to get some sleep.

Klein slept all the way till half-past twelve, which was when Melissa finished preparing lunch and came knocking on the door.

After having a fairly sumptuous meal, he saw Melissa bring out her new dress and fishnet hat, looking like she was going out.

“Do you still have something this afternoon?” Klein asked, puzzled.

Benson was seated on the sofa, knitting his eyebrows at his grammar books. He didn't lift his head but answered on her behalf, “Mrs. Shaud from next door told Melissa that there will be a lecture regarding family affairs in the municipal hall in the afternoon. Melissa plans to attend it and learn how to deal with daily household issues.”

Melissa nodded and said, “I got Selena and Elizabeth to join me.”

“That's nice. I hope that the lecturer tells you that a family like us needs to hire at least one maidservant,” Klein joked.

Noticing that Melissa was about to refute him, he immediately added, “We have to invest our limited time into more valuable matters.”

Melissa was stunned. After a while, she puckered her lips, put on her fishnet hat, and left the house.

...

At two in the afternoon, Klein arrived at the Blackthorn Security Company again.

Rozanne and Dunn Smith, who happened to be in the reception hall, asked in unison, “Didn’t you go home and rest?”

Klein smiled.

“I was going to go to the Divination Club, but I kept thinking about what happened last night, so I decided to come over here first. Has there been any reply from the Holy Cathedral?”

Dunn shot a glance at Rozanne and turned around silently. He walked past the partition and entered his office.

Rozanne pulled her face at his back, then muttered angrily, “Seriously, Captain...”

Well done! Klein complimented silently. He held back his laughter and followed Dunn into his office.

Klein shut the door, and Dunn sniffed his smoking pipe before he said, “The Holy Cathedral has determined that the disturbance was because of the Antigonus family notebook, which they reclassified as a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact. It’s a pity. That means that you no longer have the sufficient security clearance to read it.”

Grade 1. Highly dangerous. Only the ranks above bishops and Nighthawk team captains can know of the actual situation? That also means that Captain has no idea what’s happening... Highly dangerous, no wonder... Klein felt regretful yet relaxed.

Dunn gave him a glance and continued, “The Holy Cathedral told us to check if there are any other items behind Chanis Gate that were contaminated by the notebook. After verification, only 3-0625 was abnormal, and we have already changed its seal.”

“Did you discover anything else?” Klein pretended to ask curiously.

Dunn shook his head.

“No.”

Klein nodded in thought. He didn't continue with the topic. After some small talk, he bade farewell and left for the Divination Club to continue his 'journey of digestion'.

...

In the municipal hall.

The three best friends, Melissa, Selena, and Elizabeth, sat near the door, waiting for the lecture to begin.

“If she delivers a bad lecture, we'll sneak out,” Selena suggested excitedly.

Elizabeth immediately agreed, “Let's go shopping at Harrods.”

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