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Chapter 151: Klein's Request

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

The chirping of insects and the hooting of owls reverberated along the path back to the small town. Azik looked ahead and said after a few seconds of silence, “Even though I’m not entirely sure what happened to me, I do have a rough idea.

“Perhaps—perhaps I’m someone who has lived for a very, very long time.”

Mr. Azik, you have to seriously consider if you still fit the definition of “someone”...Klein thought to himself, but he didn’t dare to say it out loud.

“This wilderness, this silence, often makes one weak...

“I should’ve paid some sort of price in exchange for this long life. I’ve lived since the end of the Fourth Epoch, like a wandering spirit across the continent...” Azik’s voice deepened, as if he was trying to suppress his emotions. “I don’t remember the past. I’ve forgotten about the people and things that I’ve sworn to remember...”

Klein poked at the weeds in front of him and said, in thought, “Mr. Azik, I have a theory regarding your situation.”

“What theory?” Azik looked to the side.

“I think that there’s a cycle to your memory loss. Perhaps you ‘die’ once every few decades, and your memories of the events before that vanishes. Then, after some time, you wake up from the darkness of your slumber and begin on a new phase of life. This way, we can explain why you would have such varied dreams. Those are events that you came across over your several lives,” Klein described his theory.

Azik slowed down his pace, as if the darkness had grabbed onto his sleeve. He looked ahead with a turbid look before saying after a while, “That is consistent with the memories that were jolted awake just now.”

Memories that were jolted awake? Klein had an idea as he said immediately, “Mr. Azik, you might not have to leave Tingen to search for your lost past. You’ll regain your memories slowly!”

“Why?” Azik turned his head in surprise.

Klein smiled and said, “Your memories aren’t completely gone. The parts of your memory that jolted awake just now are proof of that.

“Furthermore, do you remember the moment you woke up in Backlund and discovered that you had forgotten all about the past?”

Azik nodded. “That’s a nightmare that bothers me till this day.”

Klein tapped downwards with his black cane and explained in detail, “Before today, I didn’t think that there was a problem with that. But your description just now, together with my own conjecture, makes it feel a little weird. You had a document of identification and enough money when you woke up from your dream. You also appeared in a way that didn’t startle anyone... All of that seems like it was arranged for you, allowing you to fit into society with little effort.

“Then, who made the arrangements?”

“There is only one answer; the you from the past!”

“The past you regained his memories and knew that you would have to usher in a new life. Thus, he prepared everything for you, trying his best to not let you attract suspicion from anyone else.”

Azik stopped walking. He looked at the specks of light coming from the town, once again slipped into silence.

“Perhaps the ‘parents’ that I’ve been searching for were the past me all along...” He sighed, admitting that Klein’s deduction was very plausible.

“Thus, you don’t need to do anything. All you have to do is patiently wait for your memories to come back to you,” Klein concluded and consoled Mr. Azik.

Azik subconsciously waved his cane before he turned still, like a sculpture carved out of marble.

After a long time, he looked into the distance and answered, “Perhaps—perhaps I’ll only fully regain my memory when this life is nearing its end. I don’t want to wait that long. I want to have plenty of time to understand and free myself from this destiny. So I have to be more proactive in searching for my past, to trigger my memories a little at a time. I have to get back my memories back before the time you hypothesized. Waiting would only make me repeat the cycle.”

“Indeed that’s the choice worth looking forward to the most.” Klein didn’t advise against it. Instead, he asked, “Mr. Azik, may I ask for your help in something trivial, other than finding the criminal that took the skull of your child and made my fate disharmonious?”

Azik nodded slightly.

“What do you need me to do?”

Klein organized his words and said, “I hope that you can head to a town between two and five hours away from Tingen by carriage next week, or the week after. I need you to cause a paranormal incident, something that wouldn’t harm anyone. Judging from how you tried to search for the criminal using your bloodline’s connection, I would think that you are fairly adept in the field of dead souls.”

“No problem,” Azik promised without any hesitation. He didn’t ask Klein why he wanted him to do something like that.

At the same time, he had tacitly confirmed Klein’s conjecture about his powers.

“Thank you. This is very important to me. Also, you can only choose a follower of the Evernight Goddess when you are picking a target. Also, don’t leave any clues behind,” Klein instructed.

Only through this method could the incident be relayed to the Tingen Nighthawks. Only then could he join the team on the mission and suggest using Sealed Artifact 3-0782. Only then could he extract the divine blood from the Sealed Artifact to create Flaring Sun Charms!

That was the most powerful item he could obtain at the moment.

Under the assumption that the culprit living in the house with the red chimney hasn’t left Tingen, and that Klein was going to continue investigating, he had to try his best to become more powerful!

Yes, according to the information I obtained, stealing a little of its powers wouldn't damage 3-0782. At the very most, it would only lessen the amount of time it takes to purify... This is for the safety and stability of Tingen City! Klein inwardly tried to justify his actions.

Azik didn't care about his motives. He nodded.

"I will tell you the name of the town and the estimated time beforehand so you can prepare yourself."

Phew... Klein heaved a sigh of relief. He felt that this trip to Lamud Town wasn't a wasted trip.

Even though they only managed to peel back the outermost layer of the mysteries surrounding Mr. Azik and had much more to find out, he had at least managed to gain the friendship of Azik, a reliable ally in his search for the culprit behind the scenes!

...

At half past eleven that night, Klein returned to 2 Daffodil Street, hungry and tired.

"To think that Mr. Azik didn't treat me to dinner... Sigh. He wouldn't have been in the mood to enjoy dinner anyway," Klein muttered as he opened the door.

The house wasn't as dark as he had anticipated. An elegant gas lamp was silently emitting its light, warmly illuminating the living room. Benson was sitting alone on the sofa with a book, draped under a bright "coat."

When he saw the door open, Benson was just about to speak when he yawned. He had no choice but to cover his mouth.

Klein closed the door and smiled, quipping, “I went to Lamud Town with Mr. Azik. There’s an abandoned castle with a long history over there.”

Benson was immediately enlightened as he laughed.

“A moonless night, a castle abandoned for a millennia, a cold and creepy environment, coupled with a two-man archaeological team... This is the perfect recipe for the opening of a paranormal novel.”

What happened today could be classified as paranormal... Klein suddenly recalled the strange door Mr. Azik conjured and the cries of a baby. He said, a lingering fear still gripping onto him, “It did feel a bit like that back there.”

Benson yawned again before shutting his book and said, “I need sleep. Ever since I began studying and reading classical literature, the quality of my sleep has become especially good.”

Klein laughed to himself, suddenly recalling something Miss Justice had mentioned. He said, lowering his voice, “Benson, you know that my company has connections with the Awwa County Police. I recently heard news from Backlund that the King, Prime Minister, other ministers and Members of Parliament are all sick of an inefficient government. They want to push for a reform and select talents to take on positions in the government based on an open examination, just like the entrance examinations of universities.”

Benson was at a loss at first, then his eyes sparkled as he asked, “An open examination?”

“Yes. As long as you pass the examination, you could become a civil servant in one of the branches of the government. My guess, yes—my guess is that the contents of the examination will be modeled after the

entrance exams of the universities: literature, the classics, math and logic, as well as a basic understanding of the law..." Klein used this opportunity to include his opinion. He continued, "Benson, this must be kept confidential, and don't put too much hope on this. No one knows if this will be passed by the House of Lords and House of Commons or not."

"I'll keep it in mind. I understand that all I need to do is study hard." Benson smiled, then said, "I'd study hard whether this change happens or not. I'll try my best to free myself from my current circumstance and find a better job. Learning—that's the greatest difference between a human and a curly-haired baboon."

No, research suggests that baboons have decent IQ levels, and a certain level of learning abilities... Klein lampooned silently and looked on as Benson headed to the second floor.

After that, he smiled and rubbed his stomach as he walked toward the kitchen.

He found the leftovers and the chicken Benson and Melissa left him especially. Klein relaxed as he started preparing his late dinner.

It was deep into the night now, and most people had already gone to bed. He was the only one still awake, breathing in the cool air with mixed aromas and making slight movements.

Everything was peaceful and serene.

...

After he was satiated, he washed the dishes and took a bath. Finally, Klein returned to his room and locked the door.

He yawned but kept himself awake. He took out the silver dagger used for rituals and sealed the room with a wall of spirituality.

He wanted to divine above the gray fog whether summoning “The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era” was dangerous or not!

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## Chapter 152: Nice Attempt

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

The gray fog filled the air in its eternally unchanging manner as the illusory crimson stars hung around him at varying distances. Klein sat inside the lofty palace that looked like the home of a giant as he looked at the familiar sight before him.

After a few seconds, he looked away and made a yellowish-brown goatskin appear before him. Then, he lifted a pen to write his amended incantation for the summoning ritual.

“Light a candle to represent myself.

“Use a spiritual wall to create a holy environment.

“Drip a drop of Full Moon Essence Oil in the flame, Chamomile Pure Dew, Slumber Flower Powder, and other ingredients. (Note: There’s no need to be too particular in this step because it’s summoning oneself).

“Recite the incantation below.

“I! (In ancient Hermes, Jotun, Dragonese, or Elfish. It must be a deep shout)

“I summon in my name (Hermes),

“The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era, the mysterious ruler above the gray fog; the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck.”

...

After scrutinizing it three times, Klein wrote a divination statement at the bottom:

“There will be danger if the ritual above is carried out outside of this world.”

Phew. He let out a breath, put down the pen, took out the silver chain in his sleeve, and held it with his left hand.

The topaz pendant hung above the goatskin steadily, only a slight distance above the divination statement. He reined in his thoughts and entered a Cogitation state.

“There will be danger if the ritual above is carried out outside of this world.

“There will be danger if the ritual above is carried out outside of this world.”

...

After reciting the statement seven times, Klein opened his eyes which were almost all black and looked at the topaz pendant which was spinning counterclockwise.

That meant a negative outcome: there would be no danger!

“I can give it a try then.” Klein made the items before him disappear. He then extended his spirituality to wrap around himself and simulated the sensation of falling.

When he returned to his bedroom, due to the fact that he had sealed the entire room with a spiritual wall, Klein immediately cleared his desk and put out a mint-scented candle right in the middle.

He pressed slightly on the candle wick, rubbing it with spirituality to cause friction and ignite the candle.

Under the flickering dim light, Klein dripped the corresponding essential oils, extracts, and herb powder onto the flame.

A soothing fragrance suddenly filled the air, and the room alternated between brightness and darkness.

Taking two steps back, Klein looked at the candle that represented himself and shouted in Jotun, “I!”

Then, he switched to Hermes, “I summon in my name:

“The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era, the mysterious ruler above the gray fog; the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck.”

Just as he finished speaking, he sensed the wavering candlelight suddenly dance vigorously and produce a vortex with the surrounding fragrance. It absorbed his spirituality at an insane rate.

“Slumber flower, a herb that belongs to the red moon, please bestow your powers to my incantation...” Klein endured the discomfort brought

about from having his spirituality drained as he finished reciting the incantation.

Then, he saw the candlelight stop wavering. It was tainted with a gray luster, which extended to about the size of a palm.

“I didn’t summon anything... Oh right, perhaps I’ll need to respond to it above the gray fog? It’s really quite troublesome to summon myself...” Klein muttered, pinching his aching forehead.

He calmed himself down, then took four steps counterclockwise before arriving above the gray fog again. He saw that there was a rippling light above the seat of honor at the ancient table.

It stemmed from the strange symbol at the back of the corresponding chair. The strange symbol that was made up of a Pupil-less Eye, a symbol representing secrecy, and contorted lines that represented change.

All Klein did was extend his hand to reach for it when he immediately heard, “I! I summon in my name, The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era, the mysterious ruler above the gray fog; the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck.” Then, he saw surging spirituality combined with a rippling light that formed into an illusory yet shapeless door.

The door shook as though it wanted to be opened. Klein immediately felt inspired and strongly willed for it to be pushed open.

Almost instantly, the boundless fog and lofty palace was drawn forward. There were a few barely noticeable ripples.

The ripples surged towards the illusory yet shapeless door.

But, no matter how much Klein pushed it, the door couldn’t be pushed open. Every movement resulted in dead silence.

“The Door of Summoning has yet to take shape?” Klein reined in his will and creased his eyebrows when he analyzed the reason why he had failed.

He had casually named the door “the Door of Summoning.”

“Hmm, I’m lacking spirituality, so I can’t form a complete Door of Summoning. When I advance to Sequence 8 Clown and pass through the initial dangerous stage, I can give it another try. Maybe it won’t be a problem by then...” Klein nodded lightly and roughly understood what had happened.

This experiment gave him a confidence boost, he felt heartened as this was the first time that he received some sort of response from the mysterious space above the gray fog — other than the incident where he divined about Eternal Blazing Sun!

There will come a day when I’ll understand all the secrets here! Klein excitedly declared in his heart. He then made a rapid descent into the boundless fog after he wrapped himself up with spirituality.

...

Klein quickly blew out the candle after he returned to his bedroom. He ended the ritual and cleaned up his study desk before he removed the spiritual wall.

A gust of wind suddenly blew as he yawned. He collapsed into the bed, covered himself with a blanket and quickly fell asleep.

In the hazy dream that followed, Klein woke up abruptly and realized that he was sitting in the living room of his home and was holding the Tingen City Honest Paper.

... Don't tell me Captain is here again? He was stunned at first as he looked outside the oriel window, finding humor in his exasperation.

With a creak, the door opened. Dunn walked in slowly, wearing his black windbreaker that went beyond his knees and held a cane and pipe.

He was still wearing his black top hat, and underneath it were his profound gray eyes.

Dunn came to the living room and sat on the single seat sofa. He leisurely crossed his right leg over his left.

He put aside his cane, took off his hat, and leaned backwards. He sat there quietly and looked at Klein as though he was thinking.

Captain, what are you trying to do today... Klein was dumbfounded.

In order to not expose that he knew that it was a dream, he pretended to not be affected by it and continued to read the newspaper.

One minute, two minutes, five minutes. He lifted his head to look at Dunn who sat opposite him. He found out that the Captain was still sitting there quietly and was looking at him in deep thought.

Five minutes, ten minutes, fifteen minutes. Klein flipped through the newspaper back and forth multiple times, looking at Dunn from the corner of his eyes, and noticed that the man was still looking at him quietly in deep thought.

Captain, you're making me very uncomfortable... Klein couldn't sit in peace. He folded the newspaper and put it aside. He nodded and smiled at Dunn. Then, he went to the kitchen to get a piece of cloth and started wiping the dining table and coffee table.

Captain, look, my dream is so simple, so ordinary, so boring. There's nothing worth observing. Hurry up and leave! Why don't you pretend to be a ghost and I'll pretend to be frightened, then you can complete your achievement as a Nightmare! He prayed in silence and lifted his head, but all he saw was Dunn's deep gray eyes that were still in deep thought.

Under such a quiet and constant gaze, Klein wiped all the furniture and cleaned his room. He was so exhausted in his dream.

What wore him out the most was Dunn Smith, who was watching him quietly in deep thought.

Klein had no idea how much time had passed while he made himself busy until he finally saw his Captain uncross his legs and stand up. Then, he took his cane, put on his hat, and walked through the door.

Klein held his breath and watched Dunn leave his house.

He couldn't help but lift his right hand to wave goodbye.

Phew... When everything returned to normal, Klein let out a breath of relief.

That really was such a nightmare! He thought to himself, too preoccupied for tears.

...

Backlund, West Backlund, Philip's Department Store.

Philip's was one of the top-end department stores in the Loen Kingdom. It only opened to nobles and wealthy people who were qualified to be members.

There was always luxurious carriages parked outside with different emblems printed on them. Not only was it a safe place for shopping, it also became a popular social venue due to the strict restriction on members.

Audrey brought her maidservant, Annie, and her golden retriever, Susie. Under the ushering of an eagerly attentive attendant, she got off the carriage and walked through the entrance.

Along the way, she saw daughters of viscounts, countesses, or maidens with parents of high social status.

She maintained her elegance and greeted them all gracefully. She communicated with different nobles on different topics. For instance, when she faced a particular countess, she would compliment the fittings of the countess's dress and when she greeted a particular baroness, she would praise the outstanding performance of the baroness's husband in the House of Lords.

Audrey hadn't been good at that previously; she was too stubborn and too arrogant. But now, she didn't even need to put in much effort to respond perfectly.

In a Spectator's eyes, most of the emotions and thoughts of the female nobles were written on their faces.

Arriving at the second floor, Audrey turned into a shop that sold ready-made dresses.

The attendant in the shop was a petite maiden. She wore a black and white dress and had shoulder-length blond hair. She was the Arbiter, Xio Derecha.

Audrey gave Susie a look without changing her facial expression. The dog understood what her owner meant immediately and ran to another counter.

Maidservant Annie went after Susie to try to drag her back.

Well done! Audrey complimented inwardly and walked next to Xio Derecha, pretending to look at the variety of dresses.

“... Why did you arrange to meet me here for?” Xio inquired with a whisper while she loudly introduced the dresses.

Her voice was tender, just like a child’s.

“Where’s the original attendant?” Audrey asked in reply instead of answering her.

Xio looked around and said, “I convinced her. She was happy to rest for the morning.”

Audrey looked at the different styled dresses while she took out a piece of neatly folded paper from her lamb leather handbag and secretly passed it to Xio.

“Rear Admiral Hurricane, Qilangos, has snuck into Backlund. This is his portrait. I hope you can find him for me. Oh, and don’t alert him.”

Xio received the piece of paper and unfolded it to take a quick glance. She saw that it was a lifelike portrait of a man in his thirties that had a unique broad chin.

I was once constantly praised by my art teacher... Audrey stole a glance at Xio and lifted her head.

She added, “The Kingdom offers a reward of ten thousand pounds for Qilangos. If he were to be arrested, even the person that only provided clues would definitely be awarded with a few hundred pounds.”

Just as she finished her sentence, she saw Xio’s eyes beam with joy, as she had expected.

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## Chapter 153: Final Act of Laying the Foundation

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

A unique wide jaw, his hair is in a bun like an ancient knight’s, eyes that look at you with the intent of an icy smile... Xio Derecha was half slumped on the sofa as she scrutinized the portrait that Audrey had handed to her.

In her eyes, the man might as well have been a living, walking pile of money.

After committing the looks of the great pirate Qilangos to her memory, she proceeded to read the description written at the bottom of the page:

“Brown hair, dark green eyes.

“The portrait can only be used as a general reference as the target possesses the ability to transform into another person. It is unknown how long he can maintain the transformation.”

The portrait can only be used as a reference... The target possesses the ability to transform into another person... Only as a reference, transform

into another person... Then why did I spend so much time memorizing his facial features? Xio wore a dazed look, as if it was the first time she had witnessed the evil intentions the world had for her.

She looked up and saw Fors Wall slumped languidly in a sofa across from her. She seemed to be muttering to herself, "There's no way to look for this person. We don't know what he looks like. All we know is that he's not from Backlund. There are far too many foreigners who come into Backlund every day."

Fors attempted to sit up, but failed even after three tries.

"I'm only an Apprentice, not an Arbiter..." She pouted as she placed her hand on the armrest of the sofa, successfully pulling herself up into a sitting position.

"Does that lady think that we are prophets?" Fors jested.

Xio was about to answer when she realized that there were still footnotes she hadn't gone through yet.

She recited them out softly, "The suggested ways of searching are as follows:

"1. Qilangos has an evil object with him. It needs to devour the flesh, blood, and soul of a living person every other day. You can consider looking for missing vagrants.

"2. Search for Qilangos's information thoroughly and build a profile of his unique hobbies and behaviors.

"3. A person's facial features might change, but as long as he hasn't received any special training, he will often act like himself, such as the

things he prefers to eat, his gait, actions he's used to performing, and many other details."

Fors nodded as she listened.

"Miss Audrey isn't the innocent, naive teen that the rumors about her suggest. She has a meticulous heart and a calm sense of observation."

"Is that so?" Xio asked, doubtful. She didn't expect an answer as she changed the topic by suggesting, "I'll be in charge of gathering the information. Can you consolidate that pile of gold pound's, no—that admiral's hobbies and unique traits?"

Fors opened her eyes wide open and shook the steel box containing her cigarettes.

"How can you bear to do this? How can you bear to make a dainty, sensitive author do consolidation, analysis, and deduction?"

Xio shot her good friend a glance as she exuded an air of authority without realizing it.

"There's an interesting paragraph on deduction in your Stormwind Mountain Villa."

Fors pulled her shoulders back and lowered her head. She looked at the coffee table as she said, "Do you know how much of my hair I pulled out, how much sleep I lost, just for that paragraph?"

She quickly lifted her head and looked at Xio Derecha, then lowered her head once again and grumbled, "Life is short. There are too many things that we need to do, why must we waste our time on such uninteresting, menial tasks?"

That's very reasonable... Xio nearly nodded in agreement. She fought hard to keep her authority as an Arbiter.

“Then do you have any other ways to solve this problem?” She suppressed her voice, making her childlike voice sound deeper.

Fors thought for nearly twenty seconds before looking up suddenly.

“We can hire a professional! After you finish collecting information on Rear Admiral Hurricane, we shall erase the name and hand it over to an excellent detective, then ask him to do the consolidation and deduction. All we have to do is pay a fee!”

Why didn't I think of that... Xio's mind went blank. Fors and Xio looked at each other without saying anything.

When the atmosphere became awkward, she cleared her throat.

“We'll do it according to your suggestion.”

After saying this, she quickly added, “You'll pay the fee!”

...

Howes Street, Divination Club.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Moretti.” The pretty receptionist Angelica looked at Klein in surprise. “You rarely come on Fridays.”

Exhausted from searching for the house with the red chimney, Klein smiled and said,

“Fate never repeats itself indefinitely. It always brings us some surprises.”

He was in the area, and the time had expired on the carriage he rented; thus, he came for a cup of black tea and some rest.

Furthermore, this would serve as the final layer of the foundations. With the new “experience” at the Divination Club, he would logically mention the application to Dunn Smith.

“Your words are always so philosophical,” Angelica praised.

Klein thought for a moment before saying with deliberation, “I might not come to the Divination Club too often in the future, so you need not recommend me to others anymore.”

He had already digested his potion, so he had to advance towards a new goal!

“Why?” Angelica said in shock and puzzlement. “You’ve already made a name for yourself in the club. Most people know that your divinations are very accurate and miraculous. In fact, we were considering getting you to come in on Sundays as a lecturer.”

If I was paid one pound for every divination I perform, then I would keep doing this regardless of how tired I was... Besides, I still have to investigate the houses with red chimneys and find the culprit as soon as possible... Klein smiled warmly.

“Madam, do not convince me to stay; this is the arrangement of fate.

“I won’t stop coming to the Divination Club entirely, it’s just that my visits will become less frequent. I’ll still pay the membership fees on time.”

I can get reimbursed for it anyway... I will come down occasionally to monitor the place... Klein added in his heart.

“How regretful. I hope that you will be at the club when I happen to be lost.” Angelica sighed.

She realized that this wasn't as surprising as she imagined after the initial shock had passed.

Perhaps such a miraculous seer that still respected fate wasn't someone who could be held back by a club in Tingen... Angelica smiled, as if thinking about something.

“Sibe black tea?”

“Yes.” Klein returned a smile.

He spent about twenty minutes in the club, spending the time resting, finishing his black tea before leaving the club. He took a public carriage back to Daffodil Street.

When he entered, he opened the mailbox out of habit and saw that there was a letter placed inside not too long ago.

Klein opened the letter and noticed that it was from Mr. Azik.

“... I will be heading to Morse Town on Sunday and return on Wednesday.”

Most of the citizens in Morse Town are believers of the Goddess... He's heading there on a Sunday, which means that according to the usual level of efficiency, the Nighthawks would only receive the information on Tuesday or Wednesday. I can make it... To think that Mr. Azik would remember my request... I hope that he remembers not to do it personally. Him summoning a spirit and doing something scary would suffice... Klein nodded slightly. He released his spirituality and burned the letter with friction.

He flicked his hand, turning the flames into ashes and allowed them to fall slowly onto the ground.

...

Saturday afternoon. Klein was wearing his black windbreaker and hat. He had his cane in his hand as he walked slowly into the Blackthorn Security Company.

After greeting Rozanne, he looked at the partition and noticed that the Captain's office was open. He deliberately spoke louder, "Yesterday. I saw a girl who looked just like you at the Divination Club."

"Really?" Rozanne asked, her interest piqued.

Klein nodded without sincerity. "Yes, in fact, I thought that she was your sister."

"I'm sorry to have to disappoint you, but I have no sisters, not even cousins." Rozanne laughed. "Do you remember her name?"

"No, why would I remember her name?" Klein smiled. "Looking at her was exactly like looking at you."

"Can I take that as a compliment?" Rozanne was a chatty girl who never needed others to start the conversation. She asked on her own accord, "Klein, I would assume that you're earning quite a bit from the Divination Club? As a true Seer, your abilities are far beyond those who take this as a hobby."

We would still be good colleagues if you didn't mention this... Klein coughed.

“A Seer has to be respectful of fate. We cannot use divination to ask for abnormal privileges.”

“Are you concluding your own maxim for a Seer?” Rozanne asked out of curiosity.

“Yes,” Klein answered frankly.

After a brief chat, Klein said goodbye to Rozanne. He took his hat and walked toward the partition.

Knock! Knock! Knock! He looked at Dunn Smith, who was drinking his coffee, as he knocked on the open door.

“Please come in.” Dunn looked up at Klein and adjusted his posture immediately.

Klein had already probed the Captain over the past two days. He confirmed that Dunn Smith hadn't mentioned the “acting method” as he was trying it out. It was clear that he was also cautious of the higher-ups of the Church.

Thus he closed the door and sat across from Dunn. He said with a serious, yet slightly excited expression, “Captain, I believe that I have completely grasped the Seer potion. I wish to submit a special application.”

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Chapter 154: Sharing “Experience”

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

As he looked into Klein's eyes, Dunn took a deep breath and leaned back. Then, he slowly exhaled as he spoke.

"Are you certain?"

There were minor changes in his facial expression. He seemed to be well prepared for the special application, but he hadn't expected it to be so soon.

Captain, why do you look relieved... Klein didn't conceal his smile as he said, "I'm certain, Captain. When you fully master a potion, you'll feel a very special and magical sensation. You'll have no doubt that you've fully mastered the potion."

"Special, magical feeling..." Dunn muttered those words softly and his eyebrows slowly knitted together.

Huh, the Captain advanced twice without fully digesting the potion? Of course, if he didn't know about the "acting method," it would be difficult to fully digest it. He must've used a prolonged period of time to break it down and was subconsciously "acting" to minimize the risk of losing control... Poor Captain... Klein quietly looked at Dunn Smith, but he didn't speak or say anything further so as to allow Dunn to think carefully.

After almost a minute, Dunn's deep eyes reflected Klein's figure once again. He weighed his words before he said, "Maybe it would be a better option to wait another year."

What the Captain means is that waiting another year would make it less conspicuous. With the example that Madam Daly set for me, the higher-ups wouldn't pay too much attention to me. At most, I would only be put on a list for observation, Klein thought and answered frankly, "At

first, I wanted to wait until next year to send in my special application. After all, there are too many things that I need to master. For instance, my combat arts is only at the beginner level.

“But, Captain, don’t you think that we’ve experienced too many coincidences in the last two months? We were chasing after the kidnappers when we came across the Antigonus Notebook in the opposite room. The shipment of Sealed Artifact 2-049 was delayed, but Ray Bieber didn’t leave Tingen and tried to digest the power at the harbor. I went to attend a birthday banquet and triggered Hanass Vincent’s incident. I went to investigate at the library and ran into a member of the Aurora Order...

“I don’t know what these coincidences mean, but I feel insecure. That’s why I want to enhance myself in the best possible way.”

Klein seized the opportunity to talk about the manipulator behind the scenes. It was something he had planned to include in his schedule—without exposing his uniqueness, he would remind the Nighthawks to make them search for more clues from different angles. What he said earlier would only lead the other Nighthawks to conclude that Klein had a discerning mind and was good at organizing his thoughts.

The moment Klein said the word “but,” Dunn’s body leaned forward. In the end, he steeped his fingers in front of his mouth.

He fixed his gaze and remained quiet, seemingly thinking about what Klein had said.

After a while, Dunn lifted his head and said in a mellow and deep voice, “Very perceptive... Perhaps there really is something lurking in the dark.”

Without waiting for Klein to speak, he instructed, “You can submit the special application.”

“Alright.” Klein lifted the corner of his lips when he answered.

He got up with a smile and walked towards the door. As expected, he heard a familiar additional remark.

“Hold on,” Dunn called out. He weighed his words and said, “Take note of your choice of words.”

Don’t worry, Captain. I place a far greater importance on this matter than you do! Klein nodded in agreement with a smile.

At first, he thought Dunn would propose that they avoid going through the Holy Cathedral and instead advance to Sequence 8 in secret. Then they could go through the normal procedure after three years. However, after he thought it through, he realized that it was impossible. Regardless of whether it was through a special application or a normal application, the person who was going to advance still had to be investigated by the Holy Cathedral; the only difference was that one method was relatively simple and the other was more complicated.

If he had become a Sequence 8 in secret, then it could put the entire Tingen Nighthawks in trouble.

...

Since Klein was finished with his mysticism lessons, he didn’t go to the basement in a hurry but walked to the clerk’s office next door after leaving the Captain’s office.

He found a man and a woman sitting in the office. The man was in his thirties and the woman was in her twenties; they were the two newly added members.

They were surprised when Klein entered, then they smiled and nodded in greeting. They were curious and in awe of the Beyonders that they worked with.

Klein didn't chat with them but found an empty desk and began writing a draft for the special application.

As he already had a draft in his head, it only took about ten minutes to complete his initial work.

After reading it a couple of times and amending parts of it, he sat before the Akerson Model 1346 typewriter and started typing his draft onto a document.

Listening to the tapping of the keyboard, the two new clerks exchanged looks and stood up simultaneously. They left the office and went to the reception hall to chat with Rozanne, allowing Klein to have some privacy.

Very careful and fully aware of the need to maintain secrecy... Klein stole a glance at their receding figures as he complimented them.

He focused on his work again and continued tapping on the typewriter.

Just as he was going to complete his special application, Leonard Mitchell came out of the restroom. He looked around while he buttoned his shirt. There was an unrestrained beauty in his messy hair.

“What’s the report you’re writing?” Leonard looked around the clerk’s office as he leaned against the door frame with his right foot tiptoed to balance himself and his hands tucked into his pockets.

His green eyes examined Klein with interest.

Klein typed the last word and the last punctuation mark. He then turned his head and smiled.

“Special application.”

“Special application?” Leonard asked, puzzled.

Klein picked up the paper and skimmed through it quickly. He casually explained, “A special application to advance to Sequence 8.”

Cough! Cough! Cough! Leonard suddenly coughed vigorously. He calmed down and asked, –

Digest? Bro, you know quite a bit... Klein held his special application and walked before Leonard. He lifted an eyebrow and said, “Yes.”

Then, he looked into his eyes and added softly with a chuckle, “I remember someone told me once that there are some people who are special, people who can do things that others can’t.

“Such as me.

“Such as you.”

Leonard was suddenly at a loss for words. He could only change his standing posture and take his hands out his pockets to cross them in front of his chest.

He opened his mouth and finally organized his words. He asked in a low voice, “Don’t you think that it’s too risky?”

As he already knew about digesting, he definitely understands that my advancement has no risk of losing control... Hmm, is he referring to the attention from the higher-ups in the Church? Klein explained while in thought, “Leonard, do you remember the first task that we worked on together? We were merely tracking kidnappers, but we realized that the room opposite had clues about the Antigonus family’s notebook...”

He repeated what he mentioned to Dunn once more.

Leonard’s expression grew heavy, and he nodded in agreement slightly.

He muttered to himself and said, “Maybe, I have to hurry up...”

Just as he finished, he suddenly looked at Klein and flashed a smile as he said, “Aren’t you going to share your experience with us? The experience to quickly grasp a potion and avoid the risk of losing control!”

This guy sure can put on a facade quickly... Klein smiled and answered, “I’m more than willing to.”

He was planning to seize the opportunity today to remind his Nighthawk teammates on how to minimize the risk of losing control.

Of course, to maintain his personal safety, he couldn’t say it as straightforwardly as he did to Dunn Smith. At most, he could describe the idea vaguely, in a way that wouldn’t alert anyone who was sent down by the higher-ups.

“Let’s do it now then!” Leonard impatiently dragged Klein to the Nighthawks’ recreation room.

At that very moment, other than Royale who was taking her shift at Chanis Gate, Frye, Kenley, and Seeka Tron were there playing cards.

“Everyone, everyone!” Leonard knocked on the half-closed door and spoke as if he was reciting a poem, “Let me introduce this man next to me, Mr. Klein Moretti, who has fully grasped his potion in a month and a half!”

... This guy is so dramatic... Klein suddenly felt awkward.

“What?” Even Seeka Tron, the author who wasn’t famous and barely sold any books, cocked her head sideways as though she was testing her hearing ability.

“Leonard, don’t joke around. You’re always exaggerating things.” Kenley covered his cards helplessly.

Frye held his cards as he looked at Klein. He kept quiet for a while and said, “Are you sure that you’ve already fully grasped the potion?”

“Yes.” Klein could feel his concern and he nodded confidently. “There was an obvious indication.”

“What? Really?” Kenley shouted a delayed response and stood up.

Leonard chuckled and pointed at the paper in Klein’s hands as he said, “This is the special application that he’s going to hand in. The special application to advance to Sequence 8!”

“... How did you do it?” Seeka Tron had many questions, but she only voiced the one that concerned her the most after taking a deep breath.

She was normally quiet and elegant, but now she had a burning passion in her eyes that couldn't be suppressed.

Klein found a chair and sat down. He lowered his voice and answered, “I found inspiration from the maxim of the Mystery Pryers.”

“Do as you wish, but do no harm?” Leonard supplemented.

“Yes. According to our confidential information, following this maxim gives the Mystery Pryers a lower probability of losing control,” Klein explained what he learned from Old Neil. “After that, Madam Daly's example gave me a better understanding of the process.”

“Spirit Medium Daly?” Kenley asked in reply, hoping to gain confirmation.

“Yes. Madam Daly has handed in a special application before. She only used two years to become a Spirit Medium from Corpse Collector. She once told Old Neil that she wanted to be a real Spirit Medium,” Klein explained in detail. “With the experience I gained in the Divination Club and corresponding feedback that I've received, I gradually concluded my Seer principles. Then I followed it strictly and tried to become a real Seer... When I did so, I realized that the speed at which I grasped the potion became faster.”

As they listened to Klein's recount, Frye, Seeka, and the rest fell into deep thought. Even Leonard pretended to be thinking.

“I'm going to hand in my special application.” Klein waved the paper in his hands. “If you have any problems, do ask me privately.”

“Alright,” Frye replied coldly with a nod.

Klein left the recreation room and knocked on the door to the Captain’s office again.

He sat down opposite to Dunn, then took up a pen and ink pad. He signed and stamped his thumbprint.

“Captain, this is my special application.” After that, he passed the paper to Dunn with both hands.

Dunn looked through it carefully and put down the application.

“I’ll submit it to the Holy Cathedral as soon as possible. You should be prepared to be examined. Perhaps next week or the following week.”

“Alright.” Klein took a deep breath and nodded seriously.

He stood up, exited the Captain’s office, and closed the door behind him.

During the process, he thought about the application that he had sent in. There was a thought that popped up in his head.

I wonder what kind of examination it will be...

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## Chapter 155: Urgent Meeting

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

After collecting himself, Klein went down to the basement and walked to Chanis Gate. He knocked on the door to the guard room.

Inside, Royale Reideen had already packed her personal belongings. She immediately smoothed her hair and stood up when she saw the person taking over her shift.

After greeting each other with a nod, Klein suddenly said, "I've had some success with grasping my potion and have shared my experiences with Frye and the rest. You can ask them about it."

Royale, who typically didn't have much of an expression, looked at Klein with a little shock. Her lips quivered a little as she said, "Alright."

Madam, let's hope that you can still maintain your calm composure in a while... There are already a bunch of dazed people sitting in the recreation room right now. Klein laughed and made his way behind the table, expertly taking out the tin can which Dunn Smith used to store his Fermo coffee.

After making himself a cup of aromatic coffee, Klein sat down and relaxed. He looked out at the lonely hallway and allowed his thoughts to roam free.

Let's hope that Mr. Azik's mission is successful and that he doesn't leave behind any clues. Well, even if there are clues, I can just pretend to not notice them.

I wonder where the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem is sealed behind Chanis Gate? Since it doesn't possess any living qualities, it only needs a little space...

Come to think of it, I haven't been inside Chanis Gate. I'm not sure what it looks like inside... To be able to keep the weird Sealed Artifacts of varying sizes safe and maintain surveillance, it must be quite special indeed. For example, the ashes of Saint Selena?

...

Many thoughts streaked past Klein's head when he suddenly heard urgent footsteps. He focused and shot a look towards the door.

He saw Old Neil, wearing his classic black robe, appear in the corridor with a black carpet in his hands. He made his way into the guard room and said nothing, but instead observed Klein thoroughly.

"Mr. Neil, did something happen?" Klein let out a dry chuckle and took a sip of his fragrant coffee.

Old Neil sized him up and sighed.

"To think that you would find inspiration from the maxim of the Mystery Pryers and Daly..."

"I have to praise the Goddess. I also have to thank you for your teachings." Klein gave a reply in all seriousness.

Old Neil pulled back a chair and sat down. He said, a little depressed, "How good would it be if it was twenty years ago..."

Klein maintained his silence, for he knew that Old Neil wasn't allowed to consume any more potions because of his age and health, even if he had completely digested the one he had right now.

Under such circumstances, anything he said would've agitated him.

"My earliest thoughts was to quickly gain control of my potion from the maxim of the Mystery Pryer, but regrettably, I wasn't embarking in the right direction. Daly's success did give me some clues, but I was already more than 50 years old back then, and had already given up on my efforts. I subconsciously thought that her success was a result of her

genius, and that an average person wouldn't be able to emulate her achievements." Old Neil rubbed his temples as he described his disappointment.

He was silent for a few minutes before he lifted his head. He looked at Klein.

"It sure is regrettable that only now do I understand what I've missed out on at this age."

Old Neil should've had a faint understanding of the "acting method." He immediately understood what happened after I shared my experiences... Klein consoled, "It wouldn't have made too much of a difference. The Church doesn't hold the Sequence 8 corresponding to Mystery Prayer."

"Perhaps the Holy Cathedral does have it... No, if they have it, they would at least tell us its name. It's also possible that the underground market might have it..." Old Neil muttered. He shook his head as he stood up. He laughed and said. "At least I didn't lose control, and I've lived healthily for decades... Praise the Lady."

He drew a crimson moon in front of his chest and left the guard room a little dejected. He had lost his usual shrewd look.

Klein looked at Old Neil's back and suddenly let out a long sigh.

He was even more perplexed as to why the higher-ups of the Church would hide the "acting method."

Klein collected himself after some time, placing his attention on the confidential information of the Nighthawks in front of him.

Ever since he pulled the youth from the City of Silver into the Tarot Club and learned that the City of Silver still used the ancient names for many things, he found it necessary to enhance his knowledge in these areas.

Some time later, he heard another set of footsteps. These footsteps were slow and steady.

At the same time, an image of Dunn Smith wearing a black windbreaker flashed past his mind.

My spiritual senses have been elevated after fully digesting the Seer potion... Klein nodded in understanding. He saw the Captain a few seconds later.

“A letter for you.” Dunn extended his right arm and flicked his wrist, tossing the letter over to Klein.

Klein lifted his hand and tried to grab the letter, but be it his judgment or reaction, he missed.

Pa!

The letter fell onto the floor, leaving Klein’s right hand extended awkwardly in the air.

Under the suddenly silent atmosphere, his right hand first became rigid, then he pulled it back toward his head and pretended to smooth out his hair.

“The light from the gas lamp isn’t bright enough,” Klein made a perfunctory statement casually. He bent his back and picked up the letter, giving it a cursory glance.

Mr. Hornacis... It's a letter from Daxter Guderian... He nodded in understanding and pulled open a drawer to retrieve a letter opener.

According to the rules of the Nighthawks, if there was a clear and correct recipient, Rozanne and the rest of the clerks would give the letter directly to the person that the letter was addressed to. If the recipient was anonymous or an unknown name, it would be handed over to Dunn. He could then ask around or make a decision.

Klein carefully pried open the letter and took out the piece of paper within. He quickly unfolded the piece of paper and read through it.

He realized that the asylum doctor, Daxter, was asking for an urgent meeting at two in the afternoon today.

Has he obtained the Telepathist formula? Or is it regarding something else? Klein lifted the letter in his hand and looked at Dunn.

"Captain, my informant, the one from the Psychology Alchemists, wishes to meet me at two in the afternoon."

"Did he say anything else?" Dunn asked, as if he was expecting this.

"No." Klein shook his head.

Dunn thought for a moment, then said in a heavy voice, "Get Leonard to watch over Chanis Gate for the time being. I'll go with you and hide somewhere. These urgent requests to meet could sometimes be a trap. I've heard of many similar incidents. Furthermore, if it's something important, we can act quickly."

Captain, you sure are experienced... Not to mention being the most reliable, trustworthy Captain without memory issues whenever we have something serious to do... Klein immediately nodded.

“Alright!”

...

At two in the afternoon. Inside the small shooting range 9 of the Zouteland Street Shooting Club.

Klein looked at the target that was covered in bullet holes, then glanced at the uneasy Doctor Daxter Guderian.

“What happened for you to look for mercenaries at the Hound Pub in such a fluster?”

Only by doing so would the boss of the Hound Pub, Wright, hand the letter immediately to the Blackthorn Security Company instead of waiting for Klein to collect it himself.

Daxter observed Klein’s expression and body language, then responded softly, “I find Hood Eugen a little abnormal recently.”

Hood Eugen was the patient from the mental asylum that had roped Daxter into the Psychology Alchemists.

“What sort of abnormalities has he exhibited?” Klein pressed, displaying his professionalism.

Daxter heaved a sigh of relief, as if he had found a pillar of support. He said while deliberating his words, “H-he seems to have really gone insane...”

“Really gone insane?” Klein asked in shock.

Didn't Hood Eugen feign his illness and infiltrate the mental asylum to attempt to influence the patients in order to train his mental abilities?

He had really turned sick, genuine insanity?

“I think so...” Daxter paced around anxiously. “I could hold a normal conversation with him in the past and receive guidance on how to correctly use my Beyonder powers. But in the past few days, his thought processes and his condition has become really weird. I can barely communicate with him. He was just like my other patients, even though... even though I've managed to get the Telepathist formula as a result. But I cannot determine if it's real or fake. I'm afraid that there might be some uncontrollable changes that might occur.”

No matter. As a Seer, a Seer who has the mysterious world above the gray fog, I'll be able to determine if it's real or fake... Klein heaved a sigh of relief before creasing his brows and asking, “Did he come into contact with anyone before he turned abnormal?”

“Only the patients. I-I cannot guarantee that, though. I'm not in the asylum for the whole day. I also need time to rest,” Daxter said, his expression serious.

Klein nodded, as if it was something trivial.

“Don't worry. I'll send someone to protect you in secret. You should find out who Hood Eugen has come into contact with as soon as possible. Also, you have to be careful; he might be testing you. You should also report this to the members of the Psychology Alchemists and see how the higher-ups of your organization react.”

“Alright.” Daxter propped up his golden spectacles, recovering the calm of a Spectator. He then took out a piece of paper from his pocket and handed it over to Klein. “This is the formula for the Telepathist potion, but I cannot guarantee its authenticity.”

“We will verify it.” Klein smiled in response. He unfolded the piece of paper on the spot and looked at it.

“Main ingredients: The complete pituitary gland of a mature Rainbow Salamander, 10 ml of spinal fluid from a Farsman Rabbit.”

“Supplementary ingredients: Chestnut Spore 5 grams, Dragon Tooth Grass Powder 8 grams, 3 petals of Pure White Elf Flowers, Pure Water 100 ml.”

“Excellent,” Klein praised. He folded the piece of paper and stuffed it into the inner pocket of his tuxedo.

After exchanging a few more words and ascertaining that the “voices” which Daxter was hearing were subsiding, Klein bade him farewell. He cautiously made his way to the shooting range reserved for the Nighthawks. Dunn Smith was waiting inside.

“Captain, the informant gave me the Telepathist formula to thank me for helping him control the side effects of the potion, but he cannot determine the authenticity of the potion.” Klein handed the piece of paper to Dunn with a stern expression. “Furthermore, he mentioned something else...”

Dunn read the formula as he listened to the concerns about Hood Eugen. After that, he nodded.

“I’ll immediately assign manpower to keep the mental asylum under surveillance. You haven’t had professional training when it comes to

these matters and don't to participate in this. Go back and guard Chanis Gate."

With that said, he looked at Klein deeply in the eyes and said, "If we take this formula into account, you don't need to accumulate any more meritorious achievements. You can directly receive the Clown potion after you pass the examination..."

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## Chapter 156: Melissa Who Takes the Long View

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

And I'm paying double for the Clown's formula... And all this because I originally wanted to be rewarded double for the same piece of work I did. Forget it, I don't have the opportunity to mention that I already have the formula to the Clown potion. Klein took a deep breath and forced a smile, saying, "Hopefully I can pass the examination smoothly."

He was more than happy with Dunn's decision for him to continue to guard Chanis Gate. Not only was he lacking the professional ability to monitor and investigate, but his hand-to-hand combat was far from satisfactory.

In terms of shooting, he was considered decent compared to the ordinary police. However, his teammates were all Beyonders that have had their physical attributes enhanced. Even if they weren't all marksman-level, they were very close.

As for hand-to-hand combat, Klein was merely a beginner.

Even with a Slumber Charm, a Repose Charm, and a Dream Charm, he was still considered a support-class Beyonder. It would be easy for him to deal with ordinary people, but he would be in danger if he were to come across any Beyonders who were adept at combat.

Until I advance to Sequence 8, become skilled in technique-based battles, and master a handful of spells, I can only complete normal supernatural missions on my own. Hmm, if I successfully steal the power of Sealed Artifact 3-0782 and make Flaring Sun Charms, that will be even better. It won't be impossible for me to win from a position of an underdog... Klein thought hopefully as he slowly walked back to the Blackthorn Security Company.

The next morning when he ended his shift and left Chanis Gate, the Nighthawks still hadn't obtained any useful information from monitoring Hood Eugen. For now, they had to place their hopes on their informant's internal investigation.

When he returned home, Klein had his breakfast quietly and laid down in his bedroom to sleep until noon.

He woke up naturally, washed up, and walked to the first floor, following the smell of cooking food.

"Melissa is preparing lunch?" Klein looked at Benson who was reading the newspaper in the living room.

Benson lowered the newspaper and said, "Yes, she has a guest visiting today. I wanted her to chat with her guest while I prepared lunch. But she doesn't trust my cooking and took the guest into the kitchen. How rude."

Benson, you actually managed to quickly realize that Melissa detests your culinary skills... Klein held back his urge to laugh and walked towards the single seat sofa as he asked, "Melissa's guest?"

"Yeah, you should know her. Elizabeth, we met her at Selena's dinner banquet." Benson leaned backwards and continued to read his newspaper comfortably.

It wasn't only at the dinner banquet... She came to visit for real... Klein turned to look at the kitchen with a stunned expression.

Just then, Melissa walked out carrying some plates and Elizabeth followed behind, also wearing an apron.

"Klein, you're already up? I was just planning on waking you up." Melissa laid the plates on the dining table delightedly as she said, "This is Elizabeth. You know her."

"Hello, Klein." Elizabeth's adorable face flashed a splendid smile as she greeted him.

Klein replied gently and politely.

After they greeted, Melissa blinked and spoke seriously, "Elizabeth will follow us to the Family Servant Assistance Association later. They hire a few maidservants at home, so she has experience in that. Her opinions might be helpful.

"Actually, we've already drawn up the requirements for picking a maidservant. Listen to this and see if there's anything that needs to be added."

Melissa wiped her hands on her apron and took out a piece of paper from the pocket of her home clothes. She opened it and read it out loud.

“1. Healthy.

“2. Hardworking and responsible.

“3. Good at cooking.

“4. Quiet, not rowdy.

“5. Simple family background.

“6. Looks ordinary.”

...

She read the requirements one by one while Klein and Benson gawked with a vacant look; they never expected that hiring a maidservant would be so troublesome.

“Melissa, weren’t you against the idea of hiring a maidservant?” Klein subconsciously asked when his sister stopped.

Melissa pursed her lips and nodded solemnly.

“Yes, I was against it. But as my opposition was in vain, I thought we should get this thing done properly. To be able to get it done well, we must be well prepared. Hmm, do you have anything that you’d like to add?”

“No!” Klein and Benson shook their heads in unison, causing Elizabeth to laugh.

After lunch, the four of them took a public carriage to the Tingen Family Servant Assistance Association on Champagne Street.

It was similar to domestic help firms that Klein knew of from his previous life, but it was also a little like a charity. They recorded the personal information and job requirements of different maidservants so that the clients could make their selections more easily, while maximizing the maidservants' chances of employment.

Part of the organization's funding came from charity organizations, and some came from a percentage of the payment provided by employers.

Upon entering the association, Klein and company were greeted warmly. A young lady in a pale yellow ruffled dress led them to some sofas. She smiled and asked, "How may I help you?"

Benson, who was pushed forward by his brother and sister, said, "We need to hire a maidservant."

"Do you have any requirements?" the young lady asked like clockwork.

Benson recalled his siblings' lack of faith in his culinary skills as he said sincerely, "Good at cooking."

"Good at cooking?" The young lady creased her eyebrows and said, "To be frank, there are no excellent cooks among the maidservants. Why not hire a chef instead? If you need a female chef, we have quite a number of them in the association."

"There is no one who is good at cooking among the maidservants?"  
Melissa couldn't help but cut in as her initial plan was set back.

The young lady nodded and answered affirmatively, "The maidservants are either the daughters of lower class laborers or girls from the villages. They have few opportunities to learn culinary skills. Even after the simple training provided by the association, the most we can guarantee is that their food won't make people sick."

Melissa fell silent, finally realizing what it meant to have situations outpace her plans.

“That is regrettable.” Benson thought, reorganizing his words, he said, “Maybe we can amend our requirement to a maidservant who is willing to and is capable of learning to cook.”

Not bad. Benson is quick-witted... There’s no need for me to interject. Klein sat by the side, holding his cane and hat comfortably.

“No problem. During cooking training, we took note of girls who had outstanding performance,” the young lady replied with a professional smile. “Any other requirements?”

“Yes.” Benson felt the burn of Melissa’s gaze. He swallowed his saliva and took out the piece of paper from his pocket. He then read the items one by one.

The young lady listened quietly and only responded after quite a while.

“I-I’ll first check through the records and recommend some maidservants that fit the criteria. You don’t have to decide immediately. You can pick two to four of them. Then, I will bring them each over to cook for you once. You can decide who to employ then. Of course, you will have to pay the association some extra fees, and you will also have to prepare your own ingredients.”

“Alright.” Benson folded the paper and nodded politely.

The young lady stood up and walked towards the office, but she turned around after taking two steps. She smiled and said, “Can you pass me that paper? I’m worried I will forget some of your requirements...”

“No problem.” Benson held back his urge to laugh when he answered.

After a while, the young lady in the pale yellow dress came out with a stack of documents and passed them to Benson.

The information had each of the maidservants’ real name, birth date, family situation, facial description, health status, past experience, related traits, expected salary, and other information.

Seizing the opportunity when Benson and Melissa were reading the information, Elizabeth got closer to Klein and asked softly, “Don’t you have any requirements?”

“Yes, but this information isn’t specific enough,” Klein answered perfunctorily.

Elizabeth got even more interested.

“How would you choose?”

Klein smiled and pointed at the hidden pendulum in his left sleeve, “I would divine the best person to become our maidservant by writing down a corresponding statement about each candidate and eliminating them one after another.”

“...” Elizabeth was stunned, nodding vacantly after nearly twenty seconds. “The simplest and the most effective way... I totally forgot that you’re...”

She didn’t finish her sentence since Melissa, who had sharp senses, noticed that they were whispering and had looked over.

She looked at her best friend and her brother, then she showed an expression of deep thought.

Hey, Sis, don't misunderstand! We are just talking normally... Klein coughed and picked up some of the information and casually read through them.

Very soon, they picked three candidates. They were asking for four soli eight pence to five soli two pence per week.

Benson didn't haggle over the maidservants' pay but instead discussed the percentage that he needed to pay to the association.

After some friendly haggling, he successfully negotiated the price from the maidservant's two weeks pay to one week pay instead. However, he had to pay a transportation fee of one soli for them to bring the maidservants over to try cooking.

After that, Elizabeth bade the trio farewell and left while the siblings took a public carriage back to Daffodil Street.

On the way back, Klein was getting uncomfortable under Melissa's scrutinizing gaze. When he got home, he went to the second floor directly.

"Klein," Melissa called him in a serious tone after thorough consideration. She said, "If you want to get engaged with Elizabeth, you have to work harder. Her father is an important businessman, and her mother is the daughter of a baron..."

Wait, engaged? When did this happen? Klein looked at his sister in confusion.

How far reaching is her concern?

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## Chapter 157: Item of His Dreams

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

“No, we are not...” Klein didn’t have the chance to retort before Benson interrupted with a smile. “Although Elizabeth is indeed a little young and her family is much more outstanding than ours, I find the two of you quite suitable for each other. But you might have to wait a few more years. She is still studying at a public school and wants to enter university. Marriage should be something to consider only six to seven years later. Of course, you can get engaged sooner than that.”

... Can you guys not think that far ahead? Klein took in a deep breath.

“I do not fancy Elizabeth, or, well, more accurately, I do not fancy a girl who is younger than me by too much. I prefer girls who are more mature.”

Truthfully, I can accept anyone within a reasonable age gap, just not now... He added inwardly in exasperation.

“You like girls who are more mature?” Melissa knitted her brows. “Then you should quickly settle the issue regarding your marriage.”

Ah? Klein couldn’t understand his sister’s leap in logic. He asked in confusion, “Why?”

Melissa explained seriously, “You will be about 25 when you finish saving up for your marriage. Girls that are more mature than you will either be married or engaged when they reach that age. Do you want to chase after a widow?”

What the... Klein thought to himself in Mandarin as he wore a blank expression.

Benson smiled and refuted his sister, "Melissa, you don't understand. In this day and age, it isn't rare to see women in their thirties who aren't married or engaged within the middle class. They are mostly followers of the Goddess, and all have the ability to provide for themselves. They would rather be single than stuck in a marriage that they are not satisfied with. Yes, that's what I read from the 'Family' magazine."

"Is that so?" Melissa was a sixteen-year-old girl after all. She didn't have a great understanding concerning matters like this.

Upon seeing his siblings getting roused up from the conversation, Klein coughed and said, "What I meant by mature is their mental state. They don't need to be older than me. Furthermore, the person that should be worried about their marriage is Benson."

I'm sorry, Brother, I had no choice... he apologized in his heart.

"..." Melissa froze for a moment, then nodded heavily. "That's right!"

Benson was just about to elaborate on the marital problems of the middle class when he suddenly shivered. He looked at his sister who was staring at him and said, "I am now at the cusp of a turning point in my life. I have to devote all my attention to studying. I will only be confident of chasing after my desired girl when I have found a job that I'm satisfied with and have a reasonable amount of savings. Only then will I be able to provide her with a good life."

Klein and Melissa froze, then asked in unison, "You have a girl that you fancy?"

Benson, who had merely given a perfunctory reply, was shocked. He shook his head in a hurry.

“No! I was merely giving an example!”

...

In a dark, gloomy house of Backlund, Hillston Borough.

A middle-aged man with graying hair sat silently on a rocking chair in front of an unlit fireplace with a dark colored pipe in his hand. He looked at the guest on the sofa.

He was the master of this building, Isengard Stanton, a private detective with notable fame. But he didn't set up an office, merely hiring assistants to assist him.

Isengard, who was dressed in a white shirt and black vest, brought the pipe to his lips and inhaled in an intoxicated manner before slowly exhaling.

“The fee for a thirty minute consultation is one pound. If I were you, I would definitely not waste a second.”

The two ladies on the sofa across from him were Fors Wall and Xio Derecha. They had found materials relating to Rear Admiral Hurricane Qilangos and wanted to ask this detective to consolidate the habits and actions of their target.

Of course, they had removed Qilangos's name and changed the description regarding supernatural incidents.

Xio Derecha handed the folder containing the documents to Isengard's assistant, a browned-haired young man wearing gold-framed spectacles.

“Mr. Detective, I hope that you can find habits in the target’s actions using the material we have provided.”

Even though she wasn’t tall, Xio Derecha had an air of authority when she sat straight and spoke with a deep voice.

Isengard stared at her and received the docket from his assistant. He opened the folder and took out the material within.

He set down his pipe and focused on reading page after page without missing a single one.

Ten minutes later, this gentleman slowly tapped on the handle.

“The target has an obsession with the wind... He won’t stay for long in a polluted area in Backlund, the Capital of Dust. In other words, he could be staying at the Empress Borough, West Borough, Hillston Borough, Cherwood Borough, or the suburbs of the North Borough...

“The target is a psychotic serial killer with the need to kill someone every other day... The most logical thing he could do is to target the vagrants that have nowhere to go. Even the police have no records of the exact number of vagrants in Backlund...

“The target wouldn’t be living in an area too near or too far from North Borough or Backlund Bridge, which have the highest concentration of vagrants... It would be the act of someone unsophisticated to search for victims that are too close to him. That isn’t consistent with your descriptions... If the target has to spend a large amount of time before he can find someone to murder, then he might lose control of his desires and commit crimes that would easily expose himself...

“The target is an experienced sailor and has exceptional mobility in the water... A reasonable deduction would be that he wouldn’t be living

somewhere too far away from the water. If anything unexpected happens, that would be his best means of escape...”

...

“In summary, we can outline the possible radius of activity for the target. He should be living somewhere close to the Backlund Bridge area. Perhaps somewhere close to both banks of the Tussock River—the West Borough or the Cherwood Borough...”

...

“I can only deduce this from the materials that you have given me.”

Even though they didn’t understand all of it, his deductions seemed to make sense. Xio and Fors looked at each other and nodded. They took back their materials and stood up to leave.

Seeing his assistant send off the two ladies, Isengard took out a bronze item from his vest pocket. It was an open paperback book. In the middle of the book was a vertical eye.

Isengard rocked his chair, rubbing the item while softly muttering to himself, “Qilangos has infiltrated Backlund?”

...

In a particular basement of Pritz Harbor.

The Hanged Man Alger sat in a chair, looking coldly at a struggling man.

This man was dressed like a sailor. His head was enveloped by a film of pale-blue water and his face was purple from holding his breath.

He was scratching at the film on his face with both hands, but all he could do was flick droplets of liquid.

Finally, he could no longer hold his breath and gave a signal of submission.

Alger smiled, then nonchalantly clapped his hands.

The thin film of water dispersed, turning into droplets that fell to the ground.

The sailor took in a deep breath and coughed violently. He coughed so hard that it tugged at his heart and lungs.

After waiting for the man to recover, Alger leaned back. He emulated the peaceful and calm tone of The Fool.

“Tell me the reason why Qilangos went to Backlund.”

“H-he’s there to complete a commission, but I’m not sure about the details.” The pirate had completely lost the will to resist. He answered honestly, “All I know is that he might receive something that he wants. Qilangos once boasted in front of us. He said that if this mission was a success, he would be able to obtain something he’s dreamed of getting for a long time. The Four Pirate Kings would then become the Five Pirate Kings.”

An object he’s been dreaming of obtaining? Alger knitted his brows and slipped into deep thought.

...

Klein didn’t rest on Monday morning. He followed his plan and continued his investigation on the buildings with red chimneys in Tingen.

Unfortunately, he didn't come across his target.

He returned home near noon. He heated up the leftovers from yesterday's dinner and paired them with bread before taking an hour's nap.

At about twenty minutes to three in the afternoon, Klein put his book down and sealed his room with a wall of spirituality, once again entering the mysterious world above the gray fog.

He sat at the seat of honor at the ancient bronze table, extending his hand toward the crimson star representing Sun while ignoring the frequency of his heartbeats.

In the City of Silver.

Derrick Berg was sweating on the practice grounds. His vision suddenly blurred as a heavy fog entered his view. He saw The Fool sitting high above, deep within the fog.

He froze, then stopped whatever he was doing and bowed his head.

When the illusion vanished, he counted his heartbeats silently and carried his silver sword to a rest area quickly.

A thousand heartbeats later, he locked himself in a bathroom.

After about ten breaths, he saw the red light swell over him and swallow him in an instant.

Above the gray fog, Klein leaned back into his chair and tapped his left molar twice to stealthily activate his Spirit Vision.

He saw that the mottled color deep within The Sun's Ether Body had turned pure, akin to the light of dawn. He smiled and said, "Congratulations, Mr. Bard."

At the same time, he saw the stars behind The Sun's chair shift quickly, turning into the symbol of the Sun.

It transformed without my will, as if it was a reflection of the Sun. Also, other than the palace, table, and chairs, the items that I conjure cannot be preserved once I leave this world... They are very special... There sure are many secrets to this world above the gray fog... Klein took in everything in front of him as he contemplated.

Derrick lowered his head and replied humbly, "This is all due to your assistance. This is but the beginning."

He wasn't surprised that The Fool knew that he had consumed the potion.

Klein took out his silver pocket watch and looked at the time. He chuckled and said, "Then let us start the gathering. Remember, the frequency, or should I say gap between the gatherings should be about the same in the future."

As he was speaking, he established a connection with the crimson stars representing Justice and The Hanged Man before pulling them into the majestic palace.

Audrey looked at the scene before her and immediately greeted him.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool. I have a page of the diary of Emperor Roselle with me."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Sun. Have you gotten the formula for Telepathist?"

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## Chapter 158: Preparedness Averts Peril

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

How enviable it is for Miss Justice to always maintain a cheerful mood. I wish I could be like that... Listening to her lively greetings, Klein couldn't help but sigh wistfully.

He then recalled the time when she had taken out a thousand pounds so easily, and he realized that it would be very difficult if he wanted to maintain his cheerful emotions like Miss Justice.

The Sun, Derrick Berg, was a young man that cared a lot about his reputation. He immediately replied, "I have obtained the Telepathist formula."

For the past week, he had been settling the inheritance that his parents had left him. Besides the property, furniture, and a few sentimental items, the rest of the valuable items were brought to the black market in the City of Silver in exchange for the Telepathist formula and the Bard potion's ingredients. His meals were now rationed.

However, he believed that the situation wouldn't be for long. When he passes the combat examination, he would then join the team that cleansed the Things of the Dark in the outskirts of the city and be paid a decent amount.

When I become stronger, I'll apply to become a member of the elite squad, to explore the depths of the dark and find a way to remove the

curse... Derrick thought with hope as he looked towards The Fool who was engulfed in the fog.

He noticed that last time, after Miss Justice made a request to Mr. Fool, she was able to produce a page of the unknown Roselle diary out of thin air!

Although Derrick didn't quite understand what had happened, he felt that it'd be better if he watched Mr. Fool.

"First, recall the formula in your head. Then, grab the pen by your side and instill it with the strong desire to express your thoughts." Klein casually leaned back in his high chair.

As The Sun was from the City of Silver, which might be the Forsaken Land of the Gods, the pen that instantiated before him wasn't a fountain pen, but a quill instead.

Of course, there still wasn't any ink.

Derrick didn't dare to doubt what The Fool said, so he immediately grabbed the quill that suddenly appeared by his hand.

He followed The Fool's instruction, and as expected, he saw the Telepathist potion formula appear on the brown goatskin parchment before him within seconds.

After looking through it twice, Derrick silently pushed the promised item towards Miss Justice.

Audrey was overjoyed and eager, but she took the parchment gracefully. She glanced at the page, and the words that Klein had translated came into sight.

“Main ingredients: Phantom Netherdrake’s complete pituitary gland, 10 ml of Half Specter Rabbit.

“Supplementary ingredients...”

Main ingredients that I’ve never heard of... Hmm, I don’t know enough. Audrey, who had been trying to learn more about the different types and names of Beyonder ingredients from Fors and Xio, seemed to fret in thought.

During such moments, she would completely forget how a Spectator should behave.

Suddenly, Audrey heard a light rapping sound. She quickly looked towards the seat of honor at the long bronze table subconsciously.

She was surprised to see Mr. Fool rapping at the edge of the table with his right index finger while he gestured to her with a nod.

What’s going on? Audrey was confused as her eyes wore a vacant look.

Just when she was about to ask, the corner of her eyes suddenly saw some changes on the Telepathist formula. There were remarks next to some of the ingredients:

“Main ingredients, Phantom Netherdrake’s complete pituitary gland (also known as Rainbow Salamander), 10 ml of Half Specter Rabbit (also known as Farsman Rabbit).

“Supplementary ingredients...”

I know all of these! Audrey was stunned at first, then there was an intense surge of delight from the bottom of her heart.

“Thank you, Mr. Fool. You’re really very knowledgeable.” She looked towards the seat of honor as she thanked and sincerely complimented him.

The Hanged Man Alger didn’t know what had happened, but he felt extreme contempt towards what Justice had said.

How could you describe a godlike figure with the word “knowledgeable”?

His existence alone is equivalent to knowledge itself to a certain extent!

Klein accepted Miss Justice’s compliments without any misgivings because this wasn’t something he could’ve done just because he had chanced upon the Psychology Alchemists’ Telepathist formula.

After he pulled The Sun into the Tarot Club, he had been taking precautions against such problems by taking into consideration The Sun’s special circumstances of being from the City of Silver. He had been constantly studying ancient terminology. Therefore, even if Daxter Guderian hadn’t managed to get the formula in time, he could’ve made the notations easily. Through prior divination and comparison, he had made certain that both Telepathist formulas were accurate.

This is why we say, “Preparedness averts peril...” Klein thought smugly.

Audrey looked at the Telepathist formula a few times and then reined in her gaze unwillingly. She then personally expressed Roselle’s diary onto a page.

“You deserve this.” She put down her pen and looked towards the fog-engulfed Fool. “In addition to this, I’ll give your adorer another 300. Is 300 pounds okay?”

She sounded a little guilty because the three pages of Roselle's diary only cost her twenty pounds, while the Sheriff formula at Sequence 8 required 450 pounds.

In other words, from the perspective of simple math, she had to pay another 430 pounds on top of the three pages of the diary.

However, Audrey felt that it was thanks to her luck that the seller didn't know the value of Roselle's diary. It allowed her to buy it at a low price.

Emperor Roselle's diary costs at least fifty pounds per page! Audrey held her fist and encouraged herself.

300 pounds? Until today, I've only seen that much money at Sir Deweyville's place...Klein sighed and pretended to not be interested in money as he nodded and said, "A reasonable deal.

"This is my adorer's information."

He avoided speaking of terms like "Backlund Bank" and "anonymous account" verbally through The Fool's mouth as they damaged his image. He made them appear on the parchment before her.

Klein had taken time to visit Backlund Bank's Tingen branch last Wednesday while investigating the houses with red chimneys. He had disguised himself and opened an anonymous bank account.

The account only required one to memorize his account number and the corresponding password in order to withdraw cash from any Backlund Bank branch.

If one found that it wasn't secure enough, he could also request to add in a signature and thumbprint verification. But that would be more troublesome.

In order to keep his identity secret, Klein left it with a password.

The password is written in ancient Hermes: “The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era, the mysterious ruler above the gray fog; the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck.”

As ancient Hermes itself can be used for rituals and prayers, anyone who dares to copy the password would be reciting my name. Then, I’ll immediately receive a signal, and can simply find out who’s the one trying to steal my wealth from the world above the gray fog! Klein was very satisfied with the idea that he came up with.

The only downfall was that it would slightly expose the existence of The Fool, but the risk was within an acceptable range.

Audrey pushed the diary page to Mr. Fool as she took the parchment with the information of The Fool’s adorer. Recorded on it, was the Backlund Bank and a bunch of numbers that formed the anonymous bank account.

I wonder if Mr. Fool’s adorer is a male or female, and which Sequence he or she is...Hmm, he must be very powerful, at least not weaker than Rear Admiral Hurricane Qilangos... Audrey couldn’t stop her thoughts from wandering.

But she quickly focused and memorized the anonymous account.

“It doesn’t have to be so troublesome.” Just then, she heard The Fool’s low yet gentle voice. “When you get home, recite my name and you’ll be able to write down the information directly.”

This would be just like when I drew the red chimney scene through divination... An account number is very important, you can’t memorize it incorrectly... Klein added in his head.

That works too? From Mr. Fool's words, he appears very confident. He lives up to his status of a godlike figure if he can even do this... Audrey was stunned at first before coming to the realization that everything seemed to make logical sense.

But, why did I have to memorize the formula earlier? Audrey was suddenly confused again.

At that moment, Klein pressed down on the page of Roselle's diary, but he wasn't in a hurry to read it. He looked to the side at The Sun and calmly asked, "What compensation would you like?"

Derrick thought seriously and said, "As of now, I don't have anything that I desperately need... I should digest the Bard potion very soon. I shall wait until then to request my compensation. Yes, perhaps to prepare for the corresponding Sequence 8 formula or the necessary ingredients."

Sequence 8 is Light Suppliant, which I have... but the ingredients. Even if I had them, I would have no idea how to give them to you. Wait, he used the word digest... Indeed, the City of Silver knows of the "acting method"... Hmm. The highest Sequence there is only Sequence 4, so are they limited by ingredients? Klein nodded in deep thought, agreeing to the deal.

Audrey also sharply noticed the word "digest." She weighed her words and asked, "Mr. Sun, are you aware of the 'acting method'?"

Derrick looked at Miss Justice in confusion and answered straightforwardly, "It's nothing strange... The general education classes in the City of Silver teaches the 'acting method.'"

The “acting method” is taught in general education classes... Audrey stole a glance at The Hanged Man and realized that he was looking back at her. The two of them suddenly fell silent.

The origin of The Sun is indeed mysterious. I wonder where Mr. Fool pulled him into the Tarot Club from... The more I think about it, the more I revere him... Audrey settled down and looked at The Fool who didn't look visibly surprised in any way.

Then, Alger probed, “Mr. Sun, do you talk about any key things to look out for with respect to the ‘acting method’ ?”

“Yes.” Derrick nodded without hesitation. “It’s clearly stated in our general education classes that the one and only key point for the ‘acting method’ is to ‘Remember that you’re only acting.’”

As expected... We’re using an ingenious method to go around obstacles and completely break down the remnant spirits in the potion, without submitting to it... The Sun, you’re such a simple boy. You just shared important information by accident... Klein smiled and cast his eyes on the diary page before him.

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## Chapter 159: Bestowment and Sacrifice

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

Messy Chinese sentences were scribbled on the yellowish-brown goatskin.

“2nd August. This goes deeper than I imagined. History sure is something that can be manipulated easily.

“5th August. I witnessed the abilities of a High-Sequence Beyonder today. It was scary indeed. There’s a qualitative change that has happened to them in a particular aspect, it was as though they’ve transformed into a deity. It’s no wonder that we describe them as ‘Demigods’, though I think calling them ‘Legendary beings’ is more fitting.

“6th August. There’s something strange going on. Why would the Seven Major Churches adopt such a strange attitude towards the potions? At the low to middle Sequences, they not only provide the main ingredients to those who managed to advance, but they’re also generous enough to share the formulas and demonstrate the process needed to create the potion. They would also explain in detail if a ritual is needed to create the medicine, yet finished potions are the only things they provide to those who are advancing to the higher Sequences.

“This isn’t logical. Shouldn’t they keep the formula a secret for the lower Sequence potions and give the candidate the completed potion since it’s relatively easy to gather the necessary ingredients and create the potion? As for the higher Sequence potions, shouldn’t they share the formula and make the promising members search for the ingredients due to the difficulty of obtaining the main ingredients?

“There must be some hidden secret to this.

“9th August. The events of the past two days have made me feel uncomfortable. I started the Industrial Revolution with my own hands and personally ushered in the Age of Steam and Machinery, but this will create the conditions necessary for the Evil God to descend upon this world?”

What does he mean? The conditions necessary for the Evil God to descend upon this world? Klein knitted his brows, his index finger tapped on the edge of the ancient table.

Did Mr. Fool encounter a difficult problem? Anything that can trouble him must be something of another level... Audrey looked at the leader obscured by the thick fog and interpreted his state through his body language.

Klein was indeed pondering over the problem related to the upper echelons, but he didn't arrive at an answer. He considered the possibility of using divination to gain some sort of revelation.

Yes, it would be impossible to divine something of use with such simple sentences. I'm not a prophet... What if I divine with the statement, "the conditions necessary for the Evil God to descend upon this world"? It feels too risky... The Evil God might not be as horrifying as the Eternal Blazing Sun, but its abilities might be much more mysterious. It might be able to trace the divinations back to me. There's also no way to divine how large of a risk I'll be taking if I were to divine that statement. After all, just divining if something poses any danger is dangerous once it has deities involved...

I'll keep this question in mind and put more effort into observation.

The arrangement of the Churches regarding potions is indeed mysterious. I wonder what kind of secrets they're hiding? Perhaps I'll receive some hints about that once Spirit Medium, no, Spirit Guide Daly is made Archbishop or a high-ranking Deacon and enters the core of the Church...

Roselle's description does make me look forward to the power of High-Sequence Beyonders...

Many thoughts flashed through his mind before Klein stopped tapping on the edge of the ancient table and looked at Justice, The Hanged Man, and The Sun.

“You can start your discussion freely now.”

Alger immediately said, “Mr. Fool, Miss Justice, I received a new piece of information. Rear Admiral Hurricane Qilangos infiltrated Backlund to complete a difficult mission. He might stay for an extended period of time and create an appalling tragedy. Also, I know that this incident involves a very important item, an item that would allow Qilangos to quickly become a High-Sequence Beyonder.”

“Quickly become a High-Sequence Beyonder? Does he not fear losing control of himself?” Audrey asked, adopting the posture of a Spectator.

Qilangos was only a Sequence 6 Wind-blessed, so there was still a Sequence between him and Sequence 4.

Alger had expected this question. He answered honestly, “That’s why the object is important to him.”

“Of course, those are simply my deductions. The information I received goes like this: Qilangos believes that once he completes the commission and obtains the object, he will be the equal of Nast, the King of the Five Seas. The Four Pirate Kings would then become the Five Pirate Kings, and the Seven Pirate Admirals will be reduced to six.

“The average person might not aware of this, but as Beyonders, we should know that Pirate Kings are either High-Sequence Beyonders, or are able to reach the combat strength of a High-Sequence Beyonder with the use of Beyonder boats and mysterious items. For Qilangos to be

acknowledged as their equal, he must reach standards that are close to that. That's my deduction."

All I know is that the King of the Five Seas, Nast, is a Sequence 4 Beyonder, but I'm not sure of the name of his potion... Klein listened on silently, not giving his opinion.

The Sun, Derrick Berg, didn't understand anything The Hanged Man said. He didn't know who was who, but he still listened attentively. He felt a new door had presented itself in his world.

Pirates? The place they live in has seas that are mentioned in books? Then, the environment these people live in is very different from the City of Silver... They don't seem to be very worried about the curse or the attacks of the Things of the Dark. It definitely makes me very curious... But, Mr. Fool once instructed me not to ask about the secrets of others. It's a very rude gesture... Derrick thought in his heart, once again observing The Hanged Man and Justice.

"Your deduction is very reasonable. Of course, that could also be a mysterious item that could hold its own against a High-Sequence Beyonder," Justice replied with a smile.

The Hanged Man looked at the fog-enshrouded Fool, pondered over his words, before he looked at Justice and emphasized, "There are two key points in what I said just now, the first being the fact that Qilangos will stay in Backlund for some time. The second is that the incident involves a very important and very mysterious object."

So, Mr. Fool, are you not tempted? There is ample time for you to send your adorer to Backlund... Alger added in his heart but didn't dare say it out loud. All he could do was beat about the bush.

Mr. Alger, you don't need to emphasize this repeatedly, I know what you are getting at... But my abilities do not allow me to interfere in these matters. Furthermore, I can't leave Tingen without permission... Klein leaned back and thought in frustration.

Ignoring the adorer, I can actually find two relatively strong Beyonders to help...

One is Daly, who has advanced to Sequence 6, but I cannot tell her everything. The most I can do is mention that I've gotten some information that Rear Admiral Hurricane Qilangos has infiltrated Backlund and is living at a particular street and what he plans to do. That way, Daly might directly enlist the help of the Nighthawks, making the situation very complicated and troublesome... If you guys cannot find anybody to help you when the time comes, then I can try that to prevent a tragedy...

The second person is Mr. Azik, but I cannot expose my identity as The Fool to him. I don't have a proper reason to get him to interfere with this incident...

Many thoughts flashed through his mind as Klein replied slowly, "I'm aware."

Seeing how The Fool continued to not place much importance in the matter regarding Qilangos, he sighed and held back his disappointment. He started asking about the investigation Miss Justice conducted last week.

"... In conclusion, we have more or less targeted the general area Qilangos will be at, and we'll soon start the next phase of investigations." Audrey first gave a simple summary, then with the attitude that she was doing something important, said, "We need more information, preferably the hobbies and habits of Qilangos."

Alger recalled, “He loves fish, especially fish from the sea. He would slice it and eat it raw...

“He also likes hard liquor, and despises champagne, red wine, and the like...

“He will often look for women to relieve his needs whenever he heads to shore, and with his strong body, one woman will not be enough to satisfy him...

“He’s used to using cold weapons and avoids hot weapons.

“He cannot be away from water for long periods of time. What I mean is that he needs to swim or dive once every couple of days.”

...

Audrey committed these facts to memory, creating an ample character of Qilangos in her mind.

“Let’s hope that the investigation will be a success. It’s a pleasure working with you.” She smiled after Alger was done.

“My pleasure.” All Alger could do was force himself to believe in Miss Justice, who had considerable power in Backlund.

Throughout the interaction, Klein seemed to be listening intently, but in reality, his thoughts had been diverted to another question. That was the question of how to deliver ingredients to Sun if he did manage to obtain them.

Now that he had a passable understanding of the field of mysticism, Klein instinctively followed the line of thought of using ritualistic magic. This reliance was natural given the successes he had when using ritualistic magic.

When I was previously flipping through the confidential information of the Nighthawks, I came across records of the Goddess bestowing holy items to her followers. There were also records of items descending in rituals involving evil gods or devils... Does this mean that I can “bestow” someone something when responding to their prayers, and transfer materials that way?

In previous attempts, I could only reply with thoughts containing pictures and voices. But that doesn't mean that it'll always stay that way... There could be some new changes when I advance to Sequence 8...

There's also something important to consider. Can I bring material from the real world into the world above the gray fog? And... Hmm... Oh right, there's often a step for “sacrifices” in rituals involving evil gods and devils! Can I consider “sacrificing” something to myself?

In that way, perhaps I can bring some material from the real world into the world above the gray fog...

If this attempt is successful, I can get items directly from Justice, The Sun, and The Hanged Man, and then bestow them to myself.

Yes, “sacrifice” is considered a more advanced ritual, so I won't be able to learn of it for now...

The most important thing to do now is to improve my abilities!

Klein reined in his thoughts, and once again listened in on the conversation of the other members. He listened as their discussion changed from Qilangos to the characteristics of particular monsters.

Some time later, he smiled.

“Let's end it here for today.”

“By your will.” The Sun, Justice, and The Hanged Man stood up at the same time.

After severing the connections of the members, Klein quickly descended from the fog and left the mysterious space.

When he returned to his room, he dispelled the wall of spirituality and pulled back the curtains by the oriel window, allowing the sunlight to shine in.

There are two important things to do this week. The first is to get examined and advance to Sequence 8. The second is to make Flaring Sun Charms. Its powers might be even higher than that of Sequence 7 or 6... Klein looked outside with anticipation.

Tomorrow. I should be able to receive the report of Mr. Azik’s paranormal disturbances tomorrow!

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## Chapter 160: Seizing the Opportunity

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

Tuesday morning.

Having completed his mysticism curriculum, Klein didn’t look for a quiet corner to read “Comparison of Ancient and Modern Names” or “Nighthawks Case Compendium,” and instead stayed in the break room to play cards with Leonard, Kenley, and Royale.

I only told Mr. Azik to create an opportunity for me to take Sealed Artifact 3-0782 out... It'll still depend on my improvisation skills to seize the opportunity... Klein's mind wasn't on his cards, so he played terribly. He lost five soli in an hour, and he felt the pinch. He planned to concentrate on the game to recover some of his cash.

After he bought various ingredients for the Flaring Sun Charms yesterday afternoon, his private stash of cash reduced to less than one pound once again. Plus, he had to pay two soli every day for the carriage rental fees to search for the house with the red chimney.

As they were waiting for Kenley to shuffle the cards, he picked up the copper penny before him and spun it casually.

He suddenly felt Royale's gaze on him, a very intense gaze.

What? Klein was first stunned, then looked at the copper penny that was about to fall.

... Is she wary of me cheating with divination? We're just playing cards amongst ourselves, do we have to be so serious about this? He suddenly understood and slammed down the penny with a dry laugh.

Just then, Dunn Smith knocked on the door and entered. He looked around and said, "There's a situation in Morse Town. Leonard, please handle it."

Morse Town? Klein felt his mind jolt as he pretended to ask curiously, "Captain, what kind of situation?"

Dunn glanced over and explained, "Recently, there have been a few paranormal cases in the area. Firstly, people would hear sobs when walking past the cemetery and see vague figures flash by. Then, a widow

encountered her deceased husband when she woke up to use the bathroom in the middle of the night. She nearly fainted from the fright. In addition, there was an elderly man who lived alone. He began hearing heavy footsteps reverberating in the house all the time. However, silence reigned once again the moment he lights a candle or gas lamp. The people in the town are believers of the Goddess, so the local priest reported the situation.”

No one got hurt, and it almost borders on the level of a prank.... It should be Mr. Azik... Klein used an expression and tone that he had rehearsed many times. “Captain, there might be a secret link for these paranormal cases to happen so suddenly. In this situation, divination could provide an important clue. I think I can help Leonard.”

Upon hearing that, Leonard’s green eyes immediately locked onto Klein. He was apparently trying to find clues and traces from Klein’s face.

Dunn nodded first, but remained quiet and hesitant.

When Klein saw the Captain’s response, he immediately added, “Some of these things might require ritualistic magic to purify them.”

“Makes sense.” Dunn thought and said, “You and Leonard will head to Morse Town then.”

Without anyone saying anything else, he additionally added, “Hmm, you won’t be able to make it for your combat training in the afternoon. I’ll send someone to inform Gawain.”

Phew, the first step is complete... Klein silently let out a sigh. He quickly packed away his soli and pence.

Then, he suddenly paused and looked sideways at Dunn. He said solemnly, “Captain, I think we should prepare for the worst. If there’s a powerful wraith behind the paranormal events, it might be very dangerous for only Leonard and I. Plus, it takes two, uh—three hours to get to Morse Town, right? Even if we manage to send a telegram to request for backup in time, we would still have to hold out for quite a while...”

“So?” Dunn interrupted.

“I want to get the assistance of another teammate.” Klein pretended to think for a moment and said, “And, according to the rules, a mission with three or more Nighthawks involved can apply for a level three Sealed Artifact. Yes, 3-0782 is most suited for this job.”

Upon hearing that, Leonard laughed and said, “Exactly your style. Careful, cautious, taking no risks.”

You seem to be implying that I’m a coward... I’m a person who looked directly at the Eternal Blazing Sun! Klein pretended that he didn’t hear Leonard and earnestly looked at Dunn Smith.

“Captain, what do you think?”

“We should really take extra care against any accidents. There have been too many coincidences lately...” Dunn nodded thoughtfully and looked at the other two teammates. “Kenley, join Leonard and Klein on their trip to Morse Town. Oh, hurry up and write an application. After I sign it, retrieve Sealed Artifact 3-0782 from Chanis Gate.”

“Alright,” the short Kenley said, putting down the cards in his hand.

Alright! Klein fist-pumped in his mind while he looked anxious and solemn on the outside.

At that very moment, Seeka Tron was monitoring Hood Eugen in the asylum while Frye was on duty at Chanis Gate.

Klein left the recreation room and put on his black tuxedo. He took his hat and cane, then waited together with Leonard for Kenley at the stairway that connected to the basement

There was no one there, and it was extremely quiet. Leonard suddenly looked sideways at Klein and said, "I think you'd better give up on any unrealistic dreams."

"Ah... What?" Klein replied in confusion.

Leonard walked forward and stood by the edge of the stairs. He looked into the darkness of the stairway.

"Even during a mission, it will be impossible for you to discover my secret and understand my uniqueness."

... Bro, can you stop thinking so highly about yourself? Did you think I applied for this mission to spy on you? I didn't even have such thoughts! Enlightened, Klein chuckled.

"How can you be so sure that my uniqueness won't help to reveal your secret?"

Leonard's expression grew grave, but he then smiled and said, "It will, huh? I shall wait for you to discover it then."

When I gather more information and items, I will go to the world above the gray fog to help you do a divination. You're welcome! Klein thought sarcastically in his head.

Soon, the small-framed Kenley brought the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem up the winding stairs.

When Klein felt the unique warmth and purity, he secretly heaved a sigh of relief. He knew that he had finally completed the very first and most difficult step in his plan of siphoning the powers of the Eternal Blazing Sun's divine blood.

Then, the three of them left the Blackthorn Security Company and walked to Zouteland Street. They walked towards the carriage that belonged to the Nighthawks.

"Will the purifying effect bother the horse?" Kenley suddenly asked anxiously. "I don't want a horse that can only praise the Sun to pull the carriage..."

He had been a Nighthawk for longer than Klein, but he was far from experienced.

"No, Sealed Artifact 3-0782 only purifies living entities with a high level of intelligence," Klein lowered his voice in response.

If not, I wouldn't be bitten by insects... he added blankly in his head.

"Oh, I see... Haha, I didn't read the information thoroughly enough." Kenley pressed down on his black silk hat and laughed in enlightenment.

As Klein had yet to master the skill of driving of a carriage, he sat inside the carriage for the following three hours. He rubbed the Sealed Artifact

3-0782 in his hand while he watched Leonard and Kenley take turns driving.

They finally arrived at Morse Town around lunchtime.

“How beautiful...” Kenley complimented sincerely as they stepped down from the carriage and looked towards the boundless golden wheat fields that surrounded the town.

The dates representing the Volcanic constellation was coming to an end, and the Bumper Harvest constellation was going to rule everyone’s life.

Leonard was in the driver’s seat as he looked around and opened his mouth, as though he was going to recite a sonnet.

But in the end, he only sputtered one sentence, “How beautiful.”

Klein held back the urge to laugh as he put on his top hat, took his cane, and got off the carriage.

At that moment, a middle-aged man in a black priest’s gown walked over. He drew a crimson moon on his chest and said, “Praise the Lady. Are you the friends that Saint Selena Cathedral sent to help us?”

“Yes, Priest Siur. May the Goddess bless you.” Leonard jumped off the carriage and replied with a smile, “We’re here to take care of the recent paranormal incidents.”

“Seemingly. Seemingly.” The gray-haired, blue-eyed Siur saw many townsfolk approaching as he quickly emphasized.

Morse Town wasn’t big. Regardless of which direction one chose to travel in, one would enter the plains within ten minutes. The people who stayed there knew each other, so what happened earlier had spread.

Many townsfolk were waiting for the Church of the Evernight Goddess to send people to resolve the problem. Hence, when they saw that the priest was greeting three strangers, they quickly surrounded them out of concern and curiosity. Some tiptoed and some tried to hear what they were saying.

Leonard chuckled and said, “Priest, don’t worry. We’re professionals. Look, we brought Holy Water, silver daggers, Dark Sacred Emblems, and also garlic.”

He took out the described items from the inner pockets of his clothes as though he was pulling a magic trick.

Garlic? Are you trying to stink the spirits to death? Klein found it ridiculous yet funny as he watched Leonard’s performance.

Siur wore a look of confusion, and he even started to suspect that the Saint Selena Cathedral had sent over a bunch of frauds.

The citizens who surrounded them revealed gratified smiles, as though they were finally in safe hands.

Leonard got close to Priest Siur and explained softly into his ear, “They believe in these things...”

Without waiting for the priest’s reply, he added, “Let’s have lunch at the church first. Then, we shall take care of those matters.”

Yes, lunch is very important... When those paranormal incidents are taken care of, it’ll be time to take turns looking after Sealed Artifact 3-0782, and also the opportunity for me to make Flaring Sun Charms... Hopefully, everything goes smoothly... Of course, making Flaring Sun

Charms during the daytime would get the best results... Klein thought, brimming with anticipation.

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