

The God of Jesters

Chapter 31: 2.06.3 Stuck in the mind.

"Little Hunter, a child is dead. And not just a child, but a child of a hero. This is not something you can take lightly or be distracted from. What if the clues that you chose to ignore had been cleaned by the criminals already?"

These words might sound like a warning, but to Remira, these were nothing more than words that mocked her foolishness.

It was as if the thief was teaching on why he had stolen her belongings, condescendingly. Which made Remira's frustration show up on her forehead.

It's so easy to rile up humans sometimes.

"If the headmaster was so worried about it, he should have given me entry to your college early on and not delayed so much," Remira complained. "Though it's not too late, the signs might be erased, but witness testimony remains. I would just ask the faculty and the students about him."

There is never a perfect crime and even if the clue is destroyed, the criminal would still make some mistakes or overlook things that they might not be aware of.

Which was what Remira was basing her investigation on.

Let her enemies be confident and laugh because, in the end, she never intended to look for physical clues like the engraved piece of Farhad's bed.

Instead, she was just here for some witness testimony. And nothing more.

And besides, if she was not wrong. This would be a dead end.

On the other hand, Kairut who heard those scathing words did not act embarrassed or flustered. In a calm tone, he just said. "Of course, I regret it too, my mood that day was not good. It's not every day you hear an earful from the Mayor."

"It's why the next day I asked my chief of security to conduct a thorough investigation around my late student. And during this investigation, I found something interesting."

Headmaster Kairut explained in a calm tone the events after their meeting in the past.

And during those events, his chief of security truly found something pretty interesting.

Something that was planted by me using Kairut as a proxy.

For a man that feared death so much, he was pretty courageous and prideful while lying straight in the face of Remira and our little pig that sent her to this room.

But we shouldn't blame that man, for he was just doing his job, unaware of the consequences.

The true culprit of everything was this old walking corpse called Kairut.

"What is this?" Remira, under the push of the headmaster, got up and approached the table.

To her surprise, there was an entire report on the life of Farhad on a single file.

From the day he came to the academy to the times he went to the bathroom and the people he fought with as well as teachers that detested him for his weakness.

Even though she read this file only on a surface level, she can somewhat understand the life of misery the boy might have lived.

But sadly, there were stories like this all around the world happening all the time, so while she held some pity toward the boy, it didn't last long as she went straight to the end of the file and saw some lines marked with red.

"Daydreaming?" She wondered, confused a bit.

She wondered why it would be marked down on the file.

"Curious?"

Kairut asked, getting up from his chair. "It's nothing special, I just asked my people to mark down any suspicious activity and daydreaming was one of them."

"Because you see, by the time he started doing this, he was already suffering from a failed ritual and was wracked with rot. It's harder for one to maintain focus under that pain and even sleep properly."

"But while Farhad showed all the other signs. He had no trouble sleeping and at times, he would be lost in his thoughts during classes, which stood out among the class of 10."

The old man explained as he too got up and moved closer to Remira, much to her shame.

She had failed one of the most basic jobs as an investigator and now someone else has beaten her to it.

But this was not a race and nor would someone of Kairut's nature would just give this file so simply.

There ought to be a reason for him to do this. A certain price she has to pay for it.

Otherwise, it doesn't make any sense to her.

"I need to thank you for all of this."

This report was not alone, there were some belongings of the late child among other things.

But nothing on the level of the writings that she found in Farhad's apartment. Everything was simple and crystal clear.

"There is no need to thank me for this," Kairut said with a somewhat ashamed face. "All I wish for you is to keep the name of the academy away from your reports, and I can give you full reign to roam the unrestricted premises of this academy as we have full reign to question any teaching faculty along with students."

"Of course, you will meet them under a false pretense and identity, they would not know you or the true reason why you are here."

"I don't wish to spread further panic among my students than they already are feeling these days."

The old man explained, each of his words carefully curated and structured in a way that seemed reasonable.

He was doing a wonderful job, speaking as I have instructed him like a good dog.

Unlike some others that had started to move on their own, this little dog remained tightly in my grasp.

"But you should understand how hard it is to deal with the way things are and the identity of the dead."

To most of the world, it was known that the academy was not to blame, but probably the apartment. It was why the old man didn't wish for the group of Radiance to dig deeper.

Which would have succeeded if Farhad's father had played along with my expectation. Sadly it was not the case, which forced me to make some slight changes to my plans. Which included a complete overhaul of the misdirection scenario that I had built.

"With Marshall present here, it will be harder for me to hide it. He already has expectations from us and we can't afford to make him angry by giving any false reports."

Remira explained, finally understanding what the old man feared and why he did this.

With the little clues she found, it would seem that the headmaster had a change of heart after Maxim's meeting with Maisel was over. Which would explain the drastic change in treatment.

"But I would sure to put in the word on how you helped us, I would make sure that your academy is not implicated."

In truth, she didn't care about it. But was just saying small talk to give the old man some hope.

As for what Marshall does with the academy after the killer has been apprehended, it would be up to him. The most she can do as of now was to lie and let the old man think that he would probably help her.

Due to this, she started to feel confident and held some leverage over the old man.

She was probably feeling drunk on power and overconfidence when she suppressed her blood once again.

For someone as smart as she was, the childlike actions didn't suit her much. Though I shouldn't look down on her much, she still remained the strongest in the group that was sent by Radiance.

Almost as strong as a young man I met in the past. He was also as overconfident as Remira was and had the strength to back that confidence.

Which in some sense would put him a level above Remira.

But with the new friends I made at that time, I made this young man pay a heavy price. A similar price I have intended for Remira.

I hate people like her, their overconfidence makes things predictable.

It's no wonder she is no leader of this team.

"Then that's all I can hope for." After some small talk, the old man let Remira leave the premises with all the things he had collected.

And Remira also didn't say much after it. She already had an ID card in her hand which would give her entry to the academy premises and she had also seen the room where Farhad used to sleep. And found nothing.

But this was to be expected.

Let's go back to the same house as before.

It was night again and the mother was keeping watch on her child so that he doesn't drop the milk again.

"But.. but... but.. B... it. Hot" the boy tried to word out his sentence while blowing at the glass of milk.

"If it's hot, you will drink slowly. " His mother replied. The anger from before was totally absent in her mood, instead, she just laughed at her struggling son.

To her, it was somewhat cute.

While to her son, it was total torture.

One might even say that the mother was somewhat like me, enjoying life forms lower than her struggle with some of the most basic things imaginable. Because to her, it looked like the struggle of the ignorant and innocent, just the way I thought of her.

There might be people that think the same about me, people like you, who currently read my thoughts.

But that is the way of life.

And I was going to teach this woman what it feels like to be a helpless insect.

So with a twist of my finger, the surroundings changed.

With another twist of my finger, the child of hers grows by another year.

With the third twirl of my finger, her loving husband had turned into a corpse in front of her eyes.

As for his killer, it was none other than her 6-year-old child.

"Noo.... noo.. Not again." She cried, her mind going blank and memories of the past came flooding in.

The past she had done her best to forget.

But this dream was too strong. The burst of self-awareness that came to her, disappeared instantly, as she had fallen deeper and deeper into that dream.

"Why did you do this?" She held her child, crying as she asked this question.

But her child was completely listless and unmoving, it neither spoke nor moved, just looked at his mother's face before lunging toward her like a beast.

This was when Remira came to ruin the fun.

"Wake up." She cried out, causing the dream world to become weaker.

And with another jolt, she woke up Pierta.

"What happened?" Remira asked. But got no answer in return, for her friend was in a shack.

In response, feeling something smelly afoot, she roused her blood and felt my presence that had dug deeper into Pierta's mind.

She found a trace of me.

Chapter 32: 2.07.1 Crushed.

To most, I remain unheard and unseeable. Living between the lines of reality and dreams. living in the walls and moving in the sewers.

Listening to people, watching their actions, and feeling their desires.

There is love, in those feelings and unprecedented greed as well. Though most of the time I find the denizens of my city a bit bored.

Well, who wouldn't be in their situation? The amount of people that actually get to live the way they want is very little, while most of the population just focuses on their own life and pursuing a better livelihood. Pretty mundane if I might say.

Though this didn't mean that my version of 'Mundane' was similar to the ones used by the people of this world. I only tagged an individual mundane if they didn't have much to offer and were just doing their job like they were expected to.

Though it doesn't mean that their life holds no meaning.

Even in the mundane, there are many things hidden away. Things that I like to dig out and learn about.

And I intended to do the same with Pierta. A woman that hasn't acted much besides giving some slight suggestions and acting as a lackey on the back.

But I am not foolish, I know there is a deep relationship between Pierta and Remira.

And as I can't enter Remira's dream due to her blood of Radiance. It doesn't mean I can't do the same for Pierta.

I wished to learn more about her, I wished to squeeze out her memories till she started showing me details about Remira. Who this Remira was and why she was here.

Because for a while, she had been giving me an ominous feeling and I can't put my finger on it. So to be safe, I did what anyone sane in my situation would have done. Try to find more details on the enemy.

Though as it seems, I failed.

She came back at the turning point of the dream and ruined my attack.

"Just what is this?"

Remira's hair flew in the air with a bright hue, while she held the head of lethargic Pierta who was still stuck in a shock.

"Who are you?"

Then she asked a question that I had expected her to ask. But I didn't get an answer.

It would seem that part of my plan has failed. Because for some reason, Remira chose to return early from her meeting with Kairut and didn't choose to do her own investigations.

Which made me wonder, was she aware of my existence and plans.

It was highly unlikely. Someone of her strength couldn't be able to do that.

Unless I am missing something, a single crucial part of my plan.

"I asked, who ARE YOU?" This time her voice was louder as white flames started to enter the dream world where I hid like a rat, causing my fur to burn and sending a jolt of pain in my head.

A familiar pain. The kind that I hated. Though I couldn't do much in this situation, for I was stuck in a dream of a catatonic woman, while surrounded by a cage made of flames.

"Didn't expect you to return so early," I said while my rat body slowly dissipated and in its place, a hand grew out of the dream.

A hand with a mouth on it.

"Did you kill the kid?" She asked in a furious voice. Probably thinking that I intended to kill her friend as well.

But for an ignorant being like her, this might as well be the truth. And no reasonable answer would satisfy her anyways.

So the lips of the hand moved and I said. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Hunter Remira. I have been your fan since you came here." I said in a jovial voice, completely ignoring the painful flame that was slowly burning away at my soul.

"Don't play games, I can burn your soul to a crisp if I wish to. So kindly answer my question." A threat and a request all at once.

A child-like Remira grew up and changed her method of talking that suits my own. Truly a wonderful child. This would also mean that she knew that I had no method to escape and hence her threat was actually a certain threat against me.

In her mind, she was probably in control. Though it would be a big mistake if I thought of her as someone drunk over the control she had over me, as she might look like a foolish brat. But she was attentive toward me.

Her energy even seeped into Pierta's mind and slowly formed an angel-like silhouette that descended from heaven and then slowly approached the little hand that stuck out of the blurry world.

To her, I probably looked like a leech, a parasite with no spine of my own.

Instead of answering her question, I chose to fire an arrow in the dark. "Now looking at you from up close, you truly resemble her." A baseless claim even though I did not find anything about Remira from this dream.

But from her background and her being a hunter for Radiance, I can make some assumptions.

Among which was the thing about her mother.

I didn't know how their relationship was or whether she was alive or in her life.

I didn't know how she lived or grew up to be the woman she was today.

I didn't even know why she chose to become a member of the Radiance society.

But what I knew from her tomboy nature and rowdiness. She was an overconfident brat with some parental issues.

I can see this from the way she fought with Maxim earlier and how she acted in front of Kairut. She had a thing for talking in a condescending tone to people in authority. And even if she might not show it, I can sense it.

It was why I played this card.

"Wh... aht do you mean?" She asked, her defenses somewhat weakened.

Which meant that my assumption was right on point. She was someone with parental issues. And was barely able to cope with it.

Which would mean weakness.

I got what I wanted, even though the method to obtain it was a lot more simpler and boring than digging away at an individual's memories in their dream.

And if I was this close, I wonder if my other hand would work as well. As I see it, in this world everyone wants something that they can never obtain and it's what makes it easier for me to control these individuals.

Though, saying those things without concrete proof of Remira's past would be a bit dangerous. Her mind was currently in a hyperactive state and slight misconduct might erase me.

So I just said the words that I had in my mind for a while. WOrs that I wished to say to her a lot since a while ago.

"Let's ignore that part for now, and focus on what's important, little child." My words were enough to anger her, I can feel that the intensity of the fire around us has increased. But I just kept looking at her illusory figure that stared at me with wrathful eyes. Such beautiful eyes.

"Look into the sewer." With these words, my body which solely consisted of a hand then flew over and entered the fire before Remira could react.

And then I felt that familiar pain again.

Feeling the pain of my loss, I know that my hand was no more.

It has turned to dust like I had expected it to. And with it, a certain part of my soul was also destroyed.

But that was to be expected when I divided that part of me for such a job. No one would have expected for Remira to make another foolish mistake so early, throwing my plan off.

So in the end, I can look from the side as Remira saved her friend from the mind demon that was invading her.

Truly a wonderful scene, with Remira smashing her hand on the table in frustration as her friend had started to wake up from her dark dream.

"What happened?" Her friend couldn't recall what happened, why she suddenly feel sleepy during work, or what happened in that dream of hers.

It was something that had happened before and so she was not that surprised. And the reason for that was her being tired from overwork.

Which became the chance for me to infiltrate her mind.

And now the same hands with which she once held her son after he killed his father, she was doing the same with Remira. Who was still a bit shocked at what she witnessed.

'I wonder if I succeeded.'

I didn't know what my hand did. With it dying, there will be no memory for me to retain and no knowledge of the conversation that would have happened between the two.

But I can feel it.

My hand did something outstanding when it died.

"A loach was in your mind. And it probably escaped." The disgust and anger in Remira's voice were very apparent. If looks can kill, my hand would have died another thousand times.

But death is only a one-time deal, it won't happen again and again.

Only a few lucky ones like me can survive that ordeal.

Chapter 33: 2.07.2 A necklace.

My hand did something outstanding when it died.

"A loach was in your mind. And it probably escaped." The disgust and anger in Remira's voice were very apparent. If looks can kill, my hand would have died another thousand times.

But death is only a one-time deal, it won't happen again and again.

Only a few lucky ones like me can survive that ordeal.

Because of it, there are many that wish to learn my method and how I became what I am today. And I am attracted to those people as well, they are the best tool to have.

"How is her health?" Remira asked, somewhat worried.

The moment she sensed that the hand had exorcized itself, she went on to inform Maxim of the attack. And after hearing the details, he ran to Pierta, who was tired and barely able to keep awake.

Anyone in her situation would be, she was just a slightly stronger human, to begin with. And after her mind had been invaded by two entities, one of them being her own friend. The strain on her soul increased. If not properly handled, it would have collapsed and killed her.

But Remira, albeit a bit childish. She knew the limits of her friend and had supported her mind with her own. It was why she was able to even stay awake at the moment.

"There hadn't been any Marks present on her body, or at least that's what it looks like. But marks are not something that can be detected easily." With the previous precedent set with Farhad's death, there was a chance that Pierta had been marked as well.

But did Maxim think it was such an easy thing to do?

It took more than a year of preparation before I was able to mark the child. Doing so again so fast would require resources that I didn't possess at the moment. So this fear of his was pretty much useless.

"Though, as I have eyes now. I might be able to do a thorough checkup on her before it's too late."

Maxim had already met the young man called Adam and had given him the same test he gave to Farhad early on.

And although the results were not as outstanding as Farhad's. Adam was still able to read around four pages of the forbidden text. Which was the best result that Maxim had been expecting when he originally sent out the job offer.

"Then why the delay, just ask the boy to come here and do it." Remira requested, her desperation apparent. One can see how much care she held for this woman. Their history might be a lot closer than I had originally expected.

"I have already called for him, so don't worry. Instead, tell me more about this hand you see in her consciousness and what it told you." At Maxim's behest,

Remira, although wishing to keep it to herself, started to confess the whole event in detail.

"Did you know him? Or anything related to him?" Maxim asked, his curiosity was at its peak when Remira mentioned how the hand seemed to know someone from her family. It spoke as if he was familiar with her.

And unlike Maxim that was assessing each point of information in his mind and making up assumptions, I was just ecstatic.

The things my hands did were pretty audacious. Feeding our enemies wrong information in an attempt to send them off on the wrong path.

Such perfect strategy. Sadly, I would have liked it if it had not done so and just died, keeping the mystery around our existence.

I know that expecting something that was born out of 10% of my true spirit would not be that intelligent and hence would make mistakes.

But even if that was the case, I won't repeat the same mistake of the past in which a part of my body went independent and left me for good.

It still hurts, I haven't recovered from that damage even now.

"Nothing comes to mind, but he acted familiar with me. Maybe that's why he attacked her." Remira said, clenching her fist in anger.

She blamed herself for this small event. For some reason, in her brain, she was able to pinpoint the reason why I approached that woman. Though the reason for that might have been a bit different than what she had expected.

"Don't be led by your anger, this just means that our opponent is getting desperate. That's why he attacked one of us directly." Maxim explained in a calm tone. "Which means that whatever we are doing is correct and will remain correct as long as we don't get distracted."

"Including the mention of your mother. Ignore it and focus on what's at hand. Go and investigate the students in Lucien. That is your current priority." Maxim's voice was stern and a bit caring.

Even though his head has no eyes, he can feel from the palpitations in Remira's voice that she was down in the dumps at the moment.

"Still with your priority when one of our own is harmed? I have said this before and I will say it again. Focus on that child, he probably knows who our enemy is and if we catch him, we will catch the enemy." Remira questioned authority just like I had expected her to.

Her instincts and strength might be amazing, but in the real world, none of that mattered if the individual lacked wisdom.

The wisdom that Remira was sorely lacking.

Though Maxim was as experienced as he was, he knew that all of this might just be a distraction. So in a calm tone, he explained to her. "This is not the time to be swayed by your emotions, this is not how you are trained or expected to act in the field. Here, my words are absolute and if you can't do something as basic as this, I will replace you at the moment's notice."

Even if there might be a delay. He would still choose to call for another backup if Remira kept acting like this.

And besides, it's not like it would actually take time.

There ought to be someone bringing the results on the inscribed wooden board that Remira found. And if Maxim puts in a word, then the deliverer might just be another hunter, coming to replace Remira.

And the little girl knew this, hence she went silent.

But like the carrot and stick strategy, Maxim gave her some assurance.

"Don't worry, I have something that would protect the mind of Pierta." He said while extending his hand forward.

"And don't worry, it's not that dangerous." With those words, he stabbed his hand and made a small incision. Much to Remira's horror.

"What are you doing?" Remira said as she jumped forward to stop Maxim from injuring himself.

"Slow down." Before Remira can actually approach him, Maxim said simple words, causing the blood in Remira to halt, freezing her on the spot.

"What are you doing..." But Remira, even while she was frozen on the spot, still asked this question.

And Maxim just said. "It would be better for you to see it." Pinching his fingers together, he stretched out the incision and slowly went deeper into his wound, causing the blood to gush out bit by bit.

Though Maxim's expression remained stoic as always. With his eyes gone, it was harder to know what he was thinking most of the time anyway.

But this time, I didn't need to read his mind or expression to know what he was doing. Instead, I already knew.

"Found it," Maxim said while taking out a small necklace with a brass ring at the end.

It was also when he released the spell on Remira.

"What is this?" At this point in time, even Remira has caught on to what Maxim intended to do. But she didn't stop. Her hands still moved faster than her words, as she held the wound of Maxim tightly while sending warm currents of her power into his injuries.

Slowly healing it.

And Maxim didn't stop her. He just looked at the necklace for a while, lost in nostalgia, and then handed it to Remira.

"There is a powerful hex on this necklace which protects its wearer's mind."

Unlike enchantments that require inscription to work and materials. Hexes were simple spells that latched onto things.

Though the price to cast a Hex was heavier than it required a lot more resources in comparison to enchantment as well.

Which made the Hex items become a rarity in the market.

"Why give this to me?"

"Not you, it's for Pierta. Your mind is protected by the Radiant blood while mine... it's a bit similar to yours. Leaving only Pierta who remains the weak link in our group."

The old man Maxim said while handing the blood-ridden necklace to Remira. "Just wash it before giving it to her."

He said, before leaving the scene. Going to sew up the wound on his own.

As blood might have stopped, but the power of Radiance that was made for destruction and stalking, won't be able to heal him.

"This necklace?" Looking at the departing back of Remira. She silently clenched the necklace in her hand, before thanking the old man in his mind.

She can understand that Maxim held this necklace dearly to him, it might have belonged to someone important to him, hence why he kept it so close to himself.

Which made her a bit ashamed.

What Maxim said was right, the enemy only attacked because they were on the right track. And if they get distracted at this point. The enemy would win.

Chapter 34: 2.07.3 The need for eyes.

It's been a few days since Marshall Maisel came to the city that took his son away from him.

But with his nature, it was harder to show any care for it.

His son was a disappointment anyways and he can make another one, a better one with his wife if he went home. He was truly a heartless and focused individual.

Or so what many thought. But the truth was slightly different, much to my surprise.

Since coming to this city, Maisel has never slept. During the day, he carries on his act, and at night. He carries on his investigation.

With the emotions that he had been suppressing present on his face.

"Why have you been following me?" Maisel asked while lifting the body of an old woman with his hand.

"Mis... ter... bega...r" She was barely able to speak and say any words. And she even looked like a beggar.

But Maisel was sure that it was all an act, for few were able to keep up with him. Which this woman had been able to do, changing her appearance with each meeting.

"Lies won't work on me." He said before breaking the neck of the woman and smashing her body on the ground, causing a loud thud and blood to splatter all around.

But Maisel was not over yet, because, after this, he took out a gun and aimed it at the head of the dead woman.

"Speak now." He threatened.

At which point, the body of the old woman squirmed a bit. "It's painful... painful.." Like a child crying in pain, she wriggled on the ground. Before shedding her skin, exposing a small black cat that crawled out of it.

But as soon as it came out, it gave one last look at Maisel, before it rotted at an accelerated rate in front of Maisel.

And he knew that he could do nothing about it.

The only thing left of this cat's existence was the skin of the old woman, which has also started to show signs of rot.

"3rd one," Maisel said, feeling frustrated over these little spies.

He can't count how many he has noticed and if one were to think that all those people might once be living common people, then the innocent died by his enemy's hand to track him would be countless.

But his face remained stoic. Sending an inkling of flame toward the poor woman's skin, he turned it into ash. After which, he left. Inching toward Gregory street and the building where his son's mark flared up.

Each night he comes out and does an investigation on his own. With the information that was provided by Maxim along with the circumstances of his son's death. Everything was a bit odd.

And if he has to say it, this even looked a bit familiar to him.

'Last time they were able to escape. But this time, I won't let them.' They have already come for his son, he didn't wish for the same thing to happen to the remainder of his family.

And he had also learned that acting uncaring towards them also won't stop his enemies from not harming them.

So with all that in his mind and regretting the way he treated his son. A son that would always curse his father, he went towards the building.

"Blue flower Garments." This was a workshop operated by the mundane, sewing clothes in bulk during its heyday.

Sadly, since the problem with Gregory street started, the shop was shut down in fear of ghosts and the curse that had spread throughout the whole street.

No one liked to suddenly fall asleep. Not when they were next to heavy machinery used for sewing clothes.

"Maxim was right, there is something wrong with this place."

In the negotiation and transaction from before, Maxim has shared a lot more things than just information.

He had even given him a job.

No, it would be better to say that he had taken this job by himself and wished to explore the specialty in this place.

Before his arrival, Maxim had already done a preliminary checkup of this abandoned workshop and nothing much was found on his end.

The most he knew was that this building had something to do with Farhad's death. And even while knowing this, Maxim left it at that.

Which if I have to say, ruined some of my initial planning as well.

Maxim escaped the trap I dug for him and found a better counter to that trap for himself.

But it was to be expected, with the mark in his body that still lies patiently, it would warn Maxim of others like itself. And Maxim was smart enough to stray away from this.

Even if he didn't know why his body felt that way.

"It's the third floor today."

Opening his mouth wide, Maisel exhaled a flurry of fire bugs from his mouth that slowly flew and started to scan the surroundings.

Illuminating the dark corridors and machinery.

Everyone was busy with their work and Maxim was the same.

Coming to his room, he was silent and wondering about the events of today.

Or so it looked like.

"Should close this wound." Taking out the med kit and needle, Maxi started to stitch the giant gash on his hand after disinfecting it with some alcohol.

Though, it was only then that he noticed something.

"You are already here?" He asked the boy that had just been sitting on the side, looking at the blind old man's actions.

He never said anything nor did he try to disturb the old man. He stared at the injury like a statue, fearful that he might face the same fate if he did say something.

"Ye.. Yes, Magistar..." The boy said in fear before his mind lit up and he took out a bottle. "Mister, please take this. It will heal your injury instantly." The boy said while presenting a potion from his shop.

Which Maxim denied.

"Let it heal naturally, no need to waste something as precious as that on something so insignificant," Maxim explained while rolling a bandage on his arm with some balm.

"And besides, I don't have much use of my physical body anyways." He explained, before asking the young man, "But before we begin, I wish to know are you sure about it? There is already someone that died before, and you might face the same threat as the boy from before."

Maxim didn't wish for the death of another young man on him so he wished to confirm if the boy was aware of the danger he would be putting himself in.

Though the answer that the boy gave was somewhat unexpected. "Magistar, I am a potions apprentice, I have experienced my fair share of danger." The boy said with some confidence on his face.

And if Maxim thought about it, the boy was right.

The potions might seem like a safe subject. But it's not the talented ones that survive long enough to be a potions master. Instead, it's the lucky ones who can live longer.

The reason for it was also simple. There is not much difference between a potion and a poison. One can even say that each failed potion is poison And this poison needs to be tested before learning what the problem with the technique or material was before they can edit the recipe and update the methods.

This trial and error method of checking potions has cost the lives of many apprentices. So if one were to think from this angle, the young man in front of him was very courageous and lucky to come this far on his own.

And who knows, he might even become someone big in the coming future.

Generally, young men like this do so as they grow up. Though this only applies when they actually grow up.

And considering the danger this case held, it would be hard.

But Maxim didn't try to force this young man out. If he has to die, then so be it, he has done his best by warning him. Now it all depends on him.

For he had to find the secret about this dream curse no matter what. And few sacrifices need to be made for this.

"Then follow me," Maxim ordered while picking up a book and leading the young man called Adam through the corridors of the library and then into the basement.

Unlike the bright and sanitized state of the library, this place was dark and damp, with water and gas pipes crawling along the walls.

Though, those were not the worst part.

The worst was the humidity.

"Come and sit there." Maxim pointed at the giant magical circle in the middle of the room, where Adam can see two different places of sitting.

"As I have said before, your job is to act as my eyes," Maxim said while sitting in the middle of the bigger circle while pointing toward the smaller one and gesturing to him to sit down. As he said. "But not in reading, it's while dreaming."

Chapter 35: 2 day break.

Due to exams, I can't maintain proper release schedule without messing up the story itself(won't speak about my quality. I know pretty bad, grammar wise.) So I will be on a break for 2 more days... it might extend depending on what happens after exams(celebration/party stuff) And i would only be able to write chapters for my contracted novel.

Though I would say, I love to write this novel a lot more. Its pretty fun from my perspective. I like my characters in it a lot.

You can ask questions relating to this novel in here if you wish to, I don't mind that one bit. Instead, I just want an opportunity to talk about this novel all the time.

Also, if possible, do write a review for my novel. It truly helps and I need genuine feedback, because I am not gonna lie, around eight of those reviews are from friends and other writers, in a bid to promote my work.

So I would appreciate if you would review it.... Also share my story. Please... it would truly help me a lot.

Let others who like villain MC,s know about this novel. Tell them why you like it or why you think its different from other novels.

Well, that's it.

And forgot to even mention this, but sorry for this delay. I would try to cover these two days with bonus chapters.