

## Chapter 110: Confirmation

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

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

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

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

That was also what Klein wanted to confirm.

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

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

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

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

"You're home..." Melissa was rubbing her eyes sleepily.

Klein covered his mouth and yawned.

"Yeah, I need to crash. Don't wake me up before lunch."

Melissa tersely acknowledged when she suddenly recalled something.

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

As not-so-devoted believers of the Evernight Goddess, she and Benson went to the church once a fortnight, while Klein, who was a

Nighthawk, hadn't entered the church since the last time he was followed by the member of the Secret Order.

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

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

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

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

"No problem. I can sleep longer then."

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

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

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

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

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

"The picture that the Misfortune Cloth Puppet displayed."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

That meant affirmation.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Pray... Save... Father and Mother."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...

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

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

Klein smiled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dunn shook his head.

"No."

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

...

In the municipal hall.

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

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

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

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## Chapter 111: Letting Slip

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

Sometime later, the lecturer, who had relatively high cheekbones, walked up the wooden podium. She cleared her throat and said, “Good morning, kind, charitable ladies. I am Xaviera Hedda. What I am about to share with you today are my experiences in managing family expenses. There are three parts, the first being how a family with an annual income of a hundred pounds should balance food, housing, clothing, and employing helpers. The second would be where a family earning two hundred pounds yearly should be increasing their expenditure to appear more decent...”

Melissa listened attentively. She had her brothers’ annual income at her fingertips.

It’s already over two hundred pounds... she thought, half in relief and half in fear.

She was relieved and satisfied with her current life, but was also afraid that this way of life would vanish in the blink of an eye.

At this point, the wine red-haired Selena covered her mouth. She told her two friends quietly, “She seems to be a believer of the Lord of Storms. She’s wearing a Windstorm badge.”

Melissa looked over and saw Xaviera wearing a badge depicting violent winds and tumultuous waves on her left chest.

She quickly explained, “Mrs. Shaud who told me about this seminar is also a follower of the Lord of Storms. I don’t think it’s strange that the speaker is a follower too.”

“Yeah, I don’t think there is a problem here. We are here to learn how to budget,” Elizabeth concurred with Melissa.

“But other than Melissa, we don’t need to, nor do we have the right to govern our families’ finances.” Selena pouted.

Elizabeth rebutted without hesitation, “But we’ll get married eventually and form our own families.”

Selena had been a little afraid of Elizabeth after the incident of the demon mirror divination. She nodded in embarrassment and pretended to listen to the lecture attentively.

The lecturer, Xaviera, raised her right hand and said, “The premise of any form of budgeting is to respect the opinion of the man of the household. They are the source of income, the pillar of the family. They face anxiety, stress, troubles, and disorder in society in order to obtain everything for us. Thus, we have to create a serene home, one free from troubles from the outside. This will allow them to relax when they come home, allow their souls to be cleansed, allow them to be more prepared to face the challenges to come...”

“So, as the famous philosopher, sociologist, humanities scholar, and economist Mr. Leumi once said, a woman is the angel of a household.”

Selena stroked her cheek and traced her dimples as she whispered with a little excitement, “Leumi, the person who said that humans are born free?”

Elizabeth hesitated before answering. “Yes, but he is a believer of the Lord of Storms.”

At this point, the lecturer, Xaviera, continued, “Mr. Leumi also informs us that females are innately flawed when it comes to intelligence and logic. In that case, unable to judge for themselves whether they should accept the judgment of father and husband as that of the church....” 1

Melissa, Selena, and Elizabeth looked at each other, speechless, after hearing such a description.

“Let’s go?” Selena finally suggested.

Melissa and Elizabeth nodded.

“Alright!”

They took their veiled hats and bent over, sneaking over to the side door in an attempt to leave without attracting any attention.

When they cautiously arrived outside and could finally stand up straight, they suddenly heard a burst of applause coming from the small hall.

Melissa instinctively looked back into the hall.

She saw Mrs. Shaud, as well as many other ladies, clapping.

Phew! Praise the Lady... Melissa exhaled. She left the uncomfortable place together with Selena and Elizabeth.

“Shall we go to Harrods?” Selena suggested as she stood under a tree. She had already forgotten about what had just happened.

Melissa fell silent for a few seconds before saying, “I plan on returning home to study.”

“Study...” Selena fiddled with her wine-red hair, as if she had returned to her regular life.

“Also, I have to buy bread, beef, potatoes, and fruits... Klein needs to work today, Benson went to the municipal library. So, yeah, I have to go back!” Melissa suddenly realized how much she loved her textbooks, her gears and springs.

Selena decided to keep her distance from the unusually weird Melissa. She turned to look at Elizabeth and smiled dutifully, “Shall we go to Harrods together? Even though I’ve spent all my savings, it’s still wonderful to window shop.”

“Sure.” Elizabeth accepted the suggestion, then asked casually, “Melissa, does your brother, Klein, have to work on Sundays?”

“Yes, he rests on Mondays, different from ordinary jobs.” Melissa unknowingly raised her head slightly.

...

After leaving the Blackthorn Security Company, Klein took a public carriage to Howes Street.

He tried his hardest to suppress his emotions, to not think about the issue of the Antigonus family's treasure. He tried to focus his attention back onto the matter of acting.

It was important to fully digest the potion as soon as possible! Improving himself was extremely important no matter when it was!

Acting as a Seer, heh! I'm not professional enough. The fortune tellers back in the Foodaholic Empire had to go through the almanac all the time before they accomplished anything... Klein held his cane as he sat inside a carriage.

He had decided to divine if it was beneficial for him to travel to the Divination Club today.

That was more befitting of a Seer!

As he was getting off the carriage, Klein took out a halfpence coin. His field of vision narrowed, his pupils becoming darker as he silently recited, It is suitable to head to the Divination Club today.

It is suitable to head to the Divination Club today.

...

Dang!

Klein flicked the coin up. He didn't look at the rotation of the coin, calmly extending his hand instead.

Thunk! The halfpence landed in the middle of his palm.

This time, the number 1/2 was facing up.

With the number facing up, that means that I would encounter an unfortunate incident at the Divination Club today... Klein thought for a moment before he turned to the opposite side of the street. He waited for the public carriage that was headed for Daffodil Street.

He felt more and more like a charlatan.

...

Howes Street, at the entrance to Harrods Department Store.

Selena was just about to enter the building when she suddenly froze and looked to the side.

“Did something happened?” Elizabeth asked, puzzled.

Selena puffed her cheeks and said, “Elizabeth, I thought about my mysticism teacher, Mr. Vincent. He passed away just like that, the morning after my birthday...”

“Could it be because I peeked and used his secret incantations? I’ve always felt guilty and uneasy because of this... Besides, I’ve been rather unlucky recently.”

“So?” Elizabeth asked quietly.

Selena bit her lips and said, “I wish to do a divination at the Divination Club over there and see if Mr. Vincent’s death had anything to do with me.”

From what happened at my birthday banquet... I have this nagging feeling that Elizabeth is hiding something from me... I remember the back of the man in a tuxedo...

“Can’t you divine it yourself?” Elizabeth asked in surprise.

Selena sighed, imitating her father.

“Sigh, I cannot divine it given my current condition.”

“Alright, let’s head to the Divination Club first.” Elizabeth agreed to her friend’s suggestion.

They headed over to the side and made their way to the Divination Club on the second floor by following the stairs.

“Hello, good afternoon, Miss Angelica. It’s a pleasure meeting you again.” Selena gave a lively greeting at the reception area.

Angelica smiled and said, “You should be able to find me here as long as you come after lunch.”

Selena exchanged niceties before lamenting Hanass Vincent's death, she then said, "I need to have a divination performed."

"You know the rules of the club. Here is the list of members willing to do it... It's the weekend, so most of our members are here," Angelica explained like clockwork.

Selena and Elizabeth huddled their heads together as they scanned the list of names and description together.

"I used to just ask for my teacher directly. To think that the club would have this many members willing to do divinations compared to last year," Selena said excitedly.

Suddenly, she paused for a few seconds and said in puzzlement, "Klein Moretti, Klein Moretti? Isn't this name the same as Melissa's brother?"

Elizabeth froze. She looked repeatedly at the name 'Klein Moretti' and nodded, "That's true..."

"Miss Angelica, is this Mr. Klein Moretti around?" Selena asked with a sparkle in her eyes.

Angelica shook her head.

"My apologies, Mr. Moretti didn't come to the club today."

"Alright, we'll find someone else." Selena didn't mind not seeing the person, but she laughed at her friend. "I know that this can't be Melissa's brother, but having seen this name, I naturally thought of a newspaper; a headline worthy of the Intis Press."

The Intis Press was created by Emperor Roselle, famous for its attention-grabbing headlines. It was one of the most famous newspapers in the Northern Continent.

Elizabeth asked inattentively, "What headline?"

Selena cleared her throat and said, "Is it the decay of morals, or a problem with society? History graduate actually ends up doing divinations over the weekends to make a living!"

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## Chapter 112: Azik' s Explanation

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

Backlund, Empress Borough.

Audrey Hall sat on a suspended chair in a windy corner and looked at the flowers that were blooming under the sun. She thought of Fors Wall's request.

According to Viscount Glaint, there really was a young girl named Xio Derecha being impounded at a temporary prison located in Backlund's North Borough.

She was charged with grievous assault against a decent gentleman due to a financial conflict. She caused the man to be bedridden, and he might not be able to stand on his feet ever again.

Regarding that, Fors's explanation was that the gentleman wasn't a nice person but the head of a gang in Backlund's East Borough. He made a living by being an usury.

The cause of the incident was when one of the borrowers found out that the interest was several times higher than he expected, so much so that it was impossible to return the amount of money even after he bankrupted himself. When his discussion with the gentleman ended fruitless, he found the famous intermediary, Xio Derecha, hoping that she could persuade the other party to waive the unreasonable portion of the loan.

That gentleman didn't respond well to Xio Derecha's attempts at arbitration, and even threatened to capture the borrower's wife and children that night. Hence, Xio Derecha switched tactics and chose to use physical means. Accidentally, she caused severe damage to the man.

Viscount Glaint investigated the matter and confirmed that Fors Wall was telling the truth. He also confirmed that the gangster had lost control of his underlings. Moreover, after a midnight visit by someone, the borrower's debts were waived. A statement was sent to the prosecutor to plead mercy for Xio Derecha. However, an assault case

of such severity wasn't dropped even when the victim decided not to pursue a trial.

"Glaint wished to solve the problem through normal means. He sent people to talk to lawyers that he was familiar with, but they were only confident of winning a lighter sentence, but it would be very difficult to acquit her from the crime unless she obtains a medical certification stating that she is mentally incompetent or mentally undeveloped..." Audrey muttered to herself, leaning in support towards her friend's opinion.

To her, it was best to not have any relationship with Fors Wall and Xio Derecha. Ever since the Tarot Club, Audrey felt that she was no longer an innocent and naive young lady.

"Tomorrow night, there will be a dance at Count Wolf's residence. I should tell Glaint then to act according to the lawyer's suggestion." Audrey nodded slightly as she made a decision.

In the Loen Kingdom, lawyers were either barristers or solicitors. The latter didn't need to be involved in court affairs, and were responsible for gathering evidence, talking to the parties involved, setting up wills on their clients' behalf, supervising property allocation, and providing legal consultation. Of course, they could also represent their clients to attend the most basic magistrate court and defend simple cases.

Barristers, on the other hand, were responsible for researching evidence and defending their clients in court. According to the Loen Kingdom's laws, they had to maintain an objective attitude so they couldn't make direct contact with the litigant. They could only communicate with them through their assistants, who were solicitors, to gain complete understanding of the situation. They were all true law experts who possessed outstanding communication skills and were skilled in debate.

The relaxed Audrey observed the colorful flowers outside while hidden in the darkness when she recalled something.

Medical certification stating she was mentally incompetent...  
Psychiatrist...

If the Psychology Alchemists have grasped 'acting', does that mean that they can be found amongst psychiatrists?

Audrey felt that her train of thought was on the correct path, and her eyes shimmered like a lustrous gemstone.

Just then, she saw her golden retriever, Susie sneak behind the flower bushes, to a spot where only the gardener would be able to reach.

Susie... What is she doing? Audrey hid in the shadows and looked in a daze.

The golden retriever's sense of smell seemed to be confused by the flowers all around her that she failed to notice her owner behind her. She opened her mouth and produced sounds that was akin to one's exercising of their voice.

Then, it caused the surrounding air to vibrate into words that were jerky and unmellow.

"Hello.

"How are you?"

...

Audrey's mouth widened as she completely forgot about the etiquette an elegant lady should have. She couldn't believe the scene before her and the stiff voice that she had just heard.

She suddenly stood up and asked, "Susie, you can talk? When did you learn how to talk?"

The golden retriever jumped in fright as she turned around to look at her owner.

She shook her tail nervously and very quickly. She opened and closed her mouth a few times, vibrating the surrounding air.

"I... I don't know how to explain. I am a dog, after all."

Upon hearing that, Audrey was suddenly at a loss for words.

...

Monday morning, Klein followed his plan to revise and consolidate his mysticism knowledge. Then, he took the public carriage to Khoy University.

He wanted to increase his interactions with Mr. Azik and find out exactly what he knew.

In the three-story gray building of the history department, Klein and his teacher, Cohen Quentin, chatted for a while and exchanged their information regarding the historical ruins on the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range.

Having not learned anything new, he seized the opportunity to enter the office diagonally opposite when his mentor left to handle certain matters. He then walked over to Azik's desk. The lecturer had stayed behind to take care of some matters.

"Mr. Azik, can I have a chat with you?" He asked the man with the tanned skin, gentle facial features, and the small mole below his right ear. He took off his hat and bowed.

With eyes that seemed to have seen the vicissitudes of life, Azik tidied his books and replied, "Sure, let's take a walk by the Khoy's banks."

"Alright." Klein held his cane and followed him out of the three-story gray building.

Along the way, they maintained their silence. Neither of them spoke.

When the flowing river water entered their vision and there were no teachers or students passing by, Azik suddenly stopped in his tracks. He turned his body halfway, faced Klein, and asked, "Is there something I can help you with?"

Klein remained silent for a long while, thinking of several tactful ways of asking his questions, but he gave up on all of them.

Therefore, he spoke frankly and directly asked, "Mr. Azik, you are a trustworthy person, a respectable gentleman. I would like to know what you can see in me, or should I say, what do you know? I am referring to the previous incident when you said that there was something disharmonious in my fate."

Azik put down his cane and sighed as he laughed.

"I never expected you to be so straightforward. I'm quite at a loss how to answer you.

"To be frank, disharmony in your fate was the only thing that I could see. Other than that, I don't know any more than you do."

Klein hesitated and asked, "But how could you tell? I don't believe that this was derived from divination."

Azik looked sideways towards the Khoy River. His intonation was tainted with some bleakness.

"No, Klein, you don't understand. Divination can reach that kind of level. It only depends on the person doing the divination. Of course, my divination was merely an excuse.

"Some people are... special. They are born with some strange ability. I think I am someone like that."

"You think?" Klein acutely caught the word that the other man used.

"Yes, I am not sure if I was born with it. Perhaps, the price of my ability is to forget myself, to forget my past, to forget my parents." Azik's eyes were clouded with melancholy as he looked at the river.

Klein was increasingly confused.

"Forget the past?"

Azik smiled without any humor.

"Before I entered the Backlund University's history department, I lost most of my memory. I only remembered my name and some basic knowledge. Luckily, I still had my identification documents. Otherwise, I probably would have ended up homeless. All these years, I've tried to search for my parents using my identification documents, but I never found anything, even though I could see a corner of Fate.

"During my few years in the university, I gradually realized that I possessed some strange but unique powers, powers that go beyond common sense."

Klein listened attentively and asked, "Mr. Azik, why did you lose your memory? No, I mean—did you find out why you lost your memory?"

He suspected that Mr. Azik was a member of the Life School of Thought who had lost his memories, and that he might even be a Mid-Sequence Beyonder that held an above average position. It was a secret organization that had potion Sequences for Monster and Soothsayer. It was an organization that was mainly passed down through master-disciple relationships.

Azik shook his head vigorously.

“No, it felt like I just had slept, I’ve forgotten everything that happened in the past.”

He walked forward a few steps with his cane in his hand. He spoke as he walked.

“After I left Backlund, I started dreaming. I dreamed about a lot of strange things...”

Dreams? I am good at interpreting dreams! The conversation was entering Klein’s domain of expertise as he immediately asked, “What kind of dream?”

Azik let out a muffled laugh and said, “Many different kinds of dreams. Sometimes, I would dream of the internals of a dark mausoleum. I would dream of ancient coffins with corpses in them. They would have white feathers growing out from their backs. Sometimes, I would dream of myself being a knight covered in armor, holding a three-meter-long spear while charging towards the enemy.

“Sometimes, I dream of myself as a feudal lord, having a rich and fertile fief, with a beautiful wife and three children. Sometimes, I dream of myself as a tramp, walking on a muddy road in the rain, feeling cold and hungry.

“Sometimes, I dream of myself having a daughter, a different daughter than the previous children. She would have long smooth black hair, and she enjoys sitting on the swing that I made. She always asks for sweets from me. Sometimes, I dream of myself standing next to the gallows, looking towards a dead body hanging up there coldly.”

Listening to Azik raving like a madman, Klein suddenly realized that he couldn’t interpret the dreams because his various dreams symbolized opposite, contradictory things!

Azik retracted his gaze as his voice no longer sounded ethereal.

“The Feynapotter Kingdom in the south believes in Mother Earth, and the Church of Mother Earth promotes a belief. They believe that every life is a plant, absorbing the nutrients from the earth. Growing slowly, prospering, and withering.

“When they wither, these lives fall to the earth and return to the mother’s embrace. In the coming year, they grow again. They would blossom then wither, year after year. Life is as such, one life after another.

“Sometimes, I am very willing to believe in this concept. I believe because of my uniqueness, I can dream of previous lives, and the lives before that.”

At this point, he looked at Klein and said with a sigh, “I haven’t mentioned any of this to Cohen before. The reason I’m telling you is because I...”

Azik paused and smiled.

“I apologize. My description earlier was not precise enough. The disharmony in your fate is not the only thing that I could see. I can also see another thing.

“Klein, you are not an ordinary person anymore. You possess an extraordinary, strange power, one very similar to mine.”

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Chapter 113: Request

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

Mr. Azik can tell that I’m a Beyonder? His ability is truly powerful... Klein froze for a moment before he gave an honest reply.

“Yes.”

He thought for a while before adding, “Because of what happened to Welch and Naya.”

"It's as I thought..." Azik sighed. "There were two people with extraordinary powers amongst the group of police that came to question me and Cohen."

It was probably Captain and Leonard. They were in charge of Welch's case... Klein nodded slightly, not interrupting Azik.

Azik raised his cane and said, "You should have entered their circle. I hope that you can help me search for clues of my origin. You do not need to go out of your way to do it, just note it down if you find any clues."

Upon saying that, Azik wore a bitter smile.

"I don't know any other person with extraordinary powers... You cannot imagine what emotions a man without a past has. You are like a boat floating in a vast ocean. The most terrifying thing is not facing a storm, but not being able to find a harbor. The inability to navigate to shore. All you can do is take on disaster after disaster, with no end in sight, never to feel peace and safety."

No Mr. Azik, I know how it feels, for I am in a similar position. Fortunately for me, I have the memory fragments of the original Klein, as well as Melissa and Benson... Klein answered silently before he asked, "Mr. Azik, why didn't you join a similar group when you possess such magical ability and search for clues yourself?"

Azik looked into Klein's eyes and let out a self-deprecating smile.

"Because I'm afraid. I'm afraid of death."

He sighed and continued, "I have gotten used to life like this. I like my life. I don't have the courage to take that risk, so I can count on you."

Klein didn't say any more. He promised, "I'll pay special attention if I come across any clues."

"Alright, we should return to the office. Let's have lunch together with Cohen when he's done with work. Do you remember? The East Balam Restaurant in the university is quite good. Heh, my treat." Azik lifted his cane and pointed to a direction.

My apologies, I really have no memories of that. How could the studying original Klein have afforded the East Balam Restaurant? Even if Welch was treating, he would still reject going to such an

expensive place... Klein pressed on his hat and returned to the third level of the grayish-stone building which housed the history department with Azik.

A few steps later, Azik suddenly spoke.

“I’ll be on summer break after I finish settling all my work at the university. You can visit me at my house or write to me.”

Klein nodded and said casually, “Mr. Azik, I thought that you would head to Desi Bay for a vacation.”

“No, it is too hot in the south right now. I don’t like the so-called sunbathing. Look at my skin color; it tans easily. I’d rather head to the Winter County, to the north of the Feysac Empire to ski, sightsee, or hunt seals.” Azik, who had a copper skin tone, smiled as he replied.

I would too... Klein, who had just joined the Nighthawks, revealed a look of envy.

After lunch, Klein returned home and took a nap before beginning his revision and study of charms and amulets. He hoped to grasp them quickly to create objects that could at least be used in battle and help him.

When it was approaching three in the afternoon, Klein packed his stuff and sealed the room with a wall of spirituality.

...

In the majestic divine hall above the gray fog sat a long, ancient mottled table.

Klein sat at the seat of honor, his face enveloped by the thick fog. He looked at the still-obscured Justice and The Hanged Man as they appeared at their designated seats.

Hmm, Miss Justice’s emotions doesn’t seem too stable. Worry, unease, and a little lost... Klein observed the only female member of the Tarot Club with his Spirit Vision.

Words couldn’t describe Audrey Hall’s emotions. She was extremely shocked by Susie’s sudden speech.

She had imagined a future with herself as a great detective or famous psychologist bringing along her assistant Susie, but if that became the dog detective Susie bringing along her assistant Miss Audrey, then it would be a little, a little...

No, not a little, it would be straight up weird! It leaves me lost! Audrey suddenly sat up straight. She wanted to request for Mr. Fool's and The Hanged Man's help.

But she swallowed the words she was about to say.

Hmm, how should I ask this? What should I do if my pet is abnormal?

How should I interact with a pet that can speak, one that has decent intelligence?

No, no, no, this is the Tarot Club, not an experience sharing on pets. I bet that the good impression that The Hanged Man and Mr. Fool have of me would shatter if I ask those questions!

Audrey's mind whirled. Finally, she organized her words and said, "Honorable Mr. Fool and Mr. Hanged Man, who has helped me all this time, I have a question to ask. What can a pet with Beyonder powers do for its owner? In other words, how useful is it?"

She had just said her piece when she noticed Mr. Fool and The Hanged Man slip into silence. The atmosphere became a little weird.

Hey hey hey, say something, don't look at me with those eyes, I did nothing! Really, I was asking for a friend! Audrey wanted to burrow into a hole out of shame.

She deeply regretted asking that question.

Considering that she had previously asked what would happen if an ordinary animal consumed a Sequence potion, did she share the potion she formulated with her pet? That seems like something only Miss Justice would do... I feel a little pathetic being the boss of a 'heretic cult' with her as a member... Klein lifted his right hand and propped it against his forehead and pinched it twice without giving an answer.

The Hanged Man Alger Wilson was silent for nearly twenty seconds before he replied in a strange tone, "That depends on what kind of Beyonder powers the pet has. For example, if it's a Spectator, then it

can help you observe or listen in on certain occasions. As you know, most humans are wary of each other, but would never suspect that a pet would be eavesdropping on them, even if the pet was sitting right by their feet.”

It makes sense! Father would avoid me when discussing important matters with the nobles, cabinet members, and other ministers. They would often lock the door to the room. But if Susie could hide long enough to be locked in with them, then she wouldn't be chased away... Also many ladies like to interact within private social circles... Audrey had a sparkle in her eyes as many thoughts welled in her mind.

Also, since Susie can speak now, she can tell me the content of the meetings directly... Susie is great! I have to treat you well. I have to teach you proper pronunciation and vocabulary...

Hmm, should I teach Susie the aristocratic pronunciation or a more normal Backlund accent? Would other dogs pick up on where Susie comes from when they interact? Wait, why am I considering this? Susie wouldn't use human language when interacting with other dogs...

Wait, Mr. Hanged Man, why did you use Spectator as an example?

C-could you have guessed what happened?

Audrey's expression changed. She regained her posture and smiled.

“Mr. Fool, I found another page of Emperor Roselle's diary.”

I got this from Fors Wall.

“Great, you have repaid what you owed,” Klein replied in a good mood.

“I am sorry, but there's not much content on this page of the diary.” Audrey was conjuring the content she remembered onto the piece of goatskin.

Klein raised his hand and made the goatskin parchment appear in his palm before saying, “That doesn't affect my promise. Furthermore, the parts of the diary you handed me previously had two pages.”

The pages collected by Justice and The Hanged Man were not originals. They were copied by researchers. Some would copy it on one page for recording purposes, while others kept the original look of the diary for convenience.

Klein looked down at the few lines of text on the page.

“December 20th. A new year approaches, but the feedback I received is making me very confused and troubled.

“There is no crude oil in this world! There’s no crude oil to be found!”

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Chapter 114: The Standards of a Member

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

No crude oil? It couldn’t be found for some reason, or there really wasn’t any available?

From the period Emperor Roselle was assassinated till this day, about a hundred and fifty years have passed, and there are still no traces of crude oil...

Klein’s pupils constricted as his hand quivered while holding the diary.

No crude oil not only meant that the future of the internal combustion engine became uncertain, it would also lead to a state of stagnation in the chemical industry. In other words, Earth’s modern industrial age would never transpire here!

In short, the development of this world was uncertain to Klein.

Although he couldn’t invent things, he had assumed that he was still at an advantage because he knew a bit of everything and could foresee the direction of technological development. When he saved enough money, he could make a risky investment on an industry that he thought showed promise. Furthermore, he wouldn’t put all his eggs in one basket.

Klein thought that it was only a matter of time until he could own enormous wealth. By then, he would hire the so-called white gloves as representatives to establish international charity foundations. On

the surface, they would provide relief to the poor. In reality, they would actually be establishing and funding a revolt, in order to fight against the higher strata of society and enhance the living standards of the people in the lower class.

If he were to find a method of returning to Earth, he would segregate his property. A third to Benson, a third to Melissa, and a third for his foundation.

However, it was a pity that his perfect vision of the future was instantly half-shattered.

Luckily, there's still electricity and magnetism in this world. The telegram is a successful example, I should mainly invest in this in the future... Klein settled down and read down row by row.

"December 21st. I'm no longer thinking about crude oil anymore. Upgrading my Sequence level is what matters!

"December 22nd. The filthy environment in Richeux Borough is unacceptable. If I hadn't visited incognito, I might've never known that it still looks the same as when I was young. I want to gather all my ministers and formulate a 'Capital Sewer and Public Toilet Enhancement Plan'. Hmm, I have to rectify the people's bad habits. Let them boil hot water for consumption, wash their hands and faces frequently, don't litter, don't pee and poop anywhere, use condoms if possible... Haha, I thought of what to name this campaign: the Patriotic Health Campaign!

"Hence, the invention of the condom has to be brought forward. There's also masks, paper cups, and others. Yes, even the most primitive version would do. Give it a try. I have to thank this world for they still have rubber trees.

"December 23rd. Perhaps I should consider that suggestion. Keep a back door for myself outside of the Church of the God of Craftsmanship. For example, I could join that ancient and mysterious organization which influences the world from the shadows?"

Klein then suddenly realized that there was nothing else at the bottom. His emotions were indescribable.

Emperor Roselle, what was the name of the ancient and mysterious organization that was influencing the world from the shadows? Do I know it?

How could you stop here? Why didn't you write more?

It's just like when I used to read novels. When I read till the end and realized that the author ended up dropping the novel...

And Patriotic Health Campaign? The Emperor sure knows how to have fun...

The contents of the diary should've been written after he became the Consul of the Intis Republic. He might already have called himself the Emperor Caesar.

I have to read some books when I get back and flip through some historical texts of other countries. I have to see which year the 'Capital Sewer and Public Toilet Enhancement Plan' took place.

After his nearly twenty seconds of silence, Klein reined back his thoughts and let the diary in his hands vanish into thin air.

"You can start your discussion now."

Audrey let out a breath of relief and adjusted her state to become a Spectator. She smiled faintly and said, "I'd like to know if there are any Sequence potion named Tribunal, or a kind of Beyonder that can go through wooden doors or make locks ineffective?"

I know about this... Enveloped in the grayish-white fog, Klein was going to reply, but The Hanged Man answered first.

"I need you to help me investigate something in return for the answer."

"What is it?" Audrey asked with interest as well as with puzzlement.

Alger glanced towards The Fool and said, "I'd like to know if the King has the intention of taking revenge on the Feysac Empire and launching a new war on the East coast of Balam within this year or before June of next year."

The Tarot Club was currently using the Loen language, which was confirmed by the trio's accents at the first Gathering. Hence, Alger knew that Miss Justice was a noble in the Loen Kingdom while he also believed that Miss Justice knew that he was a Loen.

As for The Fool, Alger believed that His behavior as a Loen was merely a disguise, a disguise that would ease the discussion.

Ever since the ritualistic magic, Alger started using 'Him' to address The Fool politely.

Audrey recalled everything that she heard from various social events. She nodded confidently and said, "No problem, but I would need sufficient time to be certain."

"I can wait." Alger smiled and said, "With Mr. Fool as a witness, I believe you wouldn't go back on your promise."

Audrey looked towards the quiet yet mysterious Fool engulfed in gray fog as the corner of her mouth curved upwards.

"But I think the value of this information is worth more than both questions put together."

"When you confirm the answer, I'll provide compensation depending on the situation," Alger replied with an answer he prepared beforehand.

Miss Justice, Mr. Hanged Man, do you need virtual currency to determine value? Klein smiled and leaned backwards while he looked at the two people before him.

Audrey relaxed and cheered for herself in her mind.

Well done! Audrey, you learned how to negotiate! She was so excited that she nearly broke out of her Spectator state. She quickly thought of something and asked, "Oh right, Mr. Hanged Man, did you receive the one thousand pounds?"

"I'm sorry, I'm still sailing. I have yet to return to land." Alger wasn't willing to bring it up. He answered her original question, "The Beyonder that can go through wooden doors and foil locks would probably be Sequence 9 Apprentice. The secret organization, Theosophy Order, has its formula. However, don't ignore the possibility that it was obtained through other channels, such as an ancient tomb of the Fourth Epoch."

The Theosophy Order, the secret organization that has countless ties with the Demoness Sect... Klein rubbed his chin with his finger leisurely.

Seeing that Mr. Fool didn't refute what was said, Audrey couldn't help but sigh.

“If I had found the formula for Apprentice before, I might not have opted for Spectator.”

The performance was simply outstanding!

Alger didn't bother with Miss Justice's remark but continued his explanation, “There is also a Sequence potion that is entitled Arbiter. I think you should be familiar with it, because it is the Sequence pathway that the Augustus and Feynapotter Kingdom's Castiya family has. Of course, the low Sequence formulas were used as rewards in ancient times. Some nobles might have received it before.”

The Augustus family was a royal family of the Loen Kingdom while the Castiya family was a royal family in the Feynapotter Kingdom.

It turns out that the Augustus family are all Arbiters... Audrey was enlightened and felt that it cleared up her suspicion.

She sighed and thought, It's no wonder I've always gone along with their arrangements, always uncomfortable, always willing to admit defeat, like I'm never myself when I'm before them! I thought it was because I was timid...

“The Arbiter has a convincing charm and considerable authority, as well as outstanding combat ability that can deal with the unexpected,” Alger described the situation simply.

Audrey nodded slowly and leaned backwards. She then spoke elegantly, “I have no more questions.”

Alger thought and looked towards the seat of honor at the long bronze table.

“Honorable Mr. Fool, I'd like to ask if the True Creator's Holy Residence that the Aurora Order advocates is the legendary Forsaken Land of the Gods?”

Forsaken Land of the Gods? I have only seen that term once in Roselle's diary... It might be in the secret docket of the Nighthawks, but it isn't something I can know of currently... How do you want me to answer? Klein nearly twitched the corner of his lips.

He considered it for a while then he replied in a calm tone, “This is not something you should know now.”

Alger felt his heart tighten, and he immediately lowered his head and replied, "Please forgive me for overstepping my boundaries."

Audrey wanted to ask about the Forsaken Land of the Gods but she also gave up the thought when she heard that.

In the lofty divine hall above the gray fog, silence suddenly filled the air.

At that moment, Audrey felt that she should say something.

"Mr. Fool, if—and I'm saying if—I have the opportunity to join another organization, such as the Psychology Alchemists, is it permitted?"

Klein maintained his posture of leaning backward as he said with a chuckle, "That is no problem. My requirement is that the existence of the Tarot Club is not to be exposed."

"If you become a member of another organization, the materials and information you can use for exchange will also increase."

After saying that, he suddenly recalled that he was also a member of another organization. He was a real Nighthawk while The Hanged Man was most likely related to the Church of the Lord of Storms.

Would my Tarot Club be the so-called Rebels Alliance? Traitor Gathering? Klein was drowned in deep thoughts.

"I understand now." Audrey was excited but she immediately thought of a question, "Mr. Fool, if I found a suitable gentleman or lady for this gathering, could I guide them to join? How do I do that?"

Alger thought and asked, "Mr. Fool, what is the requirement to be a member of this gathering? How do we determine?"

Ambitious, ethical, cultured, disciplined... Four words popped into Klein's head instantly.

He maintained his silence for a few seconds and only spoke when Justice and Hanged Man appeared a little uneasy.

"You can inform me here of people who you find suitable. I will decide if they will join us. Before that, you can't give any hint that would cause the secret of the Tarot Club's existence to be exposed. You must remember, to non-Gathering members..."

Klein paused and said in a heavy voice, "You must not speak my name without my permission."

## Chapter 115: Cheat

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

"You must not speak my name without my permission."

...

Several minutes after the Gathering ended, Audrey and Alger, who had returned to their bedroom and ship respectively, could still hear the words of The Fool reverberating in their ears.

Their impression of the mysterious and powerful Mr. Fool was normally relaxed, calm, and unfathomable. It was rare that he would adopt such a stern, supercilious attitude.

Because of that, they were exceptionally alarmed. They submitted to his wishes sincerely.

They were no strangers to words like that, but these instructions were normally recorded within the The Revelation of Evernight or The Book of Storms!

...

In the West Borough of Tingen City, on Daffodil Street.

Klein pulled open the curtains and allowed the golden sunlight to pour into his bedroom.

He had inspected the star that previously sent out a prayer after Justice and The Hanged Man left, but didn't obtain any information this time round.

Since the crimson star had the ability to store prayers, akin to sending offline messages, Klein believed that the youth who spoke Jotun hadn't prayed again from the last two times he entered the world above the giant.

This made him suspect that there was no hope left for the youth's parents, and that the young man had chosen to give up...

With his back facing the sunlight, Klein walked to the edge of his bed and laid down. He didn't want to move.

He knew that he shouldn't waste any time and head to the Divination Club and continue the process of digesting the potion, but he didn't want to move. He laid silently on his bed, enjoying his rare break.

He had a full schedule from Tuesday to Friday, mysticism lessons and practicals in the mornings, shooting and combat training in the afternoons. He was mentally exhausted by the time evening came around. There was no change in his morning routine on Saturday, but he had to guard Chanis Gate in the afternoon. He would've stayed underground until the dawn of Sunday.

Sunday morning was time for Klein to catch up on sleep. In the afternoon, circumstances would determine if he went to the Divination Club. On Monday morning, he had just returned from Khoy University in the morning and had the Tarot Gathering in the afternoon. He also had to think about the issue of acting as a Seer. In other words, he had been busy the entire week, with no time to rest.

Thus, all Klein wanted to do was laze around, lying on his bed like a loser, not doing anything except daydreaming.

No, how can a boss of a cult be so worthless. If Miss Justice and Mr. Hanged Man caught wind of this, their impression of me would shatter... Klein buried his face into his blanket and motivated himself.

"I have the formula for the Clown potion, all I need to do now is fully digest the Seer potion... I have the formula to the Clown potion, all I need to do now is fully digest the Seer potion..."

He muttered to himself and then propped himself up.

Klein took a bronze coin from his pocket and quickly divined if it was suitable for him to head to the club today and got an definitive response.

"Five, four, three, two, one!"

After the countdown, he forced himself to stand up straight and walked over to the clothes rack before picking out his suit and hat.

...

In the meeting room of the Divination Club on Howes Street.

Klein sat down in a shaded corner and sipped on his Sibe black tea as he read the Tingen City Honest Paper. There weren't many members around him, just six or seven.

Just as he was laughing at the grammatical mistake used in a job advertisement, he saw a monocled Glacis walk in with a silk top hat in his hand. There was a blue-dressed lady in her thirties beside him.

The lady had curved eyebrows and large yet dull eyes. In her left hand, she was carrying an Intis hat decorated with the feathers of a black swan.

That hat is ridiculous. Wouldn't her neck be sore wearing that? Klein noted to himself. He looked over and massaged his glabella, as if alleviating his fatigue.

Through his Spirit Vision, he noticed that Glacis and the lady were both healthy, but were anxious, angry, and flustered.

"Good afternoon, Glacis. That Mr. Lanevus wasn't a trustworthy fellow, was he?" Klein asked with a smile, remaining seated.

Glacis had asked him for a divination about investing in Lanevus's steel company. Glacis had obtained a negative suggestion.

But noticing his indecisiveness, Klein believed that he had taken the risk anyway. Klein hoped the man hadn't invested everything he had. Thus, Klein immediately made the association and judgment when he saw the colors of his emotions.

Glacis froze for a moment, then let out a bitter smile.

"I truly regret not listening to the suggestion you divined for me. Heh, this is the second time I'm saying something like that, let's hope, no—I believe that there will not be a third time."

He turned his head and looked at the lady with some wrinkles.

"Madam Christina, look, Mr. Moretti had already guessed our motive for coming here without us even speaking. He is the most magical fortune-teller I have ever seen. I'm more than willing to describe him as a seer."

“Good afternoon, Mr. Moretti. We have come here precisely because of Lanevus.” Christina gave a simple bow, clearly anxious and flustered.

“Shall we head to Topaz?” Glacis was more collected. He pointed to the door of the meeting room with his chin.

Klein laughed as he got up.

“This is the job of a fortune-teller.”

He followed the path to the empty Topaz room.

Glacis locked the wooden door and walked to his seat while sighing.

“Lanevus has gone missing. He gave the excuse of going to the Sivellaus County to oversee the excavation and left Tingen, never to return. We sent someone to look for him via steam locomotive and discovered that the large-scale steel mine he spoke of only existed on the map. Luckily for me, I recalled your advice and only invested a third of what I initially intended to invest. Otherwise, I would have lost my family and my life.”

Klein’s pupils were darker than usual when he looked at the two people in front of him. He asked, a little curious, “Before making such a major financial decision, wouldn’t you choose a representative and ascertain if whatever he said was true at the Hornacis mountain range in the Sivellaus County?”

Christina responded quickly,

“Our representative was fooled, fooled by the people Lanevus employed, the place he rented, and the land that was fenced off.”

Klein didn’t question them any further. He maintained his attitude of a Seer and asked, “What do you wish to divine today?”

“We wish to see if this is salvageable or not,” Christina said as she looked at Glacis.

Klein took a piece of paper and a fountain pen.

“Then let us do an astrolabe divination. I’ll ask, and you’ll answer.”

Between the questions, Klein marked out the Thunderous constellation and the corresponding symbols of various situations before completing the astrolabe.

He used more elements in his astrolabe than an ordinary person would have. The method he was going to use to interpret the astrolabe was going to bring him closer to the truth.

“Madam, Sir, you are now at a crossroad. If you don’t restrain yourselves and succumb to your greed and anxiety, you will fall further into the abyss, never being able to free yourselves. But if you can be patient and wait persistently without being greedy, then there will be an opportunity of you seeing the sunlight...” Klein said, his tone unhurried.

“I understand.” Christina nodded. She thought for a moment before saying, “Mr. Moretti, can you divine Lanevus’s whereabouts?”

“No, I don’t think so. The information Lanevus left behind is most likely fake; even his name might not be real. How can I divine anything? Unless you can give me very specific details, or an item he carries with him all the time,” Klein replied truthfully.

Christina fell silent for a moment before pushing a one-soli note toward Klein.

“I have heard from Glacis that you are a true seer, who is respectful and fearful of fate and not greedy for money. You can think of the rest as tips that I am giving to the club.”

“Thank you for your confidence in me.”

She stood up and bade farewell before leaving quickly.

Not greedy for money... No, I am a materialistic man! Klein was regretting his actions of acting as a charlatan.

Seeing Christina leave, Glacis closed the door and asked, “Is there really no way?”

“I told you the way just now.” Klein smiled as he leaned back.

Glacis sighed. “Lanevus took off with over 10,000 pounds and his victims totaled over a hundred people. Luckily for me, I only lost 50 pounds. Those were my savings, and I have no debt. But Miss

Christina invested 150 pounds. To her, this is not a sum that she can bear easily.”

“Have you called the police?” Klein suddenly felt anger towards the cheat after hearing the sum of 10,000 pounds.

One could be considered rich even in Backlund with money like that.

I don't know if the police would enlist the help of the Nighthawks, Mandated Punishers, or Machinery Hivemind for a simple case like this... Klein thought, a little distracted.

Glacis nodded and said, “We've already made a police report. The police are paying a lot of attention to this case. After much discussion, we're willing to take out a portion of the money we would get back as a reward. One can get 10 pounds as a reward if they manage to provide clues about Lanevus's whereabouts. If you can give a precise location and help the police catch Lanevus, you can get a reward of 100 pounds!”

10 pounds for a clue? 100 pounds for catching Lanevus? Klein's eyes nearly sparkled after he heard that. His breathing became heavy.

He happened to be worrying about how he was going to pay the detective in the future.

He could barely afford the second phase of the payment with the extra salary of three pounds he received this week, but if the private investigator managed to complete his mission within the next week, then he wouldn't have enough to pay off whatever he promised to pay. He would be lacking a few soli, provided that he wouldn't need to spend his savings elsewhere this week.

Perhaps the police will have some items belonging to Lanevus. But they won't be very useful if he's already left Tingen... Klein felt a mixture of excitement and disappointment.

In the next hour and a half, Klein got another two customers due to Angelica's recommendation. One was a divination for a one-year-old toddler. Klein immediately drew the corresponding birth astrolabe and explained it, much to the satisfaction of his customer.

The other was searching for an item. Klein used tarot reading, coupled with dream divination, to give him a general area. This made

his customer very shocked, for he had never seen a fortune-teller that could give him such accurate information.

Perhaps I could obtain enough funds just by doing divinations for others. Klein, who had received some tips, put on his hat, held his cane, and walked toward the exit of the club.

At this moment, he saw Christina enter the club once again with a young girl wearing a sunhat beside her.

Christina saw Klein and immediately approached him. She asked softly, "Mr. Moretti, you said that you could try divining Lanevus's whereabouts if there was something belonging to him?"

"That is correct." Klein nodded.

Christina heaved a sigh of relief and asked in a serious tone, "Then is his child something that belongs to him?"

Huh? Klein was momentarily a little lost.

## Chapter 116: Lanevus' s Child

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

Christina didn't notice the seer's blank look. She took a peek at Angelica over at the reception desk, lowered her voice, and said, "I mean Lanevus's child."

She extended her hand to point at the young lady with the sunhat and said, "This is my niece, Megose. Her mother is my elder sister. I'm very sorry and regretful that I thought Lanevus was an outstanding young man back then, and I introduced Megose to Lanevus, who was single. Then they became lovers.

"Megose's parents were happy with Lanevus at first too. They planned to pour all their savings into the steel company after they got engaged. Luckily, before that happened, Lanevus ran away. Their family didn't encounter any life-threatening losses. Unfortunately, my sister and brother-in-law have to explain to their relatives and friends why the engagement ceremony will be canceled, and they have to worry about the child that Megose is bearing.

"We believe in the God of Steam and Machinery; we are not believers of Lord of Storms. We don't believe in chastity before marriage. We

don't blame Megose, and even pity her. However, the existence of the child does make things difficult, especially since he has such a father."

He took advantage of people both financially and sexually... Klein looked towards Megose who was standing quietly next to her. He then realized that the lady was quite a beauty.

She had a bright forehead, long blond hair, and a pair of big eyes just like Christina's. She looked depressed yet calm, and her lips were tightly pursed together.

What an infuriating swindler, and he even got away successfully... Klein cursed at Lanevus and said after some thought, "If it was a child that is already born, I do have a way to divine Lanevus's whereabouts using the child as an aid. But unfortunately, this would require us to wait a few months. Yes, this might be a reflection of the divination result earlier. Be patient and wait persistent without being greedy, then there will be an opportunity of seeing the sunlight."

"A few months..." Christina mumbled to herself as she shook her head. "No, after such a long period of time, even if we find Lanevus, we wouldn't be able to get back our money..."

She looked sideways at Megose. Her voice lowered unconsciously as she asked, "Do you have anything that Lanevus carried around before?"

"No," Megose answered clearly yet gently. "Would the ring he gave me count?"

"It must be something that he carried for a very long time." Klein shook his head.

Christina remained silent for a while and looked at Megose when she said, "You have to make a decision. I think keeping this child would make your future tough and thorny. Are you going to tell him that his father was a swindler and took away many people's money, including his mother's?"

"Time to head to the clinic, to the hospital. Plus, this could help us to find Lanevus, to get what we lost."

Hey, isn't such divination a little hardcore? It was not Klein's place to involve himself in the family matters of others. So, he could only wait patiently by the side as he lampooned inwardly from time to time.

Megose lowered her head and looked down. She didn't speak for quite a while.

Then, she touched her stomach and revealed a gentle smile.

"He is different from his father. He will be a considerate and likable child.

"He will kick me lightly every day, telling me his mood. He will even hum a song, whistle and use music to help me sleep..."

Klein heard and suddenly felt something amiss.

The former part of what Megose said seemed to be normal, but the latter part was like the ravings of a madwoman.

Did she have a mental problem due to the incident? Klein raised his right hand to his glabella. He pretended to massage it to ease his weariness.

Just then, Megose suddenly turned around and walked towards the door, leaving only one sentence.

"Maybe his father will come back in secret after he is born, keeping a part of the money for his child..."

Klein never expected she would respond like that, and he was momentarily taken aback that he forgot to activate his Spirit Vision. Then, he watched helplessly as Megose left the club and walked down the stairs.

Christina let out a sigh and said, "Sorry, Mr. Moretti. Sorry to bother you, we will look for one of Lanevus's personal items that he carried with him all the time."

Klein nodded indiscernibly. He watched her walk downstairs and sighed as he shook his head.

...

The next morning, Klein entered Blackthorn Security Company, greeted Rozanne, and asked, "Where's today's newspaper?"

The sweet brown-haired girl Rozanne sized him up and said, puzzled, "Klein, you're so weird."

"Why?" Klein asked in reply, smiling.

Rozanne rolled her eyes and said, "You always read the newspapers during noon break because you have mysticism lessons in the morning. Old Neil is already waiting for you in the armory!"

"I found out earlier that there would be a case offering a reward, so I want to read the newspaper to memorize the criminal's appearance. Perhaps I might one day come across the person?" Klein explained with a smile.

"Is that so?" Rozanne picked up the day's newspapers and started flipping through them out of curiosity. "Wanted... Lanevus, right?"

Klein immediately answered, "Yes."

"Yes."

"... Wicked swindler! He stole about ten thousand pounds!" Rozanne read carefully for nearly twenty seconds before cursing suddenly in rage.

Klein shared the same feeling.

"It's really ridiculous! Even I want to apply to take over the case!"

Rozanne continued to read and shook her head regretfully.

"The case doesn't seem to involve supernatural factors. Even if it did, it would be passed to Mandated Punishers under the Lord of Storms."

Klein didn't quite understand what Rozanne meant, but after he took the newspaper and read it, he sighed.

"Yeah, there were so many people cheated. There must be believers from all three major churches, and Lanevus's steelwork company was said to be located in the South."

If a case was related to supernatural factors and involved only the believer of one God, it would be passed to the corresponding team. However, if it involved believers of the Evernight Goddess, Lord of Storms, and the God of Steam and Machinery, it would be assigned based on jurisdiction area. The Nighthawks controlled the Golden Indus Borough, the North Borough, and the West Borough. The Mandated Punishers controlled the East Borough, South Borough, and the port, while the Machinery Hivemind troop was responsible for the university and suburb areas.

As he flipped through the newspapers, Klein memorized Lanevus's appearance,

He had a plump forehead, black hair, brown eyes, and a pair of spectacles with almost round lenses. He smirked faintly, looking as though he was mocking everyone.

Besides that pair of spectacles, Lanevus didn't seem to have any obvious traits, and looked really ordinary.

He chatted with Rozanne casually then passed through the partition, in preparation to head underground.

Then, he saw the pale and cold Corpse Collector Frye and the white-haired black-eyed author Seeka Tron exiting the entertainment room and turning towards him.

After a simple greeting, Klein watched his two teammates leave and discovered Dunn Smith in a black windbreaker standing by the side of the door he opened.

"There's a case?" Klein asked curiously.

At that time of day, there wouldn't be two Nighthawks heading out together for no reason.

Dunn looked over with his gray eyes. He nodded and smiled.

"There seems to be a paranormal incident in West Borough. I've sent Seeka and Frye to check on it, but you don't have to worry about that. Until you master combat techniques, I don't intend to send you on any missions. I have to take responsibility for my team members."

Captain, you are such a nice person. Besides the receding hairline and bad memory, you are flawless... Klein complimented inwardly.

He asked for confirmation, “In other words, I only need to attend mysticism classes and combat training. I don’t have to contribute anything, and I can still get my pay?”

“This is only temporary,” Dunn confirmed.

I only need to ‘attend classes’ and ‘work out’, and I’ll get an ample paycheck. It’s great just thinking about it... Klein thought happily.

I hope there are no more coincidences! He prayed in silence.

...

The days passed by peacefully until Friday. Klein completed his combat training and took a carriage back to Besik Street.

Outside Henry’s Private Detective Company, he looked to the left and to the right. Confirmed that no one was watching him, he put on the gauze mask, lifted up the collar of his windbreaker, and quickly entered the stairway.

Knocking on the door, Klein saw the middle-aged brawny man, Detective Henry, again.

“Good afternoon, sir. One of the cases that you entrusted us with is done.” The deep blue-eyed Detective Henry spoke with a hoarse voice from drinking and smoking.

Klein intentionally lowered his voice and said, “Is it the information of the man that appeared at the Evil Dragon Bar?”

The man that bought the Spectator potion’s supplementary ingredients...

“Yes.” Henry waved his smoking pipe.

Then, he didn’t say anything but look at Klein with a smile.

Klein understood what the man meant, and he took out four one-pound notes and handed it over.

“This is the second payment.”

He paused and added, “Write me a receipt.”

His private stash of money had been reduced to less than one pound...

“No problem.” Henry coughed. He checked the anti-counterfeiting marks on the notes as he instructed his staff to bring over pen and paper.

Then, he beckoned to Klein for him to have a seat while he quickly wrote a receipt and stamped a seal on the bottom.

After completing everything, Henry took a puff at his pipe and said, “According to your description, my assistant and I waited at the Evil Dragon Bar for three days before finally meeting that man.

“He’s quite an alert gentleman, and is good at observation. Thankfully, we’re experienced...”

“His name is Daxter Guderian, a doctor of the Greenhill Mental Asylum.”

## Chapter 117: Contact

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

Daxter Guderian, a doctor of the Greenhill Mental Asylum...

Klein silently repeated what the detective had said and started to think about the ways he could interact with this doctor whom he suspected to be a Spectator from the Psychology Alchemists.

He didn’t want to take too much of a risk on this matter. He didn’t want the Nighthawks to discover that he was problematic. He didn’t want to lose the life he had now over a mere exchange of information and resources.

Furthermore, this person was most probably a Spectator. Anyone who hadn’t undergone special training wouldn’t be able to hide their motives and thoughts from a person like that.

I’ll get a proxy, making me appear a little more mysterious? No, the more people involved, the easier it is for there to be problems... Yes... perhaps I can hide the truth within the truth. I’ll let that doctor know of my thoughts and feelings through my expression and body language, but not the whole truth...

As Detective Henry described Dexter Guderian, Klein thought about what methods he could use to minimize risk without affecting the results he wanted.

Slowly, he found inspiration in a detective film he had once seen.

Well, I can try that, but I'll have to practice it repeatedly... Klein nodded inwardly before directing his full concentration on what Detective Henry had to say.

Cough... Henry cleared his throat and said, "We are still working on the request involving the red chimney. You should know that there are many buildings in Tingen that have similar characteristics. Of course, it would be much easier if you could provide us with more clues."

Klein laughed dryly.

"I wouldn't have had to make the request if I had more clues."

Honestly, this long investigation had depressed him, for the person behind the scenes had obviously noticed Klein's divinations and had more than enough time to find another hideout.

Thus, all he could do was hope that he could find relevant clues from the information of the tenants.

And that alone cost seven pounds... Just the thought of it made him feel the pinch... Klein grabbed his cane and left after Detective Henry finished his report.

...

At twenty minutes to nine on a Saturday morning, in an office of the Greenhill Mental Asylum.

Dexter Guderian, who was wearing gold-rimmed spectacles, removed his jacket and hat and hung them on the clothes rack.

He had just picked up his tin of coffee powder when he heard knocking on the door.

"Please come in," Dexter said casually.

The half-closed door opened, and a young man wearing a black windbreaker entered.

Daxter didn't recognize the person that walked in, so he asked, puzzled, "Good morning, you are?"

Klein closed the door, took off his hat, and pressed it against his chest before bowing.

"Good morning, Doctor Daxter, please forgive me for taking the liberty to visit without any warning. I am Probationary Inspector Klein Moretti of the Awwa Police Department. These are my identification documents and badge."

"Inspector?" Daxter muttered softly as he received Klein's identification documents and badge.

"Special Operations Department..." He looked up slowly, his eyes calm, as if he was scrutinizing something.

Short black hair, pupils slightly darker than brown, a scholarly aura, no ill intent at the moment...

Daxter returned the items and pointed to the chair on the other side of the table.

"Please have a seat, Officer. How might I assist you?"

Klein sat down and placed his cane to the side. He slowly put away his documents and badge, then smiled.

"Please allow me to reintroduce myself.

"I am also a member of Tingen City's Nighthawks Squad, specializing in dealing with incidents involving the supernatural.

"Good morning, Mr. Spectator."

Before he finished his sentence, he wasn't surprised to see Daxter's pupils constrict. Daxter retracted his hand, looking like he was about to escape.

"Officer, I don't understand what you mean." Daxter forced out a few words, almost unable to maintain his form. "I don't like jokes like this. Perhaps I should call security."

Klein slowly took out his revolver from his armpit holster, his smile unchanging.

“Mr. Dexter, I know that you can see my confidence and that I do not have any ill intent. Heh heh, honestly speaking, I wasn’t too sure myself, but your reaction gave me the answer I needed.”

Every sentence I said just now is true... Klein added in his heart.

Daxter relaxed slightly, his gaze shooting toward the revolver. He asked, confused, “I find it hard to understand why you came looking for me... I don’t think that I revealed anything...”

Klein laughed and replied, “It was just a coincidence, or perhaps fate wanted us to meet.

“We ran into each other once in the underground market at Evil Dragon Bar, but you didn’t notice me back then.

“You were smart to purchase the supplementary ingredients for the potion first, but since I am familiar with that formula, you caught my attention.”

Daxter suddenly exhaled, as if he just lost the motivation to defend himself.

“I see...”

“I thought I was careful enough, to think that, to think that...”

After muttering to himself, he looked into Klein’s eyes and said, “Officer, I know that you’re not here to arrest me. What is your true motive for being here?”

With a relaxed expression, Klein said, “I am different from the other Nighthawks. I don’t believe that Beyonders not within our ranks are criminals in the making. This is not fair to those who adhere to the law.”

Daxter changed his posture. He loosened up and said, “The world would be at peace if the other Nighthawks, Mandated Punishers, and Machinery Hivemind acted like you.”

“You know of other members from the Nighthawks, Mandated Punishers, and Machinery Hivemind?” Klein feigned surprise. “This is not something a person who became a Beyonder by mistake should know. There must be an organization behind you.”

He leaned back and said with a smile, "Psychology Alchemists?"

He casually watched Dexter's expression contort as he said those words.

"I could see that you were anticipating my answer, yet I still missed the bait and fell into your linguistic trap..." Dexter said in frustration.

He started to notice that the Spectator state wasn't omnipotent. He could tell why the other party was here, but it didn't mean he understood the specifics.

Klein stroked the cylinder of his revolver and said, "Doctor, we need to have an honest conversation. That can start with me.

"I don't believe that Beyonders not under management are potential criminals, but I agree that every Beyonder must be registered and monitored. This is a precaution against the risk of Beyonders losing control. It's to avoid the occurrence of something even more dangerous.

"I won't disrupt your normal life, but I hope that there can be limited cooperation between us."

"Limited cooperation?" Dexter asked, as if thinking about something.

Klein let out a soft chuckle.

"Yes, limited.

"For example, tell me about your condition regularly. You should know that it is possible to save someone who has not completely lost control yet, and the Nighthawks have considerable experience in this regard.

"Or, if you could give me clues of a Beyonder you know, or a Beyonder in your organization who is about to do something that can endanger the innocent.

"Or, if you would like to exchange something for items that you could make more use of. This is a perk I am giving you. You should know what perks mean.

“Also, you need not worry about being suddenly prosecuted by members of the Nighthawks, Mandated Punishers, or Machinery Hivemind one day. You can live your life in joy and stability.

“We will give you something you can use to prove your identity. You can use it when you have no other options left.”

Daxter listened on silently. It was a while before he said, “You want me to betray my organization?”

“No, not betray,” Klein said sincerely. “This is the protection of justice, morals, and kindness. You are stopping something evil, merciless, and bloody. Other than that, I wouldn’t ask you to betray the secrets of the organization you are in.”

Daxter thought for a moment, as if feeling better now that there was an excuse.

He was silent for a few seconds before he extended his right hand.

“Here’s to a successful cooperation.”

Klein shook his hand with his free hand and said, “A successful cooperation.”

He paused for a moment before chuckling.

“Doctor, can you now tell me if you are a member of the Psychology Alchemists?”

“Yes.” Daxter nodded.

Klein, who hadn’t deactivated his Spirit Vision since he entered, didn’t see any changes in the colors of his emotions. Thus he asked discreetly, “How did you join the Psychology Alchemists?”

Daxter looked into his eyes and said, “I discovered that there was a patient of this asylum who could see right through me when I was tending to him. His clear mind was nothing like a lunatic...”

“His name is Hood Eugen.”

Klein committed the name to memory and chatted with Daxter a little longer, deciding on a secret way to communicate and meet up.

He didn't exchange matters regarding potions, formulas, and rumors for the time being. At an appropriate moment, he bade farewell and put away his revolver before leaving Dexter's office.

Dexter exhaled after he saw Klein's back disappear from his field of vision. He slumped into his chair, feeling a little agonized and little relaxed.

...

36 Zouteland Street. Inside Blackthorn Security Company.

Seated behind his desk, Dunn swept the area with his gray eyes and asked, "What happened?"

Klein, who was late by about half an hour, organized his thoughts and said, "Captain, I found a Beyonder and confirmed that he is a member of the Psychology Alchemists.

"He's an orthodox doctor and is willing to cooperate with us. I think it's best to maintain the status quo. He could help us learn more about the current condition of the Association of Psychological Alchemy."

After pausing for a few seconds, Klein added, "I want to develop him into an informant for the Nighthawks, or a hidden external member."

The word 'informant' came from the Intis language. It was created by the Emperor Roselle.

Dunn nodded slowly and said, "You handled the situation well, but it would be best to inform me when you face such a situation in the future.

"Give me that doctor's information and a written account of the way you handled the situation. I will give him something he can use to prove his identity.

"Also, don't speak of this to Leonard and the rest. Even though they are trustworthy teammates, the protocol clearly requires us to keep this close.

"You will be in charge of contacting that doctor in the future."

Klein exhaled silently and replied with a smile, "Alright."

## Chapter 118: August

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

Time flew by and Tingen bade farewell to the end of summer. The temperature hovered between twenty-six and twenty-seven degrees Celsius.

Whoosh!

Klein stood up from the bathtub and took a stride forward, sending water droplets to the floor.

He stood there naked, looking down at his abs. He flexed and saw prominent muscle lines appear.

That was the result of his daily training. Besides, he appeared a lot more energetic.

And just today, his combat teacher, Gawain had started teaching him the basic footwork for punching and the techniques for delivering force.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Klein stepped on the floor barefooted in the bathroom, either sliding forward or retreating before dodging to the right and swinging his fist while he made a defensive gesture.

Phew. He stopped and let out a breath happily. He took the towel next to him and wiped himself down.

After getting in touch with Daxter Guderian, the doctor in the mental asylum, Klein seemed to escape from coincidences for two whole weeks. Without the constant barrage of supernatural incidents, his life became stable. He received his paycheck on time, researched mysticism in-depth, trained his marksmanship and fighting skills, developed new cooking recipes, slowly gathered decent utensils and decorations with Benson and Melissa, asked his teammates about supernatural cases in the past, divined for people who came to the club, and strictly followed the principles he figured out.

That made him more stable. If it wasn't for the late nights in which he still missed Earth, the red chimney that had yet to be uncovered, or the Misfortune Cloth Puppet's picture that still appeared in his dreams occasionally, he would've started getting used to his current life and think of it affectionately.

During that time, three Tarot Club Gatherings were convened, but Klein didn't receive any new pages of Roselle's diary. However, according to Justice's explanation, she had gotten to know two Beyonders and she was getting in touch with them consistently. When she got into their circle of acquaintances, it was likely that she could trade for more pages of Roselle's diary.

The Hanged Man also expressed that he had returned to land and was dealing with some matters. He would begin looking for more as soon as he had more free time.

Besides, Justice felt that the two Beyonders whom she knew were potential targets to join the Gathering. They both had decent identities as cover, with certain but different channels of information, as well as principles and unique characteristics. They were not the kind of people that would sell out a secret. The only problem was that they were only Sequence 9 Beyonders, which wasn't too suitable for a high-end secret organization like the Tarot Club.

High-end secret organization? Sounds more like a pyramid scheme... Klein only let out a heavy sigh to cover up the fact that he was at a loss for words to reply to Miss Justice's complacency. He could only agree to observe the two Beyonders further.

Of course, Justice wasn't the innocent and romantic maiden from before. She kept her guard up and never mentioned the names and traits of the two Beyonders. She was afraid that The Hanged Man would be able to identify her through that.

Miss Justice said that she clearly feels the signs of the potion digesting. She might need another three to four weeks until she completes her acting as a Spectator. My scheduled acquisition of the Telepathist formula has to be brought forward... Klein threw aside the towel that he used to dry himself and put on his clothes as he thought about the Tarot Club from the day before.

In the last twenty days, he had only met Dexter Guderian once. He had the idea of haste makes waste, so he merely chatted about the doctor's state and asked unimportant matters about the Psychology Alchemists.

Given the speed with which Justice was digesting the potion, he had no choice but to begin thinking about how to get the formula of Sequence 8 Telepathist from Dexter earlier.

Klein buttoned his shirt and took another dry towel to wrap around his head to absorb the water in his hair.

Compared to Justice, he was digesting the Seer potion even faster than expected. By this week, the sounds that he shouldn't hear and things that he shouldn't see had already vanished while engaging in Cogitation or Spirit Vision.

Flipping over the towel, Klein dried his hair again. He lifted his head to look at the door and muttered to himself, "The Seer principles that I've figured out are really efficient. Next week... I should be able to digest the potion entirely by next week. I have no idea where to get the single horn of a matured Hornacis gray mountain goat and a complete stalk of a human-faced rose required by the Clown formula... Maybe I could do as Lady Daly did and send in a special application? But that would definitely attract the attention of the higher-ups, and I want to develop at my own pace. The believer from the Aurora Order in the police department was found too, but I have yet to find out who this Mr. Z is..."

"Henry said that he would complete the red chimney task before the end of this week. My private stash of money has returned to slightly more than seven pounds, so at least I don't have to worry about making the final payment..."

"Some of the information on houses and tenants that he provided before didn't seem to have any abnormalities, but I have no time to investigate them one by one..."

"Perhaps I could see which red chimney houses have gotten new tenants recently?"

"Hmm, that's one way to look at it."

...

Sitting silently for another half a minute, he put on his black trousers, bow tie, and armpit holster. He then picked up his sweaty knight training suit from the floor and tossed it into the laundry basket. He opened the door and exited the bathroom. He had just finished his Wednesday afternoon combat training, and he was still at his teacher Gawain's place.

"Hello, Mr. Moretti." Gawain's maidservant happened to pass by, and she quickly bowed.

Klein nodded slightly and pointed at the messy bathroom.

“Could you clean this up, please?”

“Of course, sir. The clothes will be taken care of by the laundry maid. She’ll come over at six.” The maidservant held her head low when she answered.

Laundry maids had no accommodation or food included, so they weren’t hired by only one household. They were normally contracted to handle the laundry from several households. Either they rushed around daily, washing one household’s clothes before going to the next, or they would gather all the clothes from different households and take care of it all at the same time, before sending it all back. Only then could they barely make a living.

Klein didn’t say much but returned to the living room to bid farewell to the owner who was sitting on the rocking chair.

He saw Gawain nodding lethargically, a light brown blanket covering his legs and the Awwa Evening News in his hands.

Klein knew for a fact that the gentleman bathing in the setting sun’s glow was in his early fifties, but his listlessness made him seem like he was already in his eighties.

During combat training, Gawain maintained silence and only give pointers when he needed to. He wasn’t one for casual chatting. Klein was so exhausted from the daily training that he had no intention of trying to engage in conversation. Thus, their relationship remained distant.

From his demonstrations, Teacher Gawain’s strength is still quite terrifying, and his steps are swift too. I reckon it wouldn’t be a problem for him to fight three of me... He has the pay from the police station, and he also bought a plot of land in a village out in the Tingen suburbs that provides a fixed rental... He hires a chef, a maidservant, and a laundry maiden... In the Foodaholic Empire on Earth, a man in his fifties with such wealth would have been traveling the world...

Klein looked away from Gawain and shook his head. Then, he went to the clothes rack to take down his top hat and black windbreaker.

After he tidied himself up, he took his cane and exited the house. He walked along the weed-covered stone path towards the gates.

Just then, he saw that there was a two-wheeled carriage stopped outside the metal fence, and there was a man with a familiar face standing next to it.

“Leonard?” Klein muttered, looking suspiciously towards his messy-haired Nighthawks teammate.

Leonard was dressed in a white shirt, black trousers, and buttonless leather boots as he twirled his hat in his hands. When he saw Klein come out from the house, he smiled and asked, “Are you pleasantly surprised?”

Only surprise, without any joy... Klein ignored Leonard’s inappropriate behavior and looked into the fake poet’s green eyes.

“What happened?”

Leonard put on his hat and said, “Captain wants you to work with me and Frye. Let’s talk about it on the way.”

“Alright.” Klein followed him into the carriage.

As the scene outside of the carriage flew past, Leonard took up the document bag by his side and threw it at Klein.

Klein caught it steadily and took out a document. He then started reading carefully.

“August 11th, 11pm, at a workhouse in West Borough, the bankrupt Salus attempted arson to cause a tragedy. But in the end, he only managed to burn himself to death...”

“August 11th, 10pm, harbor worker, Zid jumped into the Tussock River and ended his poverty-stricken life...”

“August 11th, 8pm, in Iron Cross Street’s Lower Street, Mrs. Lauwis who earned a living by selling matchboxes died of a sudden disease...”

...

Klein was puzzled when he read the first two incidents. He found the deaths very ordinary and common. Not only should it have been beneath the attention of the Nighthawks, even the police force would avoid wasting resources looking into such obvious causes of death.

However, when he read down the list, he slowly creased his eyebrows.

After two pages, he suddenly lifted his head and looked at Leonard.

“Isn’t this too many?”

When the number of ordinary deaths reached a staggering amount, it was difficult to call it normal.

For once, Leonard nodded seriously and said, “The number of death incidents within the past two weeks are five times the normal rate.

“When the Tingen Police headquarters tabulated the data, they realized the problem and quickly passed it over to us, as well as the Mandated Punishers and the Machinery Hivemind.

“Although these death incidents appeared normal during initial investigations, Captain believes we should investigate them once more. It might require the help of divination or ritualistic magic.”

Klein said with a look of enlightenment, “I understand.”

Leonard snapped his fingers and said, “You, me, and Frye are in a team. He’s waiting for us at Iron Cross Street’s Lower Street. Seeka, Royale, and Old Neil are in another team, investigating corresponding incidents in the North Borough. Captain is staying in the security company to respond to any emergencies.”

“Okay.” Klein nodded solemnly and suddenly thought of something. He quickly asked, “Can I drop by my place and leave a note?”

He had to tell his brother and sister that he couldn’t dine at home that night because something has cropped up.

Leonard laughed.

“No problem, it’s on the way.”

With that, Klein calmed down and read over the death incidents again, intending to find a link among the various names, times, and causes of death.

Then, he suddenly realized something.

Is this my first group mission after becoming a Nighthawk?

## Chapter 119: The True Lower Street

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

Tingen City, 2 Daffodil Street.

Klein, who had left a note, locked the door and walked briskly towards Leonard Mitchell who was waiting by the side of the road.

Leonard's short black hair had grown a little over the month, and the lack of any grooming made it look messy.

Despite that, his messy hair still complimented his decent looks, emerald-colored eyes, and poetic vibes. It exuded a different sense of beauty.

Indeed, any hairstyle depends on the face... Klein lampooned inwardly. He pointed in the direction of Iron Cross Street and asked, "Is Frye waiting for us there?"

"Yes." Leonard smoothed his untucked shirt and said casually, "Did you notice any clues when you were looking at the documents?"

Klein held his cane in his left hand as he walked along the side of the road and said, "No, I cannot find anything common in their times, locations, or causes of death. You should know that any rituals involving evil gods or devils must be conducted within a certain time frame or using a special method."

Leonard touched the custom-made revolver hidden underneath his shirt, by his waist and chuckled.

"That isn't an absolute rule. In my experience, some evil gods or devils are easily satisfied, as long as they have a particular interest in what is being asked of them.

"Also, a good number of the deaths seem normal. We have to omit them before we can arrive at the real answer."

Klein glanced at him and said, "That's why the Captain asked us to investigate once more. To eliminate the normal incidents."

"Leonard, your tone and description tell me that you have considerable experience in this area, but you have only been a

member of the Nighthawks for four years, with an average of two supernatural incidents a month. Furthermore, a large number of those were simple and easy to solve.”

He always felt that Leonard Mitchell was a little weird and mysterious. Not only was he always suspicious of him, believing that there was something about him. In addition, his demeanor also changed from time to time, sometimes quiet, sometimes arrogant, sometimes flippant, sometimes staid.

“Could it be that you’ve also had a fortuitous encounter? An encounter that makes you view yourself as a star in a play?” Klein made a rough deduction based on all the movies, novels, and dramas he had watched in the past.

Upon hearing this question, Leonard laughed and said, “That’s because you’re not a full-fledged Nighthawk yet. You’re still in the training phase.

“The Holy Cathedral compiles a record of all supernatural encounters experienced by cathedrals of the different dioceses and hands it down to its members once every six months.

“Aside from your mysticism lessons, you can submit an application to the Captain and request to enter Chanis Gate to read these records.”

Klein nodded in enlightenment.

“The Captain has never mentioned this to me.”

Klein hadn’t had the opportunity to enter Chanis Gate up to this point.

Leonard chuckled and said, “I thought that you were already used to the Captain’s style. To think that you are still naively waiting for him to remind you...”

Upon saying that, he added meaningfully, “We must be cautious of the Captain if there ever comes a day when he remembers everything.”

Would that mean a loss of control? Klein nodded, his expression serious. He then asked, “Is the forgetfulness unique to the Captain? I had thought that it was a problem brought about by the Sleepless Sequence.”

Burning the midnight oil usually leads to memory loss...

“More accurately, it’s a symptom unique to a Nightmare. With dreams and reality intertwined, it’s often hard for a person to differentiate between what is real and what isn’t. They need to remember what isn’t part of reality...” Leonard wanted to elaborate further, but they had already arrived at Iron Cross Street and found Corpse Collector Frye waiting for them at the public carriage station.

Frye was wearing a round black hat and a windbreaker of a similar color with a leather briefcase in his hand. He was so pale that it made Klein suspect if he would soon collapse at anytime. His icy aura made everyone else waiting for the carriage keep their distance from him.

After nodding to each other, the three grouped up silently and walked past the Smyrin Bakery before turning onto the Lower Street of Iron Cross Street.

They were immediately faced with a din. Merchants selling clam soup, seared fish, ginger beer, and fruits were shouting hysterically for attention, causing the pedestrians to involuntarily slow down.

It was already a little past five. People were returning to Iron Cross Street, and the sides of the streets were becoming crowded. Some children were mixed in the crowd, coldly watching everything, placing their attention on the pockets of the pedestrians.

Klein frequently came here for cheap cooked food and was familiar with the streets, especially since he had lived in a nearby apartment in the past. He reminded the group, “Be careful of thieves.”

Leonard smiled. “You need not mind them.”

He pulled on his shirt and adjusted the holster of his gun, revealing his revolver.

Suddenly, all the gazes fixed on them shifted away. The pedestrians around them instinctively made way.

Klein froze for a moment, then caught up to Leonard and Frye with large steps. He lowered his head, trying hard to avoid being noticed by anyone he knew.

Benson and Melissa still had dealings with the neighbors here. After all, they hadn’t moved too far away.

The three made their way past the area that was had many peddlers and turned into the true Lower Street of Iron Cross Street.

The pedestrians here were all dressed in old, ragged clothes. They were cautious of strangers wearing bright and beautiful clothes; yet, there was also greed in their eyes, like vultures eyeing a meal, waiting to strike at any time. But Leonard's revolver prevented any accidents from happening.

"Let's first investigate the death from yesterday. We'll begin with Mrs. Lauwis, a lady who glued matchboxes together for a living." Leonard flipped his notes and pointed to a place not far away, "First floor, No. 134..."

As the three of them walked forward, children who were playing in the streets and dressed in shabby clothes quickly hid by the corner of the road. They observed them with eyes full of curiosity and fear.

"Look at their arms and legs, thin as matchsticks." Leonard sighed. He entered building No. 134 first.

Air that was a mixture of numerous scents entered Klein's nostrils. He could faintly detect the stench of urine, sweat, and mold, as well as the smell of burning coal.

Klein couldn't help but pinch his nose. He then saw Bitsch Mountbatten who had been waiting there for them.

Officer Mountbatten had a brownish-yellow mustache and was envious of Leonard's rank of inspector.

"Sir, I have already asked Lauwis to wait in her room," Bitsch Mountbatten said with his unique, shrill voice.

He clearly didn't recognize Klein, who now looked more energized and proper. All he cared about was sucking up to the three officers in front of him as he led them to the Lauwis family on the first floor.

It was a simple apartment. There was a bunk bed laid upright inside the room and a desk filled with glue and hard paper on the right side. The corner of the room was piled full of frames for matchboxes, while an old cabinet sat on the left, acting as a storage space for both clothes and cutlery.

A stove, toilet, and a small amount of coal and timber occupied the two sides of the door, while the center of the room was occupied by two dirty mattresses. A man was sleeping under a torn blanket, leaving no space for anyone to walk.

A lady lay on the lower level of the bunk bed, her skin ice cold. It was clear that she had lost all signs of life.

Beside the corpse sat a man in his thirties. He had oily hair, looked dispirited, and his eyes had lost their luster.

“Lauwis, these three officers are here to examine the body and ask you questions,” Bitsch Mountbatten shouted, without any regard for the sleeping man.

The dispirited man looked up weakly and asked in surprise, “Didn’t someone already examine the corpse and question me?”

He was dressed in a grayish-blue worker’s uniform which had visible signs of being mended multiple times.

“Answer when I tell you to! Why do you have so many questions?” Bitsch Mountbatten berated the man, then turned to Leonard, Klein, and Frye. “Officers, this is Lauwis. The person on the bed is his wife, who is also the deceased. According to our preliminary analysis, she died from a sudden illness.”

Klein and the rest tiptoed to the edge of the bed.

The high-nosed, thin-lipped Frye did not say anything with his cold demeanor. Instead, he patted Lauwis gently, signaling for the man to make way so that he could examine the body.

Klein looked at the sleeping man and asked, “This is?”

“M-my tenant.” Lauwis rubbed his forehead as he said, “The rent for this room is three soli ten pence a week. I’m only a worker at the harbor, and my wife made two and a quarter pence per crate of glued matchboxes. Each crate has, up to 130 boxes. We, we also have a child. We can only rent the rest of the space to someone else. We only charge a soli a week for the mattress...”

“I have a tenant who’s helping out at the theater, and he’s not back before 10 at night. He sold his rights to the mattress in the daytime to

t-this man. He's the person who watches over the gate of the theater at night, so he only pays six pence every week..."

Hearing the other party stammer as he explained, Klein couldn't help but look at the crate in the corner of the room.

One crate had 130 matchboxes and only earned them 2.25 pence, about the cost of two pounds of black bread... How many crates could she manage a day ?

Leonard surveyed the surroundings and asked, "Was your wife acting abnormally prior to her death?"

Lauwis, who had been asked similar questions, pointed to the left side of his left chest and said, "From last week, well—perhaps the week before, she said that she felt stuffy in this area and couldn't catch her breath."

The precursor to a heart condition? A normal death? Klein interrupted, "Did you see how she died?"

Lauwis recalled, "She stopped working after sunset. Candles and gas are more expensive than matchboxes... She said that she was very tired and asked me to talk to the kids and let her rest. When I saw her again, she had a-already stopped breathing."

Lauwis could no longer hide his grief and pain when he said that.

Klein and Leonard asked several questions, but could not find anything unnatural about the death.

After they looked at each other, Leonard said, "Mr. Lauwis, please wait outside for a few minutes. We are going to conduct a thorough examination of the corpse. I don't think that you'll want to see that."

"Alright." Lauwis stood up anxiously.

Bitsch Mountbatten walked toward the mattress and kicked the tenant, violently chasing him out of the apartment. He then closed the door and guarded the room from the outside.

"So?" Leonard looked at Frye.

"She died of a heart attack," Frye said with certainty, retracting his hands.

Klein thought for a moment before taking out a half-penny, intending to do a quick judgment.

“Mrs. Lauwis’s heart attack was due to supernatural causes?” No, that is too narrow, the answer might be misleading... Hmm, “There are supernatural factors influencing Mrs Lauwis’s death.” I’ll use that! He quickly decided on a statement.

As he recited the statement, Klein made his way to the side of Mrs Lauwis’s corpse. His eyes turned darker as he tossed the coin.

The sound of the coin reverberated around the room as it fell, straight into Klein’s palm.

This time, the portrait of the king was facing up.

This meant that there were supernatural factors influencing Mrs. Lauwis’s death!

## Chapter 120: Workhouse

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

“There is the presence of supernatural factors...” Klein’s eyes returned to normal, and he looked at Leonard and Frye.

Leonard suddenly chuckled.

“Very professional, and deserving of the title of Seer.”

Are you trying to hint at something... Klein muttered in his head.

Frye opened his suitcase and took out a silver knife and other tools. He paused and asked, “The corpse tells me that she really died of a sudden heart attack. Do you have any way to divine a more detailed answer?”

Klein nodded seriously and said, “I can attempt to combine a mediumship ritual and a dream divination. Hopefully, I’ll be able to obtain something from Mrs. Lauwis’s remaining spirituality.”

Frye maintained his cold and reserved state. He took two steps back and said, “Give it a try.”

He turned his head sideways and looked at Klein. He suddenly sighed without much fluctuation in his tone. "You're getting more and more used to this kind of situation."

It's not like I wanted it... Klein had an urge to cry. He then took out the bottles of pure dew, essential oils, and herbal powder. Then, he quickly set up the mediumship ritual.

He chanted the honored titles of the Evernight Goddess in the middle of the spirituality wall and recited his prayers in Hermes.

Soon, wind spun around him and the light grew dimmer.

Klein's eyes turned entirely black, and he repeated the divination statement, "The cause of Mrs. Lauwis's death."

"The cause of Mrs. Lauwis's death."

...

He entered the dreamland whilst standing and 'saw' a translucent spirit lingering around the corpse.

Then, he extended his illusory right hand to touch Mrs. Lauwis's remaining spirituality.

In an instance, light burst out in front of him as scenes flashed past, one after another.

There was a skinny and sallow lady dressed in ragged clothes, busily making matchboxes.

She suddenly paused and held her chest.

She was speaking to her two children.

Her body wavered as she gasped for air.

She was buying black bread when someone suddenly patted her.

She was having the symptoms of a heart attack again and again.

She was feeling weary and got into bed, but she never woke up ever again.

Klein observed every single detail, intending to look for a trace of the supernatural factor. But when everything ended, he still hadn't gained any clues. As the blurriness shattered, Klein left the dreamland and returned to reality.

He dispelled the wall of spirituality and said to the waiting Frye and amused Leonard,

"There were no direct symptoms. Most of the scenes revealed that Mrs. Lauwis had a heart ailment a long time ago. The only scene that was different was when Mrs. Lauwis was patted on the back by someone. The hand was fair and slender, apparently a woman's."

"For such a family, they wouldn't go to a doctor unless they're very, very sick. Even if they were to queue at a free charity hospital, time is not something they can afford to lose. A day without work might mean no food on the table the next day." Leonard sighed emotionally like a poet.

Frye looked at the corpse on the bed and sighed lightly.

Before Klein spoke, Leonard quickly got out of his pensive state and said thoughtfully, "Are you implying that the supernatural factor came into play when Mrs. Lauwis was patted? It came from the slender hand of a lady or madam?"

Klein nodded and replied, "Yes, but this is merely my interpretation. Divination is always unclear."

The conversation ended. He and Leonard stepped back to the other side of the bed and allowed Frye to take out his tools from his suitcase without any disturbance, so he could do a further examination.

After Frye was done, they waited as he packed up his tools. After cleaning up and covering the corpse, he turned around and said, "Her death was caused by a natural heart disease. There's no doubt about it."

Upon hearing the conclusion, Leonard paced back and forth. He even walked to the side of the door, paused for quite a while before saying, "That's it for now. Let's head over to the workhouse in West Borough. We'll see if we can find other clues. Maybe we can link the two incidents together."

"Okay, we can only hope," Klein agreed, still filled with puzzlement.

Frye picked up his suitcase and while skipping and walking, he carefully went across the two floor mattresses without stepping on anyone's blanket.

Leonard opened the door and walked out of the room first. He told Lauwis and the tenant, "You can return home now."

Klein thought for a moment before adding, "Don't be in a hurry to bury the body. Wait for another day, as there might be one more thorough examination."

"A-alright, Officer." Lauwis bowed lightly and replied in a hurry. Then, feeling numbed and lost, he said, "A-actually, I... I don't have the money to bury her just yet. I have to save for another few days, just a few more days. Luckily, the weather is turning cold."

Klein was shocked and asked, "You plan on letting the corpse remain in the room for a few days?"

Lauwis forced a smile and replied, "Yea, thankfully, the weather became colder recently. I can move the body onto the table at night. When we eat, I can carry her to the bed..."

Before he finished what he had to say, Frye suddenly interrupted, "I've left you money for the burial next to your wife."

After saying those words in absolute calmness, he exited the apartment directly, unbothered by Lauwis's shocked expression and gratitude that followed.

Klein followed closely and thought of a question.

If the weather was still as hot as June or July, how would Lauwis deal with his wife's corpse?

Pick a very dark night with strong winds, throw the corpse into the Tussock River or the Khoy River? Or just dig a hole and bury her?

Klein knew that the law requiring a cemetery burial had been established more than a thousand years ago, at the end of the previous Epoch. The seven major churches and imperial households from each country had approved the law in order to cut down on the number of water ghosts, zombies, and restless wraiths.

Each country provided free land, while each church was in charge of keeping watch and patrolling. They only charged minimum fees for cremation and burial in order to pay for the necessary labor force.

But even so, the truly poor still couldn't afford it.

After leaving 134 Iron Cross Street at Lower Street, the three Nighthawks and Bitsch Mountbatten parted ways. Silently, they took a turn to the nearby workhouse in West Borough.

As they got closer, Klein saw a long queue. It was just like when the people from the Foodaholic Empire on earth queued for a shop that gone viral on the Internet. The place was packed.

"There's about a hundred, no, closer to two hundred," he muttered in surprised. He saw the people queuing were in tattered clothes with numb expressions. They only occasionally looked towards the door of the workhouse impatiently.

Frye slowed down and said coldly, "There is a limit to the number of homeless poor each workhouse will accept daily. They can only take them in based on the queue order. Of course, the workhouse will examine and refuse entry to those who fail to meet the criteria."

"The economic recession in the recent months has played a part too..." Leonard sighed.

"Those who don't manage to queue will have to figure out a way of their own?" Klein asked subconsciously.

"They can also try their luck in the other workhouses. Different workhouses have different operating hours. However, each one has the same long line. Some of them would wait from two in the afternoon." Frye paused. "The rest of the people mostly starve for a day. Then, they lose their ability to find a job and fall into a vicious cycle that leads directly to death. Those who can't withstand the hardship end up losing their struggle to stay on the good side of the law..."

Klein fell silent for a few seconds before letting out a sigh.

"The newspapers never publish any of this... Mr. Frye, I hardly ever hear you speak so much."

"I was once a pastor in a workhouse of the Goddess." Frye maintained his cold attitude.

When the three of them arrived at the door of the workhouse in West Borough, they showed their identity documents to the doorkeeper, who was eyeing the queuers arrogantly, before they were taken into the workhouse.

The workhouse was transformed from an old church. There were mattresses and hammocks all over the Mass hall. The pungent scent of sweat mixed with the smell of Athlete's foot permeated every corner.

In and out of the hall, there were many poor families. Some swung hammers to break rocks, some picked oakum; no one was free.

"In order to not let poor people rely too much on workhouses and turn into scoundrels, the Poor Law established in 1336 enforced a rule whereby every poor person can only stay in the workhouse for five days at most. Any longer than that, one would be cast out. During the five days, they have to do manual labor, such as breaking rocks or picking oakum. These are the same tasks that criminals in prison do," Frye explained to Klein and Leonard briefly without much emotion.

Leonard opened his mouth, and no one was sure if he was teasing or explaining, "When they leave this workhouse, they could go to another one. Of course, they might not be able to move in. Heh, perhaps, to some people, poor people are like criminals."

"... Picking oakum?" Klein was quiet. He didn't know what else to ask.

"The fibers of old ropes are actually a great material to seal the gaps in boats." Frye stopped and found a burnt mark on the ground.

A few minutes later, the director and pastor of the workhouse rushed over. They were both men in their forties.

"Salus started the fire here and only burnt himself to death?" Leonard asked, pointing at the ashen mark on the ground.

The director of the workhouse was a man with a broad, bumpy forehead. He scanned the area where Inspector Mitchell was pointing with blue eyes and nodded in affirmation.

"Yes."

“Before that, did Salus act strangely in any way?” Klein asked.

The director of the workhouse thought and said, “According to the person that slept next to him, Salus had been chanting ‘The Lord has given up on me’, ‘The world is too filthy’, ‘I have nothing left’, stuff along those lines. He was filled with resentment and hopelessness. But no one expected him to break all the kerosene lamps and start a fire to burn the place down while everyone was sleeping. Thank the Lord, someone found out in time and stopped his wicked act.”

Klein and Leonard then found a few people who had slept next to Salus the night before, and they also found the guard that stopped the tragedy. However, those people didn’t have anything new to tell them.

Of course, they used Spirit Vision, divination, and other methods to check if any of the people were lying or misleading them.

“It seems that Salus long had the idea to take revenge and self-destruct. It seems to be a very normal case.” Leonard waited till the director and the pastor left to express his opinion.

Klein pondered and said, “My divination tells me that a supernatural factor had influenced this case.”

“Let’s eliminate Salus’s fire case temporarily,” Leonard concluded.

Just then, Frye suddenly said, “No, maybe there is another possibility. For example, Salus acted at the instigation of someone else, a Beyonder who didn’t take any supernatural measures.”

Klein’s eyes lit up as he echoed, “It’s very possible, such as the Instigator from before!”

Instigator Tris!

But that wouldn’t have any connection with Mrs. Lauwis’s death... He thought, creasing his eyebrows lightly.

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