

## Read Lord of the Mysteries – Chapter 121 – Leonard’s Hypothesis online free – Light Novel Full

### Chapter 121: Leonard’s Hypothesis

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

After hearing Klein’s and Frye’s guesses, Leonard tugged on his collar and paced about, saying, “Then we have to investigate everyone in the workhouse who came into contact with Salus, as well as everyone he came across after he went bankrupt and was chased out of the house. It’s very troublesome indeed... Time is of the essence. Let’s split up and do a cursory check here, then head to the third reported death in the West Borough and leave the rest to the police.”

“Alright,” Klein answered without hesitation.

Frye didn’t have any objections. He turned towards the people who had been sleeping near Salus last night.

Klein was about to find someone to question when he suddenly saw Leonard shooting looks at him. He was motioning at the side hall of the workhouse with his chin.

What does he want? Klein was a little lost. He acted as though nothing had happened and strolled around the hall, then followed Leonard into the side hall while Frye was distracted. They made their way through the partition to a silent corner which had no one else around.

“I have a hypothesis,” Leonard suddenly said, stopping in front of a shattered window.

Klein looked around in confusion. “What’s your hypothesis?”

Leonard with his deep green eyes, he returned a question, “If there were no supernatural factors, what do you think Mrs. Lauwis’s outcome would’ve been?”

Klein thought for a moment, then said solemnly, “The same, just delayed by a week or two, perhaps a month. But to a family like theirs, they would’ve only seen the doctor when she really was at her limit. As long as her heart problems turned for the worse, there would be no way for her to be saved.”

“Then what about Salus? If he hadn’t been instigated by someone, what kind of end would he have?” Leonard asked again.

Klein pondered and said, “From the description in the information, Salus was already very angry about his bankruptcy, and was furious that no one saved him. I think that he would’ve exacted his vengeance sooner or later, but not at the people at the workhouse. He might’ve targeted the boss that made him bankrupt or the staff of the bank that seized his house.”

“What would the result of his revenge be?” Leonard pressed on.

“Without a doubt, he had already decided to end his life. He would have died no matter what the result of his revenge was.” Klein gave an affirmative answer.

Leonard nodded and revealed his signature flippant smile.

“Then can we conclude that Mrs Lauwis and Salus were both people fated to die soon?”

Klein was a ‘knowledgeable’ keyboard warrior. Upon hearing the question, he immediately had a guess.

“You’re saying that their deaths were moved forward by some supernatural factors? But why?”

“A more accurate description would be, their ‘life force’ had been shortened by some supernatural factor. It was stolen. And life force is the best material when it comes to summoning evil gods and devils or conducting terrifying curses.” Leonard smiled as he corrected Klein’s guess.

“Summoning evil gods and devils or conducting terrifying curses...” Klein looked into Leonard’s emerald eyes and said, half in doubt, “You seem to be very sure of this? But, for the time being, our investigation sample is only at two...”

Leonard laughed cynically. “Klein, there’s no need for any pretense between us. I saw you break free from the control of Sealed Artifact 2-049, and I know that you’re special. And you should be able to sense that I’m a little different from the average Beyonder.”

His smile disappeared as he looked into Klein’s eyes.

“I’ve told you that there are many special people in this world that can always do things others can’t, such as you... and me.

“This world has a long history. There are many magical items that people wish to obtain, to control. They wish to become the stars of their own show. There aren’t many people like that, but it’s impossible that there are only one or two of them.

“I don’t think that a Beyonder with his or her secrets is a bad person or an evil thug. I don’t think that we even need to be clear on where their special abilities come from, and what they represent... As long as your actions are not endangering me, the Nighthawks, or Tingen City, then you’re still my partner. Similarly, I hope that you’ll look at me with the

same attitude. Of course, it's best not to speak of this to the higher-ups. Those fogies are old fashioned and conservative, always thinking that special people like us will definitely lose control, definitely feel the pull and temptation of the evil gods or devils."

But I have more secrets than you can ever imagine... Klein thought to himself. He said frankly, "I share the same sentiments as you. I'll only look at your actions and your motives and don't care about how special you are. I will also try not to probe into your secrets."

After saying this, he added in his heart, No, actually I do mind and am very curious, but I'm putting up with it for now. Hmm, Leonard thinks that he is the star of a show? What kind of encounters did he have, and what kind of magical items does he possess?

Leonard unfastened the buttons of his shirt and nodded with a chuckle.

"I'm glad that we have this understanding.

"In action novels, this is called the meeting of two protagonists. The wheels of history are set in motion.

How shameless! Klein gave a perfunctory smile.

He knew that the phrase "wheels of history are set in motion" came from the Emperor Roselle...

Leonard paced around quickly, his green eyes brightened as he curled the corners of his mouth.

"Alright, I'll be honest; I'm quite confident that the victims of these deaths would've died within the next three months, but their deaths have been brought forward to the past two weeks by someone, through some

means. The other party's motive should be to summon evil gods or devils, or conduct a terrifying, large-scale curse."

"It is easy for the culprit to hide their murders, given that their victims already showed signs that they were going to die soon. This wouldn't attract the attention of the police department, or be disrupted by the Nighthawks, Mandated Punishers, or Machinery Hivemind during the culprit's preparatory phase..." Klein muttered to himself and analyzed the culprit's thought process.

Leonard smiled and agreed, "That's right. If three healthy, normal people were to suddenly drop dead, it would definitely attract attention and bring about an investigation."

"Then how are we going to find the altar used for the ritual? Regardless of whether the culprit wants to summon an evil god, devil, or conduct a terrible curse, he or she would need a sacrificial altar, a ritual. The harvested life force would also have to be stored in a similar place." Klein chose to believe in Leonard, for he didn't have any other clues and was unable to make any other deductions.

It doesn't hurt to try!

Leonard laughed and said, "Klein, isn't that within your professional domain? Can't you imagine what is happening around an altar like that?"

Without waiting for Klein to answer, Leonard described, "A thick aura of death with the altar at the center. There wouldn't be any living things other than the person conducting the ritual in a ten-meter radius. The surrounding temperature would be at least five degrees lower than the average temperature, with a cold wind blowing past it continuously..."

And the stolen life force of Mrs. Lauwis and the rest will remain within the altar, sealed by a wall of spirituality...”

Having said that, he looked at Klein and teased, “I think that you would be able to divine roughly where an altar with the following qualities would be.”

Klein frowned slightly and replied solemnly, “As long as it’s within Tingen City. Furthermore, I would need a quiet place where I wouldn’t be disturbed. My house, for example. I would also need the personal belongings of Mrs. Lauwis and the rest, as well.”

Klein’s heart also skipped a beat. He felt that Leonard was a little too knowledgeable in the dark arts.

“No problem.” Leonard laughed. He suddenly stepped past Klein and walked toward the hall, not saying anything more.

That man sure has a unique style... Klein cursed in his heart and followed.

When Leonard found Frye seriously taking notes, he put on a serious tone and said, “I have a hypothesis and was hoping that Klein would give it a try.”

“What hypothesis?” Frye asked, appearing cold.

“I’ll tell you if there is a result. I don’t want to be laughed at by Rozanne and the rest.” Leonard gave a whimsical excuse and changed the subject.

Frye didn’t ask any further. He acted according to the instructions and obtained Salus’s and Mrs Lauwis’s personal belongings from the nearby police station, then met his partners at Klein’s house.

“Wait in the living room and don’t let anybody disturb me.” Klein took out his pocket watch and looked at the time.

It was about six now. Melissa might come back at anytime.

“You can trust us.” Leonard put his hands on his hips and paced around the living room. Frye sat silently on the sofa.

Does Leonard have ADHD? Klein pouted and went to his room on the second floor. He locked the door and sealed the room with a wall of spirituality.

After which, he set up an altar and asked for the help of the goddess, eliminating any disturbances.

Then, Klein wrote a divination statement on a piece of paper.

“The position of the altar.”

He gave a sweeping statement to prevent himself from missing out on any information.

Grabbing the piece of paper and the belongings of the dead, Klein laid down on his bed. He first recalled the scene Leonard described, then silently recited the statement seven times.

He didn’t try using the world of fog, firstly, because that weird and mysterious Leonard was downstairs. Who knew if he would notice something weird about the ritual. Secondly, his Seer potion was about to be completely digested. It was likely that the aid of the ritual was sufficient for the success of his divination.

Klein would only consider finding an opportunity to enter the world of fog if he didn't get a result. After all, the summoning of an evil god or devil was something that could threaten Benson, Melissa, and himself!

With the help of Cogitation, he quickly entered the dream and saw a hazy, illusory, fragmented scene.

Soon after, an image floated before his eyes.

It was a two-story grayish-blue house bathed in a sunset glow. The windows of the first floor were shut tight and the dark curtains had no gaps. However, they expanded and contracted from time to time.

The soil around the house was dark brown, but nothing was growing in it. The garden around the house seemed to be covered in shadows, dilapidated, and dark.

There was a river flowing silently near the house.

...

Sometime later, Klein exited the dream, having not seen anything else.

Leonard's hypothesis was correct... Where could that building be? There are too many rivers in Tingen City, such as the West Borough, Southwest Borough, the harbor area, the university area... He opened his eyes and rubbed his temples as he thought, his expression serious.

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2 Daffodil Street. Inside the living room that was painted with the luster of dusk.

Klein stood in front of the oriel window as he told Frye and Leonard.

“My divination revealed something. I saw a grayish-blue two-story building in my dream. The windows on the first floor were all shut tight, and the curtains were drawn. It’s surrounded by a few meters of brown soil without any greenery or flowers. It also has a terribly gloomy garden, just like the kind you find in a horror story.

“The only characteristic that can be used to identify it is a nearby river, a slightly broad river.

“It might be the Tussock River or Khoy River. We could only find out through process of elimination. Hopefully we can still make it in time.”

The Tussock River was the biggest river in the Loen Kingdom, coming down from the northwest where the Mirminsk mountain was. It flowed towards the southeast, passing by the Midseashire, Awwa County, and then passing through the capital, Backlund, and into the sea near Pritz Harbor.

The locations where it converged in Tingen City included the southwest corner of the West Borough and the harbor in the South Borough. The source of the Khoy River came from the northern York Mountain as it passed through the university district in the East Borough and locally merged with the Tussock River.

Those were the two main rivers around Tingen. The rest could only be considered streams, and none of them had an expansive water surface.

Upon hearing Klein’s description, the pale and cold Frye nodded lightly in agreement.

Since there were no other clues, process of elimination was the only efficient method!

Just then, Leonard smiled and said, “Perhaps we can narrow down the possible locations of the target.”

“How do we narrow down the possibilities?” Klein frowned and asked in reply as he looked at the silver vine-leaf pocket watch.

Leonard chuckled.

“A criminal with a plan and a goal would select targets somewhere far away from the location of his altar. This is a result of their natural instinct—to be safe.

“Only when there aren’t many soon-to-be-dead people left in the areas far from his altar would he consider the nearer targets.

“So, we should read through the information again, exclude the areas where the number of death incidents rose rapidly above average standards.

Klein’s eyes lit up when he heard that.

“Brilliant conjecture!”

At the same time, he sighed inwardly, I really don’t have the talent to be a detective!

Frye nodded and picked up the documents on the coffee table and started reading it again.

After a few minutes, he deepened his hoarse voice and said, “There really is such a region, and there’s only one possibility.”

“Which area?” Klein asked.

Frye passed the thick stack of information to Leonard who was next to him. He pursed his thin lips and said, “West Borough.”

It’s the West Borough? Klein clenched his fist and immediately suggested,

“Then let’s search the southwestern area of West Borough. That area isn’t huge!”

“I agree,” Leonard echoed as he waved the papers in his hands in agreement, as though he wasn’t the one who suggested narrowing down the scope of their search.

...

The two-wheeled carriage slowly drove along the muddy road. Beside them, the red and orange glow of the sunset reflected off of a broad river that was colored with the twilight radiance of the sunset.

Klein and Frye looked out the windows from both sides of the carriage, inspecting one house after another. They were searching for a grayish-blue house with a dilapidated garden. If possible, they would take note if the curtains on the first floor was drawn.

Leonard leisurely sat in his original spot, leaning against the wall of the carriage as he hummed a popular local tune.

The dim scenery flew past, and Klein caught sight of a grayish-blue two-story building from the corner of his eye

In front of the building was a gloomy garden that appeared in ruins.

“Found it!” Klein said while suppressing his voice.

Before he finished his sentence, Frye and Leonard squeezed over to look out the window. There was almost no space between them.

As the carriage drew closer to the building, the dark curtains that were drawn on the first floor appeared before the three Nighthawks' eyes.

Klein didn't even need to divine whether they had the right building; he was completely certain that it was the building that he saw in his dream. That was where the evil altar was set up!

None of them stopped the carriage, but instead allowed the carriage driver to continue driving forward. They passed their target and continued away from it, as though they were just passing by.

When they could no longer see the building when they turned around, Leonard told the driver to stop the carriage.

"Klein, return to Zouteland Street in this carriage and tell the Captain to come here for assistance." Leonard snapped his fingers and smirked at his teammate.

Is he thinking of me as a rookie and that I shouldn't be involved in such a dangerous mission? This fellow is still quite a nice guy... Klein was stunned as he realized what Leonard meant.

Frye nodded in agreement.

"You just started combat training and your job is a support role."

I know, and a person who could kill so many in order to hold a ritual won't be an easy opponent. Only the Captain could make this situation less terrifying... Klein took a breath and agreed rationally.

He looked at Leonard, then at Frye before forcing a smile and said, “Be careful.”

“Don’t worry, I cherish my life a lot. Until the Captain arrives, we’ll only keep watch, and we won’t get close.” Leonard smiled.

Frye didn’t say anything but only picked up his suitcase.

Klein was quiet for a while, he then took out a copper penny and said, “Let me divine once for you.”

He chanted, “What will happen here will lead to a good outcome.” He flipped the coin at the same time his eyes turned dark.

Dang!

The coin flipped into the air, then landed firmly in Klein’s palm.

Klein looked and saw it was the King’s head. He immediately let out a breath of relief.

“It’s only a blurry symbol, so there are other interpretations. The most important thing is to be careful and prudent at all times,” he explained to Frye and Leonard like a Seer would do.

Leonard had already turned around. He waved and jumped off the carriage.

“As naggy as my eighty-year-old grandma...”

Frye nodded seriously and got off with his suitcase.

Watching both his teammates head towards the target building, Klein touched the revolver in his armpit holster and told the driver, “Zouteland Street.”

The driver, who had been hired by the hour, didn’t object but allowed the horses to continue the journey.

...

36 Zouteland Street.

When Klein entered the Blackthorn Security Company, Rozanne, Mrs. Orianna, and the others had already gotten off work. It was unusually quiet and dim.

Dunn was sitting on the sofa in the guest area. The gas lamp was unlit, and he seemed to blend into the darkness in his black windbreaker.

“Found any clues?” Klein, who was searching for the Captain, was given a shock by Dunn’s deep voice.

Klein quickly turned around and looked into Dunn’s gray eyes as he said, “Yes, we...”

He quickly told him about Leonard’s bold hypothesis, his confirmation via divination, and the subsequent discovery of the house.

As for Leonard’s confidence and the uniqueness that Leonard had discussed, they were unimportant and obviously not worth mentioning.

Dunn cut in from time to time. When the briefing ended, he abruptly stood up and walked towards the door.

When he was almost down the stairs, he turned around and said, “I almost forgot; you stay here just in case there are any emergencies here.”

“Alright.” Klein nodded solemnly.

At that very moment, other than Kenley who was on duty guarding Chanis Gate, the other Nighthawks were busy in the field.

Dunn Smith ran down a few steps and suddenly stopped. As he put on his hat, he shouted at Klein through the door, “Lock the door and follow me. Heh, we won’t need you to join the battle. First, you can get a sense of the atmosphere, and second, we might require the assistance of ritualistic magic during the final search or inspection. Remember, until everything is over, you have to be at least fifty meters away. You cannot get close to the building!”

Klein was stunned and nodded firmly.

“Alright!”

...

The sun sank beneath the horizon, and the surging Tussock River turned eerie and dark.

Dark clouds obscured the crimson moon, making the grayish-blue two-story building look like a monster hidden in the shadows.

The garden before the building was extremely quiet. It was as though it didn’t have any insects, nor any other forms of life.

Klein looked at the scene from a distance, his palms sweating and his body shivering.

He felt that there were countless terrifying things hidden, waiting, and hungry for a bloody feast.

He watched Dunn, Leonard, and Frye move carefully towards the target building, blending into the darkness.

...

On the second floor of the grayish-blue building, in the bedroom without any lights.

A gentle and sweet young maiden with a round face was seated before her dressing table, looking carefully at her face after the complicated skin care routine she had just completed.

There was a silver mirror next to her right hand, its surface coarsely ground, almost unable to reflect a figure.

Suddenly, a stream of blood seeped out from the mirror.

The expression of the gentle and sweet-looking Trissy suddenly grew grave. She stood up, walked to the window, and looked out in silence.

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## Chapter 123: Beyond Battle

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

Vines grew all over the dilapidated garden outside the glass windows. The river flowed softly, reflecting the stars in the sky as warm glows suffused out of the nearby buildings.

Everything was silent, as if awaiting the arrival of night.

Trissy, who had ordinary features which combined to make her look surprisingly beautiful, retracted her gaze and walked quickly towards the clothes rack to retrieve a long black robe fitted with a hood.

She quickly put the robe on, fastened the buttons and belt before pulling the hood over her head, transforming herself into an Assassin.

Trissy raised her right hand and swiped her face, immediately turning her appearance under the hood blurry.

Right on the heels of that, she grabbed a handful of shimmering powder from the hidden pouch near her waist and scattered it over herself while reciting an incantation.

Trissy's figure started to disappear bit by bit, her outline vanishing like how pencil marks were being erased by an eraser.

She silently left the bedroom after completing her concealment spell. She moved to the opposite room and then opened the non-grilled window.

With a light leap, Trissy stood on the window sill and looked over the grassy plains to the back of the building. She looked down at the steel fence that had seemingly fused with the night. There, she saw Corpse Collector Frye who was silently making his way over the fence.

She took in a deep breath and fluttered down like a feather, stepping onto the grassy field without a sound.

Frye, who was wearing a black windbreaker, cautiously surveyed the surroundings with his custom revolver in his hand, seeking out vengeful spirits or evil spirits that might appear.

He could see such entities directly!

Trissy approached Frye silently, made her way behind him. It was unknown when a dagger smeared with ‘black paint’ appeared in her hand.

Poof!

She struck quickly, plunging the dagger into Frye’s lower back.

But at this moment, the scene in front of her shattered, as if everything was an illusion.

Trissy realized that she was still standing on the window sill, still looking over the grassy field and the steel fence.

Except this time around, it wasn’t only Corpse Collector Frye who was standing outside the fence. There was also Leonard Mitchell who was aiming straight at the window sill, as well as Dunn Smith. The captain of the Nighthawks was hunched over as he pressed down on his glabella, his eyes closed as formless ripples spread outwards from him.

Trissy’s pupils constricted. She understood that everything that had happened was just a dream. She had fallen asleep unknowingly!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Leonard and Frye fired three shots, accurately hitting the invisible target who was still waking up from her reverie.

Crack!

Trissy’s figure started to appear, first cracking, then completely shattering into fragments of a rough silver mirror!

Inside the building, Trissy, who had used a substitution spell, turned around to escape. She followed the corridor and the steps, sprinting all the way to the first floor.

Whoosh! A cold sinister wind blew across the first floor, one that could freeze a person. Formless, transparent figures were numbly pacing around every corner of the building in a daze.

Trissy, who had lost her concealment, felt her temperature drop every time she passed through the spirits. She could no longer control her shivers when she finally reached the sacrificial altar.

The altar was a round table, with a figurine of a deity carved out of bone placed in the center.

This figurine was about the size of a grown man's head, with only a mere indication of her eyes, but the figure was that of a beautiful woman.

Her hair extended from her head to her heels, each strand clear and thick, as if they were poisonous snakes or tentacles.

There was only one eye situated at the tip of every strand of hair, some closed, others open.

There were many puppets strewn around the figurine. The craftsmanship of the puppets was crude. Names and relevant information were written on the puppets; for example, Joyce Mayer.

There were three candles on the table, flickering with a yellowish-green flame despite the cold, sinister winds.

Trissy bowed at the deity's figurine and quickly recited her incantations.

She then pushed away the puppets and extinguished the flames of the candles before picking the figurine up.

Whoosh!

The winds howled fiercely as they shook the closed windows violently.

Clank! Creak! Shards of glass flew around in all directions.

Frye, who had just made his way to the other side of the building, didn't dare to barge into the sacrificial altar recklessly. He shivered, feeling his blood turn cold and frosty. It was making his actions visibly slower.

Suddenly, he felt tightness around his heels as though they had been grabbed by something invisible.

An accentuated sense of coldness spread upwards from the point of contact. A Sequence 9 Beyonder would have turned completely numb by now. But as a Corpse Collector, Frye was no stranger to such situations.

He turned his revolver to the side of his heels and pulled the trigger. It was as if he could see who the enemy was, and exactly where it was.

Bang!

A silver demon hunting bullet pierced the air, causing a shrill howl in response.

The formless figure dissipated and Frye regained his ability to move.

Elsewhere, Dunn Smith, who wanted to reach the second floor by avoiding a frontal assault on the altar, was similarly affected by the cold winds. His body froze as he stopped right outside a shattered window.

Whoosh! The curtains behind the window lifted suddenly and engulfed Dunn, as if a monster had just opened its mouth to devour its prey.

The curtain wrapped around Dunn's head, seeming to have been imbued with life. Dunn's facial features began to press through the constricting cloth.

Dunn, who was about to be suffocated, stomped down with both feet. He straightened his knees and twisted his waist, loosening the curtain's grip with raw strength alone.

He grabbed a corner of the curtain around his head with his left hand and yanked it away before tossing it toward the ground.

Bang!

He fired a shot at the other half of the curtain behind the window, stopping it from attempting another assault on him.

The curtain stopped immediately as a dark red liquid oozed out from it.

Whoosh!

On the field, Leonard Mitchell was reciting his poems and was also hit by the cold sinister winds infused with the intense sensation of death. His teeth chattered, making it hard for him to enunciate his poems.

The messy weeds in the garden suddenly extended, wrapping themselves around his heels. A black shadow hurled itself at him along with the violent winds.

Leonard, whose body had become rigid, failed to fire in time. He could only pull back his shoulder and raise his arm.

Thud! The black shadow smashed into his forearm, the thorns on its body piercing his skin.

It was a pretty, bright-red flower, its origins unknown.

In pain, Leonard tossed aside the flower dyed with his blood.

Bang! He fired a shot at the spreading vines, causing dark red liquid to ooze out.

Tap! Tap! Tap! Leonard quickened his pace and charged towards the shattered window on the first floor where the altar was situated behind.

The vines retracted abruptly from where he had previously stood, as if hiding from something invisible.

Trissy took advantage of the chaos created by destroying the altar and a suspension-style ritual to conceal herself once again. She managed to fool the Spirit Visions of the Nighthawks and escape the pincer attack before making her way to a spot behind the three Nighthawks.

She extended her right hand, immediately causing a cold wind to blow. It carried the flower dyed with Leonard's blood right into her palm.

Trissy did not stop. With the flower in hand, she nimbly made her way over the steel fence and escaped in the direction of the Tussock River.

Leonard, who had just entered the first level, turned his head abruptly, as though he was listening to something.

His expression changed. He frantically pulled up his sleeve and looked at the wound caused by the flower.

With his constitution, the wound had already stopped bleeding. There was only some red swelling that remained.

Leonard's expression became grim. He pinched his left index finger and pulled his fingernail straight out!

His face contorted in pain, but he did not pause. As he recited something silently, he sliced open the coagulated wound with the fingernail. When the fingernail was dyed with his dark red blood, he pulled out a few strands of hair from his scalp and wrapped the fingernail with his hair.

Beside the Tussock River, Trissy slowed down. She shot her gaze toward the flower in her hand.

She was chanting something as a ball of black, illusory fire suddenly appeared in her palm.

The flames enveloped the flower, burning it to ashes.

After completing this, Trissy jumped into the river and submerged herself.

At the same time, Leonard tossed the blood-stained fingernail wrapped in his hair to the corner. He saw it burn and release a foul stench.

The fingernail and hair disappeared quickly, leaving only some dust behind.

Leonard heaved a sigh of relief. He entered the first level through the window and said to Dunn and Frye who were destroying the altar, "The target has escaped. But it's alright, our primary objective was to stop the ritual."

Dunn sighed and looked at the puppets on the table.

“She was very cautious and very powerful. She sensed us approaching her ahead of time, otherwise... she should be, at the very least, a Sequence 7 Beyonder.

“Give Klein the signal. Ask him to come over.”

Through the brief interaction in the dream, he had determined that the enemy was female.

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## Chapter 124: Wrapping Up Work

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

Klein was hidden in the shadows of a building dozens of meters away from the target building. He heard the faint sound of gunshots and the howling of violent winds.

If the enemy runs towards me, should I draw my gun or should I pretend that I didn't see him? He thought as he shivered in cold sweat.

A Beyonder that could, through various means, cut short the lives of others definitely wasn't a Sequence 9 or Sequence 8 Beyonder. They certainly wouldn't be someone that a Seer like him could fight against face to face. Even if he sacrificed himself, he might not be able to slow the target down enough for Dunn and Leonard to catch up with him.

It was fortunate that the Evernight Goddess, the Mistress of Disaster, seemed to hear her 'loyal' guard's prayers. No one ran towards the location where Klein was hiding.

After a few minutes, he heard a melodious song coming from the target building.

Cocking his ears to the side so he could hear better, Klein confirmed that it was the popular local tune that Leonard Mitchell always hummed. It was filled with base words.

Phew. He let out a breath of relief. He held his gun in one hand and his cane in the other. He then walked out of the shadows towards the target building.

The popular local tune was the meeting signal that he had agreed upon with Dunn and the rest!

Klein took two steps and suddenly paused. He leaned his cane against the metal fencing and switched the revolver to his other hand.

Then, he took off the silver chain inside his sleeve and let the topaz pendant hang down naturally.

Klein waited till the topaz stabilized and immediately closed his eyes and entered a Cogitation state. He recited a divination statement, "The singing earlier was an illusion.

"The singing earlier was an illusion."

...

After repeating seven times, he opened his eyes and saw the pendant spinning counterclockwise.

“It’s not an illusion...” Klein put away his pendulum, grabbed his cane, and quickly got close to the arch-shaped metal gate leading to the target building. He then passed the black cane to his right hand and held it with the revolver.

He extended his hands to touch the fence, intending to push it open, but he suddenly felt a piercing chill. It was as though someone had poured a bucket of ice down his neck without warning.

Klein hissed and jerked his hands back, his teeth clenched.

“It’s just like winter here...” Under the dim starlight and distant street lamp, he looked through the garden behind the metal fencing. He saw the withered branches, fallen flowers, and leaves covered with white frost on the brown soil.

Amazing! Klein marveled in his head. He bent his fingers and tapped his glabella to activate his Spirit Vision.

He returned his silver-inlaid cane to his left hand and pushed it against the fence to open the closed gate.

The gate squeaked, and he passed through it sideways. He stepped onto the stone path that led directly to the grayish-blue building. On both sides of the path were twisted plants that seemed to resemble ghouls in the dark.

The scene reminded Klein of various horror stories and paranormal films.

He subconsciously slowed down his breathing and walked faster. However, after just a few more steps, someone suddenly patted his left shoulder.

Badump! Badump! Klein’s heart skipped, then started thumping rapidly.

He raised his right hand, aimed his revolver, and slowly turned around to look.

In the dim light, he saw a flimsy branch that had nearly fallen off.

“This is what we call ‘scaring ourselves’?” Klein twitched the corner of his lips, waved the cane, and knocked the branch off.

He continued moving forward as faint sobs sounded in his ears. Blurry, translucent “shadows” appeared before his eyes.

These shadows had swarmed over after feeling the breaths of a living person and the warmth of flesh and blood.

Klein jumped in fright and immediately ran into the door of the grayish-blue building.

This is what the Captain meant by “getting a sense of the atmosphere?” It’s much scarier than the last time I helped Sir Deweyville... The resentment of that aggrieved spirit is more “rigid” than the shadows. She hadn’t taken the initiative to attack back then... He thought as he walked towards the altar in the middle of the living room. It was a round table full of crudely made puppets. Three unlit candles stood amidst the puppets.

Dunn Smith stood right before the altar with his back to Klein. He took one puppet after another and looked at them.

Corpse Collector Frye looked at the floating shadows and extended his hand in an attempt to comfort them, but all his hand did was pass through them helplessly. The shadows didn’t attack him, seemingly recognizing him as one of their own.

When Leonard Mitchell noticed Klein's arrival, he changed his tone, turning his voice softer but charming.

"Calm is the morn without a sound,

"Calm as to suit a calmer grief.

"And only thro' the faded leaf,

"The chestnut pattering to the ground 1 ."

...

In the soothing recitation of the poem, Klein seemed to see a clear lake reflecting the moonlight and a crimson moon hanging quietly, high in the sky.

The restless shadows calmed down and stopped chasing after the warm breath of the living Nighthawks among them.

Dunn put down the puppet in his hand, turned around, and said to Klein, "This is a ceremony for a terrifying curse. It's fortunate that we've already destroyed it.

"First prepare a ritual to comfort the remaining spirits, then try to communicate with the spirits of the dead and see if you can get any clues from them."

Klein, who realized that he was no longer a burden, immediately held his chest out and said, "Yes, Captain."

He reached the altar in a few steps and extended his hands to sweep the puppets off of the round table.

At that moment, he noticed from the corner of his eyes that every puppet had a name and a corresponding message.

“Captain, did you discover anyone you know?” Klein asked in passing.

Then, he glanced at Dunn as Dunn looked at him. Both of them fell silent.

I’m so silly... Why would I ask any questions that tests the Captain’s memory! Klein nearly covered his face and sighed.

If it were any other boss, they would definitely find an opportunity to make my life difficult because of this. Luckily, the Captain will forget about this... I wonder if that’s an advantage or a disadvantage? He thought, half glad, half joking.

After a short silence, Dunn seemed to finally be capable of differentiating reality from the dreamworld. He replied, “There’s someone you know.”

“Who?” Klein stopped, his hand still extended to put a candle back to where it was supposed to be.

“Joyce Mayer, the survivor of the Alfalfa tragedy,” Dunn replied simply.

Joyce Mayer? Anna’s fiancé... Klein suddenly thought of Salus in the workhouse. He seemed to have been instigated and misled by someone, causing him to bring forward his rage and committing arson.

Klein retracted his right hand and said in a deep voice, “Instigator Tris?”

“He used the lives that were cut short as a sacrifice, intending to curse all survivors of the Alfalfa tragedy? Because he didn’t know who uncovered his involvement and lodged a police report...”

If Tris took revenge directly, it would have been impossible to wipe out all the targets scattered throughout Tingen. After two or three murders, he would've been noticed by the Nighthawks, Mandated Punishers, and the Machinery Hivemind. Then, he would've lost his chance to continue his murdering spree. Klein filled in the blanks of why Tris had started all this.

Dunn nodded first, then he shook his head.

“Not all survivors, but only survivors in Tingen. His curse ritual can only affect the people within this range.”

“Besides, the host of the ritual is a female, not Tris.”

Klein creased his eyebrows and asked, “Perhaps it's an expert that the Theosophy Order sent to help Tris?”

“Yes, the origins of the Theosophy Order might involve the Demoness Sect. It's fairly normal for their experts to be female.”

Dunn smiled and said in his deep voice, “I agree with your judgment. Although we only encountered that woman and not Tris, there are guesses that we can make. Such as, the woman and Tris don't stay together. Or, that Tris was out looking for people who are dying soon.”

Klein didn't say anything further. He set the three candles in place, took out the Full Moon Essence Oil, crimson sandalwood, and other ingredients, and set up the altar quickly.

After he used a silver dagger to make a sealed wall, he started praying to the Evernight Goddess, the Mistress of Calm and Silence. He prayed that the shadows inside and outside the house would be comforted completely.

Unfortunately, in the subsequent attempt to communicate with the spirits of the dead, Klein could only see a little of what the spirits had seen before their deaths. There weren't any useful clues.

After settling the shadows into a peaceful sleep in the dark night, he ended the ceremony and removed the spirituality wall. He then shook his head and told the others,

“The backlash from the disrupted ritual caused severe damage and the remnant images of the host were lost.”

Dunn wasn't surprised. He pointed at the stairs and said, “Let's look around on the second floor and give it another try.”

“Okay.” Klein, Leonard, and Frye nodded in agreement.

The three Nighthawks went up the stairs to the second floor and parted ways to search through each room.

In the end, they met in a bedroom that was filled with a faint aroma. They saw messy dresses lying around and open boxes.

Dunn took up a box from the dressing table and smelled it before asking, “Are these cosmetics?”

“To be exact, they are skin care products. Ever since Emperor Roselle, they were not lumped together with a broad term,” Leonard explained with a smile. “Captain, as a gentleman, there are certain things you have to know.”

Klein didn't join their discussion but cast his gaze towards the mirror on the dressing table.

There was an obvious crack on the mirror, and there were shattered pieces on the rug beneath.

“The Beyonder left in a rush. She didn’t destroy it entirely...” he suddenly said in a deep voice. “Maybe I could give this a try.”

“I’ll leave it to you,” Dunn replied in confidence.

Klein quickly brought the candles up from the first floor and lit them in front of the shattered mirror.

Under the dim, flickering candlelight, he took out the items like Full Moon Essence to create a spirituality wall.

After Klein prepared everything, he stood before the mirror that reflected the lights of all three candles and chanted in Hermes,

“I pray for the power of the dark night.

“I pray for the power of the mystery.

“I pray for the Goddess’s loving grace.

“I pray for the mirror to receive a brief restoration, I pray for it to show every person that it reflected in the past month.”

...

As the incantation was being recited, a strong wind suddenly howled within the spirituality wall.

The shattered pieces of the mirror swirled off the ground and returned to their original locations.

The mirror that was covered in cracks suddenly rippled with a gloomy brilliance. Klein wiped his hands over it and a human figure suddenly appeared in the frame. But that figure wasn't Klein.

It was a gentle and sweet looking young maiden with a round face. Perhaps it was because the mirror was broken or perhaps it was because the backlash of the interrupted ritual that affected the second floor as well. Her facial features were blurry and her actual appearance wasn't exactly clear.

But even so, Klein found the person unusually familiar.

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## Chapter 125: Bold Idea

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

When faced with a strange sense of familiarity, other Sequence 9 Beyonders might try their best to recall or even disregard and forget about it. But a Seer was different. Klein immediately ended the ritual and dispelled the wall of spirituality. He took out a piece of paper and wrote on it a statement: "The source of the sense of familiarity."

After which, he sat on the edge of the bed in the room and silently recited it with the piece of paper in hand.

Seven times later, his pupils became darker. He fell asleep with the help of Cogitation and started conversing with his own spirituality.

In the hazy, contorted world, Klein saw a carriage. He saw a young lady wearing a long gray dress.

This lady had smooth black hair, her face a little round. She had a gentle and pleasant demeanor, but her body was shivering unnaturally.

The image flickered and once again, Klein saw this young, pretty lady at the underground market. She was squatting and conversing with someone.

The dream receded quickly and Klein woke up, understanding why the image he saw in the mirror was so familiar.

He had met this person before!

The first time was at Daffodil Street, in the district near Iron Cross Street. The Captain and the rest were chasing down Instigator Tris that night... There must be a connection. Klein thought for a few seconds, then set up the ritual once again. He asked for the help of the Goddess to sketch the portrait of the enemy in his memory.

Dunn and the rest had been waiting silently, without interrupting Klein unnecessarily. Only when he was done sketching did they crowd over and inspect the portrait.

“You met her before?” Dunn asked.

Klein nodded slightly and answered simply, “Yes. I saw her at the public carriage stop on Daffodil Street the night when you were going after the Instigator. It was in the district near Iron Cross Street.”

“Then, there’s a good chance that she was the enemy just now. The partner of the Instigator.” Dunn nodded in thought.

Leonard suddenly chimed in, “Don’t any of you feel that this portrait is very familiar? She looks a lot like Instigator Tris!”

Klein froze, immediately casting his gaze at the portrait again and studying it carefully.

“Yeah, they look very similar indeed. Round face, narrow eyes, gentle demeanor...” The more he looked at the portrait, the more he felt that what Leonard said made sense. The biggest difference was that Instigator Tris had ordinary features while the young lady could be considered pretty.

Klein raised his head and looked at Leonard, noticing that he was signaling something to him by raising his brows.

What does he mean? Klein was confused.

Dunn Smith guessed, “She could be the Instigator’s sister. Maybe like her brother she joined the Theosophy Order or the Demoness Sect.”

Leonard sighed after he realized how bad Klein was at reading his mind. He said in a serious tone, “I have a bold idea.”

“What idea?” Dunn asked.

Leonard described succinctly, “I think that this person is Instigator Tris!”

“What?” Frye exclaimed in shock.

Dunn creased his brows and said, “What you mean is that Instigator Tris is actually female, or a male who’s pretending to be a female? No, from the dream, I can confirm that she’s female.”

Klein had been exposed to many creative and ridiculous plots after all. He took another look at the portrait and immediately had another guess.

“Could it be that Instigator Tris became a female?”

That could explain many things. For example, why would the trail leading to Tris suddenly sever? Why couldn't they find any traces, even with divination? Perhaps because there was a fundamental change to their target! The only question was how he could change into a woman in such a short span of time. And it appeared to be rather simple... He had pretty decent looks after his transformation even. I mean, to be honest, she's pretty attractive... Klein thought, distracted.

Leonard nodded in relief, "Yes, that's my theory. This can perfectly explain why Instigator Tris had seemed to vanish. It also fits with the strange fact that the upper echelons of the Demoness Sect are all female."

Dunn and Frye were momentarily at a loss for words.

Even though they had seen many monsters and wondrous things, it was their first time dealing with a transformation like this!

"What you mean is that there are a considerable number of women in the upper echelons of the Demoness Sect that used to be men?" Dunn asked. He didn't wait for an answer before saying, "That could be possible... Perhaps it's their, no, the unique characteristic of their potion."

Klein shivered a little as he listened. He felt that the potion of the Demoness Sect was a trap!

"Let's hope that a similar potion doesn't exist in the pathway of the Seer... No, definitely not. That is the pathway of the Demoness. Even the name of the potion sounds wrong. But I still don't know what the corresponding Sequence 1 to Seer is..." Klein subconsciously started praying to the Goddess.

"Can potions accomplish such a thing?" Frye asked with a little disbelief.

Leonard laughed and threw up his hands.

“Even a mid to low sequence potion can cause unimaginable changes. After all, they all originated from the Creator.”

Dunn turned to look at Klein. “Try to divine where the target will appear next.”

“Alright.” Klein went over to the pile of dresses and picked out one with mixed emotions. He spread it over the carpet.

He held his cane over the dress and recalled the target’s features and relevant information. He then began to recite in his heart.

“Tris’s... no, Trissy’s whereabouts

“Trissy’s whereabouts.”

...

Seven times later, Klein’s pupils turned from brown to black. Wind started to blow around him.

His left hand released his cane, allowing the black cane to wobble.

Despite the shaking, the cane failed to fall. It stood tall in its original position.

“There’s an interference...” Klein said with a deep tone.

An interference implies that our assumptions are correct!

That lady just now was most probably Instigator Tris, no, Trissy!

Upon seeing this, Dunn nodded indiscernibly.

“They live up to the reputation of the Demoness Sect which has been active since the last Epoch...”

Since Tris had transformed into Trissy, Dunn deduced that she wasn't part of the Theosophy Order, but the Demoness Sect.

Surveying the surroundings, Dunn sighed and said, “We can search for her through different means, such as where these clothes came from or the owner of this house. We can also get the police department to patrol the train stations and piers.”

We might be able to get some clues like that, but Trissy will definitely have had enough time to leave Tingen. Yes... I'll try it again above the gray fog when I'm back at home. Klein was cautious of people like Trissy who wanted to unleash a massacre on a whim. He wanted to desperately find her and execute her on the spot.

“Leonard, head to the police department and gather a group to wrap up things here. Klein, you can go back and rest now...” Dunn rubbed his temples and paused for a few seconds. He said to Klein, partially to test him and also to teach him. “How would you have handled this evening's mission? Assume that me, Leonard, and Frye are the only members on your team.”

Klein creased his brows and thought for more than ten seconds.

“I'd first use divination to ascertain if the ritual would take effect soon. If the answer was negative, then I'd stick to observing and not approach. Then I'd notify the police department to deploy personnel around the area, as well as gather at least five cannons to bombard the entire building till wherever Trissy was hiding was leveled.

“She could either be blasted to death in the building, or attempt to flee amidst the cannon fire. This would easily expose her. Until then, I would station you and the rest at different spots...”

He got more and more excited as he continued. He felt that his idea was simple and effective, barbaric and decisive. It was very safe and very appropriate!

Dunn, Leonard, and Frye were dumbfounded. They didn't say anything for a long time.

“Captain, is that not a good idea?” The excited Klein's heart thumped rapidly when he saw that they had no reaction.

Dunn was silent for a few seconds before he said, “No, it is a good idea. But the premise is that we have to confirm that forceful destruction of the altar wouldn't create a more disastrous outcome... Sigh. As longtime Nighthawks, we're accustomed to relying on ourselves, our powers as Beyonders, and guns in all circumstances. We're not used to allowing normal people to come into contact with supernatural incidents...”

Alright, I was always an ardent fan of firepower bombardment... Klein added in his heart.

...

Klein and Leonard walked to the carriage station about five hundred meters away before they saw it.

After waiting for a while, they returned to Iron Cross Street. One went to the nearby police station, while the other returned to Daffodil Street.

When Klein arrived at his front door, he adjusted his clothes and made sure that everything was alright before fishing out his keys and opening the door.

Melissa and Benson were in the living room, quietly doing assignments and reading books respectively under the light from the gas lamp.

Benson must be tired after toiling at work the entire day; yet, he perseveres in his studies after he comes home. What a determined man... I can't do that, all I can think about now is lying down... Klein glanced at his brother and smiled, giving a silent greeting by raising his hand.

Benson smiled and said, "I now understand the price behind a handsome salary."

"There's a price for everything in this world. There's something we must give before we can gain anything in return," Klein said, leaving his cane on the rack next to the door.

"That's apparently something Emperor Roselle said, right?" Melissa stopped writing and looked up.

The Tingen Technical School was different from universities and public schools. There was only two weeks for summer break, from late July to early August. Their lessons resumed the moment the hottest days were over.

"Is that so? I don't remember..." Klein replied, his expression a little rigid.

He took off his hat and headed upstairs. He intended to divine Trissy's whereabouts as soon as possible.

Suddenly, he heard his stomach rumble. He felt intense hunger pangs.

Oh right, I haven't had dinner. But the note I left said that the security company would provide food and asked them not to leave any food for me... Seriously, Captain, you actually forgot about it... Klein's expression changed several times as he intended to pretend that he was full.

At that moment, Melissa turned and looked at him. She pointed to the kitchen and said, "We left a small piece of lamb chop and a bowl of thick vegetable soup for you. There are a few sticks of bread left too."

After saying this, she buried her head back into her work and muttered to herself, "I felt that meals provided by work wouldn't be too good, probably making people lose their appetite..."

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