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Chapter 131: Transaction

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

Mr. A? That sounds more like a code name for a criminal rather than a powerful man of mystery. It can't be compared to The Fool at all... No, only gods or demigods can be compared to Mr. Fool... Audrey felt a sense of superiority as she thought about this.

She looked calmly at Mr. A and spoke to Fors and Xio Derecha with a hushed tone, "Are there any stories about this man?"

The hooded Viscount Glaint was equally curious.

Xio Derecha replied sternly, "There were several such incidents in the past. Sequence 8 Beyonders, some even at Sequence 7, have targeted and tried to deal with Mr. A, but they've all mysteriously disappeared."

"So he truly is a powerful Beyonder," Glaint marveled.

They walked into the room as they spoke. The guards immediately closed the door behind them.

After adjusting to the gas lamp's light in the room, Audrey saw two blackboards with several phrases written across them right in front of her.

At that moment, Fors, who had an unlit cigarette in her hand, whispered, "Those are the requests of the members of this gathering. You should be able to understand that many people do not wish for others to know what

they possess to avoid being a target of greedy people. Thus, they write their requests, or what they are selling, as well as the rough price on the blackboards anonymously.”

Audrey nodded. She didn't care to observe the members of the meeting; instead, she shifted her gaze to the words on the left board.

“I need a pair of eyes from a mature Manhal Fish.”

“The dust left behind by vengeful spirits, 165 pounds.”

“Three pages from Emperor Roselle's notebook, 20 pounds.”

Audrey couldn't maintain the state of her Spectator when she saw that. She was as shocked as she was excited.

These prices... these prices are too... too cheap! She thought in excitement and joy.

As she walked, her gaze shifted as she saw other notices.

“Tears of an Infant flower, 200 pounds.”

“Mummy Powder, 10 grams, 5 pounds.”

“Fishman Secretion, 30 ml, 29 pounds.”

“Formula for Sequence 8 potion Sheriff, 450 pounds.”

...

Too... just too cheap! The Beyond ingredients all cost less than 300 pounds! Audrey's eyes sparkled as she found a place to sit together with her companions.

Xio Derecha leaned over and whispered into her ear, “Do you have anything you want?”

Audrey breathed heavily. Emperor Roselle’s famous quote flashed through her mind: “I want it all!”

She had two elder brothers, rendering her eligibility to inherit the aristocratic title and the main portion of the inheritance null. But as a lady adored by her parents and brothers, she had property, farmland, pastures, mines, jewelry, stocks, and bonds to her name. Together, they were valued at 300,000 pounds.

This was a part of her inheritance, but she only possessed them in name before her father, Count Hall, passed away, or when she got married. Every year, she received a corresponding amount from a trust fund.

But even so, she could receive 15,000 to 25,000 pounds a year, making her one of the richest women among the nobles in the entire Loen Kingdom.

Of course, she had expenses she couldn’t avoid as a noble. And now that she was receiving annual payouts, she could no longer pester her parents for money all the time.

She controlled herself and answered with reservation, “For the time being, I have my sights on Emperor Roselle’s notebook. I adore him, and I think that the special symbols and literature he created hold a mysterious power; it’s just that we haven’t found the correct way to decipher them.”

Audrey, you are becoming more and more hypocritical... She added in her heart.

Just as she had said that, a young man in a white shirt sitting near them stood up excitedly. He agreed with Audrey, “Yes! That’s true! I’ve finally met someone who shares the same opinion as me!

“I’m the person with the three pages of the notebook, and I can sell them to you right now!”

Audrey was at a loss at first before she replied with a smile, “Then please allow me to express my gratitude.”

She took out a pair of 10-pound notes and handed them over to the man, then received the three pages of Emperor Roselle’s diary in exchange. Of course, no one here knew that they were part of his diary, and thus everyone generally called them his notebook.

Audrey flipped through the pages after she received them and confirmed that the writing was similar to the previous pages that she had come across.

She put away the diary and asked Xio and Fors softly, “Who can I look for if the notes are fake? Mr. A?”

“Yes, Mr. A will not allow any fraud to take place in his gathering. And I could help you mediate this privately too,” Xio Derecha replied eagerly.

“I understand.” Audrey entered her Spectator state and surveyed the Beyonders and Beyonders-to-be around her.

There were many people looking over because of the excitement of the young man just now. They were observing Audrey and Glaint, some making it obvious while others were more discreet, but Audrey and Glaint’s hoods covered their features well.

There are sofas and chairs strewn all around the venue, all facing the board. The material of the furniture is rather normal, indicating that the person who gathered them here, Mr. A, isn't a noble and doesn't care much about the venue... Yes, with the confidence he displayed, he need not be overly pretentious with the venue... Audrey looked around and calmly observed.

Mr. A looks at all the ladies present, his gaze often lingering on those who have above-average looks... He's lecherous... Why is he looking at me so frequently? Can he see through my robe?

Audrey was shocked at this deduction. She felt disgusted, as if she had just eaten a fly.

But her worries quickly eased, for she noticed that Mr. A was not looking at her body or the bodies of the other ladies...

This means that his eyes cannot see through fabric directly. His sense of sight is exceptional. It's as if he's observing me at a close distance. With that ability, the hood won't achieve much. Audrey calmly observed the rest of the people engaging in their own deals and got an understanding of the circumstances of some of the people there.

At that moment, Mr. A's facilitator walked over and whispered to Audrey's group, "You can write your requests on a piece of paper and pass them to me, or wait till the break later to write whatever you want to sell on the blackboard in the small room."

Fors took a whiff of her cigarette and surveyed the surroundings cautiously. "Have you considered which Sequence 9 formula you want?"

She had kept her promise and told Audrey and Viscount Glaint about all the Sequence pathways she knew of.

Audrey pretended to think before saying, “Spectator, I want to become a Spectator. And, I also want the advancement of Spectator, the Telepathist.”

She considered the fact that she would have to come into frequent contact with Fors and Xio Derecha in the future, making it highly possible that they would realize that she was a Beyonder, a Spectator. Thus, she decided to take this opportunity to reveal this to them and completely conceal the fact that the Tarot Club existed.

Even though I’ll be wasting some money, it’ll still be worth it... Audrey praised herself.

At the same time, she noticed that Xio Derecha was looking at the blackboards from time to time, her expression was that of desire and depression.

Xio told me that the corresponding Sequence 8 to Arbiter was Sheriff. She’s looking at the 450-pound price tag? Well, it’s obvious that she wants the formula for Sheriff...

She’s already been an Arbiter for more than a year, and she has been unknowingly acting the role of an Arbiter. Her potion should have been digested already...

All these details tell me that Xio lacks money!

As Audrey was deducing all of this, Viscount Glaint revealed his choice.

“Apothecary, I want the formula for Sequence 9 Apothecary!”

Feeling the gazes from Audrey, Fors, and Xio, he explained himself with a chortle, “To me, health and not having to worry about major illnesses and harm is the most important thing!”

“A rational decision. I once dreamed of becoming an Apothecary.” Fors sighed while smiling.

She had a rather languid demeanor.

After making the decision, Audrey and the rest wrote their requests on pieces of paper and handed them over to the facilitator. They looked on as the facilitator made his way around the venue and asked the other participants, collecting several other slips of paper.

This facilitator then shuffled the notes and handed them over to his partner in charge of the blackboards, asking him to transcribe the information onto them.

“I need the formulas for potions Spectator and Telepathist, the price will be negotiated face-to-face...”

The facilitator would repeat the request three times after he wrote it onto the blackboard. If someone was interested, they could apply for a room in secret. There would be facilitators helping them complete the deal.

After waiting for a while, Audrey and Glaint didn't receive a request for a deal. They were rather disappointed.

At this moment, a facilitator walked over to Audrey's side and handed her a folded piece of paper.

“It's from Mr. A,” the facilitator said softly.

Audrey unfolded the slip of paper and took a look.

“Are you interested in the formulas of other Sequence 9 potions?”

Audrey curled the ends of her mouth disdainfully and wrote on a blank spot: “I am only interested in Spectator.”

She folded the piece of paper and handed it back to the facilitator, then watched as he passed it back to Mr. A.

Mr. A took a glance and didn't say anything, continuing to look over the rest of the members silently.

But Audrey sharply noticed that he had secretly burned the piece of paper and allowed the ashes to fall to the floor.

Fifteen minutes later, Mr. A said, "Now we will have a break. You can interact with other participants freely."

At this moment, the young man who sold Emperor Roselle's diary approached Audrey and said in excitement, "I have already deciphered a portion of the Emperor Roselle's special characters and tattooed them onto myself, allowing me to gain some remarkable abilities.

"Are you interested?"

Audrey suddenly recalled that she had asked Mr. Fool if the special characters in the Emperor Roselle's diary possessed any unique abilities. Mr. Fool's answer was that they were useless unless a deity suddenly took interest in them.

She looked at the young man in front of her and thought for a moment. She then probed, "What remarkable abilities?"

The young man answered excitedly, "I have become stronger and more healthy!"

Audrey looked at him in pity. "I'm sorry, I have more trust in my own research."

In the remaining time, she continued observing those who came to this gathering, but didn't obtain any more information. All she had was a rough deduction that some of them were doctors or lawyers, ordinary occupations.

Audrey and the rest left the venue after another half an hour and returned to Viscount Glaint's mansion as they waited till the ball ended.

Audrey returned home at about 10 that night. She was about to get her maidservant to prepare some hot water when she saw her dog Susie shoot her a look.

My dog just shot me a look... Audrey's emotions became complicated.

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## Chapter 132: Meeting the Monster Again

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

She found an excuse for her maidservant to leave them alone temporarily. Audrey locked the door and looked back at her golden retriever, Susie, who she wasn't sure could still be considered as her pet.

“You heard... Uh, or came across something?”

Susie sat steadily and howled, reverberating the air around her.

“Yes, I heard the Count's discussion with a few Members of Parliament in the study. They said that the King and the Prime Minister came to a mutual agreement; they will give up their revenge plan on the Feysac

Empire in Balam's East Coast for the time being. Where's Balam's East Coast?"

Susie's terrifying speed at grasping Loen made Audrey feel mixed emotions. She fell silent for a few seconds before she said, "I'll give you a map tomorrow..."

"Okay~" Susie replied in delight. "The King and the Prime Minister believe that presently the most pertinent task is to push for the reformation, which will allow civil servants to be selected via examination. They hope to pass the bill through the House of Lords and the House of Commons before October."

"Really?" Audrey asked, pleasantly surprised.

That was the first matter that she had managed to secretly guide after she became a Spectator. Turning it into reality would give her a sense of achievement!

Susie answered frankly, "I can't give you a definite answer. This is just what I've heard, I couldn't even fully understand what they meant. After all, I'm a dog that just started to learn."

Audrey was stunned for a moment before she beamed and said, "Susie, you did well! This is your reward!"

She took out a bag from a lavish cabinet, tore open the seal, and placed it before Susie.

It was a dog biscuit produced by the Backlund Pet Care Company which was made of flour, vegetables, meat, and water. It was a snack that Susie really liked.

Susie sat straight and sniffed. She waved her paw, seemingly deciding how she was to consume it to suit her present identity the best.

After a few seconds, she gave up thinking, adhered to her instinct, and leaped forward. She grabbed the bag of snacks and ran outside.

She stood on her hind legs and opened the door with one claw. Then ran out and hid in the shadows and began enjoying her snack.

...

On Sunday, Klein didn't wake up until the afternoon, because he had spent the night on duty at Chanis Gate. Klein took the trackless public carriage and arrived at Evil Dragon Bar.

He had previously planned to use divination to find Monster Ademisaul and determine the reason for his recent oddity. However, he was interrupted by the loss of control of a Mandated Punisher and could only reschedule it to today.

He went through the billiard room and entered the underground market. Klein didn't need to search for he immediately saw Ademisaul shivering in a corner.

When the pale-looking young man with black, messy, oily hair sensed Klein's approach, he suddenly covered his eyes and leaned against the wall in an attempt to move towards the side door.

Klein quickened his pace and blocked Ademisaul from leaving. He tapped the left molars twice secretly.

In his Spirit Vision, Ademisaul's aura appeared rather unhealthy. All the colors seemed dim. In other words, although he didn't have any major diseases, his body was very weak.

At the same time, Klein realized that vibrant fear and anxiety were revealed in the monster's emotions. He had lost almost all of the blue that represented rational thinking.

The surface of his Astral Projection extended from the depths of his Ether Body. The color was a unified, transparent, and colorless, just like a pure light. Is this the uniqueness of a naturally-born "Monster"? Klein nodded indiscernibly as he stared at Ademisaul's face and said, "What did you see recently? What did you come across? Why are you hiding in a corner and quivering while saying that there are all corpses and that everyone is dead?"

Ademisaul lowered his head and looked towards his toes. It seemed like he didn't dare to look directly at the person before him.

He was shivering almost violently in his grayish-blue trousers and ragged linen shirt. He replied in a fluster, "No, I didn't see anything. N-no, I only had a dream. There's blood everywhere in the dream and corpses scattered everywhere. Haha! Boohoo! I was among the corpses! I was there! I'm gonna die, I'm gonna die! I don't want to die, I don't want to die!"

He laughed and he cried. His reply confused Klein.

Klein massaged his temples and lowered his voice to ask again, "Why are you afraid of me?"

Ademisaul was taken aback for a few seconds when he suddenly squatted down. He yelled in extreme fear, "No!"

"No!"

...

Everyone looked over and Klein suddenly felt awkward.

I didn't do anything to you... Why are you screaming as though something happened! He laughed dryly. He saw that Ademisaul had curled up in a trembling fetal position. Besides begging for mercy, he didn't say anything else. Klein had no choice but to distance himself and pretend that he was just passing by.

Hmm, maybe I should ask Mr. Azik for advice. But he just went on vacation to the northern part of the Feysac Empire last week, and he'll only return next Thursday or Friday. Before that, I have to first report to Captain... Klein covered his mouth as he yawned. He turned and left the underground market.

After he got his salary that week, his private stash returned to eight pounds ten soli. However, truly rare Beyonder ingredients were so expensive that he could only window shop. Of course, if he wasn't afraid of the high interest, he could get a short-term loan from Swain.

When he exited Evil Dragon Bar and waited for the public carriage, Klein considered the future developments.

In another week, the twelve pounds from my advance salary at the beginning will be cleared. The money that I bring home will finally reach three pounds a week. Melissa will have no excuse about delaying the hiring of a maidservant... The other three pounds will remain a secret, and I'll save up more money for myself...

And I have to quickly get the Telepathist formula or related clues from Dexter Guderian. I can use the excuse of giving an underling funds to exchange it for cash from Miss Justice... This could be done through an anonymous bank transfer. During the process, I'll cause interference via divination. That will be very safe and it won't reveal my identity...

...

After getting on a public carriage, Klein didn't head to the Blackthorn Security Company directly but planned on heading to the Divination Club for two hours.

It was part of the work needed to foreshadow his digestion of the potion.

Plus, Klein was now considered famous in the divination industry. There were returning customers from the past and there were also referrals. On average, he would have more than ten divinations in an afternoon.

Hence, even though he only went twice a week, he could still make a profit of half a pound. To the impoverished Mr. Fool, it was better than nothing.

Sigh, it's a pity that I made it sound too good at the beginning and fostered too perfect of an image. I can't just change my divination fees as I wish... While sitting in the meeting room at the Divination Club, Klein thought to himself helplessly as he drank his Sibe black tea.

With his present fame, people would still seek his services even if he charged four soli.

However, as a Seer that respected fate, he could only continue to charge eight pence.

Although Klein had fully digested the potion, he wasn't willing to take the risk of going against the Seer principles that he previously summarized. That included not obtaining excessive benefits from divination. After all, he didn't know if it would lead to losing control or other negative effects.

The confidential information the Nighthawks had didn't include the concept of "digesting." Thus, Klein couldn't determine if there was still risks after fully digesting the potion, or if he could do anything that was against the principle.

Just as he was thinking about these things, the beautiful attendant named Angelica came in and walked over to him. She leaned down and softly said, "Mr. Moretti, someone wishes for your divination. Red Agate room."

"Alright." Klein had checked if it was a suitable day to visit the Divination Club before he came, and he had obtained a definite answer from his divination.

He took his silk top hat, exited the meeting room, and saw his customer that was waiting at the door of the Red Agate Room.

The customer was a maiden around sixteen years old. She was wearing a light blue ruffled dress and holding a gauze hat of the same color. She had brown curly hair, a cute face with baby fat, and a pair of beautiful light blue eyes.

"Elizabeth?" Klein recognized his sister's good friend, Elizabeth, who studied at the Ivos Public School.

He had once helped pick an amulet for her and also resolved Selena's magic mirror divination incident with her assistance.

Similarly, Elizabeth said in pleasant surprise, "Mr. Moretti, it's really you? I was wondering if it was you when I saw the name."

"I am a mysticism enthusiast after all," Klein explained helplessly. Then he added, "Don't tell Melissa. Oh, Selena as well."

The divination result showed that it was suitable for me to visit the Divination Club! Why did I run into Elizabeth? He shook his head as he turned around to open the door to the Red Agate room.

At the same time, he clicked his left molar twice.

They entered the room slowly. After he took the seat of the diviner, he lifted his head to look towards Elizabeth.

With just one glance, his creased his eyebrows.

There was a faint layer of gloomy green in the maiden's energy field!

A symptom of being haunted by spirits and wraiths... Klein made a calm judgment and asked directly, "Have you had nightmares recently, ones with repetitive elements?"

Elizabeth, who had just locked the door and had yet to take a seat, was dumbstruck. It took her a long time to reply, "Yes... That's why I came here to look for you."

Klein leaned back and asked, "What kind of dream did you have? When did it start?"

"It began from the last two days of my vacation to Lamud Town. Oh, our family has an estate there." Elizabeth was considered half a mysticism enthusiast, so she had better memories of such situations. "In my dream, I always run into a knight in full black armor. He carries a huge broadsword and his face is fully covered by a helmet, so all I could see is a pair of glowing red eyes. In the dream, he keeps attempting to get closer to me. Afraid, I run away, but the distance shortens each and every time..."

Klein thought and asked, “Two or three days before you had such a dream, did you get in touch with any antiques, ancient ruins, burial objects, or a mausoleum?”

Elizabeth recalled and answered, “I-I visited a mountain near Lamud Town. There was an abandoned ancient castle.”

That’s a standard opening of a paranormal novel... Klein lampooned silently as he pressed on, “Did you leave anything behind in the castle? Or did you take anything from the castle?”

Elizabeth creased her beautiful eyebrows and answered moments later in uncertainty, “I got cut by brambles and bled... Does leaving blood behind count?”

Klein nodded with a mask of solemnity and answered in a deep voice, “Yes.”

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Elizabeth immediately turned nervous after hearing Klein’s reply. Subconsciously, she began to speak faster.

“Can you help me divine the specific reason? It will be even better if you can divine a way to solve this...”

Divination can only give us a general direction of how to solve the problem, and furthermore, it will be unclear and filled with symbolism, making it difficult to decipher the hints correctly... Of course, you’re very lucky, I’m not an ordinary Seer, I’m a true mysticism scholar! Klein lampooned the girl’s question before saying solemnly, “Since this matter has to do with dreams, I would suggest a similar divination method.”

“Alright, alright.” Elizabeth nodded her head like a hungry woodpecker.

Klein maintained his professional attitude. “I will need you to sleep here and allow that dream to present itself. Is that a problem?”

“There’s no problem, I trust you,” Elizabeth answered without hesitation while pursing her lips.

But she quickly added with a stammer, “B-but, I cannot guarantee that I would... I would have that dream.”

“It’s just an attempt,” Klein consoled her with a gentle smile.

He then pointed at the long sofa on the side of the Red Agate room.

“Please.”

“No, no need for that, I’ll sleep here.” Elizabeth shook her head gently. She crossed her arms and said, “I sleep like this at school after classes whenever I feel tired.”

She used her arms as a pillow and leaned forward onto the edge of the table.

“Alright, you can pretend that I’m not here.” Klein smiled as he observed the colors of her aura and emotions. He used them to deduce if the girl had fallen asleep or not.

“Okay.” Elizabeth closed her eyes and buried her face into her arms, trying hard to ease her breathing.

Klein didn’t speak as he leaned back into his chair. The room suddenly became unusually quiet.

It was a peaceful silence, a silence that could make one forget their troubles.

Sometime later, Klein took out a semicircular piece of silver from his pocket after he confirmed that Elizabeth had fallen asleep. The piece of silver was filled with indecipherable Hermes phrases as well as symbolic imagery and numbers.

It was a Dream Charm that Klein had succeeded in making the previous morning!

He had also finished making two Slumber Charms and two Requiem Charms. The former were made with rectangular pieces of silver while the latter were made with triangular pieces. This was to help him differentiate between them solely by touch during an intense battle.

“Crimson!” Klein softly recited the phrase in ancient Hermes.

This was the activation incantation that he had set. Since there was still the step of injecting spirituality into the charm, there was no need for his incantation to be different from the rest. All it needed was to be short and easy to remember.

The mysterious incantation reverberated around the room. Klein felt the Dream Charm become light in his hand, as if it had temporarily lost its weight.

Klein immediately placed the charm on the table in front of him after he injected it with his spirituality.

A transparent flame leapt up silently, enveloping the charm and became a deep, serene black.

The black flames spread quickly, enveloping Elizabeth and Klein.

Klein seized the opportunity to enter his state of Cogitation. He used his spirituality to look at the illusory spherical light in front of him.

The spherical light was surrounded by a boundless darkness, making it seem exceptionally lonely.

Klein didn't dare delay any further as he emitted his spirituality, allowing it to touch the illusory ball of light.

Silently, the scene around him started to coruscate and warp, but it quickly settled into a yellowish-brown plain. The plain was littered with the corpses of horses and humans. Fresh blood and weapons could be seen everywhere.

Elizabeth was wearing a regal gown with engageantes and a fishnet hat. She was looking around, lost.

She quickly saw Klein's figure and revealed a look of surprise and joy.

"Mr. Moretti, we meet again! I had suspected that the Klein Moretti on the name register was you when Selena and I came to get a divination. I came again multiple times, but always missed you as I had to attend lessons during the day..."

"When I was free during the summer break, I was dragged to a holiday at Lamud Town by my parents..."

"You can help me right?"

Klein froze for a moment when he heard the girl's talkativeness.

To think that Elizabeth had suspected that I was working part-time at the Divination Club and tried to find me on multiple occasions...

Yet, she didn't appear abnormal at all!

Hmm, her surprise was authentic, masking her true thoughts...

Indeed, everyone's dream shows their most honest side, other than me, Mr. Fool.

As he was indulging in his thoughts, Elizabeth's dream changed. A tall knight, about 1.9 meters in height, was walking toward them, dragging a broadsword which was scraped the ground.

This knight was dressed in black armor. The metallic sounds of metal colliding could be heard with his every step. Two blobs of red light akin to flames peeked out from the slit of his faceplate; they were staring at Klein and Elizabeth intently.

The will of a wraith... Still not at the stage of an evil spirit. Klein, who was in his spirituality state, didn't need to activate his Spirit Vision.

According to the classifications based on the Nighthawks' confidential information, the feelings of vengeance and injustice left behind by spirits were the weakest and easiest kinds of souls to deal with. Following those were shadows and wraiths. Evil spirits were the most difficult soul-like creatures to deal with. The most horrifying of evil spirits were said to be as strong as High-Sequence Beyonders.

With this in mind, Klein took a step forward, blocking Elizabeth behind him. He then stomped down with his foot and shattered the dream.

Multiple specks of light scattered like fireflies. Klein's spirituality returned to his body, allowing his eyes to once again adapt to the darkness of the Red Agate room. He saw the tools needed for divination

placed around the table, as well as the Dream Charm that had almost finished burning.

Klein felt the pinch when he saw this. Charms in the Evernight Goddess's domain were all made using pure silver, so it pained his heart.

Using these charms is akin to burning money! Even if I don't account for my labor costs, the materials alone already averaged to about six to eight soli per charm!

Well, he felt a little more at peace when he thought of the Beyonders from the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun. After all, they burned gold—the corresponding metal for the Sun was gold.

Elizabeth groaned softly and slowly woke up before straightening her posture.

She glanced furtively at Klein and asked, “Mr. Moretti, were there any results from your divination?”

“Yes.” Klein nodded seriously. “Your nightmares should disappear in no more than a week.”

I will report this to the Captain and get him to send someone to deal with it at Lamud Town... Klein added in his heart.

“Really? That's great! Thank you Mr. Moretti!” Elizabeth became excited. She then suddenly creased her brows.

“What's the matter?” Klein asked in concern.

“Nothing. I just remembered that I have to go home now.” She slowly took out a single soli bill that she had prepared and placed it on the table. She then grabbed her hat and bade goodbye to Klein a little hesitantly.

After leaving the Red Agate room, Elizabeth walked toward the stairs outside the door. She flailed her arms after she confirmed that no one was watching and groaned softly, “Pins and needles! How numbing...”

...

In the Blackthorn Security Company, Dunn rubbed his forehead as he looked at Klein.

“Did you suddenly return because you came across another supernatural incident?”

Hey, Captain, what’s with that tone of disparagement... Klein cleared his throat and answered without hesitation, “Yes.”

“What’s the matter this time?” Dunn Smith rubbed his forehead again.

Klein organized his words and replied, “Two things. For the first incident, I discovered ‘Monster’ Ademisaul hunched in a corner, shivering in fear when I was buying materials for my charms at the underground market.”

When he said that, he hinted heavily that he needed a reimbursement for the materials.

Klein couldn’t mention the fees for the detective he employed to find Dexter Guderian, for it involved the red chimney. He deeply regretted not employing separate detectives.

Dunn seemed to fail to read between the lines as he nodded slightly.

“What happened to Ademisaul?”

Klein exhaled silently and described in detail, “Ademisaul had a dream. He dreamed that there were corpses and blood everywhere. One of the corpses was his, and thus he became very frightened.”

Dunn thought for a moment before asking slowly, “As a Seer, what do you think it symbolizes?”

“A disaster. A disaster that spans a wide area. But I have no information other than this. Furthermore, not everything in Ademisaul’s dream might have a symbolic meaning,” Klein said while deliberating his words.

“I will report this to the Holy Cathedral and see what they have to say.” Dunn shook his head and said in a self-deprecating manner, “This isn’t something I have expertise in.”

Klein didn’t have any other ideas either. He changed the subject and spoke about the wraith harassment Elizabeth faced.

“Lamud Town... Is that lady a believer of the Goddess?” Dunn asked.

“Yes.” Klein gave an affirmative answer.

“Then there should be no problems. Let’s head over to Lamud Town now and try to get dinner there. Oh, and bring Frye along. His abilities should prove useful if the incident involves corpses and ghosts.” Dunn massaged his temples and tried his hardest to contemplate whether he had forgotten anything.

If Elizabeth wasn’t a believer of the Evernight Goddess, then they would have to hand her over to the Mandated Punishers or the Machinery Hivemind according to her faith. If her faith didn’t lie in any of the three major Churches, then she would be handed over to the Machinery Hivemind who were responsible for the outskirts.

Klein didn't speak. He waited silently for a while before finally hearing Dunn add, "Also, we have three men on the mission. We can request to use Sealed Artifact 3-0782."

"3-0782?" After a minute, Klein recalled that the Sealed Artifact was called the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem.

This Sacred Emblem's Beyonder influence seemed to be able to last a long time. It had the ability to constantly purify any corpses and spirits in a fifteen-meter radius. However, it had the drawback of purifying the soul of a commoner at the same time. Research data indicated that if a normal human were to stand within its radius for an hour, they would become an idiot that only knew how to praise the Sun. The limit for Beyonders was six hours.

As for ghosts and corpses, they would scatter in less than a minute.

Hmm, to think that the Captain would remember the codename for this Sealed Artifact... Damn, I feel that my memory is worse than his... Klein suddenly froze, nearly wanting to hang himself.

Dunn Smith leaned back and looked at Klein with his deep gray eyes.

"You went to the Divination Club again today? Did you feel any changes over the past two days?"

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Chapter 134: It's Been More Than A Minute

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

Captain, that's the exact question I wanted you to ask! Klein nodded seriously.

"I feel even better. I even believe that I can pass the Holy Cathedral's examination right now. It's a kind of feeling and confidence that can't be described with words."

Realizing that his answer could be a little vague, he couldn't help but add, "Perhaps the name of a potion is really crucial. When I strictly followed the Seer principles that I derived and acted as a fortune-teller, everything became perfect and easy. Yes, I can now activate my Spirit Vision with an even more inconspicuous manner."

Dunn creased his eyebrows slightly as the light in his eyes converged, he muttered seemingly deep in thought, "The name of the potion..."

After about ten seconds, he looked at Klein again.

"Do you need to return and inform your family? Sunday is the second day after your duty at Chanis Gate. You're supposed to get some rest."

Taking into consideration the fact that Elizabeth was a good friend of his sister, and that he had promised that the problem would be solved within a week, Klein answered without hesitation, "We don't have to waste time. After we set off, just get the carriage to take a turn by Daffodil Street."

"Alright. Get Frye while I fill out the application form to get Sealed Artifact 3-0782 out." Dunn pointed at the break room diagonally opposite.

Frye was a Corpse Collector, so he didn't possess the abundant energy of a Sleepless. If he was free, he would take a nap.

Filling in the application form yourself, approving it yourself, and collecting it yourself... Captain, our management system is quite flawed... Klein lampooned silently before he retrieved his hat and exited Dunn's office to knock on the door diagonally opposite.

After Klein knocked thrice, Frye opened the door and looked at Klein with undisguised puzzlement.

“What's the matter?”

As he was taking a nap, his hair was messy and his shirt was untidy. His cold and gloomy temperament faded quite a bit.

However, he still looks like a dead person that climbed out of his coffin... Klein hid his smile and answered seriously,

“There's a case that involves wraiths. The Captain wishes for your assistance.”

“Okay.” Frye lifted his hand subconsciously to smooth out his messy hair, returning him to the cold person that kept the living at bay.

After he dressed up, the two of them waited by the sofa in the reception hall. The surroundings warmed up after another seven or eight minutes, as though the area was being exposed to sunlight.

Immediately following that, they saw Dunn Smith walk through the partition while he held in his hand an ancient badge about half the size of a palm.

The badge had a dark gold luster and was engraved with the symbolic signs of the Sun and lines that extended to the edge. It was the Sealed Artifact 3-0782 from the Intis Republic, originally named the “Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem.”

The Intis Republic was the country that Roselle transformed from an empire into a republic before turning it back into an empire. Now, it had established itself as a stable republic and was located on the west coast of the Northern Continent. Its border with the Loen Kingdom included landmarks like Midseashires, the Hornacis mountain range, and so on.

Since the establishment of Intis as a nation, the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun had repressed the Church of the God of Craftsmanship which later became known as the Church of the God of Steam and Machinery. With it being the main religion of the country, the country could also be referred to as the Kingdom of the Sun.

“Let’s set off. Frye, you’ll drive. Cesare can’t withstand the purification of the Sacred Emblem for too long,” Dunn reminded them calmly.

Cesare Francis was a clerk who was in charge of purchasing and collecting supplies. He was also their driver, but he was just an ordinary person. He couldn’t stay more than an hour within a fifteen-meter range of Sealed Artifact 3-0782. The journey from Zouteland Street to Lamud Town, according to Klein’s understanding, would require at least two and a half hours. That didn’t include the time to detour to Daffodil Street.

“Alright.” Frye didn’t object but checked if he had his personal items with him.

...

When the rays of the setting sun dyed the pinnacle of the town’s cathedral, the Nighthawks’ carriage finally arrived at Lamud Town.

The town was located at the northwest edge of Tingen. Many buildings still had the unique characteristics of the era before the Age of Steam. There were nearly zero factories and the nearby villages engaged in commercial trading.

After they stopped the carriage, Dunn looked at the hair salon opposite and said,

“I asked one of the locals earlier. It only requires a fifteen-minute walk from here to the castle ruins on the mountain. It’s said that it belonged to a feudal lord who ruled during the Fourth Epoch. However, no one knows what happened after that. Of course, their description is merely a local myth.”

“Yes, let’s go over now and deal with that wraith before the sky turns dark. Then, we can take turns to watch over 3-0782 and keep it away from commoners?”

From the moment Dunn retrieved the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem, three hours had already passed. It was getting closer and closer to a Beyonders’ limits. In no time, they would have to part ways and give each other time to recover.

“Okay.” Frye gave a succinct reply.

“I have no problem about that.” Klein touched the Slumber Charms and Requiem Charms in his pocket.

The three Nighthawks in thin black windbreakers walked through the street in the town and headed toward the mountain when they reached a fork in the road. Along the way, the road was overgrown with weeds and clustered with shrubs, but it was still spacious enough to let two carriages pass side-by-side.

It wasn’t long until they saw a collapsed outer wall of an ancient castle. On the outer wall that was still standing, there were green plants crawling all over it while the exposed part was mottled.

When he started to get close, Klein could feel a piercing chill as goosebumps formed all over his arms.

“There really is a wraith,” Frye said monotonously as he looked at the ancient castle.

Dunn looked sideways to steal a glance at the newly promoted Nighthawk, then he laughed and said, “Don’t worry. We have both 3-0782 and Frye; the wraith won’t cause too much of a problem.”

He held his custom-made revolver in one hand and the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem in the other. He took the first step towards the ancient castle that looked like a ruin.

Klein followed closely behind and prepared to pull the trigger at any time, swing his cane, or use his charms.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

When Dunn was less than five meters away from the ancient castle, where a broken horse stable, water well, and other fixtures were reflected in Klein’s eyes, a cold breeze howled in a way that could only be described as sad and shrill. It seemed to be rejecting the uninvited guests.

The three Nighthawks didn’t stop. The warm and pure feeling gradually dispersed the chill and conquered the front of the ancient castle.

They scaled the pile of rocks, passing through the collapsed outer wall before slowly entering the castle which had lost its main entrance and was filled with broken tiles.

The hall of the ancient castle was full of collapsed stone pillars and was covered with moss. It was spacious, but the windows were narrow and

placed high on the walls. Hence, the lighting was poor. It looked dim and gloomy inside.

That's also a trait of buildings from the end of the Fourth Epoch and the beginning of the Fifth Epoch... Klein, who was a historian, instinctively made a judgment and activated his Spirit Vision.

Just then, an illusory yet piercing roar suddenly burst out. Suddenly, from out of nowhere, a thick cloud of black fog filled the air, resisting the infiltration of warmth and purity.

A tall figure suddenly surfaced amidst the black fog. He wore full-body, black armor and carried a broadsword that a commoner would have found difficult to lift.

The wraith looked identical to the one Klein saw in Elizabeth's dream. Two flame-like balls of red light shone through the gap of his helmet, appearing cold, but they were staring at the three Nighthawks angrily.

"You have disturbed my slumber! You will have to pay with your flesh and blood!" He suddenly launched himself forward and instantly shortened the distance to Dunn. He suddenly slashed downwards with his broadsword.

Dunn retreated swiftly and lifted his hand to fire his revolver.

Clang!

The silver demon hunting bullet didn't manage to penetrate the illusory black armor and only produced a crisp but unrealistic sound.

Klein and Frye retreated to the side simultaneously. One held a gun in one hand and aimed at the two balls of fire that took the place of the black-armored knight's eyes before pulling the trigger. The other

Nighthawk transformed his eyes into a tranquil grayish-white and focused on the wraith.

The black-armored knight roared in anger again. He took another huge stride towards Dunn and swung the broadsword horizontally.

Bam!

The broadsword didn't hurt Dunn, but it knocked him away, causing him to land heavily by the side of the door. It left him spewing a mouthful of fresh blood.

With a loud thud, 3-0782 dropped on the ground. Since it was wearing a metal boot, the wraith eagerly kicked with its right leg and sent the dangerous badge out the ancient castle's door. It was a distance beyond fifteen meters from it.

Klein, who hadn't managed to shoot the wraith successfully, became nervous and puzzled when he saw that scene. It was as though he was overlooking the transformation before his eyes from a calm and rational position.

Bang!

He fired another bullet. The silver demon hunting bullet hit the wraith's helmet and produced sparks. But there was no obvious damage.

"Right gauntlet!" Frye shouted. He was always cold and gloomy, but now his tone was filled with anxiety.

No sooner had he finished talking, he lifted his revolver as well and aimed at the wraith's right metal gauntlet.

Bang! Bang! Klein shot sub-consciously according to Frye's instruction, firing silver demon hunting bullets almost simultaneously with him.

This time, the wraith didn't block it with his armor but raised his broadsword and struck the two bullets away.

Bam! He took a stride and charged at Klein, colliding with him directly.

As Klein flew out, he saw his chest cave in, saw himself spitting blood, but he didn't feel uncomfortable, not one bit.

He suddenly snapped out of his daze, fell on the ground, rolled about, and screamed.

Suddenly, the ancient castle, the wraith, the collapsed pillars, and the moss floor shattered eerily. Everything returned to black fog in the air, just like when the black-armored knight first appeared.

The only difference was that Dunn held both his fists tightly, bowed slightly, and his gray eyes were dark and deep.

As expected, everything was just a dream. Captain pulled the wraith, Frye, and I into his dream at the same time. But I'm special, and I can remain clear-headed and rational... Klein realized that he was still standing two meters away to Dunn's right. He hadn't vomited any blood or screamed.

Just then, Dunn stood up straight and looked at the wraith that was going to slash with his sword. He calmly said, "It's been more than a minute."

The wraith was stunned and let out a shrill cry. Its body started producing black steam, as though it had just received its death sentence.

Any zombies or spirits that had yet to turn into evil spirits couldn't stay within the fifteen-meter range of the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem for more than a minute!

Holy shit, Captain, you're so cool! Klein looked at the scene from the side and nearly let out a cheer!

Dunn had used his dream ability not to attack the wraith on his own turf, but merely to drag out the time!

In the warm and pure feeling, the black steam evaporated quickly and the chill dispersed gradually. In no time, the knight became transparent and blended into the void.

Clang!

A black gauntlet fell to the ground, its surface covered with white frost.

Klein was about to ask for the Captain's go ahead to pick up the "drop," but when he looked over, his spirituality was suddenly disturbed.

Somewhere near the stairs that separated the hall and the dining hall, there was an intense yet illusory misery and uncleanness summoning him!

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Chapter 135: Portrait of a Baron

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

“There’s some sort of problem there,” Klein said with a serious tone, pointing at the steps separating the living room and dining room.

He once read in the Nighthawks’ confidential records that if similar situations appeared in one’s spiritual perception, it usually implied that there was something evil and corrupted hidden at the target location. It was best not to interact with it if one wasn’t confident; otherwise, one might lose their life. Sometimes, even a mere glance could result in irreversible damage.

Dunn looked over, and similarly, with his high spiritual perception, he immediately sensed something wrong. He turned to look at Klein and instructed calmly, “Divine and see if we would be successful in our investigation.”

Captain didn’t get me to divine before we entered the castle. He was rather confident... That means that he believes that the hidden thing might be more dangerous than the wraith. Klein nodded in silence. He holstered his revolver and handed his cane to Frye.

He then released the topaz bracelet within his sleeve, held the silver chain with his left hand and silently recited a suitable statement.

Instantly, his eyes darkened as a breeze started spiraling around him.

“The investigation of the hidden place in the ancient castle would be successful.

“The investigation of the hidden place in the ancient castle would be successful.”

...

After reciting the statement seven times, Klein's eyes regained their normal color. He saw the dangling topaz rotating clockwise.

It wasn't very obvious, but it was unmistakably rotating clockwise!

That meant that the investigation would be successful.

Klein, who was already a true Seer, immediately nodded at Dunn and Frye.

"The danger will be manageable by us, or there could be no danger at all."

Dunn pinned the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem to the left side of his chest, then pressed down on his hat. He briskly walked toward the steps and expertly started searching for a mechanism.

Frye, who had picked up the gauntlet, handed Klein's cane back to him. He grabbed his revolver and cautiously scanned the surroundings, as if he was afraid that an enemy would suddenly appear.

I'm still not professional enough... as a Nighthawk... Klein geared himself up and took out his revolver, and turned alert as well.

A few minutes later, it was unknown what the kneeling Dunn Smith triggered as heavy sputtering sounds emanated from the staircase.

The floor split open, revealing a set of steps heading down. A cold and corrupted vibe emanated, seemingly condensing into something corporeal.

Dunn glanced over and removed Sealed Artifact 3-0782 from his chest. He tossed it directly into the trap door.

After a few clanks, it was unknown where the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem stopped.

If there are dead spirits within, they would definitely toss 3-0782 back out... That would be interesting... Klein stared at the stairs and waited patiently.

The lingering sinister and corrupted feeling soon dissolved away like snow meeting the sun. Warmness and purity blanketed the entrance of the trap door.

“Klein, go down with me. Frye will stay here and prevent other enemies from destroying the mechanism.” Dunn made an experienced decision.

“Alright.” Klein didn’t shrink back from the task. He took two steps forward and arrived next to Dunn. Frye nodded, not letting his guard down.

Dunn went down first, his footsteps reverberating in the silence.

He didn’t prepare any sources of light, for a Beyonder that went down the Sleepless pathway, the darkness was not an obstacle, but a blessing.

Their vision wasn’t hindered by such an environment.

After taking a few steps down, Dunn suddenly turned around and looked at Klein. “I forgot that you don’t have night vision. I’m not used to preparing objects that provide illumination...”

“... Captain, you don’t need to mind about me. I have my Spirit Vision.” Klein realized that he wasn’t shocked at all.

That cool Captain from before was indeed not normal!

In his Spirit Vision, the darkness before him was screened by a gray film. Even though it was very blurry, it was enough for him to make out where the steps were.

Well, the Captain sure is healthy, and his mental state is fine too... Klein carefully extended his feet and made his way down slowly.

The flight of steps wasn't long. It only took about fifteen steps to reach the ground.

Sealed Artifact 3-0782 was lying there, releasing its purity and warmth. It also radiated a faint glow.

Klein could see much more clearly with the help of the illumination. He surveyed the surroundings and noticed that it wasn't a huge basement. It was no longer cold and sinister, but the dampness remained.

In the middle of the basement was a black coffin, with dark red nails driven into the lid.

The lid of the coffin had been pushed open slightly, allowing one to see a headless corpse that was all bone.

Dunn looked around, then bent over to pick up the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem.

“Captain, this coffin... It was intended to prevent the dead within from becoming a zombie or a wraith.”

Klein looked at the dark red nails in the coffin and the formation they were in. He used his decent mysticism knowledge to determine that this was an ancient ritual to prevent anything the corpse from reanimating.

At the same time, he muttered inwardly. But under normal circumstances, who would have nothing better to do than guard against their loved one from reanimating? Hmm, the people who helped bury the corpse must not be family... And if they placed the coffin in the basement instead of a tomb, they must have been afraid of someone finding the corpse...

Dunn, who had worn Sealed Artifact 3-0782 again, approached the coffin and inspected it.

“The deceased was probably poisoned to death.”

“That means the person who poisoned him must have used ritualistic magic to prevent him from reanimating and seeking revenge. This should have happened about 1300 years ago? He became a wraith in the end... The resentment of this spirit is simply shocking!” Klein also walked in front of the coffin. “Where is his head? That ritual does not call for the head to be sliced off...”

Dunn thought for a moment before saying, “I have a deduction. This wraith didn’t exist all the time and only appeared recently. It’s only a fifteen-minute walk from the town to the castle. Throughout the years, troublemakers must have frequented this place, but before this incident, there were no rumors of there being a wraith in this ancient castle.”

Klein nodded indiscernibly.

“Captain, what you mean to say is that someone came here recently, opened the coffin, and took away the head of the deceased?”

“Yes, the ritual prevents the corpse from reanimating, but it also seals and preserves its resentment within the coffin. When the coffin was opened and the ritual dispelled, this resentment quickly evolved into a wraith with the help of its gauntlet...”

“There’s no corpse of the person who opened the coffin, so he’s not an ordinary person... Besides, why did he take away the head of the deceased?”

Dunn stared at the skeleton in the coffin. “For resentment to be preserved for such a long time, there should be some reason other than the ritual. He could’ve been a Beyonder when he was alive, perhaps a descendant one or two generations removed of a Mid-Sequence Beyonder. I am talking about the Mid-Sequencers as defined in the past, Sequence 5 or 6.

“And such corpses are always special. His head might be usable in some kind of ritual or in some other occasion.”

Dunn paused before continuing, “What I said just now was all conjecture. But we can try to verify some of it. We can split up later in town and investigate to see if anyone was injured before in their youth. Well, if they are still alive, it would prove that the wraith only appeared recently.”

“A logical train of thought,” Klein praised. He quickly searched the basement but didn’t find anything else.

He tried using ritualistic magic to make a sketch of the “guest” that entered the basement, but because it had been more than a month since it happened, as well as the disturbed environment due to the frequent appearance of the wraith, there wasn’t much of a result.

He then took Frye’s place, allowing the expert on the dead to conduct further tests.

Fifteen minutes later, as the sun was vanishing below the horizon, Dunn and Frye followed the steps and returned to the hall of the ancient palace.

Dunn felt for the switch to the trapdoor while Frye gave a short description, “The deceased was indeed poisoned to death. The traces near the neck appeared recently, at the very most three months back.”

This means that it’s highly probable that someone came here before... Klein nodded in thought.

The three Nighthawks returned to Lamud Town before it got dark and asked for two rooms at an inn. The member that got the Sealed Artifact 3-0782 was to take this dangerous item for a stroll outside the town where no one would be. They would change their shifts once every two hours, and thus only needed two rooms.

After a simple dinner, Klein, Dunn, and Frye immediately split up and covered all corners of the town, asking the residents who had lived in this town for extended periods of time.

In situations like this, their identification documents as policemen proved useful.

...

“Officer, why are you asking this? I used to head to the abandoned castle to play when I was young... Injured? Definitely, how could a child not have fallen while playing? I remember, yes—I’ve been cut by a sharp rock on the outer walls of the ancient castle in the past...” A forty-year-old blond man looked puzzledly at Klein, but answered his question honestly.

This was the fourteenth person Klein had asked, of which two vividly remembered being injured in the castle when they were young.

The Captain's deduction is correct... Klein decided as he put away his identification documents. He smiled and said, "Thank you for your cooperation, I have no more questions."

He was about to leave when the forty-year-old man called after him, "Officer, are you interested in the ancient castle? I have an oil painting of the first Baron that resided in there. He was the grandfather of my grandfather of my grandfather... Well, anyway, it was a long time ago. He took away a oil painting from the castle and told me that it was the oil painting of the first Baron Lamud.

"Do you want it? It's a true antique!"

If it was a true antique, your family would have sold it a long time ago... This guy sure is gutsy, daring to fool even the police. Should I scare him with my gun? Klein lampooned and adopted the attitude of a window shopper and said,

"Who knows if it's a real antique or not? I'll trust my own judgment.

"Take it out and let me see it."

The blond man smiled and returned to the room and rummaged for it.

Some time later, he walked out with a oil painting in hand.

Klein casually looked at the oil painting. He saw that the baron had gentle features and bronze skin, his eyes hiding an indescribable range of human experience. He was also wearing a white curly wig.

Huh, he looks a lot like Mr. Azik! Klein's eyes suddenly opened wide, his gaze subconsciously falling below the right ear of the baron.

He then looked at the unremarkable mole near the ear.

The position of the mole was exactly the same as Mr. Azik's mole!

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## Chapter 136: The Stumped Klein

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

This can't be right... How could Mr. Azik be the first in the so-called line of barons, Baron Lamud? This is a figure who lived fourteen or fifteen hundred years ago! No way, how can I be sure that the person in the portrait is the first Baron Lamud? Klein looked at the oil painting, his mind buzzing in confusion. It was like everyone around him had become monsters or a dream where the entire world was filled with gods.

He looked up and stared at the blond middle-aged man. He extended his hand to grab his revolver from his armpit holster and said in a deep voice, "This is not an antique. If you don't clarify the situation, I will arrest you and charge you with fraud!"

He didn't care if prosecution fell under the police department. His only goal was to threaten the man to get information!

At the same time, Klein clicked his left molars twice to activate his Spirit Vision. Then, he looked at his target's emotional color changes.

The blond man jumped in fright and said in a panicked, muffled voice, "No, I'm not sure if it's an antique either. No, I heard that it's an antique, but I don't know much about such things. I really have no idea. I don't even know many words, yea—words."

He eyes darted around anxiously, seemingly about to cry for help.

Just then, he saw Klein adjust his revolver's cylinder and hammer. He looked as though he was going to shoot a suspect that resisted.

He suddenly stood straight and stopped looking around.

“Where did you get the oil painting?” Klein asked heavily.

The blond man's lips quivered as he said with a fawning smile, “Officer, this is what my grandfather found in the ancient castle, more than forty years ago. An outer wall and the room on the second floor collapsed, revealing these items, items that people couldn't find in the past. One of them was the oil painting. No, no, no, not this oil painting. The original oil painting was torn and couldn't be preserved. So, my grandfather found someone to make a copy of the painting. Mm, the one you saw just now, I didn't lie to you. An oil painting from forty years ago could really be considered as an antique...”

“Are you sure that this is the portrait of the first Baron Lamud?” Klein stroked the trigger and made sure the man's gaze didn't move an inch.

The blond man chuckled and said, “I'm not sure, but I'm guessing so.”

“Reason?” Klein nearly laughed at the man's shamelessness.

“Because there wasn't any labels on the oil painting,” the blond man replied seriously for once. “Just like I'm called the Scoundrel Gray, my father is called the Curly-Haired Gray, and only my grandfather was the real Gray.”

Klein exhaled silently and asked, “Where's your grandfather?”

“In the cemetery, he’s been buried there for almost two decades. Next to him is my father who was buried three years back,” the blond man answered honestly.

After Klein asked a few questions from different angles, he adjusted the cylinder in front of the blond man and put it back into his armpit holster.

He put away his police identification and turned around in his black windbreaker before walking towards the motel with his hands stuffed into his pockets. He walked quietly along the street underneath the dim light that was shining out from the houses that lined both sides of the street.

I can’t confirm if the portrait is that of the first Baron Lamud... I wonder if the town has the exact historical records of the ancient castle...

Regardless, the man in the portrait must be a person from the past, at least a thousand years ago...

Besides the hair, he looks almost identical to Mr. Azik. Is this what we call reincarnation ?

Back when Mr. Azik gave up his position in other universities in Backlund and came to Tingen, perhaps it was driven by instinct...

Hmm, there’s another possibility. Such as, the man in the portrait is Mr. Azik and Mr. Azik is him!

Having thought of this, Klein felt a jolt. He nearly stumbled on the steps ahead.

He paced back and forth around a damaged gas street lamp and tried to incorporate his knowledge from the world of information overload.

According to his earlier guesses, he made a further inference.

Mr. Azik might have become immortal due to some reasons, such as being a vampire. Could that be why he's survived for so long?

That's not right. When has there ever been a bronze-skinned vampire...

Plus, when I shook hands with Mr. Azik, I could clearly feel his body temperature and the fresh blood that flows within him.

Although he dislikes the heat of the South, he isn't afraid of the sun. He once competed in a rowing competition with other teachers under the hot sun...

Hmm, there's another possibility. Mr. Azik's Sequence potion or some other factors bestowed him with a long life, and the price for it is memory loss! Man, taking into consideration his various dreams, can I presume that he loses his memory as part of a cycle? Every few decades, he forgets his past and gains new life. Then, his dreams are the lives that he has lived before... Heh heh, I think I've read something like that before in a novel...

I can't just rely on divination to verify this. I have to look for the traces of the lives that Mr. Azik lived, traces of him not having a childhood, but starting directly as an adult!

Klein started leaning towards his latter guess. However, he temporarily couldn't eliminate the possibility of reincarnation.

He reined in his chaotic thoughts and considered carefully whether he should inform Captain Dunn about it.

If Mr. Azik was a Beyonder that lived for a thousand years, his ability would be much stronger than I imagined...

He advised me out of kindness. However, it would be hard to say if he will remain kind when I find clues about his past.

But Mr. Azik has been nice to me all this time. To involve the Nighthawks would result in a non-trivial possibility of harming him...

Sigh. It looks like I must divine this matter in the world above the gray fog. This is the most proper choice for a Seer!

Klein made the decision and returned to the hotel quickly.

Since Dunn and Frye had yet to return, he seized the opportunity to get another room at the cost of one soli.

After he entered the room, Klein made a spirituality wall with the assistance of Holy Night Powder. Then, he took four steps counterclockwise, went through the mad ravings, and arrived above the gray fog.

The lofty palace stood tall and silent while the ancient, mottled bronze table and twenty-two high chairs remained the same.

Klein took the seat of honor and made a brown goatskin and black fountain pen appear before him.

He picked up the pen and wrote seriously: "I should tell Dunn Smith about Mr. Azik."

Then, he took the topaz pendant from his left sleeve and did a spirit pendulum divination.

The spirit pendulum divination resulted in the pendulum spinning counterclockwise, which meant that he shouldn't tell him!

Putting down the topaz pendant, Klein thought about it and decided to make an attempt with dream divination, just to be sure.

Thus, he changed his divination statement to: “The result of hiding matters related to Mr. Azik from the Nighthawks.”

Klein held the goatskin, recited the statement seven times silently, and leaned backwards to enter a deep sleep.

He saw himself in the illusory, blurry, and distant world. He saw that he was struggling while drowning in a sea of blood.

Then, there was a hand that extended and pulled him up from the blood sea. The owner of the hand was Azik with bronze skin and a small mole near his ear.

The image shattered and reorganized. Klein saw that he was in a dark and gloomy emperor’s final resting place. The surrounding coffins opened one after another.

Azik stood next to him, looking forward, as though he was looking for something.

Just then, Klein exited the dream in an instant and saw the illusory, gray, and boundless fog.

The symbolic meaning of the earlier dream is that, if I were to hide the related matters about Mr. Azik, I would receive his assistance when I’m in danger in the future. Heh, the danger might have come about because I helped to keep the secret... What does the last scene mean? I will discover some mausoleum with Mr. Azik? Yes, perhaps the mausoleum has other symbolic meanings... Klein clasped his hands together and

supported his chin while he interpreted the contents of the dream divination.

Combining it with the earlier result of the pendulum divination, he decided to not report his inference to the Captain, but merely bring up that a townsfolk had taken out a portrait of the first Baron Lamud, and that the portrait looked like a history teacher in Khoy University. Klein couldn't be sure that Dunn wouldn't hear about it elsewhere, so he had to at least mention it.

Of course, Dunn was unfamiliar with Azik and didn't know of his recount and strange dreams, so he would find it difficult to connect them. Klein even suspected that the Captain wouldn't quite remember what Azik looked like.

Then, he stopped thinking further and planned to leave the world above the gray fog. Just then, he noticed the crimson star that had been silent all this time was twinkling with faint light again.

Klein extended his spirituality with interest and saw the young man that spoke Jotun again. He saw him kneeling before a pure crystal ball.

The young man was still wearing the black tights that were different from the clothing of countries in the Northern Continent. His facial features were blurry and distorted, but Klein could faintly see his brownish-yellow hair.

He knelt there and prayed with an unusual pain in his tone.

Klein leaned sideways to hear. He relied on his beginner-level Jotun and barely understood what the young man was saying.

“O Magnificent Deity, please cast your eyes on this land that you have forsaken.

“O Magnificent Deity, please allow us, the People of the Dark, be freed from the curse of our destiny.

“I am willing to dedicate my life to you, using my blood to please you.”

...

A land that was forsaken... People of the Dark... Magnificent Deity... Klein murmured the few key words and suddenly thought of a place that The Hanged Man had mentioned once.

The Forsaken Land of the Gods!

It appeared in Roselle’s diary too! He even sent out a fleet to search for it, but it was fruitless... Klein squinted his eyes and wondered if he had guessed correctly.

He tapped on the edge of the long bronze table with his fingers. After three taps, he came to a decision. He extended his right hand and touched the illusory crimson star.

The cloud of crimson immediately exploded, and the light flowed in like water.

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Chapter 137: City of Silver

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

City of Silver, Mortuary.

Derrick stood in front of a flight of stairs as he looked straight ahead with reddened eyes. In front of him were two coffins containing his parents.

Embedded in a stone plate in front of him was a simple silver sword. The frequent booming of thunder caused the house to shake and the sword to sway.

The Berg couple inside the coffins weren't completely dead yet. They struggled to keep their eyes open while making weak attempts to heave for air, but in the eyes of some, the luster of their lives could no longer suppress their irreversible darkening.

“Derrick, do it!” An elder dressed in a long black robe looked at the youth and said in a deep voice with a staff in his hand. The expression of the youth was visibly contorted.

“No, no, no!” Derrick, who had brownish-yellow hair, shook his head repeatedly. He took a step back with every word, and finally let out a ear-piercing scream.

Thump!

The elder struck down his staff and said, “Do you wish for the whole city to be buried along with your parents?”

“You should know that we are the People of the Dark who have been forsaken by God. We, we can only live in a cursed place like this and all the dead would become horrifying evil spirits. There's no way to reverse it regardless of what we do, other than—other than ending their lives by the hands of a family member!”

“Why? Why?” Derrick asked in despair, shaking his head. “Why are the citizens of the City of Silver destined to kill their parents the moment they are born...”

The elder closed his eyes, as if recalling what he had experienced in the past. “This is our destiny, this is the curse we must bear, this is the will of God...”

“Draw your sword, Derrick. This is a show of respect for your parents.

“After this, when you have calmed down, you can try becoming a Divine Blood Warrior.”

In the coffin, Berg tried to speak, but he could only let out a groan after his chest heaved several times.

Derrick took several steps forward with great difficulty, returning to the side of the silver sword. He extended his shivering right hand.

His brain registered the cold touch of the metal, causing him to recall the Blood Ice his father brought back when he went hunting. Blood Ice the size of a mere palm was enough to keep his home cool for a few days.

Images flashed past his eyes—his stern father teaching sword techniques, his friendly father patting away the dust on his back, his gentle mother mending his clothes, his brave mother stepping in front of him when they encountered a mutated monster, and finally, his family huddling in front of a flickering candle and sharing food...

A faint sound croaked from his throat despite his utmost suppression. With a low grunt, he exerted force with his right hand and drew the sword.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

He lowered his head and charged forward, raising the sword and driving it down with force.

Ah! Blood splattered following a pained scream. The blood splattered onto Derrick's face and into his eyes.

His vision became red. He pulled out the sword and pierced it into the coffin by the side.

After the sharp metal pierced through flesh, Derrick released his grip and wavered as he stood up.

He didn't look at the condition of the people inside the coffin. Derrick stumbled as he ran out of the Mortuary, as if he was being chased by evil spirits. His fists and teeth were clenched tight. The blood on his face left streaks across his face.

The elder who had taken in everything from the side sighed.

There were stone pillars that lined the main streets of the City of Silver. Atop the stone pillars were lanterns, and within the lanterns were unlit candles.

There was no sun in the sky here, no moon, no stars; only an unchanging darkness and lightning that threatened to tear apart everything.

The citizens of the City of Silver walked along the dark streets with the illumination of the lightning. The few hours when the lightning died down was considered by them as the true night as mentioned in the legends. That was the time where they had to use candles to light up the city, drive away the darkness, and make it serve as a warning for the monsters.

Derrick made his way along the street. He didn't have anywhere he wanted to go, but as he walked, he realized that he had reached the door of his house.

He took out his keys and unlocked the door. He saw the familiar sights, but he didn't hear his mother's concerned voice or his father reprimanding him for running about. The house was empty and cold.

Derrick clenched his teeth again. He walked quickly to his room and searched for the crystal ball. His father had told him that this was a crystal ball used by a long-dead city to worship their deity.

He knelt and faced the crystal ball, praying without any hope in mind. He pleaded bitterly, "O Magnificent Deity, please cast your eyes on this land that you have forsaken.

"O Magnificent Deity, please allow us, the People of the Dark, be freed from the curse of our destiny.

"I am willing to dedicate my life to you, using my blood to please you."

...

Over and over again, just as he was in complete despair and about to stand, he saw a dark red glow burst forth from the pure crystal ball.

The glow was like flowing water, instantly swallowing Derrick.

When he regained his senses, he realized that he was standing in a magnificent palace supported by giant stone pillars. In front of him was a long ancient table, and on the other side of the table was a human figure obscured by a thick fog.

Other than that, there was nothing around him. It was empty and ethereal. Under him was a boundless fog and incorporeal dark red specks of light.

Derrick felt a flame of hope ignite in his heart. He stared at the human figure at the very top, confused and puzzled.

“You, are you God?”

After asking this, he suddenly remembered a statement he read from a book in the City of Silver and quickly lowered his head.

That statement was: “You may not look directly at God!”

Klein leaned back as he crossed his hands. He adopted a relaxed posture and answered using the language of the giants, Jotun, “I am not God, I am merely The Fool who is interested in the long history of this world.”

Klein had already activated his Spirit Vision by clicking his left molars. He noticed that the youth in front of him had different colors covering the surface of his Astral Projection and the depths of his Ether Body.

This meant that he was not a Beyonder.

The Fool... Derrick ruminated over the term and, after a long silence, said with difficulty,

“I don’t care if you’re God or The Fool, my prayers will not change. I hope that the people of the City of Silver will be freed from the curse of their destinies. I hope that the sun and sky described in the books will appear in our skies. If possible—if possible, I wish that my parents can be revived.”

Hey, I am not a wishing well... Klein put down his hands and laughed.

“Why should I help you?”

Derrick froze. He thought for some time before saying,

“I will offer my soul to you. I will use my blood to please you.”

“I have no interest in the soul and blood of a mortal.” Klein smiled and shook his head. He saw the color of the youth’s feelings turn into the color of despair bit by bit.

Without waiting for the youth to speak, Klein nonchalantly said, “But I can give you a chance.”

“I am a Fool that likes a fair and equal exchange. You can use what you can attain to exchange with me, or people like you, to exchange for things you want. But remember, they must be equal in value...”

“This can make you powerful. Perhaps one day, you can rely on your own strength to free the City of Silver from its curse and make the sun appear in your sky once again.”

Based on the youth’s description, Klein was confident that the City of Silver was the so-called Forsaken Land of the Gods.

Of course, he couldn’t be certain of this for the time being. After all, the religious literature claimed that the world existed in a “sunless” state during the First Epoch, the Chaos Epoch. No one knew if there were any other strange lands that the countries of the Northern Continent were unaware of, other than the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

Derrick listened quietly. He lowered his head in silence and replied after a while, “I want to become the Sun. I wish to obtain the formula of the corresponding starting Sequence potion from you.”

Sequence, potion, the Sun... The Sequence pathway that the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun possesses... From the looks of it, we exist in the same world...

The term “Sequence” was born from the revelation of the first Blasphemy Slate, which happened at the end of the Second Epoch, the Dark Epoch...

In other words, if the City of Silver is really the Forsaken Land of the Gods, this means that it was split apart from the Southern and Northern Continents at the end of the Second Epoch.

Could this be related to the cataclysm of the Third Epoch? According to the legends, the Evernight Goddess, Mother Earth, and the God of Combat descended upon this world and protected humans from the cataclysm along with the Lord of Storms, Eternal Blazing Sun, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom... Klein obtained a fair bit of information from the youth.

But he had trouble interpreting what the youth was saying, and even more trouble organizing his words, as he wasn't fluent in Jotun.

Luckily, ancient Feysac was derived directly from Jotun. Klein could be described as an expert in that area, and thus, he could master Jotun relatively quickly, preventing him from making a fool of himself.

Klein maintained his posture. He replied with a calm tone, "We can discuss this transaction in the future. Do not go out for the next two days. Try your best to not be in the same room as anyone else."

He didn't know the unit of time used in the City of Silver, much less the time difference it had with the Loen Kingdom. All he could do was generalize it as tomorrow and wait until the Tarot Gathering was over before he told him that was the time for future meetings...

Klein knew that there was a term for "day" in the Jotun, and thus deduced that the youth would understand even if the City of Silver didn't use it as a measure of time.

"Alright, I'll follow your instructions," Derrick replied with his head lowered. He didn't have any objections.

Klein heaved a sigh of relief. He tapped his fingers on the side of the table and said, “Before I send you back, let me first complete our equal exchange. I gave you a chance to be strong, and you have to give me something equal in return.”

“I have said that I am The Fool who is interested in the long history of this world. What I ask in return is the history of the City of Silver, everything that you know.”

Derrick thought for a moment before replying softly, “I will describe it faithfully.”

“The City of Silver has existed ever since the omnipotent and omniscient God, the Lord that created everything forsook this land. No, it existed before that, but it was called the Kingdom of Silver.”

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## Chapter 138: Giant Pathway

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

The omnipotent and omniscient God... The Lord that created everything... Klein leaned back and maintained a profound posture while he ruminated over the words that the youth from the City of Silver had said.

He was no stranger to a “Lord that created everything.” The Creator mentioned in the The Book of Storms, The Revelation of Evernight, and other urban myths referred to the Creator with similar titles. It was also the way various secret organizations like the Aurora Order described the True Creator.

But this was the first time Klein was hearing of an “omnipotent and omniscient God” in this world. Be it the Evernight Goddess, Lord of Storms, and the God of Steam and Machinery, none of them claimed to be omniscient or omnipotent.

If the City of Silver was really in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, then the Forsaken Land of the Gods would truly belong to this world. The “omnipotent and omniscient God” might be the title of the Creator that was used by the living in ancient times...Klein looked towards the young man opposite him in thought. He looked at the emotional colors of pain and sorrow.

When Derrick felt The Fool’s gaze, he lowered his head involuntarily.

He recalled the legends that his parents had told him. He said slowly and sadly, “When the sun disappeared from the sky, when the clouds were ripped and torn apart, when lightning and thunder became our rulers, and the monsters lurking in the dark suddenly emerged, ones so terrifying beyond one’s imagination, they destroyed one city after another in the Kingdom of Silver. Humanity’s Dark Ages had arrived.

“The remaining experts in the City of Silver then relied on their united power and two magical items before they finally warded off the attack of the Things of the Dark. They gradually eradicated the monsters within a one day journey of the city, and they established a city-state that protected the last light of human civilization.”

A standard textbook description... Klein couldn’t help but comment in his head.

The young man’s description made him feel that the City of Silver was in a different world than the Northern Continent.

Maybe this is the unique characteristic of the Forsaken Land of the Gods? He thought, without revealing his emotions.

Derrick calmed his breathing and continued, “During the first few decades, plants couldn’t grow. The City of Silver had a severe lack of food, and we could only hunt dark creatures or mutated animals to relieve our hunger. The population dropped drastically. Fortunately, we found Black-Faced Grass. It could survive under such circumstances, and it became our only reliable and stable food source.

“It was said to be the final intervention that the magnificent God left for us. It allowed one generation after another to live on in the City of Silver. It persisted in the Dark Ages for 2582 years.

“The passage of time was recorded by a long line of Chiefs. For the rest of the people in the City of Silver, we call periods of frequent lightning ‘day,’ and when the lightning subsides, we call it ‘night.’ It’s a rather confusing system, and it makes exact dates difficult to pinpoint.”

Such a magical place... Klein was glad that he hadn’t talked about “tomorrow,” but instead vaguely mentioned the following two days.

Derrick briefly talked about the few memorable incidents in the City of Silver’s history and said, “When the population returned to a certain level, the number of Beyonders increased. The six-member council started forming elite troops to explore the dark. We have now explored all of the original territory and nearby cities. We are advancing towards the darker and more terrifying depths of the dark. At the border, we found cities with strange architectural style, but they were destroyed at some point. We suspect that they were sanctuaries built by other remaining humans. Unfortunately, they still lost to the Things of the Dark in the end.”

The Things of the Dark that he mentions should be a reference to monsters that hide in the dark, ones that are beyond imagination. Klein nodded indiscernibly.

“... The Kingdom of Silver was once ruled by the Giant King. Hence, the Beyonder chain that we are in control of is the Giant pathway, also known as the Divine Blood Warrior sequence pathway... When we killed certain monsters and explored those destroyed cities, we obtained potion formulas of other Sequences. However, the Sequence pathways are incomplete,” Derrick said, moving on to explain the current situation in the City of Silver.

Upon hearing that, Klein’s mind jolted. Although he didn’t change his posture much, he was obviously paying more attention.

I love knowing more about Sequence potions! The Giant King... The City of Silver and the Northern Continent share the same history? The Second Epoch’s history... Hmm, killing a monster causes it to drop a formula? Is this a game? No, there’s another possibility. Those monsters were once human, Beyonders... Klein suddenly felt a heavy weight on his shoulders.

Derrick saw that the Fool didn’t reply. He clenched his teeth, pondered, and said, “The names of the Giant Sequence pathway are Sequence 9 the Beyonder Warrior, Sequence 8 Gladiator, Sequence 7 Weapons Master, Sequence 6 Dawn Paladin, Sequence 5 Guardian, and Sequence 4 Demon Hunter. Only the elders in the six-member council know the names of the higher Sequences.”

Sequence 4 Demon Hunter... This is the name of a High-Sequence potion formula? This is the first time I’ve heard something like this! Klein felt delighted at the fact that he finally learned one of the

names of the higher Sequences. However, he suspected that it was a name from ancient times, which would be different from the current version in the Northern Continent, just like the Windstorm Priest and the Seafarer.

Oh, Beyonder Warrior, Gladiator, Weapons Master... Sounds familiar... Oh right, the Sequence pathway that the Church of the God of Combat has in control is very similar to this! Sequence 9 Warrior, Sequence 8 Pugilist, Sequence 7 Weapons Master! Due to the limits of his security clearance, Klein only knew the titles of the first three sequences that the Church of the God of Combat had in control, but the similarity between the two pathways was still obvious.

Based on the core meaning, they are basically identical. The complete Sequence that the Church of the God of Combat mastered is the so-called Giant Sequence pathway... It is said that there was a God that emerged in the Third Epoch, which was the Cataclysm Epoch, to inherit the estate of the Giant King? Or could it be that He Himself was an ancient Giant? Klein analyzed and judged while he maintained his calm appearance.

Derrick continued to explain.

“After we pulled through the initial hardships, the City of Silver has been ruled by a six-member council ever since. The elder that enjoys the highest position in the council is called the Chief. The other five are equal in rank... The current six-member council is formed by three Demon Hunters, two Guardians with the greatest potential, and a Shepherd.”

The City of Silver has three High-Sequence Bypassers! Demigod-like experts! These three alone could destroy the Tarot Club a hundred times

over... Klein felt a little afraid. He had yet to attempt recruiting someone under the nose of a High-Sequence Beyonder.

However, since the young man was just a mere commoner, with him not even at Sequence 9, it was unlikely that he would gain the attention of the upper echelons for a long time. Thus, Klein relaxed again.

Is Shepherd from another Sequence pathway, perhaps from one of the incomplete pathways? Sounds reminiscent of the style of the Aurora Order. The member from the Aurora Order that wrote a letter to Mr. Z, what was his name again? He kept mentioning the "Lord's lamb"... Klein maintained his leisurely posture and asked casually, "Shepherd?"

"Yes, this is a Sequence pathway that we found from a city that the Things of the Dark destroyed. It only reached Sequence 5 Shepherd, but Elder Norway is very strong, very strange, and very scary. It is said that she once won against an evil spirit at the level of a High-Sequence Beyonder without getting injured. Therefore, when there was a vacancy in the six-member council, they made an exception for her," Derrick, feeling a little fear.

Klein thought, then smiled as he asked, "What's the Sequences before Shepherd? I find them familiar. As you know, a sequence's historical name and its current name is always different."

"In the City of Silver, the names of potions have never changed," Derrick refuted instinctively. He then lowered his head and said, "Sequence 9 Secrets Suppliant..."

Indeed! Klein was satisfied when his guesses were confirmed.

This is the name of Sequence 9 from the Aurora Order!

“Sequence 8 is Whispered, Sequence 7 Shadow Ascetic, Sequence 6 Rose Priest, Sequence 5 Shepherd,” Derrick recounted what he knew.

Whispered, Listener, they are about the same... Heh, I know more than the information provided by the Tingen Nighthawks. In a good mood, Klein beckoned for Derrick to continue.

Derrick then roughly described the current situation of the City of Silver, and finally, he couldn't help but say, “I carry the curse of destiny.

Whether a citizen of the City of Silver is a commoner or a Beyonder, we all turn into evil spirits after we die. The evil spirit of a Beyonder is just stranger, more terrifying, and far more difficult to deal with. In the past, there were many occasions when this curse nearly destroyed the City of Silver. The only way to prevent an evil spirit from rising is for a person to be killed by someone of their own bloodline.”

“Such a cruel matter. I hope you can grow strong and find a method for the people in the City of Silver to shake off the curse.” Klein, The Fool who was merely an empty shell, could only provide some free chicken soup for the soul.

“So, I want to be the Sun... When there was a Sun shining over the land, we had never encountered any curse,” Derrick muttered softly with great difficulty and pain.

Klein nodded slightly and asked, “You will have the chance to. Remember, that I can pull you in here anytime in the next two days. Try to avoid being around other people.”

“Alright,” Derrick replied solemnly.

“Before that, I need you to confirm your code name.” Klein smiled and pointed at the deck of tarot cards that appeared on the table.

Confident that Derrick had never come into contact with tarot cards, he gave a brief introduction. “Pick one of the cards as your code name. Anything besides The Fool, Justice, and The Hanged Man.

Derrick took two steps forward, flipped through the tarot cards, and said without hesitation, “Sun. I pick The Sun.”

“Remember your choice, it will follow you for the rest of your life,” Klein replied like a charlatan.

At the same time, he extended his hand and severed the connection in a restrained manner. Then, he watched as the crimson glow receded, and the young man opposite him turned incorporeal and dispersed bit by bit.

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Chapter 139: Studying 3-0782

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

After the crimson light in front of him dissipated, Derrick Berg saw his room once again. He saw the pure crystal ball in his hands.

Crack!

The crystal ball shattered from the inside. Some of it turned into pieces of illusory beams of light that flew into the void around him, while the other crystalline fragments fell noisily to the ground.

Derrick looked on, dumbfounded. He could see the traces of blood on his face reflected in the bronze mirror. He noticed a crimson light spiraling

on the back of his right palm, forming a circle with lines extending out from the edge.

The strange symbol bore into the back of his palm and vanished.

Derrick fell into a daze in the time it took several flashes of lightning to illuminate the sky before snapping to his senses.

He looked at the fragments of the crystal ball on the ground, then looked at the back of his right hand as his gaze turned deeper.

He walked out of his bedroom, returned to the living room, and opened the door to look up at the sky above the City of Silver.

An arc of lightning streaked across the sky, illuminating the city with a silver sheen. Right on the heels of that was rumbling thunder. The world belonged to the dark. Without any speck of light, the heavy darkness only left people in despair.

Derrick clenched his fists. There was no joy in his eyes for they were still filled with the remnant grief and pain.

But he was no longer lost.

...

Phew, looks like I've managed to trick another person into becoming a member. No, I've managed to recruit another member... Klein shook his head and mocked the present strength of his Tarot Club.

The leader, The Fool, was only a Sequence 9, one who had just fully digested the Seer potion!

And there were at least three High-Sequence Beyonders at Sequence 4 in the hopeless City of Silver that The Sun spoke of!

“After mentioning the acting method one more time, I can start telling the Captain the specifics and hand in my special application. At the very least, I’ll stop being in charge of support once I become a Clown.” Klein didn’t stay in the world of fog. He extended his spirituality, wrapped it around himself, and initiated a descent.

Tearing through the gray fog and passing through the ravings, he returned to his room before dispelling the wall of spirituality.

Then, Klein picked up the key and headed out of the room. He first went to the two rooms booked by Dunn to take a look in order to confirm that the Captain and Frye hadn’t returned yet. He then headed to the first level and handed the key back to the boss.

The boss looked at the wall clock to the side and gave a thumbs up.

“Well done!”

Hey, are you mistaken over why I booked an hourly room? Klein wanted to explain himself, but finally decided to leave the misunderstanding as it was.

Feeling wronged, he tried to console himself.

Yes, this way, he won’t mention that I rented another room in front of the Captain!

After heading out and going through the motions, Klein did a quick divination and returned to the inn based on the results. He headed straight to the second floor to find Dunn and Frye discussing their investigations in one of the rooms, just as he expected.

“We can confirm that the wraith appeared within the last three months,” Dunn summarized to Klein with a nod as he came through the door.

Klein immediately echoed, “My investigations also confirmed it...”

He highlighted the main points of his questioning and concluded, “Heh, there’s a townsfolk named Scoundrel Gray who claimed that he had the portrait of the first Baron Lamud. He said that it was an antique oil painting more than a thousand years old.”

“Don’t tell me you bought it?” Dunn’s eyes shimmered as he was taken aback before he asked.

Captain, do you think that I’m so stupid to be fooled that easily? Klein gave a dry laugh.

“No, I didn’t. Even though I’m a history student, I have attended some lessons on archeology and have some degree of experience in this area. I can more or less determine if something is fake. Heh, the person in the portrait looked a little like my history teacher, Mr. Azik.”

He casually mentioned the most important piece of information.

And indeed, Dunn didn’t pay too much attention to it. He massaged his temples and said, “This is a small town near a historical site. There will always be a myriad of ‘antiques’ here. I just saw a vendor selling the silver wine glasses of Baron Lamud.”

“Someone tried to sell me the insignia of the Lamud Family, claiming that it had been dug out of the castle,” Frye added.

Klein subconsciously asked, “Did you guys buy them?”

Frye and Klein looked at each other, and didn't continue with the subject.

"The next mission is for you or Frye to take Sealed Artifact 3-0782 out of town to somewhere uninhabited. Otherwise, a good half of the people in this inn will become idiots blathering praises of the Sun. Are you going first, or Frye?" Dunn looked at Klein with his deep gray eyes.

"Me." Klein raised his hand slightly and smiled. "It's still quite early, so I can come back and have a nice sleep later. We're doing two-hour shifts, right?"

"Yes. Frye, go over with Klein and confirm where you'll exchange the Sealed Artifact." Dunn turned to look at Corpse Collector Frye. He had already found an opportunity to hand Sealed Artifact 3-0782 over to Frye when they split up to conduct their investigations. Otherwise, he would have been purified and started praising the Sun. Frye hadn't had enough time to recover, and could only hold the item for another three hours.

"Alright." Frye took out the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem from the inner pocket of his black windbreaker and handed it over to Klein.

Klein took the item with a fair bit of curiosity and interest. The metal was warm to the touch, as if hot water was flowing within it.

The warm, gentle glow was like a ripple, spreading outward in waves and bringing with it a pure smell. At the same time, Klein felt that the dark golden Sacred Emblem carved with the symbol of the Sun was cleansing his spirituality, removing the impurities and leaving it pure.

Of course, all Sealed Artifacts have their dangers. Death might occur if one isn't careful enough. It's even possible to have a fate worse than

death... He muttered to himself as he placed the Sealed Artifact 3-0782 into his inner pocket.

After inspecting his revolver, charms, and cane, he walked out of the room and left the inn together with Frye. They headed straight for the outskirts of Lamud Town.

The two circled an area beside a sparse and deserted forest and confirmed that there was no one within dozens of meters of them.

“Chase away anyone who approaches you,” Frye coldly reminded, “I’ll come to take your place in two hours.”

“Sounds good,” Klein replied with a smile.

After seeing Frye enter the town, he found a tall boulder he had eyed previously. He picked up some leaves from the tree beside him and wiped the surface of the boulder.

He then touched the top of the stone with his finger and inspected the stone under the light of the crimson moon.

After confirming that it was clean, Klein put on his black windbreaker and sat down.

Why stand when you can sit! Klein thought to himself.

After a few minutes of silence, he looked at the dark, quiet, and rather scary forest. He couldn’t help but stand up, taking out several metal bottles from his hidden pockets and scattering their contents—herb powder and essential oils—around the boulder.

Klein recited an incantation in Hermes. With the help of the materials, he created a barrier of spirituality, sealing the area he was in.

He did this simple ritual for two reasons. First, he didn't want to rely too much on his premonition for danger as a Seer to defend against corpses and spirits launching a sneak attack against him. The second reason was to—was to keep the bugs away...

This is a hundred times better than insect repellent! Klein sat back down, satisfied.

After sitting there for a few minutes, Klein took out Sealed Artifact 3-0782 out of curiosity. He began a detailed inspection of the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem.

I wonder if I could use divination to find out its origins and how it became special... He took out the pen and paper he always had on him and wrote a statement: "The origin of the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem in my hands."

As a qualified and true Seer, Klein had made the preparations needed to divine anywhere.

After reciting the statement seven times, he closed his eyes and entered a state of Cogitation, using that as a launchpad to propel him into his dreams.

All he saw were fragmented pieces of light in his dreams. Other than that, he didn't learn anything else.

Yes, the Church must have gotten other Seers to attempt the same thing in the past. The fact that there is no mention of its origins must mean that there was no result from the divination, just like what happened just now... Klein sighed. He then thought, I wonder what would happen if I eliminate the interferences ?

This thought immediately filled Klein's head, pushing his curiosity to a peak.

After more than ten minutes of hesitation, he stood up. He decided that it was fine since there was no one around, considering how he was in a secluded area of the forest. He took four steps counterclockwise inside his wall of spirituality before entering the world above the fog once again.

Klein sat at the seat of honor of the ancient table in the magnificent palace. He conjured a few sheets of yellowish-brown goatskin and a black fountain pen, as well as the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem.

"It feels rather real..." He rubbed Sealed Artifact 3-0782 in his hands, finding the tactile feedback identical to the one he had felt in the outside world.

It instantiates itself based on what I felt? Klein mumbled to himself before writing down the statement he had come up with previously:

"The origin of the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem in my hands."

After reciting the statement seven times, he held the piece of goatskin and Sealed Artifact 3-0782 in his hands. He leaned back and entered his dream.

In the blurry dreamworld, Klein saw a drop of glowing gold liquid. It was warm and bright.

It was suspended above an altar, before a man dressed in a white classic robe.

The man only had his back facing Klein. He had lost all signs of life as he fell slowly towards the sacrificial altar.

At that moment, the Sun Sacred Emblem he was holding had come into contact with the golden liquid, the latter quickly seeping into the emblem.

The dream quickly dissipated after Klein saw this, waking him up.

So it was because of the golden liquid that this Sacred Emblem has been so effective and uncontrollable to this day. Hmm, decades have passed since the discovery of this emblem, but its cleansing powers haven't declined. I wonder what that golden liquid was? Some advanced Beyonder ingredient? Klein toyed with the Sealed Artifact 3-0782 in his hand and slipped into deep thought.

After deliberating over it for a few minutes, he tried to emulate the feeling he had in the dream. He wanted to separate the golden liquid from the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem he had conjured.

He accomplished it almost immediately as the thought came to him. Klein looked in shock at the emblem which was no longer warm or pure. He watched as the drops of golden liquid silently suspended themselves in the air. He had even more praises for this mysterious space above the fog.

This is practically a miracle, even if the separation and instantiation here isn't real!

“The origins of this drop of golden liquid.” He penned down a new statement with great excitement.

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Chapter 140: Expert At Courting Death

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

“The origins of this drop of golden liquid.”

After reciting the divination statement seven times, Klein held onto the goatskin and the illusory golden liquid before leaning back in his seat.

He didn't know if he could divine with the item that was instantiated based purely on a feeling. All he could do was make bold assumptions and carefully seek confirmation.

In seconds, Klein's eyes darkened, turning from brown to black as he entered a state of Cogitation.

His eyelids drooped down and he “saw” the illusory yet blurry dream.

In the blurry world that looked in shambles, a golden, glaring sun suddenly appeared!

A low grunt resounded across the void. The pure and clean light suddenly lit everything up as the gold and burning flames swept outwards.

Boom!

Klein was instantly expelled from his dreamworld and flipped onto his side as he shivered. His body seemed to become a huge bonfire which burned with a raging flame.

At that moment, his thoughts were all over the place. No proper idea could form from the chaos in his mind.

Rumble!

The mysterious space above the gray fog shook violently, and the lofty palace collapsed inch by inch. The ancient, mottled bronze table broke into a few pieces.

The terrifying changes only continued for three seconds before the world above the gray fog returned to tranquility as though nothing had happened.

The gold flame on Klein gradually extinguished. He rolled around on his charred skin as he groaned in pain, until he eventually regained his ability to think.

He supported himself on the armrest of the high chair and stood up with great difficulty. He was terrified and confused about what had just happened.

He had never imagined that a mere divination would result in such consequences!

He panted and lifted his head to survey his surroundings. He realized that the lofty palace and ancient bronze table, which looked like they had stood unchanged since ancient times, had been damaged. In the world above the gray fog, which had never experienced any abnormality, it was simply an unprecedented level of damage.

What happened? Did my divination point towards some unfathomable existence? Klein calmed down slightly and let his burned flesh shed while he speculated. If I wasn't protected by this mysterious space above the gray fog, there might not even be ashes of me left behind... Could that drop of gold liquid be the blood of a god? Did I see the Eternal Blazing Sun, or some powerful angel of His? No, that was the sun, so I think it was the former... Damn, did I just look directly at a god?

Klein felt more fear as he thought about it. He felt that he had nearly died.

Those who know nothing fear nothing, but those who don't court death won't die... In the future, I can't just divine anything and everything. Who knows what I'll see!

If that were to happen once more, I don't know if this mysterious space could even shelter me from fatal damage... When that happens, I'd actually die...

Yes, it definitely won't do if I continue making experiments with the golden liquid. The existence from before which was likely Eternal Blazing Sun. He must have sensed the sudden, hidden and unexpected influence from the divination above the gray fog and failed to respond in time... If He were prepared, this mysterious space might not have been able to withstand the repercussions...

Having come to this realization, Klein's body had already returned to normal. It was no longer charred, but compared to before, he was dimmer and more incorporeal than before.

He lifted his hand to massage his temples and commanded with his mind to restore the palace and the long table.

Then, the palace that looked like the home of a giant and the long table cast out of bronze returned to normal. Everything looked like it had before.

Klein sat down and leaned against the back of the chair. He mocked himself and said,

Well, this isn't entirely bad. At least I know the limit of the mysterious space and I have a certain goal... Only powers approaching the angels of

the gods can completely influence the power of the area above the gray fog?

Sigh, I have to add another new rule to my Seer principle. ‘Do not randomly divine things that involve a high-level entity.’ Yes, I shouldn’t hastily activate my Spirit Vision either. If I were to look directly at things that shouldn’t be looked at directly, it might be game over. In the outside world, I don’t have the mysterious space to fend off most of the negative effects...

After a while, Klein’s expression turned odd because some knowledge was reverberating in his head.

Yes, knowledge!

In the short time he had spent with what appeared to be Eternal Blazing Sun, Klein was constantly in his divination state. Hence, he could instinctively divine certain matters and knowledge from the being that he was looking at.

He quickly used a dream divination to recall and organize what he had gathered that wasn’t his primary objective. He picked up the black fountain pen and wrote one line after another.

“1. Do not look directly at God.

“2. Pure white angel.

“3. The technique of making a Flaring Sun Charm... It’s a relatively high level charm in the domain of the Sun. Its potency can last a year before it deteriorates... There’s no need for a ritual to pray to the Eternal Blazing Sun, but the procedure requires the Sealed Artifact 3-0782 to take the ritual’s place. It will siphon power from the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem...

“4. Extremely hostile towards Lord of Storms and God of Knowledge and Wisdom.

“5. Bard potion formula:

Main ingredients: a Crystal Sunflower or an adult Flint Bird’s tail feather or a Fire Bird’s tail feather... A piece of Siren Rock or a Singing Sunflower...

Supplementary ingredients: a blade of Midsummer Grass, 5 drops of July Wine Juice, a blade of Elf Dark Leaf...

“6. Light Suppliant potion formula:

Main ingredients: a piece of Brilliance Rock or powder of Dazzling Soul or... Blood of a Mirror Hedgehog or the Heart of a Magma Titan...

Supplementary ingredients: a Golden-edged Sunflower, three drops of Aconite Juice...

“7. Priest of Light potion formula:

Information of main ingredients missing.

Supplementary ingredients: 5 grams of Rosemary, 7 drops of fingered citron juices, Rock Water...

“8. Sequence 4, Unshadowed potion formula. Main ingredients could be the golden blood of god extracted from the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem. It could also be replaced with three adult Sun Divine Bird’s tail feathers and a piece of Holy Brilliance Rock.

Information of supplementary ingredients missing...”

After writing down the eight lines, Klein couldn't help but rap the edge of the long bronze table.

He had gained way more than he imagined!

He was already satisfied with surviving his reckless divination earlier, but now he had received an unexpected "survival reward."

From the confidential information he received from the Nighthawks, he knew that the Sequence pathway that the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun held was called Sun, and its Sequence 9 was Bard. It would allow the Beyonder to imbue courage and strength for themselves and their allies through their singing, a "job" that brought about devotion and submission. Their slogan was "Let us praise the Sun!"

The corresponding Sequence 8 was Light Suppliant. They could cast spells and hold rituals from the Sun's domain which were very effective against corpses and spirits. Sequence 7 was called Solar High Priest, which greatly enhanced the spells and rituals within its domain.

In other words, I have obtained the complete potion formulas of Sequence 9 and Sequence 8 in the Sun Sequence pathway. Yes, unlike before, the potion formula even lists replacement items and ingredient names from different eras... As expected of formulas obtained directly from Eternal Blazing Sun through divination! Klein thought in satisfaction.

He had originally planned on seeing if The Hanged Man could solve the request of the young man from the City of Silver. After all, the Church of the Lord of Storms and the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun were the most ancient orthodox sects. They had fought against each other for thousands of years, so it would only make sense for the two churches to have learned the initial sequence of each other's pathways.

The Hanged Man might not have cared about the Sun pathway previously, but since he is very likely a Sequence 7 Seafarer, it would probably be easy for him if he really needed to gather the information. However, I don't need him now. I solved it myself, through an unbelievable yet extremely dangerous method... Miss Justice, Mr. Hanged Man, my Sun friend, your Fool nearly turned himself into a charred corpse... Klein lampooned silently while still feeling a lingering sense of fear.

He lowered his head and looked at the records on the goatskin before him. He thought of another formula.

Would the Priest of Light be an ancient name of Solar High Priest? The confidential information of the Nighthawks never mentioned it, and my divination didn't pinpoint the Sequence number... Is it Sequence 6, or Sequence 5?

Sequence 4, Unshadowed... This is the first High-Sequence formula that I've obtained! It's such a pity that it lacks the supplementary ingredients. I wonder how I can fill in the blanks? I can't believe that drop of golden liquid is really the blood of a god. Sealed Artifact 3-0782 is probably far stronger than anyone imagines. From what I can see, it's sufficient to become a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact.

Yes, it's likely that the Nighthawks from before only determined whether the item has any traits of the living, how much danger it would cause to nearby humans, how difficult it is to control the item's effects, and if it can be used against corpses and spirits. They had no way of discovering its unique origin.

The Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem can probably even fight against evil spirits... How could the examiner find an evil spirit to experiment on?

As an official Nighthawk, I can't become the owner of Sealed Artifact 3-0782, but, yes, I can find an opportunity to make a Flaring Sun Charm and siphon its power? Sigh. I certainly can't do it now. I haven't prepared the necessary ingredients. Why would I, a Nighthawk of the Evernight Goddess, carry the ingredients of the Sun around with me?

Klein massaged his forehead regrettably. He saw that there was no other movement in the world above the gray fog and finally relaxed. He confirmed that the Eternal Blazing Sun hadn't managed to track him down.

Do not look directly at God, do not look directly at a high-level entity. I must remember this!

Why would the Eternal Blazing Sun be extremely hostile towards the Lord of Storms and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom?

What the hell is a pure white angel?

...

As these mixed thoughts filled his brain, Klein felt the emptiness and an aching pain in his head. Plus, he felt that too much time had passed. He had to return to the outer world, just in case someone discovered anything amiss.

Back then, he thought it would take a minute or so to divine two or three times in the mysterious space. Plus, there was a spirituality wall isolating him from everything else. Once it was touched, his body in the world above the gray fog would sense it. Hence, he felt utterly safe, but he hadn't considered the possibility of having some sort of accident. In the end, he nearly lost his life and that wasted quite a bit of time.

Due to the fact that he was afraid that he would be greeted by a Light of Purification beam or discover that the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem was damaged, he enveloped his body with spirituality before he stimulated a descent with his heart in his mouth.

The crimson moonlight reflected in his eyes, and there was a darkness hidden within. Klein saw the sparse forest and the weeds before him, as well as the intact Sealed Artifact 3-0782 in his hands.

After a few seconds of breathless anxiety, he finally believed that he was safe.

Phew... Klein let out a breath of relief. He felt exhausted after his insane probing at the border of death.

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