

Read Lord of the Mysteries - Chapter 191 - Unclear Motives

Qilangos lost his pursuers with the help of the wind after crossing a man-made lake.

He surveyed his surroundings, intending to create the illusion that he had entered a ditch to escape into the Tussock River before turning to the financial center of Backlund, the Hillston Borough.

At that moment, his field of vision suddenly blurred. He saw the colors around him saturate in the darkness.

The green trees became greener, their red fruits even redder. The dark blackness of the water became darker. Everything appeared to be splashed with pastel paint.

Under the sky where the crimson moon was obscured, there were many indescribable, transparent figures, as well as different lustrous splendors that contained mysterious knowledge.

Qilangos found himself coming to a halt as he floated in midair. Beneath his feet, dark water continually rose towards him. Under the water were pale white palms, reaching out for him.

Not good! Qilangos realized that he had been ambushed.

And the ambusher was definitely not weak!

A giant humanoid skeleton suddenly appeared before him. The monster was four meters tall, and burning in its eye sockets were pitch black flames. The bones on its body were blurry and illusory.

Qilangos gave his enemy an expressionless look as he let out a sneer.

At the same time, the glove on his left hand released a radiant light, appearing as if it was cast out of pure gold.

Qilangos leaned back and spread his arms wide, as though he was trying to hug the sun.

A bolt of pure, burning brilliance descended from the sky, enveloping the giant skeleton. The pastel-like world quaked in response, and the pale hands under the dark water evaporated one by one.

This was the Beyonder powers of the Priest of Light!

It was a Beyonder power from the Sun Sequence pathway!

It was the nemesis of the undead!

The radiant pillar of light dissipated, and the pitch black flames of the giant skeleton instantly extinguished. It then turned transparent as it disintegrated in the air.

Before Qilangos had the time to use the abilities of the Priest of Light to dispel the pastel-like world, his expression abruptly turned rigid.

He saw another giant skeleton appear to his left. It was also four meters tall, its eyes burning with a black flame, identical to the monster from before.

Immediately following that, the same skeletal monster appeared around Qilangos, one after another. One, two, three... there were more than a hundred of them!

More than a hundred pairs of burning black flames cast their gaze onto their target at the same time.

Underneath him, the dark water surface rose higher, almost coming into contact with Qilangos's feet.

Pale white hands extended outward, flailing them around constantly, as though they were grabbing at a life-saving straw.

...

"Spread out and pursue him. Try to corner him," Instructed the Cardinal—Ace Snake. He conjured a typhoon and took to the air, flying toward the direction where Qilangos had fled.

Duke Negan and the rest didn't join the ranks of Mandated Punishers in consideration of their statuses; instead, they stood at the windows or balconies to observe. It was also at this moment when the ordinary nobles who were running around frantically slowly calmed down.

Due to the darkness and the undulating shouts, they were unsure of what exactly happened. All they knew was that Duke Negan might have encountered an assassin.

Alger Wilson clenched his jaw and ran out of Duke Negan's mansion, following the path of the municipal garden into the Hillston Borough.

He wasn't willing to miss this opportunity, no matter how small the hope was!

Suddenly, he heard a voice which was carried to him by the wind, "There's no need to continue the pursuit."

No need to continue the pursuit? The voice of Cardinal Snake... Alger stopped after just running a few steps forward. He turned to look into the sky, puzzled.

He saw Cardinal Snake, who was wearing a black robe adorned with many storm symbols, floating above the forest and the man-made lake and staring down.

Alger creased his brows and sped over to where the Cardinal was without considering the reason.

As he neared his position, he made use of his Seafarer abilities to get a clearer look.

The Spellsinger of God showed no expression, but his posture made it evident that he was serious. His exposed white hair that peeked out from under his black hat swayed with the wind, accentuating his stern silver eyes.

Alger retracted his gaze and ran out of the forest.

The scene of the calm pond reflecting the crimson moonlight suddenly appeared in his eyes. On the pond's surface, a tall figure was floating near the bank.

That figure had a unique wide jaw, his brown hair was tied in a ponytail. His dark green eyes were cold, yet blank.

Qilangos!

Rear Admiral Hurricane Qilangos!

Alger was taken aback at first, then he felt both surprise and joy. He couldn't believe his eyes. and even suspected that the darkness was causing him to hallucinate.

Before he could react, he suddenly saw Qilangos's face rot rapidly. It oozed a yellow-green liquid, his flesh peeling off piece by piece.

Pat! Pat! Pat!

All that was left of Qilangos's face was a skull, his two vacant eyeballs fell from their sockets and onto the ground beside the lake.

Qilangos fell apart completely. His clothes draped over his rotting flesh and white bones and blocked the sparkling radiance.

In less than twenty seconds, one of the Seven Pirate Admirals, Qilangos, had died mysteriously in front of Alger's eyes.

This shocking scene was etched deeply into Alger's mind. It made him suspect if he was having a terrifying nightmare.

What was happening?

Didn't Qilangos escape successfully?

Why did he die so simply, yet so mysteriously here?

What did he encounter, for him to lose his life in such a short amount of time...

He's a Sequence 6 Wind-blessed, the owner of Creeping Hunger!

Who did it?

What was the motive for killing Qilangos...

Just as countless ideas flooded Alger's mind, he heard Spellsinger of God, Ace Snake's, charismatic voice, "Did you give the information to anyone else?"

"Is there anyone else who knows of this information?"

Alger quickly calmed down. He glanced at Qilangos's remains and gave an explanation that he had prepared.

"I reported the information to you the moment I found out about it."

He couldn't help but grumble inwardly. If it wasn't for the fact that Ace Snake had gone for a walk along the Tussock River, forcing me to spend time finding him, Qilangos might not have even escaped Duke Negan's mansion!

Of course, he didn't dare say this in front of a High-Sequence Beyonder. He could only respectfully and humbly continue, "The personnel who received the information directly even sacrificed himself for it, and no one opened the letter during its transfer, I can vouch for this."

"But I cannot confirm if there was a leak at the source of this information. Since we could learn of it, others might have too."

As Alger spoke, he formulated some guesses about who killed Rear Admiral Hurricane Qilangos.

The person or organization who tasked Qilangos to assassinate Duke Negan? Since Qilangos had already successfully escaped and there was no threat of any information leaks, there's no need to kill him... If it were me, I would get Qilangos to lay low and try another assassination attempt when everyone was certain that he had left Backlund...

Also, Qilangos only trusts himself, so he wouldn't tell his assassination plan to anyone. Duke Negan has been organizing gatherings lately in preparation for his bill proposal in September, so there are abundant opportunities. Other than Qilangos himself, there's no one who can correctly predict when he would strike. U-unless that person was a Prophet... But that is unlikely...

Other factions ? Not possible. Miss Justice prayed to Mr. Fool to relay the information the moment she noticed a problem. There was no way another organization could've received the information at the same time...

Mr. Fool... Alger was shocked as he thought of a possibility.

The person who struck was Mr. Fool's adorer!

He happened to be in Backlund and thus lent a hand!

The more he thought about it, the more Alger felt that this guess was close to the truth.

Only the members and subordinates of the Tarot Club could've received the information in time!

Only the help of The Fool's adorer could make it seem so mysterious and without motive!

Just as he was immersed in his thoughts, Cardinal Snake fell silent for a moment. He told the rest of the Mandated Punishers who were making their way over, "Qilangos is dead. A High-Sequence Beyonder, or someone who used a Sealed Artifact of a similar-level killed him. But this is rather dangerous and highly unlikely.

"After a preliminary analysis, I believe that the High-Sequence Beyonder is of the pathway of Death, perhaps a member of the Numinous Episcopate, but not someone I know of. There's also the possibility of it being a member of another secret organization.

"The motive is unclear."

The Numinous Episcopate originated from the Southern Continent. Legend has it that it was first formed by a descendant of Death in an attempt to revive Death. They were nearly eradicated after the Southern Continent was colonized, but they stubbornly survived and spread toward the countries of the Northern Continent.

A High-Sequence Beyonder... Yes, only a High-Sequence Beyonder could kill Qilangos in such a short amount of time! Just a mere adorer of Mr. Fool is already at such a high sequence... That's a Demigod! Alger once again looked at the pile of flesh and bone. He felt dissociated from everything as if he had lost all his emotion. He stood there in a daze, watching everything.

If I happened to betray Mr. Fool one day... He suddenly had such a thought.

Immediately, the terrifying scene of Qilangos rapidly rotting appeared in his mind.

Alger couldn't help but shiver and lower his head.

At the same time, he relaxed.

Since he couldn't escape or fight back, then he could only choose to be loyal.

Phew... With Qilangos dead, no one can threaten me with that secret anymore! He exhaled, his worries completely vanishing.

...

In Duke Negan's mansion, Audrey Hall, who was discussing the assassination with her mother and the other nobles, saw her father appear at the door.

She found an excuse and left the resting room for the balcony at the main hall.

"Father, is something wrong?" Audrey looked at Count Hall with her green eyes.

Her green eyes had come from her mother, not her father.

Count Hall smiled.

"It's been resolved, my child. You need not worry any longer.

"Hmm... Did you tell anyone that Baron Gramir was an imposter?"

"No." Audrey shook her head firmly.

I only told an almost godlike existence... She added in her heart.

She thought for a moment, then explained herself, "After I told you, I went to the bathroom, then to where Mother was. You can ask her."

"I see." Count Hall nodded and didn't say anything else before mentioning, "Qilangos is dead. Someone killed him."

"Who?" Audrey was as shocked as she was excited.

"No idea. We can't even figure out why the murderer killed Qilangos. It's truly incomprehensible." Count Hall paused. "Perhaps, it's a person or an organization, a secret and powerful organization."

Unclear motive... A secret, powerful organization... Could it be Mr. Fool's adorer? It could be our Tarot Club! Audrey suddenly had an epiphany.

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Audrey analyzed many things at once as her mind whirled.

Mr. Hanged Man said that Qilangos was a lone wolf who doesn't trust anyone. Only he would know of his own plan. Other than my early discovery of him, there shouldn't have been anyone else who knew he would attempt the assassination tonight...

I only told Father and Mr. Fool that I suspected that Qilangos was disguised as Baron Gramir...

Although there's a telegram cable in Duke Negan's mansion and he would've been able to send out information in time to ask for help, there's no reason to hide that... Dad's puzzlement implies that the powerful being that killed Qilangos wasn't within their expectations...

Combining all of the above, I can almost be certain that the person who killed Qilangos was Mr. Fool's adorer!

Plus, only the unique model of the Tarot Club can create such a strange situation with unclear motives!

Qilangos was a Sequence 6 Wind-blessed, and he had the magical item — the Creeping Hunger. To be able to quickly kill him without leaving any traces behind, it could only be a High-Sequence Beyonder known also as Demigods, right? Or maybe he used a Sealed Artifact which possesses immense danger?

Regardless of the possibility, it shows that Mr. Fool's adorer is extremely powerful...

Mr. Fool lives up to his reputation!

Regardless, I certainly provided clues, so Mr. Hanged Man has to carry out his promise and pass me the pituitary gland of a Rainbow Salamander!

This should be our Tarot Club's very first mission, right?

One of the Seven Pirate Admirals, Qilangos, died because of us!

Looking at his daughter who seemed excited, Count Hall, who was a handsome man in his youth, coughed lightly and warned his daughter with a mask of solemnity, "Audrey, I know that you're very interested in mysticism, and I normally tolerate it. But you mustn't be involved in this. You can't even ask about it. You will be introduced by the Queen to the Backlund social scene events by the end of this year. As an adult, you should clearly know and remember that a terrifying Beyonder, or a powerful, hidden organization, is equivalent to danger. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, Father," Audrey replied charmingly. "I was just a little curious."

"Curiosity won't do either!" Count Hall emphasized, and he couldn't help but let out a helpless smile.

"Okay!" Audrey nodded obediently.

I understand the whole incident better than you do anyway... She made a silly face in her head.

Count Hall thought and said with a gentle smile, “Regardless, you are the heroine tonight, the savior of Duke Negan. Half of the reason why Qilangos is dead is partially because of you, and it’s the same with the bounty. Of course, if there’s no one that admits to killing Qilangos and comes to receive the bounty, the remaining half of it will be yours too. Added together, it will be ten thousand pounds in total.

“Hmm, the bounties set up by the Intis Republic, the Feysac Empire, and other countries and organizations could be received as well. After conversion, there should be about twenty thousand pounds in total.

“Duke Negan promised that he would give you his holiday estate at Desi Bay as a gift. It includes a huge rubber tree plantation. I don’t know the annual profit exactly, but it definitely won’t be low. He spent eight thousand pounds to buy it back then and later, even built a house and purchased good quality seeds for planting.”

Audrey, who already had an inheritance of three hundred thousand pounds, was considered rich. However, a reward that was almost forty thousand pounds was still a huge amount of income. Many noble ladies wouldn’t even receive such a figure as a dowry.

In an allied marriage of a noble and a businessman in August, Miss Mary Oldbury, the daughter of a millionaire, only had an eighty-thousand-pound dowry.

I never considered the bounty... Audrey muttered inwardly.

Suddenly, she thought of something. If she were to receive the bounty and her name spread, The Hanged Man could easily find out who Justice was.

This can't happen! As a member of the Tarot Club, I have to maintain a sense of mystery! Audrey looked towards her dad and reorganized her words.

"Dad, I'm a little worried..."

"Why? What happened?" Count Hall asked in concern.

"If it were to spread that I found out that Qilangos was disguised as Baron Gramir, I'm afraid that his underlings would take revenge on me. I'm afraid that whoever instructed Qilangos to assassinate Duke Negan would target me..." Audrey tried to make herself seem pitiful, weak, and helpless.

"I'll hire someone to protect you," Count Hall replied. Then, he nodded faintly and said, "there's really no need for you to take such a risk. Plus, the person that killed Qilangos took the Creeping Hunger. Of course, to a High-Sequence Beyonder, that wouldn't be a strong enough motive for interfering... Yes, I'll inform Duke Negan to keep this a secret and tell someone else to receive the bounty on your behalf and compensate you in private."

Then, Count Hall smiled and said, "You really are my daughter. You earned forty thousand pounds so easily. This is more than one-tenth of your current wealth."

The three hundred thousand pounds was what he had set aside for her in advance. He would still add in another part when she got married as his daughter's inheritance.

"Am I as good as you were?" Audrey happily asked in reply.

Count Hall shook his head and laughed.

“Much better than I was. The profit from my very first business venture was only sixty pounds.”

Audrey suddenly became extremely thrilled. The satisfaction derived from receiving a forty thousand pound bounty, getting her father’s compliment, causing Qilangos’s death, completing an extraordinary task, and the reward of a Rainbow Salamander’s pituitary gland that she was going to get from The Hanged Man amplified her happiness.

I really want to report this to Mr. Fool to get his reassurance... No, no way. A powerful, mysterious being killed Qilangos with an unknown motive. There might be someone observing me in secret, looking for clues regarding Qilangos’s death. I can’t show any hint of abnormality... Pui! There’s nothing abnormal about me to begin with. As long as I don’t attempt to recite Mr. Fool’s honorary name...

Hmm, if Mr. Fool’s adorer was really the murderer, He must’ve already known the outcome. He wouldn’t need me to report it to him... Well... do I need to share the bounty with the adorer? No, no matter what kind of payment method is used to transfer twenty thousand pounds, it would definitely draw attention. I can’t take the risk...

Plus, it has always been The Hanged Man who’s been asking for help from Mr. Fool. Technically, he should pay the reward. Yes, yes, after all, he declared that he had many pages of Emperor Roselle’s diary!

I’ll try to gather more pages of the diary to thank Mr. Fool for answering my prayers. He definitely wouldn’t be interested in crass money...

Audrey quickly determined her next course of action

...

In Duke Negan's mansion, in a secret study room.

The fat and tall Duke sat on a high back chair behind a desk. He was smoking a cigar as he looked at the Spell singer of God—Ace Snake, Prime Minister Aiur Negan, and the others opposite him.

“Based on our current knowledge, we still aren't certain of the identity of the High-Sequence Beyonder that killed Qilangos.” Prime Minister Aguesid Negan had just rushed over from the King's side.

Archbishop Snake nodded.

“We've determined that it wasn't any of the High-Sequence Beyonders that we're familiar with or the Numinous Episcopate either.

“We have sufficient reason to believe that it's a powerful, mysterious Beyonder we aren't aware of. Of course, we haven't eliminated the possibility that the person was using a dangerous Sealed Artifact.”

Duke Negan held his cigar and said, “Maybe it wasn't just a High-Sequence Beyonder. There might be a hidden organization behind that person, a hidden organization that we don't know enough about. Otherwise, they wouldn't be able to lay in ambush for Qilangos so accurately. Yes, perhaps one of the guests at tonight's ball is a member of theirs.”

His brother, Prime Minister Aguesid stated solemnly, “Regardless of that possibility, we have to be careful. We have to quickly find out the identity of the High-Sequence Beyonder, the purpose of his presence in Backlund, and why he killed Qilangos.”

A High-Sequence Beyonder that they didn't know about, who wandering in Backlund, was sufficient to draw attention from the government and three major Churches!

Although a Sequence 4 or Sequence 3 Beyonder might not be able to withstand the cannon attacks of their warships, there was no need for them to experience a frontal assault. They possessed too much of a mysterious power.

Hence, they were existences even more dangerous than ironclad warships. Hence the reason why they were called "Demigods"!

Spellsinger of God—Ace Snake stood up and said, "Let me make some arrangements and get into contact with the Church of the Evernight Goddess, the Church of the God of Steam, and Machinery Hivemind."

"His Majesty will allow the military and the intelligence agencies to cooperate," Prime Minister Aguesid promised.

...

In a hotel in the North Borough of Backlund.

Azik sat under a gas lamp and looked at the glove before him.

The glove was very thin, as though it was made from human skin. It seemed that as long as it was filled with flesh and blood, it would turn into a hand.

Azik looked at it for a very long time. His face suddenly contorted in agony and pain as he muttered, "I seem to, seem to have cooperated with them before..."

...

Klein didn't sleep well the entire night because he didn't receive any reports from Justice or The Hanged Man, nor did he receive any reply from Mr. Azik. He kept thinking about the outcome of the incident with Qilangos.

It must've been quite a scene if Miss Justice and Mr. Hanged Man didn't dare to contact me recklessly... But why didn't Mr. Azik reply to my letter? Did he not get involved, or was there an accident? Did Qilangos hurt him? Klein extended his hand and covered his mouth as he yawned. He got onto the trackless carriage that headed for Zouteland Street.

“Extra! Extra! Rear Admiral Hurricane Qilangos killed in Backlund!”

“Extra! Extra! Rear Admiral Hurricane Qilangos killed in Backlund!”

...

Just as the carriage was about to set off, Klein suddenly heard the paperboy, which was also one of the Emperor Roselle's inventions.

Klein was momentarily stunned as he quickly fished out a penny and bought the Tingen Morning Post. Many passengers made the same choice.

He opened the newspaper and quickly read the headline.

Pirate Qilangos shot dead by Duke's bodyguard in Backlund.

Qilangos died? Mr. Azik did it? Klein fell into deep thought and lampooned himself, As the boss behind the scenes, I actually had to find out the outcome from the newspapers...

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Chapter 193: Coming To A Close

Translator: AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

The article covering what happened to Qilangos wasn't long, and all it stated was the time, place, people involved, and the outcome. As the saying goes, the more succinct the content, the more serious the situation.

Something that happened in Backlund at eight or nine last night is already being reported in Tingen City this morning. The spread of information in this world isn't too slow due to the exceptional contributions of Emperor Roselle. It must've been one of the nobles or ministers who attended the ball who leaked this information to some reporter, then that reporter used the telegraph to send this sensational news to the news companies in various counties...

The morning papers are usually drafted at night and printed after midnight before being distributed in the morning. There was just enough time to make changes and publish this article...

Just based on this news, the Tingen Morning Post would be able to sell an extra thousand copies. And that's only considering just this city...

Klein's thoughts became more and more distracted before finally calming down.

Since Rear Admiral Hurricane Qilangos is dead, that means that even if Mr. Azik is injured, it wouldn't be too serious...

If it was serious, he definitely would've been captured by the Mandated Punishers or Duke Negan's Beyonder bodyguards that were in pursuit of Qilangos. And when facing such a situation, Miss Justice and Mr. Hanged Man would definitely try their best to report it to me. The latter not happening is enough to indicate that everything is under control...

Yes, if Mr. Azik doesn't give me a reply, or if Miss Justice and Mr. Hanged Man do not pray to me by tonight, I'll blow the copper whistle once again to summon the messenger and send over a letter of inquiry...

Relaxing, Klein shifted his attention away from the newspaper, then he surveyed the public carriage.

Most of the people who could afford transport like this could read, and under the influence of the term "extra," many had bought the Tingen Morning Post. Now, a few of them were quietly discussing the incident.

"The King of Pirates and the admirals have been terrorizing the sea routes for a long time. They back off when they see the battleships of the various countries, but they don't pay much regard to merchant ships... Even though Qilangos had only been inducted as one of the Seven Pirate Admirals for less than a decade, he's the first to be killed by the government..."

"Frankly, I'm curious as to what he was doing in Backlund? When a pirate leaves the ocean, death is a foreseeable outcome."

"Let's hope that there will be a more detailed report in the future."

"Holy Lord of Storms, I wish to know which of Duke Negan's bodyguards killed Qilangos. His bounty was a full 10,000 pounds!"

"10,000 pounds... If I had 10,000 pounds, I would immediately quit my job and buy two or three medium-sized nurseries. I would invest in the shares of some colonizing companies and railroad companies, and receive a stable dividend every year..."

"That's only the bounty of this kingdom. Intis, Feysac, Feynapotter, and some merchant organizations also have bounties for Rear Admiral

Hurricane Qilangos. I sure hope that there's a newspaper that will give a full list of the bounties."

10,000 pounds? Klein was shocked to hear that.

With his already impressive pay, he would have to take twenty years to be able to save up that much money even without eating or drinking.

If only... Forget it, there's nothing I can do either. It would be impossible for me to claim the bounty... He folded the newspaper a little dejectedly and looked out the window of the carriage.

At this point, he finally concluded that the incident with Rear Admiral Hurricane Qilangos had come to a close. All that was left was to tie up the loose ends, such as the batch of Roselle's diary that The Hanged Man had promised him.

...

Backlund, Cherwood Borough.

Fors Wall and Xio Derecha were walking along the street towards the nearest branch of the Varvat Bank.

"My money seems to disappear without me noticing." Fors sighed.

Xio felt the same way.

"That's right."

"Luckily, my book, Stormwind Mountain Villa, is rather popular, and there are still royalties being sent to my account. Otherwise, I'd have to find a clinic or a hospital and become a doctor once again." Fors let out a sigh, both in satisfaction and in worry.

Xio was silent for a moment before carefully asking, “Will the investigation of Qilangos affect your status as an author? After all, we could be under the attention of the Mandated Punishers, Nighthawks, and the rest...”

“No, the only one they would focus on is you.” Fors laughed. “You were the one who sent someone to make a police report. Same for the one who sent the letter and the one famous among the alleys and gangs of the East Borough. As for me, Fors Wall, I’m still the popular best-selling author.”

Xio said in a daze, “So you’ve just been accompanying me all this time?”

Fors stroked her hair and laughed.

“Don’t you find that this was an interesting experience? This experience has provided me with the much-needed inspiration for my work. My next novel will be about a sudden brutal murder.”

Xio paused, not knowing how to continue the conversation. All she could do was continue walking forward bitterly, forgetting to make a turn until Fors dragged her back.

At that moment, they heard a paperboy shout.

“Extra! Extra! Rear Admiral Hurricane Qilangos killed in Backlund!”

...

Ah? What? Xio and Fors looked at each other in confusion.

They only came to their senses after the paperboy repeated himself multiple times.

“What? Qilangos is dead?” Fors couldn’t believe what she was hearing.

“He’s dead! How did he die so suddenly!” Xio, who was trying to hide from the prosecution of this merciless pirate, was shocked and dazed.

This... doesn’t this have to follow a normal procedure? First, they find clues to confirm Qilangos’s motive, then they would gather powerful Beyonders and ambush him. Killing the pirate was the last step... But, Qilangos was killed even though the first step hadn’t been completed yet... He died just like that... Fors and Xio exchanged looks as if they were two marble statues.

Nearly a minute later, Xio charged towards the paperboy and bought a copy of the Tussock Times.

This was one of the three most distributed newspapers in the Loen Kingdom.

“Oh... Qilangos is really dead, killed by Duke Negan’s bodyguard. Oh Goddess, Negan’s bodyguard is...” Xio gasped, leaving out the “a powerful Beyonder,” that she had wanted to say.

Fors looked at her good friend in pity.

“To think that you would believe everything the newspapers say...”

“Alright, perhaps someone realized Qilangos’s motive in advance, and the Mandated Punishers, Nighthawks, Machinery Hivemind, and the military cooperated and executed a successful ambush...” Xio froze and exhaled. “We don’t need to worry about it any longer. We can go back to our normal lives, but we have to avoid the sphere of influence of that police station from before.”

She looked at Fors and asked, a little worried, “How much do you think Miss Audrey will pay us now? I know that a few hundred pounds wouldn’t be too much to her, but we haven’t really completed what she asked of us...”

“No, at least we made Qilangos appear on his own accord. The reason he rushed to take action and fall for the ambush was definitely in some part due to our contributions,” Fors consoled her. “With Miss Audrey’s generosity, she’ll give us half the reward even if she’s not giving us all of it.”

“Let’s hope so...” Xio took in a deep breath and had an expectant gaze. “I wonder who will claim that bounty of 10,000 pounds...”

“It sure invites the envy of others. If I had that much money, I’d have become a Sequence 7 or 6 long ago, but I missed the opportunity time and time again!” Fors also felt a little sorry, but she reminded her friend, “Xio, let us not contact Miss Audrey for the time being. Let her contact us on her own accord. There are too many hidden details surrounding the death of Qilangos. Looking for Miss Audrey abruptly could put us in a dangerous situation.”

Xio first nodded before saying in surprise, “How did you know that I was thinking of heading to Empress Borough?”

“Try guessing?” Fors laughed in response.

...

After a busy morning, Klein returned to the Blackthorn Security Company. He reported to Dunn Smith, “Captain, the people connected to Lanevus that I’m in charge of investigating have no problems. They were merely victims, not associated with any Beyonders incidents.”

Dunn placed both his elbows on his desk.

“Then stop that for the time being. We shall place our focus on the more likely suspects after the rest of the members have finished with their investigations. We cannot direct all our manpower onto this incident. We have to guard against other sudden incidents.”

“Alright.” Klein was about to stand up and head to lunch when he suddenly heard knocking on the door.

“Please enter,” Dunn said in his mellow voice.

The handle moved and Rozanne peeked inside.

“Captain, someone is here with a mission.”

A mission... This seems to be targeted at the Blackthorn Security Company and not the Nighthawks Squad. So, who mistakenly came to us this time? Klein wondered to himself.

Dunn thought for a moment before saying, “We can go hear the request out and reject it if it’s too troublesome.”

He arranged his shirt and vest as he walked out of the office. He made his way through the partition and towards the sofa in the receptionist area. Klein and Rozanne followed curiously behind.

There were two ladies on the sofa, both of them were wearing black hats and dresses without any extra color.

One of the ladies was plump and had fair skin. Her face was completely obscured by the black veil of her hat.

Klein felt a sense of familiarity when he saw her, as though he had seen her somewhere before.

Just as he was recalling, he heard the skinnier lady beside her speak.

“The mission we would like to entrust to you is for you to track and monitor Madam Sharon and find evidence of her crimes.”

Madam Sharon... Klein suddenly had an epiphany, and recalled where the sense of familiarity came from.

The lady that remained silent was the wife of Member of Parliament Maynard, the daughter of the New Party's leader.

She finds it hard to accept the death of her husband and is unwilling to accept the conclusion the police department came to, so she came to a security company in private to do another investigation ?

To think that she came directly to us... Klein shook his head and laughed to himself.

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“Madam Sharon ?” Dunn obviously knew of Baron Khoy's widow, a famous socialite in Tingen.

Maynard's wife turned her head to shoot a glance at the scrawny lady who came with her to the Blackthorn Security Company, but she didn't speak for herself.

The scrawny lady in the black dress and hat weighed her words before she spoke.

“Yes, Madam Sharon, the wife of the deceased Baron Khoy. She, she...”

She stammered, then suddenly spat in anger, “She’s a b*tch!”

Upon hearing her curse, Klein suddenly recalled the porno that he had seen and Madam Sharon’s behavior which appeared nervous on the surface but was calm deep down. That made him believe the rumors about her, and he felt sorry for the deceased old baron.

It’s not like Madam Sharon can’t remarry. But her loose behavior... really makes the old baron’s grave a perfect nesting ground for cuckoos...

Dunn didn’t have much of a change in his facial expression. He sat on the sofa opposite and said with his mellow voice, “But that doesn’t make her a criminal.

“You know clearly, and I know it clearly too. Madam Sharon is very influential in Tingen. If we were to follow her and monitor her, there could be very serious consequences for us.”

“She’s a criminal!” the scrawny lady said angrily. “She caused my brother’s death, but those lovers of hers pressured the police department and made them pronounce that my brother died of excessive drinking and continuous indulgence in sexual pleasure. Th-they are all criminals!”

Those... Klein realized that the scrawny lady was Maynard’s sister while feeling sorry for the old baron once again.

That’s right, for such a scandal, she would definitely not send a maidservant here. It’s better if the request is made by family... He nodded his head in enlightenment.

Mrs. Maynard patted the back of the scrawny woman’s hand and added with a deep yet cold voice, “She’s a criminal! If you suffer any damages because of this, I will compensate you for your losses.”

That tone... She lives up to her identity as the daughter of the New Party's head. If the police department wasn't very confident with the result of my mediumship ritual, I'm afraid they would've submitted under her pressure... Klein lampooned inwardly.

Dunn was silent for nearly twenty seconds before he said, "Alright... I have another question. Why do you seem to be so certain that we would find something?"

The scrawny lady nodded and said, "The tobacco merchant, Vickroy, introduced us here. He said that you're the cream of the crop in this industry and can complete missions that others aren't capable of completing."

The tobacco merchant Vickroy... Who's he? Klein looked at Captain subconsciously and noticed that Dunn Smith looked really confused.

I'm so silly, why did I hope for Captain to remember something like this... After all, even I don't quite remember... He sighed.

The scrawny lady saw that the two elite mercenaries looked confused, so she added, "You saved his kidnapped son."

Oh, him... That kidnap case led me to the discovery of the Antigonus family's notebook... Klein was suddenly enlightened.

Dunn nodded slightly and said, "I understand."

Upon seeing this, the scrawny woman laid out her offer, "You are to tail and monitor th-that b*tch for two weeks. Even if you don't find any evidence of her crime, you have to take note of who visited her and who she visited. We will pay fifty pounds for this."

“And if you find evidence of her crimes, we would pay another additional two hundred pounds.”

That’s a large sum of money... When Klein suddenly recalled that he had only spent seven pounds to hire Detective Henry to gather so much information about red chimney houses, he became a little ashamed.

Dunn thought for a moment before saying, “No problem, we can sign the contract now. You’ll have to pay a deposit of twenty pounds up front.”

Captain, we’re really lacking in manpower right now. There’s the huge case regarding Lanevus... Klein didn’t expect Dunn Smith to accept the mission although he, himself, was quite keen on accepting it.

Mrs. Maynard nodded slightly and said, “No problem. I believe in you. Please don’t disappoint me.”

Dunn smiled but kept quiet. He turned his head and told Rozanne, “Please write up a contract.”

When the contract was signed and the deposit was paid, Dunn watched Mrs. Maynard and the scrawny lady leave the Blackthorn Security Company. He then looked sideways at Klein and said, “This mission will be yours.”

“Huh?” Klein looked confused.

Dunn smiled and said, “Didn’t you want to learn tailing techniques and monitoring skills? This is a great opportunity. It also turns out that you’re done with your part in the Lanevus case.”

“Alright...” Klein didn’t reject the assignment.

Just as he accepted, his mind began whirling quickly.

According to the rules, half of the mission's commission is handed to Mrs. Orianna as additional funding for the team. The remaining would be split among the involved members. However, it seems like I'm the only one handling the case...

Regardless of whether the investigation succeeds, there will be at least twenty-five pounds of income. On top of that, I'll receive my usual weekly pay... If I really could find some clues, I could even receive a hundred and twenty-five pounds!

Captain is a wise man!

Dunn stole a glance at him and said, "Learn the tailing techniques and monitoring skills from Leonard and Frye in the morning, and put your combat training on hold for this week. Yes... I think you're quite well-trained already, so I'll send someone to inform Gawain."

Learn tailing techniques and monitoring skills from Leonard and Frye? That doesn't seem very reliable... Klein was stunned. He could imagine Leonard using only one method which was playing his Feynapotter lute while singing melodious poetry. Then, he would probably seduce Madam Sharon to bed in order to "monitor her up close." As for Frye, he had a unique air to him. He was cold and gloomy, so no matter where he went, he would catch the attention of others. How could such people make good spies?

As his thoughts churned, Klein replied seriously, "Alright."

Dunn nodded slightly and walked towards the partition. Suddenly, he paused, turned around, and hesitated before he spoke.

"Do you remember the tobacco merchant? What's was the kidnapping about?"

... So you didn't remember anything or understood anything... Why were you acting so staid and confident!? Klein facepalmed.

...

Based on Leonard's guidance, Klein wasn't in a hurry to tail Madam Sharon, even though he knew that she stayed on Osna Street in the East Borough.

"Until you know the target's routine, you can't tail your target recklessly. Plus, monitoring alone makes it difficult to take note of everything. Unless you don't eat, drink, sleep, and go home," Leonard had said. Hence, Klein followed his suggestion and found one of the triad bosses in the Hound Pub and spent five pounds to get his underlings to monitor Madam Sharon and record her daily routine.

Luckily, this can be reimbursed... Why does it feel like I'm subcontracting... On Friday afternoon, Klein received the investigation report from the triad boss.

Calling it an investigation report was an obvious insult to professional detectives. Not one of the triad boss's underlings was literate. They relied on drawings and symbols, which was then interpreted and organized by their semi-literate boss who had attended Sunday School for a year. Klein got a headache just from reading it and took quite a while to finish reading the report.

According to the surveillance, Madam Sharon seldom leaves her place recently. There aren't many guests who visit either... She might be affected by Maynard's death... Those triad underlings are quite capable. They even gathered information from Madam Sharon's maidservant... Hmm, she will be attending the Conservative Party's banquet tonight. She might return home quite late, or maybe not return... This is an

opportunity for me to put theory into practice. Klein quickly decided to sneak into Madam Sharon's house and search through it.

With his duties regarding the Lanevus case over, the temporary suspension of combat training, and the end of the Qilangos incident, Klein only had two matters on hand. One was to investigate the red chimney houses, and the second was following and monitoring Madam Sharon. In other words, he was relatively free.

Two days ago, he had received Mr. Azik's reply. There was only one sentence on the letter.

"I obtained the Creeping Hunger and recalled something."

Klein had finally confirmed that it was Mr. Azik who killed Qilangos and that this amnesiac teacher of his who had a long life was a High-Sequence Beyonder. However, he didn't dare ask him what he had recalled with the aid of the Creeping Hunger. Azik obviously didn't want to talk about it. If he was willing to share, he would've described it directly in the letter.

In Klein's reply, he only reminded Mr. Azik that the Creeping Hunger yearned for the flesh, blood, and soul of living humans. He had to find a safe sealing method.

In addition, Justice and The Hanged Man had yet to pray to him, but Klein wasn't worried. He understood that both members were afraid of being monitored, so they didn't recite his name recklessly.

...

Gas street lamps illuminated the straight Osna Street at night while the crimson moon hung high above.

Klein, who had sneaked out with the Clown's balance and agility, leaped over the outer wall of Madam Sharon's house quietly.

Passing through the garden, he arrived by the side of the house. He climbed up the water pipe and slipped onto the balcony on the second floor.

Klein had never even climbed a tree successfully when he was young, so it was quite a monumental event.

He took out a tarot card from the pocket of his black windbreaker, slotted it into the gap of the balcony door, lifted it lightly, and unlocked the door.

The servants are so careless... They didn't use an additional lock. Otherwise, I'd have to try entering by climbing through the window... Klein muttered silently and entered the house.

Based on the information provided by the triad boss, he found Madam Sharon's bedroom easily. He turned the knob and stepped into the room.

He closed the door carefully and suddenly smelled a faint fragrance. It reminded him of the fragrance of a woman that caused the blood vessels of other people to swell.

Klein felt a little faint, and he even felt his body reacting.

He immediately calmed down with Cogitation and made a self-deprecating comment, "She's using an aphrodisiac as perfume?"

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Chapter 195: "Lockpicking Expert" Klein

Translator: AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

A few seconds later, Klein activated his Spirit Vision and surveyed the room, only to find how extravagantly decorated Madam Sharon's room was.

In a spacious area with a cloakroom that was ajar, there was a thick carpet, a blanket made with goose feathers, a makeup table strewn with skin care products and cosmetics, a dazzling array of jewelry, thin clothing and socks thrown over the rocking chair, and multiple decorative items adorned with gold silk. All of these entered Klein's field of vision.

What attracted Klein's attention the most was an unfinished oil painting. On the painting was the naked figure of Madam Sharon herself—her brown hair like a waterfall, her eyes like an innocent deer's, pure and limpid. But her curved eyebrows, sharp nose, and tender lips accentuated her form as a mature female. The two qualities fused together despite the contradiction, releasing an alarming temptation.

Klein only gave a cursory glance at the area under the neck for a moment. He wasn't trying to be gentlemanly. After all, he had already seen the porno, so why would he have scruples over a picture?

His attention had been grabbed by the pastels, palettes, and paintbrushes beside the painting, as well as a full-length silver-coated mirror.

This combination and their placement relative to each other gave Klein a weird thought that the painter was Madam Sharon herself, and not some artist she had seduced.

A beautiful woman with a great figure, flirtatious yet innocent, stripping and drawing herself while looking in the mirror to chronicle her beauty... It feels a little odd. Is Madam Sharon narcissistic? Klein gulped silently

and retracted his gaze. He started to search for possible evidence of her crimes.

Following Leonard's and Frye's instructions, he kept his black gloves on as he searched. He had to keep the original position of everything in his memory to facilitate putting everything back after he was done.

This proved easy for an advanced Seer. If he forgot, he could use dream divination to recall the placement easily.

Of course, he had performed a divination before he left the house tonight. There was going to be no danger and he would be met with relative success.

That's something a good charlatan would do... even if I'm already a Clown... Klein lampooned himself. He spent twenty minutes searching Madam Sharon's room, but he didn't find anything noteworthy, nor did he see any light emitted by spirituality.

Finally, he stopped before a safe in the corner of the room.

The steel safe was a meter tall; thick and heavy. It gave the impression that it was unusually sturdy, as if it could only be opened using explosives.

This sure is a characteristic of the Age of Steam. There must be complicated machinery within the safe... Klein tried to open the safe but failed miserably.

He left the safe for last. He took off his left glove and unwound the topaz dangling on his left wrist.

Grabbing the silver chain and allowing the pendulum to fall, Klein dispelled the excitement that the fragrance in the room gave him and entered a state of Cogitation.

His eyes turned dark as he chanted to himself, “There is a secret room or hidden partition in this room.

“There is a secret room or hidden partition in this room.”

...

After reciting it seven times, Klein’s eyes regained their normal color. He looked at the dangling topaz, which was turning counterclockwise.

It was a negative result.

Klein nodded slightly and left Madam Sharon’s room. According to the process from before, he went through the study, the living room, the greenhouse, and other parts of the house, but he didn’t find any clues of value.

He didn’t use Dowsing Rod Seeking since he didn’t exactly know what he was looking for.

Klein took out his silver pocket watch and gave it a look. He confirmed the time before returning to Madam Sharon’s bedroom.

Carefully closing the wooden door, Klein took out the silver dagger used for rituals and released his spirituality, allowing it to fuse with the powers of nature and seal the room.

He was going to summon himself!

He was going to go through the safe using his spirit and check the things inside!

Grandpa doesn't need to know how to lockpick! Klein proclaimed in Mandarin.

The process was simple since he was praying to himself. He didn't have to be too particular. Klein took out a candle infused with sandalwood and ignited it using his spirituality. That was going to be his altar.

"I!

"I summon in my name:

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

The incantation reverberated around Madam Sharon's bedroom. Klein's spirituality poured out from within him, gently fusing with the candle flame to become a gray, palm-sized veil of light.

He then took four steps counterclockwise, made his way through the mad ravings, and into the world above the gray fog.

He saw the Door of Summoning appear behind the seat of honor at the ancient long table. Klein was about to react when he froze.

I should perform a divination to see if I can discover any clues since I'm already here. Here, as well as removing any interference, my powers are also significantly boosted... Also, because of where I am now, performing a divination is akin to using an object Madam Sharon brings around with her everyday... He sat down and conjured a fountain pen and goatskin.

What should I divine? Klein slipped into deep thought .

Is there anything wrong with Madam Sharon?

No, everyone makes mistakes, there would be something wrong with anyone.

Is Madam Sharon involved in a crime?

... No, that's not narrow enough either. As a famous socialite tied to the political sphere, it's natural that she would be associated with something dirty yet cannot be convicted for... Also, what is the definition of a crime anyway? The laws of the Loen Kingdom, or the laws of the Intis Republic, or is it up to me to decide?

...

Despite his many thoughts, Klein didn't want to delay it any further. After all, his physical body was still in the real world. Thus, he decided to confirm the past few divinations he did regarding the incident.

He picked up the pen and, without writing, he conjured a divination statement on the goatskin before him

"John Maynard's death was due to supernatural influences."

This was the divination he did when he went to Maynard's house to help the police. The answer he received last time was negative.

Grabbing the silver chain, he allowed the topaz pendulum to almost touch the statement on the goatskin. Klein half-closed his eyes and silently recited the divination statement, "John Maynard's death was due to supernatural influences."

"John Maynard's death was due to supernatural influences."

...

After repeating it seven times, he opened his eyes and looked at the pendulum. His pupils constricted suddenly.

The topaz pendulum was spinning clockwise!

Clockwise meant a positive result!

Maynard's death was really due to supernatural influences!

Klein stared at the pendulum that was slowing down, his heart churning in turmoil.

My divination back then was influenced, disrupted...

Madam Sharon is a Beyonder, a rather powerful Beyonder? Or is there someone backing her, having helped in planning Maynard's death?

Did they want to remove a powerful opponent to the seat of mayor, to remove a future House of Commons Member of Parliament from the New Party?

Many thoughts raced through his mind as Klein wrote a new divination statement: "Madam Sharon is a Beyonder."

He recited the statement seven times, still using the pendulum technique. Klein used the location he was at, as well as the information he knew regarding Madam Sharon, to complete the divination. He saw an answer.

The answer was the clockwise rotation of the topaz pendulum: the answer was yes!

Madam Sharon is a Beyonder... Klein's nerves tensed. He didn't delay any further, immediately answering his own prayer and pushing open the mysterious door.

After a moment of chaos and dizziness, he saw Madam Sharon's bedroom and himself.

Klein floated to the front of the heavy safe and extended his right hand. He carefully extended his hand into the safe.

Since Madam Sharon was a Beyonder, he had to be wary of traps in the safe.

In such a state, where his soul was infused with powers of the mysterious space and his spirituality, Klein no longer needed divination. He would receive a warning when he was approaching something dangerous—a large portion of divination was obtaining revelations by allowing one's Astral Projection to roam in the spirit world. In other words, it was derived from one's spirituality.

Klein didn't notice anything unusual. When his nearly-transparent hand made it through the thick metal door.

After sweeping his hand, he leaned forward, plunging his entire spirit into the safe.

He saw that the inside of the safe was split into three sections. The first was filled with gold bars, thick stacks of cash, and even more precious jewelry. Another layer had sealed documents. Klein blew on them, but he didn't manage to flip them open to look at their contents.

Yes, I'll have to try again with Mr. Azik's copper whistle... Klein had experimented with it previously. When he enveloped the Flaring Sun Charm or Azik's copper whistle with his spirit, both the items were able to make it through obstacles, as if becoming illusory items themselves.

The bottom-most layer of the safe was rather strange. There was only a black and white photo there. On the photo was a suave young man.

Madam Sharon's past lover? Were they forcefully broken apart, and Madam Sharon having no choice but to marry the old baron and, thus, embarked on her path of debauchery by entering the beds of multiple men? But deep in her heart, she still harbors a pure space. Every night, when it's quiet, she takes out this photo and strokes it with tears on her face... Klein instantly imagined the plot of a great romantic tragedy.

But the more he looked at it, the more something seemed amiss. The young man in the photo seemed, perhaps, a little too much like Madam Sharon...

Madam Sharon's brother? She's a Beyonder... F**k, could she also be of the Demoness pathway? The same as Instigator Trissy! Klein suddenly had a stroke of inspiration which scared himself.

Could the reason Trissy stayed in Tingen this long be because her partner was here? Klein observed the photo closely, realizing that the young man looked remarkably like Madam Sharon.

His nearly-transparent face grimaced in pain. He could no longer view that "porno" the same way as before!

Collecting himself, Klein felt for the corners of the safe to see if they hid anything.

Even though he couldn't pick up any papers in his current state, passing through objects was a different feeling from passing through the air. The feeling was also different when passing through objects of different densities.

In his search, Klein suddenly froze.

He found an empty space on the side of the safe facing the wall—a hidden compartment!

After confirming that there was no danger, Klein made his way inside. What entered his field of vision were ointments, fragrances, powdered herbs, and other objects. The centerpiece was a statue of a god that took the form of a skeleton.

The statue was about the size of a palm, and probably of a beautiful girl. It had long hair all the way to its heels, each strand of hair was thick and clear, like a venomous snake.

Situated at the tip of every strand of hair was an eye—some closed, others open.

Klein was shocked. He caught a whiff of an evil scent and hurried out of the hidden compartment.

He now understood why his divination for any secret rooms or partitions in the room had failed!

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Chapter 196: Spirit Medium Mirror

Translator: AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

Klein rushed out of the heavy safe in retreat. Only when he realized that everything seemed fine did he calm down.

That white bone statue is creepy... Although it isn't dangerous, it gives me the creeps... Could it be the so-called Primordial Demoness? An evil god like the Hidden Sage, the Dark Side of the Universe, or the True Creator? Klein recalled his hunches about Madam Sharon, and he suddenly understood what existence the white bone statue might represent.

Just as he thought, his spirituality stirred as an ominous premonition gripped him.

Klein quickly flew next to the window with complicated patterns and looked at the road outside. He saw a carriage driving towards the front gate under the light of the gas street lamps.

Madam Sharon is back? There was a tug at his heartstrings as he finally understood the source of his ominous premonition.

Taking into consideration that Trissy only became a woman after Sequence 8 Instigator, Madam Sharon was most likely a Sequence 7. And since Madam Sharon has been active in Tingen's social circles for many years, she was most likely much stronger than Trissy. Klein didn't dare to take the risk of relying on his Flaring Sun Charm and Azik's copper whistle. Instead, he made the wise decision to leave.

He had a limited number of charms. Plus, he didn't know when he would be able to get the Sealed Artifact, Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem, out again. Hence, if it wasn't a desperate situation, Klein didn't want to waste his most powerful charms. He would also have the issue of explaining himself if he were to use it.

I can't just tell Dunn that a kind expert had happened to pass by and helped me, right?

As for why he didn't want to use Azik's copper whistle, it was because Klein wasn't sure if the messenger, that was summoned, had the ability to fight. What if it just looked strong but only knew how to send letters?

With what I discovered earlier, it should be sufficient for the Nighthawks Squad to take action. Why should I fight against Madam Sharon alone? We can totally gank her! Klein emphasized inwardly and ended his summoning. With a whoosh, he returned to the world above the gray fog. He then quickly wrapped himself in spirituality and stimulated a rapid descent to return to his body in reality.

He quickly put out the flame and put away the candle. He removed the wall of spirituality and left Madam Sharon's bedroom. He took the same path back, but he didn't have the time to reset the bolt on the balcony door.

Sliding down the water pipe, Klein climbed over the wall which was opposite the entrance of the house. He remained hidden until he reached the neighboring street. Then, he hired the expensive night carriage to Zouteland Street.

...

Madam Sharon, who looked beautiful in her black dress, slowly walked to the second floor. She dismissed her maidservants and opened the door to her bedroom.

Her pure clear eyes suddenly concentrated and reflected fine threads that were almost transparent and unnoticeable. They didn't possess the luster of spirituality; they were like human hair that was pathologically changed. If one didn't already know of their existence or have a pair of very special eyes, they wouldn't notice the strands.

All those fine threads had torn and fallen to the ground.

Madam Sharon squinted her eyes and directed her focus onto the thick gray metal safe.

...

36 Zouteland Street, the Blackthorn Security Company.

Dunn was reading the newspaper casually with his legs crossed. He looked at Klein who appeared before his office door with a strange expression. He sighed and said, “Weren’t you supposed to slip into Madam Sharon’s house to do an initial search? ... Did you encounter some sort of problem?”

Klein nodded seriously and said, “Yes, I suspect that Madam Sharon is a member of the Demoness Sect.”

“A member of the Demoness Sect?” Dunn lowered the newspaper and ruminated over the words. He then asked seriously, “What did you discover?”

Klein didn’t sit down, he leaned his body forward and supported his weight with his hands holding the edge of the work desk.

“First, I found a photo. There was a young man in the photo, but he looked very much like Madam Sharon.”

If he were to change into female clothing, put on makeup, and Photoshop the picture a little, he would look exactly like Madam Sharon... Klein held back his urge to lampoon.

“Similar to Instigator Trissy?” Dunn’s eyes sparkled as he was enlightened.

They had previously predicted that Trissy was most likely a member of the Demoness Sect.

“Yes.” Klein nodded with mixed emotions as he continued, “I used divination to discover that Madam Sharon has a white bone statue in a hidden compartment in her safe. It’s of an extremely beautiful woman, but her hair is very long, to her ankles. Every single strand is as thick as a venomous snake. On the tips, there were eyes. They looked rather creepy. Captain, is that the image of the Primordial Demoness?”

As his security clearance was insufficient, the information about the Demoness Sect that he could read was very limited.

Dunn recalled and nodded with a serious expression and said, “That’s the image of the Primordial Demoness.

We have to take action immediately and seize control of Madam Sharon.”

Klein immediately agreed and said, “If Madam Sharon is a Mid-Sequence Beyonder from the Demoness Sect, I have to assume that she’ll be able to tell that someone had sneaked into her bedroom.”

Then, he suddenly felt puzzled as he blurted, “Captain, why do the seven orthodox gods only have symbols without any actual image, while the evil gods that I’m currently aware of have anthropomorphic appearances? The True Creator and the Primordial Demoness are examples. Is this one of the differences between orthodox gods and evil gods?”

Why would there be such a difference? Klein added inwardly, but he wisely didn’t say it out.

“That’s one of the differences between orthodox gods and evil gods.”
Dunn gave a reassuring answer. Then, he got up and walked towards the clothes rack. He said, “Let’s not delay any further, I’m worried that Madam Sharon will run away.”

Then, Dunn paused.

“Go upstairs to get Kenley. With the three of us taking action together, we can apply for one Sealed Artifact. Madam Sharon is very likely higher than a Sequence 7 Beyonder.”

Captain, you’re so wise! Klein answered without hesitation, “Alright.”

Then, he asked curiously, “Captain, which Sealed Artifact are you going to use?”

Dunn weighed his words before he answered, “3-0217.”

As there weren’t many Sealed Artifacts behind Tingen City’s Chanis Gate, Klein quickly remembered what Captain wanted to use.

“Number: 0217.

“Name: Spirit Medium’s Mirror.

“Danger Grade: 3. Considerably dangerous. It has to be used carefully. It can only be requested for operations that require three or more people.

“Security classification: Official Nighthawk member or above.

“Sealed Method: Store in absolute darkness.

“Description: The back of the mirror is plated in mercury, the front of the mirror has three minor cracks.

“The very first investigator that looked into the mirror saw a sobbing girl with long hair. Then, he discovered the girl climbing out of the mirror.

“From many experiments with the artifact, the image that’s reflected in the mirror is different most of the time. Even if the same person uses it repeatedly, they would encounter different things of varying danger levels. But they would prioritize dealing with the person who looked at the mirror first.

“The most dangerous situation is to see oneself in the mirror.

“If no one looks at the mirror, under the prerequisite of there being light, an image would surface automatically every three hours.

“It doesn’t possess any living traits.

“Remark: The mirror originally belonged to a Spirit Medium and was a very ordinary mirror until one day the Spirit Medium committed suicide when looking into it.”

Indeed, that there aren’t many Sealed Artifacts behind Chanis Gate that can be used in a Beyonder battle. 3-0217 is a good choice... Klein didn’t speak further as he immediately ran to the Nighthawks’ recreation room to get Sleepless Kenley.

That night was Royale’s turn to be on duty at Chanis Gate. Leonard was off duty, Seeka Tron was patrolling areas like Raphael Cemetery, and the new member would only arrive on Sunday. Hence, Dunn could only pick from Frye and Kenley. Taking into consideration that Madam Sharon was from the Demoness Sect and had little to do with dead spirits, he had opted for the latter.

After a few minutes, Dunn returned from the basement. He held the mirror that was tightly wrapped in a thick black cloth.

Frankly speaking, if I didn't know beforehand, I wouldn't be able to tell that it's a mirror. None of it is exposed... Klein went forward with the petite-sized Kenley.

"You're in charge of using Sealed Artifact 3-0217." Dunn passed the mirror to Kenley.

Upon seeing that, Klein suddenly realized that he was a Sequence 8 Beyonder and that he possessed the ability to fight head on. He couldn't just hide by the side as support.

Man, I'm a little nervous... He touched the Slumber Charms in his pockets and made sure that he was well prepared.

The only problem is that in order to make it easier to climb, I'm not bringing my cane. Hmm, I can borrow Kenley's. He has the mirror in one hand and a gun in the other; that should be sufficient. Amidst Klein's thoughts, the trio arrived downstairs and took a carriage to Osna Street.

On their way there, Kenley looked at the Sealed Artifact 3-0217 in his hands. He sighed from the tension.

"This is the first time I've been involved in such a dangerous operation."

Normally, the Nighthawks wouldn't use any Sealed Artifacts to deal with Beyonder incidents.

When they went to Morse Town, they had applied for the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem for preventive purposes. Given how far away Morse Town was, it would've taken backup some time to arrive if they needed it. This time, they were almost certain that their target was a Mid-Sequence Beyonder!

“Don’t worry, perhaps Madam Sharon has already fled,” Klein replied with a smile.

Honestly, he was just as tense as Kenley.

Dunn’s eyes turned and looked at him helplessly.

“Let’s try not to let Madam Sharon escape.”

...

About twenty minutes later, the three Nighthawks arrived at Osna Street. They saw the garden and Madam Sharon’s house in the darkness. The house lay in silence as though nothing had happened.

Klein took out the pendulum in his left sleeve and made a quick divination.

“There’s danger inside.

“There’s danger inside.”

...

After he recited the statement seven times, he opened his eyes and saw the topaz pendant spinning clockwise. The amplitude and speed were considered medium-level.

It meant that there was danger in there. Not very high, but it wasn’t very low either!

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There's danger in there. Not very high, but it isn't very low either...

This means that Madam Sharon is still in the building. She hasn't fled yet...

Klein froze for a moment, quickly realizing the reason.

He had entered a unique state by summoning himself to inspect the safe. He hadn't forcefully broken the lock when he was inspecting the secret compartment, nor did he activate any hidden traps. Thus, Madam Sharon wouldn't have discovered that her secret had been exposed. She would only think that there was a break in, or some private investigator was checking on her to no avail.

In such a situation, it was logical that she would continue to stay home. It made logical sense.

To lose composure from a tiny matter and overreact wasn't the Madam Sharon whom Klein had come to understand. She was a calm socialite who was capable of acting afraid and pitiful, as well as a Beyonder member of the Demoness Sect who had kept her identity hidden for many years.

If the telephone had been invented, Madam Sharon definitely would've called one of her lovers and complained about the security in Tingen City whilst hinting that it was Madam Maynard... Klein began imagining a melodramatic plot. He told Dunn and Kenley the results of his divination as well as his guess.

"That's the most reasonable deduction." Dunn pressed down on his hat as he looked at the second floor of Madam Sharon's apartment. "There's no need for us to rush in."

“Why?” Kenley, who was holding Sealed Artifact 3-0217, instinctively asked.

He was filled with fear towards the Spirit Medium Mirror in his hands. He was afraid that some unexpected event would arise from the Sealed Artifact.

Dunn wore his black gloves and looked at Klein.

“Do you still remember what happened when we tried to capture Instigator Trissy?”

“I remember,” Klein replied after some thought. “She seemed to be able to detect our presence and make the necessary responses, which resulted in her successful escape.”

I also remember suggesting the use of bombarding the house when the Captain asked me how I would deal with the situation. That was the safest, most surefire method. But not this time... We can't use it here as there are many innocent maids in Madam Sharon's house. If we notified them in advance and got them to evacuate, that would definitely catch Madam Sharon's attention. According to Leonard, Trissy could turn invisible. We have to assume that Madam Sharon has that ability too...Klein connected the dots at once.

Dunn looked at the crimson moon in the sky and said, “Good, your answer is very good. You're rather intuitive in such situations.

“We cannot approach recklessly and end up alarming Madam Sharon. I'll try dragging her into a dream from a distance. If I'm successful, you and Kenley will go and capture her... Well... You can make the decision of whether to kill her or not. Kill her if you cannot control her. Your safety is of utmost importance.”

Captain, your line of thought is always so clear at such critical moments!
I was just waiting for you to say that! Klein praised in his heart.

Over the months, Klein had grasped most of the unique traits of the different Beyonder powers of his partners when he was casually chatting with Dunn, Leonard, Frye, and the rest. Amongst those, Dunn Smith, who was a Nightmare, could freely enter the dreams of a sleeping person even though he was at home or at the Blackthorn Security Company.

But how he did it was a secret of his own Sequence, and Klein didn't ask about it too deeply.

The ability to drag someone into a dream had a limited range and was normally used during direct confrontations.

But Klein had once heard the Captain say that the ability also had a certain effect when used within a hundred meter radius. But he needed time to complete the process. He couldn't do it instantly, for the process was similar to coaxing a child to sleep.

At this moment, Dunn was going to drag the distant Madam Sharon into a sleeping state, a little at a time. After completing the first stages of the restraint, he was going to create the most opportunistic conditions for Klein and Kenley.

“Alright.” Kenley was also rather accepting of the Captain's plan.

Without any more chatter, Dunn leaned on the corner of a wall and shut his eyes. He put his hands together and lowered his head. His black windbreaker and silk hat blended into the night.

...

In the opulent bedroom.

Madam Sharon was leaning on her comfortable rocking chair, completely naked. Her fair and excellent figure was completely exposed.

She sometimes turned her head towards the full-length mirror to admire her charming self.

As she looked, her face would flush red as tears welled in her eyes. Her expression emitted a strange tenderness amidst her stupor.

The skeletal statue of the goddess was sitting on the table beside her. The thick strands of hair seemed gentle under the warm, pink light.

Slowly, the frequency in which Madam Sharon looked into the mirror decreased. Bit by bit, her eyelids couldn't help but droop.

...

Seconds turned into minutes when Klein suddenly recalled something. How was the Captain going to notify Kenley and himself after he successfully dragged Madam Sharon into a dream?

Madam Sharon would wake up if the Captain left his Nightmare state, and she would notice that something was off... I wonder if the Captain is capable of giving hand signs while dreaming at the same time? Klein looked at the worried Kenley pacing around and intended to discuss this with him in order to distract him.

At that moment, his mind turned into a blur. He saw a giant crimson moon, as well as Captain Dunn Smith in his black windbreaker under the moon. There was also the short Kenley, his expression dazed.

Klein realized that he too was dreaming!

I've been dragged into a dream by the Captain... So that's how he was going to notify us. He wanted to facepalm himself, but could only maintain his trance-like state while saying muddle-headedly, "Captain?"

Dunn nodded slightly and said, "Madam Sharon has entered a dream. You can take action now."

He then emphasized, "Remember to be careful, and don't be too reckless... We would rather miss the opportunity than take unwarranted risks."

Just as he finished his sentence, the world before Klein shattered. His eyes reflected Dunn Smith again. He was still at the corner of the wall, looking down with his hands clenched tightly into fists.

On the other side, Kenley, who had stopped pacing about, also opened his eyes.

The duo exchanged looks and nodded. Both of them entered a state to execute their operation.

Even though this was the first time Kenley was participating in a relatively dangerous mission, he was still more experienced than Klein. He had attended many official missions, so he quickly adjusted his mental state, becoming calm and sharp.

Of course, this could also be attributed to the augmentation the night had on a Sleepless. This was also one of the reasons Dunn had chosen Kenley over Frye for this operation.

"Let's go." As a Sequence 8, Klein took on the role of the leader, signaling for his partner to follow.

Kenley didn't object. He gripped the tightly-wrapped mirror and softened his footsteps as he followed.

Klein led him to the place where he scaled the wall previously. He grabbed onto the crevices of the wall and made it to the top of the wall with little effort.

He maintained his ridiculous sense of balance and turned around, bending down and grabbing the Spirit Medium Mirror Kenley had tossed over.

The moment he touched the mirror, Klein felt his spiritual perception tighten suddenly. It was as if what was covered by the black cloth wasn't a mirror, but a door to some unknown, dangerous alternate world.

Indeed, any item that requires sealing has some malefic side to it... Klein internally muttered to himself wistfully as he watched Kenley scale the wall.

In order to facilitate movement, Kenley had placed his cane beside Dunn. Klein didn't dwell on that matter.

After making their way through the garden to the side of the building, he climbed the pipe up to the balcony of the second floor, just as he did before.

He then hung naturally from his feet, allowing his body to fall, once again taking Sealed Artifact 3-0271.

Kenley looked at him, puzzled. But immediately, he nodded his head in enlightenment.

At that moment, Klein was shocked by his own actions. He exerted a force using his waist, and, with the support of his left hand, he easily flipped over.

What happened just now ? Why did I move like that ? It felt so natural... Is that an ability of the Clown ? He thought back and felt that he was able to better display the unique characteristics of a Clown in actual practice.

After waiting for Kenley to easily make his way up, Klein handed the Spirit Medium Mirror back to him before pulling open the unlocked door of the balcony.

Kenley carefully pulled away the black cloth wrapped around Sealed Artifact 3-0271. He pointed the object mirror side down, reflecting the tiles on the ground.

One of the rules of the Spirit Medium Mirror was not to use it on yourself or your partners!

After putting away the black cloth, Kenley took out his revolver and followed behind Klein. They made their way past the corridor towards Madam Sharon's bedroom, their footsteps light.

Klein wielded his readied revolver, and, while activating his Spirit Vision, he reached out for the door handle with his left hand.

He didn't dare to be careless since his divination told him that there would be danger present.

The reason why he didn't make another quick divination was that he knew the presence of the Primordial Demoness's statue in the room. At this distance, his divination would definitely be interrupted. He knew that there was no way for him to get a clear answer without relying on the

gray fog's obstruction. Furthermore, with Kenley beside him, there was no way for him to enter that mysterious space.

After pushing open the door, what entered Klein and Kenley's field of vision was the warm light from the gas lamp.

Then, they saw Madam Sharon slumped over her chair, as well as her alluring body.

However, Madam Sharon wasn't asleep. She was reclined in her chair with a faint smile across her mouth, looking straight at her two visitors.

Instinctively, Kenley flipped his palm and pointed the Spirit Medium Mirror at Madam Sharon.

Klein first froze, then exclaimed, "No!"

He clearly remembered that there was a full-length mirror on the other side of the chair. But it wasn't there now!

The Spirit Medium Mirror had locked onto Madam Sharon in just a second.

But that image of Madam Sharon became blurry before turning into a full-length mirror.

Kenley looked at himself in the mirror and also Sealed Artifact 3-0271 reflecting his own image.

A figure instantly appeared within the Spirit Medium Mirror. It was an expressionless, sinister image of Kenley himself!

Klein felt his limbs turn rigid as if he had been entangled by invisible threads.

An elegant figure appeared beside the full-length mirror. It was Madam Sharon, wearing a nightgown.

She glanced at the two intruders and chuckled.

“If it wasn’t for the fact that the statue happened to be beside me, I should be deep asleep now, waiting for you to wake me up with a kiss.”

At that moment, Klein suddenly shouted a simple term in ancient Hermes, “Crimson!”

He had no idea when he dug his left palm into his pocket. He deftly flicked his fingers and tossed out a Slumber Charm.

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The silver charm suddenly turned ice-cold, just like a crystal coat with layers of frost.

Klein shivered and suddenly became more alert, his fear and agitation temporarily froze.

He quickly injected his spirituality into the charm and pushed the thin silver piece out of his pocket with his fingertip, causing it to drop to his feet.

A crimson flame appeared in the air, and the sound of light, continuous explosions echoed in the room.

A serene and deep feeling instantly emanated and engulfed most of the bedroom, including Madam Sharon, Sleepless Kenley, and also Klein himself!

The Slumber Charm was an item that didn't distinguish between the enemy and the caster. In most situations, using it meant throwing it at the enemy.

That way, the caster would only be affected by the remnant shock waves, but not to the extent of failing to resist the temptation of falling into a deep sleep.

But Klein's arms were entangled by countless invisible threads. He couldn't throw the charm, so he could only exchange Madam Sharon's slumber with his!

But he had long considered such a situation and was prepared. This was because his body was unique—a uniqueness that was unlike most Low-Sequence Beyonders.

In that instant, Klein's eyelids closed and entered into deep sleep normally, while Madam Sharon and Kenley also appeared to slow down.

Klein quickly realized that he was in a dream and rationally knew that he was sleeping.

Whenever anything related to dream invasions or similar hypnotic effects were used on him, he could still maintain consciousness!

He had discovered this when he was dealing with Dunn's Nightmare powers, as well as when Daly was channeling his spirit!

Kacha!

Klein tore out of the dream forcefully and woke up. He felt the countless threads binding his arms, legs, and body loosen. As for Madam Sharon, she had a vacant look, as though she was going to shake off the effect of the Slumber Charm but had yet to wake up entirely. Kenley was on the

ground with the Spirit Medium Mirror flipped upside down nearby, while his revolver had been flung to the door.

An opportunity!

Klein seized the moment while the fine threads loosened, he took out his left hand and snapped his fingers. He lit up a faint blue spiritual flame and burned the countless fine threads before him.

At the same time, he picked up his revolver with his right hand and pulled the trigger repeatedly.

Bang! Bang!

The two silver demon hunting bullets tore through the barrel and fired towards Madam Sharon.

Klein didn't confirm the outcome but bent his knees, exerted strength in his waist, and leaped over to Kenley. Simultaneously, he broke the fine strings that were tied around his body.

His earlier shots were mainly to inform the Captain that something unexpected had happened inside. They were already fighting and were in need of assistance. Of course, if he could shoot Madam Sharon directly, that'd be the best outcome!

However, Klein didn't believe a Sequence 7 or 6 Beyonder could be taken care of so easily.

There were faint blue flames twirling in the air, dancing across the fine threads in the room. In such a dreamy scenery, the two silver demon hunting bullets struck Madam Sharon's body.

Kacha! Kacha!

Madam Sharon was in her translucent sleeping robe, and her indistinct body shattered like the crimson moon's reflection in a lake. The full body mirror next to her cracked into pieces, and most of them shattered into about thumbnail-sized chunks while a small amount remained on the frame. They all resembled palms, strangely-shaped palms.

A substitute? A Beyonder power of the Demoness Sequence? The corner of Klein's eyes swept over it as he already rolled next to Kenley. Since the fine strings were all broken by his movement, the faint blue flames didn't spread over.

At that moment, Madam Sharon had vanished, but the "sleeping" Kenley lifted his hands and gripped his neck so tightly that his saliva began flowing out as his tongue protruded. But he didn't seem like he was going to stop.

But in Klein's Spirit Vision, there weren't any abnormal things around!

He suddenly recalled the description of Sealed Artifact 3-0271.

The most dangerous situation is when you see yourself!

Could it be that Kenley saw his own reflection in Sealed Artifact 3-0271 through the full body mirror? Klein speculated. He quickly took out another silver charm without having the luxury of time to think about it.

It was a triangular-shaped item: a Requiem Charm.

"Crimson!"

Klein said the ancient Hermes word while he instilled his spirituality into the charm and threw it out.

Then, he pressed down his left hand and grabbed the Spirit Medium Mirror.

He used the corner of his eye to determine that the Sealed Artifact was facing downward so it wouldn't reflect himself.

The triangular silver charm ignited into icy-blue flames. The gentle and serene darkness blanketed Kenley and affected Klein himself.

The nervous emotions dispersed in that instant. Kenley relaxed his hands on his throat, while Klein felt like he was standing before his oriel window at home, overlooking the quiet streets. His physical and mental state was at peace.

That was exactly what Klein wanted!

At that very moment, he entered an extremely serene state. He appeared to be the only person left in the entire world with nothing else in existence.

Within this sense of calmness, he suddenly had a gut feeling in his mind.

Madam Sharon is about to attack my right waist!

That was the foresight ability of a Clown in battle. Without any hesitation, Klein lifted the Spirit Medium Mirror and rolled to his left.

Just as he moved, a dagger, burning in dark flames, pierced the spot where he had stood earlier.

Madam Sharon's figure was outlined once again.

As he rolled, Klein suddenly lifted the Spirit Medium Mirror and pointed it at Madam Sharon!

Besides saving his teammate, his main goal when he got close to Kenley was to pick up the Sealed Artifact.

Otherwise, he didn't believe that anything good would come out of waiting for the Captain's reinforcements while being next to Madam Sharon. The Flaring Sun Charm could be used to fight against a Beyonder, but the effect wouldn't be as significant as if it was used against a dead spirit. Plus, the other person wouldn't just stand there and wait for him to use a charm.

If it really didn't work, Klein could only take the risk and use Azik's copper whistle.

Regarding how he would explain it, he would think about it after he managed to stay alive!

However, things developed better than Klein had predicted. Madam Sharon opted for assassination. She didn't interrupt his use of the Requiem Charm and the Spirit Medium Mirror.

Therefore, Klein had instantly formulated a simple plan. He didn't avoid the repercussions of the Requiem Charm but relied on it to enhance his foresight ability as a Clown. Then, he seized the opportunity to dodge the attack while he used the Spirit Medium Mirror to reflect the enemy!

When Madam Sharon missed her strike, she immediately wanted to chase after her agile opponent who was rolling away. She suddenly saw a mirror with three cracks.

The surface of the mirror rippled, and a woman's figure appeared. Her hair was black and thick, hanging low and blocking her face.

Klein's left hand shook, and the Spirit Medium Mirror glided on the carpet for a dozen centimeters with the front facing upwards.

A pale hand extended out of the mirror, and a woman in a white bedsheet-like dress climbed out of the mirror quickly and pounced at Madam Sharon.

Madam Sharon's expression became gloomy, there was a layer of darkness above her innocent brown eyes.

Her surroundings ignited with seven black flames.

With a swoosh, a black flame flew out and hit the woman in the white dress.

Whoosh!

The woman caught on fire and wailed in pain. Very soon, she vanished into thin air.

Sou! Sou! Sou!

The black flames flew at Klein one after another like bullets.

Klein's pupils constricted as he quickly rolled away. He didn't dare stay in that spot.

However, his action of rolling gradually became slower because there seemed to be fine threads entangling him again. They slowed him down and affected his motion.

It seemed like the nemesis of the Clown's combat abilities!

The black flames flew past Klein's face and fell onto Madam Sharon's bed. However, it didn't burn, seemingly effective on items with life or spirituality.

Klein had yet to feel rejoice over his successful dodge when another premonition flashed through his head.

He twisted his spine and changed his forward flip into a side roll.

A transparent ice crystal suddenly appeared like a spear and stabbed into the carpet where Klein had originally intended to land.

The white frost expanded and struck Klein whose actions were affected by the fine threads.

He suddenly shivered, and his body became stiff. Although he could still move, he was much slower.

Madam Sharon had black flames surrounding her again, and there was a transparent ice spear that condensed in her hands. Klein didn't hesitate any further as he shoved his hand into his pocket and grabbed Azik's copper whistle.

He, he, he.

Just then, Kenley shook off the effect of the Requiem and Slumber charms. He got up and looked towards Madam Sharon with a pair of vacant-looking eyes.

His face seemed to be blanketed by a shadow, making him look silent yet creepy.

Thud. Thud. Thud. Kenley leaped at Madam Sharon who was the closest.

Madam Sharon narrowed her eyes and shot the black flames surrounding her one after another at Kenley.

Poof! Poof Poof! The black flames disappeared like snowflakes and didn't have any effect.

Klein was stunned at first, then he lifted the gun in his right hand and pulled the trigger while aiming at Madam Sharon.

Bang!

Madam Sharon dodged ahead of time and threw the frost spear towards Kenley, but it only penetrated his clothes and not his skin. Hence, it didn't create a freezing effect.

Bang! Klein fired again, and Madam Sharon dodged to the side of the broken full-body mirror and picked up a palm-sized fragment.

She continued to walk swiftly and dodged another bullet. She then used the irregular fragment to reflect Kenley as he leaped over at her.

Right on the heels of that, Madam Sharon dodged to the side as she swiped the mirror with her palm which was covered in black flames.

At that moment, Klein had emptied his revolver. He had no choice but to throw it, letting the empty shells and revolver fall to the carpet.

Just as he rolled over to pick up Kenley's revolver, he heard his teammate's tragic scream.

Kenley stopped before bending over and vomiting. It was bile at first, then a red heart, followed by his lungs and stomach that were burning with black flames.

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Chapter 199: Successful Toss of the Die

Translator: AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

The beating heart, the yellowish-green liquid, the silently burning black flames, and the falling figure entered Klein's field of vision and etched themselves deeply into Klein's mind.

The most dangerous mission he had encountered up to this date had been when he was dealing with Ray Bieber who was in the midst of digesting. Even such a terrifying and dangerous monster had only resulted in severe injuries to the Beyonders on the mission. No one had to sacrifice their lives.

The deaths of the Beyonders Klein had witnessed, including Old Neil's, were all due to them losing control. The "murderer" might be strange and indescribable or related to evil gods, but they had nothing to do with the missions they undertook.

Now, he was looking at one of his partners being killed in action. The death was purely due to one mistake.

Nighthawks were fighting against madness, but so were they also fighting against danger.

There might never be an opportunity to make up for that one mistake.

Klein's thoughts erupted with a boom.

Apparently having taken a huge blow, he knelt down and lifted his right hand, firing successive shots at Madam Sharon. The silver demon hunting bullets pierced through the invisible threads and shot towards her head and transparent sleeping gown.

Suddenly, Madam Sharon appeared to be yanked in another direction by something, allowing her to successfully avoid Klein's manic shooting.

Klein only managed to collect himself and regain the ability of rational thought when he finished firing the five bullets in his revolver, and the sound of the hammer striking an empty chamber entered his ears.

His heart tightened. Without any time to reload, he tossed the revolver to the side and took out a stack of tarot cards!

Pa!

Madam Sharon's body moved to the side and saw a card fly past her, piercing deeply into the surface of the makeup table.

She smiled, her beautiful brown eyes once again taking on a black luster.

At that moment, her waterfall like brown hair suddenly flailed into the air like it was lifted by an invisible force.

Madam Sharon froze. She wanted to dodge, but she was too slow. Klein had tossed out a "Magician" card, successfully pinning her hair to the wall.

Pa! Madam Sharon forcefully tore away her hair and rolled forward, her body quickly vanishing from Klein's line of sight.

She's turned invisible again... Klein had a tarot card between his fingers as he slowly turned around while being alert of his surroundings.

Suddenly, he realized why Madam Sharon had to give up her attack, and why she had slowed down.

If the situation had developed normally, Klein would have had no choice but to use Azik's copper whistle to deal with this terrifying demoness!

Yes! The Captain must be around here somewhere! He felt a little excited. He looked around, his gaze instinctively falling on the window.

At the same time, he made a judgment in his heart.

Madam Sharon wants to flee!

She knew that we still have a partner with the ability to drag her into a dream, but she was unsure if there would be other reinforcements from the Nighthawks, Mandated Punishers, or Machinery Hivemind!

Even though she's powerful, there's no way that she can wipe out a team of Beyonders on her own!

With that thought, Klein flicked his wrist, tossing the tarot card towards the window.

Whoosh Whoosh Whoosh! He threw out five cards in succession, three sealing the window and the other two towards the door.

Crack! Thud! Thud!

Amidst the sound of shattering glass, two tarot cards dug into the ajar bedroom door, one after the other. As he expected, Klein heard the sound of dodging.

He once again tossed cards out, making use of his Clown's intuition to pinpoint where he should be aiming.

The cards pierced through the air and rapidly advanced before drilling themselves into the sturdy wall. However, a figure was quickly outlined in the air. It was none other than the brown-haired Madam Sharon who was in a translucent sleeping gown.

The moment Madam Sharon was exposed, her eyes lost their focus, as though she was falling asleep standing.

Captain... Klein scanned his surroundings but was in no hurry to throw his cards. This was because he knew that Madam Sharon would quickly break out of the dream. He had to deal fatal damage in these two or three seconds, or their opponent would escape.

It was easy to escape from a Nightmare when there was a huge distance between them!

Bending his knees, Klein rolled forward diagonally. He went prone and extended his right hand, grabbing the edge of the Spirit Medium Mirror that was facing upward.

He then flicked his wrist before his reflection could appear in the mirror. He tossed Sealed Artifact 3-0271 towards Madam Sharon, mirror side facing her.

Madam Sharon's body trembled. The color of her brown eyes was quickly restored as they once again found their focus.

And awakening before her was a crystalline layer of sturdy frost that appeared on the surface of her body.

However, she didn't see the card, nor the demon hunting bullet approaching her. All she saw was a mirror, and that the mirror was reflecting her innocent, yet alluring beauty.

That beautiful face in the mirror suddenly became contorted. Wrinkles, gashes of blood, and rotting spots appeared on her face.

“No!” Madam Sharon let out a shrill cry as if she had just witnessed someone she loved die.

Her skin quickly took on a green color as yellow pus flowed out the corner of her eyes.

After a moment of suffering, a silent black flame burned outward from within Madam Sharon, as if she was trying to expel something.

The black flames then condensed into a thick frost, as if it was creating a coffin for an eternal rest.

The invisible threads finally took on a color that was visible to the human eye. They enveloped the frost, forming a gigantic cocoon.

Thud. Thud. Thud. Sealed Artifact 3-0271 fell onto the ground and tumbled before stopping beside Madam Sharon’s giant cocoon.

At that moment, Dunn broke through the window frame and somersaulted into the room.

He caught sight of Kenley, who had stopped breathing, and his expression sank.

It was at this moment, the cocoon cracked open. The coffin of ice crumbled an inch at a time as black flames turned into specks of light, dissipating into the surroundings.

Madam Sharon’s skin had regained its normal color. Her eyes showed fatigue, but she seemed normal.

Her eyes reflected Klein who was still sprawled on the ground. She also saw Dunn Smith, his finger pressed on his glabella with his eyes closed.

A formless ripple spread outward from Dunn as Madam Sharon's eyelids drooped uncontrollably. Under Dunn's windbreaker were writhing, snake-like objects.

Klein knew that the Captain couldn't restrain Madam Sharon for long, just like when they were previously fighting Monster Bieber. Klein rolled forward again, grabbed his revolver, the one he had previously tossed onto the carpet.

He grabbed three demon hunting bullets with his left hand and familiarity stuffed them into the round chambers.

Pa!

Klein closed the cylinder and stood up, taking aim at Madam Sharon with both hands on the gun. He aimed at the center of her forehead.

Bang!

He controlled his body with the abilities of the Clown and pulled the trigger.

The silver demon hunting bullet pierced through the air, accurately hitting the fixed target.

A bloody gash appeared between Madam Sharon's eyes, but the bullet seemed to tear through multiple layers of obstruction, causing it to lose the bulk of its power, rendering it unable to pierce through the target's skull.

Klein fired another two shots without hesitation when he saw Madam Sharon suddenly open her eyes.

Bang! Bang!

A rain of blood splattered amidst white dots. The stunning beauty that was Madam Sharon had become a mutilated corpse that would incite nightmares in every man.

She had long run out of “substitutes” to use.

Phew. Phew . Klein lowered his arms and panted heavily. Madam Sharon, with only half her head left, slumped onto the ground. She still had an exceptional figure, her skin still white and tender.

Dunn straightened himself up and opened his eyes. He, too, lowered his hand from his glabella, his face a little pale. He wasn't injured, but he looked as though he had lost a lot of blood.

“If it wasn't for the fact that she wanted to kill a few people before she tried to escape; if it wasn't for Sealed Artifact 3-0271 reflecting herself by chance, we probably would've only been able to injure her...” Dunn slowly walked forward to Klein's side, his voice unusually low.

If it wasn't for how unique I was, I would've died along with Kenley in the first ten seconds of the battle... Klein turned to look at Kenley who was silently lying on the black ash. He exhaled.

“Captain, Kenley...”

“I know...” Dunn replied with a raspy voice. “I made a mistake. I was fooled by Madam Sharon. I didn't expect her to secretly escape from the dream.”

He paused, then he said in a serious tone, “But you have to get used to this. It’s normal for Nighthawks to die during missions. Perhaps the next one to die would be me.”

Klein fell silent, not knowing how to reply. Kenley still had his eyes open, staring blankly at the ceiling.

“May the Goddess bless you. May you find true peace.” Dunn walked over to Kenley’s side and drew a crimson moon on his chest.

He then squatted and closed his partner’s eyes.

May the Goddess bless you. May the serene night no longer harbor any danger or madness... Klein also drew the crimson moon as he prayed silently in his heart.

A few seconds later, he forcefully retracted his gaze and asked in a heavy voice, “Captain, should I channel her spirit now?”

Dunn nodded indiscernibly.

“Don’t attempt to ask about the Primordial Demoness. That’s very dangerous. I’ll guard you and prevent any accidents from disturbing you.”

Klein didn’t tarry. He took out the various ingredients and quickly set up an altar, starting the mediumship ritual.

After reciting the incantations, he took a step back and used a Dream Divination.

“Madam Sharon’s partners.

“Madam Sharon’s partners.”

...

After reciting the statement seven times, Klein entered a dream. He saw Madam Sharon's soul within the hazy world.

He reached out to the transparent, ethereal soul, and the scene before his eyes changed.

It was a night scene. Madam Sharon, who was wearing a long black robe, handed an ancient bronze book over to Instigator Trissy. She laughed a little manically after hearing the latter's doubt over the term "Witch."

"Weren't you always curious? Curious about why our upper echelons are all female..."

So it really was the Demoness Sect... Leonard's guess accurately matches the truth; he really does have a huge secret... The corresponding Sequence 7 for Assassin and Instigator is Witch? What a trap... Klein thought to himself.

The scene immediately changed. Klein saw a vast hall with narrow windows all around the place, and a lady clad in a pure white robe.

Her back was facing Madam Sharon as she said with a smile, "We can reach sainthood as long as we advance towards the Primordial. We can attain power, attain salvation, and avoid the end of days."

Madam Sharon lowered her head and asked curiously, "Why must we become women? Is it because the Primordial is a woman? Do women symbolize destruction and calamity?"

The lady whose back was facing Madam Sharon answered calmly, "No, men are the same, they are the synonym of war. These are two similar pathways."

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Chapter 200: The Demoness of Pleasure

Translator: AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

Synonym of war... A similar Sequence as the Demoness Sequence pathway... Which one would it be? Klein watched the movie-like scene as he recalled the Sequence pathways that he knew of.

As he was only an official Nighthawk, there was still a lot of information that he couldn't access. He was still in the dark about the names of the Mid to High Sequences and their corresponding traits. He only knew about the few that he had learned of from the Eternal Blazing Sun, such as the Priest of Light and the Unshadowed; the God of Combat Sequence pathway that he found out from the young man, Sun, such as Dawn Paladin, Guardian, and Demon Hunter; as well as Spirit Guide and Gatekeeper which he found out from Daly and Dunn.

Hence, it was difficult for him to judge which Sequence pathway would be a synonym of war. He could only eliminate them one by one, such as the God of Combat Sequence pathway which seemed more like individual battles rather than war.

Klein thought about it and minimized the scope to five options.

First, was the Arbiter Sequence pathway which the Loen Kingdom's ruler, the Augustus family, and the Feynapotter Kingdom's Castiya family were in control of. But Klein felt that this option was the least likely because the Arbiter's corresponding Sequence 8 was Sheriff and

Sequence 7 was Interrogator, which both seemed to be leaning towards trial and judgment but not towards war.

Second, was the Fourth Epoch Solomon Empire's pathway of the Dark Emperor. Its Sequence 9's modern name was Lawyer, which was good at discovering and using the flaws and weaknesses of an opponent, while also possessing outstanding eloquence and logical thinking. That was the second lowest possible Sequence pathway. He suspected that the development of the Sequence would make use of rules and walked in the shadow of order. Of course, war was also considered as one of the shadows of order.

Third, was the Hunter Sequence pathway that was in the control of the Feysac Empire's rulers, the Einhorn family; the Intis Republic's former royal family, the Sauron family, and also the hidden organization that only appeared in the last two to three hundred years, the Iron and Blood Cross Order. Klein thought it was quite possible.

The Nighthawk's confidential information described Hunters as excellent trackers, outstanding trap masters, and superb hunters. The corresponding Sequence 8 was Provoker, while Sequence 7 was Pyromaniac. Both were partially associated with massacre and war.

Fourth was the ancient organization Blood Sanctify Sect that worshiped demons. They were in control of the Criminal Sequence pathway. From the sequence title itself, Klein felt that it had a high possibility.

Fifth was the Rose School of Thought that was known for bloody rituals. They had the Prisoner Sequence pathway, and the reason was the same as the one before.

Just as Klein was drowning in his own thoughts, the scene before him changed. Madam Sharon had just finished showering, and her wet hair hung low. There was a fresh yet seductive charm on her face.

I can't see the woman in the white robe that turned Madam Sharon into a Demoness... It might be because my psychic ability is still lacking... Klein reined back his thoughts and redirected his attention to what was before his eyes.

Madam Sharon flipped her hair, and water droplets glided down her cheeks.

She looked towards the man who was waiting on the bed as she giggled and said, "Do you need me to take care of Maynard?"

The middle-aged man on the bed creased his eyebrows and shook his head. "Not unless you can guarantee that there won't be any traces left behind. But that's impossible; besides, what means do you have?"

Looking at the man before him, Klein was taken aback at first before suddenly feeling that it was within expectations.

The middle-aged man's photo often appeared on the front page of the Tingen City Honest Paper and other newspapers. He was the current mayor that was looking to be re-elected, a member of Conservative Party.

Madam Sharon smiled but didn't delve deeper into the topic. Her robe was halfway up her legs, and she walked gracefully to the side of the bed.

The scenery before him changed one after another until Klein saw many Members of Parliament, businessmen, and civil servants who appeared on the newspaper occasionally.

They would either discuss how to receive donations, bribe voters by going around the Campaign Act, or promise protection and solve problems. In the entire development, Madam Sharon acted as a broker.

This is actually a documentary, right... "Tour the Upper Circles of Tingen with Madam Sharon"... Well, but why are there so many bed scenes... Many nobles and Members of Parliament knew that Madam Sharon had many lovers, so why did they look like they couldn't resist the temptation... Was this an ability of Madam Sharon's Sequence? Klein watched thoughtfully as he speculated.

Through the divination earlier, he was certain that none of the guys in Tingen's upper circles knew of Madam Sharon's true identity, nor did they collude with her to murder Maynard.

In other words, Maynard's death was Madam Sharon's own decision? Why? She had no reason to take the risk.

Of course, from Madam Sharon's perspective, she possessed the Beyond power to interfere in divination, and she could also create a sudden death from sexual pleasure and make the death appear natural and accidental. Killing Maynard wasn't something risky that would expose her identity, but she clearly lacks a motive. It doesn't match the risk involved!

Could it be one of the requirements of her "acting?" But she could definitely find someone whose identity and status wasn't as sensitive. Then, the case wouldn't have fallen to the Nighthawks, Mandated Punishers, or the Machinery Hivemind.

The most important point was that Madam Sharon should've been able to tell that Maynard's wife hated her and was extremely indignant. That made it highly likely that someone would be sent to investigate her, so

why didn't she move those sensitive items like the white bone statue away? She could have buried it in the garden or something.

Was she so confident in the security of her safe and its hidden compartment?

Amidst his suspicion, Klein saw that Madam Sharon's spirit had yet to disperse. He seized the opportunity to do another dream divination.

This time, his divination involved: "Madam Sharon's true motive for killing John Maynard."

After he recited it in silence, Klein entered a dream once again and saw a new scene.

Madam Sharon held a glass of red wine which resembled blood. In her loose sleeping gown, she was pacing back and forth in her room. Finally, she drank the rest of the wine in one gulp, as though she had decided on something.

The scene dispersed quickly, leaving Klein even more confused since Maynard's death looked like Madam Sharon had volunteered to do it without anyone's instigation.

"That's weird..." Klein muttered to himself and used another few divination statements. But the answers were no different.

Seeing that Madam Sharon was growing transparent and illusory, signifying that she was going to disappear soon, Klein thought and made final contact with the dead spirit.

"Sequence potion formula of the Demoness pathway."

"Sequence potion formula of the Demoness pathway."

...

Klein recited the new divination statement. With the aid of Cogitation, he got into his dream very quickly.

At first, he didn't want to do the divination because he felt that the Demoness pathway only spread disaster and created pain. Even if he obtained a corresponding potion formula, he was unwilling to sell it to anyone and indirectly become a murderer.

Then, he recalled another matter from before. With his understanding of the Spectator potion, he had been able to suspect and verify that Daxter Guderian was a member of the Psychology Alchemists.

So, in order to better fight against the Demonesses in the future, he'd to learn more of the traits of their Sequence pathway.

Yes, after Hood Eugen's death, Daxter Guderian has yet to contact me. I'm guessing the Psychology Alchemists sent some stronger members for an investigation, and he hasn't dared to make any moves... As Klein's thoughts flashed, he saw the dark hall again. He saw the woman in the holy white robe again.

Madam Sharon hung her head low, and she could only see the other woman's legs, a pair of flawless legs.

Soon, she heard a melodious voice.

"Pleasure, that is the name of the Sequence 6 potion, the goal that you are about to advance to. If you succeed, you'll be a Demoness of Pleasure.

“When pleasure is irresistible and impossible to break away from, it’s a form of agony. This is also a maxim that you have to live by.

“As long as you complete your advancement, besides the enhancement of your various abilities as a Witch, you’ll also become more beautiful, making you better at seduction and providing unforgettable pleasure to the same or opposite sex during love-making. You’ll be able to make strange threads like a spider and utilize them.”

Immediately following that, an ancient silver book appeared before Madam Sharon. After it was opened, there was the formula and ingredients placed separately.

“Main ingredients: A pair of Succubus eyes, an adult Black Widow Spider Silk Gland.

“Supplementary ingredients: 100 ml of purified water, 5 drops of Black Jimsonweed juice, the complete remnants of a Succubus’s hair, 10 grams of Feynapotter Fly Powder, and 5 grams of real Mummy ashes.”

The scene changed again. It was the same hall, the same long white robe, and the same woman with indistinguishable features. But now, the difference was that Madam Sharon had returned to her original state. She was now the young man in the picture from before.

A melodious female voice reverberated in his ears.

“This is the name of the Sequence 7 potion, I’m sure you’re surprised.”

“Yes, I still can’t believe it’s called Witch!” “Madam Sharon” said in a rather agitated manner.

“Remember, if we want to get closer to the Primordial, we have to be more and more like ‘Her.’ She’s a woman, so we have to be women too,” The melodious female voice replied. “Either you give up or you accept. After you become a Witch, you’ll become a true woman, and your appearance and charm will be enhanced substantially. You’ll have the ability to turn invisible and use substitutes. You’ll gain a rudimentary mastery of various dark magic, you’ll be skilled at disrupting the divination of others, and you’ll also gain the favor of the black flame and icy frost.

“The main ingredients are every drop of an Abyss Demonic Fish’s blood and an Agate Peacock’s egg.

“The supplementary ingredients are 80 ml of purified water, five drops of Jimsonweed juice, 3 scales of a Shadow Lizard, and 10 drops of Daffodil Juice.”

...

Scenes continued to play, one after another, and Klein saw the Instigator and Assassin formula and understood their corresponding traits.

Just as he wanted to continue the divination, Madam Sharon’s spirit dispersed completely.

Klein stopped the ritual and returned to reality. He packed up the ingredients, removed the wall of spirituality, and told Dunn Smith about the outcome of his mediumship without holding back any information. Then, he expressed his suspicions on Madam Sharon’s murder of Maynard.

“Pleasure doesn’t require her to kill anyone of a higher rank or position in society... Hmm, we need to investigate where Madam Sharon has

been over the past few years and understand her origins. We need to look for the dark hall that you saw. Of course, this will need to be reported to the Holy Cathedral, and they can assign investigators accordingly. We can't leave Tingen as we wish." Dunn nodded slightly and looked around. He said, "Go to the first floor, check if those servants are still in deep sleep. If anyone is awake, bring them over and make them sign a confidentiality contract as per protocol. I'll be in charge of the second floor."

He found a black cloth and covered the Sealed Artifact 3-0271.

Upon hearing that, Klein suddenly understood why the intense battle hadn't brought the servants over—the Captain had sent them into a deep sleep from the very beginning.

Klein's body was still cold and stiff. He had to slow down and move forward in very, very light steps.

When he passed the bedroom door, he extended his hand and pulled out the two Tarot cards at the door. He wiped them and put them back into his pocket.

After he left the room, he walked towards the stairway.

After taking a few steps, he suddenly thought of a question—how would he make sure that the person was in a deep sleep?

Check with divination one by one? That'd be troublesome... The Captain is a Nightmare; he should be an expert in this. I'll have to ask him if he has any fast and simple methods.

With this in mind, Klein turned around walked towards the bedroom door, step by step, as he fought against the cold and stiffness in his body.

Before he came close, he looked through the ajar door and saw the shattered pieces of the angled full-body mirror.

There were still large shards of the mirror clinging to the frame, all the size of a palm.

In the cracked mirror, Dunn Smith, in his black windbreaker, was kneeling beside Kenley's dead body, doing something.

Suddenly, he lifted his head. His gray eyes were deep, and the corners of his lips were tainted with crimson blood.

Crimson blood.

Without thinking, Klein turned around, left the side of the door, and leaned his back against the wall.

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter 1 so we can fix it as soon as possible.