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Chapter 126: Divination Isn't All-Powerful

Translator: AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

Sis, you worry too much, no—you're just so meticulous! Klein was suddenly energized. He smiled and said, "Melissa, your concern is very reasonable. It's true that I'm actually a little hungry. Yeah, let me change and take a shower."

Although his mouth was already watering, it was even more important to confirm Instigator Trissy's whereabouts!

No one knew what insane measures that bastard would take in order to exact revenge on society!

"Okay." Melissa didn't lift her head but continued her revision.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Klein ran to the second floor and entered his bedroom.

He locked the door, took off his jacket, and armpit holster. Then, he took out a simple silver knife from the drawer.

After sealing his room with a spirituality wall, he took a breath, steadied his emotions, and walked four steps counterclockwise.

After the usual incantation, Klein appeared once again in the lofty palace above the gray fog. He was getting used to the mad ravings that he heard during the transportation process.

Having completed a few rituals that day, he massaged his temples as he was slightly tired. He willed a piece of brown goatskin to appear on the long bronze table.

Klein thought seriously, then wrote down the divination statement: “Trissy’s whereabouts.”

He wasn’t sure if the name was written correctly, but he could use the girl’s appearance and other detailed information as a guide as well.

He held the goatskin and leaned back into the chair. He recalled the things related to Trissy in his head, then recited the divination statement seven times.

He emptied his mind, closed his eyes, and entered a dream state with the aid of Cogitation.

In the illusory scene amidst the fog, he saw a steam engine that spurted dense smoke and sparks. He also saw the rows of leather seats in a clean train carriage.

The gentle and sweet-looking Trissy with her round face and long eyes sat near a window. There was a checkered fishnet hat on the table before her.

Klein made repeated attempts to confirm the train number, but he failed to discern it.

Soon, he couldn’t stand the pressure and left his dream. The long bronze table and illusory crimson stars appeared before his eyes again.

“I could only confirm that Trissy took the steam locomotive and left Tingen. There weren’t any more clues... Sigh, it seems like this mysterious space only helps me eliminate interferences, but it doesn’t do

much to enhance the standard of my divinations...” Klein rapped the edge of the table and thought about his next step.

Through the divination, he could be entirely certain that the target had once been Instigator Tris. The new Trissy, however, was already fleeing Tingen. Given the circumstances, he didn't think his new divination would help Dunn.

Klein quickly made a decision. “Captain already said that he would send a telegram to Backlund, Enmat Harbor, and other main stops along the railway, so they Trissy will be placed on the wanted list throughout the country. I won't report the divination result then, in case it would draw suspicion towards me...” Klein quickly made up his mind, because regardless of his warning, Dunn was already using the most appropriate measures to follow up on the matter.

Since he couldn't see the train number in the dream divination, using the spirit pendulum and other methods would be equally ineffective, even if he attempted to do so by process of elimination.

It was just like the situation with the red chimney.

At that moment, he felt mentally drained, so he didn't stay above the gray fog any longer but enveloped himself with his spirituality and simulated the feeling of falling.

When he “returned” to his room, his mind was filled with the thought of tasty, glistening mutton.

“I must add some fennel... Praise the Lady!” Klein swallowed his saliva, swiftly removed the spirituality wall, and opened his door.

...

The next morning at twenty minutes to nine, he entered the Blackthorn Security Company with his cane in hand.

“Good morning, Klein! I have good news!” Rozanne waved her hands excitedly from behind the reception desk.

Klein eyes lit up as he asked, “We caught Trissy?”

“Trissy? Who is she?” The green-dressed Rozanne looked lost.

“... You probably don’t know her. What’s the good news?” Klein redirected the topic.

Rozanne replied with a glowing smile, “The Captain’s request has been approved. The police department is going to transfer two police staff members who have come across supernatural incidents to be clerks here! I finally don’t need to frequently stay up all night! Praise the Lady!”

“That’s great news,” Klein echoed sincerely.

After exchanging a few more pleasantries with Rozanne, he went through the partition and went underground. He planned to continue with his mysticism lessons.

When he passed the Captain’s office and the Nighthawks’ entertainment room, he popped his head in and looked around. He saw that Dunn, Leonard, and the rest were still there. It meant that the search and elimination investigation the night before had failed to return anything worthwhile. The rest would be handed over to the police department, so that they could take care of the tedious follow-up tasks.

At first, Klein wanted to chat with the Captain to get an update on the situation. But he saw that Captain was busy typing telegrams, so he decided not to disturb him. He could ask the Captain again at lunch.

He went underground by following the stairs and saw the two classic gas lamps in their metal racks. He saw the ever-quiet corridor which was lit up by the light behind the glass.

He breathed in the cold but refreshing breeze, took a few steps, and suddenly stopped.

He suddenly looked towards the gas lamp and his eyebrows gradually creased.

He had made a crucial mistake!

A mistake that could only be made by someone with knowledge from Earth!

In his divination above the gray fog the night before, Klein had seen Trissy taking a steam locomotive. Hence, he subconsciously believed that it was something happening at that moment.

But—this world had yet to invent electric lights or similar equipment. When the sky grew dark, there were almost no steam locomotives in operation that ferried humans. Klein, who was accustomed to trains which operated at night, had instinctively missed out on that fact!

In other words, it wasn't something that happened last night!

It was a scene from the future!

Which meant that it was going to happen that day or the day after!

Klein's heartstrings tightened and he paced back and forth. Then he went upstairs again.

He knocked and opened the door to the entertainment room, and he saw that Leonard was reciting a poem by the window, looking helpless.

Klein ignored Kenley, Royale, and Seeka Tron who were playing cards. He looked towards Leonard and said, "I have a question for you."

"Would it be that you want to learn tricks to entertain the ladies?" Leonard teased, putting down Selected Poems by Roselle.

He exited the entertainment room and followed Klein halfway down the stairs that led underground. He then looked into Klein's eyes and said with a chuckle, "It seems like you did a successful divination last night."

Klein didn't explain further but said straightforwardly, "I divined that Trissy will leave on a steam locomotive."

After their conversation at the workhouse in the West Borough, he didn't mind appearing slightly special before Leonard.

"Steam locomotive, the earliest train is at seven in the morning..." Leonard took out his pocket watch from his shirt and flipped it open to take a glance. "No time to waste! I'll tell the Captain that I received a reliable tip."

He quickly went upstairs and left the Blackthorn Security Company. After being gone for a few minutes, he returned and went into Dunn Smith's office.

Klein heaved a sigh of relief and watched the Captain send a telegram after gathering the other Nighthawks who were playing cards. They soon left out the door.

Recalling what happened earlier, he felt conflicted. It was a different lesson than the one he received from the death of the suited clown. He

had committed a mistake with similar characteristics which made him seem to understand this lesson more, leaving a deeper impression on him.

Turning past the armory and entering the duty room, he took off his top hat and coat, then hung them onto the clothes rack naturally.

Old Neil had just finished making himself some hand-ground coffee. He happily took a sip and asked, "Would you like one?"

"Alright." Klein sat down, as carefree as if he had returned home.

Old Neil glanced at him and frowned, quipping, "Still three cubes of sugar with a spoon of milk? You're such a sweet tooth. This is harmful to your teeth and your body."

"No, no, no, I only like it sweet when I'm drinking coffee. When I have grilled steak or roasted meat, I prefer rose salt, black pepper, fennel, and other condiments." Klein always believed that he was a fan of all flavors.

Old Neil finished the coffee quickly. He pushed it over and said, "Do you want to take a break or start straightaway?"

"Let me settle down for a few minutes. The Captain and the team got a tip about Trissy's whereabouts, and they are on the way to the steam locomotive station. I wonder what the outcome will be..." Klein sighed.

Old Neil clicked his tongue and said, "Is the tip detailed enough? Are they sure which train it is?"

"No, it's not confirmed," Klein said, pursing his lips.

Old Neil suddenly laughed. "Under such circumstances, the possibility of failure is much higher than success. Trissy should be a Sequence 7 Beyonder and a Beyonder at that level won't be captured so easily. Heh

heh, don't rely on divination, divination isn't all-powerful. You'll only obtain symbolic signs which are very easy to interpret them wrongly or ignore something.”

Klein recalled the mistake that he made this time and felt melancholic. He nodded sincerely.

“Yeah, divination isn't all-powerful.”

After he said that, he sighed. His mind, body, and soul suddenly entered a magical state. He leaned backwards slightly, intending to let out a breath. Just then, he suddenly heard an illusory shattering noise in his ear.

He felt something dissolving inside him, blending together with his spirit.

Klein half-closed his eyes and experienced the unique and indescribable feeling in silence.

Klein didn't need anyone to tell him that it was a result of the complete digestion of the Seer potion.

...

The first town that the Tussock River passed by after it flowed through Tingen City was called Wienia. It was also the first stop from Tingen to Backlund for the steam locomotive.

On the platform, Trissy changed into a long beige dress and put on a woman's circular hat. Fine fishnet gauze hung down from the edge of her hat, covering half her face. Her appearance became blurry and indiscernible.

She had already sent a telegram to her partner in Tingen, to remind the other person to be careful. She told them that she had used money she burgled to buy a steam locomotive ticket to Backlund.

The reason Trissy didn't get on the train from Tingen but went downstream to Wienia was because she still had her instinct and rich experience as an assassin.

Woo!

A train let out a long and sharp whistle as the long metal behemoth chugged to a stop next to the platform while spurting smoke and sparks.

Trissy didn't carry any luggage and entered the first cabin. At the same time, she decided to get off the train after three stations and enter Backlund through other methods.

...

In the basement of Saint Selena Cathedral, Klein closed his eyes and leaned backwards in his seat.

He took in the complete digestion of the potion, and he faintly saw one illusory star after another. Those stars seemed to share a baffling connection with him, and they seemed to want to lump together and fuse as one.

After the indescribable feeling of hunger and thirst receded, Klein returned to normal and stopped having any additional experiences.

But my mind feels a lot more relaxed and pure... He opened his eyes and thought.

At that moment, he knew that he had become a real, complete Seer.

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Chapter 127: Laying the Foundations

Translator: AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

The light of the gas lamp glowed through the glass, illuminating the guard room. Old Neil finished flipping through his newspaper, took a sip of coffee, and looked at Klein.

“How do you feel now ? Have you calmed down ? Or do you need a glass of wine, or an advance on your salary, or a day off ?”

Klein, who had completely digested the Seer potion, was attempting to change his “switch” that activated his Spirit Vision with Cogitation. He didn’t want it to be too obvious.

The present him no longer needed to rely on a physical motion to activate his Spirit Vision. Therefore, he could use a more concealed approach to achieve his goal; for example, stroking the joints of his middle finger with his thumb in quick succession, or clicking twice with his left molar.

Klein considered the situations in which he needed to use his Spirit Vision while holding a revolver in one hand and a cane in the other. Finally, he settled on clicking his molar. His left molar would be used to activate the Spirit Vision, and his right molar to deactivate it.

After repeatedly suggesting to himself, he completed the change. He then opened his eyes and smiled.

“I was merely too concerned about the Captain’s operation. I don’t need to calm myself down.”

At the same time, he clicked his left molar twice and attempted to activate his Spirit Vision. He wanted to familiarize himself with this method as quickly as possible.

Cough! Cough! Cough! Old Neil started coughing violently. He coughed till his face turned red, like a cooked lobster.

“What happened?” Klein froze before asking in concern.

He scanned Old Neil’s aura seriously, only to notice that the colors representing his health were still normal, only a little dull due to his age.

Old Neil coughed for nearly twenty seconds before earning respite. He felt for his cup of coffee and slowly took a sip. “Everyone makes mistakes, ahem. I choked on my drink just now... Shall we begin our mysticism lessons for today?”

“Alright.” Klein silently clicked his right molars twice.

Klein was elated, yet frustrated that he had completely digested the Seer potion a week or two ahead of his prediction. He was naturally glad that he was freed from the risk of losing control and would advance soon, obtaining even more Beyonder powers. That was something anyone would be happy and excited about. But he was also frustrated, as it disrupted his plans and schedules.

Considering the fact that he still had to stay with the Tingen Nighthawks for some time, Klein thought that secretly advancing to Clown wasn’t the wisest choice. If he did so, he would be constantly worried about being exposed, and he would be unable to use his abilities when there were missions, making it even more dangerous for himself.

He planned to learn from Spirit Medium Daly and submit an application to the higher-ups. He would use his contributions to obtain the recipe and extraordinary ingredients before officially advancing into a Sequence 8 Nighthawk.

But there was a difference between grasping a potion in a month and in a year. Klein could bear the scrutiny of the Holy Cathedral and become a talent for nurturing, but he didn't want the higher-ups to suspect him. He needed to find a convincing reason to explain his circumstances.

He had planned to use the time before the Seer potion was completely digested to lay some foundations with the Captain. For example, he would mention that he felt his spirituality become more active whenever he went to the Divination Club, or pretend to casually describe the laws of a Seer that he had derived from helping other people divine their fortunes. He could also mention that he didn't hear any voices that he shouldn't be hearing, or see things that are not for his eyes.

This way, the higher-ups of the Nighthawks would think that he had unintentionally learned something from Daly when completing his "mission" and had done a more thorough job than her.

This would make the higher-ups focus more on summarizing the laws and discovering the "acting method," reducing the suspicion placed on Klein.

That way, I could even help the Captain and the rest learn about the acting method...Klein added in his heart. He felt that Dunn Smith was a good captain. He had no glaring flaws other than his poor memory. Thus, he wanted to reduce the risk of Dunn losing control and make him more powerful.

Of course, Klein could also choose to apply after a year to avoid any risks. But the continuous coincidences and the red chimney he saw in his

dream divination gave him no choice but to improve his abilities as soon as possible.

“I’ll lay the foundation with the Captain three or four times over the next two weeks before formally submitting my request. At the same time, I can head over to the underground market to see if there are any of the necessary extraordinary ingredients. They will probably be very expensive...” Klein quickly made a decision and focused his attention once again on the mysticism lessons.

Time passed quickly as lunchtime slowly approached. Old Neil finished his coffee and cleared the stuff on the table as he laughed.

“Your mysticism lessons will come to an end soon. From the test just now, it would seem that you can create charms for yourself now.”

“That’s my plan for the next few days.” Klein heaved a satisfied sigh.

Charms were different from the protective amulets he had given Benson and Melissa. They needed to be carved with the help of ritualistic magic, and they had certain unique abilities that could be used in battle.

But a low-grade charm couldn’t do everything. The spirituality it contained would decrease over time and had to be renewed once every two weeks. Also, he needed to activate them with specific incantations; it was impossible to use them at will.

Furthermore, the charms wielded by the Nighthawks were still limited to the “domains” of the Evernight Goddess. Klein could only make three different kinds of charms for the time being. The first was the Slumber Charm, and its effect was similar to Dunn Smith’s and Leonard Mitchell’s ability to put someone to sleep with their singing. The second was the Requiem Charm, which was able to soothe ghosts, souls, zombies, and the like. It could also deal with vengeful and evil spirits to

a certain extent. The last was the Dream Charm; its abilities allowed the wielder to enter the dream of someone else.

These abilities were similar to the abilities of the Midnight Poet and Nightmare from the Sleepless Sequence, so Dunn and Leonard had no use for these charms. Corpse Collector Frye, Sleepless Royale, and Kenley would bring one or two along with them, but they hadn't needed them in a long time. They frequently brought their charms back to Old Neil so he could "recharge" them.

Old Neil glanced at Klein and smiled.

"I remember you saying that you practiced a lot this month and have run out of materials. Are you going to the underground market?"

Klein was taken aback at first before he nodded with a pained heart.

"Yes."

He clearly knew the prices of the ingredients. He could only hope that he succeeded in making the charms on his first try instead of wasting materials...

After being presented with the mission of bringing lunch underground, Klein put on his jacket and hat before returning to the Blackthorn Security Company on the second floor with cane in hand.

As he walked past the entertainment room, he saw that Leonard and the rest had already returned and were enjoying their lunches.

Knock! Knock! Knock! He knocked on the Captain's door.

"Please come in." Dunn's mellow voice sounded.

Klein pushed the door open and took off his hat.

“Captain, did you catch Instigator Trissy?”

Dunn rubbed his temples and shook his head in exhaustion. “We didn’t find her at Tingen Station, but according to the telegraph we received from Backlund, a passenger saw her in the first class carriage of the earliest train. Regrettably, she got off in the middle of the journey.”

“How regrettable.” Klein sighed even though he had expected this.

“Divination isn’t all-powerful...”

Dunn’s gray eyes swept past him.

“There’s no need to be depressed. It isn’t easy to capture a Sequence 7 Beyond. At the very least, we disrupted Trissy’s evil ritual and saved at least forty innocent lives. Furthermore, we understand her situation now. She can no longer commit crimes as she wishes.”

“If she tries to do something similar, she’ll be noticed, discovered, and reported at any time. Sooner or later, she’ll be captured by the Nighthawks, Mandated Punishers, or the Machinery Hivemind. It’s even possible that she’ll be killed.”

“Let’s hope that is the case. May the Goddess bless us.” Klein drew the crimson moon on his chest.

Following that, he paused and pondered over his words.

“Captain, I haven’t heard unwanted voices or seen unwanted visions for over a week now. Also, that’s true even when I am in Cogitation or using my Spirit Vision.”

“Really?” Dunn creased his brows, puzzled.

Klein immediately elaborated, “I feel that I’m not far off from achieving full control over the Seer potion. This could be due to my frequent visits to the Divination Club and helping others tell their fortune.”

“... Why do you think so?” Dunn immediately changed his seating posture, his expression lost.

Klein added a stammer into his sentence. “E-every time I head to the Divination Club, I can feel my spirituality becoming more active, and every time I help someone divine something, my heart, body, and soul become more relaxed. I’ve also come up with a set of, well, a set of rules for a Seer. I’ve been following it strictly, just like how a Mystery Pryer can “do as you wish, but do no harm.” I found inspiration from this maxim and tried coming up with a maxim designed for Seers.

“I think that this might be an effective way to help Beyonders gain control over their potions faster and reduce the risk of losing control. Just like Madam Daly who has always been a Spirit Medium.”

It was unknown when Dunn had taken out his pipe. He placed it at his nose and took a whiff, seemingly forgetting about Klein as he thought for a few minutes.

“A remarkable guess, and an interesting trial...”

Klein had only wanted to briefly mention it this time around to set up an underlying reason, so he did not say anything further. He switched to a half-joking tone and said, “Perhaps I’ll be the fastest Nighthawk in history to gain control of a Sequence 9 potion.”

“May the Goddess watch over you,” Dunn blessed him, not taking him seriously. He then slipped into deep thought once again.

Witnessing this, Klein turned around and said his goodbyes before leaving the Captain’s office.

He was closing the door to the room when he suddenly thought of another difficult question. How in the world was he going to act as a Clown!

Must I join a circus? There are no fixed circuses in Tingen, they’re all roaming ones...Klein’s expression became a little bitter.

Being a Seer was still a rather respectable occupation. Klein would still be able to hold his head up high even if he was spotted by someone he knew. But if he became a Clown, there was no way his reputation would hold!

Perhaps there are other ways of acting as a Clown. There were no circuses or clowns when the Blasphemy Slate was revealed to the world... Forget it, I won’t have the chance to advance for another two or three weeks, so there’s no need to deliberate over this for now. Klein avoided the question and headed to the reception area. He walked toward Rozanne, Mrs. Orianna, and Bredt to fetch his and Old Neil’s lunch.

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Chapter 128: The Impoverished Fool

Translator: AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

After eating lunch, Klein only rested for half an hour before he rushed to the Shooting Club to practice with his revolver. He didn't dare to relax, not one bit.

After practicing his shooting skills day after day and expending more than a thousand bullets, he was finally shooting well enough to earn Dunn Smith's basic approval. He was pretty good at fixed-target shooting.

After practicing for a while, he put away his revolver and took the public carriage to a stop close to the house of his combat teacher, Gawain. Then, he walked for ten minutes before arriving at the door.

He changed into his knight training suit that had been left to dry in the sun. After running, skipping rope, lifting weights, squatting, and other exercises, not to mention footwork and punching training, he was covered in sweat and felt exhausted.

"Take a break for fifteen minutes." Gawain's blond white hair and deep facial lines made him look hard and stern. He took out his pocket watch and flipped it open to glance at the time.

Since they first began training, he had ultimately maintained his silence. He only spoke to Klein when there was a need to switch training methods or to correct one of Klein's mistakes whenever one arose.

Klein panted for air, but he didn't dare to rest straightaway. He paced back and forth slowly. The most direct feedback of his combat training was that he was much tanner. His skin had turned bronze under the sun.

Gawain put away his pocket watch and stood next to the crude training field behind his house. He crossed his arms as he watched Klein cool down. He was as quiet as a marble statue.

“Teacher, besides fighting with fists, would you teach me how to use a straight sword, broadsword, rapier, and spear?” Klein asked proactively. He was in a good mood, as he had just digested the Seer potion.

He had seen weapons like the straight sword and rapier in Gawain’s collection room before. There was also chest armor and full body armor. He knew that Gawain wasn’t only good at fighting hand-to-hand.

Bathed in sunlight, Gawain swept his gaze at Klein. He lowered his voice and replied, “It’s useless for you to learn any of those. Those weapons have all fallen behind the times, and their only place is in museums or the private collections of collectors...”

He fell silent for a few seconds before adding with a voice that had experienced the vicissitudes of life, “They have been eliminated... You should focus on guns. Even combat is merely supplementary.”

Klein looked at his listless teacher and chuckled as he spoke.

“I don’t think so.”

“Every minister, every Member of Parliament, every general, everyone of them thinks so,” Gawain said, clenching his teeth.

Klein stopped and acted like he was a true keyboard warrior. He responded with ease and fluency, “No, they have merely retreated from the front lines of a battlefield. They still have their uses elsewhere.

“Why does combat have to be used against firearms? They could be used together. I believe a person who is more flexible, swifter in action, and quicker in response could use guns in a more effective manner.”

When he saw Gawain's eyes suddenly sharpen, Klein turned smug and continued, "The other weapons aren't eliminated either. They only need some enhancement to be more portable..."

"... We could form a squad with high maneuverability. A group that's designed to circle the front lines and launch an attack from behind the enemy and fight right to their core. In such a small-scale surprise attack, a warrior who has outstanding hand-to-hand abilities and familiarity with various kinds of weapons could play an important role. You can imagine such a scene..."

Klein gave full play to his ability of knowing a bit of everything. He mixed and matched all the combat tactics the special forces on Earth had and described them to his teacher.

He wasn't sure when Gawain's breathing became heavier. He stood there without moving an inch, seemingly unwilling to break the scenes he imagined.

Klein stole a glance at the man's reaction. He felt smug in his head as he cleared his throat and said in a restrained manner, "Teacher, what do you think about my plan? Is there any possibility of realizing it?"

Gawain's body quivered as though he just awoken from a dream. He looked deeply into Klein's eyes and said, "Your break is doing you well. Repeat the whole set of exercises ten times."

Huh? Klein looked lost.

Very soon, he started running and snapped back to reality. He roared in his heart, Ten sets? Teacher, no!

I don't want to celebrate my complete digestion of the Seer potion like this!

Hey, didn't you gain any inspiration at all? ...

Looking at Klein running towards the other side of the training field, Gawain suddenly uncrossed his arms and covered his face with one hand.

He closed his eyes tightly, and the wrinkles on his face were deep and obvious.

...

After nearly puking from exhaustion, Klein took a shower, changed clothes, and bade a still silent Gawain farewell. He took the public carriage and left.

He didn't return home directly but headed to Evil Dragon Bar near the harbor. He planned to inquire about the price of Beyonder ingredients and buy items for making charms.

On the way, Klein kept his mind on his tiny stash that he was carrying with him. He forced himself to stay alert and reached his destination with great difficulty.

"I need to save four pounds for the remaining balance that I owe to the detective company. I can only use three pounds and five soli tonight..." He touched the paper notes in his pocket before grabbing his cane and alighting the carriage.

At that moment, the sun had already begun slipping below the horizon. All the houses were gradually tainted with a twilight luster. The boxing matches and rat-baiting with dogs were already warming up in Evil Dragon Bar.

After passing through the billiard room and numerous rooms, Klein finally entered the underground market.

He looked to the left and right, but he didn't see Monster Ademisaul who was always active around there.

“Didn't Old Neil say that Ademisaul only managed to survive because the boss of Evil Dragon Bar feeds him?” Klein asked himself curiously.

As a Nighthawk, he remained vigilant to matters like that. He approached the brawny man guarding the door and asked, “Where's Ademisaul?”

The brawny man replied without a smile, “I have no idea where he's sleeping. He's been like that lately. He lies down in shivers and chants ‘Dead, dead, all corpses, everyone has to die.’”

What scenes did he see this time? What triggered him? Klein creased his eyebrows slightly and asked for more details. He wanted to know where Ademisaul was sleeping, but the guard didn't know either.

When I'm done, I'll look for him via divination to see what he's been through... After taking note of this, Klein walked towards one of the two rooms at the end of the trading market.

According to Old Neil, the room on the left was for loans and repayment, while the room on the right was for the buying and selling of precious items, including Beyonders ingredients.

When he opened the door to enter the room on the right, Klein realized that there was a partition that separated it into two spaces, the inside and the outside. There were another three customers waiting on the outside.

He lowered his silk top hat and queued behind the three customers. He leaned his body forward and supported himself with the cane as he waited in silence.

Soon, the door of the partition opened and a customer in a bluish-gray harbor worker uniform came out. He kept his head low and left in a hurry.

Klein lightly clicked his left molar twice and looked at the man with Spirit Vision. He then looked at the other three customers. There was nothing wrong with them other than the usual minor illnesses that people had.

After another ten plus minutes, it was finally his turn.

He opened the door and entered the room that was lit with a kerosene lamp.

He locked the door and took the seat that belonged to the customer. He looked towards the old man wearing a black felt hat opposite him.

“I’d like to know what Beyonder ingredients you have, and at what prices they are being sold.”

The cheek muscles of the elder were droopy and the wrinkles at the corner of his eyes were deep, but his body was well-built. He didn’t find Klein’s request weird because many customers weren’t willing to let another person know what they wanted to buy before they confirmed that the seller had it available. Generally, they wished to be introduced to all options.

The old man flipped to the newest pages of the notebook, stole a glance at Klein, and took a sip of his honey wine before he said, “Water Ghost’s brain tissue costs from three to fifteen pounds depending on how intact it is. Star Crystal, 150 pounds per 50 grams. 200 pounds for one Queen Bee Grass. 170 pounds for an adult black-spotted frog... 280 pounds for Human-faced Rose, but there’s only one...”

Klein controlled his emotional response. After he listened to the old man's introduction, he was surprised that an underground trading place like this had fewer than thirty Beyonder ingredients.

As he touched the notes worth seven pounds in his pocket and thought of Miss Justice's attitude towards a thousand pounds, he sighed.

"Unfortunately, there is nothing I want."

Without waiting for the elder to pose any further questions, he quickly turned around to open the door and made an exit.

He returned to the underground market and looked around blankly. He stood there for a while and sighed with a bitter smile.

I'm probably the poorest boss among all the secret organizations... That only steeled his resolve of getting ingredients internally from the Nighthawks or through exchanges with Justice or The Hanged Man.

After circling the underground market twice, Klein picked and purchased ingredients to make charms, such as a partially-finished silver piece, herbal powders needed for rituals, and natural ores. He spent one pound and fifteen soli in total.

My private stash of money only has five pounds ten soli left. Excluding the final payment to the detective, I still have one pound ten soli... After Klein silently did the math regarding his financial situation, he felt helpless.

Of course, he knew very well that he had only been working for just over a month. If the time span had been extended to a year, he should have been able to save up more than a hundred pounds.

“In another two weeks, I’ll have to tell Benson and Melissa that I’ve gotten a raise to three pounds. We can hire a maidservant, but I won’t have a private stash of money anymore...” Klein thought as he walked towards the exit of the underground market.

Just then, he saw Old Neil in his classic black robe entering slowly.

“Got everything?” Old Neil greeted with a chuckle.

“Yes,” Klein answered frankly.

Old Neil tsked immediately. “You came really early.”

“That’s because I’m still hungry, but you’ve already had your dinner.” Klein chatted casually with Old Neil.

After a while, the boss of Evil Dragon Bar, Swain, walked in with his navy officer uniform draped over him. He approached the two of them with a mask of solemnity and lowered his voice.

“I need your help.”

“What happened?” Old Neil suddenly turned serious, and Klein couldn’t help but feel a tug at his heartstrings.

Swain’s brown hair was messy, and there was a strong smell of alcohol in his breath. He replied in a low voice, “A member from the Mandated Punishers has lost control nearby. We have to finish him before he harms any commoners!”

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Lost control? Klein's heart tightened as he nearly blurted out his question.

Even though Dunn and Old Neil had frequently emphasized the possibilities of losing control and the harm it caused, this was the first time he was experiencing an incident like that. He felt a little horrified, a little lost, a little scared, and a little saddened. He felt extremely mixed emotions.

“Among the cases that we... have to deal with annually, a quarter of them were a result of Beyonders who lost control... And among the quarter of cases, a large number of them are our teammates.” Dunn's words flashed past Klein's mind, slowing his reaction.

Old Neil, who had experienced many incidents like this, immediately asked, “Where is the Rampager? What do you need us to do?”

Klein was taken aback from hearing this. He had believed that a sleazy, “half-retired personnel” like Old Neil would find an excuse to reject Swain's request or extort a huge sum in exchange for his help. Never did Klein expect Old Neil to participate without any hesitation, not minding the differences between Nighthawks and Mandated Punishers.

Klein suddenly understood something when he looked at the serious Old Neil. It didn't matter if they were Nighthawks, Mandated Punishers, or Machinery Hivemind. Their aim was to stop supernatural powers from harming the innocent and maintain peace and stability in Tingen. If they were met with a dangerous and urgent situation, their sense of duty would propel them to help without hesitation!

Swain answered succinctly, “Be my support!”

He didn't explain why the person lost control or where the Rampager was. Instead, he made his way to the exit quickly.

This ex-captain of the Mandated Punishers was clearly an old alcoholic, but Klein realized that he could not keep up with the man's pace. He needed to break into a jog to ensure that he was not left behind.

He turned his head to look at Old Neil, only to see the old Mystery Pryer break into a run.

The three of them didn't pay any attention to the gazes of the guards on their way there. One of them had an old navy uniform draped over him, another was in a dark classic robe, and the other in a black windbreaker. They charged out of the billiard room and into Evil Dragon Bar.

The customers who were drinking shifted their gazes from the rat-baiting competition to Klein and company.

"Is that Boss Swain?"

"Where's he going in such a hurry?"

"Did someone default on their loan?"

...

Amidst the soft murmurs, some of the customers focused their attention back to the cage. They once again broke into an uproar, venting the stresses of their day. However, some of the more perceptive customers felt a faint sense of unease.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

Klein, Old Neil, and Swain ran across the road and entered the harbor district.

“On that boat.” Swain slowed down and pointed at a cargo ship not far away. “Two Mandated Punishers are circling the Rampager, preventing him from entering the Tussock River. Help me influence him and bring him under control. Leave the rest to me.”

Old Neil panted for air and said, “Alright, b-but you have to give me a minute. Phew, a minute to recover.”

Swain nodded and didn't say any more. He charged up to the ship and joined the fight.

Upon hearing the sounds of combat on the ship, Old Neil looked at the somewhat nervous Klein. He took out a piece of silver about the size of a baby's palm from a hidden pocket near his waist. He then passed the silver to Klein and said, “Slumber Charm. The incantation to activate this amulet is the phrase ‘Evernight’ in ancient Hermes. After you finish the incantation, inject your spirituality into the charm and then throw it at the target after three seconds.”

“Alright!” Klein extended his hand to receive the charm and felt moved.

This charm was carved with Hermes incantations on both sides, as well as the corresponding symbols, Path Numbers, and the spell's characteristics. He didn't need to activate his Spirit Vision to feel the deep, serene power flowing within the charm.

Old Neil stood up straight and took out a similar charm from his hidden pocket and held it in his palm. He joked as he walked toward the cargo ship, “Do not be too nervous, relax and think about something else. For example, I lent you that charm. If you're going to use it, remember to

make one for me in return. Of course, you can wait till next month, when you receive a new quota of materials before you do so.”

This... He really is the experienced Old Neil... Klein placed the charm into his left pocket, reached into his holster, took out his revolver, and adjusted the hammer and drum.

“I don’t feel that nervous anymore...” He had a gun in one hand and his cane in the other. He made his way up the steps with Old Neil and boarded the cargo ship.

This cargo ship had obvious signs of age. Although it was powered by steam and had a chimney, it retained its past fixtures such as its mast and sails. Furthermore, only its surface and some other portions were plated with metal; the remaining sections of the ship were still made of wood.

As the sounds of the battle intensified, Klein and Old Neil suddenly heard a loud noise amid the din while searching for a way to enter the cabin.

The wooden cabin was instantly shattered, its fragments flying everywhere. A figure fell through the hole and crashed onto the side of the ship.

Klein didn’t have the luxury of time to evaluate the man’s injuries. His gaze was focused on the monster which was charging towards the hole.

The monster was over 1.8 meters in height and was wearing a tattered shirt and trouser. Its ankles were covered with dark green scales, and a layer of skin had formed between its fingers and toes, as if they were the webbed limbs of an aquatic creature.

It had a head covered in wrinkles, still barely resembling a human. Its scales were coated with a sticky fluid that continuously dripped onto the floor.

Sizzle!

The sticky dark-green liquid corroded the deck slightly, leaving visible marks behind.

Bam! Swain punched the monster from the side, causing it to stagger two steps to the side.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Even with the ridiculous muscles Swain had, he was clearly inferior to the monster. Despite having his punches and kicks connect, they were unable to smash through its scales and cause physical harm. Swain was momentarily reduced to a wretched state as he staggered.

If not for Swain's astounding sense of balance and the efforts of the other Mandated Punishers to shoot and suppress the monster, Klein suspected that this blue-eyed elder would've been beaten to death by the monster.

Thud! Thud! Thud! Swain took multiple steps back, then advanced once again, like a moth to a flame.

But Klein could sense that he was accumulating something, waiting for something.

Bam!

Swain was sent to retreat, his body obscuring another Mandated Punisher's field of vision.

The monster took this chance to charge towards the opening.

It wanted to escape the ship and jump into the Tussock River!

Looking at the wrinkled, sticky head of the monster, Klein lifted his right hand and pulled the trigger.

Bang!

The silver demon hunting bullet hit the monster's body just as he predicted. But it had only hit its scales and failed to fully penetrate its body.

The monster let out a ear-piercing shriek before it exerted strength with its feet and pounced at Klein.

When a stinking fishy smell hit him, Klein suddenly hunched down and rolled to the side.

Clang! He felt the ship shake as fragments had hit it as well.

At the same time, he heard an old but deep voice recite an incantation in ancient Hermes, "Evernight!"

Klein rolled over two more times. He couldn't care about his cane as he lifted his head and revolver in a fluster. All he saw was Old Neil tossing out his charm calmly, despite being incredibly close to the monster.

The piece of silver was instantly swallowed by a dark red flame and released the faint sound of an explosion.

A deep, serene power spread forth. The monster, who had almost destroyed the side of the shop, rocked. Its movements became sluggish.

Swain charged out from the cabin. He approached the creature and pulled back his arm, hitting the monster like a jackhammer. His punches connected with the head of the monster.

But he could barely inflict a wound, let alone cause any fatal damage. But Klein could sense that whatever the blue-eyed elder was accumulating had finally reached its peak.

Boom! The monster seemed to recover. It flailed its arm and made Swain take five steps back in retreat. Each of his steps caused cracks to form on the deck.

Seeing that the monster was about to turn around and jump off the cargo ship, Klein took out the Slumber Charm from his pocket in a hurry.

After which, he expertly recited the phrase in Ancient Hermes, “Evernight!”

Suddenly, Klein felt the silver charm in his hand turn ice-cold, as if it was made from snow.

He didn’t think too much about it. He injected his spirituality into the charm, then pulled his arm back before throwing it forward, sending the charm flying towards the monster.

Meanwhile, the fish-and-human monster had jumped into the air.

The dark red flames illuminated the surrounding darkness and the faint explosion was like a prelude to a slumber as it quickly radiated outwards.

Bam!

The monster fell onto the dock, squirming into a ball. It was temporarily in a half-asleep state.

Klein was just about to rush to the side of the boat and shoot at the monster's head when he suddenly saw Swain charge out and jump over, his navy uniform already long gone.

He changed his posture in the air, his muscles tightening.

Using his spiritual perception, Klein could feel something that had been suppressed erupt. Swain descended from the sky and slammed into the body of the monster. He then straightened his back and landed a heavy fist on the head of the monster.

Crack!

The monster's skull shattered into pieces. Dark red blood and grayish brain matter laced with the green sticky liquid splattered all over the ground.

"This is one of the abilities of a Folk of Rage?" Klein muttered to himself as he stood near the broken side of the ship.

Old Neil held his left arm and leaned over to look at what had happened below.

At that moment, Swain was standing straight. He stared at the monster under his feet that had just lost its life.

He took out a metal flask and opened the lid. He drank a good half of the liquor before tilting the flask, pouring the remaining liquor onto the monster.

After finishing this, Swain looked like he had aged considerably, his back hunching a little.

Old Neil sighed as he looked at the scene below. He whispered to Klein, “I know this Mandated Punisher who lost control. He had followed Swain for almost thirty years, once clearing water ghosts who had been killing people on the shore. He also captured evil Beyonders who were trying to escape through the Tussock River...”

He didn’t continue, but Klein understood what he wanted to say: A guard who had made many contributions and killed countless monsters ended up becoming a monster himself.

This was not an isolated incident. It was a possible outcome that many members of the Nighthawks, Mandated Punishers, or Machinery Hivemind would one day face.



Hi, CKtalon here, the translator of LoM. I’ve included the author’s notes before the book went Premium in China below.

It has been two months since LoM was first released, and it’s time to go Premium.

In the past two months, I nearly didn’t say much in the Author’s Notes or interact much with you. The main reason is that I’m increasingly convinced that the best communication between author and reader is inside the novel. I will write whatever I wish to express or describe inside the story, so there’s no need for me to say anything else.

Yes, back to LoM, I probably had this idea to find the joy from first coming into contact with web novels. That feeling of “wow, there can be such a world” or “there’s actually such a magical world.”

Back then, every book presented a variety of different and interesting worlds. It always exposed me to more, making me unable to extricate myself from those worlds as they expand my imagination. Of course, it has to do with me having little exposure to similar novels.

Therefore, when I felt that I had made sufficient preparations in creating the framework of a relatively new world and an interesting and amazing system, I began this book with uneasiness and courage.

With “acting” the 22 Pathways as core, with 220 potions and 220 “jobs,” this is a part that I hope the most that can interest everyone. In addition, it mixes in Cthulu mythos, SCP Foundation elements, and the vibes of the first Industrial Revolution’s era and a steampunk world.

I read many books and created many settings, but I know that what’s most important is to carefully tell this story. I took my time to tell it, which is why the first volume’s pace is extremely slow. It’s also why chapters consisting of more than 410,000+ Chinese characters (255,000+ English words) were released free. I wanted to honestly develop the plot and accentuate the characters to portray the world. I didn’t seek so-called climaxes and presented the scenes in my heart to you.

Thanks to MAM’s writing, I was able to have standards that can attract others when writing slice of life parts, allowing me to be equipped with the ability and writing flair needed to honestly tell a story.

In the past, I learned how to express, or it could be said that every writer or author can innately express. But now, I feel that I’ve begun restraining myself. Many a time, I would not describe it, but use actions, speech and expressions to present the emotions, without any inner monologue. I might not even use actions, speech, and expression, just describing it

coldly, like the chapter with the female lead workers. It's also my wish to maintain standards at critical points in LoM.

This book's various frameworks are probably the most complete one among all my books. Look forward to how I handle everything.

This is my thoughts and attempts for this book. I hope everyone will like it. I wish you can support me by paying for Premium chapters; after all, I still need to make a livelihood. I still need to meet the demands of my wife...

I've always been a normal person, and I've never had any doubts to that. At the same time, I'm also a person whose very lazy and have many personality problems.

I once thought of organizing my own fan club like other authors, but, aiyah, it's really frustrating and tiring. Then, there was no more 'thens.'

I once thought of having a Weibo ¹ to amass some popularity, but, aiyah, it's really frustrating and tiring. Then, there was no more 'thens.' I've already lost track of the last time I updated on Weibo.

I made a public WeChat account and attempted writing somethings, but, aiyah, it's really frustrating and tiring. Then, there are updates only once in a while.

I attempted to hire others to help me run the social media account, but I always find it awkward and embarrassing seeing the content posted by others. So, I stopped it.

Phew, I wish to be a mediator for myself. Admit it, you are a lazy person. You are a person who is flawed when it comes to social interactions. You are a thin skinned person who wants face at the cost of your life. You are a person who doesn't like getting disturbed by various miscellaneous

matters. You are just like it is to wash a pig is to waste both water and soap.

Perhaps, what I can do well and am willing to do well is to write novels, the depiction of the story in my heart.

That is how I reconcile with myself, not to live on awkwardly or force myself to become popular. For the public account, I'll post something when I think of it. If there's nothing, forget it. Well, reconciliation is just an artistic way of saying convincing. The accurate description should be to live in self-abandonment. *Rubs hands nefariously.*

After this communication, we will have Premium chapters for the next update. I'll make my plea here for you to support Premium and vote with your Power Stones. There will be a mass release! Really, I have a stockpile!

Well, there will at least be 5, maybe 6!

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Chapter 130: Backlund' s Secret Gathering

Translator: AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

Klein looked at Swain standing before the monster's corpse before looking sideways towards the Mandated Punisher who was helping his semi-conscious partner up by the arm. Klein suddenly felt an indescribable sadness.

It was almost impossible for members of the Nighthawks, Mandated Punishers, and the Machinery Hivemind to be known as heroes. The

things they did were never made known to the public but only hidden in confidential dockets. But the danger and pain they endured were ever so real.

Perhaps there would be a day when my enemy will be one of my teammates... Klein sighed silently. He felt the heavy weight that all Nighthawks, Mandated Punishers, and Machinery Hivemind carried.

At that moment, Old Neil let out a sigh.

“Let’s go. Let’s not disturb them.”

“Okay.” Klein picked up his cane. Just as he widened his stride, he suddenly noticed that Old Neil was still holding his left hand. He asked, concerned, “Are you hurt?”

Old Neil chuckled briefly before saying, “I got stabbed by one of the shrapnel earlier. If I was still young, I definitely would’ve been able to dodge it. Luckily, it’s just a small cut.”

He moved his right hand slightly to let Klein see the tiny wound that was still lightly bleeding on the back of his left hand.

After he confirmed that it wasn’t a big issue, Klein walked off along the gangway as he sighed.

“Mr. Neil, you’re much calmer than I imagined. Despite being less than two meters away from the monster, you could still chant the incantation calmly and use the charm.”

Although the rampaging Mandated Punisher had leaped towards Klein in the form of a monster, Old Neil was physically very close to him the entire time.

Old Neil chuckled at the compliment.

“I’m an experienced Nighthawk. Among the dangerous things that I’ve done, what happened just now isn’t even in my top ten. Once, when I was patrolling Raphael Cemetery with Dunn, I had no idea that a corpse had turned into a zombie and left its tomb to lie in ambush in the shadows of the trees. I passed by without noticing it at all since I was looking for some hidden spot. Heh, you know what I mean. In the end, he leapt onto my back and seized my throat.”

Klein felt gripped by terror when he heard the recollection as he voiced out his guess.

“And under such a situation, you were still calm enough to use a charm? Or did you use some spell that a Mystery Pryer could cast quickly?”

Old Neil stole a glance at him and chortled. “No, Dunn managed to drag that zombie into a slumber in time. I’m telling you this story to tell you that, as a Nighthawk, you not only have to believe in yourself, you also have to trust your teammates too.”

Klein fell silent for a few seconds. Then, he replied both sincerely and jokingly, “Mr. Neil, you are so wise today.”

Old Neil did a tiny hop and found his footing on the pier. He replied in disdain, “That’s because you only get to know the most trivial side of me usually.”

The two of them left the harbor and walked towards Evil Dragon Bar.

Klein put away his revolver, set his cane aside, and took off his jacket. Under the light of the gas street lamp, he started checking if there was any damage to his jacket.

“How lucky. There are only a few splinters and a patch that got dirtied...” He removed the splinters and roughly patted the dust away. Then, he put it back on.

Old Neil looked at him with a smile and mimicked his tone by adding leisurely. “What a pity, there’s no way to claim compensation.”

Klein was temporarily at a loss for words.

I’m not such a person! He emphasized in his heart.

As the public carriage arrived, Klein took out his silver vine-leaf pocket watch and flipped it open to check the time.

“If there’s nothing else, I have to head home,” he turned to tell Old Neil.

Old Neil nodded slightly and said, “Enjoy your dinner at home. You don’t need to think about the Slumber Charm. I’ll get Swain to compensate me. He’s a rich man after all. Of course, I won’t go today. I have to consider his mood.”

Klein opened his mouth, but in the end, he only said, “... Thank you for your generosity.”

He boarded the carriage quickly and returned to Daffodil Street. It was already past seven in the evening, and the sky had already grown dark.

Klein took out his keys to open the door and saw Melissa taking off her fishnet hat and setting it on the clothes rack. He smiled and did small talk.

“You just got back?”

Then, his mixed emotions suddenly vanished, and he felt relaxed and warm.

“There was a practical lesson in school today,” Melissa explained seriously.

Klein sniffed and smelled the fragrance of food. He was stunned and asked subconsciously, “Then, who’s cooking dinner?”

The moment he finished his sentence, both of them answered the question in unison, “Benson!”

Their tone had a hint of alarm.

Benson, who had heard their conversation, walked out of the kitchen. While wiping his hands on an apron, he said, “Do you have no confidence in my cooking? I remember that before Melissa learned how to cook, you two would wait for me to come home and watch me cook with anticipation. Actually, cooking is so easy. You want potato beef stew? Put in the beef first, then the potatoes, then add some seasoning...”

Klein and Melissa exchanged glances and remained silent.

Putting aside his cane and took off his hat, Klein turned around and smiled.

“I think it’s time to hire a maidservant. It’s very unhealthy to not eat dinner on time.”

“But I don’t want to have a stranger next to us when we chat. That’ll make me feel uncomfortable,” Melissa said, subconsciously finding an excuse to object.

Klein spoke with a smile as he took off his jacket.

“I don’t mind...”

Just then, his expression froze, and he stopped what he was doing.

I almost took off my jacket. I still have a revolver at my armpit...

Ahem. He cleared his throat and pretended nothing happened. “Don’t mind her. When we get home, we can let the maidservant rest in her room. I doubt any maidservant would dislike resting. Hmm, we must find a maidservant who’s willing to learn how to cook.”

He didn’t want to endure the torture of a cuisine that left him guessing in the future.

Benson stood at the kitchen and nodded in agreement.

“When we have time, we can go over to Tingen Family Servant Assistance Association. They have a great deal of experience and many resources in this field.”

“Alright, it’s decided then!” Klein ignored Melissa’s unwilling look.

...

Backlund, Empress Borough, Viscount Glaint’s residence.

Audrey Hall left the party with her personal maid, Annie. They came to the second floor and entered the bedroom that the Viscount had prepared.

She took off her glamorous dress and her lightweight dancing heels slowly with Annie’s assistance. She then put on a black hooded robe that she had prepared ahead of time.

Pulling up the hood, Audrey stood before the full mirror and examined herself.

She saw that more than half her face was covered by the shadow of her hood, and only her beautiful lips were clearly exposed.

Long black robe, face hidden by shadows, a mysterious feeling... This is something I've been dreaming of wearing all this time! Audrey thought to herself happily.

Worried, she added a blue boat-shaped soft hat under her hood. With the fine checkered fishnet drooping down, her facial features became even more indiscernible.

"Not bad, that's it!" Audrey stuffed her feet into leather ankle boots, looked to the side, and told Annie, "Wait for me here. No matter who comes, do not open the door."

Annie looked at her helplessly and said, "But you have to make sure that your trip doesn't take more than an hour."

"You should trust me. I have kept my promise every single time in the past." Audrey smiled and leaned in towards her personal maidservant. She hugged her and kissed her cheek as etiquette demanded.

Then, she walked quickly and pulled up her hood. Turning around, she exited the bedroom through a secret door.

She walked all the way down and came to the side door of the viscount's residence where she saw that there was already a carriage waiting there.

Glaint stood amidst the shadows as he glanced at Audrey and complimented sincerely, "By dressing up like this, you are really, yeah—like the description Emperor Roselle often used—very cool."

“Thank you.” Audrey pulled up an imaginary skirt and curtsied elegantly.

The two of them got into the carriage and left the villa. They arrived at a house about ten minutes away.

Outside the house, Audrey saw Apprentice Fors Wall and her friend, Tribunal Xio Derecha, whom she had been seeing recently.

Fors’s slightly wavy brown hair and her light blue eyes showed a natural laziness. She pointed at Xio Derecha next to her and said, “She’s an excellent persuader, capable of helping you get things that you want.”

Xio Derecha was slightly shorter, about 150 cm at most. Her facial features were soft, but she seemed pretty young and immature.

Although her shoulder length blond hair was messy and unkempt, and she was in a traditional knight training suit, she carried an indescribable look of dignity and a convincing charm.

Audrey had met her a few times. She smiled faintly and greeted, “Miss Xio, can I trust you?”

“You don’t have to worry at all.” Xio Derecha smiled and gestured with her hand.

Just as she walked to follow Audrey and Viscount Glaint, they heard a sudden thud.

Audrey looked towards the source of the sound and saw that a triangular blade coruscating with a cold glimmer had fallen beside Xio Derecha’s leg.

Audrey and Xio Derecha exchanged looks, simultaneously at a loss for words.

After nearly twenty seconds, Xio Derecha quickly squatted and picked up the triangular blade and hid it on her body.

“We have to prevent the occurrence of an accident. Some people lack rationality, and they aren’t convinced easily,” Xio Derecha explained seriously.

Audrey nodded and replied with a clear voice, “I believe you...”

“These are tools to convince those b*stards to talk to us calmly,” Fors added, looking sideways at the grass plains.

The quartet didn’t continue conversing and walked a few steps forward. They knocked on the wooden door with three long and two short knocks.

The door squeaked and opened. Slowly, using her Spectator state, Audrey looked into the house that had many people sitting around randomly. They employed various methods such as hoods or masks to conceal their looks. Some didn’t even bother and exposed their faces openly.

Almost instantly, Audrey noticed a black-robed man on a single seat sofa.

That man wore a hood too, hiding his looks under a shadow.

He looked at all the guests in silence, giving people a feeling that he was somehow in a commanding position.

He is very confident, but his gaze is very disgusting. His gaze moved up and down my body like two slippery tentacles wanting to tear off my clothes... Audrey’s senses were sharp. She carefully observed and made a judgment calmly, but she nearly had goosebumps.

Fors introduced him.

“That’s Mr. A, a powerful Beyonder, the leader of this secret gathering.”

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