

## **Chapter 55: Revelation**

Anna, with her beautiful eyes, hesitated for more than ten seconds.

“You can choose any type that you believe will be accurate. You are the fortune-teller, while I’m not. Of course, apart from cards, including tarot, I have also attempted studying them at home. I always felt they were more like toys or a game.”

Klein thought for a moment, his wrists leaning on the edge of the table. He steepled his hands before his face, his gaze peaceful. He said softly, “Then we shall use the astrolabe.”

He pointed to a fountain pen and stack of white paper on the table and said, “Write down the name of your fiancé as well as his facial features, address, and date of birth. It would be even better if you can remember the specific time he was born.”

From her clothes, makeup, and demeanor, Klein did not believe that she was illiterate.

Anna did not reply. She extended her hand and took a piece of paper. She lifted the pen and dipped it in some ink. She started writing, pausing occasionally to think.

Two minutes later, she pushed the paper toward Klein.

Klein received it and turned it around. The information on the paper read: “Joyce Meyer, 15th September 1323, 2:00PM. Tingen City, East Borough, 8 Stevens Street. Short blond hair, aquiline nose...”

With just a short glance, Klein quickly calculated the person's spiritual number:

$$1+5=6$$

In the study of Spirit Numerology in mysticism, adding the numbers of the day the person was born was called their Birth Day Path Number, affecting the person's life before 27. Birth Month Path Number (calculated by adding the numbers in their birth month) affected their life from 27 to 54 years old, while the Birth Year Path Number (calculating the numbers in their birth year) affected their life from 54 years old onward.

It was July 1349, so Joyce was not yet 27; thus, Klein immediately calculated the Birth Day Path Number.

The number six represented a balanced and harmonious life, with a heart for giving and a decent marriage or engagement.

Following this, he quickly calculated Joyce's Year Path Number.

The so-called Year Path Number was calculated by replacing the birth year with the current year. The digits were then added with his Birth Day Path Number and Birth Month Path Number to get a general understanding of the person's luck for the year.

*1+3+4+9=17, 1+7=8; 8+9 (Birth Month Path Number)+6 (Birth Day Path Number)=23; 2+3=5; His Year Path Number is 5, signifying that he would meet with change and accident. He would be required to take certain risks... Klein made a silent judgment after consolidating the facts. He confirmed that the information Anna gave was correct.*

He retracted his gaze from the paper and turned it toward Anna, “Mr. Meyer set off on his journey on the 3rd of June?”

“If he did not lie, that is indeed the case.” Anna bit her lips.

“Alright.” Klein took the fountain pen and made a note of that.

He looked at Anna with his dark brown eyes and said gently, “I will begin creating the astrolabe now. I will need some time and absolute silence; do you mind waiting outside? Angelica will provide you with a cup of tea or coffee.”

“Alright.” Anna knew that some fortune-tellers had their eccentricities, so she stood up unsurprised. She took her hat with the light blue ribbon and left the Topaz room.

Klein locked the door and returned to the table. He followed the information and set up the astrolabe, including elements such as his horoscope and locations of the corresponding planets and stars.

Throughout the entire process, he did not open the Astromancy Manual. He completed the set up based on his memory.

Over the past few days of his mysticism studies, Klein realized that he could easily grasp and understand anything about divination, quickly turning it into instinct.

*Perhaps that is the ability of a Seer...* He completed the astrolabe and felt satisfied. He felt as though his body, heart, and soul had relaxed considerably.

As he looked at the outcome, he followed the path of the horoscopes and planets, as well as other supporting details to roughly deduce that Joyce Meyer had met with an accident but would ultimately survive it.

At this point, the divination was technically complete. But Klein wanted to pay much attention to his first business transaction. He hoped to build a reputation to aid in acquiring future jobs. He picked up the pen and wrote a sentence in Hermes: Joyce Meyer's current situation.

He read the sentence silently and memorized the information on the piece of paper, repeating it again and again.

After seven times, Klein grabbed the piece of paper and leaned back into his chair.

He imagined the sphere of light, and his eyes became darker, allowing him to quickly enter a state of Cogitation.

The surroundings took on an ethereal quality. A formless, boundless fog stretched above him.

Klein recalled the contents of the piece of paper, then relaxed. He fell into a deep sleep in this state.

He was using a dream divination technique!

Repeating the question, remembering the details, and then allowing his Astral Projection to roam the spirit world in a dream would allow him to gain revelations!

Ordinary people also had this sort of experience sometimes, but it was hard for them to recall, as the signs in their dreams were more complicated and garbled. A Seer would not have such a problem, for they could see the images directly.

The surroundings began to turn hazy as Klein turned half asleep.

In the contorted fantasy, he saw a blond young man with an aquiline nose. He was swimming frantically in a sea of blood, nearly engulfed by the waves. But in the end, he managed to escape to shore.

The image shattered and changed. Klein saw a blue house with a toy windmill at the door. That blond young man was entering the house slowly, seemingly in joy.

At this moment, the image changed once again. Klein realized that he was inside a magnificent palace.

The walls were destroyed and damaged beyond repair. Moss and weeds grew in multiple areas. Through the holes in the walls, he could see a mountain peak and clouds clinging close to it outside.

Atop the palace was a huge throne carved out of stone. It was adorned with dull gemstones and gold. It looked as though it was not prepared for a human.

This giant throne was empty and mottled, as if it had been washed over by the ages.

Klein looked around in confusion. He did not understand why he would be dreaming of such a scene.

His turbid mind turned sharp as he subconsciously walked out of the palace in an attempt to ascertain where he was.

Suddenly, he felt a gaze fall upon him. It was a gaze that came from behind!

Klein suddenly turned around and stared towards the giant stone throne, only to see a scene of countless transparent maggots slowly twitching and growing.

Klein gasped.

He opened his eyes and woke up from his dream.

Crystal balls, tarot cards, and the prepared astrolabe entered his vision. Reality quickly replaced fantasy.

*The initial dream was the result of the divination, but what was the later dream about? It seemed to be targeted at me?* Klein put the piece of paper down. He rubbed his temples and contemplated.

He could confirm that it wasn't his fear projecting itself in the form of a dream, for he was doing the divination himself.

*A palace not meant for humans on the peak of a mountain... The silent stare... The contorted and weird scene of the maggots...* Klein silently guessed as he recalled.

*Has the luck enhancement ritual communicated with that existence? Or is it a result of the Antigonus family's notebook... Right, that notebook mentioned the Nation of the Evernight in the*

*Hornacis mountain range! The palace in the dream was on a mountain peak!*

He made a simple deduction and was relieved that he had picked Seer. According to Old Neil, Mystery Pryers could also divine through dreams, but they weren't as effective as a Seer.

*Sigh, it sure isn't letting me go...* All I can hope for is the early capture of Ray Bieber... Klein collected himself and picked up the piece of paper with the diagram of the astrolabe. He slowly walked towards the door.

He opened the door and headed to the reception area. He saw Anna looking out the window, completely ignoring her cup of black tea.

“Ah, Mr. Moretti, is there a result?” She saw Klein in her peripheral vision and stood up in a hurry.

Klein did not answer her immediately. Instead, he asked according to the revelation he received from the dream, “Does your house, or Mr. Meyer’s house, have a toy windmill?”

Anna’s eyes widened, shocked into silence.

After a while, she muttered, “That was a present he gave me. It is by the door at my house. How did you know that...”

*C-can this be divined?*

Klein smiled and spoke with a gentle tone, “Congratulations Miss Anna, Mr. Joyce Meyer is currently a guest at your place. If

you rush back, you should still be able to meet him. He just experienced a calamity, an unimaginably painful journey. What he needs now are not questions, but consolation and a warm hug.”

“Really?” Anna asked in disbelief.

The fortune-tellers she knew would never speak with such certainty or give such firm conclusions.

“You will know if you go back immediately,” Klein replied with a gentle tone and smile.

“Oh, Lord of Steam, is that true? Has my poor Joyce returned? Are you certain? No, I cannot believe it...” Anna froze for a moment and said a few delirious words.

She took out a one-soli note from her purse and did not wait for Klein to give her the change. She broke into a small jog as she left the Divination Club, taking a carriage back home.

“Does this include my tip?” Klein looked at the note and shook his head with a laugh.

...

A two-wheeled carriage steered quickly across the streets and entered East Borough.

Anna watched the streets sweeping past her, feeling a mixture of unease, anticipation, and fear. It did not take long before the toy windmill entered her field of vision.

She got off the carriage, showing no care for her bearing. She staggered quickly towards the door and rang the doorbell.

The door creaked open, revealing a blond young man dressed in a black formal suit. He was haggard, but his eyes carried a glint of joy. He had an aquiline nose.

“I thought that I would miss you today,” Joyce said with a smile.

“...Oh, Exalted Steam, you really are back!” Anna rubbed her eyes, exclaiming in pleasant surprise.

*What the fortune-teller said was true!*

*No, that was a real seer!*

It was simply fascinating!

Thoughts welled in her mind as Anna pounced forward with tears in her eyes and gave her fiancé a warm hug.

The two of them hugged silently outside the grayish-blue house. The toy windmill turned slowly, seemingly tossing all their difficulties far away.