

## Chapter 107: Fors

“Author?” Audrey asked casually as she observed Glaint’s reaction.

Subsequently, she didn’t have to mind the presence of her maidservant, Annie, since they chatted about ordinary topics.

Glaint straightened his body and chuckled.

“Yes, I believe that you have read her works in the past. She wrote the book, Stormwind Mountain Villa, which was highly acclaimed for the past two months.”

“I enjoyed that book, especially the calm Lady Sissi,” Audrey replied with a faint smile.

Meanwhile, she was rolling her eyes at her own hypocrisy inwardly.

That was because her latest hobby had nothing to do with novels. She had stopped reading Stormwind Mountain Villa a month ago, her progress stopped at the one-third mark.

Ever since she joined the Tarot Club and acquainted herself with the powerful Fool, and became a real Beyonder, she had been immersing herself in mysticism knowledge. She had been systematically learning about psychology and had lost interest in other activities.

Smiling, Glaint guided Audrey to a sofa in the hall.

“I am sure that Miss Fors Wall will leave a good impression on you, for she is just like Stormwind Mountain Villa’s Lady Sissi—calm, intellectual, and lazy.

“Also, my dear Miss Audrey, are you going to play the piano for us later? That is the greatest compliment for a novel and literature.”

Audrey looked at the side profile of Glaint’s face. His expression, tone, and body language all conveyed his intention to flaunt himself.

*He wants to use me to show off...* Audrey thought to herself, as if she had just met this good friend of hers for the first time.

She maintained her elegant smile and said, “My music teacher, Mr. Vicanell the pianist, said that my standards have deteriorated recently and needs more practice.”

“Alright.” Glaint was just about wondering what to say when he suddenly saw a lady taking desserts from the long table. “Audrey, this is Miss Fors Wall, the author of Stormwind Mountain Villa.”

Audrey looked over. Miss Fors Wall was about 23 years old and 1.65 meters in height. She was wearing a pale yellow dress with frills. Her brown hair was slightly curly. She looked over with her pale blue eyes as Glaint introduced her while wearing a smile that appeared ruminative.

Audrey had noticed several small details in the less than three seconds of observation.

*There are faint traces of yellow on Miss Fors's fingers... She likes cigarettes...*

*There are obvious calluses on her fingers at spots used to hold a pen, fitting her identity as an author...*

*Her arm movements show that she has decent strength. This is not a quality expected of an author, unless she is passionate about exercising. Perhaps she was born like this, or she might have engaged in some other occupation in the past...*

*She displayed her calm, rational, and precise style in Stormwind Mountain Villa. This must be linked to her previous occupation...*

*Her eyes and emotions are relaxed, giving me the feeling that she is looking down on me and Glaint. Is this the psychological superiority a Beyonder has over an ordinary human?*

*If it was a coincidence that Glaint discovered her identity as a Beyonder, then she should feel some anxiety and uneasiness. After all, she is unable to guess his reaction and what he would do next since the unknown always brings about fear.*

*This indicates that she was the one who voluntarily approached Glaint, having learned about our hobbies. She must be quite confident about what is going to happen next...*

*Why would a Beyonder approach Glaint? Does she need monetary support, or the Beyonder ingredients stored in the treasury? Or perhaps she needs help with something...*

*At this moment, Glaint was introducing Audrey to Fors.*

“Madam, this is the Miss Audrey that I mentioned previously, the most dazzling jewel in all of Backlund. Her father is Earl Hall, a trusted aide of His Majesty and respected member of the cabinet.

“Good afternoon, Madam Fors. Stormwind Mountain Villa is still seated by my bed to this very day.” Audrey adhered to the rules of the aristocracy and curtsied.

But she added silently, *That’s because I haven’t finished reading it even after a month...*

Fors returned the niceties simply and said, “Good afternoon Miss Audrey, your beauty sure leaves an impression. I think that I already have an idea for my next novel. Heh, Viscount Glaint said that you have exceptional talents in music.”

They merely exchanged praises as they were in public.

After watching Fors continue towards the dining table as she targeted a cream cake, Audrey retracted her gaze and headed to the living room with Glaint.

She recalled the details she had seen just now and tried to figure the motives of the woman. She wanted to gain some advantage in future conversations.

As she took a step forward, Audrey, who was as calm as an objective Spectator, stepped on her dress and nearly fell.

At this moment, her personal maidservant, Annie, caught her, allowing her to maintain her grace.

“Miss, the unique design of this dress means that you cannot walk too quickly,” Annie pulled close to Audrey’s ear and reminded her softly.

“I know.” Audrey nodded in reply, her face flushed red.

*I was too absorbed in observing others that I forgot to look at where I was placing my foot...* she silently complained in resentment.

Audrey met with many other esteemed authors, critics, and musicians for the rest of the salon, always maintaining her sweet, elegant smile.

Finally, after her facial muscles began turning sore, she saw Viscount Glaint’s signal.

She waited for a few minutes and gave the excuse of needing to use the washroom. She lifted her dress and stood up slowly to leave the salon.

After confirming that there was no one tailing her, she made her way to the study on the first level and told her maidservant Annie, “I have something to discuss with Glaint. Guard the door for me. Do not let anyone enter.”

“Alright.” Annie didn’t feel that the request was strange, for she knew that Audrey and Viscount Glaint shared similar hobbies and would often discuss mysticism in a private setting.

Audrey entered the study and locked the door. She saw Glaint seated behind the desk while playing with a pen. Fors Wall was standing in front of the bookshelf, nonchalantly flipping through

a book.

“I’ll introduce you both again. Madam Fors, a true Beyonder.” Glaint put down his pen and walked over.

“Is that so?” Audrey intentionally exaggerated her feelings of doubt.

Fors returned the book to its original position and turned around with a smile.

“It looks like I have to prove myself.”

She walked over to the door and extended her right palm, grabbing the handle of the door.

Suddenly, Audrey’s vision blurred. It was as if she witnessed Madam Fors turn incorporeal as she passed through the door.

She was shocked. Concentrating, she realized that Fors was no longer standing in her original position.

A few seconds later, the door handle turned. The locked door was opened just like that. Fors Wall smiled as she walked in from the outside. Audrey’s maid, Annie, who was not far away, didn’t seem to be aware of what had happened.

“What a magical ability!” Glaint exclaimed.

Audrey took in a deep breath and said, “I have no more doubts.”

At the same time, the ability Fors had displayed allowed Audrey to confirm what her true motives were, since acquiring money or materials would be no trouble for a Beyonder like that.

*Glaint doesn't have any Beyonder guards... Fors wants to use the statuses and resources available to Glaint and I to achieve something?* Audrey tried her hardest to act as a Spectator.

Fors chortled and said, "Let us interact with honesty. We do not have much time left."

"I was once a doctor at a clinic and was given an opportunity to become a Beyonder. That was more than two years ago."

"I hope that you can do something for me, and the reward I will give you is allow you to join the ranks of true Beyonders. I will sell you the formula of a particular Sequence potion and its corresponding materials."

Upon hearing such a promise, Glaint could not help but ask, "What do you want us to do?"

"I have a partner who's in jail now, awaiting the final verdict. I hope that you can save her, regardless of the methods used," Fors said simply.

Audrey frowned.

"Madam Fors, the abilities you have demonstrated should be better suited for the task..."

Fors laughed and shook her head.

“No, that is not the case. She cannot pass through the places that I can. I can only go in regularly and chat with her.

“Also, I think that risking my life to save her is not a good idea. Life is short, but there is much for us to do.”

Audrey observed Fors’s face and body language. She considered her words before asking, “I understand. What crime is your partner being locked up for?”

Fors’s expression immediately turned a little awkward.

“My partner is a very respected person who can make others comply from the bottom of their hearts. She is of good character and kind. Well... Uh... It was that the means she used to convince a thug was a little over the top...”

...

After handing out the mission, Klein followed his original schedule of mysticism lessons in the morning and combat lessons in the afternoon. The regularity of his life almost made him forget that he was a member of the Nighthawks. The ‘curse’ of often encountering supernatural incidents seemed to disappear as well.

It was Saturday, his turn to guard Chanis Gate.

“You can enjoy the coffee I left here or the black tea in the clerk’s office.” Dunn surveyed the room with his deep gray eyes.

Klein, who had already given an excuse to his siblings, nodded in



joy.

“Alright Captain. You sure are a generous gentleman.”

Dunn laughed.

“Those will help you relax. Being tense all the time is not good for your health.”

He took his hat and cane and walked toward the door.

As he was exiting the door, he suddenly turned around and said, “I forgot to remind you; do not open Chanis Gate no matter what you hear, unless it is opened from the inside.

“Remember, no matter what you hear, no matter what happens.”

*Captain, that's a little scary...* Klein tensed up instantly. He felt the darkness of the basement triumph over the light of the gas lamp.