

## Chapter 62: The Seer's Suggestion

Before Klein left home, he took the time to meticulously clean up his suit and top hat with a small brush and a handkerchief. Then, he washed his white shirt, changing into a similar linen shirt along with the only decent cheap coat he had. He then briskly walked out onto the street.

*First, Melissa's dress. Then, Benson's suit. Only then can I consider a second suit for myself. Money is never enough... Besides, we need to save money to buy porcelain tableware to receive our guests... Plus, I have to save money to buy a variety of materials related to mysticism...* Klein sat on the public carriage and took note of the financial status at home. The more he did the math, the more he shook his head.

He reckoned he needed at least a year to let himself, his brother, and his sister live as a middle-class family.

Of course, that was without taking promotions and pay rises into consideration.

The public carriage drove past the streets and stopped opposite to the Divination Club on Howes Street.

Klein pressed down on his black top hat and hopped off the carriage. He walked along the familiar street and entered the club located on the second floor. He then saw the beautiful brunette, Angelica.

There was a hint of swelled redness to her eyes, but she looked extremely relaxed.

Klein raised his hand to tap his glabella lightly and carefully examined her. He found out that the grayness deep in Angelica's emotional colors had greatly dispersed. It had been replaced with sunlight-like whiteness.

After taking it in, Klein walked over, took off his hat, and smiled.

"Madam Angelica, it's a lovely day today, isn't it?"

Angelica lifted her head and was briefly shocked. She then beamed and said, "You are just like Mr. Vincent's cat. You don't make any sounds while walking, do you? You managed to tell? Hehe, I forgot that you are a fortune-teller skilled in face-reading..."

She paused, then she gently bit her lip before bowing.

"Thank you. Thank you for your suggestion yesterday. I feel much better. I haven't been this relaxed, happy, and contented in a year."

Upon hearing her show her sincere gratitude, Klein was infected with the joy and happiness she had. The corner of his lips lifted, and he said, "It's my pleasure."

As he spoke, he could feel his spirituality relax and turn livelier.

*Is this what the Seer potion wants? A Seer that can really help the inquirer?* Klein pinched his glabella as though he was thinking before secretly tapping twice.

It had to be said that he found the action of activating and

deactivating his Spirit Vision in practice insufficiently inconspicuous. However, the problem was that he hadn't thought of a better solution yet. As he had just become a Seer recently, his spiritually had yet to reach its limit, and the same was applied to his mastery. Hence, there didn't seem to be many suitable locations for an activation switch for his Spiritual Vision. The glabella was the best option by far.

*When I become a true Seer after fully digesting the potion, I should be able to design a more inconspicuous activation motion...* Klein nodded unnoticeably and walked towards the half-opened meeting room.

“Coffee or tea?” Angelica asked hurriedly.

“Desi coffee.” Klein answered. He planned on trying out all the drinks the Divination Club had to offer.

Then, he saw that there were six or seven members present, but not Hanass Vincent who was almost always was.

“Mr. Vincent isn’t here?” Klein stopped in his tracks and asked a passing question.

Angelica was taken aback as she said, “Mr. Vincent doesn’t come every day. He accepted an invitation to give a lecture for a divination organization at Enmat Harbor. Are you looking for him?”

“Not at all. I was just curious. After all, I’ve seen him every time I’ve come here.” Klein shook his head with a smile.

Meanwhile, he realized that there was a familiar face among the

seven members present.

Glacis, who had divined for him before, was present!

Glacis was reading some information on the table with his monocle when he suddenly sensed someone looking at him. He lifted his head and cast his gaze.

Obvious joy suffused his face as he propped himself up with both hands and stood up. He dashed towards Klein and stopped before him.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Moretti. I have been wondering if you would come today.

“I heard from Angelica that you are not a doctor, but a fortune-teller who is good at face-reading?”

Klein smiled.

“That’s not the only thing I’m good at. Mr. Glacis. You no longer seem plagued by your ailment?”

He pinched his forehead and tapped his glabella twice. He noticed that Glacis’s health colors had returned to normal.

“Yes, I was very regretful for not taking your suggestion back then. Luckily, there is a very amazing apothecary near my place. He gave my wife a magical medicine which brought me away from death,” Glacis said emotionally.

As a quasi-member of the Nighthawks, Klein asked out of occupational interest, “Very amazing apothecary? Very magical medicine?”

*Magical? How magical? Is it within the range of Beyonders?*

“He said that it was a kind of folk medicine from Lenburg. In short, it helped with treating my illness a lot,” Glacis answered, without noticing anything abnormal about the question.

*Folk medicine apothecary?* Klein tapped his glabella as though he was thinking.

“What’s his name? Where does he stay? As you know, even a fortune-teller can’t guarantee that they would remain in the pink of health all the time. Perhaps, I will need to go to purchase some medication from him in the future.”

Klein learned from his teacher and classmates that the current health system in the world was in a nascent state. There was almost no cure to many diseases, so the magical medications and miraculous apothecaries still controlled the market. There was no harm in knowing more, since it could one day serve useful.

Glacis answered honestly, “His name is Lawson Darkwade. He has a tiny store at 18 Vlad Street in East Borough, named Lawson’s Folk Herb Store.”

“Thank you.” Klein remembered it and spoke sincerely.

Glacis turned around and invited him to sit beside him. At that moment, Angelica came over to serve the coffee she brewed.

*Compared to Southville coffee, Desi coffee is more fragrant, but has quite an inferior taste... Klein took a sip and savored it for a moment.*

Glacis hurriedly deliberated his words when he saw Klein put down his white porcelain cup.

“Mr. Moretti, can I request a divination from you? I will pay according to a price you set.”

“Eight pence is sufficient. I will not raise the price out of the blue.” Klein was hoping that someone would request his divination services. “Do you need a divination room?”

“Alright. Topaz.” Glacis led the way with much more familiarity.

After entering the divination room and locking the door, Klein sat behind the long table. He asked in a serious voice, “Mr. Glacis, what would you like the divination to be about?”

“I have an investment opportunity, but the amount of money it involves is huge. If it fails, my family and I will take a heavy hit. I wish to know if it will be a successful investment.” Glacis volunteered the information. “I have divined using tarot cards previously. Hmm, a divination after purifying my soul. The result was pretty good. Yes, I did the interpretation myself, but I did not violate the principles of those symbols.”

Klein thought and asked curiously, “It’d be great if you could describe the entire situation once more and give me your information again. It’d be best if you have the other party’s information, too. We will do an astrolabe divination.”

“Alright.” Glacis organized his words and said, “When Mister Lanevus examined the Hornacis mountain range, he discovered a gigantic mine rich in high-quality iron ore. He poured in all his savings to buy that land and hired a professional company to survey it. The result was a heartening one.”

“He lacks funds needed for subsequent developments, so he formed a steelworks company and intends to apply for a loan from the bank using the project. At the same time, he will also issue a corresponding number of shares to raise its initial capital. The plan is still in its preparatory stage and promises fat returns.”

Klein, who had been reading the newspaper recently and also happened to be a “history expert,” knew that there were shares in this world. He also knew that the concept of shares was derived from Emperor Roselle. *Yeah, him again.*

During the colonization of the Southern Continent, he had set up the West Balam company and solved the nation’s fiduciary matters successfully by raising funds from the public through the issue of shares. As such, he had the first-movers advantage from colonization.

Because the returns were great, this development continued on. For example, there were railway shares, mining shares, steam development shares, and so on and so forth. There were some that succeeded and there were some that failed. Hence, it catalyzed the formation of organizations like the Backlund Stock Exchange.

Besides that, the Emperor Roselle had created national bonds, unit trusts, and other financial products. The former had become the most stable form investment, with a return of four to six percent interest.

Klein remembered that Benson had once said that if he could inherit three thousand pounds, there was no need to work hard any further. The stable annual interest of about five percent would result in an annual fixed income return of 150 pounds, roughly equivalent to Klein's annual income at present.

*This is known as rentier capitalism...* Klein sighed and asked carefully, “Are you sure there’s nothing wrong about this? Is Lanevus trustworthy?”

“I’ve seen his property papers and the inspection report. There is the Sivellaus county government’s stamp and an endorsement of a professional company. Plus, inside Mr. Lanevus’s office is a group photo of him with Sir Deweyville and the Mayor.” Glacis nodded in reply.

*Group photo? That doesn’t mean anything...* Klein, who was born in an era of information explosion, had seen too many similar incidents. He didn’t buy the story because of that.

However, it didn’t matter if he believed it or not. He could only pick up a pen and draw a corresponding astrolabe according to the crucial time and information that Glacis had provided him with.

After a long while, Klein pointed to the astrolabe and said, “You should be able to tell that this will be a very unsuccessful endeavor. Below the flourishing surface is a cliff, a chasm. My divination suggestions going around it, to avoid it.”

“...” Glacis fell into silence, his mouth turning agape a few times before he closed it.

A few minutes later, he said with a rueful smile, “I’ll consider it carefully when I’m back.”

Upon hearing this answer, Klein could only shake his head with a silent sigh. He realized the helplessness of a Seer.

A Seer could only give suggestions and not make the decision for others.

Just as the two left the Topaz room, Angelica walked over and said, “Mr. Moretti, someone wishes for your divination.”

When she said that, she added with a whisper, “He did not ask for my recommendations. Nor did he view the album.”

*Has my reputation spread?* Klein turned towards the reception hall in puzzlement.