

Chapter 69: Protection Amulet

Klein looked over and saw the person inquiring about the cow teeth paeonol.

The man was less than a meter away from him. He was wearing a black suit and a halved top hat of the same color. He had a cane adorned with silver in his hand and a pair of gold-framed spectacles on his face. He had a refined bearing.

“Yes, do you need it? This can here costs three soli.” The owner of the stall was wearing a long black robe, one filled mysticism traits.

The inquirer whose sideburns were pale yellow thought for a moment before saying, “Can it be cheaper? I still need to buy other ingredients too. For example, this bottle of white-edged sunflower petals.”

The stall owner considered for a few seconds before grudgingly replying, “Two soli and six pence. I don’t think you can find a price cheaper than that.”

Klein immediately felt that he was overthinking things after seeing how the bespectacled man was buying ingredients other than the cow teeth paeonol.

However, he still tapped his glabella twice as an act of caution. He swept the man with his Spirit Vision.

No problems. He looks very healthy. His emotions are alright too. Mister, you need to keep this up... Klein retracted his gaze, turned

around, and looked at the stall selling homemade amulets once again.

The amulets were placed neatly before him. Some of them were made of pure silver, some with steel, others forged from gold.

But only a few of the amulets had a weak aura emanating from them, some crimson, some pale white, some golden.

This meant that some of them had weak traces of spirituality and were definitely effective to a certain extent!

Klein looked at the amulets carefully and confirmed that the stall owner making the amulets had some foundation in mysticism.

The stall owner did not make any mistakes matching the different energy sources to the different incantations. He was also extremely accurate at choosing the materials that corresponded to the different energy sources.

Of course, a mere mysticism enthusiast would definitely make some mistakes. Klein noticed that the stall owner did not fully understand the incantations. One could not create an incantation simply by translating the content of the prayer into Hermes. The incantations had to follow a certain format that followed unique rules.

The other problem was that the stall owner had made mistakes of varying degrees when he was choosing a suitable symbol for the energy sources. That explained why there were only two or three amulets releasing the faint light out of the dozens that were laid before him.

As for how much of an effect the two to three amulets would have, Klein could only say that it was better than nothing.

An amulet that was truly equipped with obvious effects needed the craftsman to release his spirituality from a blade while carving the incantations and symbols!

If one wanted even better results, they would have to supplement it with ritualistic magic.

And these two things were not something an ordinary person could achieve.

Klein tapped his glabella twice, then pointed at the upper left corner of the stall with his black cane.

“How much for these two?”

He did not ask about the amulets that had a rudimentary colored aura, but half-completed items. Other than external shape, they had not been carved with incantations or symbols.

To Klein, there was no reason to purchase the amulets that had weak effects. What he wanted to do was to transform the half-completed amulets into true amulets.

Hmm, I'll make amulets that can protect a person from danger, one each for Benson and Melissa. As for my own, I can ask the Nighthawks to supply me with the ingredients... Man, I must have been influenced by Old Neil. I don't feel any guilt when doing something like that... Klein's mind wandered as he watched the stall owner pick up the half-completed silver amulets.

The first silver amulet was elongated and had a cavity in the middle. Around it were patterns of angel-like feathers. The craftsmanship was intricate and was very beautiful. The other was simple, almost completely devoid of any additional decorations or carvings. It had a vertical line representing the night, and a circle representing the crimson moon.

Klein, who paid much attention to appearances, took a liking to them immediately.

“This is six soli,” the middle-aged stall owner said, pointing to the intricate amulet. He was a man of few words.

After pausing for a while, he rubbed the simpler piece and said, “This is five soli three pence.”

“That’s too expensive. They are still far from being an amulet.” Klein had slowly been influenced by Benson and Melissa, so he had begun cultivating the habit of haggling.

After a battle of words, he bought the two silver accessories at five soli six pence and four soli nine pence respectively.

Yeah, they can only be considered silver accessories for the time being... Klein had that in mind.

The ten soli three pence was deducted from the reimbursement he received for his Divination Club membership.

Klein received the two silver accessories and placed them into his pocket. He was about to head to another stall when he heard a gentle voice.

“Sir, why are you not buying a completed amulet?”

Klein turned his head over and found a teenage girl asking him the question. She was about fifteen years of age and wore a lacy yellow dress while holding onto a veiled hat with a ribbon.

“It’s because I intend to make my own amulets. As you know, that is the wish of every enthusiast of mysticism,” Klein minced his words and answered.

He did not wish to make the stall owner think that he was trying to snatch his business, even though he had considered using his “skill” to earn a quick buck.

The teenage girl had naturally curly brown hair, and her face was adorable due to her baby fat. She looked at Klein with her light blue eyes and asked sincerely, “Can I seek your advice on choosing an amulet? Well, I was introduced here by a friend. I’ve been here several times and have a deep interest in mysticism. But I still do not know too much about it, and she, my friend, is going to turn sixteen soon. I wish to select an amulet as a gift to her. I didn’t bring her along as I want it to be a surprise... I had previously sought her advice, but I cannot remember a lot of the critical points.”

Klein gave a gentlemanly smile.

“What kind of protection amulets are you looking for? Something to avert misfortune? Something to avoid illnesses? Something that gives fortune? Different requirements would require different energy sources which means that they must point to different gods. Different gods would have different corresponding constellations, and the different constellations would mean that different materials have to be used.

“For example, the incantation for averting misfortune would belong to the Empress of Misfortune and Horror, who is the Evernight Goddess. As mysticism enthusiasts, we all know that the symbol of the Evernight Goddess is the moon. The corresponding metal would thus be pure silver.

“Therefore, if we hope to avert misfortune, it is best that we choose an amulet that is made of pure silver and has the corresponding incantations.”

We would also have to make sure that the incantations are of the correct language and format. The corresponding symbol of the Empress of Misfortune and Horror means the Path Number, the spell’s characteristic, and the relative positions of the symbols, etc, must also be correct... But this is too complicated, and there’s no need for me to explain this for you... Klein added inwardly.

The girl’s eyes sparkled. She asked with a little doubt, “Can a follower of the Goddess wear an amulet belonging to another god?”

“No problem. The gods do not mind such small matters,” Klein consoled her.

It was not a problem for the person wearing the amulet, but the person creating the amulet had to be careful. If a believer of the Lord of Storms were to craft an amulet of the Eternal Blazing Sun, they would most likely receive something malicious.

Of course, these referred to amulets requiring the aid of ritualistic magic. The craftsman need not pay much attention to this otherwise.

The teenage girl heaved a sigh of relief.

“I hope to get her an amulet for good health; which deity should I choose from? The Eternal Blazing Sun, Earth Mother, or the God of Knowledge and Wisdom?”

“There should be no problem with the Eternal Blazing Sun and Earth Mother. The former is represented by the sun while the latter is represented by the Brown Planet.” Klein smiled as he said, “The material of the sun is gold, while the metal that symbolizes the Brown Planet is lead. I would suggest the sun, but I do not know if you brought enough money along with you.”

The reason for his suggestion was because he had noticed that among the three amulets with a rudimentary spiritual glow, one of them was a health amulet that came under the domain of the sun.

“Isn’t this...” Before the teenage girl finished her sentence, she stopped and warily looked at the stall owner who was waiting silently.

She thought for a moment before asking, “After I decide on the material, how should I distinguish the incantation and corresponding symbols?”

“Do you know Hermes?” Klein asked instead.

“I just started learning it,” the teenage girl replied, a little embarrassed.

“Then let me choose it for you.” Klein pointed at the health amulet made of gold and said, “This one has no problems, be it in the incantations or the representing symbol.”

The teenage girl lifted the edges of her dress and squatted in front of the amulet. She picked up the health amulet with designs of the sun's rays around its edges. She felt as though the amulet was nourishing her, making her feel completely relaxed.

"Thank you, thank you." She stood up and curtsied in gratitude.

Klein laughed and said, "I'll leave the rest to you and the stall owner. I have other things to tend to."

He looked at the stall owner as he spoke and noticed that the man had a weird look in his eyes, as if deciding if he had to give a cut of the profit to Klein.

With a smile, Klein did not bother with the matter anymore. He continued touring the underground market, but he didn't notice any true Beyonder ingredients.

At this point, Old Neil had already paid off his debt. He was holding a dark colored wooden box in his hands.

He pointed to the other room behind and said after he noticed Klein's look of doubt, "Go there if you wish to buy or sell Beyonder ingredients. After all, no one wishes to let others know what extraordinary items they are purchasing."

"I understand." Klein nodded as though in thought.

There was no need for him to go there for the time being. He headed toward the exit of the underground market together with Old Neil.

“How much for these elf flowers?”

A query suddenly entered Klein’s ears.

Elf flowers... That’s also an ingredient for the Spectator potion... Klein thought as he glanced sideways. He once again saw the refined bespectacled man.

“What’s the matter?” Old Neil asked curiously.

“Nothing much.” Klein retracted his gaze.

Although he was a quasi-member of the Nighthawks, he did not feel that all Beyonders had to be absorbed by the Churches or locked up. He believed that it had to depend on the situation. Spectators definitely posed little danger to society or the kingdom, and the chances of losing control as a Sequence 9 were very slim.

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After leaving Evil Dragon Bar, Klein and Old Neil took a public carriage and left the harbor. They then split ways at the North Borough and headed back to their respective homes.

The public transport steered into Daffodil Street and stopped by the side of the road. Klein was about to get off the carriage when he suddenly saw a young lady wearing a grayish-white dress about to board the carriage.

This lady had smooth black hair, her face a little round. She had thin eyes and unassuming features. But paired together, she

gave off the feeling that she was sweet and gentle.

Klein noticed her not because of her beauty, but because he discovered that her body was shuddering slightly. It was an unnatural shudder.

“Miss, are you alright?” Klein asked in concern.

The young lady shook her head abruptly.

“No, I-I am just too tired.”

The people behind Klein were urging for him to get off, so Klein could only leave the carriage.

When he found his footing, he paid attention to the situation from before again. He pinched his glabella twice, planning to determine if the lady was indeed alright.

He had the intention of sending her to the hospital if she had a serious illness that was going to act up soon.

Activating his Spirit Vision, the colors of the auras started to surface. Klein turned around and prepared to look at the sweet and gentle young lady.