

Chapter 83: Carving

Holding onto the yellowish-brown paper bag full of herbs, Bogda staggered out of the Lawson's Folk Herb Store.

While waiting for a tracked carriage, he suddenly came to a realization.

He had spent ten pounds to buy a bag of stuff?

This was nearly a month's salary for him!

If it wasn't for his trust in Anna and Joyce, he wouldn't have brought that much cash to the Divination Club!

Could it be that the reason why Mr. Moretti only accepted eight pence for his divination, had something to do with his collusion with the boss of Lawson's Folk Herb Store, so as to earn more? This was a classic scam written on the papers! When Bogda made this connection, he even began to suspect Klein a little. He even began suspecting Joyce and Anna.

When a tracked carriage stopped in front of him, he looked at the herbs in his hand. Unable to bring himself to return, he entered the carriage with a heavy heart.

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Inside Lawson's Folk Herb Store.

As the boss watched Bogda leave, he suddenly turned his head and shouted at the door where there was a pile of herbs, “Scharmaine, stop purchasing herbs from today.”

“W-why, Master?” A handsome-looking youth with disheveled hair walked out.

The boss smiled and said, “This is the sixteenth customer that has come because of my fame. If this carries on, I believe the Nighthawks, the Machinery Hivemind, and the Mandated Punishers will notice me. When the time comes, I’ll need to consider heading to other cities.”

“Then, do we need to sublease this store?” Scharmaine nodded in understanding as he asked with concern.

The boss chuckled.

“If you wish to stay, you can be the boss of this store. You are already capable at identifying herbs and concocting medicine. Of course, remember to deposit half of your monthly profits into my anonymous Backlund Bank account.”

“But, I haven’t learned what you are really good at.” Scharmaine was already sick of never staying in a city for more than a year, but he was unwilling to give up learning the magical formulas that his master was good at.

The boss leisurely rocked himself in his seat.

“That’s not something you can learn just because you want to...”

...

A blackish-green bubbling liquid appeared in front of Bogda's eyes. It smelled of stinking socks and the color that makes one want to puke made him deeply suspicious about everything he had done today.

When the rooster blood was dropped into the medicine, Bogda's father looked at his son worriedly and said, "I think surgery is the best option."

The few drops of rooster blood bubbled with the boiling liquid before vanishing. Bogda took a deep breath and said, "If this medicine is useless, I'll consider surgery."

"The Lord will watch over you." Bogda's father gestured a triangular Sacred Emblem across his chest.

By the time the boiling liquid had cooled down, Bogda had no intention of wasting the ten pounds. He raised his right hand and closed his eyes. Flicking his head back, he gulped down the medicine in one go.

The pungent aroma that had the noxious smell of blood, swished around in his mouth as he nearly spat out everything he had just drank.

That night, Bogda had an upset stomach. He went to the bathroom six times, and by the time the crimson moon vanished, he fell asleep groggily.

After an unknown period of time had passed, he jolted awake, having dreamed that he was being reprimanded by his boss at

work.

“Thankfully, I took three days of annual leave. I don’t have to rush to work.” Bogda heaved a sigh of relief when he discovered that he felt a lot more spirited.

This was in stark contrast to the sluggish state he was in for the past few weeks.

Bogda subconsciously reached out and pressed the right side of his abdomen. He noticed that the region which previously hurt when under slight pressure felt normal. He only felt the pain from ordinary pressure.

“Don’t tell me it was really effective? That apothecary was clearly just fooling me...” Bogda was both surprised and doubtful as he got out of bed. He stretched himself and felt his health returning to him.

He fell silent for a very long while as he muttered, “According to the apothecary, I still need to drink it twice. Once I’m done drinking, I’ll go to the hospital to get a check up from a doctor...”

“That apothecary didn’t tell me how many times I can drink a day...”

“...I still think he’s a cheat...”

...

Inside the civilian staff office of the Blackthorn Security Company, from his prior request, Klein received a space where

no one would disturb him.

He held a carving knife and emitted his spirituality. He seriously carved the incantations and symbols onto two silver accessories.

The incantation was a request to avoid misfortune and was written in Hermes. The two mysticism symbols symbolized the Evernight Goddess as well as the Empress of Misfortune and Horror.

Aside from that, Klein also added the Path Number that corresponded to the Goddess, 7, and the magical characteristic.

In addition to that, charms and amulets had to be engraved on both sides; and each side's symbols, incantations, and characteristics, their exact locations, or special formats was in the realm of mysticism. The ones that were spread amongst the ordinary populace were filled with mistakes.

At that moment, Klein had a lot of damaged materials to his right. Through repeated practise, and only after he confirmed that he had enough practice, did he dare to begin creating the amulets for Benson and Melissa.

As he calmed his mind, his spirituality spewed out from the tip of the carving knife. The number 7 appeared on the surface of the silver accessories.

He had already finished carving the incantations and symbols on the other side of the accessory. All that was left was to finish the remaining side.

After putting down his knife, all his spirituality chained together

as Klein suddenly felt a strange, majestic, and terrifying energy surge throughout the room.

The commotion quickly vanished as the incantations on both sides of the accessory became complete with Klein's Spirit Vision. It emitted a serene blackness.

He put down his carving knife and gently polished the silver accessory that was formed from a circle and a vertical piece. He felt a tinge of coolness from the mild-to-the-touch surface.

"It's done!" He happily placed the finished amulet and another one that he had previously finished into his pocket, planning to find an opportunity to give it to Benson and Melissa.

Amulets created by Beyonders possessed a certain level of effectiveness. They allowed the wearer to unknowingly avoid disasters to a certain extent, but it was nothing too ridiculous. Furthermore, their spirituality would wane bit by bit. Unless one used a high-level ritualistic magic and created a prayer set, a year was the maximum one could use them for. As for high-level ritualistic magic, there was a terrifyingly high spirituality requirement. It wasn't something Klein could endure at the moment.

When the time comes, I can use my spirituality to make another one... Klein thought, nodding as he began tidying up the messy table.

He didn't make one for himself for the moment, because an amulet of that level had limited effects on him. Therefore, his goal was to gain a deeper understanding of incantations before trying to pair it with ritualistic magic. That way he could create a few defensive amulets that could be activated specifically with sound.

After everything was finished, Klein walked out the office and prepared to hand over the damaged materials. That was when he saw Captain Dunn walk over in his black trench coat.

Dunn's deep and gray eyes swept across him as he smiled.

"Klein, the Holy Cathedral has approved it. You're now an official member."

"Really? That's great!" Klein expressed his delight.

Dunn nodded and said with a smile, "You can now receive a make-up pay of three pounds for this week. You'll receive 4.50 pounds every subsequent week until the advance payment is cleared.

"By the way, did I mention the Nighthawks' ritual?"

"Every official Nighthawk has to independently complete a mission. Only by doing so will you gain the recognition of your partners. In consideration of the outstanding performance you showed, I believe I can assign you an ordinary mission instead. When that happens, I'll formally introduce you to all the Nighthawks in Tingen City."

Klein replied without hesitation, "Alright!"

Three pounds plus his compensation of seven pounds. Getting a new suit wasn't a problem anymore!

Furthermore, he would still have plenty left over!

Well, who knows when my mission will arrive...

Klein waited all the way till Sunday, the day of Selena's birthday banquet.

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Changing into his formal suit and using a brush and handkerchief to tidy his half top hat, Klein looked himself in the mirror before walking over to the first floor in satisfaction.

At that moment, Melissa was sizing up Benson's clothes.

"Is there a problem?" Benson raised his cane, feeling a little lacking due to his sister's gaze.

He felt that there was nothing wrong with him when he inspected himself. He was already dressed quite decently.

Melissa stopped staring at him and said with a serious expression, "Benson, that is a very old suit you're wearing."

"There will be a lot of excellent ladies and madams participating in today's birthday banquet. I believe that by wearing that, it'll be a form of disrespect to them."

Klein was originally filled with questions. However, when he heard Melissa's emphasis, he immediately realized what was happening. He went over with a chuckle and said, "Benson and I share a similar build. He can wear my other tuxedo."

He had already informed his siblings about buying a new suit. He explained it away by saying that his clothes had been torn while inspecting certain objects. Therefore, the company generously compensated him. Of course, he concealed the matter of him being “promoted with a pay rise.” He was afraid of scaring them and only planned to tell them after half a year.

Such an explanation made Benson and Melissa extremely envious. They felt that the Blackthorn Security Company was an impeccable employer.

“There’s no need to, right?” Benson retorted, having not realized the gravity of the situation.

“No, it’s extremely important.” Klein pushed Benson’s shoulders up the stairs. “My tuxedo is hanging on the clothes rack.”

After watching Benson go up the stairs in a daze, Klein turned around and smiled at Melissa.

“Are you hoping that Benson will use the opportunity provided by Selena’s birthday banquet to begin a beautiful new romance?”

He had been reading quite a fair amount of newspapers and magazines recently. He knew that aristocrats and middle-class banquets were typically grounds for blind dates.

Melissa nodded solemnly.

“Yes, Benson has missed out too much because of us.”

Sis, why are you like a mother... Klein looked at Melissa as he

suddenly shook his head with an exasperated laugh.