

Chapter 39: Interesting Trick

In fact, I do not know if the notebook is destroyed or hidden... but by using backward reasoning, if it is to be destroyed, it could have been done on the spot. There was no need for me to take it away to carry out the destruction...

Upon hearing Leonard's question, Klein instantly went into keyboard detective mode and said with a sigh, "Perhaps when Welch, Naya, and I made contact with the unknown existence, it enjoyed the sacrifice of life or wished for similar situations to continue. With the suicide definitely easily discoverable, I was made to take away the notebook to hide it so as to prepare for the existence's second round of entertainment. However, some mishap happened during the process and I failed to succeed in my suicide."

This was a reasoned guess Klein made from his consumption of novels, movies, and TV dramas which involved cult sacrifices.

As for the mishap that happened midway, he knew very well that it was due to the unexpected variable of him being a transmigrator.

"Quite a good explanation, but I believe there might be other possibilities. Welch's and Naya's suicide sacrifice might have made it possible for the unknown existence to descend on this world. Then, that notebook is a vessel or a breeding ground for evil. It made you take it away to hide it, worried that we would destroy it if we discovered its birth—before it became strong." Leonard Mitchell suggested another possibility.

Having said that, he stared into Klein's eyes and smiled slightly.

“Of course, perhaps the notebook has been destroyed. The goal is to hide its content, to conceal the vessel or the brooding of evil. That way, there is a sufficient reason for your failed suicide.”

What does he mean? Is he suspecting me? Is he suspecting that the original Klein's body is a vessel or used for the brooding of evil? No, what he's being a vessel for is a transmigrator... Actually, “Brooding” isn't a correct term. Klein was taken aback. While he secretly criticized the idea, he weighed his words.

“I will not try to defend myself since I've lost memories from that period. Be it Captain or Madam Daly, they have already confirmed that I'm fine. Your joke isn't funny.”

“I'm only considering a possibility. It does not eliminate the blow the unknown existence encountered when it descended which caused your suicide to fail. We believe that the Goddess will ultimately bless us.” Leonard laughed as he changed the subject.
“Did you discover anything in the afternoon?”

After the conversation and the previous encounters, Klein was very wary of Leonard. He answered in a composed manner, “No. I plan on trying a different route tomorrow afternoon.”

He pointed to the partition and said, “I'll need to head to the armory to draw the bullets.”

The Shooting Club opened to nine at night. After all, its availability increased only after many of its members got off work.

“May Goddess bless you.” Leonard smiled as he gestured the sign of the crimson moon on his chest.

He watched Klein pass through the partition and listened to his footsteps down the stairs. Leonard's smile gradually vanished as a look of doubt appeared in his green eyes.

He whispered something with a displeased tone.

...

Down the stairs, Klein followed the gas lamp-illuminated corridor to the armory and archives.

The iron door was open and the brown-haired Rozanne was standing in front of the table. She was chatting with a top hat-wearing middle-aged man with a thick black beard.

"Good afternoon, no. Good evening. It's always night here. Klein, I heard from Old Neil that you have become a Beyonder? It's called Seer?" Rozanne turned her head and deluged him with her questions.

She did not hide her curiosity and concern.

Klein nodded with a smile.

"Good afternoon, Miss Rozanne. It's indeed always night here, but it makes one feel a sense of serenity. The description you gave wasn't accurate enough. It should be said that the Sequence potion I consumed has the name Seer."

"You still chose to become a Beyonder after all..." Rozanne said with a sigh as she fell into a deep thought.

Klein looked at the middle-aged man beside her and asked politely, “You are?”

Another Nighthawk member or one of the other two civilian staff I have not met?

Rozanne puckered her lips and said, “Bredt. Our colleague. He wishes to change slots with me to free up the night after tomorrow. He plans on going to the theater in the North Borough with his wife to watch *The Prideful One*. It’s to celebrate their fifteenth-year wedding anniversary. He’s truly a romantic gentleman.”

Bredt smiled as he extended his hand and said, “With Miss Rozanne around, there’s nothing that requires repeating. Hello, Klein. I never expected you to become a Beyonder so quickly. As for me, heh, I might never have the courage.”

“Perhaps it’s as the saying goes, the ignorant knows no fear,” Klein said in a self-deprecating manner as he extended his hand to shake Bredt’s.

“Me not having courage is not something bad,” said Bredt with a shake of his head. “A Beyonder once told me before his death to never probe strange and dangerous matters. The less you know, the longer you live.”

At that moment, Rozanne interjected, “Klein, there’s no need to mind it. I heard from Old Neil that as a Seer, you are used as support. It’s relatively safe as long as you do not attempt to communicate with unknown existences. Why are you dressed in such clothes? It’s so unbecoming of a gentleman! What are you here for?”

“I’m here to draw my thirty bullets.” Klein did not reply to

Rozanne's first question.

He believed that the lady would quickly forget the matter.

"Alright." Rozanne pointed at the table and said, "Bredt, it's all yours. You should know where the keys and bullets are. Oh, Old Neil really is petty. He did not even leave his hand ground coffee behind. He promised me that I could drink my fill today..."

She prattled on as Klein received the bullets.

The duo left together and went their separate ways at Zouteland Street. One took a public carriage home while the other walked into the Shooting Club.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Klein repeated the process—gripping the gun, raising his arms, shooting, releasing the cylinder, ejecting the empty shells, and stuffing in rounds—again and again. He became familiar with the process and built it into his muscle memory.

Of course, he had a few breaks in between to review and correct the process.

After finishing his practice, Klein used the grounds to do various exercises like push-ups. He worked hard to train his body to improve his physique.

Once everything was over, he sat in an untracked carriage home. Only then he realized it was nearing seven and the sky was already dark.

Just as Klein was planning to head to the market or streets to buy the ingredients for dinner, the door opened. Melissa had returned with her stationery-filled bag.

Apart from that, she carried quite a lot of groceries.

“...I thought you and Benson would be home rather late. This morning, I took out 1 soli from the place where you stash your money.” Upon seeing her brother’s questioning look, Melissa explained in her usual serious manner.

“Since you took the money, why didn’t you take the public carriage to school?” Klein had been reminded of the matter from the morning.

Melissa said with a frown, “Why should I take a public carriage. It costs four pence to get to school. A return trip means eight pence. Counting Benson and you, we will be spending twenty-four pence on transportation daily. That’s a whole two soli! In a week, yes, without counting Sunday, that’s still twelve soli. It’s almost equal to our rent.”

Stop, stop, stop! Don’t flaunt your mathematical prowess... Klein lowered his palm in an amused manner.

Melissa first stopped before adding, “It’s pretty good walking to school. Our teacher said that everyone should exercise frequently. Besides, I can pick some damaged components on the way.”

Klein chuckled and said, “Then let’s do the math again. The public carriage costs twelve soli. The rent is twelve soli and three pence. It’s a total of one pound, four soli and three pence. Using Benson’s salary is enough to pay for it and there will be quite a bit of change left. Yes, he received last week’s salary... As for me,

I can still earn one pound ten soli every week. Even if we eat meat every day while counting expenses like gas, charcoal, wood, and condiments, we would still have some left if we are frugal with lunch. We can even subscribe to the morning papers for just one penny.”

“In two months, when I make up for the advanced payment, I can save money for both you and Benson. We can have new clothes.”

“But! But we have to think of the possible accidents.” Melissa stayed firm on her point.

Klein smiled at her and said, “Then, we can eat less meat. Don’t you find spending fifty, no, a hundred minutes on the road a waste of time? You could use that time to read more and think over problems and improve your results.

“That way, Melissa, you will graduate with excellent grades. You will be able to find a job with a pretty good salary. When that happens, what is there to worry about?”

“...”

He fully displayed his experience gained from debating with people on message boards and finally convinced Melissa. She agreed to take the public carriage to school.

Phew, I've finally suckered her into doing it. No, how can I call it suckering. This is called convincing... Klein lampooned before taking over the groceries that Melissa had bought. He said with a sigh, “Remember to buy beef or meat like mutton and chicken... Eat until you're full and enjoy yourself. Only then will you be equipped with a healthy body and a clever brain to match the demanding requirements needed for your studies.”

Just mentioning it makes me salivate...

Melissa puckered her lips and after a few seconds of silence, said, "Alright."

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The next morning, after ensuring that Melissa took a public carriage, Klein and Benson separated and went to their respective companies.

The moment Klein stepped into the door, he saw Old Neil and Rozanne chatting by the reception desk. The former was still in his classic black robe, without any concern for the gazes of others. The latter had changed into a casual cream-colored dress.

"Good morning, Mr. Neil, Miss Rozanne," greeted Klein as he took off his hat.

Old Neil gave him a mischievous look.

"Good morning, you did not hear anything you shouldn't have heard last night, right?"

"No, I slept very well." Klein was also quite puzzled over that.

He could only put it down to his inadequate perception...

"Haha, don't mind that. Actually, it's not that easily heard." Old Neil pointed to the partition and said, "Go to the armory. We will

continue our mysticism lessons this morning.”

Klein nodded and followed Old Neil down the stairs and arrived at the armory to replace Bredt who had been on duty the entire night.

“What will we be learning today?” asked Klein curiously.

Old Neil dragged out his response and said, “The complicated and basic knowledge. But before that, let me teach you an interesting trick.”

He pointed at the silver chain on his wrist. There was a pure moonstone hanging from the chain.