

Chapter 48: Hanass Vincent

In the Divination Club situated at the second floor of 13 Howes Street, North Borough of Tingen City.

Klein saw the beautiful lady that attended to visitors once again.

She was still having her brownish-yellow long hair coiled, making her look mature and elegant. It was hard to tell her age.

“Hello, Mr. Glacis isn’t here today. Would you like to change fortune-tellers today?” said the beautiful lady with a smile.

Upon hearing that, Klein, who had just taken off his silk hat and put it back on, was immediately surprised.

“You still remember me?”

That was already five days ago!

The woman puckered her lips into a smile.

“You are the first customer that sought Mr. Glacis’s services. You are also the only one to this very day. It’s hard for me not to have a deep impression of you.”

Was this the image of him being penny-wise, pound-foolish?
Klein lampooned himself as he deliberated a question.

“When was the last time Mr. Glacis came to the club?”

The lady shot a glance at him and answered seemingly in recollection, “To be honest, we are unable to grasp when our members will come and go. They have their free will and personal matters to tend to. Well, I do believe that Mr. Glacis hasn’t come to the club since he told your fortune that day.”

I wish him the best of luck. May the Goddess bless him... Klein prayed and did not ask further. Instead, he asked with a smile, “I’m not here for divination services this time. I plan to join the club.”

“Really? That’s our pleasure.” The lady expressed a timely look of surprise delight. “For the first year as a member, the membership fee is five pounds. It will be one pound a year thereafter. I believe there’s no need for me to describe in the details again?”

Klein took out a five-pound note he recently received as he watched Henry Augustus l’s portrait depart him.

After seriously checking the anti-counterfeit watermark, the woman stored away the note seriously and handed a form to Klein.

“Please fill in your detailed information. Let me prepare the receipt for you.”

There’s a receipt? You should bill it to Blackthorn Security Company... Klein was amused by his own thoughts as he picked up a fountain pen on the desk. With the blackish-blue ink, he filled in his name, age, address, and company information.

However, he had deliberately left his date-of-birth empty. To a Seer, that provided profound mysteries about his body through his Life Path Number.

After receiving the receipt and finishing his registration as a member, the lady extended her right hand.

“Congratulations on joining Tingen City’s Divination Club. I’m Angelica Barrehart, your hardworking server. This is your member cufflinks. There are special inscriptions on them which will identify you as a member.”

“Hello, Madam Angelica.” Klein shook her hand and took the dark gold cufflinks.

He realized that the special inscription was written with the root word for ‘fortune-teller’ in Hermes.

Angelica retracted her right hand and thought for a few seconds.

“Might I ask what divination arts you are most familiar with? Or would you prefer to learn some divination methods from the club? We will consider inviting famous fortune-tellers of the corresponding domain to give classes. We will also introduce you members with similar expertise so that you can have a good time interacting with them.”

“I know a bit of every divination art. There’s no need to give me any special considerations.” Klein replied with some embellishments. In addition, he inquired, “Can I begin telling the fortunes of others? I’m not a total rookie.”

He was here to act as a Seer and not learn the divination

methods ordinary people could learn.

Angelica maintained a polite smile as she said, “You can tell the fortunes of people anytime in the club. However, before we confirm your skills, we will not promote you when our customers ask. How much do you plan on charging for your fortune-telling?”

“Two pence.” Klein decided to gain at advantage with price while he was still unknown.

“We will go by the standard of taking an eighth, so we will be taking a quarterpence for fees...” Angelica repeated the various rules first before writing Klein’s information into the fortune-teller album which customers could choose from.

After all of this was done, she pointed at the meeting room at the far end of the corridor with a smile.

“Mr. Hanass Vincent is currently explaining astrolabe divination. You can find a quiet spot to listen in. You can also raise your questions if there are any queries.”

“Alright.” Klein walked toward the meeting room with his interest piqued. He wanted to know the differences between what Hanass Vincent and Old Neil said.

At that moment, Angelica chased up and whispered, “Mr. Moretti, would you want coffee or tea? We provide Sibe black tea, Southville coffee, and Desi coffee.”

Klein, who had been reading the papers regularly, knew that these coffees and black tea were considered as one of the inferior

varieties, but he also knew that they were definitely of better quality than the ones he had at home. After some thought, he said, “A cup of Southville coffee. Three teaspoons of sugar without milk please.”

Loen Kingdom’s Southville was famous for its beer and red wine; many important figures were fond of them. However, their coffee was relatively unknown.

“Alright, I’ll send it to you in a bit.” Angelica pointed towards the meeting room.

Klein slowly walked to the half-closed door and heard a voice in a thick Awwa accent explaining, “Astrolabe divination is a relatively more complex one among the divination arts...”

But that's only for ordinary people... Klein silently tagged on a sentence for the speaker. He saw about five tables placed in a circle inside the meeting room. It surrounded a middle-aged man in a black classic robe, Hanass Vincent.

The gentleman had obvious dark circles. His brown hair was thick and hard. Each strand stood firmly like a porcupine's spikes.

Apart from that, there was nothing unique about him.

Upon seeing Klein enter, Hanass Vincent nodded gently without stopping his class. He only slowed down his speech.

Klein had one hand in his pocket while the other held his cane. He found a seat to the sides and sat down, leaning back comfortably in the process. He scanned the circle of six

members. There were four men and two women.

Some of them were attentively taking notes, whispering, or returning Klein a rueful smile.

After placing his cane down, Klein adjusted his halved top hat and tapped his glabella twice in the process.

He cast his gaze at Hanass and saw the different colors, brightness, and thickness of his aura.

“Dark red. He’s a little worried... Actually, every other part of his body is healthy except that part. I wonder what’s wrong...” Klein listened to the class while muttering to himself.

At that moment, he clasped his right hand and covered his mouth to prevent his laughter from sounding. He suddenly felt like he was a quack.

He was rather pleased with his Spirit Vision ability. Although he could only make a general judgment and not the details, it was enough to gain him much useful information.

After surveying his surroundings, he tapped his glabella twice again as though he was pondering over what Hanass had just said.

Astrolabe divination was one of the astromancy divination methods. However, ordinary people could also attempt to interpret things. For instance, the most basic birth horoscope was to determine the inquirer’s fate by determining the positions of the sun, moon, Blue Planet, and Scarlet Planet at their birth, the corresponding spots in the sky, matching the

representative symbols to the astrolabe, and the corresponding situations of the different constellations.

This required the fortune-teller to be able to calculate the states of the planets and constellations which was rather complicated. Of course, there were publications that aided people to look up the values. Some even simplified it by making a vague read with just the constellations.

Klein listened silently without interjecting or asking any questions. From time to time, he would caress the hanging topaz at his sleeve or take a sip of the Southville coffee which Angelica had brought in.

After some time, Hanass rubbed his glabella and said, “Perhaps you will need to attempt at creating your own astrolabe. Ask me if you have any questions. I will be in Moonstone.”

After he left, a young man in a white shirt and black vest got up with a smile and walked to Klein’s side.

“Nice to meet you. I’m Edward Steve.”

“My pleasure. I’m Klein Moretti.” Klein stood up and returned the bow.

“Astrolabes are too complicated. Every time I hear about it, I can’t help but doze off,” said Edward self-deprecatingly.

Klein grinned and said, “That’s because Mr. Vincent can’t help but pass the knowledge he grasps to us. It’s like giving us an Intis feast. It’s just indigestible.”

“I’d be able to finish the Intis feast. They usually use a huge plate to serve tiny bits of food.” Edward chuckled and sat up. He asked out of curiosity, “Are you new? I’ve not seen you in the two years I was here.”

“I just joined the club today,” answered Klein frankly.

“What are you good at? I’m best at tarot and poker divination,” Edward casually asked.

“I know a little of everything, but just a little.” Klein gave a description he used to give himself.

He was not being modest since there was just too much mysterious knowledge he had not grasped in the domain of divination.

Just as the other members were thinking of talking about horoscope divination, Angelica walked into the meeting room.

“Mr. Steve, someone wants you to tell their fortunes.”

“Alright.” Edward stood up with a smile.

“I can tell you are an excellent fortune-teller,” said Klein as he looked at him.

“No, it’s because my price is most suitable,” said Edward with a soft chortle. “When ordinary people come to have their fortunes told, they will absolutely not choose the most expensive ones. And unless they had their heads kicked by asses, they would definitely not be choosing the cheapest few. It’s easiest to gain

opportunities if you are in the middle.”

I'm one of those that had their heads kicked by asses... When he saw Edward leave, Klein suddenly shook his head with a wry smile.

It seems the price I set is problematic...

He stood up, picked up his cane, and left the meeting room. He found Angelica again.

“I wish to change the prices of my divination. Uh, set it to eight pence.”

Angelica took a deep look at him and said, “We will satisfy your request, but we will also tell customers that you only recently joined the club.”

“No problem.” Klein did not mind as he nodded.

At times, mystery was also an important element for a Seer to attract customers.

After changing his details, Klein returned to the meeting room.

At that moment, he saw Hanass Vincent walk out of Moonstone. He held a silver-coated mirror.

This well-known fortune-teller said to the five members in the meeting room, “I recently learned a new divination art. Magic mirror divination. Does anyone want to learn?”

Magic mirror divination? That's not safe... Klein paused outside the meeting room and frowned.