

Chapter 58: A Train of Thought

The next day, a Monday morning.

Klein, who had the day off, didn't leave home. Instead, he gave Melissa his letter directed to Mentor Cohen Quentin and more than enough money to buy stamps. He entrusted her with the job of mailing the letter at the post office near the Tingen Technical School where she studied.

After breakfast, he slept in to make up for the lack of sleep caused by the previous night's "work." He only woke up because of his stomach's grumblings close to noon.

He heated up some leftovers from the night before and ate them with a loaf of rye bread. Klein grabbed a newspaper and entered the bathroom on the second floor.

Whenever he did that, he couldn't help but sigh at the lack of a cell phone.

After about seven or eight minutes, he left the toilet refreshed and washed his hands. He then returned to his bedroom and locked his door.

Klein drew the curtains, lit up the gas lamp, and cogitated for half an hour. After practicing his Spiritual Vision, spirit dowsing, and dowsing rod for half an hour, he spent another hour mentally reviewing the mysticism knowledge he had gained recently.

After doing that, he ripped up the old newspaper and crumpled

them into a few balls. He wrote on them, “Moon Flower Candle,” “Full Moon Essence Oil,” and other names of materials. He followed the prescribed steps of ritualistic magic in his head in order to master every little detail. Until he was entirely familiar with it, he didn’t intend to try ritualistic magic because it was both a waste of materials and also easily attracted danger.

He repeated again and again until he picked up his silver pocket watch patterned with vine-leaves and took a glance. He realized that it was a quarter to three.

He considered for a few seconds and brought the scraps of old newspapers to the kitchen on the first floor to burn them. While doing so, he made sure he was in an optimal state of mind as he prepared for the Tarot Gathering.

Locking his bedroom door once again, Klein didn’t wait for the clock to strike three. He planned to enter the area above the gray fog ahead of time.

He wanted to seize the chance to explore the place thoroughly!

As Klein stood in an empty spot in his room and started walking counterclockwise, he suddenly worried that Justice and The Hanged Man had yet to enter a suitable environment. He thought of a particular matter.

Would they be disturbed or discovered?

He had previously mentioned to allow Justice and The Hanged Man to apply for “leave” ahead of time if they needed to be absent from the Gathering for some reason such as being unable to find time alone or unexpected circumstances.

It would have been an almost unsolvable problem for Klein in the past. There was no way he could build an entire server-based Internet by hand in a different world, right? Any technology beyond the telegram could expose him.

But now, he had suddenly found inspiration from ritualistic magic.

“Ritualistic magic borrows the powers of others by seeking the help of different existences. Similar incantations would make it clear who it is directed to in the beginning, such as the Evernight Goddess or the Lady of Crimson. It would be a description of the unknown and clandestine existences.”

“Then, can I amend the chant and redirect the beginning of the chant towards myself?”

“Directed at me...”

“This way, even if Justice and The Hanged Man conduct the ritual in different locations, I would receive their messages.”

Klein suddenly felt fresh insight as he began analyzing the likelihood of the method working.

“There are two difficulties. First, I am not an incredibly strong high-level Sequencer. Even if the description of the incantation was directed to me, I couldn’t possibly receive the ‘request.’”

“Second, how can I ensure that the description of the chant is directed at me accurately, and doesn’t stray away and hit some other unknown existence that fits the description? That would be incredibly dangerous.”

Klein paced back and forth, deep in thought for a possible workable solution.

He went in circles with silent footsteps. Then, he naturally linked the matter with the mysterious world of the gray fog.

“Even if I can’t receive the message, that doesn’t mean the gray fog can’t. Its connection with the crimson stars can ‘drag’ a person into the space directly, regardless of where they are in the physical world.

“I could consider tying myself to the mysterious space together during the directed description...

“In accordance with this train of thought, even though I might not immediately receive the ‘request’ when the other party is holding the ritual, I will still be able to see the corresponding messages whenever I enter the gray fog.

“To put it simply, it is the difference between being online and offline on an instant messaging system.”

Klein became more excited the more he thought. He felt that his idea was worth a try.

“Hmm, what kind of description could be used to precisely direct a message to me and to the gray fog world?” He started thinking about the actual details.

In fact, he had an incantation that would definitely work. It was none other than the Loen translation of ‘The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings.’ But herein lies the problem: he would lose control of the gray fog and lose his leading role. He

could only exclude it.

“The Fool from an alternate world?” No way. It is quite accurate, and there is almost no other existence that fits the criteria, but it would expose my biggest secret... Klein thought of one incantation after another, but he crossed off each one.

After about seven to eight minutes, he finally decided on the description of the first paragraph that directed to him.

“The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era.”

It was obviously not accurate enough; therefore, Klein quickly added, “The mysterious ruler above the gray fog.”

The combination of the two lines practically limited it to him. Furthermore, he had tied the gray fog to him.

“It’s still a little short. I cannot eliminate the possibility that there are multiple spaces and rulers above the gray fog. I cannot eliminate the fact that the description might be directed to the spirit world...” Klein creased his eyebrows and planned on making it more certain.

Hmm... He thought for a full minute and finally decided on the last part of the description.

The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck!

It shared a similar meaning to “The Exalted Thearch of Heaven and Earth for Blessings [1].” If the incantation purely depended on that part of the description, it might end up being directed

away and provoking unknown dangerous existences. But with the first two lines as a limitation, and his experience of arriving above the fog through a similar incantation, he believed that the target's description could result in a perfect lock on.

Klein wasn't sure if casting the ritualistic magic with those three descriptions would be effective, but he was definite that it would not attract the attention of another existence, It wouldn't throw Justice and The Hanged Man into danger.

Klein heaved out a long sigh and recited the incantation that he had decided upon.

"The Fool that doesn't belong to this era, you are the mysterious ruler above the gray fog; you are the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck..."

He nodded his head slightly and took out his pocket watch to confirm the time.

It's already 2:58... Without further thought, Klein put away his pocket and entered Cogitation. Soon he chanted and took four steps counterclockwise to form a square.

The most ferocious noises and heart-stirring roars were heard once again. He felt the headache that was even harder to deal with than the pain of consuming the Seer potion.

The pain was not a sharp pain that tore through his head. It was a throbbing pain that made him manic and irrational. It was a pain that left him in chaotic confusion.

Klein controlled himself using Cogitation and tried hard to

ignore the voices.

The muttering and murmurs receded like the tides. His body became ethereal, along with his spirituality. Everything seemed to float.

The boundless gray fog appeared before his sight, the crimson stars at varying distances from him, just like pairs of eyes.

Above the gray fog stood the palace, lofty and towering like the home of a giant. It was as though it had been there for millions of years.

All Klein did was will it and he disappeared from where he was, reappearing at the Seat of Honor at the long bronze table with twenty-two high-back chairs.

“The effect of the ritual is definitely fixed...” Klein muttered. He tapped his glabella gently and allowed the fog to engulf him, ones thicker than before. According to the description of The Hanged Man, if Justice had become a Spectator, it would be best not to reveal any of his tics before her.

Without any time for exploring, Klein extended his right hand and formed an invisible connection, connecting him to the two familiar crimson stars.

...

On the roaring blue waves of the Sonia Sea, an ancient sailboat was sailing with the wind.

Alger Wilson locked himself in the captain's cabin and made the ghost ship provide him the best protection.

He opened the pocket watch before him and laid it next to the brass sextant. The clock was ticking without joy as it exuded nervousness.

When the hour hand, minute hand, and second hand aligned, there was an explosion of crimson before Alger Wilson. It ignored the layers and layers of protection he had placed over himself.

Sigh... His sigh reverberated across the captain's room.

...

Backlund, Empress Borough.

Audrey Hall laid against a down-feather pillow and glanced at the yellow paper in her hand. Her gemlike eyes looked like they had two souls spiraling slowly in them.

Her gaze was calm and cool, as if she were waiting for a play to begin.

As the crimson red erupted, she looked at herself being swallowed with complete detachment.

...

Above the gray fog, in the magnificent palace, on the ancient and

mottled long bronze table.

Klein, who had already activated his Spiritual Vision, looked over when Audrey Hall's figure began to form. He was not surprised to see that the colors deep in her aura had blended together. It became pure and serene, like a lake that was clear and reflective.

She really did become a Beyonder... Klein was just about to move his gaze away when he suddenly saw the chair belonging to Miss Justice change.

The bright stars on the back of the chair moved swiftly, forming an illusory constellation that didn't belong to reality.

That constellation was familiar to Klein because it was one of the symbols of mysticism.

It was a symbol that represented “Giant Dragon”!

Spectator... Giant Dragon... Klein restrained himself from shaking his head and looked over at the back of The Hanged Man's chair.

Typically speaking, it was impossible for him to see the back of the chair from his angle, but this was where he was in control. Everything presented itself according to his will.

The constellation on the back of the chair had not changed, but since Klein had grasped the basics of mysticism, he wasn't as ignorant as before. He could recognize that it was the symbol of “Storm.”

Sailor... Keeper of the Sea... Storm... That's reasonable. The color deep in The Hanged Man's aura is much purer than it was... Has he advanced? Oh yeah, what about the symbol behind my chair?

Klein suppressed his impulse to look, rapped the edge of the long table thrice just like before, and smiled as he said, "Congratulations, Miss Justice, you are a Beyonder now."

He can tell straight away? Audrey was stunned and smiled faintly.

"Thank you, Mr. Fool, and thank you, Mr. Hanged Man."

"That was much faster than I thought," Alger Wilson said honestly.

Klein didn't continue the topic but tapped his glabella and said with a smile, "Lady, Sir, have either of you found Roselle's diary?"

1. In Chinese, Yellow refers to Earth, and Black refers to Heaven.