

Chapter 53: Listener

An ancient three-masted sailboat was navigating through a tumultuous storm in the sea.

It was not fast and its displacement was lacking. With the weather and the sea looking like a cataclysmic scene, the sailboat was like a withered leaf separated from its tree. However, regardless of how the typhoons rampaged or how terrifying the waves were, it continued sailing peacefully without any signs of tilting.

Alger Wilson stood on the empty deck as he looked at the massive waves that resembled mountains. His thoughts were a mystery.

It's going to be Monday again... he muttered silently to himself.

It was the day belonging to Earth Mother, the beginning of a series of waxing and waning.

However, it meant something different to Alger. It belonged to a mysterious existence forever enveloped in grayish-white fog.

At least I haven't been reduced to a madman... He stopped looking around as he gave a self-deprecating chuckle.

At this moment, one of the only few sailors he had leaned over and asked reverently, "My Lord, where are we setting course for this time?"

Alger surveyed his surroundings and said in a calm voice, “Pursue the Listener from the Aurora Order.”

...

The storm subsided as mist emanated. On a strange sailboat with cannons on board, an eight or nine-year-old boy with soft yellow hair was looking at pirates around him in fear. They were disorderly—some enjoyed barrels of beer, some swung around with ropes, others mocked each other, and some even fought with their fists.

He turned to look at a black-robed man standing in the shadows. He suppressed his voice and asked, “Father, where are we going?”

Five days ago was his first time seeing his father, a father who proclaimed to be an adventurer.

If not for the oil painting his late mother left him that confirmed his father’s identity and the fact that the orphanage had opened its doors to him, he was absolutely unwilling to leave his hometown and follow his only kin who was also nearly a stranger.

The man in the shadows lowered his head and looked at his son. With an amiable expression, he answered, “Jack, I’m bringing you to a holy place, a holy residence where the Creator once lived.”

“Is that the Kingdom of God? We mortals can only enter by winning His grace...” Jack had been well-educated by his mother and knew this much. He was both surprised and fearful about the matter.

Standing in the shadows, the man had an unforgettable jawline as though he was a sculpture chiseled by the best artisan.

He placed his hand to his ear and made a listening pose. He replied in a tone that sounded like sleep-talking, “Jack, mortals are a wrong concept. The Creator created this world and He is everywhere. He exists in every living being. Therefore, all beings have godhood. Once the godhood attains a particular level, they can become an angel. The seven fake gods at present are only powerful angels.

“Look, I can now hear the teachings of the Creator. Ah, how extraordinary is this revelation! Life is only a tour of the spirit. When the spirit is sufficiently potent and resilient, we can find our godhood and fuse with even more godhoods...”

Jack could not understand the complicated description. He shook his head and asked another question he previously did not have the chance to.

“Father, I heard from Mother than after the Creator created this world, He split into all beings and does not exist in actuality. Then, why does His holy residence exist?”

As a seven to eight-year-old child, he was logical.

The man with the chiseled face was taken aback. He turned his head away as though he was listening to more murmurings.

Suddenly, he slumped down, knees on the deck. His exposed skin protruded black shards.

He clenched his head with both hands as his expression warped

and he shouted in extreme pain, “They are lying!”

...

After lunch, having had Old Neil promise him that he would bring him to the underground market the next time he went, Klein slowly returned to the Blackthorn Security Company. He chose the two options of reading the documents in the staff office and practicing his abilities or take the opportunity to go out and act as a Seer in the Divination Club before Captain Dunn stopped him.

However, before he could make the decision, he saw Dunn Smith walk in. He was dressed in the usual black trench coat and halved top hat.

“Captain, any updates?” Klein thought of the whereabouts of the Antigonus family’s notebook as he asked with concern.

Without showing any signs of fatigue in his gray eyes, Dunn said, “The facts have corroborated that the Antigonus family’s notebook is in Ray Bieber’s hands. However, he has vanished completely.

“I have already informed the various Nighthawks teams of this matter through a telegram. They were requested to pay attention to the various piers and steam locomotive stations. The first batch of printed portraits was mailed out yesterday afternoon and will be printed in various major newspapers.”

How nice it would be if there were phones, fax machines, surveillance cameras, and big data... What a pity. I know how to use all of them and even understand a little of the logic behind it...
Klein exhaled silently.

"But regardless, we can consider ourselves as having found the notebook. And this is all thanks to you. Of course, it still needs another round of confirmations. I have already sent a telegram to the Backlund diocese, requesting them to escort Sealed Artifact 2-049 here. It was once a dangerous item of the Antigonus family. It can help us know if Ray Bieber is a descendant of the Antigonus family."

A Grade 2 Sealed Artifact... Dangerous... They can be used with care and moderation. Klein had originally wanted to ask about the Sealed Artifact, its special abilities, and the danger it posed out of curiosity, but he instantly recalled that he lacked the necessary clearance. He had no choice but to give up.

"May Goddess bless us." Klein tapped four spots on his chest, forming the sign of the full moon.

Dunn pushed open the door to his office and said with a slight nod, "The Goddess has always been protecting us. Klein, if you had not chosen Seer, you would be a formal member after this matter is verified. You could have chosen Sleepless, but pity... To be frank, I'm still puzzled over your choice. Although Corpse Collector is quite off-putting, you have seen Daly as well. You should know that Spirit Mediums vary in strength. As for Mystery Pryers, they're a good choice too. At the very least, you have Old Neil as a role model, so he will make sure the risk of losing control is minimized."

With regards to this question, Klein had prepared an answer from the beginning. He just never had a chance to use it since Dunn did not ask. He was only able to answer in passing.

He organized his words and said, "My considerations stem from the fact that Seers and Mystery Pryers are considered Beyonders with a support role. They do not need to always face enemies for that's too dangerous. And both you and Old Neil said that in the domain of mystery and Beyonders, curiosity and

experimentation usually brings about terrifying outcomes. Describing Mystery Pryers as prying mysteries made me worried, so... Heh, as you know, I was only an ordinary graduate not long ago. A lack of guts is the only reason I made such a choice.”

“I have to say that this is a very reasonable answer that goes beyond my expectations.” Dunn massaged his temples and chuckled.

He turned halfway as his gray eyes sized up Klein.

“Continue going out for now. Do not limit yourself to the paths leading from Welch’s place to Iron Cross Street. Perhaps you might sense the notebook and help us confirm Ray Bieber’s location.”

“Alright.” Klein realized that he no longer need to be in a dilemma.

He bade Dunn farewell and turned around, his heart beginning to count.

Three, two...

“Hold on,” shouted Dunn.

Klein turned his head and smiled.

“Captain, is there anything else?”

Dunn coughed slightly and said, “Well, support Beyonders have

to fight their enemies from time to time. Although Seers sound like they can avoid such battles, they are not to be ignored. You have to maintain your shooting skills and work on increasing your strength.”

“This is what I’m working hard towards.” Klein pointed outside. “I’ll be leaving.”

“Alright. Uh, wait a moment.” Dunn shouted for him once more. As he pondered, he said, “Perhaps I have to consider hiring a combat trainer for you. Of course, this matter is under the premise that you become a formal member.”

Klein responded tersely before asking carefully, “Captain, is there anything else?”

“No.” Seeing Klein’s unbelieving eyes, Dunn shook his head and smiled. He emphasized again, “Really, nothing.”

Only then did Klein walk past the partition divider. He bade farewell to Rozanne and Mrs. Orianna and headed to the Shooting Club for practice.

With all of this done, he went to the Divination Club and saw the beautiful Angelica sitting there reading magazines leisurely.

“*Home*”... Klein silently read. With the cane in hand, he walked over and greeted with a smile,

“Good afternoon, Madam Angelica.”

“Good afternoon, Mr. Moretti.” In no rush, Angelica put down her

magazine. She stood up and said, “Not long after you left yesterday, Mr. Glacis came. He just recovered from a major illness.”

Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he smiled.

“That sure is something worth celebrating.”

Upon hearing this, Angelica, who was secretly observing him, lowered her voice and asked out of curiosity,

“Mr. Glacis said that you are a very, very, very magical doctor. Are you?”

What? Klein looked at the lady in front of him, suspecting if he was hearing things.

What made him think I'm a doctor?

Even I do not know...