

Chapter 202: Confirming the Situation

After folding the letter, Klein took out the copper whistle, put it to his lips, and blew hard.

In the silence, illusory white bones came flying up from the desk like a fountain and finally formed a huge monster. It was almost four meters tall, still covered in a faint glow. Its head was still poking through the ceiling, looking no different from before.

Klein flicked his wrist and threw the letter. The white bone monster caught the letter and gripped it tight

Klein blew the copper whistle again and saw the messenger break into illusory white bones and fall like rain before vanishing through the surface of the desk.

Klein felt much calmer after finishing everything, but he didn't stop trying. He moved the chair back and stood up. He then walked four steps counterclockwise and entered the world above the gray fog.

The lofty palace and the ancient mottled table appeared before his eyes, as though it would stay the same for tens of thousand of years.

Klein sat at The Fool's seat of honor. Then, he took out the spirit pendulum from his left sleeve and conjured a yellowish-brown goatskin and a fountain pen in front of him.

He wanted to divine the Captain's situation that night!

After some thought, Klein wrote the first divination statement.

“Dunn Smith’s abnormality would lead me into danger.”

In mysticism, divination that involved any danger to the diviner was hardest to interfere. It was an instinctual ability of spirituality.

In other words, as long as there wasn’t an extremely strong disturbance, Klein would be able to get an accurate result from the divination about his own situation.

This was also the reason why he would divine if there was danger in the mission even though he knew that Madam Sharon had the ability to interfere with divination. He also knew that Madam Sharon wasn’t strong enough to affect this kind of divination.

In order to determine Captain Dunn Smith’s situation, he decided to eliminate all disturbances and perform the divination above the gray fog.

He held the pendulum with his left hand as he recited the divination statement seven times. He closed his eyes and entered a Cogitation state.

After a few seconds, he opened his eyes and they returned to their normal color.

He looked at the topaz pendant, and he felt heavy-hearted because the pendulum was spinning clockwise. The rotation wasn’t small, nor was the speed slow.

It meant that the result was positive.

It meant that Dunn Smith's abnormality would lead him to danger!

And the danger level was significant!

After he closed his eyes, Klein "wiped" away the previous content and wrote down a new divination statement.

"The reason for Dunn Smith's abnormality."

He put away the topaz pendant and leaned back into the chair. He recited the divination statement as he entered a dream with the aid of Cogitation.

In the blurry illusory world, he couldn't see or discover anything. There was nothing except gray fog.

That means that there was insufficient information, so the divination failed... Klein looked at the goatskin on the long bronze table as he muttered bitterly and helplessly.

Suddenly, he felt a strong feeling of exhaustion. He realized that it was the result of an intense battle, continuous rituals, and multiple divinations.

Klein wrapped himself up with spirituality and stimulated a rapid descent from above the gray fog and returned to reality.

He had a few nightmares that night. The ending of each dream

was either Kenley vomiting his organs, or Dunn Smith with crimson blood around his mouth.

...

The next morning, Klein was on duty at Chanis Gate so he arrived early at the Blackthorn Security Company.

At that very moment, Rozanne, Mrs. Orianna, and the other clerks had yet to arrive for work. Klein walked through the partition and saw the wide open door and Dunn Smith, who was seated in the Captain's office.

Dunn had taken off his coat, and he only had his white shirt and black vest on. He sat in his seat while he held a cup of coffee in his hands. He was staring at the wall in front of him blankly.

His hair seemed dry, his gray eyes looked dull, and his face was showing obvious signs of weariness too.

Even for the Captain, who's experienced many similar incidents, it's still unbearable to lose two teammates in such a short period of time... Klein's heart winced as the scene of the shattered full-body mirror reflecting Dunn kneeling before Kenley's corpse with his face covered in crimson blood appeared once again.

Klein clenched his teeth and looked away.

After nearly twenty seconds, he composed himself and extended his hand to knock on the Captain's door.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

Dunn put down his coffee cup as his gray eyes became deep again.

He took a deep breath and said, “I’ve reported the matter to the Holy Cathedral, and they gave an initial reply.

“The Church will compensate Kenley’s family with 3000 pounds, and the police department will give 1000 pounds as bereavement payment...”

A total of 4000 pounds. To most middle-class citizens, that’s wealth that can’t be earned in a lifetime... Kenley’s weekly salary was seven pounds, making an annual income of 364 pounds. Adding in any bonuses and additional income, he would make at least 380 pounds. Four thousand pounds is equivalent to ten years of his income... Such wealth can provide at least 200 pounds of income a year... Although money cannot make up for the loss of Kenley, it’s the only effective thing at the moment... Klein had many thoughts passing through his mind before he finally sighed.

“That’s all we can do.”

The Church of Evernight couldn’t be faulted when it came to such matters.

Dunn pulled his collar and said in a deep voice, “Go to the basement and take over Royale’s shift.”

“Alright.” Klein nodded slightly.

He turned around and walked towards the door. Then, he heard Captain add as though he was talking to himself, “We’ll send

Kenley home later..."

Send Kenley home... His father, his mother, his siblings, his fiancée, how will they react... Klein's heart tightened, and he was somehow glad that he didn't have to face such sorrow.

He knew it was the mentality of an escapist, but he was really afraid of seeing the agony in the eyes of Kenley's parents, or how his fiancée would seem to lose her soul. He was afraid to see their expressions of hidden resentment and afraid of hearing their sobbing.

Klein quickened his pace and hurried to Chanis Gate. He completed the shift change with Royale in silence.

He sat in the duty room and occasionally took out his silver pocket watch and watched the time pass by slowly.

After an unknown period of time, Klein suddenly heard illusory sounds that overlapped one another.

He saw the four black dots appear on the back of his hand and understood that it was either Justice, The Hanged Man, or The Sun praying to him.

He had no way to answer them immediately. He could only wait till the notification ended, for more prayers to come, and until the next morning when he returned home.

Having just fished his keys to open the door to his house, Klein saw the maid servant Bella wiping the dining table while his sister, Melissa, who was dressed up, and his brother, Benson, came downstairs.

“Didn’t you just go to Mass last week?” Klein asked curiously.

Benson smiled and said, “That sounds like the memory of a person who hasn’t gotten any sleep the entire night.”

“Huh?” Klein looked even more confused.

“Today is the first day that ‘The Return of the Count’ will be releasing tickets for sale,” Melissa explained.

Klein smacked his forehead and took off his hat.

“I’ve been too busy recently. I totally forgot about it.”

Especially these past three days... He added with a sigh.

Melissa looked at him with concern and said, “Your breakfast is in the kitchen. Eat it and get some sleep. Benson and I thought that since we’re going out, we might as well drop by Saint Selena Cathedral to have Mass.”

“Alright.” Klein waved and bade his brother and sister farewell. He had a simple breakfast and returned to his bedroom.

After he did the preparatory work, he took four steps counterclockwise and entered the world above the gray fog. He saw that Justice and The Hanged Man’s corresponding crimson stars were burgeoning and shrinking faintly.

He extended his right hand and emanated his spirituality. Then, blurry images formed before Klein’s eyes. Miss Justice’s prayer

sounded in his ears.

...

“I pray for you to listen.

“Because of the Qilangos incident, my father hired a Beyonder to protect me. There are also others who are watching over me secretly. It wasn’t easy for me to finally find an opportunity to pray to you. I would like to apply for leave from the Gathering next week. I believe this will pass soon.”

Klein subconsciously glanced at the blurry image. The image was filled with fog, and there seemed to be a huge bathtub with rippling water. Miss Justice was wrapped in a bath towel.

He retracted his gaze and started listening to The Hanged Man’s prayer.

His description was different from Justice’s, but he was making the same request. He too needed to ask for leave due to the aftermath of Qilangos’s death.

Klein nodded slightly and responded to their prayers respectively.

“I’m aware.”

Then, he sent a message to The Sun’s crimson star.

“The upcoming Gathering will be canceled temporarily.”

...

City of Silver.

Derrick Berg was paying attention in the training field. The sky above his head was still dark, with occasional flashes of lightning that lit up the sky.

Suddenly, his vision went blurry before he saw the thick fog and the ancient palace that looked like the home of a giant. He also saw Mr. Fool, who sat in the depths of the gray fog.

“The upcoming Gathering will be canceled temporarily.”

His voice reverberated, but the view before Derrick had already returned to normal.

He wasn’t shocked at such a magical incident because Mr. Fool contacted him in this manner to remind him before every Gathering.

Derrick looked up at the woman in front of him subconsciously, a member of the City of Silver’s six-member council, Shepherd Lovia.

This terrifying expert kept switching between a smile and being aloof. She told every young man at the training field that they would join the patrolling troops soon and rid the dark monsters in the vicinity. That wouldn’t be training anymore.

Elder Lovia didn’t notice anything strange... She seems to be getting weirder. Is it because there’s a High-Sequence Beyonder’s

evil spirit among her Grazing souls? Derrick thought.

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Klein returned to his bedroom, threw himself into bed, and quickly fell asleep. He dreamed about what had happened these past few days.

Suddenly, he felt like he was being shaken by someone, and he suddenly woke up.

Klein opened eyes and saw a gigantic white bone hand.

The hand paused and threw the letter on the bed. Then, it vanished into thin air.

Mr. Azik's reply... Klein grabbed the letter, full of hope.