

## Chapter 116: Lanevus's Child

Christina didn't notice the seer's blank look. She took a peek at Angelica over at the reception desk, lowered her voice, and said, "I mean Lanevus's child."

She extended her hand to point at the young lady with the sunhat and said, "This is my niece, Megose. Her mother is my elder sister. I'm very sorry and regretful that I thought Lanevus was an outstanding young man back then, and I introduced Megose to Lanevus, who was single. Then they became lovers.

"Megose's parents were happy with Lanevus at first too. They planned to pour all their savings into the steel company after they got engaged. Luckily, before that happened, Lanevus ran away. Their family didn't encounter any life-threatening losses. Unfortunately, my sister and brother-in-law have to explain to their relatives and friends why the engagement ceremony will be canceled, and they have to worry about the child that Megose is bearing.

"We believe in the God of Steam and Machinery; we are not believers of Lord of Storms. We don't believe in chastity before marriage. We don't blame Megose, and even pity her. However, the existence of the child does make things difficult, especially since he has such a father."

*He took advantage of people both financially and sexually...* Klein looked towards Megose who was standing quietly next to her. He then realized that the lady was quite a beauty.

She had a bright forehead, long blond hair, and a pair of big eyes just like Christina's. She looked depressed yet calm, and her lips were tightly pursed together.

*What an infuriating swindler, and he even got away successfully...* Klein cursed at Lanevus and said after some thought, “If it was a child that is already born, I do have a way to divine Lanevus’s whereabouts using the child as an aid. But unfortunately, this would require us to wait a few months. Yes, this might be a reflection of the divination result earlier. Be patient and wait persistent without being greedy, then there will be an opportunity of seeing the sunlight.”

“A few months...” Christina mumbled to herself as she shook her head. “No, after such a long period of time, even if we find Lanevus, we wouldn’t be able to get back our money...”

She looked sideways at Megose. Her voice lowered unconsciously as she asked, “Do you have anything that Lanevus carried around before?”

“No,” Megose answered clearly yet gently. “Would the ring he gave me count?”

“It must be something that he carried for a very long time.” Klein shook his head.

Christina remained silent for a while and looked at Megose when she said, “You have to make a decision. I think keeping this child would make your future tough and thorny. Are you going to tell him that his father was a swindler and took away many people’s money, including his mother’s?

“Time to head to the clinic, to the hospital. Plus, this could help us to find Lanevus, to get what we lost.”

*Hey, isn’t such divination a little hardcore?* It was not Klein’s place to involve himself in the family matters of others. So, he could only wait patiently by the side as he lampooned inwardly

from time to time.

Megose lowered her head and looked down. She didn't speak for quite a while.

Then, she touched her stomach and revealed a gentle smile.

"He is different from his father. He will be a considerate and likable child.

"He will kick me lightly every day, telling me his mood. He will even hum a song, whistle and use music to help me sleep..."

Klein heard and suddenly felt something amiss.

The former part of what Megose said seemed to be normal, but the latter part was like the ravings of a madwoman.

*Did she have a mental problem due to the incident?* Klein raised his right hand to his glabella. He pretended to massage it to ease his weariness.

Just then, Megose suddenly turned around and walked towards the door, leaving only one sentence.

"Maybe his father will come back in secret after he is born, keeping a part of the money for his child..."

Klein never expected she would respond like that, and he was momentarily taken aback that he forgot to activate his Spirit Vision. Then, he watched helplessly as Megose left the club and

walked down the stairs.

Christina let out a sigh and said, “Sorry, Mr. Moretti. Sorry to bother you, we will look for one of Lanevus’s personal items that he carried with him all the time.”

Klein nodded indiscernibly. He watched her walk downstairs and sighed as he shook his head.

...

The next morning, Klein entered Blackthorn Security Company, greeted Rozanne, and asked, “Where’s today’s newspaper?”

The sweet brown-haired girl Rozanne sized him up and said, puzzled, “Klein, you’re so weird.”

“Why?” Klein asked in reply, smiling.

Rozanne rolled her eyes and said, “You always read the newspapers during noon break because you have mysticism lessons in the morning. Old Neil is already waiting for you in the armory!”

“I found out earlier that there would be a case offering a reward, so I want to read the newspaper to memorize the criminal’s appearance. Perhaps I might one day come across the person?” Klein explained with a smile.

“Is that so?” Rozanne picked up the day’s newspapers and started flipping through them out of curiosity. “Wanted... Lanevus, right?”

Klein immediately answered, “Yes.”

“...Wicked swindler! He stole about ten thousand pounds!” Rozanne read carefully for nearly twenty seconds before cursing suddenly in rage.

Klein shared the same feeling.

“It’s really ridiculous! Even I want to apply to take over the case!”

Rozanne continued to read and shook her head regretfully.

“The case doesn’t seem to involve supernatural factors. Even if it did, it would be passed to Mandated Punishers under the Lord of Storms.”

Klein didn’t quite understand what Rozanne meant, but after he took the newspaper and read it, he sighed.

“Yeah, there were so many people cheated. There must be believers from all three major churches, and Lanevus’s steelwork company was said to be located in the South.”

If a case was related to supernatural factors and involved only the believer of one God, it would be passed to the corresponding team. However, if it involved believers of the Evernight Goddess, Lord of Storms, and the God of Steam and Machinery, it would be assigned based on jurisdiction area. The Nighthawks controlled the Golden Indus Borough, the North Borough, and the West Borough. The Mandated Punishers controlled the East Borough, South Borough, and the port, while the Machinery Hivemind troop was responsible for the university and suburb areas.

As he flipped through the newspapers, Klein memorized Lanevus's appearance,

He had a plump forehead, black hair, brown eyes, and a pair of spectacles with almost round lenses. He smirked faintly, looking as though he was mocking everyone.

Besides that pair of spectacles, Lanevus didn't seem to have any obvious traits, and looked really ordinary.

He chatted with Rozanne casually then passed through the partition, in preparation to head underground.

Then, he saw the pale and cold Corpse Collector Frye and the white-haired black-eyed author Seeka Tron exiting the recreation room and turning towards him.

After a simple greeting, Klein watched his two teammates leave and discovered Dunn Smith in a black trench coat standing by the side of the door he opened.

"There's a case?" Klein asked curiously.

At that time of day, there wouldn't be two Nighthawks heading out together for no reason.

Dunn looked over with his gray eyes. He nodded and smiled.

"There seems to be a paranormal incident in West Borough. I've sent Seeka and Frye to check on it, but you don't have to worry about that. Until you master combat techniques, I don't intend to send you on any missions. I have to take responsibility for my

team members.”

*Captain, you are such a nice person. Besides the receding hairline and bad memory, you are flawless... Klein complimented inwardly. He asked for confirmation, “In other words, I only need to attend mysticism classes and combat training. I don’t have to contribute anything, and I can still get my pay?”*

“This is only temporary,” Dunn confirmed.

*I only need to ‘attend classes’ and ‘work out’, and I’ll get an ample paycheck. It’s great just thinking about it... Klein thought happily.*

*I hope there are no more coincidences!* He prayed in silence.

...

The days passed by peacefully until Friday. Klein completed his combat training and took a carriage back to Besik Street.

Outside Henry’s Private Detective Company, he looked to the left and to the right. Confirmed that no one was watching him, he put on the gauze mask, lifted up the collar of his trench coat, and quickly entered the stairway.

Knocking on the door, Klein saw the middle-aged brawny man, Detective Henry, again.

“Good afternoon, sir. One of the cases that you entrusted us with is done.” The deep blue-eyed Detective Henry spoke with a hoarse voice from drinking and smoking.

Klein intentionally lowered his voice and said, “Is it the information of the man that appeared at the Evil Dragon Bar?”

*The man that bought the Spectator potion’s supplementary ingredients...*

“Yes.” Henry waved his smoking pipe.

Then, he didn’t say anything but look at Klein with a smile.

Klein understood what the man meant, and he took out four one-pound notes and handed it over.

“This is the second payment.”

He paused and added, “Write me a receipt.”

His private stash of money had been reduced to less than one pound...

“No problem.” Henry coughed. He checked the anti-counterfeiting marks on the notes as he instructed his staff to bring over pen and paper.

Then, he beckoned to Klein for him to have a seat while he quickly wrote a receipt and stamped a seal on the bottom.

After completing everything, Henry took a puff at his pipe and said, “According to your description, my assistant and I waited at the Evil Dragon Bar for three days before finally meeting that man.

“He’s quite an alert gentleman, and is good at observation. Thankfully, we’re experienced...

“His name is Daxter Guderian, a doctor of the Greenhill Mental Asylum.”