

## Chapter 189: Prayers and Replies

Tingen City, Daffodil Street.

Klein was discussing the latest play with Benson and Melissa and was inviting them to watch it at the theater next weekend.

“I think the newspapers have said enough about it. ‘The Return of the Count’ is definitely a play that’s worth watching. It’s already been performed more than ten times in Backlund, and it sold out each time. I think that we shouldn’t miss this opportunity.” Klein, who had lacked sources of entertainment, was unwilling to give up. After all, he had been an ardent follower of television shows back on Earth.

*Of course, if it wasn’t for the maintenance of my image, I’d rather go to a bar and play billiards... Yes, renting a venue for tennis isn’t a bad choice. That can be considered as it’s a leisure sport for the middle class. With my current fitness, as long as I don’t encounter other Beyonders, I should be able to handle most opponents easily... Forget it, it can only be a passing thought for now. I still have to reinvestigate the figures associated with Lanevus in the morning, go for combat training in the afternoon, and search for the house with the red chimney in the evening before returning home...*

*I sure am a busy man...* Klein tried to remain optimistic.

Noticing that Benson was inclined towards his suggestion while Melissa was still a little hesitant, Klein smiled as he added, “I heard that the most popular supporting cast in ‘The Return of the Count’ is a genius mechanic.”

“Alright, we do have to see a play at a large theater once in our lives.” Melissa pouted and nodded her head grudgingly, but there was now a sparkle in her eyes.

Klein was about to respond when he heard a buzzing in his ears. He became dizzy for a few seconds.

*Someone is praying to me...* He supported his back with his right hand and chuckled.

“Then I shall wait patiently for the tickets to go on sale.”

“Alright, I’ll be returning to my bedroom to write up a report.”

“We also have to plunge into the sea of knowledge and hope that we don’t drown.” Benson let out a self-deprecating laugh as he returned to the dining room with Melissa.

Klein went to the second floor and locked the door to his room. He sealed the room with a wall of spirituality, then he took four steps counterclockwise as he recited the incantations, returning to the world above the gray fog.

His figure suddenly appeared at the seat of honor in the magnificent palace fit for a giant. A pulsing crimson star reflected in his eyes.

Klein lifted his right hand and extended his spirituality, establishing a connection with the star representing Justice.

With a boom, he saw a blurred, distorted image. He saw Miss Justice in a long beige regal dress sitting on a chair in a dark

corner. Her head was bowed, her hands clasped.

At the same time, her still nascent and nervous voice stacked in an illusory manner, reverberating around the space, “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.

“I pray for your attention.

“I pray for you to listen.”

...

“I’m at a ball held by Duke Negan and encountered someone who’s suspected to be Qilangos.

“He is disguising himself as Baron Gramir, and his motives are unclear.

“I noticed today that some of the details regarding Baron Gramir were a little different than usual. This made me recall the appearance-altering Beyonder power that Qilangos’s mystical item has.”

...

Klein listened seriously and carefully interpreted what was happening. Finally, he understood what Miss Justice was describing.

*Qilangos has actually used the special powers of Creeping Hunger to infiltrate Duke Negan's ball!*

*But Qilangos probably didn't expect that one of the ladies at the ball is a Spectator, a Spectator who has committed the mannerisms of Baron Gramir to memory! Hence, he doesn't realize that he's been exposed!*

*What does Qilangos want? And what should I do? I've tried conducting the sacrificial ritual without spirituality-infused materials over the past two days and realized that I can create something like the Door of Summoning, but I'm unable to open it. I was going to find some time to purchase some materials with spirituality in the underground market to prepare for my second experiment. Miss Justice definitely wouldn't have spirituality-infused materials when she's attending a ball... Klein thought for more than ten seconds before beginning his response to Justice's prayer.*

...

In a small prayer room in Duke Negan's mansion.

Audrey repeated her prayers a few times before finally stopping. She tidied her clothes and walked quickly to the door.

She knew that she couldn't be gone for too long because her parents would worry about her and thus misjudge the situation. It would cause them to react in the wrong way.

Standing behind the door, Audrey took a deep breath, extended her right hand which was covered in a white veiled glove, and released the lock with a wary heart.

After leaving the small prayer room, she followed the path back to the dining hall. She saw the figures holding wine glasses and plates get closer when her vision suddenly turned blurry. She realized that an illusory fog was spreading into the surroundings.

In the middle of the thick wide fog was an ancient chair, and atop the chair was a mysterious presence, a mysterious presence that seemed to overlook everything.

*Mr. Fool!* Audrey almost shouted in pleasant surprise.

She then heard a deep, familiar voice: "I'm aware."

The voice reverberated around the space as the fog vanished. Audrey's vision was still filled with images of the long tables of food and wine, as well as the bustling sights of interacting guests.

The worry and unease in her heart vanished as she subconsciously straightened her back and entered the dining hall with light steps. She walked toward the recreation room in the dining hall.

...

In the magnificent palace above the fog.

Klein started to think about how to convey the message to The Hanged Man after finishing his reply to Miss Justice.

*I cannot just repeat the description to him since it undermines my authority... After all, what mysterious existence would personally take on the role of a messenger!?* He deliberated for nearly a minute before an idea came to him. He conjured the scene of Miss Justice praying and transformed it into something akin to a movie scene with the faces mosaicked and censored.

He then extended his hand and tapped, launching the scene into the crimson star representing The Hanged Man.

...

Backlund, Cherwood Borough. At the Holy Wind Cathedral.

The Hanged Man, Alger Wilson, was going through the investigation reports in a simple room, trying to find traces of Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos.

Near his right hand was a stack of paper filled with many contorted symbols.

Just as Alger was leaning back in his chair and rubbing his eyes, he saw his field of vision turn blurry. His line of sight was filled with thick, gray fog.

There was an ancient chair which seemed to exist eternally, deep within the endless fog. Atop the chair was a faint human figure.

*Mr. Fool...* Just as this thought came to Alger, he saw that another hazy figure in a regal dress within the grayish-white fog.

She was in a praying position, repeating, “I’m at a ball held by Duke Negan and encountered someone who’s suspected to be Qilangos.

“He is disguising himself as Baron Gramir, and his motives are unclear.

“I noticed today that some of the details regarding Baron Gramir were a little different than usual. This made me recall the appearance-altering Beyonder power that Qilangos’s mystical item has.”

...

Alger was shocked at first, then let out a look of pleasant surprise. He pressed his palm against his chest and lowered his head, “Praise you, Mr. Fool!”

Everything he saw or heard vanished before he finished his sentence as if nothing had happened.

Staring at the desk strewn with Emperor Roselle’s diary pages and his investigation reports, Alger’s pupils constricted as he realized how powerful The Fool was once again.

This was the Holy Wind Cathedral—once the headquarters of the Church of Storms. Even though that was history from more than a thousand years ago, many believers still viewed this place as sacred. But Mr. Fool could still descend upon this space without

warning and give a reply...

After nearly twenty seconds of silence, Alger gathered his stuff and exited the room.

He was going to look for one of the Cardinals of the Church of Storms, the Archbishop of the Backlund diocese, Spell singer of God, Ace Snake!

For Alger Wilson, being able to kill Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos personally was the best course of action, but if he was unable to do that, guaranteeing that he was really dead was also acceptable in his book!

...

After forwarding Miss Justice's description to The Hanged Man, Klein left the mysterious world above the gray fog and returned to his bedroom.

While he was in no hurry to dispel the wall of spirituality, he sat before his desk and took out a piece of paper. He picked up a pen and began his letter.

"According to an urgent indication from a source, Qilangos has used the abilities of a Shepherd to take on the appearance of Baron Gramir and has infiltrated Duke Negan's ball. His motives are unclear as of this moment."

Klein wasn't worried that Mr. Azik would be suspicious of him or doubt why someone in Tingen would be so quick to know something that just happened in Backlund, for the telegraph existed in this world.



"I don't know if you would be interested in this, but I thought that I should let you know." Klein quickly ended the letter and folded the piece of paper.

He then found the ancient copper whistle, brought it to his mouth, and gave it a hard blow.

The gigantic, terrifying, and illusory skeleton messenger appeared once again, still standing at its original spot, not minding that its head was going through the ceiling.

Klein fought back the urge to use the abilities of the Clown to turn the letter into a flying dagger. He tossed the letter towards the messenger without a fuss.

He then blew on the copper whistle once again to end the summoning. Klein collected himself and went through the events in his head once again.

This was all he could do for the time being!

Although Klein could also make use of the summoning ritual and bring the Flaring Sun Charm directly to Backlund, it was too dangerous for him to do so. First, Qilangos was a Sequence 6 Wind-blessed and had with him the Creeping Hunger. Second, it was too troublesome. He had to first bring the Flaring Sun Charm to the world above the gray fog. Third, his image would be affected. Thus, he wisely gave up on this idea.

*To be honest, the problem is not too serious. Duke Negan is the most influential noble outside of the royal family, a key member behind the Conservative Party. There will be many high ranking nobles attending the ball today. I have no doubt that there are Beyonders guarding the area. If not for this consideration, there would have been no need for him to infiltrate the place under a*

*disguise... Since Miss Justice noticed him early, the nobles should be prepared. This incident shouldn't blow out of control...*

*I wonder how fast Mr. Azik's messenger is? If it travels through the spirit world, Mr. Azik could still likely make it in time for the "main course," but if it's as slow as Madam Daly's messenger, then he might only read about the incident in tomorrow's paper...*

Klein nodded indiscernibly and tossed this incident to the back of his head. After all, there was nothing more that he could do.