

## **Chapter 193: Coming To A Close**

The article covering what happened to Qilangos wasn't long, and all it stated was the time, place, people involved, and the outcome. As the saying goes, the more succinct the content, the more serious the situation.

*Something that happened in Backlund at eight or nine last night is already being reported in Tingen City this morning. The spread of information in this world isn't too slow due to the exceptional contributions of Emperor Roselle. It must've been one of the nobles or ministers who attended the ball who leaked this information to some reporter, then that reporter used the telegraph to send this sensational news to the news companies in various counties...*

*The morning papers are usually drafted at night and printed after midnight before being distributed in the morning. There was just enough time to make changes and publish this article...*

*Just based on this news, the Tingen Morning Post would be able to sell an extra thousand copies. And that's only considering just this city...*

Klein's thoughts became more and more distracted before finally calming down.

*Since Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos is dead, that means that even if Mr. Azik is injured, it wouldn't be too serious...*

*If it was serious, he definitely would've been captured by the Mandated Punishers or Duke Negan's Beyonder bodyguards that were in pursuit of Qilangos. And when facing such a situation, Miss Justice and Mr. Hanged Man would definitely try their best*

*to report it to me. The latter not happening is enough to indicate that everything is under control...*

*Yes, if Mr. Azik doesn't give me a reply, or if Miss Justice and Mr. Hanged Man do not pray to me by tonight, I'll blow the copper whistle once again to summon the messenger and send over a letter of inquiry...*

Relaxing, Klein shifted his attention away from the newspaper, then he surveyed the public carriage.

Most of the people who could afford transport like this could read, and under the influence of the term "extra," many had bought the Tingen Morning Post. Now, a few of them were quietly discussing the incident.

"The King of Pirates and the admirals have been terrorizing the sea routes for a long time. They back off when they see the battleships of the various countries, but they don't pay much regard to merchant ships... Even though Qilangos had only been inducted as one of the Seven Pirate Admirals for less than a decade, he's the first to be killed by the government..."

"Frankly, I'm curious as to what he was doing in Backlund? When a pirate leaves the ocean, death is a foreseeable outcome."

"Let's hope that there will be a more detailed report in the future."

"Holy Lord of Storms, I wish to know which of Duke Negan's bodyguards killed Qilangos. His bounty was a full 10,000 pounds!"

“10,000 pounds... If I had 10,000 pounds, I would immediately quit my job and buy two or three medium-sized nurseries. I would invest in the shares of some colonizing companies and railroad companies, and receive a stable dividend every year...”

“That’s only the bounty of this kingdom. Intis, Feysac, Feynapotter, and some merchant organizations also have bounties for Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos. I sure hope that there’s a newspaper that will give a full list of the bounties.”

*10,000 pounds?* Klein was shocked to hear that.

With his already impressive pay, he would have to take twenty years to be able to save up that much money even without eating or drinking.

*If only... Forget it, there’s nothing I can do either. It would be impossible for me to claim the bounty...* He folded the newspaper a little dejectedly and looked out the window of the carriage.

At this point, he finally concluded that the incident with Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos had come to a close. All that was left was to tie up the loose ends, such as the batch of Roselle’s diary that The Hanged Man had promised him.

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Backlund, Cherwood Borough.

Fors Wall and Xio Derecha were walking along the street towards the nearest branch of the Varvat Bank.

“My money seems to disappear without me noticing.” Fors sighed.

Xio felt the same way.

“That’s right.”

“Luckily, my book, Stormwind Mountain Villa, is rather popular, and there are still royalties being sent to my account. Otherwise, I’d have to find a clinic or a hospital and become a doctor once again.” Fors let out a sigh, both in satisfaction and in worry.

Xio was silent for a moment before carefully asking, “Will the investigation of Qilangos affect your status as an author? After all, we could be under the attention of the Mandated Punishers, Nighthawks, and the rest...”

“No, the only one they would focus on is you.” Fors laughed. “You were the one who sent someone to make a police report. Same for the one who sent the letter and the one famous among the alleys and gangs of the East Borough. As for me, Fors Wall, I’m still the popular best-selling author.”

Xio said in a daze, “So you’ve just been accompanying me all this time?”

Fors stroked her hair and laughed.

“Don’t you find that this was an interesting experience? This experience has provided me with the much-needed inspiration for my work. My next novel will be about a sudden brutal murder.”

Xio paused, not knowing how to continue the conversation. All she could do was continue walking forward bitterly, forgetting to make a turn until Fors dragged her back.

At that moment, they heard a paperboy shout.

“Extra! Extra! Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos killed in Backlund!”

...

*Ah? What?* Xio and Fors looked at each other in confusion.

They only came to their senses after the paperboy repeated himself multiple times.

“What? Qilangos is dead?” Fors couldn’t believe what she was hearing.

“He’s dead! How did he die so suddenly?” Xio, who was trying to hide from the prosecution of this merciless pirate, was shocked and dazed.

*This... doesn’t this have to follow a normal procedure? First, they find clues to confirm Qilangos’s motive, then they would gather powerful Beyonders and ambush him. Killing the pirate was the last step... But, Qilangos was killed even though the first step hadn’t been completed yet... He died just like that... Fors and Xio exchanged looks as if they were two marble statues.*

Nearly a minute later, Xio charged towards the paperboy and bought a copy of the Tussock Times.

This was one of the three most distributed newspapers in the Loen Kingdom.

“Oh... Qilangos is really dead, killed by Duke Negan’s bodyguard. Oh Goddess, Negan’s bodyguard is...” Xio gasped, leaving out the “a powerful Beyonder,” that she had wanted to say.

Fors looked at her good friend in pity.

“To think that you would believe everything the newspapers say...”

“Alright, perhaps someone realized Qilangos’s motive in advance, and the Mandated Punishers, Nighthawks, Machinery Hivemind, and the military cooperated and executed a successful ambush...” Xio froze and exhaled. “We don’t need to worry about it any longer. We can go back to our normal lives, but we have to avoid the sphere of influence of that police station from before.”

She looked at Fors and asked, a little worried, “How much do you think Miss Audrey will pay us now? I know that a few hundred pounds wouldn’t be too much to her, but we haven’t really completed what she asked of us...”

“No, at least we made Qilangos appear on his own accord. The reason he rushed to take action and fall for the ambush was definitely in some part due to our contributions,” Fors consoled her. “With Miss Audrey’s generosity, she’ll give us half the reward even if she’s not giving us all of it.”

“Let’s hope so...” Xio took in a deep breath and had an expectant gaze. “I wonder who will claim that bounty of 10,000 pounds...”

“It sure invites the envy of others. If I had that much money, I’d have become a Sequence 7 or 6 long ago, but I missed the opportunity time and time again!” Fors also felt a little sorry, but she reminded her friend, “Xio, let us not contact Miss Audrey for the time being. Let her contact us on her own accord. There are too many hidden details surrounding the death of Qilangos. Looking for Miss Audrey abruptly could put us in a dangerous situation.”

Xio first nodded before saying in surprise, “How did you know that I was thinking of heading to Empress Borough?”

“Try guessing?” Fors laughed in response.

...

After a busy morning, Klein returned to the Blackthorn Security Company. He reported to Dunn Smith, “Captain, the people connected to Lanevus that I’m in charge of investigating have no problems. They were merely victims, not associated with any Beyonder incidents.”

Dunn placed both his elbows on his desk.

“Then stop that for the time being. We shall place our focus on the more likely suspects after the rest of the members have finished with their investigations. We cannot direct all our manpower onto this incident. We have to guard against other sudden incidents.”

“Alright.” Klein was about to stand up and head to lunch when he suddenly heard knocking on the door.

“Please enter,” Dunn said in his mellow voice.

The handle moved and Rozanne peeked inside.

“Captain, someone is here with a mission.”

*A mission... This seems to be targeted at the Blackthorn Security Company and not the Nighthawks team. So, who mistakenly came to us this time? Klein wondered to himself.*

Dunn thought for a moment before saying, “We can go hear the request out and reject it if it’s too troublesome.”

He arranged his shirt and vest as he walked out of the office. He made his way through the partition and towards the sofa in the receptionist area. Klein and Rozanne followed curiously behind.

There were two ladies on the sofa, both of them were wearing black hats and dresses without any extra color.

One of the ladies was plump and had fair skin. Her face was completely obscured by the black veil of her hat.

Klein felt a sense of familiarity when he saw her, as though he had seen her somewhere before.

Just as he was recalling, he heard the skinnier lady beside her speak.

“The mission we would like to entrust to you is for you to track and monitor Madam Sharon and find evidence of her crimes.”

*Madam Sharon...* Klein suddenly had an epiphany, and recalled where the sense of familiarity came from.

The lady that remained silent was the wife of Member of Parliament Maynard, the daughter of the New Party's leader.

*She finds it hard to accept the death of her husband and is unwilling to accept the conclusion the police department came to, so she came to a security company in private to do another investigation?*

*To think that she came directly to us...* Klein shook his head and laughed to himself.