

Chapter 176: Letter

For Klein, setting up a simple ritual was as easy as breathing. Very soon, he was done preparing the ingredients, and he lit up the candle that represented himself.

Looking at the flickering candlelight on the desk, Klein had an amusing thought for some baffling reason.

Would this be considered holding a candlelight vigil in memory of myself?

*F**k, what the hell am I thinking!?*

...

He reined back his thoughts and picked up the Black Rotten Flower powder that belonged to the domain of Death and sprinkled it onto the candle. In return, he caught a whiff of a smell that was akin to formaldehyde from his previous life.

Immediately after that, he dripped Full Moon Essence Oil, a favored item of the Evernight.

Amidst a sizzling crackle, his surroundings suddenly became quiet, and there was a shapeless, magical surge.

Klein took a step back and softly recited in ancient Hermes, "I!"

Then, he changed into Hermes, “I summon in my name.”

“The spirit that wanders about the unfounded, the higher-dimensional creature that a human orders, the messenger that belongs to Daly Simone.”

Whoosh!

The wind wailed and the dim candlelight was tainted with a blue luster.

Under its illumination, the wall behind the desk produced translucent ripples, and a creepy face surfaced. Other than its mouth, it had no eyebrows, eyes, or nose.

Its thick lips parted, and a long red tongue was extended. There were sharp, irregular teeth that lined its mouth. In addition, the tip of the tongue had five delicate fingers. They were constantly extending and retracting, as though they were waiting for a delivery.

This is Daly's messenger? Compared to Mr. Azik's, it's just like a child. No, I can't accurately determine their differences. Yes, one is an adult Giant, and the other is a human baby... I wonder if it's due to the mystical item, or if it signifies Mr. Azik's strength? I have to reevaluate my understanding of him. Perhaps, he's a High-Sequence Beyonder...

Crap, I forgot. In the letter, I should've asked Madam Daly for the names of the Sequence 4 and Sequence 3 Corpse Collector pathway. Mr. Azik most likely belongs to that pathway. Of course, he might've not advanced via potions. Yes, perhaps it's a gene that's passed down from his ancestors... I'll ask next time, the messenger is waiting...

Klein looked at it seriously for a while and passed the neatly folded paper into the messenger's "hand." Then, he watched as the hand gripped it tightly.

Whoosh!

The messenger retracted its tongue and swallowed the letter. The translucent, creepy, and wriggling face shrank back into the wall and disappeared.

I've got to say, this magic is quite cool. Rather convenient too, but it can't be spread... Klein looked at the candlelight that had returned to normal. He shook his head and ended the ritual.

...

Monday morning. Backlund, Empress Borough.

In a hidden corner of the municipal garden built by Duke Negan, Xio Derecha with her unkempt blond hair and Fors Wall with her languid bearing were gawking at the liaison before them in a daze. They were momentarily at a loss at which language to use for a greeting.

The petite Xio, who was slightly over one and a half meters tall, looked at the golden retriever that had extended its tongue and was wagging its tail. She smoothed out her trainee knight attire and weighed her words before she said, "Are you Miss Audrey's messenger?"

"Oh my Goddess, why am I asking a dog so seriously..."

Fors was holding a thin cigarette with her fingers as she chuckled.

“Maybe it’s a magical creature?”

“I’ve never seen a magical creature that looks so much like a dog...” Xio replied in all seriousness.

Susie sat down and closed her mouth. She then pointed at her belly with her paw.

There was a leather pouch tied around the dog’s body amidst her long golden fur.

Xio looked to her left and right, making sure that there was no one watching before she quickly moved closer. She bent down and removed the pouch.

Fors watched curiously when her expression suddenly turned weird.

“It’s made of crocodile skin, and it looks like the work of the fashion designer, Mr. Sades... She’s actually using such a pouch for the transaction...”

“...In other words, it’s very expensive?” Xio raised the leather pouch.

Fors pursed her lips tightly and nodded seriously.

Xio instantly lowered her speed in an exaggerated manner. She

carefully opened the zipper and took out the letter inside, as though she was carrying an antique vase in her hands.

After she read it, she passed the letter to Fors.

Fors burned it with her cigarette after reading it carefully. She watched as it turned into ashes and scattered onto the soil.

“There’s no extra information provided.” Xio pouted subconsciously. She took out a neatly folded paper from the pocket of her trainee knight attire.

She looked at Susie in an imposing manner and exhorted subconsciously, “This is the investigation report for the past few days. You must pass this on to Miss Audrey Hall directly.”

Susie quivered and sat up straight, her tail was wagging vigorously.

Xio nodded in satisfaction, stuffed the stack of papers into the leather pouch, and tied it around Susie again.

Susie howled and ran off very quickly.

...

In the Hall family’s luxurious villa.

Audrey was sitting on the sofa of her own living room. She was holding a letter opener and was trying to open the letter before her.

It was a letter sent by one of her brothers from the Balam Empire in the Southern Continent. There was a parcel that came along with the letter.

At that moment, she saw Susie push open the half-closed door. The dog dashed over quickly.

Susie sat on the carpet before Audrey and pawed at the leather pouch.

“You really are an excellent messenger!” Audrey wasn’t stingy with her compliments.

Susie looked back at the door. It induced vibrations in the air and said softly, “Your friend is very serious. When I saw her, she reminded me of the time when a hunter came to train us.”

She had been a complimentary gift when Earl Hall bought hunting dogs.

Susie, your Loen is getting more and more fluent. There are just a few problems with your logic in using the language... Audrey watched as her golden retriever took off the pouch on her own and skillfully pulled open the zipper.

She gave Susie a look and immediately understood. She stood up and ran to lock the door.

“...There’s no result so far, but we found that some vagrants disappeared around the Backlund Bridge borough. Though, we can’t know for sure that it was Qilangos. Perhaps the vagrants merely changed their movement patterns suddenly...” Audrey flipped through the investigation report and seriously wondered

how she should reply to Xio and Fors.

I'll tell Xio that as long as she can track down Vice Admiral Hurricane, Qilangos, I'll buy the Sheriff potion formula for her... No, that's not friendly enough. It would make her feel an inferiority complex. Yes, I shall say, "Xio, I've prepared your reward. As long as you can complete the task, four hundred and fifty pounds will be yours..." Sigh, as far as the main ingredients for the Telepathist formula, I've only found the Farsman Rabbit's spinal fluid. I still need the Rainbow Salamander's pituitary gland... Glaint, Xio, and Fors have yet to find it...

Audrey, cheer up. At least you've digested the Spectator potion completely!

Once you put together all the ingredients, you'll become a Sequence 8 Beyonder!

...

Audrey reined in her thoughts, picked up a pen and paper, and quickly wrote a reply. She stuffed it back into the leather pouch and entrusted Susie to make another trip.

She watched her golden retriever as she opened the letter that her brother had sent. She read it with a smile.

"My dear sister,

"I think you should come to the Southern Continent too. Come over to the colonized regions of the Balam Empire. There's abundant sunlight, fresh air, a clean environment, freshly caught seafood, various unique cultures, and the very kind and

obedient Balam people who make good servants, as well as the smell of freedom.

“On the contrary, Backlund is cold and moist, the air is bad, there’s always dust, and it’s always gloomy. Plus, it’s highly populated which leads to all sorts of problems. Hmm, and the endless balls, banquets, and salons... The social events are so boring and insipid that I wouldn’t want to stay for a minute. Dear sister, I believe you share the same feeling.

“I’m not running away from home. I’m merely seeking my own place in life, but our brother definitely doesn’t think so. He’s always been a selfish person. Of course, he wouldn’t be stingy with you, because you can only claim a tiny part of the family wealth, while I would be his biggest competition in the fight for the inheritance within the ranks of nobles. After all, our father is a count who takes a long view. He definitely wouldn’t be restrained by the rule that the eldest sibling will inherit the rank of nobility.

“As long as he feels that it’s necessary, he would do anything. Just like when he sold off half the farmland and pastures to enter the banking industry, regardless of the strong opposition.

“I miss Backlund sometimes, mostly Father, Mother, and you. I miss the smile that you put on my face during those few years. You must’ve become the most dazzling jewel in Backlund, but unfortunately, I’ll only be able to return after two years. A career is a man’s pride, while the outstanding young people in the Loen Kingdom treat the world as their stage.”

...

“You can tell our dear aunt that the coastal regions in the Balam Empire are very suitable for vacations, and especially suitable for her, given how her joints ache and swell in the winter. I

sincerely invite her to be my guest. If you can come with her, that would be even better.”

...

“I didn’t send you too many gifts. They’re mainly things that are rich with the traditions and styles of Balam, such as the unique yellow silk, and the ornaments that are filled with traits related to the worship of Death.

“I remembered that you loved things regarding mysticism so I’ll look around for you. The culture here is full of mystery.”

...

After reading the letter, Audrey picked up a pen, paper, and writing board. She leaned back into the sofa, pursed her lips and wrote seriously, “My dearest Alfred,

“Although it has been less than a year, the little girl in your memories has grown up. I don’t like mysticism anymore, so you don’t have to search for those kinds of things.”

Because it’s very dangerous... Audrey puffed up her cheeks and added in her head.

She had heard of too many tragedies related to mysterious objects when participating in Beyonder Gatherings and from stories Xio and Fors recounted.

She thought and declared excitedly, “I’m now interested in biology. Recently, I’ve been in awe of the Rainbow Salamander.

Can you ask around for me and find out where I can find one of these creatures, or if they have a complete corpse that has been preserved?”