

Chapter 122: Target Building

2 Daffodil Street. Inside the living room that was painted with the luster of dusk.

Klein stood in front of the oriel window as he told Frye and Leonard.

“My divination revealed something. I saw a grayish-blue two-story building in my dream. The windows on the first floor were all shut tight, and the curtains were drawn. It’s surrounded by a few meters of brown soil without any greenery or flowers. It also has a terribly gloomy garden, just like the kind you find in a horror story.

“The only characteristic that can be used to identify it is a nearby river, a slightly broad river.

“It might be the Tussock River or Khoy River. We could only find out through process of elimination. Hopefully we can still make it in time.”

The Tussock River was the biggest river in the Loen Kingdom, coming down from the northwest where the Mirminsk mountain was. It flowed towards the southeast, passing by the Midseashire, Awwa County, and then passing through the capital, Backlund, and into the sea near Pritz Harbor.

The locations where it converged in Tingen City included the southwest corner of the West Borough and the harbor in the South Borough. The source of the Khoy River came from the northern York Mountain as it passed through the university district in the East Borough and locally merged with the Tussock

River.

Those were the two main rivers around Tingen. The rest could only be considered streams, and none of them had an expansive water surface.

Upon hearing Klein's description, the pale and cold Frye nodded lightly in agreement.

Since there were no other clues, process of elimination was the only efficient method!

Just then, Leonard smiled and said, "Perhaps we can narrow down the possible locations of the target."

"How do we narrow down the possibilities?" Klein frowned and asked in reply as he looked at the silver vine-leaf pocket watch.

Leonard chuckled.

"A criminal with a plan and a goal would select targets somewhere far away from the location of his altar. This is a result of their natural instinct—to be safe.

"Only when there aren't many soon-to-be-dead people left in the areas far from his altar would he consider the nearer targets.

"So, we should read through the information again, exclude the areas where the number of death incidents rose rapidly above average standards.

Klein's eyes lit up when he heard that.

"Brilliant conjecture!"

At the same time, he sighed inwardly, *I really don't have the talent to be a detective!*

Frye nodded and picked up the documents on the coffee table and started reading it again.

After a few minutes, he deepened his hoarse voice and said, "There really is such a region, and there's only one possibility."

"Which area?" Klein asked.

Frye passed the thick stack of information to Leonard who was next to him. He pursed his thin lips and said, "West Borough."

It's the West Borough? Klein clenched his fist and immediately suggested,

"Then let's search the southwestern area of West Borough. That area isn't huge!"

"I agree," Leonard echoed as he waved the papers in his hands in agreement, as though he wasn't the one who suggested narrowing down the scope of their search.

...

The two-wheeled carriage slowly drove along the muddy road. Beside them, the red and orange glow of the sunset reflected off of a broad river that was colored with the twilight radiance of the sunset.

Klein and Frye looked out the windows from both sides of the carriage, inspecting one house after another. They were searching for a grayish-blue house with a dilapidated garden. If possible, they would take note if the curtains on the first floor was drawn.

Leonard leisurely sat in his original spot, leaning against the wall of the carriage as he hummed a popular local tune.

The dim scenery flew past, and Klein caught sight of a grayish-blue two-story building from the corner of his eye

In front of the building was a gloomy garden that appeared in ruins.

“Found it!” Klein said while suppressing his voice.

Before he finished his sentence, Frye and Leonard squeezed over to look out the window. There was almost no space between them.

As the carriage drew closer to the building, the dark curtains that were drawn on the first floor appeared before the three Nighthawks’ eyes.

Klein didn’t even need to divine whether they had the right building; he was completely certain that it was the building that he saw in his dream. That was where the evil altar was set up!

None of them stopped the carriage, but instead allowed the carriage driver to continue driving forward. They passed their target and continued away from it, as though they were just passing by.

When they could no longer see the building when they turned around, Leonard told the driver to stop the carriage.

“Klein, return to Zouteland Street in this carriage and tell the Captain to come here for assistance.” Leonard snapped his fingers and smirked at his teammate.

Is he thinking of me as a rookie and that I shouldn't be involved in such a dangerous mission? This fellow is still quite a nice guy... Klein was stunned as he realized what Leonard meant.

Frye nodded in agreement.

“You just started combat training and your job is a support role.”

I know, and a person who could kill so many in order to hold a ritual won't be an easy opponent. Only the Captain could make this situation less terrifying... Klein took a breath and agreed rationally.

He looked at Leonard, then at Frye before forcing a smile and said, “Be careful.”

“Don't worry, I cherish my life a lot. Until the Captain arrives, we'll only keep watch, and we won't get close.” Leonard smiled.

Frye didn't say anything but only picked up his suitcase.

Klein was quiet for a while, he then took out a copper penny and said, "Let me divine once for you."

He chanted, "What will happen here will lead to a good outcome." He flipped the coin at the same time his eyes turned dark.

Dang!

The coin flipped into the air, then landed firmly in Klein's palm.

Klein looked and saw it was the King's head. He immediately let out a breath of relief.

"It's only a blurry symbol, so there are other interpretations. The most important thing is to be careful and prudent at all times," he explained to Frye and Leonard like a Seer would do.

Leonard had already turned around. He waved and jumped off the carriage.

"As naggy as my eighty-year-old grandma..."

Frye nodded seriously and got off with his suitcase.

Watching both his teammates head towards the target building, Klein touched the revolver in his underarm holster and told the driver, "Zouteland Street."

The driver, who had been hired by the hour, didn't object but allowed the horses to continue the journey.

...

36 Zouteland Street.

When Klein entered the Blackthorn Security Company, Rozanne, Mrs. Orianna, and the others had already gotten off work. It was unusually quiet and dim.

Dunn was sitting on the sofa in the guest area. The gas lamp was unlit, and he seemed to blend into the darkness in his black trench coat.

“Found any clues?” Klein, who was searching for the Captain, was given a shock by Dunn’s deep voice.

Klein quickly turned around and looked into Dunn’s gray eyes as he said, “Yes, we...”

He quickly told him about Leonard’s bold hypothesis, his confirmation via divination, and the subsequent discovery of the house.

As for Leonard’s confidence and the uniqueness that Leonard had discussed, they were unimportant and obviously not worth mentioning.

Dunn cut in from time to time. When the briefing ended, he abruptly stood up and walked towards the door.

When he was almost down the stairs, he turned around and said, “I almost forgot; you stay here just in case there are any emergencies here.”

“Alright.” Klein nodded solemnly.

At that very moment, other than Kenley who was on duty guarding Chanis Gate, the other Nighthawks were busy in the field.

Dunn Smith ran down a few steps and suddenly stopped. As he put on his hat, he shouted at Klein through the door, “Lock the door and follow me. Heh, we won’t need you to join the battle. First, you can get a sense of the atmosphere, and second, we might require the assistance of ritualistic magic during the final search or inspection. Remember, until everything is over, you have to be at least fifty meters away. You cannot get close to the building!”

Klein was stunned and nodded firmly.

“Alright!”

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The sun sank beneath the horizon, and the surging Tussock River turned eerie and dark.

Dark clouds obscured the crimson moon, making the grayish-blue two-story building look like a monster hidden in the shadows.

The garden before the building was extremely quiet. It was as though it didn’t have any insects, nor any other forms of life.

Klein looked at the scene from a distance, his palms sweating

and his body shivering.

He felt that there were countless terrifying things hidden, waiting, and hungry for a bloody feast.

He watched Dunn, Leonard, and Frye move carefully towards the target building, blending into the darkness.

...

On the second floor of the grayish-blue building, in the bedroom without any lights.

A gentle and sweet young maiden with a round face was seated before her dressing table, looking carefully at her face after the complicated skin care routine she had just completed.

There was a silver mirror next to her right hand, its surface coarsely ground, almost unable to reflect a figure.

Suddenly, a stream of blood seeped out from the mirror.

The expression of the gentle and sweet-looking Trissy suddenly grew grave. She stood up, walked to the window, and looked out in silence.