

Chapter 134: It's Been More Than A Minute

Captain, that's the exact question I wanted you to ask! Klein nodded seriously.

"I feel even better. I even believe that I can pass the Holy Cathedral's examination right now. It's a kind of feeling and confidence that can't be described with words."

Realizing that his answer could be a little vague, he couldn't help but add, "Perhaps the name of a potion is really crucial. When I strictly followed the Seer principles that I derived and acted as a fortune-teller, everything became perfect and easy. Yes, I can now activate my Spirit Vision with an even more inconspicuous manner."

Dunn creased his eyebrows slightly as the light in his eyes converged, he muttered seemingly deep in thought, "The name of the potion..."

After about ten seconds, he looked at Klein again.

"Do you need to return and inform your family? Sunday is the second day after your duty at Chanis Gate. You're supposed to get some rest."

Taking into consideration the fact that Elizabeth was a good friend of his sister, and that he had promised that the problem would be solved within a week, Klein answered without hesitation, "We don't have to waste time. After we set off, just get the carriage to take a turn by Daffodil Street."

“Alright. Get Frye while I fill out the application form to get Sealed Artifact 3-0782 out.” Dunn pointed at the break room diagonally opposite.

Frye was a Corpse Collector, so he didn’t possess the abundant energy of a Sleepless. If he was free, he would take a nap.

Filling in the application form yourself, approving it yourself, and collecting it yourself... Captain, our management system is quite flawed... Klein lampooned silently before he retrieved his hat and exited Dunn’s office to knock on the door diagonally opposite.

After Klein knocked thrice, Frye opened the door and looked at Klein with undisguised puzzlement.

“What’s the matter?”

As he was taking a nap, his hair was messy and his shirt was untidy. His cold and gloomy temperament faded quite a bit.

However, he still looks like a dead person that climbed out of his coffin... Klein hid his smile and answered seriously,

“There’s a case that involves wraiths. The Captain wishes for your assistance.”

“Okay.” Frye lifted his hand subconsciously to smooth out his messy hair, returning him to the cold person that kept the living at bay.

After he dressed up, the two of them waited by the sofa in the reception hall. The surroundings warmed up after another seven

or eight minutes, as though the area was being exposed to sunlight.

Immediately following that, they saw Dunn Smith walk through the partition while he held in his hand an ancient badge about half the size of a palm.

The badge had a dark gold luster and was engraved with the symbolic signs of the Sun and lines that extended to the edge. It was the Sealed Artifact 3-0782 from the Intis Republic, originally named the “Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem.”

The Intis Republic was the country that Roselle transformed from an empire into a republic before turning it back into an empire. Now, it had established itself as a stable republic and was located on the west coast of the Northern Continent. Its border with the Loen Kingdom included landmarks like Midseashires, the Hornacis mountain range, and so on.

Since the establishment of Intis as a nation, the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun had repressed the Church of the God of Craftsmanship which later became known as the Church of the God of Steam and Machinery. With it being the main religion of the country, the country could also be referred to as the Kingdom of the Sun.

“Let’s set off. Frye, you’ll drive. Cesare can’t withstand the purification of the Sacred Emblem for too long,” Dunn reminded them calmly.

Cesare Francis was a clerk who was in charge of purchasing and collecting supplies. He was also their driver, but he was just an ordinary person. He couldn’t stay more than an hour within a fifteen-meter range of Sealed Artifact 3-0782. The journey from Zouteland Street to Lamud Town, according to Klein’s understanding, would require at least two and a half hours. That

didn't include the time to detour to Daffodil Street.

"Alright." Frye didn't object but checked if he had his personal items with him.

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When the rays of the setting sun dyed the pinnacle of the town's cathedral, the Nighthawks' carriage finally arrived at Lamud Town.

The town was located at the northwest edge of Tingen. Many buildings still had the unique characteristics of the era before the Age of Steam. There were nearly zero factories and the nearby villages engaged in commercial trading.

After they stopped the carriage, Dunn looked at the hair salon opposite and said,

"I asked one of the locals earlier. It only requires a fifteen-minute walk from here to the castle ruins on the mountain. It's said that it belonged to a feudal lord who ruled during the Fourth Epoch. However, no one knows what happened after that. Of course, their description is merely a local myth."

"Yes, let's go over now and deal with that wraith before the sky turns dark. Then, we can take turns to watch over 3-0782 and keep it away from commoners?"

From the moment Dunn retrieved the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem, three hours had already passed. It was getting closer and closer to a Beyonder's limits. In no time, they would have to part ways and give each other time to recover.

“Okay.” Frye gave a succinct reply.

“I have no problem about that.” Klein touched the Slumber Charms and Requiem Charms in his pocket.

The three Nighthawks in thin black trench coats walked through the street in the town and headed toward the mountain when they reached a fork in the road. Along the way, the road was overgrown with weeds and clustered with shrubs, but it was still spacious enough to let two carriages pass side-by-side.

It wasn’t long until they saw a collapsed outer wall of an ancient castle. On the outer wall that was still standing, there were green plants crawling all over it while the exposed part was mottled.

When he started to get close, Klein could feel a piercing chill as goosebumps formed all over his arms.

“There really is a wraith,” Frye said monotonously as he looked at the ancient castle.

Dunn looked sideways to steal a glance at the newly promoted Nighthawk, then he laughed and said, “Don’t worry. We have both 3-0782 and Frye; the wraith won’t cause too much of a problem.”

He held his custom-made revolver in one hand and the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem in the other. He took the first step towards the ancient castle that looked like a ruin.

Klein followed closely behind and prepared to pull the trigger at any time, swing his cane, or use his charms.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

When Dunn was less than five meters away from the ancient castle, where a broken horse stable, water well, and other fixtures were reflected in Klein's eyes, a cold breeze howled in a way that could only be described as sad and shrill. It seemed to be rejecting the uninvited guests.

The three Nighthawks didn't stop. The warm and pure feeling gradually dispersed the chill and conquered the front of the ancient castle.

They scaled the pile of rocks, passing through the collapsed outer wall before slowly entering the castle which had lost its main entrance and was filled with broken tiles.

The hall of the ancient castle was full of collapsed stone pillars and was covered with moss. It was spacious, but the windows were narrow and placed high on the walls. Hence, the lighting was poor. It looked dim and gloomy inside.

That's also a trait of buildings from the end of the Fourth Epoch and the beginning of the Fifth Epoch... Klein, who was a historian, instinctively made a judgment and activated his Spirit Vision.

Just then, an illusory yet piercing roar suddenly burst out. Suddenly, from out of nowhere, a thick cloud of black fog filled the air, resisting the infiltration of warmth and purity.

A tall figure suddenly surfaced amidst the black fog. He wore full-body, black armor and carried a broadsword that a commoner would have found difficult to lift.

The wraith looked identical to the one Klein saw in Elizabeth's dream. Two flame-like balls of red light shone through the gap of his helmet, appearing cold, but they were staring at the three Nighthawks angrily.

"You have disturbed my slumber! You will have to pay with your flesh and blood!" He suddenly launched himself forward and instantly shortened the distance to Dunn. He suddenly slashed downwards with his broadsword.

Dunn retreated swiftly and lifted his hand to fire his revolver.

Clang!

The silver demon hunting bullet didn't manage to penetrate the illusory black armor and only produced a crisp but unrealistic sound.

Klein and Frye retreated to the side simultaneously. One held a gun in one hand and aimed at the two balls of fire that took the place of the black-armored knight's eyes before pulling the trigger. The other Nighthawk transformed his eyes into a tranquil grayish-white and focused on the wraith.

The black-armored knight roared in anger again. He took another huge stride towards Dunn and swung the broadsword horizontally.

Bam!

The broadsword didn't hurt Dunn, but it knocked him away, causing him to land heavily by the side of the door. It left him spewing a mouthful of fresh blood.

With a loud thud, 3-0782 dropped on the ground. Since it was wearing a metal boot, the wraith eagerly kicked with its right leg and sent the dangerous badge out the ancient castle's door. It was a distance beyond fifteen meters from it.

Klein, who hadn't managed to shoot the wraith successfully, became nervous and puzzled when he saw that scene. It was as though he was overlooking the transformation before his eyes from a calm and rational position.

Bang!

He fired another bullet. The silver demon hunting bullet hit the wraith's helmet and produced sparks. But there was no obvious damage.

"Right gauntlet!" Frye shouted. He was always cold and gloomy, but now his tone was filled with anxiety.

No sooner had he finished talking, he lifted his revolver as well and aimed at the wraith's right metal gauntlet.

Bang! Bang! Klein shot sub-consciously according to Frye's instruction, firing silver demon hunting bullets almost simultaneously with him.

This time, the wraith didn't block it with his armor but raised his broadsword and struck the two bullets away.

Bam! He took a stride and charged at Klein, colliding with him directly.

As Klein flew out, he saw his chest cave in, saw himself spitting blood, but he didn't feel uncomfortable, not one bit.

He suddenly snapped out of his daze, fell on the ground, rolled about, and screamed.

Suddenly, the ancient castle, the wraith, the collapsed pillars, and the moss floor shattered eerily. Everything returned to black fog in the air, just like when the black-armored knight first appeared.

The only difference was that Dunn held both his fists tightly, bowed slightly, and his gray eyes were dark and deep.

As expected, everything was just a dream. Captain pulled the wraith, Frye, and I into his dream at the same time. But I'm special, and I can remain clear-headed and rational... Klein realized that he was still standing two meters away to Dunn's right. He hadn't vomited any blood or screamed.

Just then, Dunn stood up straight and looked at the wraith that was going to slash with his sword. He calmly said, "It's been more than a minute."

The wraith was stunned and let out a shrill cry. Its body started producing black steam, as though it had just received its death sentence.

Any zombies or spirits that had yet to turn into evil spirits couldn't stay within the fifteen-meter range of the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem for more than a minute!

Holy shit, Captain, you're so cool! Klein looked at the scene from

the side and nearly let out a cheer!

Dunn had used his dream ability not to attack the wraith on his own turf, but merely to drag out the time!

In the warm and pure feeling, the black steam evaporated quickly and the chill dispersed gradually. In no time, the knight became transparent and blended into the void.

Clang!

A black gauntlet fell to the ground, its surface covered with white frost.

Klein was about to ask for the Captain's go ahead to pick up the "drop," but when he looked over, his spirituality was suddenly disturbed.

Somewhere near the stairs that separated the hall and the dining hall, there was an intense yet illusory misery and uncleanliness summoning him!