

Chapter 63: Dream Interpretation

Klein proceeded a few steps forward and saw the client. He was dressed in a formal black suit and a halved top hat. He held a gold-inlaid wooden cane and his short blond hair flared from the sides. His nose was aquiline like a hawk's beak.

Anna's fiancé... The Joyce Meyer that went through a terrifying ordeal. Klein, who had seen him in his dream divination, immediately greeted with a smile, "Good afternoon, Mr. Meyer."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Moretti." Joyce took off his hat and bowed in greeting. "Thank you for the advice you gave Anna. She cannot stop praising how miraculous you are."

Klein chortled and said, "I did not change a thing. You should be thanking yourself. Without your determination and your hope for a better tomorrow, you wouldn't have been able to overcome such an ordeal."

After the exchange of pleasantries, Klein could not help but lampoon inwardly.

Does this count as mutual professional bootlicking?

"In all honesty, I still find my coming back alive a dream. I still cannot believe that I survived wave after wave of terrifying ordeals." Joyce shook his head wistfully.

Without waiting for Klein's reply, he asked curiously, "You knew who I was the moment you saw me. Was that because of my unique nose, or because you divined that I would visit you?"

"I had your detailed information. That is enough for a seer," Klein answered vaguely, behaving like how a charlatan would.

Joyce was indeed stunned. More than ten seconds later, he squeezed a smile.

"Mr. Moretti, I wish to request a divination from you."

The moment he finished his sentence, he suddenly realized something.

Mr. Klein Moretti had addressed himself as a seer, not a fortune-teller. A seer!

"Alright, let us head to Topaz." Klein gestured.

At that moment, he felt as though he should have worn a long black robe. He tried to keep his words to a minimum to accentuate the mystique of a seer.

Joyce Meyer locked the door behind him after entering the divination room. While he observed his surroundings, Klein seized the opportunity to tap his glabella twice and activated his Spirit Vision.

Joyce sat down and set his cane down beside him. He pulled on his black bow tie and said hoarsely, "Mr. Moretti, I wish for you to interpret my dream."

"Dream interpretation?" Klein acted as though it was within his expectations, but was merely asking for confirmation.

He saw that the colors representing Joyce's health were dull, but none of them signified an impending illness. The colors symbolizing his emotions were predominantly blue, and its darkness showed that he was obviously high strung.

Joyce nodded seriously.

"I have had the same horrific dream every night ever since the Alfalfa arrived at Enmat Harbor. I know that this could be associated with the trauma of the ordeal and that I should go see a psychiatrist, but I suspect that this is no ordinary dream. A normal dream would definitely have some details that are different even if they recur every night, but this dream is, at the very least, constant in the parts which I can recall."

"To a seer, these kinds of dreams are seen as revelations given by the divine," Klein said, half consoling and half explaining. "Can you describe the dream to me?"

Joyce clenched his fists and held it to his mouth. He thought deep for a moment before saying, "I dreamed that I was falling from the Alfalfa into the ocean. The ocean was dark red, as if it was filled with rotting blood.

"As I fell, I was grabbed by a person on the boat. I could not identify him, but I know that he was very strong.

"And I was also holding onto a person in an attempt to save him from falling into the sea. I know that person. He was a passenger of the Alfalfa, Younis Kim.

"Because of his weight and his struggling, I could not bear the weight and could only release my hands and watch him get devoured by the sea of blood.

“At that moment, the person above me also released his hand. I flailed my arms, hoping to grab onto something, but there was nothing. I could only plummet rapidly.

“Then I wake up in horror, sweat covering my back and forehead.”

Klein held his forehead and gently rapped it as though he was thinking. He then organized his words and said, “Mr. Meyer, nightmares, similar nightmares, and repeated nightmares, these are all psychological problems and have a corresponding source. The same nightmare recurring time and time again is a reminder from your spirituality. It is also a revelation given to you by the divine.”

Upon seeing Joyce appearing confused, he elaborated, “Do not have any doubt, an ordinary person’s spirituality is also capable of giving reminders.

“I do not know what exactly happened on the Alfalfa, but I can see that it was a tragedy of blood and steel. It has left a deep trauma in you.”

Seeing Joyce nod slightly, Klein continued, “You must have been very horrified, very fearful on the ship. It is easy for a person to lose their observational skills when overwhelmed by such intense emotions; thus missing signs that they should not have been missed. This does not mean that you have not seen those signs, but you have disregarded them, you understand? Disregarded.

“In your subconscious, in your spirituality, the details that you have missed are present all the same. If the thing that the detail is pointing toward is important enough, then your spirituality will remind you in the form of a dream.”

Previously, I had similar case of disregarding a feeling, only to later realize that the diary was with Ray Bieber... But I was more sensitive and had stronger spirituality. I was also more knowledgeable about mysticism and thus could make a deduction more quickly... Klein paused for a few seconds and looked into Joyce Meyer's eyes.

“Did Mr. Younis Kim, who you let fall into the sea of blood, requested you of something on the boat, but was ultimately unable to escape his fate?”

Joyce fidgeted his body unnaturally. He opened his mouth several times before answering, “Yes, but I do not pity him. Perhaps a few days or a week from now, you will see in the newspapers how cruel and evil he was. He raped and murdered at least three ladies and tossed a baby into the Berserk Sea. He also led a bunch of savages who had lost their rationality and brutally massacred the passengers and crew of the boat.

“He was scheming, strong, and evil. I did not dare, nor could I stop him. I would only have forfeited my life.”

“I am not doubting what you did,” Klein said, making clear his stand. Then he explained, “But your dream is telling me that you are feeling regret and sorry. You believe that you should not have released your hand back then. Since you believe that killing him was an act of justice, then why are you feeling regret and sorry for it, so much so that you have recurring dreams about you releasing your hand?”

“I don't know either...” Joyce shook his head, confused.

Klein crossed his hands and placed it under his chin. He attempted to analyze the situation.

“Incorporating what I just described, it seems you have missed certain details. For instance, anything that Younis Kim mentioned, his contents of his plea, the way he presented himself, et cetera. I cannot recall the incident for you, so please think about it carefully.”

“There’s nothing... All he could say back then was ‘spare me, I surrender’...” Joyce muttered in puzzlement.

Klein did not know exactly what happened, so he could only guide him based on what he understood from the dream.

“Perhaps you felt that Younis Kim was more useful alive, that he could prove something or to explain something?”

Joyce knitted his brows. It was a while before he said, “Perhaps... I still find the conflict that arose on the Alfalfa happened too suddenly and turned intense too quickly. It was as if the passive evil in everyone’s heart just erupted uncontrollably... It was too abnormal, very abnormal... Perhaps—perhaps I wished to interrogate Younis Kim why he acted as though he was possessed by the devil in the first place...”

Klein suddenly had a stroke of inspiration after hearing Joyce’s dreamy description. He spoke mysteriously with a tone unique to charlatan’s.

“No, that’s not the only reason.”

“What?” Joyce seemed shocked.

Klein crossed his hands and held his chin up. He stared straight into Joyce’s eyes and said with a slow, yet forceful tone, “Not

only did you find the matter abnormal, but you also saw some things that you disregarded. And putting together these things that you disregarded results in a terrifying conclusion.

“Your spirituality is telling you that there is someone who should be under the highest suspicion. And that person is the one who had grabbed you but ultimately released his hand in the dream. You do not suspect him subconsciously, and thus you are unable identify him. He is your partner. He once had control over your fate, or maybe, even saved you before!”

Joyce leaned back suddenly, slamming into the back of the chair with a dull thud.

His forehead slowly became laced with sweat, his eyes filled with confusion.

“I... I see it...”

Joyce suddenly stood up noisily, causing his chair to wobble and nearly fall.

“Mr. Tris...” He used all the energy in him to utter the name.

He was a friendly and bashful little boy with a round face. He was the hero that saved the survivors...

Klein did not interrupt Joyce's thoughts. He leaned back slightly and waited.

Joyce's expression changed several times, finally returning to normal, a normal that had a little paleness.

He revealed a rueful smile.

“I understand now. Thank you for interpreting my dream. Perhaps it is time for me to make a trip to the police station.”

He took out his leather wallet and fished out a one-soli note.

“I do not think that money can fully represent your worth, and I can only give you the price you asked for. This is for you.” Joyce pushed the note toward Klein.

I wouldn't have minded if you gave me ten pounds... One soli, you sure are like your fiancée... Klein kept up his mysterious vibe as a charlatan and said nothing, smiling as he pressed on the note.

Joyce took a deep breath, wore his hat, and turned to walk toward the door.

As he was unlocking the door, he suddenly turned back and said with sincerity, “Thank you, Master Moretti.”

Master? Klein laughed to himself. He watched as Joyce left the divination room and said silently to himself, *Whatever happened on the Alfalfa seems extraordinary... If only the Captain was here. He would be able understand everything that happened in Joyce Meyer's dreams...*

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Tuesday at dawn. Backlund, Empress Borough.

Audrey, who woke up earlier, beckoned her golden retriever Susie over. She said with a serious tone, “Susie, you are also a Beyonder now. We are the same kind, ew—no, what I mean is that we have to help each other. Guard the door later and don’t let anyone disturb me. I have to conduct a ritual.”

Susie looked at her mistress and shook her tail in exasperation.