

Chapter 115: Cheat

“You must not speak my name without my permission.”

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Several minutes after the Gathering ended, Audrey and Alger, who had returned to their bedroom and ship respectively, could still hear the words of The Fool reverberating in their ears.

Their impression of the mysterious and powerful Mr. Fool was normally relaxed, calm, and unfathomable. It was rare that he would adopt such a stern, supercilious attitude.

Because of that, they were exceptionally alarmed. They submitted to his wishes sincerely.

They were no strangers to words like that, but these instructions were normally recorded within The Revelation of Evernight or The Book of Storms!

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In the West Borough of Tingen City, on Daffodil Street.

Klein pulled open the curtains and allowed the golden sunlight to pour into his bedroom.

He had inspected the star that previously sent out a prayer after

Justice and The Hanged Man left, but didn't obtain any information this time round.

Since the crimson star had the ability to store prayers, akin to sending offline messages, Klein believed that the youth who spoke Jotun hadn't prayed again from the last two times he entered the world above the giant.

This made him suspect that there was no hope left for the youth's parents, and that the young man had chosen to give up...

With his back facing the sunlight, Klein walked to the edge of his bed and laid down. He didn't want to move.

He knew that he shouldn't waste any time and head to the Divination Club and continue the process of digesting the potion, but he didn't want to move. He laid silently on his bed, enjoying his rare break.

He had a full schedule from Tuesday to Friday, mysticism lessons and practicals in the mornings, shooting and combat training in the afternoons. He was mentally exhausted by the time evening came around. There was no change in his morning routine on Saturday, but he had to guard Chanis Gate in the afternoon. He would've stayed underground until the dawn of Sunday.

Sunday morning was time for Klein to catch up on sleep. In the afternoon, circumstances would determine if he went to the Divination Club. On Monday morning, he had just returned from Khoy University in the morning and had the Tarot Gathering in the afternoon. He also had to think about the issue of acting as a Seer. In other words, he had been busy the entire week, with no time to rest.

Thus, all Klein wanted to do was laze around, lying on his bed like a loser, not doing anything except daydreaming.

No, how can a boss of a cult be so worthless. If Miss Justice and Mr. Hanged Man caught wind of this, their impression of me would shatter... Klein buried his face into his blanket and motivated himself.

“I have the formula for the Clown potion, all I need to do now is fully digest the Seer potion... I have the formula to the Clown potion, all I need to do now is fully digest the Seer potion...”

He muttered to himself repeatedly and then propped himself up.

Klein took a bronze coin from his pocket and quickly divined if it was suitable for him to head to the club today and got an definitive response.

“Five, four, three, two, one!”

After the countdown, he forced himself to stand up straight and walked over to the clothes rack before picking out his suit and hat.

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In the meeting room of the Divination Club on Howes Street.

Klein sat down in a shaded corner and sipped on his Sibe black tea as he read the Tingen City Honest Paper. There weren't many members around him, just six or seven.

Just as he was laughing at the grammatical mistake used in a job advertisement, he saw a monocled Glacis walk in with a silk top hat in his hand. There was a blue-dressed lady in her thirties beside him.

The lady had curved eyebrows and large yet dull eyes. In her left hand, she was carrying an Intis hat decorated with the feathers of a black swan.

That hat is ridiculous. Wouldn't her neck be sore wearing that? Klein noted to himself. He looked over and massaged his glabella, as if alleviating his fatigue.

Through his Spirit Vision, he noticed that Glacis and the lady were both healthy, but were anxious, angry, and flustered.

“Good afternoon, Glacis. That Mr. Lanevus wasn't a trustworthy fellow, was he?” Klein asked with a smile, remaining seated.

Glacis had asked him for a divination about investing in Lanevus's steel company. Glacis had obtained a negative suggestion.

But noticing his indecisiveness, Klein believed that he had taken the risk anyway. Klein hoped the man hadn't invested everything he had. Thus, Klein immediately made the association and judgment when he saw the colors of his emotions.

Glacis froze for a moment, then let out a bitter smile.

“I truly regret not listening to the suggestion you divined for me. Heh, this is the second time I'm saying something like that, let's

hope, no—I believe that there will not be a third time.”

He turned his head and looked at the lady with some wrinkles.

“Madam Christina, look, Mr. Moretti had already guessed our motive for coming here without us even speaking. He is the most magical fortune-teller I have ever seen. I’m more than willing to describe him as a seer.”

“Good afternoon, Mr. Moretti. We have come here precisely because of Lanevus.” Christina gave a simple bow, clearly anxious and flustered.

“Shall we head to Topaz?” Glacis was more collected. He pointed to the door of the meeting room with his chin.

Klein laughed as he got up.

“This is the job of a fortune-teller.”

He followed the path to the empty Topaz room.

Glacis locked the wooden door and walked to his seat while sighing.

“Lanevus has gone missing. He gave the excuse of going to the Sivellaus County to oversee the excavation and left Tingen, never to return. We sent someone to look for him via steam locomotive and discovered that the large-scale steel mine he spoke of only existed on the map. Luckily for me, I recalled your advice and only invested a third of what I initially intended to invest. Otherwise, I would have lost my family and my life.”

Klein's pupils were darker than usual when he looked at the two people in front of him. He asked, a little curious, "Before making such a major financial decision, wouldn't you choose a representative and ascertain if whatever he said was true at the Hornacis mountain range in the Sivellaus County?"

Christina responded quickly, "Our representative was fooled, fooled by the people Lanevus employed, the place he rented, and the land that was fenced off."

Klein didn't question them any further. He maintained his attitude of a Seer and asked, "What do you wish to divine today?"

"We wish to see if this is salvageable or not," Christina said as she looked at Glacis.

Klein took a piece of paper and a fountain pen.

"Then let us do an astrolabe divination. I'll ask, and you'll answer."

Between the questions, Klein marked out the Thunderous constellation and the corresponding symbols of various situations before completing the astrolabe.

He used more elements in his astrolabe than an ordinary person would have. The method he was going to use to interpret the astrolabe was going to bring him closer to the truth.

"Madam, Sir, you are now at a crossroad. If you don't restrain yourselves and succumb to your greed and anxiety, you will fall further into the abyss, never being able to free yourselves. But if you can be patient and wait persistently without being greedy,

then there will be an opportunity of you seeing the sunlight..." Klein said, his tone unhurried.

"I understand." Christina nodded. She thought for a moment before saying, "Mr. Moretti, can you divine Lanevus's whereabouts?"

"No, I don't think so. The information Lanevus left behind is most likely fake; even his name might not be real. How can I divine anything? Unless you can give me very specific details, or an item he carries with him all the time," Klein replied truthfully.

Christina fell silent for a moment before pushing a one-soli note toward Klein.

"I have heard from Glacis that you are a true seer, who is respectful and fearful of fate and not greedy for money. You can think of the rest as tips that I am giving to the club."

"Thank you for your confidence in me."

She stood up and bade farewell before leaving quickly.

Not greedy for money... No, I am a materialistic man! Klein was regretting his actions of acting as a charlatan.

Seeing Christina leave, Glacis closed the door and asked, "Is there really no way?"

"I told you the way just now." Klein smiled as he leaned back.

Glacis sighed. "Lanevus took off with over 10,000 pounds and his victims totaled over a hundred people. Luckily for me, I only lost 50 pounds. Those were my savings, and I have no debt. But Miss Christina invested 150 pounds. To her, this is not a sum that she can bear easily."

"Have you called the police?" Klein suddenly felt anger towards the cheat after hearing the sum of 10,000 pounds.

One could be considered rich even in Backlund with money like that.

I don't know if the police would enlist the help of the Nighthawks, Mandated Punishers, or Machinery Hivemind for a simple case like this... Klein thought, a little distracted.

Glacis nodded and said, "We've already made a police report. The police are paying a lot of attention to this case. After much discussion, we're willing to take out a portion of the money we would get back as a reward. One can get 10 pounds as a reward if they manage to provide clues about Lanevus's whereabouts. If you can give a precise location and help the police catch Lanevus, you can get a reward of 100 pounds!"

10 pounds for a clue? 100 pounds for catching Lanevus? Klein's eyes nearly sparkled after he heard that. His breathing became heavy.

He happened to be worrying about how he was going to pay the detective in the future.

He could barely afford the second phase of the payment with the extra salary of three pounds he received this week, but if the private investigator managed to complete his mission within the next week, then he wouldn't have enough to pay off whatever he

promised to pay. He would be lacking a few soli, provided that he wouldn't need to spend his savings elsewhere this week.

Perhaps the police will have some items belonging to Lanevus. But they won't be very useful if he's already left Tingen... Klein felt a mixture of excitement and disappointment.

In the next hour and a half, Klein got another two customers due to Angelica's recommendation. One was a divination for a one-year-old toddler. Klein immediately drew the corresponding birth astrolabe and explained it, much to the satisfaction of his customer.

The other was searching for an item. Klein used tarot reading, coupled with dream divination, to give him a general area. This made his customer very shocked, for he had never seen a fortune-teller that could give him such accurate information.

Perhaps I could obtain enough funds just by doing divinations for others. Klein, who had received some tips, put on his hat, held his cane, and walked toward the exit of the club.

At this moment, he saw Christina enter the club once again with a young girl wearing a sunhat beside her.

Christina saw Klein and immediately approached him. She asked softly, "Mr. Moretti, you said that you could try divining Lanevus's whereabouts if there was something belonging to him?"

"That is correct." Klein nodded.

Christina heaved a sigh of relief and asked in a serious tone,

“Then is his child something that belongs to him?”

Huh? Klein was momentarily a little lost.