

Chapter 110: Confirmation

After thinking for a while, Klein decided to return home to confirm something.

He believed that if the Misfortune Cloth Puppet hadn't intentionally shown him the picture on the paper, then the Captain and the rest would definitely find traces in their follow-up investigations. It wouldn't matter much if he reported it or not.

If it were the converse, it was something worth careful consideration.

That was also what Klein wanted to confirm.

He took the trackless public carriage to Daffodil Street. When he returned home, his brother Benson and his sister Melissa had yet to wake up, since it was Sunday. The living room was dark and quiet.

Klein boiled a kettle of water, threw in some tea leaves, and drank it with wheat bread. Then he took his coat, hat, and cane towards the stairs.

He subconsciously lightened his footsteps to avoid making any loud noises.

Just as he got to the second floor, he saw the bathroom door suddenly open, and Melissa, who was wearing an old dress, came out with a sleepy face.

“You’re home...” Melissa was rubbing her eyes sleepily.

Klein covered his mouth and yawned.

“Yeah, I need to crash. Don’t wake me up before lunch.”

Melissa tersely acknowledged when she suddenly recalled something.

“Benson and I are going to Saint Selena Cathedral pray and attend Mass in the morning. Lunch might be slightly later.”

As not-so-devoted believers of the Evernight Goddess, she and Benson went to the church once a fortnight, while Klein, who was a Nighthawk, hadn’t entered the church since the last time he was followed by the member of the Secret Order.

No, I’m at the cathedral every day, just that I’m in the cathedral’s basement... Klein justified himself subconsciously.

He was currently most worried that the Goddess would abandon him as a fake believer. If his ritualistic magic didn’t respond at crucial times, he would be in big trouble.

But then, when one considers Old Neil, the Goddess is quite forgiving towards the Nighthawks. Hmm. That’s right! Klein comforted himself.

His scattered thoughts flashed past him, and he looked at Melissa. He nodded and smiled.

“No problem. I can sleep longer then.”

Walking past Melissa, he entered his bedroom and locked the door behind him.

Immediately following that, he psyched himself up and took out the ritual dagger and created a sealed spirituality wall.

He took four steps counterclockwise while reciting the incantation and withstood the chaotic roars before appearing above the gray fog.

In the illusionary boundless world, he was the only living spirit sitting on the seat of honor at the long bronze table.

For nearly a minute of silence, Klein conjured a piece of goatskin parchment and wrote down a divination incantation.

“The picture that the Misfortune Cloth Puppet displayed.”

Although Klein had seen the mysterious picture on the paper clearly for a split moment last night, he only managed to remember the rough shape of the picture due to his anxiety. But that wasn’t a problem for a Seer; he could reproduce anything he remembered and had seen once!

According to mysticism theory, one’s spirituality could remember everything they had seen. As long as they possessed the appropriate method, they could reproduce the scene whenever they wished.

Klein even felt that the theory that Spirit Medium Daly described

regarding the Psychology Alchemists made sense. Human memory was merely islands that were exposed above the sea; it couldn't withstand much. Hence, a person's spiritual essence remembered most of the information and turned it into the subconscious, which formed the entire ocean.

While spirituality itself, even if it wasn't the entire ocean, also included the entire sea region surrounding the island.

After reciting the divination incantation, Klein leaned backwards and fell asleep through Cogitation.

In the blurry, distorted, separated world, he saw Chanis Gate crack open once again as he heard the heavy grinding noises.

The puppet in the black classic regal gown leaned into the opening of the door and unfurled the paper that it was holding.

On the piece of paper, there were many mysterious symbols that collectively formed a vertical eye.

Klein carefully observed the picture before exiting the dream. Then, with the aid of the uniqueness of the world above the gray fog and the memory that had yet to fade, he expressed the image on the brown parchment.

The vertical eye looked up at him, looking both sinister and mysterious.

Klein thought and wrote below the eye, "This is key to the treasure that the Antigonus family left behind."

Putting down the pen, he untied the silver chain that was wound inside his sleeve. As he held it with his left hand, the topaz pendulum stably hung above the divination statement and the mysterious vertical eye. There weren't any obvious movements.

Klein closed his eyes and recited the sentence with his mind cleared.

After seven times, he opened his eyes and saw the topaz spinning in small circles in a clockwise fashion along with the silver chain.

That meant affirmation.

The vertical eye picture is really key to the treasure that the Antigonus family left behind... Klein nodded in deep thought.

He tapped his fingers on the edge of the long bronze table and muttered to himself, “Because of Ray Bieber’s death, there are no descendants of the Antigonus family left. Hence, the notebook views me, the Seer that interacted with it but remains alive, as its inheritor?

“It affected 3-0625 and left the key to the treasure with it, only to show it to me during my shift at Chanis Gate?

“There doesn’t seem to be any problem with the logic, but it still doesn’t seem very convincing.

“How could the notebook be sure that there are no more descendants of the Antigonus family?

“And I am totally unrelated to that family... If I shared their bloodline, the original Klein wouldn’t have committed suicide to begin with.

“Hmm, it doesn’t seem to matter if I tell this to the Captain and the team. Let me look into this.”

Klein then divined the location of the Antigonus family’s treasure. But, unsurprisingly, there was no detailed information. Just like in the letter that Sirius wrote to Mr. Z, Klein could only be certain that the treasure was related to the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range and the ancient Nation of the Evernight.

After he finished divining all the matters, Klein noticed that the crimson star from which he had previously heard prayers was producing a faint fluctuation again.

He used the method of answering prayers and touched the illusory star. He saw the brown-haired young man who wore the unique black tight suit again.

The young man was kneeling on the ground, facing the pure crystal ball, still muttering about something.

Klein, who had purposely learned some Jotun, finally understood one of the sentences.

“Pray... Save... Father and Mother.”

It really is Jotun... Where in the world is Jotun still used? That’s an ancient antique that is thousands of years old... What a pity; the mysterious ruler above the gray fog is totally powerless. I

don't have the ability to save them even if I want to... Klein shook his head and sighed. He decided to observe him for a little longer.

I'll see what I can do when I master more Jotun vocabulary and can understand what happened to his father and mother... Klein retracted his spirituality, wrapped it around himself, and initiated a descent.

When he returned to his bedroom, he dispelled the spirituality wall, changed into old but comfortable clothing, and laid down on the bed to get some sleep.

Klein slept all the way till half-past twelve, which was when Melissa finished preparing lunch and came knocking on the door.

After having a fairly sumptuous meal, he saw Melissa bring out her new dress and fishnet hat, looking like she was going out.

"Do you still have something this afternoon?" Klein asked, puzzled.

Benson was seated on the sofa, knitting his eyebrows at his grammar books. He didn't lift his head but answered on her behalf, "Mrs. Shaud from next door told Melissa that there will be a lecture regarding family affairs in the municipal hall in the afternoon. Melissa plans to attend it and learn how to deal with daily household issues."

Melissa nodded and said, "I got Selena and Elizabeth to join me."

"That's nice. I hope that the lecturer tells you that a family like

us needs to hire at least one maidservant,” Klein joked.

Noticing that Melissa was about to refute him, he immediately added, “We have to invest our limited time into more valuable matters.”

Melissa was stunned. After a while, she puckered her lips, put on her fishnet hat, and left the house.

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At two in the afternoon, Klein arrived at the Blackthorn Security Company again.

Rozanne and Dunn Smith, who happened to be in the reception hall, asked in unison, “Didn’t you go home and rest?”

Klein smiled.

“I was going to go to the Divination Club, but I kept thinking about what happened last night, so I decided to come over here first. Has there been any reply from the Holy Cathedral?”

Dunn shot a glance at Rozanne and turned around silently. He walked past the partition and entered his office.

Rozanne pulled her face at his back, then muttered angrily, “Seriously, Captain...”

Well done! Klein complimented silently. He held back his laughter and followed Dunn into his office.

Klein shut the door, and Dunn sniffed his smoking pipe before he said, “The Holy Cathedral has determined that the disturbance was because of the Antigonus family notebook, which they reclassified as a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact. It’s a pity. That means that you no longer have the sufficient security clearance to read it.”

Grade 1. Highly dangerous. Only the ranks above bishops and Nighthawks team captains can know of the actual situation? That also means that Captain has no idea what's happening... Highly dangerous, no wonder... Klein felt regretful yet relaxed.

Dunn gave him a glance and continued, “The Holy Cathedral told us to check if there are any other items behind Chanis Gate that were contaminated by the notebook. After verification, only 3-0625 was abnormal, and we have already changed its seal.”

“Did you discover anything else?” Klein pretended to ask curiously.

Dunn shook his head.

“No.”

Klein nodded in thought. He didn’t continue with the topic. After some small talk, he bade farewell and left for the Divination Club to continue his ‘journey of digestion’.

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In the municipal hall.

The three best friends, Melissa, Selena, and Elizabeth, sat near the door, waiting for the lecture to begin.

"If she delivers a bad lecture, we'll sneak out," Selena suggested excitedly.

Elizabeth immediately agreed, "Let's go shopping at Harrods."