

Chapter 67: Response

The crimson moon high in the sky hung silently in the darkness. It illuminated Tingen City, the city of universities, as it gradually fell silent.

Klein stood in front of his desk and looked through his oriel windows to see the empty Daffodil Street. He heard the sound of carriages quickly galloping far away without causing a din.

He picked up his vine-leaf patterned silver pocket watch and snapped it open. He took a glance at it and drew the curtains, making the yellowish lights of the gas lamp reflect back into the bedroom.

Klein turned around at an adequate speed, locked his room, and switched off the gas valve.

The room was immediately covered in darkness. Only a sliver of red moonlight penetrated the curtains. It gave rise to an atmosphere perfect for many late-night folk tales.

Klein took out the silver knife he had applied for. He imagined the spherical light and entered a half-Cogitation state.

He focused his mind according to his previous practice, allowing his spirituality to spew out from the tip of his blade. Then, he allowed their motion to miraculously fuse with his surroundings, sealing off the room.

He was doing it to prevent any abnormal stirrings that could wake Benson and Melissa.

Following that, Klein put down the knife and walked four steps in a counterclockwise manner. Every step was accompanied by the incantation from Earth.

The unchanging roars and murmurs inundated him. With the same mania and pain inflicted on him, he did his best to control himself and withstood the most grueling and dangerous stage in his half-conscious state.

The grayish-white fog was endless. The dark red stars were at varying distances from him. The towering divine palace stood erect like a dead giant. Nothing seemed to have changed. The silence and antiquity that had accumulated over thousands of years swarmed him.

No, there is a change! Klein silently muttered to himself. His gaze locked onto a dark red star near him.

That was the star symbolizing Justice!

The star's deep redness began to pulse. It did so with average amplitude, but did not stop.

Klein carefully spread out his spirituality towards the deep redness.

The moment the two made contact, he felt a hum in his head. He saw a blurry and distorted scene and heard the illusory but stacked voice of prayers.

“The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era;

“You are the mysterious ruler above the gray fog;

“You are the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck;

“I pray for your help.

“I pray for your loving grace.

“I pray for you to give me a good dream.

...

“I pray for you to give me a good dream.

...

“I pray for you to give me a good dream.”

...

The female voice resounded constantly in an intermittent fashion. Klein's psyche turned more irritable and chaotic. It was akin to listening to someone upstairs pounding on the floor when he had just fallen asleep.

He repressed his emotions and used Cogitation to calm the urge. He carefully discerned the blurry scene that appeared before him.

It was a girl dressed in white robes. She had a head of beautiful golden hair. She was standing before four flickering flames, her head lowered as she kept chanting.

From the distorted image, Klein barely recognized her to be Miss Justice!

At this point, he confirmed that the ritual incantation he had created could precisely point towards the gray fog, towards him!

This gave him a huge sense of achievement, going from nothing to having something.

I won't praise myself for being awesome... Klein's mood turned for the better. He felt that the pleading voice that echoed in his ears like a buzzing fly was now acceptable.

With a thought, he attempted to create a response in his mind, transferring it through the intricate connection to the dark red star.

"I'm aware."

...

The gray layer emanated before him. A distorted and blurry figure stood in the deepest depths.

The spot where his eyes ought to be swirled with deep redness as his voice resounded repeatedly in the vast and empty world.

“I’m aware.”

“I’m aware.”

“I’m aware.”

...

Audrey Hall was jolted awake suddenly. She sat up with her blanket wrapped around her as her mind was fully occupied with the scenes she saw in her dream.

She knew very well that she had dreamed of the Fool, the mysterious being that lived above the fog!

“Is this a response to my morning prayers?” Audrey, who quickly entered her Spectator state, calmed down and analyzed.

Although she did not understand why The Fool did not respond on the spot and only did so at night, she was still shocked that the ritualistic magic was effective with the few lines of incantation.

In the past, she had prayed to the Evernight Goddess, but had never received any response!

Even if Mr. Fool was not a god, he is likely not far from being one... Audrey slowly inhaled before slowly exhaling.

Since he was a powerful existence that she had no means of resisting, she quickly threw aside her worries. She began

considering what to do next.

“First, I have to completely digest the Spectator potion... My acting is still pretty good.

“Second, I have to seek out the Psychology Alchemists.

“Third, I should try to obtain the Telepathist potion formula from Mr. Fool or clues regarding the Psychology Alchemists elsewhere.

“However, every godlike existence should have a complete Sequence pathway that belongs to them. They might not know the formulas of other Sequence pathways... A new Beyonder organization like the Psychology Alchemists might not be able to garner Mr. Fool’s attention...”

...

With the connection severed, Klein sat at the bronze table’s seat of honor in a rather good mood.

He was completely covered in gray fog. He leaned back and clenched his fist to cover his mouth. He recalled and analyzed the process.

At that moment, he was the only living being in the world of the gray fog. Apart from that, there was absolute silence.

It seems I can only pass information over and am unable to use the powers in here... From the looks of it, my idea of manipulation would not work. Klein kept prodding his mouth as he silently made a conclusion.

He had originally planned on attempting to bind his body with the world of the gray fog in the same manner if the incantation and ritual proved effective. As such, he could then leverage all the power of this mysterious space.

If that happened, he could pray to himself, and through such a manipulative manner, he could go around the limitations, the mysteries, and the danger, allowing him to fully use the gray fog world.

For example, he could first conduct a ritual and pray to “himself” for spells. Following that, he could come above the gray fog and answer his own request and bestow it.

From the looks of it, I was being too idealistic... My understanding and control of the gray fog world has not reached that level... Klein shook his head in a self-deprecating manner and planned on leaving.

At that moment, he saw the dark red star that represented the Hanged Man begin to pulse. He heard an ethereal and formless voice spread out.

“I coincidentally chanced upon The Hanged Man’s ritual?” Klein nodded in thought.

He sat at the seat of honor of the long bronze table and extended his hand to tap on the star.

His spirituality spread as it touched the pulsing deep redness.

He heard The Hanged Man’s heavy and repeated prayers along with a blurry scene.

The Hanged Man was draped in a pure-black robe in the scene. He stood in front of four plumes of fire. The surrounding spirituality had formed a wall, isolating him from any external influence.

Klein did not immediately respond. All he did was watch and listen silently.

“...You are the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck;

“I pray for your help.”

...

After The Hanged Man finished his prayer, he waited for a while. Seeing that there was no response, he began dismantling the spirituality wall, extinguished the candles, and tidied up the altar.

Finally, he swiped his extended hand as aqueous light spread out, making the altar table look brand new.

Water-based spell... The bestowment of the Storm... The Hanged Man is indeed at least a Seafarer... Klein nodded slightly. Before the scene vanished, he responded via the method he imagined, transmitting it through the blob of dark redness.

...

Alger Wilson was situated in the Rorsted Archipelago's City of Generosity.

He had not gone with the sailors to the famous Red Cabaret. Instead, he stayed inside the hotel and sealed the door and windows shut to attempt the ritual The Fool had described.

After familiarly finishing the prayer, Alger waited patiently for a moment, but did not receive any response.

“It seems this attempt isn’t too successful... Mr. Fool needs to change methods...” He was both overjoyed, but also a little disappointed.

After everything was done, Alger planned on going downstairs for a bottle of Lanti Proof—alcohol that could aid a Folk of Rage to unleash his powers. Mandated Punishers of the Lord of Storms were rather fond of this sort of beverage.

Pulling open the door, Alger was about to walk out when his vision blurred. He saw gray fog billow in the corridor and a hazy human figure sitting in the deepest depths of the fog, as if on a high throne.

“I’m aware.” The familiar deep voice reverberated around Alger’s ears, causing him to freeze where he stood as his head slightly throbbed in pain.

Alger’s eyes suddenly turned dark. He looked around but realized that nothing had changed. There was still the same squeaky floorboard, the same aged wall candle stands, and the same unclean corridor.

I’m aware... The voice was still resounding by Alger’s ears.

His expression sank as he hit his chest lightly with his fist but

did not say any words of respect to the Lord of Storms.

After a long silence, Alger's expression was restored to normal, but his gaze seemed deeper.

...

Klein did not spend too much time above the gray fog. When all the remnant voices returned to normal, he enveloped himself in his spirituality and plunged into the gray fog, plummeting into the material world.

The lights before him flew by rapidly, like the scenes of a movie played back at a speed tens of times faster than normal. After Klein felt faint, he saw curtains that let crimson moonlight through along with the blurry outlines of the desk and bookshelf.

He picked up the silver knife again and removed the spirituality wall in the room. Then, a sudden gust of wind opened the door and went through the corridor.

He was completely relieved when he saw that there were no stirrings from Benson's or Melissa's room.

This luck enhancement ritual is really indispensable for traveling [1]... It's concealed and mystical... Klein silently murmured and closed the door again, walking towards his bed.

His mission tomorrow was to head to the underground markets for Beyond items with Old Neil.

1. This is a Chinese meme that originated from Stephen Chow's movie, "Flirting Scholar."

The exact scene: https://youtu.be/Vg_HBVOvVWk?t=4440