

Chapter 153: Final Act of Laying the Foundation

A unique wide jaw, his hair is in a bun like an ancient knight's, eyes that look at you with the intent of an icy smile... Xio Derecha was half slumped on the sofa as she scrutinized the portrait that Audrey had handed to her.

In her eyes, the man might as well have been a living, walking pile of money.

After committing the looks of the great pirate Qilangos to her memory, she proceeded to read the description written at the bottom of the page:

“Brown hair, dark green eyes.

“The portrait can only be used as a general reference as the target possesses the ability to transform into another person. It is unknown how long he can maintain the transformation.”

The portrait can only be used as a reference... The target possesses the ability to transform into another person... Only as a reference, transform into another person... Then why did I spend so much time memorizing his facial features? Xio wore a dazed look, as if it was the first time she had witnessed the evil intentions the world had for her.

She looked up and saw Fors Wall slumped languidly in a sofa opposite her. She seemed to be muttering to herself, “There’s no way to look for this person. We don’t know what he looks like. All we know is that he’s not from Backlund. There are far too many foreigners who come into Backlund every day.”

Fors attempted to sit up, but failed even after three tries.

“I’m only an Apprentice, not an Arbiter...” She pouted as she placed her hand on the armrest of the sofa, successfully pulling herself up into a sitting position.

“Does that lady think that we are prophets?” Fors jested.

Xio was about to answer when she realized that there were still footnotes she hadn’t gone through yet.

She recited them out softly, “The suggested ways of searching are as follows:

“1. Qilangos has an evil object with him. It needs to devour the flesh, blood, and soul of a living person every other day. You can consider looking for missing vagrants.

“2. Search for Qilangos’s information thoroughly and build a profile of his unique hobbies and behaviors.

“3. A person’s facial features might change, but as long as he hasn’t received any special training, he will often act like himself, such as the things he prefers to eat, his gait, actions he’s used to performing, and many other details.”

Fors nodded as she listened.

“Miss Audrey isn’t the innocent, naive teen that the rumors about her suggest. She has a meticulous heart and a calm sense of observation.”

“Is that so?” Xio asked, doubtful. She didn’t expect an answer as she changed the topic by suggesting, “I’ll be in charge of gathering the information. Can you consolidate that pile of gold pound’s, no—that admiral’s hobbies and unique traits?”

Fors opened her eyes wide open and shook the steel box containing her cigarettes.

“How can you bear to do this? How can you bear to make a dainty, sensitive author do consolidation, analysis, and deduction?”

Xio shot her good friend a glance as she exuded an air of authority without realizing it.

“There’s an interesting paragraph on deduction in your Stormwind Mountain Villa.”

Fors pulled her shoulders back and lowered her head. She looked at the coffee table as she said, “Do you know how much of my hair I pulled out, how much sleep I lost, just for that paragraph?”

She quickly lifted her head and looked at Xio Derecha, then lowered her head once again and grumbled, “Life is short. There are too many things that we need to do, why must we waste our time on such uninteresting, menial tasks?”

That’s very reasonable... Xio nearly nodded in agreement. She fought hard to keep her authority as an Arbiter.

“Then do you have any other ways to solve this problem?” She suppressed her voice, making her childlike voice sound deeper.

Fors thought for nearly twenty seconds before looking up suddenly.

“We can hire a professional! After you finish collecting information on Vice Admiral Hurricane, we shall erase the name and hand it over to an excellent detective, then ask him to do the consolidation and deduction. All we have to do is pay a fee!”

Why didn't I think of that... Xio's mind went blank. Fors and Xio looked at each other without saying anything.

When the atmosphere became awkward, she cleared her throat.

“We'll do it according to your suggestion.”

After saying this, she quickly added, “You'll pay the fee!”

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Howes Street, Divination Club.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Moretti.” The pretty receptionist Angelica looked at Klein in surprise. “You rarely come on Fridays.”

Exhausted from searching for the house with the red chimney, Klein smiled and said,

“Fate never repeats itself indefinitely. It always brings us some surprises.”

He was in the area, and the time had expired on the carriage he rented; thus, he came for a cup of black tea and some rest.

Furthermore, this would serve as the final layer of the foundations. With the new “experience” at the Divination Club, he would logically mention the application to Dunn Smith.

“Your words are always so philosophical,” Angelica praised.

Klein thought for a moment before saying with deliberation, “I might not come to the Divination Club too often in the future, so you need not recommend me to others anymore.”

He had already digested his potion, so he had to advance towards a new goal!

“Why?” Angelica said in shock and puzzlement. “You’ve already made a name for yourself in the club. Most people know that your divinations are very accurate and miraculous. In fact, we were considering getting you to come in on Sundays as a lecturer.”

If I was paid one pound for every divination I perform, then I would keep doing this regardless of how tired I was... Besides, I still have to investigate the houses with red chimneys and find the culprit as soon as possible... Klein smiled warmly.

“Madam, do not convince me to stay; this is the arrangement of fate.

“I won’t stop coming to the Divination Club entirely, it’s just that my visits will become less frequent. I’ll still pay the membership fees on time.”

I can get reimbursed for it anyway... I will come down occasionally to monitor the place... Klein added in his heart.

“How regretful. I hope that you will be at the club when I happen to be lost.” Angelica sighed.

She realized that this wasn’t as surprising as she imagined after the initial shock had passed.

Perhaps such a miraculous seer that still respected fate wasn’t someone who could be held back by a club in Tingen... Angelica smiled, as if thinking about something.

“Sibe black tea?”

“Yes.” Klein returned a smile.

He spent about twenty minutes in the club, spending the time resting, finishing his black tea before leaving the club. He took a public carriage back to Daffodil Street.

When he entered, he opened the mailbox out of habit and saw that there was a letter placed inside not too long ago.

Klein opened the letter and noticed that it was from Mr. Azik.

“...I will be heading to Morse Town on Sunday and return on Wednesday.”

Most of the citizens in Morse Town are believers of the Goddess... He’s heading there on a Sunday, which means that according to

the usual level of efficiency, the Nighthawks would only receive the information on Tuesday or Wednesday. I can make it... To think that Mr. Azik would remember my request... I hope that he remembers not to do it personally. Him summoning a spirit and doing something scary would suffice... Klein nodded slightly. He released his spirituality and burned the letter with friction.

He flicked his hand, turning the flames into ashes and allowed them to fall slowly onto the ground.

...

Saturday afternoon. Klein was wearing his black trench coat and hat. He had his cane in his hand as he walked slowly into the Blackthorn Security Company.

After greeting Rozanne, he looked at the partition and noticed that the Captain's office was open. He deliberately spoke louder, "Yesterday. I saw a girl who looked just like you at the Divination Club."

"Really?" Rozanne asked, her interest piqued.

Klein nodded without sincerity. "Yes, in fact, I thought that she was your sister."

"I'm sorry to have to disappoint you, but I have no sisters, not even cousins." Rozanne laughed. "Do you remember her name?"

"No, why would I remember her name?" Klein smiled. "Looking at her was exactly like looking at you."

“Can I take that as a compliment?” Rozanne was a chatty girl who never needed others to start the conversation. She asked on her own accord, “Klein, I would assume that you’re earning quite a bit from the Divination Club? As a true Seer, your abilities are far beyond those who take this as a hobby.”

We would still be good colleagues if you didn’t mention this...
Klein coughed.

“A Seer has to be respectful of fate. We cannot use divination to ask for abnormal privileges.”

“Are you concluding your own maxim for a Seer?” Rozanne asked out of curiosity.

“Yes,” Klein answered frankly.

After a brief chat, Klein said goodbye to Rozanne. He took his hat and walked toward the partition.

Knock! Knock! Knock! He looked at Dunn Smith, who was drinking his coffee, as he knocked on the open door.

“Please come in.” Dunn looked up at Klein and adjusted his posture immediately.

Klein had already probed the Captain over the past two days. He confirmed that Dunn Smith hadn’t mentioned the “acting method” as he was trying it out. It was clear that he was also cautious of the higher-ups of the Church.

Thus he closed the door and sat opposite Dunn. He said with a

serious, yet slightly excited expression, “Captain, I believe that I have completely grasped the Seer potion. I wish to submit a special application.”