

Chapter 132: Meeting the Monster Again

She found an excuse for her maidservant to leave them alone temporarily. Audrey locked the door and looked back at her golden retriever, Susie, who she wasn't sure could still be considered as her pet.

"You heard... Uh, or came across something?"

Susie sat steadily and howled, reverberating the air around her.

"Yes, I heard the Count's discussion with a few Members of Parliament in the study. They said that the King and the Prime Minister came to a mutual agreement; they will give up their revenge plan on the Feysac Empire in Balam's East Coast for the time being. Where's Balam's East Coast?"

Susie's terrifying speed at grasping Loen made Audrey feel mixed emotions. She fell silent for a few seconds before she said, "I'll give you a map tomorrow..."

"Okay~" Susie replied in delight. "The King and the Prime Minister believe that presently the most pertinent task is to push for the reformation, which will allow civil servants to be selected via examination. They hope to pass the bill through the House of Lords and the House of Commons before October."

"Really?" Audrey asked, pleasantly surprised.

That was the first matter that she had managed to secretly guide after she became a Spectator. Turning it into reality would give her a sense of achievement!

Susie answered frankly, “I can’t give you a definite answer. This is just what I’ve heard, I couldn’t even fully understand what they meant. After all, I’m a dog that just started to learn.”

Audrey was stunned for a moment before she beamed and said, “Susie, you did well! This is your reward!”

She took out a bag from a lavish cabinet, tore open the seal, and placed it before Susie.

It was a dog biscuit produced by the Backlund Pet Care Company which was made of flour, vegetables, meat, and water. It was a snack that Susie really liked.

Susie sat straight and sniffed. She waved her paw, seemingly deciding how she was to consume it to suit her present identity the best.

After a few seconds, she gave up thinking, adhered to her instinct, and leaped forward. She grabbed the bag of snacks and ran outside.

She stood on her hind legs and opened the door with one claw. Then ran out and hid in the shadows and began enjoying her snack.

...

On Sunday, Klein didn’t wake up until the afternoon, because he had spent the night on duty at Chanis Gate. Klein took the trackless public carriage and arrived at Evil Dragon Bar.

He had previously planned to use divination to find Monster Ademisaul and determine the reason for his recent oddity. However, he was interrupted by the loss of control of a Mandated Punisher and could only reschedule it to today.

He went through the billiard room and entered the underground market. Klein didn't need to search for he immediately saw Ademisaul shivering in a corner.

When the pale-looking young man with black, messy, oily hair sensed Klein's approach, he suddenly covered his eyes and leaned against the wall in an attempt to move towards the side door.

Klein quickened his pace and blocked Ademisaul from leaving. He tapped the left molars twice secretly.

In his Spirit Vision, Ademisaul's aura appeared rather unhealthy. All the colors seemed dim. In other words, although he didn't have any major diseases, his body was very weak.

At the same time, Klein realized that vibrant fear and anxiety were revealed in the monster's emotions. He had lost almost all of the blue that represented rational thinking.

The surface of his Astral Projection extended from the depths of his Ether Body. The color was a unified, transparent, and colorless, just like pure light. Is this the uniqueness of a naturally-born "Monster"? Klein nodded indiscernibly as he stared at Ademisaul's face and said, "What did you see recently? What did you come across? Why are you hiding in a corner and quivering while saying that there are all corpses and that everyone is dead?"

Ademisaul lowered his head and looked towards his toes. It

seemed like he didn't dare to look directly at the person before him.

He was shivering almost violently in his grayish-blue trousers and ragged linen shirt. He replied in a fluster, "No, I didn't see anything. N-no, I only had a dream. There's blood everywhere in the dream and corpses scattered everywhere. Haha! Boohoo! I was among the corpses! I was there! I'm gonna die, I'm gonna die! I don't want to die, I don't want to die!"

He laughed and he cried. His reply confused Klein.

Klein massaged his temples and lowered his voice to ask again, "Why are you afraid of me?"

Ademisaul was taken aback for a few seconds when he suddenly squatted down. He yelled in extreme fear, "No!

"No!"

...

Everyone looked over and Klein suddenly felt awkward.

I didn't do anything to you... Why are you screaming as though something happened! He laughed dryly. He saw that Ademisaul had curled up in a trembling fetal position. Besides begging for mercy, he didn't say anything else. Klein had no choice but to distance himself and pretend that he was just passing by.

Hmm, maybe I should ask Mr. Azik for advice. But he just went on vacation to the northern part of the Feysac Empire last week, and

he'll only return next Thursday or Friday. Before that, I have to first report to Captain... Klein covered his mouth as he yawned. He turned and left the underground market.

After he got his salary that week, his private stash returned to eight pounds ten soli. However, truly rare Beyonder ingredients were so expensive that he could only window shop. Of course, if he wasn't afraid of the high interest, he could get a short-term loan from Swain.

When he exited Evil Dragon Bar and waited for the public carriage, Klein considered the future developments.

In another week, the twelve pounds from my advance salary at the beginning will be cleared. The money that I bring home will finally reach three pounds a week. Melissa will have no excuse about delaying the hiring of a maidservant... The other three pounds will remain a secret, and I'll save up more money for myself...

And I have to quickly get the Telepathist formula or related clues from Dexter Guderian. I can use the excuse of giving an underling funds to exchange it for cash from Miss Justice... This could be done through an anonymous bank transfer. During the process, I'll cause interference via divination. That will be very safe and it won't reveal my identity...

...

After getting on a public carriage, Klein didn't head to the Blackthorn Security Company directly but planned on heading to the Divination Club for two hours.

It was part of the work needed to foreshadow his digestion of the potion.

Plus, Klein was now considered famous in the divination industry. There were returning customers from the past and there were also referrals. On average, he would have more than ten divinations in an afternoon.

Hence, even though he only went twice a week, he could still make a profit of half a pound. To the impoverished Mr. Fool, it was better than nothing.

Sigh, it's a pity that I made it sound too good at the beginning and fostered too perfect of an image. I can't just change my divination fees as I wish... While sitting in the meeting room at the Divination Club, Klein thought to himself helplessly as he drank his Sibe black tea.

With his present fame, people would still seek his services even if he charged four soli.

However, as a Seer that respected fate, he could only continue to charge eight pence.

Although Klein had fully digested the potion, he wasn't willing to take the risk of going against the Seer principles that he previously summarized. That included not obtaining excessive benefits from divination. After all, he didn't know if it would lead to losing control or other negative effects.

The confidential information the Nighthawks had didn't include the concept of "digesting." Thus, Klein couldn't determine if there was still risks after fully digesting the potion, or if he could do anything that was against the principle.

Just as he was thinking about these things, the beautiful attendant named Angelica came in and walked over to him. She leaned down and softly said, "Mr. Moretti, someone wishes for

your divination. Red Agate room.”

“Alright.” Klein had checked if it was a suitable day to visit the Divination Club before he came, and he had obtained a definite answer from his divination.

He took his silk top hat, exited the meeting room, and saw his customer that was waiting at the door of the Red Agate Room.

The customer was a maiden around sixteen years old. She was wearing a light blue ruffled dress and holding a gauze hat of the same color. She had brown curly hair, a cute face with baby fat, and a pair of beautiful light blue eyes.

“Elizabeth?” Klein recognized his sister’s good friend, Elizabeth, who studied at the Ivos Public School.

He had once helped pick an amulet for her and also resolved Selena’s magic mirror divination incident with her assistance.

Similarly, Elizabeth said in pleasant surprise, “Mr. Moretti, it’s really you? I was wondering if it was you when I saw the name.”

“I am a mysticism enthusiast after all,” Klein explained helplessly. Then he added, “Don’t tell Melissa. Oh, Selena as well.”

The divination result showed that it was suitable for me to visit the Divination Club! Why did I run into Elizabeth? He shook his head as he turned around to open the door to the Red Agate room.

At the same time, he clicked his left molar twice.

They entered the room slowly. After he took the seat of the diviner, he lifted his head to look towards Elizabeth.

With just one glance, his creased his eyebrows.

There was a faint layer of gloomy green in the maiden's energy field!

A symptom of being haunted by spirits and wraiths... Klein made a calm judgment and asked directly, "Have you had nightmares recently, ones with repetitive elements?"

Elizabeth, who had just locked the door and had yet to take a seat, was dumbstruck. It took her a long time to reply, "Yes... That's why I came here to look for you."

Klein leaned back and asked, "What kind of dream did you have? When did it start?"

"It began from the last two days of my vacation to Lamud Town. Oh, our family has an estate there." Elizabeth was considered half a mysticism enthusiast, so she had better memories of such situations. "In my dream, I always run into a knight in full black armor. He carries a huge broadsword and his face is fully covered by a helmet, so all I could see is a pair of glowing red eyes. In the dream, he keeps attempting to get closer to me. Afraid, I run away, but the distance shortens each and every time..."

Klein thought and asked, "Two or three days before you had such a dream, did you get in touch with any antiques, ancient ruins,

burial objects, or a mausoleum?”

Elizabeth recalled and answered, “I-I visited a mountain near Lamud Town. There was an abandoned ancient castle.”

That's a standard opening of a paranormal novel... Klein lampooned silently as he pressed on, “Did you leave anything behind in the castle? Or did you take anything from the castle?”

Elizabeth creased her beautiful eyebrows and answered moments later in uncertainty, “I got cut by brambles and bled... Does leaving blood behind count?”

Klein nodded with a mask of solemnity and answered in a deep voice, “Yes.”