

Chapter 212: Avenger

In the northern part of the Loen Kingdom, the September breeze, that had an additional coldness to it, howled through the cemetery. It was even gloomier and colder than usual.

The cold jolted Klein back to his senses as he muttered with a rueful smile, “It looks like there are still some secrets behind my transmigration...

“But it seems like I’ll only be able to resurrect another two times at most, not any more... And if I were to minced up or completely crushed, who knows if this recovery ability that doesn’t usually appear would even be useful...”

...

After half a minute, Klein buttoned his suit and realized that he was wearing his newest shirt and tuxedo, but they were now covered in soil and dirt.

...Benson and Melissa really have no idea how to save money...
The thought popped into his head. He supported his weight on his hand and flipped up into a standing position, realizing that he still had his Clown abilities.

The best elder brother... The best younger brother... The best colleague... Klein looked at his tombstone and read the inscription. He felt his heart wince, seemingly sensing the despondent feelings Melissa and Benson had experienced.

This is probably even more depressing than watching Captain die

before my eyes... He sighed and retracted his gaze. He squatted down and closed the coffin lid.

His thoughts were still scattered, but Klein knew that he had to take care of the scene as soon as possible and not let anyone notice.

Resurrection wasn't something any commoner could accept!

If the Nighthawks, Mandated Punishers, or the Machinery Hivemind learned of this, Klein believed that he wouldn't have a great ending. Of course, if it was on Earth, he could deceive the people into believing that he was the blessed one of God, the man of salvation, had he consumed the Lawyer or Swindler potions. However, in the world he was in, there was a real god, a real god that could respond to rituals!

He scraped the soil back together and covered it with the stone slab. Klein clapped his hands and stood up once again.

At that moment, the scene didn't appear strange. He was just like a gentleman who came to offer his condolences late at night. The only oddity was that the person in the photo on the tombstone looked exactly like him.

During the process of filling his grave, his spirituality noticed the existence of Azik's copper whistle. Hence, he dug it out and wiped it clean.

However, Klein didn't intend to summon the messenger immediately. He decided to figure out the situation first.

Klein lifted his left hand and saw the topaz pendant that was

still wrapped around his wrist.

"I guess this is considered a burial object?" He gave a self-deprecating laugh and took off the pendulum. He looked around, and his face grew solemn. "...Captain should be buried in this cemetery as well, I guess..."

He changed directions twice and finally determined the location of Dunn's tombstone using the pendulum.

With the moonlight's aid, Klein walked around and searched for about fifteen minutes until he finally saw Captain's monochrome photo. It had a gentle expression, high hairline, gray eyes—nothing unusual compared to before.

Under Dunn's photo was his name, date of birth, date of death, and epitaph.

The true guardian,

The most trusted partner,

The Captain forever.

Klein looked in stunned silence and somehow his sight grew blurry for some baffling reason. He felt as though he had returned to that day again. He saw the Captain turn his head to him and wink. He spoke with a mellow and relaxed voice.

"We saved Tingen."

Captain... Klein shouted in silence.

He stood there like a statue for a good few minutes until he suddenly said with a smile, “Captain, your mental state was definitely not the best that day. You even said things like you could bring Old Neil into the dreamland if he hadn’t lost control. He was a Mystery Pryer, and you’re a Nightmare. You couldn’t consume the Beyonder characteristic that he left behind. Yes... You didn’t ask me what powerful offensive attacks I had. Was it trust, or did you forget about it... But, you definitely guessed something... I only took one Sealed Artifact and said it was for Leonard. Even without a brain, you could’ve guessed that I had the extra means for a powerful attack.”

Having said that, Klein paused, then he shook his head and sighed.

“I have no idea what I am now. Maybe I’m just an evil spirit that has clawed its way back from hell to seek revenge...”

As he spoke, he suddenly stopped. His tears streamed down his cheeks and finally, he shouted softly with a choking voice, “Captain... We miss you too!”

Klein felt the cold breeze blow past him as he lifted his hands to wipe his tears and blow his nose.

He became silent again and found a hidden spot nearby. He took four steps counterclockwise and entered the world above the gray fog.

He wanted to find the person that killed him with the aid of divination. He wanted to know the murderer who triggered all of this!

As he's already appeared before me, I'm sure that I can divine some information... Klein pursed his lips tightly together and saw the lofty palace and ancient mottled table as usual.

He took the seat that belonged to The Fool. A yellowish-brown goatskin and fountain pen appeared before him.

Since his physical body in reality was under limited protection, Klein didn't delay and wrote down his divination statement after a moment's thought.

"The person who killed me."

He recited it seven times and leaned back into the chair. He entered his dream with the aid of Cogitation.

In the blurry world, there were countless points of light dancing and gathering. In the end, they formed a scene.

A pair of brand new leather boots, a pair of slightly pale hands, and the Saint Selena's urn that was held by those hands.

He looked up, and Klein saw a middle-aged man with short, dark blond hair.

He wore a black two-button suit, and one of his eyes was obviously blind while the other one was so blue that it was almost black. His facial features were like carvings, and his face had no wrinkles at all.

The image shattered and Klein woke up from his dream. His eyebrows were tightly knitted. He found his murderer very

familiar.

As a Seer, he quickly understood why he found the person familiar. It was because he had seen the man's photo on a wanted notice!

The murderer was Ince Zangwill! He was the former Archbishop of the Church of Evernight who took Sealed Artifact 0-08. He had failed to advance as a Gatekeeper!

“It’s him!” Countless images flashed through Klein’s head, and they finally stopped on the scene when Ince Zangwill picked up Saint Selena’s urn.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Klein extended his hands and rapped the edge of the long bronze table. He felt that he suddenly understood many things.

“The Captain said that a Beyonder that dies normally would leave behind a Beyonder characteristic. When gathered together, they’re equivalent to a potion that lacks the supplementary ingredients.

“In other words, as long as one knows the corresponding supplementary ingredients, they can advance using “remains”. Of course, one cannot consume beyond their level, as it would easily lead to a loss of control or going insane.

“Hmm... Becoming a High-Sequence Beyonder would require the accompaniment of some special ritual. That was mentioned in the incomplete Unshadowed formula... The subsequent advancements would require a ritual as well...

“Ince Zangwill is a Gatekeeper, a Sequence 5 from the Death Sequence pathway. He wanted to become a High-Sequence Beyonder, a Demigod. Based on the situation allowed by the exchanging of Sequences, he had three choices. One was obviously Sequence 4 in the Death Sequence pathway, second was Sequence 4 in the Sleepless Sequence pathway; and third was Sequence 4 in the God of Combat Sequence pathway, Demon Hunter.

“Saint Selena was a Saint. She was either Sequence 4 or Sequence 3. Her urn corresponds to one of the two Sequence potions... Ince Zangwill, who was a former Archbishop, definitely knew exactly which one she was, and he definitely knew the required supplementary ingredients...

“Was his true motive in planning all of this to get Saint Selena’s ashes and advance to Sequence 4 in the Sleepless pathway?

“Hmm, the skull of Death’s descendant, that might be an ingredient needed for the special ritual. It was from the Death Sequence pathway, after all.

“From the looks of it, his target was the Captain, and not me. He really was the mastermind behind all this...”

Having figured this out, Klein wrote down a corresponding divination statement. He took his pendulum and let the topaz hang above the surface of the paper.

After he recited the statement, he opened his eyes and saw the topaz pendant spinning clockwise.

It meant that the information he provided was sufficient, and the divination was successful!

It meant that Ince Zangwill had really plotted the series of events in order to get Saint Selena's ashes, to advance to Sequence 4!

Klein rapped on the edge of the table again as he mulled over a different question.

"Ince Zangwill was merely a Sequence 5 Gatekeeper. Relying on him alone, would make it impossible for him to create so many coincidences. For instance, for Megose to follow his "arrangements" and visit the Nighthawks at the correct time.

"So, is it the power of Sealed Artifact 0-08?

"Its appearance is that of an ordinary quill... Its function is to write down events that are bound to happen?

"No, it couldn't be that easy... Otherwise, Ince Zangwill could write that Saint Selena's urn grew a pair of wings and flew into his hands. Then, he could've just waited at home...

"There must be certain restrictions...

"0-08 most likely doesn't possess direct combat ability. Otherwise, Ince Zangwill could've stormed through Chanis Gate in Tingen...

"As one of the most dangerous Sealed Artifacts, perhaps it can let people act according to its description without realizing it? That was the reason behind all the coincidences?

"If that's really true, then 0-08 is quite terrifying. Even Megose who was pregnant with the son of an evil god adhered to its

arrangements... No wonder Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts are 'Extremely Dangerous.' They're of the highest importance and of the highest confidentiality. They're not to be inquired, disseminated, described, or spied..."

Klein stopped rapping the edge of the table. He divined his earlier guess, but, unfortunately, it failed due to a lack of information.

He saw that a few minutes had passed, and he planned to return to the real world as soon as possible. Hence, he didn't let his thoughts run wild but wrote down the penultimate divination statement.

"The city where Ince Zangwill currently is."

Due to the existence of Sealed Artifact 0-08 and the fact that Ince Zangwill had likely become a Demigod, Klein couldn't divine his exact location directly. He could only make a rough inquiry of the general area.

Of course, if there wasn't a mysterious space like the world above the gray fog to eliminate disturbances, he would definitely fail in divination, even if it was a rough inquiry.

He leaned against the high-back chair and recited the divination statement seven times. He dreamed again and entered the blurry world.

The blurry world suddenly cracked, and there was a wide river which was slightly murky.

There was a grand bridge above the river. Both banks had ports lined one after another. There were many goods and many

workers.

To the northeast of the river, there were rows upon rows of houses. Most of them had the Loen Kingdom's present-day architectural styles, such as polygenic roofs, oriel windows, and no verandah by the street. Other than that, there was a lot of Gothic architecture.

The streets were filled with people and carriages. From time to time, strange machinery could be seen.

The farther east he went, the more chimneys there were and the smokier it got. When he headed west, the elevation rose, and there were houses in grayish-blue, beige, and light yellow that spiraled up opulent castles and Gothic clock towers.

Gong!

The chime of a clock sounded and snapped Klein back to his senses. He knew which city he had seen.

The “Land of Hope,” and the “Capital of Capitals,” Backlund!