

Chapter 79: Another Murmuring

Klein instantly felt his hair stand on end as the icy hand tightened around his wrist. He instinctively pulled his wrist back in a desperate attempt to escape.

A heavy sensation bore down on him as Klein used every fiber of strength in his entire body to yank his arm back.

Bam!

The pale, naked corpse was yanked so forcefully to the side that it fell from the autopsy table.

However, the white, ice-cold fingers' grip remained firmly latched onto Klein's wrist.

Klein momentarily lost the ability to think; the only thought that went through his mind was to draw his revolver and riddle the corpse in holes.

However, as he could not retract his dominant hand, he threw his black cane and desperately tried to retrieve his revolver from his holster to no avail.

At that moment, the corpse's eyes rose, revealing a pair of calm, blue eyes.

His mouth moved as he muttered, "Hornacis... Hornacis... Hornacis..."

After those three words were said, Klein was completely flustered as he felt that the fingers gripping onto his wrist began to loosen before dropping limp.

The suited clown's eyes were shut once again, as though nothing had happened at all.

If the pale corpse wasn't lying on the stone floor, Klein would have imagined that he had been struck by a hallucination spell.

He staggered backwards a few steps and felt that most of his body was trembling as a result of the shock and fear.

Phew... Phew... Klein gasped for air as he slowly regained control of his mental facilities. He looked at the corpse on the ground in alarm and fear.

He drew his revolver and carefully retreated from the room, one step at a time. After confirming that the corpse was motionless, he took a glance at his wrist of the hand holding onto his revolver.

There were five deep, red finger marks imprinted on his wrist. They silently described his encounter.

Klein calmed down as vulgarities filled his mind.

*F*cking hell. I almost died from the shock!*

After panting for more than ten seconds, he began assembling items in his mind to quickly compose himself.

He carefully recalled everything that he encountered and pieced them together.

Although he did not understand the reason for the suited clown's "resurrection," he acutely noticed an important point. The corpse had repeated the words "Hornacis!"

"It's Hornacis again..." Klein knitted his brows. "The Antigonus family's notebook has records of a Nation of the Evernight in the Hornacis mountain range. While in Cogitation or Spirit Vision, I would hear sounds that I shouldn't be able to hear, and among those sounds is the word 'Hornacis'... Is the answer to all these questions on the Hornacis mountain range?... There might be massive danger lurking there. For example, an evil god might be sealed within and was using various forms of 'attraction' to achieve freedom."

While considering this, Klein carefully entered the room and touched the corpse a few times to verify that it was completely dead.

He didn't want Corpse Collector Frye to see him mess up the place, so he mustered his courage to move the corpse back onto the autopsy table.

Klein couldn't help but feel as though his heart was in his mouth throughout the process. The slightest movement could snap his tense nerves. Furthermore, the ice-cold feeling given out by the corpse felt particularly disgusting.

After finishing the mission with great difficulty, he recalled the reason he approached the corpse. Therefore, he focused on the suited clown's wrist and looked at the strange brand.

It was unknown when the brand had slipped off, shrinking into

a spherical blob of blood which had tint of blue.

The spherical blob of blood was the size of a thumb. It floated in midair silently in defiance of the laws of physics.

“What is this?” Klein muttered, but he didn’t dare to touch it rashly.

He had no intention of hiding the strange blood sphere. Firstly, he didn’t know if it was a good or bad thing. Secondly, he was certain that Frye, who had examined the corpse, would have long discovered the brand on the wrist. It was even likely that he knew what the strange blood sphere was.

And even if Frye doesn’t know, reporting it to Captain and letting the Nighthawks research it is definitely better than me making random attempts... That was Klein’s train of thought.

Being in an organization meant he had to know how to make use of the organization’s powers to its fullest.

Klein waited nervously for a few minutes before he saw the black-haired, blue-eyed, and thin-lipped Frye return.

He instantly noticed the strange blood sphere, and asked Klein a question he had previously asked himself.

“What is this?”

“No idea.” Klein shook his head honestly. He recounted what had happened without hiding anything.

“The brand slipped off into a blood sphere...” Frye nodded, seemingly deep in thought. “The corpse of a Beyonder always tends to have some strange transformations...”

He looked up and said to Klein, “Bring the Captain here. Inform him about the contents that the corpse murmured as well.”

“Alright.” Klein was already itching to leave.

“You don’t have to return with the Captain,” Frye added. “I believe you won’t like to see what happens next.”

As he spoke, he picked up a silver surgical knife beside him.

Klein nodded with some lingering fear.

“I was hoping you’d say that.”

He picked up his cane, wore his hat and hobbled over to the Chanis Gate. At the Keeper’s room, he saw the no longer frail Captain Dunn.

After Dunn heard his recollection of what happened, he nodded indiscernibly.

“I’ll report the matter to the higher ups and let the Holy Cathedral deal with it. Maybe they’ll send people to the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range to take a look.”

Klein answered briefly in confirmation. Seeing that only Sleepless Kenley and the Captain were in the Keeper’s room, he

casually asked, “Are Mr. Aiur and the others resting?”

Dunn nodded and said, “Aiur and Borgia are at Saint Selena Cathedral. Lorotta is probably looking for a coffee shop.”

“Coffee shop? Madam Lorotta hasn’t recovered from her injuries, right?” Klein asked in surprise.

Dunn massaged his nose bridge and said with a laugh, “Lorotta has three hobbies—coffee, dessert, and maidservants. She says she needs these three things to speed up her recovery.”

“Maidservants?” Klein asked, perplexed.

Does Madam Lorotta have a particular fetish?

Dunn shook his head helplessly and said, “She likes maidservants. Yeah, that’s right. Furthermore, she likes ones with big breasts.”

“...She sure is weird.” Klein had no idea what kind of expression he should show in response.

Dunn didn’t delay any further as he headed out the Keeper’s room. As Klein watched his back, he silently waited for him to turn.

Meanwhile, he noticed at the corner of his eye that Sleepless Kenley had fished out his pocket watch and opened it.

Three, two, one... The moment Klein finished counting down

silently, Dunn stopped and turned around.

“Another thing I forgot. Klein, you went through a lot today. Once you relax, you’ll feel exhausted. There’s no need for you to be here in the afternoon. Go back and get some rest. Tomorrow, I’ll submit the application listing the detailed losses.”

“Alright. Don’t worry too much about your killing of a Beyonder. Killing him was equivalent to saving more lives.”

“As a matter of fact, I’m actually feeling much better.” Klein silently exhaled.

Dunn nodded slightly and just as he turned around, he smacked himself in the forehead.

“I’ve also handed the Beyonder’s sketch to Leonard. He and the police department are in charge of the follow up investigations. I believe that the Beyonder must’ve rode on carriages, eaten food, and had somewhere to stay.

“Wherever he steps, whatever he touches, whatever he leaves behind, even unconsciously, will serve as a silent witness against him. Emperor Roselle’s words are truly sensible.”

“...Yes.” Klein answered, stupefied.

After the captain walked far away, he left the Keeper’s room and slowly walked to the second floor.

Along the way, he suddenly recalled something as he experienced an additional bout of fear.

That suited clown claimed that the Secret Order controlled the corresponding Sequence pathway of Seers... Even if he was exaggerating and they didn't have the higher Sequence potion formulas, they definitely have the lower Sequence ones.

It also means that they have a number of Seers.

Then, wouldn't they divine that I killed the suited clown and secretly exact revenge against me?

If they can't deal with the Nighthawks, can't they deal with me, a Seer without any direct measures against enemies?

Klein stopped in the stairwell and began thinking about the problem seriously. Soon, he discovered that he was worrying over nothing.

Firstly, the Secret Order doesn't know who are members of the Nighthawks.

Secondly, even if they know one or two, they definitely wouldn't include a civilian staff member like me.

Thirdly, under the present circumstances, unless they have a prophet, there's no way they can divine who the murderer is.

He heaved a sigh of relief and left the Blackthorn Security Company. He took a public carriage back to Daffodil Street.

Even though he hadn't eaten lunch yet, he still lacked the appetite.

After entering his bedroom, Klein removed his damaged suit first. Then, he took off his half top hat, got into bed and tried to go to sleep.

His mind remained active as though his entire existence couldn't relax. His mind wasn't repeating the scene of him shooting the suited clown to death, but of the scene of him moving the corpse, and that hair-raising experience.

He no longer felt uncomfortable about killing for the first time, but more of a disgust when he thought about it.

"This was probably Frye's goal. He hoped that I would approach the corpse and face it directly to overcome my trauma... But, even though the trauma from before is gone, I've been traumatized by something new..." Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh as he gradually felt his nerves calm down.

He had no idea when he dozed off, but when he woke up, his stomach was groaning in protest.

"I feel like I can eat an entire horse!" Klein muttered as he looked at the sun setting in the west as though the sky was alit.

Changing into old but comfortable casual clothes, he briskly walked to the first floor. Before he could consider what to make for dinner, he heard the door open.

Melissa... The corners of his mouth curled up at the thought.

Ever since she began taking the public carriage, his sister no longer returned home late.

The key twisted as the door opened. Melissa walked in with her bag that contained her books and stationery.

She looked at the kitchen and said, “Klein, there’s a letter for you. It’s from your mentor.”

A letter from Mentor? Right. I wrote to him asking about the relevant historical situation of the Hornacis main peak... Klein was taken aback at first before he recalled the matter.