

## Chapter 82: Herb Store

Various colors surfaced as auras and entered Klein's eyes. He casually studied Sir Deweyville's condition.

*He's very healthy; there are almost no hidden problems... His emotional state is horrendous. Amid the dullness, there's frailty... His mental state is frail? He has trouble sleeping well? But the purple aura at his head is completely fine...* Klein muttered silently to himself as Sir Deweyville walked off and left the library.

Retracting his gaze, Klein pinched his forehead and sighed inwardly.

*Being a tycoon sure isn't easy...*

He didn't pay much attention to the matter and returned his gaze onto the journal issues in front of him.

Klein didn't find a lot of clues after reading each of them. He could only confirm a few things.

Firstly, there existed an ancient kingdom on the Hornacis mountain range, as well as its surroundings. The ancient kingdom's history dated back to at least 1500 years. Secondly, their architectural style was primarily about being grand. They left behind all sorts of murals and from those murals, it could be deduced that they believed that the Evernight would protect the loved ones of the departed. Finally, in the ruins, there were symbols that represented the Evernight everywhere, but they were clearly different from the Evernight Sacred Emblem.

"If I had a chance, no— even if I have a chance, I'll never go there!" Klein muttered with clenched teeth. He vowed not to court death.

After tidying the journal articles and returning them back to their original spots, he put on his hat, lifted his cane, and left the Deweyville library.

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Divination Club.

Bogda looked at the beautiful lady in charge of receiving guests and said, "I'd like to have a divination."

Angelica smiled politely and said, "Do you have a preferred fortune-teller? Or would you like to flip through our introduction guide and choose the one that's most suitable for you?"

Bogda pressed the right side of his abdomen and gasped silently for breath while saying, "I wish to have Mr. Klein Moretti divine for me."

"But Mr. Moretti is not here today," Angelica answered with uncertainty.

Bogda fell silent for a moment as he paced a few steps and asked, "When will Mr. Moretti be available?"

"No one knows. He has his own matters to deal with. From what I've seen, he usually comes here on Monday afternoons," Angelica said as she pondered over the matter.

“Alright.” Bogda’s face darkened as he turned around, planning to leave.

“Sir, you can choose other fortune-tellers as well. For example, you can choose Mr. Hanass Vincent who is famous in Tingen City,” Angelica tried her best to prevent the loss of business.

Bogda stopped in his tracks and considered it for a moment before saying, “No, I only trust Mr. Moretti. Well, can I wait here for a moment? Perhaps he might come after he’s done with his matters.”

“No problem,” Angelica said with a warm smile.

Bogda went to the sofa and sat down. Sometimes he stroked his cane; at other times he looked out the window, clearly looking rather impatient.

Seconds turned to minutes. Just as Bogda’s mind was in a mess, unsure if he should continue waiting or leave, he heard the beautiful lady exclaim in pleasant surprise, “Good afternoon, Mr. Moretti!”

Klein saw the familiar Angelica and was just about to ask why it was always her. Did she not need to rest or take any days off?

However, he immediately took into consideration that he was a Seer, so it was not appropriate for him to ask such questions. Instead, he had to use the tone of a charlatan and say something like: “How marvelous it is for fate to compel us to meet once again, Madam Angelica.”

*Uh, would this sound like I’m hitting on her?* Klein’s mind

whirled as he finally replied with a smile, “Good afternoon, Madam Angelica.”

“A customer wishes to hire you for a divination.” Angelica pointed to Bogda who had hurriedly stood up from the sofa.

*Someone actually requested for me?* Klein took off his half top hat in pleasant surprise, pinching his glabella twice while doing so.

“Good afternoon, Sir...” He looked over when his voice suddenly came to a pause.

In his Spirit Vision, he saw the requester’s liver looking dim. It was nearly black in color. It was making the rest of his body unbalanced as his aura was thin in various places.

Klein deliberated over his words and he said in a serious expression, “Sir, you should see a doctor and not seek a divination.”

Bogda stood stunned on the spot as he immediately gave a pleasant look of surprise while muttering, “How fascinating...”

“Anna wasn’t lying to me...”

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He hurriedly looked up at Klein in earnest.

“Mr. Moretti, I’ve already seen a doctor and might have to undergo surgery. However, I’m frightened about the surgery. I

would like to divine the outcome.”

*The surgery of this era is really fraught with danger... Although Emperor Roselle had given the impetus, this era still lacks most of the necessary technology...* Klein didn't reject his request and nodded slightly.

“My divination fee is eight pence. Is that fine?”

“Eight pence?” Bogda exclaimed in surprise. “You're only charging eight pence?”

*According to Anna's description, and the performance Mr. Moretti had just shown me, I'm willing to pay at least a pound!*

*Haven't you heard of small margins with large volume?* Klein was embarrassed for a moment. After thinking for a few seconds, he calmly smiled and replied, “It is enough just being blessed with the ability to receive revelations from the divine and catch a glimpse of fate. Therefore, we must maintain our humility and suppress our greed. Only by doing so, can we continue being bestowed with our gifts.”

“You are a true seer.” Bogda held his chest and bowed, his tone filled with sincerity.

Upon receiving Bogda's praise and trust, Klein's spirituality seemed to relax. As for the description of his “principles”, it also gave him some new insight.

“Miss. Angelica, is Topaz available?” He turned to the beautiful lady beside him.

Angelica heaved a sigh of relief for Bogda as she smiled sweetly.

“Yes.”

After entering the divination room, Klein instructed Bogda to lock the door. Then, he sat behind the table and pinched his forehead.

“Shall we use tarot cards for the divination?” he inquired with a smile.

“Spirit Dowsing” was only suitable to determine matters related to him. As for drawing an astrolabe, it was too time consuming.

“I’ll leave it up to you.” Bogda had no objections.

Therefore, Klein helped him shuffle and cut the deck before laying them out in an Intis formation.

Thanks to his uniqueness as a Seer, Klein did not flip the other cards. Instead, he directly flipped the card that indicated the final result.

“A reversed Wheel of Fortune. Things will develop badly.” he said solemnly as he shot a glance.

The color in Bogda’s face drained instantly and his lips trembled.

“Is it hopeless?”

As Klein tried his best to think of a solution, he said, "Let me try a different divination method. Please leave your ring behind. Next, write your date of birth on this piece of paper. Then, please wait outside quietly."

Influenced by his gentle and comforting tone, Bogda calmed down and followed the instructions by writing down the information and leaving his ring behind.

As he watched Bogda leave, Klein wrote a sentence on the piece of paper.

"Outcome of Bogda Jones's surgery."

He picked up the ring and paper slip and leaned back into his seat before using a dream divination technique.

In a blurry and distorted world, he gradually found himself, only to see the gentleman collapse with an ashen expression. He was covered in white cloth as he was pushed out of the quaking operating room.

This time, Klein didn't encounter anything strange. He no longer felt the sense of being watched, so he quickly woke up. He knitted his brows tightly as he considered how he was going to inform Bogda about the outcome.

*The surgery may very well lead to death... I can try the restorative ritualistic magic I learned today... but that would expose the matter of Beyonders. Besides, I have to apply for Captain's approval first... Yeah, and I might not be able to treat such a severe disease...* Klein was racking his brains when he suddenly thought of something.

“Mr. Glacis’s lung disease was treated by an apothecary. He said that the medicine was extremely miraculous... What was it? Right, Lawson Darkwade, 18 Vlad Street in East Borough. Lawson’s Folk Herb Store!” As he tried his best to memorize the address back then, Klein quickly remembered the details.

He rapped the corners of the table and quickly made a decision.

After using Spirit Dowsing to quickly determine if it was a good or bad idea, Klein walked out the door. When he saw Bogda stand up in a fluster, he returned his ring to him and said warmly with a smile, “I found hope for you.”

“Really?” Bogda asked pleasantly surprised.

Klein did not reply him as he continued talking.

“Your hope lies in the East Borough, on Vlad Street. It’s related to the single term Lawson.”

“If you can’t find it, come back here again on Monday at four in the afternoon.”

“Good. Good.” Bogda nodded as he repeated himself. He excitedly fished out his wallet and produced five pence and three pennies.

He had done according to what Klein had said, without using tips to corrupt a true seer.

The corners of Klein’s lips twitched as he received the money, but he smiled brilliantly.



“I hope you will find hope as soon as possible.”

After Bogda left, he handed over the commission like the previous time and also gave Angelica tips, pretending as though he had collected a soli.

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East Borough. Vlad Street.

Bogda walked from one end of the street to the other, repeating it three times until his liver started to ache.

Finally, he determined that there was only one place that had anything to do with Lawson on the street. It was the Lawson's Folk Herb Store, numbered 18 on the street.

Mustering his courage, he walked in and caught the smell of the various herbs. He saw that the owner of the shop had black but very short hair. His face was round and he looked to be in his thirties or forties.

The boss's formal attire resembled that of a village witchdoctor. It was a deep black robe embroidered with all kinds of strange symbols.

“Hello, do you have medicine that can treat my disease?” Bogda asked politely.

The boss raised his head and swept his deep blue eyes across Bogda and smiled.

“Your liver disease is very serious, but the premise of everything is whether you have the money. Do you have enough to pay for the medicine?”

*He can tell?* Bogda suddenly felt a lot more confident as he nodded frantically.

“How much is your medicine?”

“Ten pounds. It’s a very fair price.” The boss fished out a bag of herbs from under the counter and said, “Add sufficient water and boil it into medicine. After boiling it, add ten drops of fresh rooster blood, then drink it down immediately. This bag of herbs can be cooked thrice. You will be fine after three times.”

As he spoke, he opened the yellowish-brown paper and threw in all sorts of strange herbs.

*It sounds extremely shady...* Bogda gulped down his saliva and said, “That’s it?”

The boss stared at him and immediately smiled.

“Do you still want something else? What about this bag? Once you recover from your liver disease, I can give you a guarantee that your wife will be very satisfied.”

He chuckled as he took out a black-papered bag of herbs and suppressed his voice.

“There’s mummy powder inside... Trust me, a lot of aristocrats consume this stuff. They put it in their tea or boil it as soup.”

... Bogda's confidence in the boss wavered to the point of feeling disgusted.

*I believe in Mr. Moretti...* He took a deep breath, fished out his wallet, and pulled out the two biggest notes from what little was left of his gold pounds.