

Chapter 199: Successful Toss of the Die

The beating heart, the yellowish-green liquid, the silently burning black flames, and the falling figure entered Klein's field of vision and etched themselves deeply into Klein's mind.

The most dangerous mission he had encountered up to this date had been when he was dealing with Ray Bieber who was in the midst of digesting. Even such a terrifying and dangerous monster had only resulted in severe injuries to the Beyonders on the mission. No one had to sacrifice their lives.

The deaths of the Beyonders Klein had witnessed, including Old Neil's, were all due to them losing control. The "murderer" might be strange and indescribable or related to evil gods, but they had nothing to do with the missions they undertook.

Now, he was looking at one of his partners being killed in action. The death was purely due to one mistake.

Nighthawks were fighting against madness, but so were they also fighting against danger.

There might never be an opportunity to make up for that one mistake.

Klein's thoughts erupted with a boom.

Apparently having taken a huge blow, he knelt down and lifted his right hand, firing successive shots at Madam Sharon. The silver demon hunting bullets pierced through the invisible threads and shot towards her head and transparent sleeping

gown.

Suddenly, Madam Sharon appeared to be yanked in another direction by something, allowing her to successfully avoid Klein's manic shooting.

Klein only managed to collect himself and regain the ability of rational thought when he finished firing the five bullets in his revolver, and the sound of the hammer striking an empty chamber entered his ears.

His heart tightened. Without any time to reload, he tossed the revolver to the side and took out a stack of tarot cards!

Pa!

Madam Sharon's body moved to the side and saw a card fly past her, piercing deeply into the surface of the makeup table.

She smiled, her beautiful brown eyes once again taking on a black luster.

At that moment, her waterfall like brown hair suddenly flailed into the air like it was lifted by an invisible force.

Madam Sharon froze. She wanted to dodge, but she was too slow. Klein had tossed out a "Magician" card, successfully pinning her hair to the wall.

Pa! Madam Sharon forcefully tore away her hair and rolled forward, her body quickly vanishing from Klein's line of sight.

She's turned invisible again... Klein had a tarot card between his fingers as he slowly turned around while being alert of his surroundings.

Suddenly, he realized why Madam Sharon had to give up her attack, and why she had slowed down.

If the situation had developed normally, Klein would have had no choice but to use Azik's copper whistle to deal with this terrifying demoness!

Yes! The Captain must be around here somewhere! He felt a little excited. He looked around, his gaze instinctively falling on the window.

At the same time, he made a judgment in his heart.

Madam Sharon wants to flee!

She knows that we still have a partner with the ability to drag her into a dream, but she is unsure if there would be other reinforcements from the Nighthawks, Mandated Punishers, or Machinery Hivemind!

Even though she's powerful, there's no way that she can wipe out a team of Beyonders on her own!

With that thought, Klein flicked his wrist, tossing the tarot card towards the window.

Whoosh Whoosh Whoosh! He threw out five cards in succession, three sealing the window and the other two towards the door.

Crack! Thud! Thud!

Amidst the sound of shattering glass, two tarot cards dug into the ajar bedroom door, one after the other. As he expected, Klein heard the sound of dodging.

He once again tossed cards out, making use of his Clown's intuition to pinpoint where he should be aiming.

The cards pierced through the air and rapidly advanced before drilling themselves into the sturdy wall. However, a figure was quickly outlined in the air. It was none other than the brown-haired Madam Sharon who was in a translucent sleeping gown.

The moment Madam Sharon was exposed, her eyes lost their focus, as though she was falling asleep standing.

Captain... Klein scanned his surroundings but was in no hurry to throw his cards. This was because he knew that Madam Sharon would quickly break out of the dream. He had to deal fatal damage in these two or three seconds, or their opponent would escape.

It was easy to escape from a Nightmare when there was a huge distance between them!

Bending his knees, Klein rolled forward diagonally. He went prone and extended his right hand, grabbing the edge of the Spirit Medium Mirror that was facing upward.

He then flicked his wrist before his reflection could appear in the mirror. He tossed Sealed Artifact 3-0271 towards Madam Sharon, mirror side facing her.

Madam Sharon's body trembled. The color of her brown eyes was quickly restored as they once again found their focus.

And awakening before her was a crystalline layer of sturdy frost that appeared on the surface of her body.

However, she didn't see the card, nor the demon hunting bullet approaching her. All she saw was a mirror, and that the mirror was reflecting her innocent, yet alluring beauty.

That beautiful face in the mirror suddenly became contorted. Wrinkles, gashes of blood, and rotting spots appeared on her face.

"No!" Madam Sharon let out a shrill cry as if she had just witnessed someone she loved die.

Her skin quickly took on a green color as yellow pus flowed out the corner of her eyes.

After a moment of suffering, a silent black flame burned outward from within Madam Sharon, as if she was trying to expel something.

The black flames then condensed into a thick frost, as if it was creating a coffin for an eternal rest.

The invisible threads finally took on a color that was visible to the human eye. They enveloped the frost, forming a gigantic cocoon.

Thud. Thud. Thud. Sealed Artifact 3-0271 fell onto the ground and

tumbled before stopping beside Madam Sharon's giant cocoon.

At that moment, Dunn broke through the window frame and somersaulted into the room.

He caught sight of Kenley, who had stopped breathing, and his expression sank.

It was at this moment, the cocoon cracked open. The coffin of ice crumbled an inch at a time as black flames turned into specks of light, dissipating into the surroundings.

Madam Sharon's skin had regained its normal color. Her eyes showed fatigue, but she seemed normal.

Her eyes reflected Klein who was still sprawled on the ground. She also saw Dunn Smith, his finger pressed on his glabella with his eyes closed.

A formless ripple spread outward from Dunn as Madam Sharon's eyelids drooped uncontrollably. Under Dunn's trench coat were writhing, snake-like objects.

Klein knew that the Captain couldn't restrain Madam Sharon for long, just like when they were previously fighting Monster Bieber. Klein rolled forward again, grabbed his revolver, the one he had previously tossed onto the carpet.

He grabbed three demon hunting bullets with his left hand and familiarity stuffed them into the round chambers.

Pa!

Klein closed the cylinder and stood up, taking aim at Madam Sharon with both hands on the gun. He aimed at the center of her forehead.

Bang!

He controlled his body with the abilities of the Clown and pulled the trigger.

The silver demon hunting bullet pierced through the air, accurately hitting the fixed target.

A bloody gash appeared between Madam Sharon's eyes, but the bullet seemed to tear through multiple layers of obstruction, causing it to lose the bulk of its power, rendering it unable to pierce through the target's skull.

Klein fired another two shots without hesitation when he saw Madam Sharon suddenly open her eyes.

Bang! Bang!

A rain of blood splattered amidst white dots. The stunning beauty that was Madam Sharon had become a mutilated corpse that would incite nightmares in every man.

She had long run out of "substitutes" to use.

Phew. Phew. Klein lowered his arms and panted heavily. Madam Sharon, with only half her head left, slumped onto the ground. She still had an exceptional figure, her skin still white and tender.

Dunn straightened himself up and opened his eyes. He, too, lowered his hand from his glabella, his face a little pale. He wasn't injured, but he looked as though he had lost a lot of blood.

"If it wasn't for the fact that she wanted to kill a few people before she tried to escape; if it wasn't for Sealed Artifact 3-0271 reflecting herself by chance, we probably would've only been able to injure her..." Dunn slowly walked forward to Klein's side, his voice unusually low.

If it wasn't for how unique I was, I would've died along with Kenley in the first ten seconds of the battle... Klein turned to look at Kenley who was silently lying on the black ash. He exhaled.

"Captain, Kenley..."

"I know..." Dunn replied with a raspy voice. "I made a mistake. I was fooled by Madam Sharon. I didn't expect her to secretly escape from the dream."

He paused, then he said in a serious tone, "But you have to get used to this. It's normal for Nighthawks to die during missions. Perhaps the next one to die would be me."

Klein fell silent, not knowing how to reply. Kenley still had his eyes open, staring blankly at the ceiling.

"May the Goddess bless you. May you find true peace." Dunn walked over to Kenley's side and drew a crimson moon on his chest.

He then squatted and closed his partner's eyes.

May the Goddess bless you. May the serene night no longer harbor any danger or madness... Klein also drew the crimson moon as he prayed silently in his heart.

A few seconds later, he forcefully retracted his gaze and asked in a heavy voice, “Captain, should I channel her spirit now?”

Dunn nodded indiscernibly.

“Don’t attempt to ask about the Primordial Demoness. That’s very dangerous. I’ll guard you and prevent any accidents from disturbing you.”

Klein didn’t tarry. He took out the various ingredients and quickly set up an altar, starting the mediumship ritual.

After reciting the incantations, he took a step back and used a Dream Divination.

“Madam Sharon’s partners-in-crime.

“Madam Sharon’s partners-in-crime.”

...

After reciting the statement seven times, Klein entered a dream. He saw Madam Sharon’s soul within the hazy world.

He reached out to the transparent, ethereal soul, and the scene before his eyes changed.

It was a night scene. Madam Sharon, who was wearing a long black robe, handed an ancient bronze book over to Instigator Trissy. She laughed a little manically after hearing the latter's doubt over the term "Witch."

"Weren't you always curious? Curious about why our upper echelons are all female..."

So it really was the Demoness Sect... Leonard's guess accurately matches the truth; he really does have a huge secret... The corresponding Sequence 7 for Assassin and Instigator is Witch? What a trap... Klein thought to himself.

The scene immediately changed. Klein saw a vast hall with narrow windows all around the place, and a lady clad in a pure white robe.

Her back was facing Madam Sharon as she said with a smile, "We can reach sainthood as long as we advance towards the Primordial. We can attain power, attain salvation, and avoid the end of days."

Madam Sharon lowered her head and asked curiously, "Why must we become women? Is it because the Primordial is a woman? Do women symbolize destruction and calamity?"

The lady whose back was facing Madam Sharon answered calmly, "No, men are the same, they are the synonym of war. These are two similar pathways."