

## Chapter 143: The Fool's Real-Time Translator

Klein paced around the small shooting range as he pondered over the intent of the Church of Evernight regarding the Seer pathway.

*Do they not want Nighthawks to choose this pathway, or do they not want Beyonders to become powerful through this pathway? As such, they only revealed the Sequence 9 Seer which is clearly a support type? Captain also mentioned that the Holy Cathedral might have the subsequent recipes...*

*No, they didn't even provide the names of the potions for Sequence Numbers 8 and 7 in the confidential information that I read. They merely described the battle characteristics of each Sequence... In other words, they don't want those under them to realize that the Church might hold the actual formulas.*

*Is there a possibility that Nighthawks who chose this pathway could become "vengeful spirits" for the Antigonus family, and thus, the higher-ups of the Church made a decision like this? Or could there be some other reason?*

Klein suddenly felt incredibly suspicious, a sense of intense wariness and vigilance, towards the higher-ups of the Church. He began reconsidering whether he should openly hand over the special application to become a Clown.

*If there are some terrifying secrets behind this, wouldn't I be jumping into the fire myself? Frankly, I'm not a person that can be placed under strict investigation...*

*But the Tingen branch has handed the Clown potion formula over*

to the Church. Any Seer who learned of this would hope to advance. Isn't that normal? Sequence 8 is still considered a low Sequence, so it shouldn't invite too much attention...

*The only problem is that I would only take a month to completely digest the potion and submit a special application. If the higher-ups are familiar with the "acting method," they would be able to realize what I did immediately... Of course, I do have an excuse; I know Spirit Medium Daly after all. Old Neil, who is strict in abiding by the Mystery Pryer's maxim, is also my friend. The claim that I gained inspiration from them and refined the "acting method" isn't too hard to believe.*

*Yes, even Daly received attention from the higher-ups only after showing signs of digesting a Sequence 7 potion in three years, and is now being nurtured to become a future Archbishop. Being at the stage of Clown shouldn't garner me too much attention—unless I fully digest the Clown potion in a few months, giving them confirmation to believe that I have truly mastered the "acting method"...*

*In other words, applying for the Clown potion isn't a risky move. I can continue with that plan, but I should pay attention to this in the future. Sigh, I'll have to take things one step at a time. I'll do a divination back at home.*

Klein collected himself and took out his revolver from his holster before carrying on with his daily shooting practice and maintenance.

The quality of the revolver that he had gotten from his schoolmate, Welch, was unexpectedly good. Without any surprise, it would last for quite some time. Of course, he had to credit Dunn and Leonard for teaching him how to maintain a revolver.

*To be honest, it doesn't matter if it's damaged. These are all things I can request compensation for.* Klein looked at the target, put away his revolver, and left the Shooting Club.

He took the public transport back to 2 Daffodil Street. Before arriving at his destination, he saw a young lady pacing about his door.

This lady was dressed in a blue lacy dress, as well as a thinly veiled hat. She was Melissa's classmate—Elizabeth who had her adorable baby fat.

She quickly approached when she saw Klein arrive, taking off her hat to reveal her joyful face.

She paused for two seconds before smiling.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Moretti. I'm guessing that you just came back from Lamud Town, right?”

*I'm sorry, I came back in the morning...* Klein smiled.

“No, I came from Zouteland Street.”

*Yes, that was a very honest answer...* He laughed to himself.

Elizabeth froze for a moment, then said with excitement, “Alright, I guessed wrongly. I came to look for you because I wanted to tell you that I didn't have that nightmare last night. I no longer dreamed about the knight in black armor! This was exactly the same as the result of your divination!”

*Of course—that wraith was completely purified by Sealed Artifact 3-0782. I couldn't channel his spirit even if I was there, much less your dream...* Klein laughed and replied gently, "I'm happy that you're freed from your troubles. I'm also very satisfied with my divination yesterday."

"Thank you, thank you once again! Alright, I have to go now, I still have lessons in the afternoon. Bye bye, Mr. Moretti. I'll visit Melissa when I have the time~" Elizabeth left joyfully, renting a carriage by the side of the road.

As the carriage began to roll forward, she smiled and thought proudly, *Melissa definitely doesn't know how great her brother is...*

...

*It seems as though my explanation just now was useless. Young ladies would rather trust their intuition and the truths made up in their minds...* Klein saw Elizabeth board the carriage and opened the door to his house. He made his way to his room.

He rested for a while before he began to consolidate everything that had happened over the past week, including the questions he had yet to resolve.

After completing the task, he burned his notes, took out his pocket watch, and opened it.

"Half past two? There's another fifteen minutes left..." Seeing that he still had time, Klein put on his oldest suit and headed to Smyrin Bakery at Iron Cross Street to buy a cup of sweet iced tea from Mrs. Wendy.

He drank his beverage as he returned, then sealed his room with a wall of spirituality at fifteen minutes to three. He then took four steps counterclockwise and entered the world above the gray fog.

In the quiet, ancient palace, Klein conjured a piece of goatskin and wrote down a divination statement: "I should obtain the Clown potion through the Nighthawks."

He put his pen down and untangled the spirit pendulum on his wrist. He grabbed the pendulum firmly with his left hand, allowing the topaz to be suspended right above the piece of paper.

He recited the statement seven times. His eyes darkened and the pendulum in his hand started to turn. It turned clockwise.

*It's a positive answer, so it's appropriate. But it'll be hard to say for the sequences after Clown. I should seriously develop my Tarot Club...* Klein did another divination to confirm the answer.

After this, he used his hand and pressed down on the dark red star representing the Sun.

He wanted to bring the youth from the City of Silver in early and ask if he revealed whatever had happened in this world to the six-member council. If he hadn't, then Klein would give him a better way of knowing what time the gatherings would start.

...

In a room of the Berg household in the City of Silver.

Derrick sat silently by the side of his bed, waiting for The Fool's summoning.

In order to avoid being near anybody, he didn't even go out of the house after he "returned." He had nearly finished all the food in his room.

Bearing with the hunger and hearing the growls of his stomach, Derrick felt as though he was a living corpse roaming around on a dark plain. However, he remained silent nor did he stand.

At that moment, he saw a dark red color spread in the air, quickly swallowing him.

The gray, boundless, cold, lonely world appeared in his field of vision once again. Seated at the seat of honor, The Fool, who was obscured by the thick fog, presented himself in front of him once more.

Klein was satisfied that his "summoning" wasn't interrupted. He also confirmed that he didn't face any immediate danger.

"Sun, we meet again," he said smilingly, using Jotun.

Derrick was shocked by what had happened. He lowered his head.

"You are a Fool who keeps his word."

"The other members will arrive in a while. Before that, I'll confirm a few things with you first." Klein used the Loen language this time, but willed the mysterious space to translate

it into Jotun.

The words rang through the air, coming to Derrick in Jotun. He asked curiously,

“What’s the matter?”

*Well, now that I’ve gained a certain degree of mastery over Jotun, the mysterious space above the gray fog can translate whatever I say in real time. This means that I won’t have to worry about Justice and The Hanged Man not understanding whatever Sun says... Sigh, why does a boss like me have to work so tirelessly?* Klein pinched the bridge of his nose. He laughed and shook his head.

“I’ll permit you to recite my name; remember the incantations I’m going to tell you.”

“The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era, the mysterious ruler above the gray fog; the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck”

Derrick’s pupils constricted when he heard that, but he didn’t dare to get distracted. He recited it over and over again in his heart, then confirmed it with The Fool.

“You have to use a simple ritual and recite my name whenever you return to the City of Silver... I will notify you in advance for future gatherings. You need not pay too much attention to it on other days, nor do you have to avoid anyone. When you receive my notification, isolate yourself within a thousand heartbeats.” Klein told him the method he had been deliberating on for quite some time.

This was essentially a response to a prayer.

As he had to consider the situation regarding the City of Silver, as well as save time, Klein opted to omit the other steps of the ritual since it was a plea directed toward him.

“A thousand heartbeats?” Derrick muttered to himself.

Klein described the general idea of the Tarot Club to Derrick, then took out his pocket watch and looked at the time.

Derrick froze for a while, instinctively looking at the wondrous item.

When three approached, Klein extended his hand and pressed on the dark red stars representing Justice and The Hanged Man.

Derrick didn't blink as he witnessed this. He saw light burst forth opposite and beside him, as two hazy figures extended from within.

Audrey Hall surveyed her surroundings and froze suddenly. She then heard the ever-calm voice of Mr. Fool.

“This is our newest member, his code name is Sun.”

“This is Miss Justice, and that is Mr. Hanged Man.”

Newest member? Audrey was shocked at first, then her shock immediately turned to joy.



She was very excited to see the development of the Tarot Club. She felt like a protagonist.

The Hanged Man Alger creased his brows, a little upset that The Fool would drag in a new member so suddenly.

*He should've at least mentioned it to us... But a great figure like Mr. Fool wouldn't have to care about our feelings...* He thought in exasperation before giving a simple greeting to Justice and Sun.

In this short process, Audrey entered the her Spectator state and paid close attention to the newest member Sun.

“He should be quite young... His body language tells me that he's a little nervous and restrained... But he ultimately maintains a tolerable air of silence, giving the feeling of, hmm, a lone wolf, yes, a lone wolf...” Audrey thought as she cast her gaze at The Fool who was seated at the end of the long bronze table.

She said in joy, “Mr. Fool, I've collected another two pages of Emperor Roselle's diary.”