

Chapter 131: Transaction

Mr. A? That sounds more like a code name for a criminal rather than a powerful man of mystery. It can't be compared to The Fool at all... No, only gods or demigods can be compared to Mr. Fool... Audrey felt a sense of superiority as she thought about this.

She looked calmly at Mr. A and spoke to Fors and Xio Derecha with a hushed tone, "Are there any stories about this man?"

The hooded Viscount Glaint was equally curious.

Xio Derecha replied sternly, "There were several such incidents in the past. Sequence 8 Beyonders, some even at Sequence 7, have targeted and tried to deal with Mr. A, but they've all mysteriously disappeared."

"So he truly is a powerful Beyonder," Glaint marveled.

They walked into the room as they spoke. The guards immediately closed the door behind them.

After adjusting to the gas lamp's light in the room, Audrey saw two blackboards with several phrases written across them right in front of her.

At that moment, Fors, who had an unlit cigarette in her hand, whispered, "Those are the requests of the members of this gathering. You should be able to understand that many people do not wish for others to know what they possess to avoid being a target of greedy people. Thus, they write their requests, or what they are selling, as well as the rough price on the blackboards

anonymously.”

Audrey nodded. She didn't care to observe the members of the meeting; instead, she shifted her gaze to the words on the left board.

“I need a pair of eyes from a mature Manhal Fish.”

“The dust left behind by vengeful spirits, 165 pounds.”

“Three pages from Emperor Roselle's notebook, 20 pounds.”

Audrey couldn't maintain the state of her Spectator when she saw that. She was as shocked as she was excited.

These prices... these prices are too... too cheap! She thought in excitement and joy.

As she walked, her gaze shifted as she saw other notices.

“Tears of an Infant flower, 200 pounds.”

“Mummy Powder, 10 grams, 5 pounds.”

“Murloc Slime, 30 ml, 29 pounds.”

“Formula for Sequence 8 potion Sheriff, 450 pounds.”

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Too... just too cheap! The Beyonder ingredients all cost less than 300 pounds! Audrey's eyes sparkled as she found a place to sit together with her companions.

Xio Derecha leaned over and whispered into her ear, "Do you have anything you want?"

Audrey breathed heavily. Emperor Roselle's famous quote flashed through her mind: "I want it all!"

She had two elder brothers, rendering her eligibility to inherit the aristocratic title and the main portion of the inheritance null. But as a lady adored by her parents and brothers, she had property, farmland, pastures, mines, jewelry, stocks, and bonds to her name. Together, they were valued at 300,000 pounds.

This was a part of her inheritance, but she only possessed them in name before her father, Earl Hall, passed away, or when she got married. Every year, she received a corresponding amount from a trust fund.

But even so, she could receive 15,000 to 25,000 pounds a year, making her one of the richest women among the nobles in the entire Loen Kingdom.

Of course, she had expenses she couldn't avoid as a noble. And now that she was receiving annual payouts, she could no longer pester her parents for money all the time.

She controlled herself and answered with reservation, "For the time being, I have my sights on Emperor Roselle's notebook. I

adore him, and I think that the special symbols and literature he created hold a mysterious power; it's just that we haven't found the correct way to decipher them."

Audrey, you are becoming more and more hypocritical... She added in her heart.

Just as she had said that, a young man in a white shirt sitting near them stood up excitedly. He agreed with Audrey, "Yes! That's true! I've finally met someone who shares the same opinion as me!

"I'm the person with the three pages of the notebook, and I can sell them to you right now!"

Audrey was at a loss at first before she replied with a smile, "Then please allow me to express my gratitude."

She took out a pair of 10-pound notes and handed them over to the man, then received the three pages of Emperor Roselle's diary in exchange. Of course, no one here knew that they were part of his diary, and thus everyone generally called them his notebook.

Audrey flipped through the pages after she received them and confirmed that the writing was similar to the previous pages that she had come across.

She put away the diary and asked Xio and Fors softly, "Who can I look for if the notes are fake? Mr. A?"

"Yes, Mr. A will not allow any fraud to take place in his gathering. And I could help you mediate this privately too," Xio

Derecha replied eagerly.

“I understand.” Audrey entered her Spectator state and surveyed the Beyonders and Beyonders-to-be around her.

There were many people looking over because of the excitement of the young man just now. They were observing Audrey and Glaint, some making it obvious while others were more discreet, but Audrey and Glaint's hoods covered their features well.

There are sofas and chairs strewn all around the venue, all facing the board. The material of the furniture is rather normal, indicating that the person who gathered them here, Mr. A, isn't a noble and doesn't care much about the venue... Yes, with the confidence he displayed, he need not be overly pretentious with the venue... Audrey looked around and calmly observed.

Mr. A looks at all the ladies present, his gaze often lingering on those who have above-average looks... He's lecherous... Why is he looking at me so frequently? Can he see through my robe?

Audrey was shocked at this deduction. She felt disgusted, as if she had just eaten a fly.

But her worries quickly eased, for she noticed that Mr. A was not looking at her body or the bodies of the other ladies...

This means that his eyes cannot see through fabric directly. His sense of sight is exceptional. It's as if he's observing me at a close distance. With that ability, the hood won't achieve much. Audrey calmly observed the rest of the people engaging in their own deals and got an understanding of the circumstances of some of the people there.

At that moment, Mr. A's facilitator walked over and whispered to Audrey's group, "You can write your requests on a piece of paper and pass them to me, or wait till the break later to write whatever you want to sell on the blackboard in the small room."

Fors took a whiff of her cigarette and surveyed the surroundings cautiously. "Have you considered which Sequence 9 formula you want?"

She had kept her promise and told Audrey and Viscount Glaint about all the Sequence pathways she knew of.

Audrey pretended to think before saying, "Spectator, I want to become a Spectator. And, I also want the advancement of Spectator, the Telepathist."

She considered the fact that she would have to come into frequent contact with Fors and Xio Derecha in the future, making it highly possible that they would realize that she was a Beyonder, a Spectator. Thus, she decided to take this opportunity to reveal this to them and completely conceal the fact that the Tarot Club existed.

Even though I'll be wasting some money, it'll still be worth it...
Audrey praised herself.

At the same time, she noticed that Xio Derecha was looking at the blackboards from time to time, her expression was that of desire and depression.

Xio told me that the corresponding Sequence 8 to Arbiter was Sheriff. She's looking at the 450-pound price tag? Well, it's obvious that she wants the formula for Sheriff...

She's already been an Arbiter for more than a year, and she has been unknowingly acting the role of an Arbiter. Her potion should have been digested already...

All these details tell me that Xio lacks money!

As Audrey was deducing all of this, Viscount Glaint revealed his choice.

“Apothecary, I want the formula for Sequence 9 Apothecary!”

Feeling the gazes from Audrey, Fors, and Xio, he explained himself with a chortle, “To me, health and not having to worry about major illnesses and harm is the most important thing!”

“A rational decision. I once dreamed of becoming an Apothecary.” Fors sighed while smiling.

She had a rather languid demeanor.

After making the decision, Audrey and the rest wrote their requests on pieces of paper and handed them over to the facilitator. They looked on as the facilitator made his way around the venue and asked the other participants, collecting several other slips of paper.

This facilitator then shuffled the notes and handed them over to his partner in charge of the blackboards, asking him to transcribe the information onto them.

“I need the formulas for potions Spectator and Telepathist, the price will be negotiated face-to-face...”

The facilitator would repeat the request three times after he wrote it onto the blackboard. If someone was interested, they could apply for a room in secret. There would be facilitators helping them complete the deal.

After waiting for a while, Audrey and Glaint didn't receive a request for a deal. They were rather disappointed.

At this moment, a facilitator walked over to Audrey's side and handed her a folded piece of paper.

"It's from Mr. A," the facilitator said softly.

Audrey unfolded the slip of paper and took a look.

"Are you interested in the formulas of other Sequence 9 potions?"

Audrey curled the ends of her mouth disdainfully and wrote on a blank spot: "I am only interested in Spectator."

She folded the piece of paper and handed it back to the facilitator, then watched as he passed it back to Mr. A.

Mr. A took a glance and didn't say anything, continuing to look over the rest of the members silently.

But Audrey sharply noticed that he had secretly burned the piece of paper and allowed the ashes to fall to the floor.

Fifteen minutes later, Mr. A said, "Now we will have a break. You can interact with other participants freely."

At this moment, the young man who sold Emperor Roselle's diary approached Audrey and said in excitement, "I have already deciphered a portion of Emperor Roselle's special characters and tattooed them onto myself, allowing me to gain some remarkable abilities.

"Are you interested?"

Audrey suddenly recalled that she had asked Mr. Fool if the special characters in Emperor Roselle's diary possessed any unique abilities. Mr. Fool's answer was that they were useless unless a deity suddenly took interest in them.

She looked at the young man in front of her and thought for a moment. She then probed, "What remarkable abilities?"

The young man answered excitedly, "I have become stronger and more healthy!"

Audrey looked at him in pity. "I'm sorry, I have more trust in my own research."

In the remaining time, she continued observing those who came to this gathering, but didn't obtain any more information. All she had was a rough deduction that some of them were doctors or lawyers, ordinary occupations.

Audrey and the rest left the venue after another half an hour and returned to Viscount Glaint's mansion as they waited till the ball ended.

Audrey returned home at about 10 that night. She was about to get her maidservant to prepare some hot water when she saw

her dog Susie shoot her a look.

My dog just shot me a look... Audrey's emotions became complicated.