

Chapter 95: The Suppliant

“A prayer?”

Klein’s mind stirred as he used the same method he used back when he spied on The Hanged Man. He allowed his spirituality to spread outward and touch the crimson blob.

A hazy and contorted image appeared within his sight. He could faintly see a blond teen kneeling on the ground, facing a pure crystal ball.

That teenager was dressed in a tight-fitting black outfit, with a style very different from the contemporary styles of the Loen Kingdom. It was more congruent with the traditional clothing of the Feysac Empire and the Intis Republic that Klein had seen from reading magazines.

The area surrounding the teenager was dark and had old furniture. From time to time, the room would be illuminated, but Klein couldn’t hear the roaring thunder or the pattering of rain.

In the image, the teenager had his hands on his forehead, fingers crossed. He bowed forward, continually praying for something. His thick accent buzzed in Klein’s ears.

Klein listened attentively but discovered an awkward fact.

He couldn’t understand what the other party was saying. It was a language that he had never come across in his life!

...To think that I cannot understand a foreign language even though I am the mysterious ruler of this world above the gray fog... Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh. He indignantly tried listening in once again in a manner more attentive than when he had to do English listening comprehension tests back on Earth.

As he was listening to the prayers, he gradually discovered something.

Even though he had never learned the language the young man was speaking, he found that it had similarities to Ancient Feysac!

Father... Mother... Those are likely the meanings of those two terms, right? It is quite similar to Ancient Feysac, but not without its differences... Klein creased his brows and slipped into deep thought. Ancient Feysac was a common language in the Fourth Epoch. It is also the root language of all the contemporary languages of this era. Furthermore, it is still evolving... I cannot confirm it right now...

He listened to it over and over again, eliminating the possibility of the language being a modern language like Loen, Feysac, or Intis.

Could it be a dialect of Ancient Feysac? Like the language used in the Antigonus family's diary? Klein tapped his finger on the edge of the bronze table and nodded indiscernibly. There was another possibility. Ancient Feysac didn't spring into existence out of nothing, it was an evolution of Jotun, the language of the Giants... The Feysac Empire in the north has always claimed that its people possesses the bloodline of the Giants. Perhaps, this is ancient Jotun.

At this point, Klein, who lacked knowledge, could only stop. He

retracted his spirituality, without looking or listening in to that scene.

He had no intention of pulling the praying teen up above the fog immediately. He wanted to know what the young man was talking about first.

Of course, before that, he had to observe him frequently and conduct basic ‘tests’.

Phew. Klein exhaled as he leaned back in his chair.

He enveloped himself with his spirituality and simulated the feeling of falling.

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After “revising” Roselle’s diary, Klein changed into his formal wear and left for the Divination Club.

He took the public transport despite his pay rise, but he did splurge to support Mrs. Wendy’s business. He spent 1.5 pence on sweet iced tea to combat the afternoon heat.

When he arrived at Howes Street, Klein tossed the empty cup into the trash can and walked up to the second floor.

Before entering the building, he pinched his glabella and activated his Spirit Vision.

Klein had just entered the hall when he felt a faint, lingering

grief.

The pretty receptionist Angelica was sitting there; her slightly red eyes looked unfocused.

“The grief will pass in time,” Klein said with a gentle and firm tone as he walked toward Angelica.

Angelica looked up abruptly and muttered, clearly confused, “Mr. Moretti...”

She quickly came to her senses and asked, perturbed, “Y-you already know about Mr. Vincent?

“Oh right, I forgot that you’re an exceptional fortune-teller.”

Klein sighed appropriately.

“I only managed to divine a very rough outline of what transpired... Just what exactly happened to Mr. Vincent?”

“The boss told us that Mr. Vincent had a heart attack in his sleep and left this world peacefully.” Angelica cried as she said, “He was so friendly, so polite, a true gentleman. He was the spiritual mentor of so many of our members. H-he was still so young...”

“I am sorry for bringing up this sad topic.” Klein didn’t console her any further. He walked toward the meeting room slowly.

Angelica took out a handkerchief and wiped her eyes and nose. She then looked at Klein’s back and asked loudly, “Mr. Moretti,

what would you like to drink?"

"Black tea." Klein preferred black tea to coffee, even though he found the black tea average.

In comparison, he preferred ginger beer and sweet iced tea. But as a gentleman, it was not right for him to act like a child in a formal setting...

As it was a Monday, there were only five or six members in the meeting room. Using his Spirit Vision, Klein saw that they each had different colors of emotion. Some were grieving, some more dull, some relatively unaffected.

They're all rather normal... normal reactions. Klein nodded slightly. He picked up his cane and found a spot in the room.

He was about to deactivate his Spirit Vision when he saw Angelica walk in and walk towards him.

"Mr. Moretti, a customer is looking for you. Well, it's the person from last time," the beautiful lady said with a hushed tone.

"You still remember him?" Klein asked with a smile.

Hmm, I wonder if he bought the magical medicine as I instructed... I wonder if he still needs surgery...

Angelica covered her mouth and said, "He was the only person who was willing to wait an entire afternoon in the club for a divination."

Klein grabbed his cane and stood up. He walked outside without saying anything.

In the reception area, he found the person who had sought his services the other day. He also noticed that the aura near his liver had regained its normal color. His overall health had also improved.

“Congratulations, the feeling of being healthy is wonderful indeed.” Klein smiled as he extended a hand.

Bogda was first taken aback before he immediately extended both hands. He grabbed Klein’s right palm tightly.

“Mr. Moretti, you truly can ‘see’ my condition!

“Yes, I have fully recovered! The doctors asked me questions over and over again, ran repeated tests on me, but they cannot believe that I recovered just like that!”

Upon hearing Bogda’s ecstatic description, Klein calmly confirmed one thing—the apothecary at Lawson’s Folk Herb Store was definitely a Beyonder!

He had seen how severe the man’s liver disease had been. Fully healing him in the span of a few days was beyond the capability of herbs and medical ability. The only possible explanation was that of a Beyonder!

Coupled with the incident with Glacis, there could only be one answer.

"I have to repent to God. To think that I would suspect you, suspect that miraculous doctor." Bogda refused to let go of Klein's hand. He continued on about his shame and gratitude, "...those ten pounds were truly money well spent. It bought my life back!"

What? Ten pounds? You spent ten pounds on the miraculous medicine? And you only gave me eight pence for my divination... Just eight pence... eight pence... pence... Klein was dazed just hearing about it.

At this moment, Bogda released his hands as he took a step back while beaming. He bowed reverently and said, "I am here today to express my gratitude. Thank you, Master Moretti. You showed me the way and saved my life.

"This was the outcome of you paying to have something divined. You need not thank anybody." Klein lifted his head slightly and looked at the divide between the wall and the ceiling. His answer fully expressed the vibes of a charlatan.

"You are a true seer," Bogda praised. "Next, I'll be heading to Vlad Street to thank that apothecary and buy the medicine he recommended."

"Haven't you already recovered?" Klein expertly hid the shock in his voice.

Bogda looked around, and laughed when he confirmed that the receptionist was not paying attention to them. He chuckled softly and said, "The doctor mentioned a concoction of herbs that includes mummy powder. It is a prescription that would satisfy both men and women... I didn't believe the doctor back then, but I have no more doubts now."

...There's a prescription like that? Klein suddenly felt that the

apothecary was a cheat, and suspected if he had pushed the person in front of him into a fiery pit of doom.

He observed Bogda and confirmed that there was no problem with his aura.

“Mummy powder?” Klein cautiously asked.

“Yes, mummy powder. I have asked a friend, he said that even the nobles of Backlund are maniacally looking for such an item. It’s a powder made by grinding mummies which gives men peak performance in bed. Even though it’s disgusting and sounds dirty, it truly is a material used by the aristocrats...” Bogda gave a detailed description. He had an eager desire in his eyes.

Mummies? Mummies made from corpses? Then grinding them to powder? Klein was dumbfounded. He nearly retched in front of Bogda.

Those nobles sure are hardcore... Just as he was about to advise Bogda against doing so, Glacis, who had suffered from a lung disease previously, stepped into the door and heard Bogda’s description.

“Yes, it’s very effective. I would recommend that you head to Lawson’s Folk Herb Store at Vlad Street. Mr. Lawson’s secret recipe is very effective!” Glacis took off his spectacles and leaned over with interest. He recommended with a hushed tone, “My experience was very, very, very perfect.”

“You know of it too? I was just about to head to Mr. Lawson’s Folk Herb Store.” Bogda’s worries vanished completely.

After a short conversation, he left the Divination Club in a hurry.

Up until then, Klein was still a little dumbfounded.

He waited till twenty past five in the afternoon before putting on his hat and picking up his black cane. He took a carriage down to Vlad Street, intending to observe the apothecary named Lawson Darkweed before deciding if he should notify the captain or not.

...

18 Vlad Street.

Klein stood outside the herb store and saw the closed door, as well as a subletting notice.

...Quite a wary man... he muttered silently.

Since this had happened, he no longer had to be troubled or perform any observations.