

Chapter 76: Dealing With The Aftermath

Bang!

The silver bullet traversed the short distance of a few meters and accurately bore into the suited clown's neck. Large amounts of blood spewed out, dyeing his skin and bow tie red.

The suited clown was unable to let out a cry as his throat seemed to produce sounds of him gasping for breath. He wished to raise his arm to divert the fatal wound, but his joints appeared to be filled with glue. His motions were slow and jerky.

Bang!

Having entered a half-Cogitation state, Klein was not stunned by the appearance of blood. He pulled the trigger once again calmly, as though it was his usual daily practice.

A grisly hole appeared on the suited clown's forehead as crimson red spewed out. The luster in his eyes dimmed as the intricate revolver's might was far higher than what Klein had imagined to be.

As his knees buckled and his arms hung down, the suited clown gradually fell to the ground. His eyes were frozen with a dazed look.

His body convulsed a few times before it slowly relaxed and stopped moving.

Having delivered a headshot, Klein turned around in a cool manner. He spun his revolver and allowed the empty shells to fall down.

Then, dressed in his black formal suit and halved top hat, he walked towards Aiur Harson. He pulled out the final silver demon hunting bullet in his pocket and inserted it into the revolver's chamber.

The reason why he did not turn back to look at the suited clown's tragic fate was solely because of his discomfort with his first kill. However, it was necessary. He did not know what would happen if the suited clown was under the full control of the puppet.

Furthermore, he did not dare risk entering Sealed Artifact 2-049's effective range. After all, no one knew if something odd would happen that prevented his self-rescuing luck enhancement ritual to fail.

As for the items on the suited clown, Klein only cared if there was the so-called Clown potion formula or the relevant clues. However, this was not something he was in a hurry to carry out. In a while, he could do it together with Dunn, Aiur, and company. If the Nighthawks had it, it also practically meant that he had it. There was no way that they would be unwilling to share the potion formula of Sequence 8. At most, he would be required to accumulate his contributions over time. After all, he had only become a Seer recently; it would still be a long time until he fully digested it.

As his thoughts churned, Klein quickly walked next to Aiur Harson. The gentleman in his gray trench coat struggled to sit up but failed at every try. He was covered in dust and mud from the fall.

"Mr. Harson, what do you need me to do?" he asked, squatting

down. He pointed the revolver in his hand at the ground in case of a misfire.

Aiur gasped for air and sighed.

“The monster was too strong; if not for its weakness...”

Then, he pointed at a sky-blue metal bottle beside him and said in a self-deprecating laugh, “I was trying to consume some medicine, but my hand shook...”

The sky-blue bottle was about the size of Klein’s finger. It was not longer than five centimeters long and a cap that hid spiral patterns had fallen to the side. The liquid had completely spilled.

Klein reached out to pick up the bottle. As he looked at it with narrowed eyes, he answered helplessly, “Mr. Harson, there are only a few drops left in the bottle.”

“Go to... Borgia and search his body. In his inner pockets.” Aiur said as he gasped for breath.

“Alright.” Klein stood up and casually asked, “Is this restorative medicine?”

An item from mysticism?

“No, it only has certain restorative effects. The main goal is to stimulate our minds and squeeze out the potential... of our bodies. It allows to maintain a decent state for a short period of time until we return, where we can receive treatment.” Aiur attempted to sit up only to fail again. “It’s name is the Goddess’s

Gaze... Remember to let Borgia drink half a bottle.”

Klein did not delay any further as he turned around. He briskly arrived at Borgia who was groaning in pain. He found the uniform sky-blue metal bottle from the Nighthawk’s pocket.

After removing the cap, he carefully held the bottle to Borgia’s mouth.

Having sensed it, Borgia tried hard to open his lips.

The bottle was held up as dark red liquid flowed in Borgia’s mouth.

Klein estimated the quantity and stopped just in time. He then screwed the cap back on.

The medicine was rather effective. It only took Borgia a few seconds after drinking to regain the spirit in his eyes. Furthermore, he whispered, “Thank you.”

With that said, he pressed down on the ground as he slowly sat up. He first dealt with his wounds before walking to the unconscious Lorotta and Dunn. Then, he retrieved the Goddess’s Gaze from the latter’s inner pocket.

Klein returned to Aiur’s side and fed him the remaining half bottle.

After Aiur panted a few times, his actions suddenly became nimbler. He stood up as though he had never been injured.

"I'll help Borgia. Help that partner of yours." The gentleman with the charm of a middle-aged man pointed at Leonard Mitchell.

Klein had no objections to it. He turned around and jogged to the "poet," Leonard.

"There's no need. I can drink it by myself." Leonard, with his disheveled hair, smiled as he raised the sky-blue bottle.

Upon seeing Leonard agilely get up by pushing up with one hand, Klein, who wanted to lampoon, was suddenly stunned.

Leonard's injuries are lighter than I expected...

He had the ability to consume the medicine from the very beginning!

That also means that he could see me walk counterclockwise as I did the luck enhancement ritual!

No, that's still alright. I had chanted inwardly and the luck enhancement ritual does not appear odd in any way, or the suited clown would not have fallen for it...

But even so, Leonard, who had long recovered but chose to watch by the sidelines, had seen quite a lot. Things like me not being affected by 2-049 and my sneak attack on the suited clown...

Just as Klein's eyes narrowed slightly, Leonard, who was walking in his direction, stopped beside him and chuckled softly.

"I actually wanted to save you but discovered that you didn't need it.

"Don't mind it. There are many special people in this world that can always do things others can't, such as you..."

"...and me." Leonard smiled as he went past Klein and walked to the awakening Dunn and Lorotta.

Narcissist... Klein thought silently as he felt a lot more relaxed.

From the looks of it, Leonard Mitchell hid quite a bit of secrets... As he regrouped with the rest while deep in thought, he saw Captain Dunn wear a glove and pick up the Antigonus family notebook that was covered in yellowish-brown blood stains.

The notebook's cover was completely made of thick black paper. It suffused an aura from an ancient and distant time without any signs of softening or rotting. It was nearly identical to the one he saw in his dream. He even suspected that flipping it open would only make him see the Fool wearing splendid headgear.

However, he soon realized that he was overthinking things since Dunn had flipped open the notebook to make a final confirmation.

Klein was unable to discern the words on it due to his poor angle, but he was certain that there was no drawing of the Fool with his gorgeous clothes and splendid headdress.

"Ahem. There's nothing wrong with it." Dunn closed the notebook and held it securely. Then, he looked at Aiur and company. "Let's store this notebook and Sealed Artifact 2-049

behind Tingen's Chanis Gate. We can wait until all of you are recovered or Backlund sends someone over."

Upon hearing that, Klein felt a little disappointed once again, but also felt happy. He wished to see the Antigonus family's notebook once more and figure out the reason for the death of the original Klein, Welch, and Naya. However, he also felt that the ancient item was filled with misfortune. It often brought catastrophe, so he did not dare touch it.

Handing it to the Church's headquarters and sealing it is considered the best choice... He secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

"Alright." Aiur Harson, Borgia, and Lorotta nodded in unison. They then turned around and arrived beside Sealed Artifact 2-049.

They woke each other up and stuffed the puppet which had resumed moving into the black chest with an opening as they monitored it strictly.

"Everything is back to normal." Aiur sounded a little more relaxed.

Inside the dimly lit black chest, the puppet wrapped in oil-stained cloth flipped over with its body creaking as it aligned its clown-painted face with the light source.

On the creepy face, under the black pupil-less eyes, two hardly noticeable crimson cracks appeared.

Meanwhile, Dunn, Leonard, and Klein, who had mustered his courage, began searching the suited clown's corpse. They found

paper flowers, handkerchiefs, poker cards, glass pieces, and all sorts of strange items.

However, apart from that, he did not seem to carry anything of worth or potential clues.

Hmm, other than the wallet with seventy to eighty pounds and ten plus soli... Klein secretly sighed.

With money in mind, he immediately looked down and inspected himself. His face nearly fell literally.

His formal suit that cost several pounds had torn in five to six spots which required mending due to his rolling on the ground. Furthermore, it was covered in dust and dirt stains.

Dunn shot him a glance as the corner of his lips curved up.

“Losses during a mission can be reimbursed.”

Reimbursed... Upon hearing the term “invented” by Emperor Roselle, Klein instantly felt wonderful.

Yeah. This suit just needs some proper cleaning and mending before it can be worn again. It will still be presentable...

When the reimbursement comes, I can buy another set and I can take turns wearing them!

Hmm, I am not the kind of person that uses a reimbursement for something other than what it was intended for...

However, I should consider getting a set of clothes for combat in the future, such as a black trench coat like Captain... Clothes with slightly poorer material would be much cheaper than a tuxedo... Tsk, has the reason why the bastard, Leonard, doesn't like wearing formal suits been due to him having such considerations...

“Let Frye take care of the dead body. We'll see if he can find what the man originally looked like or find any relevant clues.” Dunn touched the suited clown's face paint with his gloves.

Then, they searched the innermost warehouse and saw that there were a splotches of bloody flesh that looked like they had been smashed by boulders. They also saw one white bone after another that had been strewn everywhere.

“Ray Bieber was absorbing the power in the notebook via an ancient ritual, just like how we would consume a higher-level Sequence potion. A ritual like that is full of danger. It must be performed in an environment isolated from all disturbances, and the ritual would have required him to enter a deep sleep for a certain amount of time. That was probably why he had yet to leave Tingen.” Dunn guessed at the possibilities after inspecting the warehouse.

Upon hearing such a description, Lorotta laughed. Her black hair contrasted sharply with her pale face.

“Such a pity, we awakened him ahead of time. His anger at being woken up truly left a deep impression on us.”

“This is a kind of losing control,” Dunn looked towards Klein and told him, as both an explanation and a lecture.

“Why didn't he just leave Tingen and try to absorb it elsewhere?” asked a perplexed Klein.

Aiur laughed and pointed to his head.

“People influenced by ancient or sinister powers often are lacking in this department.”

At that moment, Dunn inhaled and said while hiding his pain, “Leonard, you are still in good condition. Stay here and do not allow ordinary people to come close... The rest of us will immediately search for items among Ray Bieber’s remains. We will return with them and the Sealed Artifact, as well as the Antigonous family’s notebook. We will then get Frye, Royale, and the police to come here.”