

Chapter 81: Finally Meeting

“I have to complete a mission independently in order to become an official member?” Klein was taken aback. “But we might not even have a mission this week, and it might not be so simple.”

Wouldn’t this mean that it’ll take me one to two months to become a official Nighthawk? Only then will I get a pay rise...

Old Neil sniffed at the coffee and shot a glance at him.

“It’s only a ritual among Nighthawks. After all, we stand at the peak of Beyonder danger and don’t want our teammates to act like children who require constant care. This won’t affect the salary that you’ll receive as an official member, or your privileges needed to fulfill your duty.”

So it’s just a ritual to gain the recognition of the other Nighthawks... But, Mr. Neil, why did you emphasize that it would not affect my pay grade as an official member... Did I make it that obvious? Klein touched his face and gave an embarrassed smile before asking, “Does it have to be a mission of the Beyonder variety?”

“That should be the case, but your performance yesterday was truly outstanding. You ingeniously killed a Beyonder that’s at least at Sequence 8. I believe Frye, Royale, and the rest have already acknowledged you. Therefore, Dunn might just assign you to an ordinary mission,” Old Neil said before suddenly sighing. “You’ll have your salary increase several-fold. I’ll never encounter something like that again in my lifetime.”

Klein chuckled as he raised the matter about his Sequence

pathway.

“Mr. Neil, do you think that the corresponding Sequence 8 of Seer is Clown?”

In fact, thinking back to the description from the confidential documents, it did seem to add up.

A job good at fighting with artifice...

“I can’t give you any guarantees, but I think it’s highly likely. Firstly, it matches up with what’s said on the documents. Their agile movement and deception based battle style are key points. Next, other Sequence pathways have similar situations. Do you know the corresponding Sequence 8 for Mystery Pryer?” Old Neil asked with a chuckle.

“No, it’s not written in the information provided by the Church.” Klein shook his head honestly.

Old Neil chuckled briefly before saying, “I’m close friends with two old guys from the Machinery Hivemind. They mentioned it in passing, as a joke. The corresponding Sequence 8 potion of Mystery Pryer is Melee Scholar. Did you hear that? Melee Scholar. Goddess, I don’t like melee combat at all. This doesn’t suit the image of a Mystery Pryer at all!”

“I can understand... Mystery Pryer’s pursue the mysteries behind things. Melee combat is one of those mysteries,” Klein said after some thought.

Old Neil finished his handground coffee. “Alright, let’s not waste time. Let’s continue our mysticism studies. You still have a lot of

ritualist magic that you need to grasp. You also need to learn how to create amulets and charms.”

“Alright.” Klein sat down and planned out his schedule for the day.

In the morning I'll study mysticism and read through all sorts of historical records. I'll submit the compensation request. After lunch, I'll practice at the Shooting Club. Then, I'll head to the Deweyville Library at Golden Indus Borough and see if I can borrow the corresponding monograph and journal regarding the Hornacis main peak. After doing all that, if I have time, I'll spend some time at the Divination Club. I can't slack off on my “acting.”

Once the compensation request is approved and I receive the money, I'll be able to buy a new suit on the way home.

Yes... I'll apply for the materials tomorrow morning and try to make a protective amulet to ward off danger for Melissa and Benson.

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In a dining hall adorned with a chandelier and elegant decorations.

A few friends were congratulating Joyce Meyer on his escape from danger and his return to Tingen.

“We all read the news. Just the written description alone was enough to scare me,” a man with a short stubble on his chin said wistfully. “Joyce, I can't believe you went through such an ordeal. Cheers. The tragedy is over now, and the sunlight shines down

upon us. Exalted is the Steam.”

Joyce and his fiancée, Anna, raised their cups and clinked them together with their friends. Then, they gulped down what little champagne they had left.

“Anna was extremely worried at the time. I suspect that she cried every night. Whenever I invited her for some afternoon tea, she was always absent minded. Thankfully, you’re finally back now. Otherwise, I reckon she would’ve passed away just like that,” a young lady, with a cute small nose and coiled brown hair, said to Joyce as she glanced at Anna.

“If Anna were to experience something like that, I’d be the same. I might be in an even worse state.” The aquiline-nosed Joyce gave his fiancée, who was sitting beside him, a gentle look.

Anna wasn’t used to expressing her emotions in front of others. She looked at the opposite end of the table and said, “Bogda, why have you been keeping your head down this entire time? I can sense how terrible your mood is.”

The young lady with a petite nose answered in Bogda’s place.

“Bogda is sick. The physician told him that there’s something seriously wrong with his liver. He can only use medicine to reduce the pain but it doesn’t treat his illness. He needs to undergo surgery.”

“Lord, when did this happen?” Anna and Joyce asked in surprise and concern.

Bogda was a young man with short hair, but his face was sallow.

His usually brilliant red eyes were replaced with a dim glow.

"It happened last week. Since Joyce wasn't back yet, I told Irene not to tell you," Bogda explained with a rueful smile.

Joyce asked staidly, "Have you decided when you'll undergo surgery?"

Bogda's expression changed a few times as he said, "No, I haven't decided yet. As you know, those surgeons are practically butchers. The patient is like a piece of meat on a chopping block, allowing them to butcher people as they please! I've read a lot of reports. They'll even use an ax for amputation! Lord, I suspect I might very well die on the operating table."

"But if you delay it further then surgery might not be able to save you," the man with a stubble said as he tried to persuade him.

At that moment, Anna interjected, "Bogda, perhaps you can consider doing a divination. If the divination indicates that everything will go smoothly, then proceed with the surgery as soon as possible. If the outcome of the divination is bad, seek other means. Seek it with the help of the fortune-teller. I know of a real, mysterious fortune-teller. No, I should address him as a Seer. I believe he can definitely help you."

"For real?" Bogda returned with a question, clearly looking doubtful. Their other friends shared the same attitude.

"Yes." Anna nodded without hesitation. "I hired his divination services, and after divining Joyce's situation, he told me to return home. 'Your fiancé is at home waiting for you.' Back then, I was like all of you, filled with doubt. But when I returned home, I really saw Joyce. He was really back!"

“I can testify on this point,” Joyce echoed.

He didn’t mention that he had sought Klein’s help in interpreting his dreams. This was because the police had informed him that Tris hadn’t been caught yet. Therefore, he had to keep it a secret in order to prevent revenge from being exacted upon him.

“Lord, this is absolutely unbelievable!”

“Is divination really that magical?”

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Amidst the shouting, Bogda thought deeply for a moment before saying, “Perhaps I should get a divination. Anna, Joyce, could you tell me the Seer’s name and address?”

Anna heaved a sigh of relief and said, “You made a very wise choice.”

“That Seer is at the Divination Club at Howes Street.

“His name is Klein Moretti.”

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Golden Indus Borough. Deweyville Library.

Klein used the introduction note from his mentor’s letter to

successfully apply for a borrowing pass.

As he flipped the tiny card in his hand, he asked a few librarians, “Do you have the Research of the Hornacis Main Peak’s Relics here? It was published by the Loen Publishing Firm.”

A librarian immediately answered, “Please wait a moment. Let me check the records.”

He turned around and looked at the drawers. He pulled open the letter that matched Hornacis and flipped through a card that was filled with single words that followed a particular order.

On careful inspection, he shook his head and said, “Sorry, Sir. We do not have this book in our collection.”

“How regretful,” Klein answered in clear disappointment.

From the looks of it, I need to write to the Loen Publishing Firm or pay a visit to the Khoy University...

Meanwhile, he sighed inwardly at how dated the management of the libraries of this world was.

You people need a computer. Unfortunately, I can't produce one... Klein made a silent, self-deprecating comment and turned to ask, “Then, do you have the journal issues of New Archeology and Archeology Summary?”

“We do,” the librarian confirmed. “A gentleman just returned them.”

He flipped out the corresponding card and pointed Klein in the direction of the bookshelf.

Klein went over to the bookshelf, scanned the journal issues, and pulled out the ones his mentor mentioned.

Then, he randomly found a spot by the window to sit down. Under the bright afternoon sun, he began reading the information in the library quietly.

“...Ancient relics don’t solely exist on the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range. They’re also spread out across the surrounding forests, valleys, and gentle slopes around the main peak...”

“...These relics are formed from lofty domes and gigantic stone columns. Honestly, they can be described as magnificent...”

“...I’m curious as to how the original residents mine and process these rocks? Hypothetically, let’s assume that they performed their mining operation on the spot without needing to send them up the mountain...”

“...There’s a strange pattern where the relics become larger in size the closer you are to the mountain peak. But surprisingly, there are no ruins on the peak. According to our hypothesis, there should be palaces that don’t resemble man-made buildings, divine halls used for sacrifices...”

Palaces that don’t look like they were man-made... divine halls used for sacrifices... Could it be the one that I saw in my dream? While Klein ruminated, he suddenly heard footsteps approaching him from a distance.

He looked up and saw a familiar face, a face that often appeared on the papers.

He had a squarish face, thick eyebrows, a firm nose, short dark-blond hair, azure-blue eyes, and tightly-closed lips. All of these features belonged to a certain famous person from Tingen City, a philanthropist, entrepreneur, and the owner of this library—Sir Deweyville.

Beside Deweyville was the middle-aged butler who Klein had met before.

Klein watched them walk by from more than ten meters away. Out of curiosity, he raised his right hand and lightly tapped his glabella twice.