

Chapter 125: Bold Idea

When faced with a strange sense of familiarity, other Sequence 9 Beyonders might try their best to recall or even disregard and forget about it. But a Seer was different. Klein immediately ended the ritual and dispelled the wall of spirituality. He took out a piece of paper and wrote on it a statement: "The source of the sense of familiarity."

After which, he sat on the edge of the bed in the room and silently recited it with the piece of paper in hand.

Seven times later, his pupils became darker. He fell asleep with the help of Cogitation and started conversing with his own spirituality.

In the hazy, contorted world, Klein saw a carriage. He saw a young lady wearing a long gray dress.

This lady had smooth black hair, her face a little round. She had a gentle and pleasant demeanor, but her body was shivering unnaturally.

The image flickered and once again, Klein saw this young, pretty lady at the underground market. She was squatting and conversing with someone.

The dream receded quickly and Klein woke up, understanding why the image he saw in the mirror was so familiar.

He had met this person before!

The first time was at Daffodil Street, in the district near Iron Cross Street. The Captain and the rest were chasing down Instigator Tris that night... There must be a connection. Klein thought for a few seconds, then set up the ritual once again. He asked for the help of the Goddess to sketch the portrait of the enemy in his memory.

Dunn and the rest had been waiting silently, without interrupting Klein unnecessarily. Only when he was done sketching did they crowd over and inspect the portrait.

“You met her before?” Dunn asked.

Klein nodded slightly and answered simply, “Yes. I saw her at the public carriage stop on Daffodil Street the night when you were going after the Instigator. It was in the district near Iron Cross Street.”

“Then, there’s a good chance that she was the enemy just now. The partner of the Instigator.” Dunn nodded in thought.

Leonard suddenly chimed in, “Don’t any of you feel that this portrait is very familiar? She looks a lot like Instigator Tris!”

Klein froze, immediately casting his gaze at the portrait again and studying it carefully.

“Yeah, they look very similar indeed. Round face, narrow eyes, gentle demeanor...” The more he looked at the portrait, the more he felt that what Leonard said made sense. The biggest difference was that Instigator Tris had ordinary features while the young lady could be considered pretty.

Klein raised his head and looked at Leonard, noticing that he was signaling something to him by raising his brows.

What does he mean? Klein was confused.

Dunn Smith guessed, “She could be the Instigator’s sister. Maybe like her brother she joined the Theosophy Order or the Demoness Sect.”

Leonard sighed after he realized how bad Klein was at reading his mind. He said in a serious tone, “I have a bold idea.”

“What idea?” Dunn asked.

Leonard described succinctly, “I think that this person is Instigator Tris!”

“What?” Frye exclaimed in shock.

Dunn creased his brows and said, “What you mean is that Instigator Tris is actually female, or a male who’s pretending to be a female? No, from the dream, I can confirm that she’s female.”

Klein had been exposed to many creative and ridiculous plots after all. He took another look at the portrait and immediately had another guess.

“Could it be that Instigator Tris became a female?”

That could explain many things. For example, why would the trail

leading to Tris suddenly sever? Why couldn't they find any traces, even with divination? Perhaps because there was a fundamental change to their target! The only question was how he could change into a woman in such a short span of time. And it appeared to be rather simple... He had pretty decent looks after his transformation even. I mean, to be honest, she's pretty attractive... Klein thought, distracted.

Leonard nodded in relief, "Yes, that's my theory. This can perfectly explain why Instigator Tris had seemed to vanish. It also fits with the strange fact that the upper echelons of the Demoness Sect are all female."

Dunn and Frye were momentarily at a loss for words.

Even though they had seen many monsters and wondrous things, it was their first time dealing with a transformation like this!

"What you mean is that there are a considerable number of women in the upper echelons of the Demoness Sect that used to be men?" Dunn asked. He didn't wait for an answer before saying, "That could be possible... Perhaps it's their, no, the unique characteristic of their potion."

Klein shivered a little as he listened. He felt that the potion of the Demoness Sect was a trap!

"Let's hope that a similar potion doesn't exist in the pathway of the Seer... No, definitely not. That is the pathway of the Demoness. Even the name of the potion sounds wrong. But I still don't know what the corresponding Sequence 1 to Seer is..." Klein subconsciously started praying to the Goddess.

"Can potions accomplish such a thing?" Frye asked with a little

disbelief.

Leonard laughed and threw up his hands.

“Even a mid to low sequence potion can cause unimaginable changes. After all, they all originated from the Creator.”

Dunn turned to look at Klein. “Try to divine where the target will appear next.”

“Alright.” Klein went over to the pile of dresses and picked out one with mixed emotions. He spread it over the carpet.

He held his cane over the dress and recalled the target’s features and relevant information. He then began to recite in his heart.

“Tris’s... no, Trissy’s whereabouts

“Trissy’s whereabouts.”

...

Seven times later, Klein’s pupils turned from brown to black. Wind started to blow around him.

His left hand released his cane, allowing the black cane to wobble.

Despite the shaking, the cane failed to fall. It stood tall in its

original position.

“There’s an interference...” Klein said with a deep tone.

An interference implies that our assumptions are correct!

That lady just now was most probably Instigator Tris, no, Trissy!

Upon seeing this, Dunn nodded indiscernibly.

“They live up to the reputation of the Demoness Sect which has been active since the last Epoch...”

Since Tris had transformed into Trissy, Dunn deduced that she wasn’t part of the Theosophy Order, but the Demoness Sect.

Surveying the surroundings, Dunn sighed and said, “We can search for her through different means, such as where these clothes came from or the owner of this house. We can also get the police department to patrol the train stations and piers.”

We might be able to get some clues like that, but Trissy will definitely have had enough time to leave Tingen. Yes... I’ll try it again above the gray fog when I’m back at home. Klein was cautious of people like Trissy who wanted to unleash a massacre on a whim. He wanted to desperately find her and execute her on the spot.

“Leonard, head to the police department and gather a group to wrap up things here. Klein, you can go back and rest now...” Dunn rubbed his temples and paused for a few seconds. He said to Klein, partially to test him and also to teach him. “How would

you have handled this evening's mission? Assume that me, Leonard, and Frye are the only members on your team."

Klein creased his brows and thought for more than ten seconds.

"I'd first use divination to ascertain if the ritual would take effect soon. If the answer was negative, then I'd stick to observing and not approach. Then I'd notify the police department to deploy personnel around the area, as well as gather at least five cannons to bombard the entire building till wherever Trissy was hiding was leveled.

"She could either be blasted to death in the building, or attempt to flee amidst the cannon fire. This would easily expose her. Until then, I would station you and the rest at different spots..."

He got more and more excited as he continued. He felt that his idea was simple and effective, barbaric and decisive. It was very safe and very appropriate!

Dunn, Leonard, and Frye were dumbfounded. They didn't say anything for a long time.

"Captain, is that not a good idea?" The excited Klein's heart thumped rapidly when he saw that they had no reaction.

Dunn was silent for a few seconds before he said, "No, it is a good idea. But the premise is that we have to confirm that forceful destruction of the altar wouldn't create a more disastrous outcome... Sigh. As longtime Nighthawks, we're accustomed to relying on ourselves, our powers as Beyonders, and guns in all circumstances. We're not used to allowing normal people to come into contact with supernatural incidents..."

Alright, I was always an ardent fan of firepower bombardment... Klein added in his heart.

...

Klein and Leonard walked to the carriage station about five hundred meters away before they saw it.

After waiting for a while, they returned to Iron Cross Street. One went to the nearby police station, while the other returned to Daffodil Street.

When Klein arrived at his front door, he adjusted his clothes and made sure that everything was alright before fishing out his keys and opening the door.

Melissa and Benson were in the living room, quietly doing assignments and reading books respectively under the light from the gas lamp.

Benson must be tired after toiling at work the entire day; yet, he perseveres in his studies after he comes home. What a determined man... I can't do that, all I can think about now is lying down... Klein glanced at his brother and smiled, giving a silent greeting by raising his hand.

Benson smiled and said, "I now understand the price behind a handsome salary."

"There's a price for everything in this world. There's something we must give before we can gain anything in return," Klein said, leaving his cane on the rack next to the door.

“That’s apparently something Emperor Roselle said, right?”
Melissa stopped writing and looked up.

The Tingen Technical School was different from universities and public schools. There was only two weeks for summer break, from late July to early August. Their lessons resumed the moment the hottest days were over.

“Is that so? I don’t remember...” Klein replied, his expression a little rigid.

He took off his hat and headed upstairs. He intended to divine Trissy’s whereabouts as soon as possible.

Suddenly, he heard his stomach rumble. He felt intense hunger pangs.

Oh right, I haven’t had dinner. But the note I left said that the security company would provide food and asked them not to leave any food for me... Seriously, Captain, you actually forgot about it... Klein’s expression changed several times as he intended to pretend that he was full.

At that moment, Melissa turned and looked at him. She pointed to the kitchen and said, “We left a small piece of lamb chop and a bowl of thick vegetable soup for you. There are a few sticks of bread left too.”

After saying this, she buried her head back into her work and muttered to herself, “I felt that meals provided by work wouldn’t be too good, probably making people lose their appetite...”