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Chapter 161: Inverted Mausoleum

Translator: AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

Most of the buildings in Morse Town adhered to a style that was popular a hundred years ago. The most eye-catching building in the town was the black cathedral spire.

After settling the carriage, Klein and the others quickly finished their lunch of bread, toast, bacon, butter, and coffee.

“We can still tolerate about two hours and thirty-five minutes of Sealed Artifact 3-0782’s purification.” Kenley stood at the door of the church and took out a pocket watch from his suit’s pocket. “I suggest dealing with the suspected haunting incidents first to prevent the situation from getting worse. Then we can return to the church and take turns watching over the Sealed Artifact to recover.”

Under normal circumstances, Sequence 9, 8, and 7 Beyonders had to stay far away from the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem for two hours to recover completely, or at least an hour if they were to make a partial recovery.

“Alright.”

“I have no objections.”

Klein and Leonard spoke in unison.

“Then which case should we deal with first?” Kenley asked.

Leonard wiped away his frivolous attitude and said, “Let’s start with the old man living alone who heard heavy footsteps in his house.”

“Why?” Kenley asked instinctively. Klein was also interested to hear an explanation.

Could this be the intuition of a poet? He mocked Leonard secretly.

Leonard shifted his gaze from Kenley’s face to Klein’s, then looked at Kenley again. He smiled.

“Because it’s the closest to the church.”

“How did you know that? It’s not written in the records...” Klein asked.

Leonard snickered. “Didn’t I go to the bathroom during our meal? I came across a trainee priest on my way back and had a conversation. He told me that Noah’s house was close to the church—Oh yeah, the old man’s name is Noah.”

He sure lives up to his name as an experienced Nighthawk when it comes to performing missions... Klein gave a dry laugh. He turned to Kenley and said, “Then let’s go to Noah’s house first.”

“Alright.” Kenley didn’t have any objections.

They arrived at Noah’s house a mere minute later...

Noah was an old man with thinning white hair. He had lost his left hand in a war when he was younger and had no choice but to leave the army. He returned to his hometown after he received his compensation.

At that moment, he opened the door and looked at the three strangers in front of him before looking at Siur who was rushing over from the

cathedral. He said with a raspy voice, “Come in, I hope that you can solve my problem. I heard that you brought Holy Water, Sacred Emblems, a silver dagger, and garlic? This is great, my worries have eased greatly. Please forgive my blabbering, you have to understand the condition of an old man after not being able to sleep peacefully for two nights, Oh my Goddess, I’ve been so scared all this time that my head feels like it’s in a cloud.”

Leonard suddenly straightened his back when he entered the house, his eyes surveying the surroundings.

After that, Klein felt a cold aura within the room. Those were traces of activity left behind by a ghost.

“There really was an impure being here.” Kenley was the last one to notice as he suppressed his voice.

“Very weak.” Leonard said with a relaxed tone as he retracted his gaze.

The Midnight Poet was a job with a relatively high spiritual sensitivity when compared to all the other Sequence 8’s in the Church’s records.

“Yes.” Klein could feel the warmth and purifying energy of Sealed Artifact 3-0782 quickly dispelling the sinister aura in the room without any trouble.

At this moment, the people of the town had all gathered at Noah’s house, all looking curiously at Klein, Leonard, and Kenley.

Cough! Leonard cleared his throat and recited, “We have the blessings of the Goddess, those impure beings will vanish quickly and won’t bring about any more trouble.”

After that, he shot a look at Klein for him to perform a “purification ritual” for everyone to see.

Why me? Klein shot a look back.

Of course, he didn’t know if Leonard understood what his gaze meant.

But clearly, Leonard understood. He said softly, “You’re the expert in rituals.”

Alright, blame me for being the one who volunteered for this mission. Klein tidied his clothes and took out the Holy Water, Sacred Emblems, a silver dagger, and garlic from Leonard.

He first placed the Dark Sacred Emblem in front of his chest, then peeled the garlic and tossed its cloves one by one to every corner of the house.

“Hmm, this is how garlic is used to dispel ghosts?”

“It’s different from the descriptions in the newspapers...”

“Will this work?”

...

The townsfolk looking at them broke into discussion, curious and excited, as if they were watching a circus.

It’s useless! I’m just acting! Klein suddenly felt that he had become a clown. He closed his eyes and splashed the holy water onto the ground with the silver dagger.

He splashed the water as he walked around the house, reciting an incantation, “The Evernight Goddess...”

“The Mother of Secrets... The Lady of Crimson...

“Empress of Disaster and Horror...

“Mistress of Calm and Silence...”

...

These typical acts of a charlatan shocked everyone present as the townsfolk fell silent.

And once people turned silent, it was easy for them to notice something they missed.

“What a warm feeling.”

“It feels like I’m sunbathing...”

“No, I feel like I’m looking at a pure sky...”

“How magical... Is this the effect of the Holy Water?”

“They sure live up to their names as priests from Saint Selena Cathedral!”

“Praise the Lady!”

...

The townsfolk discussed in whispers. The looks they gave Klein, Leonard, and Kenley slowly became that of respect. Noah also visibly relaxed, not doubting that the problem had been solved.

Sealed Artifact 3-0782 is doing all the real work here... We don’t actually need to do anything to chase the ghosts away, all we need to do

is stay here for a minute. It's not tiring or troublesome at all... After Klein purified the sinister aura off every corner of the house, he opened his eyes and put away his silver dagger, drawing the shape of the crimson moon in front of his chest with a serious expression. "Praise the Lady!"

"Praise the Lady!" the townsfolk replied devoutly.

"We still have things to deal with, but we need absolute silence."

Leonard smiled as he looked around.

The townsfolk, after witnessing something so professional, didn't stay. They receded from Noah's house like a tide following Priest Siur's lead. Even the master of the house had to leave temporarily.

"I actually wanted to take a nap..." Noah pouted as he walked toward the cathedral.

Leonard took a step forward and closed the door, then turned towards Klein.

"Do a divination on the cause of this incident."

"No problem." Klein also wanted to find out what he could divine.

I know Mr. Azik did this, but he seems to be of a rather superior nature. Haha, a person that can live for 1300 years must be of a superior nature... So my divinations should definitely be affected. Under such circumstances, without the help of the mysterious space above the gray fog, even I'm not sure what revelations I would receive... Klein took out the pen and paper he brought along with him and wrote down a divination statement:

"The cause of the haunting at Noah's house."

He held the piece of paper and walked to a round table. He then took a seat, closed his eyes, and leaned back.

Klein suddenly saw a black mausoleum in his blurred, hazy dream world.

It was similar to a pyramid, but stood inverted and was almost fully buried.

A black fog obscured everything within the ancient mausoleum.

Klein snapped awake and opened his eyes.

“Did you find anything?” Kenley asked in concern.

Klein thought for a moment and described the revelation he received in his dream without hiding anything. He ended it by saying, “The mausoleum was definitely not in the style of the Northern Continent, I mean the Fifth Epoch. I’m somewhat of an expert in this field.”

Leonard nodded, seemingly in thought.

“That’s an Inverted Pyramid from the Southern Continent. It represents the entering of the nether realm from the living world. It’s a mausoleum that only the so-called Descendants of Death can erect for themselves, be it in the Balam Empire of the past, or its satellite states such as the Highlands Kingdom.

“In some sense, it’s the symbol of Death.

“Well, the ghosts are definitely related to Death. The results of the divination are undoubtedly correct!”

Ignoring Leonard’s mockery, Klein suddenly had an interesting thought.

Could Mr. Azik be the descendant of Death, or could he have made a transaction with Death to obtain such a long life ?

According to a chapter from *The Revelation of Evernight*, as well as the internal records of the Nighthawks, Death was a malevolent god, once causing a catastrophe in the Northern Continent at the end of the Fourth Epoch. Those times were now referred to as the Pale Era.

Hmm, it's said that Death fell to the combined efforts of the Seven Gods... It's impossible to determine when Lamud Castle was built — but it couldn't have been built before the Pale Era.

If there was a connection, then there would be something to investigate regarding the person working behind the scenes, lives in the house with the red-chimney, and stole the skull of Mr. Azik's child...

Of course, this could be an excuse for the Northern Continent to colonize the Southern Continent. After all, most of the inhabitants of the Southern Continent believes in Death...

The three Nighthawks didn't stay for long since they didn't discover anything. They soon left Noah's house and started dealing with the two other haunting incidents.

The same process, the same results. They quickly rid the town of the auras of dead spirits, but didn't manage to find the cause of all the trouble.

Along the way, Leonard asked the townsfolk if any strangers had entered the town in the past few days, but received a negative answer.

Mr. Azik didn't come ? He must've come and left in secret without anyone noticing him. He sure is cautious... When he said that he would

be returning to Tingen by Wednesday, did he mean that these spirits would vanish on their own accord today, even if we weren't here to deal with it? Klein thought about it as he returned to the entrance of Morse Cathedral with Leonard and Kenley.

They could still last another hour and forty-five minutes with the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem.

“We'll take one hour shifts looking after the Sealed Artifact.” Klein suppressed the excitement in his heart. He looked at the color of the sky and said, “Let's try to head back to Tingen City for dinner.”

“No problem.” Leonard glanced at Klein and laughed. “But for safety's sake, I suggest that two people look after the Sealed Artifact while one rests.”

Klein froze for a moment, his mind churning quickly. He smiled in reply.

“Sure, but this way, we have to calculate the most logical rotation. Who gets to rest first? Who's next? And who will be last? How much time do we need to recover? And by how much? Well—I think that we have to establish an algorithm with an unknown value in order to establish the best way, then compare it with the effectiveness of having one person look over it at a time... It's even better if we can compare the efficiencies too. Let's first assume that the unknown value is...”

“Wait!” Leonard's green eyes were filled with blankness and fear. “If that's the case, let's look after it one at a time. The person looking after it will stay in the cathedral during his shift, as it has a sufficiently large radius. Of course, we'll have to get Priest Siur and the rest to stay somewhere else. The other two will stand guard outside the church and prevent others from coming close.”

“I share the same opinion.” Kenley had felt a headache coming on as Klein spoke about the mathematical problem.

“Alright.” Klein nodded, looking as though he was forced to do so.

If he hadn't been able to convince his partners, then he would have to make a deal with Leonard in secret, giving away some information about himself to get him to leave.

But the problem was solved now!

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Chapter 162: Intense Sunlight

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Weak light shone through the narrow window from high above, making the interior of Morse Cathedral a little more visible.

Klein put his top hat on his knee while he leaned his leg against his cane. He sat quietly on the first row of the left pew and looked at the altar before him.

There weren't any statues of the Goddess except for a massive Dark Sacred Emblem. Its base was black, with a crimson half-moon that was surrounded by radiant points of light.

On the wall behind the Sacred Emblem, there were a few openings which allowed sunlight to shine in from the outside. They were focused into tiny specks of pure light which combined with the dark surroundings to form a scene that resembled that of a lofty starry night sky.

None of the traditional Gods ever left behind an actual image. Only their symbols are worshiped and glorified by people... That seems to be a manifestation of the command, "Do not look directly at God"... Klein let his thoughts wander. He wasn't in a hurry to make the Flaring Sun Charms as soon as he got the opportunity to be alone with Sealed Artifact 3-0782.

He felt that he had to be careful, patient, and had to wait. Within the first fifteen minutes, it was possible that Leonard and Kenley would enter at any moment to remind him about points that he should take note of.

In this extremely quiet atmosphere, time flew by quickly. Klein suddenly snapped back to his senses as he took out his silver vine-leaf pocket watch, flipped it open, and took a glance.

Twenty minutes have passed... He muttered to himself. He then set his silk top hat and silver edged black cane by the side. He got up and walked towards a hidden corner near the altar.

At first, he faced the side of the altar, but once he saw the large Dark Sacred Emblem and the holy scenery that resembled a depiction of a night sky, he felt guilty and uncomfortable. Hence, he turned his back to the altar.

Then, Klein took out the Sealed Artifact 3-0782 from the inner pocket of his black tuxedo. He bent down to place the golden unadorned badge on the ground.

Klein took a look at the Sun symbol that was filled with abstract meanings, then he took out a small candle mixed with sandalwood. He put it right at the bottom of Sealed Artifact 3-0782.

That was the dualistic ritual that he learned from the Eternal Blazing Sun. He used an item that was closely related to the deity to represent “Him” while he used the candle to represent himself.

He took a deep breath to ease his tense emotions. Klein then took out the items required for the ritual, one after another, including a carving knife, two thin gold slices, Sun essential oil extracted from the combination of black-rimmed sunflower, golden-rimmed sunflower and white-rimmed sunflower, Golden Hand fingered citron powder, and also rosemary powder.

After that, Klein adeptly used the silver ritual dagger to guide the flow of spirituality. He guided it to flow around the simple altar and created a shapeless sealed wall.

He squatted down, placed the silver dagger down, and extended his right hand. He lit up the candle that represented himself by rubbing his spirituality.

Under the flickering dim light, Klein picked up the Sun essential oil and dripped a drop onto the flame.

With a puff, an illusory fog spread out with the slight scent of sunlight.

After burning the fingered citron and rosemary powder, Klein held the carving knife and golden slices. He stood up, took a step back, and then recited in Hermes, “The blood of the Eternal Blazing Sun.

“You are the Inextinguishable Light, the Embodiment of Order, the God of Deeds, the Guardian of Businesses.”

...

Inextinguishable Light, Embodiment of Order, God of Deeds, and Guardian of Businesses were all parts of Eternal Blazing Sun's honorable titles. If there wasn't the prefix of the blood of the Eternal Blazing Sun, the ritual would require the god's response to proceed. If so, Klein suspected that the Eternal Blazing Sun would recognize him as the disrespectful person that looked at "Him" directly. Then, Leonard and Kenley would only find a pile of black ashes when they entered.

Plus, the ritual had to be conducted via Ancient Hermes, a ritualistic language that stemmed from nature. Only a language without any protection but had outstanding effects could allow an incantation to sidestep around the Eternal Blazing Sun and point towards the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem.

At the same time, as he was stealing the power from a deity, Klein had no way to divine if it would be successful ahead of time. He felt that it would result in him directly dealing with the deity again. So, he could only recite the rest of the incantation with a strained heart, "I pray to you,

"I pray for you to give me strength,

"Give me strength to complete the Flaring Sun Charm.

"The blood of the Eternal Blazing Sun, please transfer your strength into my charm...

"Oh fingered citron, a herb that belongs to the Sun, please bestow your powers to my charm..."

...

As the incantation neared completion, Klein suddenly felt something light up before him.

The simple gold badge radiated with an intense light, as though the sun had descended onto the land.

Klein suddenly found himself enveloped in extreme heat. His hair was heating up rapidly and was almost on the brink of igniting.

His feet felt like they were stepping barefoot on yellow sand that had been exposed to the midday sun, and his face and body were greeted with the hot wind blowing from every direction.

In that instance, he felt that he needed to do something to let the burning energies out. Otherwise, he would turn into a human candle.

It required almost zero thought as Klein lifted both his hands. While his thoughts were boiling over like porridge, he relied on the combination of his spirituality and the strong winds, as well as his instincts and ritualistic guidance, to begin etching symbols, corresponding Path Numbers, magical characteristics, and ancient incantations onto both sides of the gold slices with his carving knife.

Outside the church, Leonard was standing in the shadows to hide from coming into contact with direct sunlight.

Suddenly, the sunlight intensified, like the hottest days of a year in early July.

He squinted his eyes and looked towards the sky. He saw that the blue sky had no clouds or dust. It was so pure that it made people gasp with admiration.

“Such strange weather.” Beside him, Kenley also noticed the changes in the sunlight.

Leonard responded with a smile when he suddenly turned his head.

He knitted his eyebrows slightly and cast his gaze towards the cathedral.

“Luckily Rozanne isn’t here. Otherwise, she would be complaining about the sun tanning her skin,” Leonard looked away and said with a smile.

The blazing sunlight remained intense for a few minutes before it returned to normal.

In the cathedral, Klein’s carving knife finished the final stroke.

As he finished the magical characteristic that represented light, the spirituality on both sides of the gold slices suddenly melded together, as the light converged onto the metal.

No, this is even closer to godhood... Klein was finally relieved from the boiling and burning sensations. He examined the two Flaring Sun Charms in his hands with a clear mind.

The golden luster on the surface of the charms had turned dim, and the pattern looked ancient yet complex. There was a warm, damp feeling that seeped into Klein’s skin bit by bit.

“Not bad. I finally have a more impressive trump card.” Klein sighed emotionally.

He set the activation incantation for the Flaring Sun Charms as the word “light” in Ancient Hermes.

I want light and there will be light... He quipped, amused. Then, he put the Flaring Sun Charms into another pocket. He didn’t put them with the Slumber, Requiem, and Dream Charms, because the Flaring Sun Charms would decrease their efficacy period.

“Yes, the power of the Flaring Sun Charms can be maintained for at least a year, or even longer.” Klein reined his thoughts back and looked at the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem on the ground.

It didn't look any different on the surface, and it still gave off feelings of warmth and purity. Klein finally relaxed, and quickly completed the ritual and removed the spiritual wall.

At that point, he thought to examine himself. He realized that his clothes were almost drenched, and he was covered in sweat. The edges of his hair were slightly curly too.

Thankfully, thankfully... Klein sighed in satisfaction. He put away his things and returned to his original seat. He was so exhausted that he slept the moment he sat down, until he was woken up by footsteps.

His eyes shot open, and he touched the Flaring Sun Charms subconsciously to see if they were still there.

“You don't look alright?” Leonard asked as he entered the cathedral.

Klein massaged his temples, stood up, and smiled.

“I'm nearing my limit.”

He took out his silver pocket watch and took a glance. “Just in time. It's your turn to look after Sealed Artifact 3-0782.”

Before he finished speaking, Klein took off the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem and passed it to Leonard.

Leonard watched Klein walk out of the cathedral. Then, he dropped his frivolous attitude and examined Sealed Artifact 3-0782 attentively and seriously. He grew confused and looked bewildered.

After the shifts ended, the three Nighthawks began their journey back.

Before that, they told Priest Siur to take note of the town's situation. If there were any paranormal incidents, he was to immediately send a telegram to Saint Selena Cathedral.

At twenty minutes past seven that night, they finally arrived at Zouteland Street and returned Sealed Artifact 3-0782.

When he had made sure that the Captain didn't notice anything unusual, Klein left the Blackthorn Security Company and arrived home before eight.

He took out his keys and opened the door, only to see an unknown figure.

It was obviously a maiden who wasn't even in her twenties. She was in an old, grayish-white dress, and she was wiping the dining hall with all her might.

She had black hair and brown eyes. Her eyes were small, her nose wasn't sharp enough, and her facial features were very ordinary.

Who is this? Klein was stunned at first, then he realized that she was most likely the maidservant that had come for a trial.

At that moment, Benson lowered his newspaper and looked at his brother. He smiled and said, "A company that doesn't allow employees to leave the office on time is annoying."

“But it provides a salary that can counteract any kind of dissatisfaction,” Klein replied with a laugh.

When Miss Justice’s 300 pounds reach me, I’ll inform Benson and Melissa about my raise to six pounds a week, that way they would worry less about our family’s finances... Klein thought as he put his cane aside and took off his top hat. He walked to the living hall and lowered his voice as he asked, “Have you made a choice?”

He had divined the information of the three maidservants the day before, and he had found that all three were suitable. Hence, the decision was left to his brother and sister.

“Yes, Bella. Weekly salary of five soli. She’s very willing and also capable of learning cooking. She hopes that she can become a home chef, at which point her weekly pay will double. Her father is a factory worker at the Tingen Steelworks Union Factory, and her mother is a laundry worker,” Benson replied with a chuckle. “Of course, another thing that led Melissa and me to the decision is that the other two servants believe in the Lord of Storms, and she is a believer of the Goddess. I personally don’t mind the believers of the Lord of Storms, but Melissa didn’t quite like the idea.”

It wasn’t that Melissa didn’t like it, a more accurate description would be “I grieve at their misfortune and am infuriated at their refusal to resist.” Yes, it was said by Lu Xun! Klein recalled his sister’s behavior, and revealed a smile.

Benson didn’t elaborate further. He put down the newspaper and stood up.

“Since you’re back, let’s have dinner.”

...

The next day, Klein entered the Blackthorn Security Company in a good mood.

“Good morning.” Rozanne looked to the left and then the right. Then, she said, “Old Neil is sick, let’s go and visit him at noon. What say you?”

“Old Neil is sick?” Klein asked in surprise.

Could it be that the ritual for treating diarrhea caused severe constipation?

Well, from the way he acted after learning of the “acting method,” it’s not impossible for him to suddenly fall sick... He’s getting old, so once his mind turns frail, his body would also suffer from those ramifications...

Rozanne nodded and said, “Yeah, he sent someone to the Captain to request some time off.”

Klein nodded slightly. “Let’s visit him at noon. Sigh, Old Neil sure is pitiful. His wife passed away early, and his son is busy in some other city. When he’s sick, all he can do is stay at home in loneliness and helplessness.”

That was the first thing he recalled from his first visit to Old Neil’s house.

Listening to Klein’s sigh, Rozanne opened her eyes wide and asked in shock, “When did Old Neil get married?”

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