

Chapter 101: Unexpected Clue

Howes Street, Divination Club.

Klein pressed down on his half top hat and walked along the stairway towards the main door.

He wasn't dressed in his usual formal wear. Today, he was wearing a white shirt and a light-colored vest, paired with a thin black trench coat, making him look more spirited than he had before.

This set of clothing was more suitable for combat and had only cost him one pound, including the fee for the small pocket that he had sewn into the vest. Compared to the suit he had purchased, it was so cheap that it brought tears to his eyes.

He stroked the revolver in his holster, as well as the metal bottles in his tiny inner pocket. Klein then took out the portrait and entered the Divination Club.

Without any surprise, he met the beautiful attendant, Angelica.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Moretti. I thought you would come only a few days later." Angelica was taken aback at first before she immediately revealed a brilliant smile.

Klein took off his hat and sighed.

"Good afternoon, Miss Angelica. I had a dream at noon. I dreamed about Mr. Hanass Vincent and matters regarding him.

You know that, as a fortune-teller, I absolutely cannot overlook any dream. It could be a revelation from the divine.”

Confused by his charlatan-like words, Angelica nodded in thought and asked out of curiosity, “What did you dream of?”

“I saw Hanass Vincent arguing with someone.” Klein passed her the folded piece of paper in his hand.

As Angelica unfolded the portrait, he pinched his glabella and observed the color of her emotions.

“This person...” Angelica looked at the realistic portrait and slipped into deep thought.

Klein saw her emotions turn into a ‘thinking blue’, a normal reaction.

“This person...” Angelica muttered once again. She slowly looked up and said, “I’ve met him before.”

Klein’s mind whirled as he immediately asked, “When was it?”

“I can’t remember the exact date. Maybe a month ago? I saw him send Mr. Vincent to the door and they were softly discussing something. I have a deep impression of him because of his thick and messy eyebrows, as well as Mr. Vincent’s rare smile,” Angelica described as she recalled. “Yes, he had a pair of grayish-blue eyes and, like most men his age, had little hair on his head.”

“Did you meet him again before or after that?” asked Klein

gently.

Angelica shook her head.

“No, I am certain of that. I don’t even know his name. To be honest, if it wasn’t you, I would have suspected that any person showing me a portrait like this is a policeman investigating Mr. Vincent’s death. Heh, I don’t find it odd no matter what revelation you receive, for you are a true Seer.”

My apologies, I am a policeman... Klein retorted silently as he sighed and said, “A true Seer would understand how minuscule he truly is compared to the vastness of fate. We can only see a hazy corner, forever receiving revelations, but never answers. We must reflect upon them constantly and keep up our respect and fear. We must decipher these hints with caution and not see ourselves as the intelligent ones who have taken control of fate.”

By summarizing what he had figured out over the past few weeks, Klein suddenly realized that his Spirit Vision turned clearer. He could even faintly make out the details within Angelica’s aura.

At that instant, he felt like a shortsighted man who was wearing glasses that suited him.

This... has my Seer potion begun to produce clear signs of digestion? Klein was stunned in disbelief.

“I never imagined that a Seer like you can still maintain such fear and respect towards fate. It’s truly admirable,” said Angelica earnestly.

She had seen too many people in the Divination Club who claimed to see through the truth and change fate after learning a few divination methods.

Klein retracted his gaze and chuckled.

“The more you know, the better you can understand how small we truly are.”

As he was saying this, he checked his body's condition and reflected on his past experiences. He could basically narrow the essence of the ‘acting’ technique to ‘actions corresponding to the name of the potion, understanding the hidden laws governing the role, as well as strictly abiding by these laws’.

Only by doing so could he change the state of his body, heart, and soul, making them closer to the remnant psyche in the potion, so as to gradually digest it.

The acknowledgment of a Seer's identity was only a factor on the surface. The reason why it made one's spirituality feel light had to do with how the feedback strengthened one's affirmation of particular divination actions. And these actions collectively formed the rules for digesting the Seer potion.

To help others interpret revelations and guide them in a better direction; yet constantly maintain one's fear and respect towards fate. One cannot be too egoistical, too proud, or blindly believe one's interpretations... These are the laws I can think of for the time being, as well as the essence of the ‘acting’ technique that will guide me towards the future. If it continues to be this successful, I won't need half a year. Perhaps in two or three months, or even two to three weeks time, I'll be ready to completely digest the potion.

...That sign was extremely obvious. It's no wonder the mysterious Mr. Zaratul said that the Beyonder will clearly sense it when the potion is fully digested. There's no need for anyone to teach them. It is what it is... Just like now, although my Spirit Vision has been enhanced a little, I know very well that this is only a pit stop in the digestion process and not the final destination.

With this in mind, Klein couldn't help but thank the suited clown for teaching him with his life!

If it wasn't for him, he would probably spend months at the Divination Club, summarizing the rules of a Seer through numerous attempts—for better or for worse—before he began 'acting' strictly.

"Mr. Moretti, I sometimes even think of you as a philosopher," Angelica said with a sigh upon hearing Klein's reply.

"In my circle of friends, the term 'philosopher' is used to scold somebody." Klein was in a good mood.

With that said, he bowed, wore his hat, and left after bidding farewell.

Although Angelica was unaware of the gentleman's name or identity, Klein was in no way depressed. What he learned was sufficient enough for him to engage in the next phase of his plan.

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36 Zouteland Street. Inside Blackthorn Security Company.

Dunn looked at the portrait in his hands with his deep gray eyes.

“You wish to carry out a search for this person?”

“Yes.” Klein had long prepared a reason for this. “Captain, didn’t I mention that I would head to the Divination Club to observe the reactions of its members on Hanass Vincent’s sudden death? I didn’t discover anything yesterday, but I accidentally found out today that the person in the portrait had appeared with Hanass Vincent once and was secretly discussing something with him. I flipped through our team’s investigation report just now, but I didn’t discover any person resembling him in the report.”

There were no loopholes in his description. Even if Dunn Smith were to take this portrait to the Divination Club, he would get the same answer from Angelica.

Dunn cast his gaze away from the portrait and laughed.

“From the looks of it, the compensation funds weren’t a waste.”

...Captain, isn’t your memory bad? Why would you mention the compensation at this point in time... Klein maintained a smile and didn’t say a word.

“Was this drawn by you?” Dunn asked in passing.

“Yes. I drew it with the help of ritualistic magic,” Klein replied, completely honest.

Of course, speaking the truth and revealing the whole truth were two different matters.

Dunn nodded slightly and said, “Get Old Neil to make a few more sets. I’ll get Kenley and Royale to investigate and seek the cooperation of the police department. If this clue is of any use, you would’ve contributed greatly once again.”

“May Goddess bless us.” Klein tapped four spots on his chest as he appeared abnormally devout.

For him, all he needed from Dunn and company was to figure out the name and identity of the man in the portrait. He could divine his location above the gray fog!

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Despite it being his day off, Klein didn’t immediately return home after leaving the Blackthorn Security Company. Instead, he took the public carriage to the harbor and arrived in front of the Evil Dragon Bar’s entrance.

In his considerations, although a Seer lacked the means to directly engage in combat with an enemy or the means to cast spells quickly, combat could be classified in many ways. Not all battles were chance encounters. As long as he had sufficient time to prepare, a Seer could similarly deal with an enemy using ritualistic magic. It was exactly how he resolved the magic mirror divination incident at Selena’s house.

And this also meant that it was best if a Seer brought along the essential oils, herbs, and tiny candles to avoid being in a situation where they were unavailable when they were needed most, thus, resulting in a helpless death. After all, not everyone was like Selena who had an entire assortment of mysticism items which could be used.

As for the ones he applied for, as Klein had practiced frequently,

he had used up most of them. He kept what was left in his tiny inner pocket.

He patted the cash note in his pocket and pushed open Evil Dragon Bar's door and strode in.

It was noon and there weren't many customers in the bar. Nor were there any rat-baiting or boxing matches. It was quiet and not lively enough.

Klein observed the guests drinking beer and playing cards as he walked toward the billiard room that led to the underground market.

At that moment, he saw a muscular old man walk out with a torn Admiral's jacket draped over his shoulders.

"Were you the friend Old Neil brought last time?" Reeking with the smell of alcohol, the blue-eyed, messy brown-haired elder sized up Klein and laughed.

Klein guessed at his identity and took off his hat and bowed.

"Yes, how might I address you?"

"Old Neil often mentions you. I'm the boss here, Swain." The blue-eyed elder's arms were thick and brawny. He had firm muscles and had the bearing of a military officer.

Former Tingen Mandated Punisher Captain... Rumor has it that he was once part of the Imperial Navy... Klein replied politely, "Yes."

“If you’re in need of money, feel free to approach me.” Swain laughed as he mentioned before walking towards the bar counter.

At that moment, Klein’s heart stirred as he immediately shouted, “Wait a moment, Mr. Swain. I have something I would like to ask of you.”

Swain halted in his steps, turned halfway around, and said with a chuckle, “You look, well—very similar.”

No, I’m not having memory issues... The corner of Klein’s lips twitched as he pointed at the portrait he drew and asked, “Have you met this gentleman before?”

He suddenly realized that Selena had likely been brought by Hanass Vincent to the underground market. This resulted in Elizabeth’s knowledge of the Evil Dragon Bar as well. Then, could the man in the portrait who had some relationship with Hanass Vincent have come here before?

Swain took a careful look and replied affirmatively, “I remember him. He had asked me if I had documents or items related to the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range.”

Documents and items related to the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range? Klein was taken aback as he suddenly connected that to another matter.

Back when he was borrowing the journal issue related to the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range at Deweyville Library, the librarian had casually mentioned that someone had just returned it. Therefore, he still remembered very cleverly and didn’t need to flip through his name cards to determine if the man existed.

Could the gentleman who borrowed the journal issue before me be the one in the portrait?

The gentleman that had witnessed the exchange of the Antigonus family's notebook.