

Chapter 103: Doing As The Heart Willed

He resides at 19 Howes Street?

Whilst memorizing the information, Klein keenly noticed a piece of information.

Yes, Welch stayed on Howes Street. The Divination Club is on Howes Street. This cloth merchant named Sirius Arapis also lives on Howes Street... From the looks of it, it's nothing strange for Welch to know Hanass Vincent either. They might have even gotten to know each through Sirius Arapis...

Suddenly, Klein felt that he had linked the clues together as his thoughts turned clear.

He was originally confused as to how Welch would be acquainted with Hanass Vincent since this son of a banker wasn't particularly interested in mysticism. To him, money was more important than divinations. But now, Klein felt that he had an inkling as to how they became acquainted.

According to the descriptions of several magazines, middle-class and wealthy residents would gladly pay a visit to their neighbors from the same social class in order to form a social circle which is beneficial to them. Similarly, Welch and the cloth merchant, Sirius, absolutely have the motivation and opportunity to become friends since they both lived in the Howes Street vicinity...

It isn't hard to understand how Sirius knew Hanass Vincent, who regularly went to the Divination Club on Howes Street. Perhaps it was a coincidental meeting, or perhaps Hanass had helped him out before. Regardless, this made it possible for the two of them,

who frequently ran into each other within the same area, to become closer to one another....

Hanass Vincent wanted to sell his ancient books, and thus, Sirius introduced him to Welch, who was an undergraduate of the History department...

In Hanass' dream, there was the figure of the suspected evil god, the "True Creator." He also knew of the proper incantation format. This proves that he was very deep into the realm of mysticism. The possibility that he might have even been a member of some secret organization cannot be dismissed.

I cannot rule out the possibility of him joining some secret organization under Sirius's influence.

...

With ideas coming to him so easily, Klein could tell that the information the man had left behind had a certain level of credibility without even using divination methods.

Even if he isn't called Sirius Arapis, nor work as a cloth merchant, and doesn't live at 19 Howes Street, he definitely resides at Howes Street or, at the very least, somewhere nearby!

While these ideas ran through his mind, Klein viewed the borrowing records once again with this new train of thought.

The last time he came to Deweyville Library was last Saturday, a day before Selena's birthday party, which was also a day before Hanass Vincent died. Several days have already passed since then, but he hasn't returned the issues that he borrowed.

According to past records, if he only borrowed two issues, he would usually return them the next day.

Could this mean that he knows of Hanass' death and was scared to the point that he no longer dares to come to the Deweyville Library again?

Yes, he started by borrowing several unrelated history books and journals until he narrowed down what he needed, which is very similar to what I had read...

This means that there was no one teaching him. There was no Senior Associate Professor from the history department of a university. He did this completely through trial and error.

What would a shocked target do? Two choices. One, if he had all the necessary information, he would head straight to the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range. Two, if he still lacks information, he would lay low and observe the situation. He would only show himself again if he's certain that Hanass' death wouldn't implicate him.

Having made this conclusion, Klein closed the borrowing records and returned them to the librarians. He then took out the portrait and asked if anyone had seen the man. Unfortunately, many people came to borrow books every day, and the librarians didn't have any impression of the average person.

"Alright, thank you for your time." Klein put away his identification documents and his badge.

He had no intention of continuing the investigation alone. This wasn't only dangerous, but also troublesome. He planned to head to Zouteland Street once again and hand the case over to Captain and his teammates. He then planned to go home and prepare his

Tomato Oxtail Soup for his siblings before heading to the world above the gray fog to divine the target's whereabouts and condition.

"Officer, is there anything else?" a librarian asked sincerely as he heaved a sigh of relief.

Klein nodded slightly and answered, "No, I will come back if there are new clues."

He held his black cane with his left hand and made his way to the door.

At this moment, he saw a man enter the library with his head hung low. He was dressed in a double-breasted coat, its collars standing tall.

When they walked past each other, Klein caught a glance of his thick, messy brows, and his pair of grayish-blue eyes!

These were things the tall collar couldn't hide!

Sirius? Sirius Arapis? A coincidence? Klein froze. He didn't expect to meet his target here!

What kind of luck was this!

Wasn't this too much of a coincidence?

He evaluated his physical condition and felt his aching sore muscles. Thus, he acted as though nothing had happened and

continued walking towards the door.

Well, we have to follow what our heart tells us! Safety matters!

It doesn't matter if I missed this opportunity as long as Sirius is still in Tingen!

At this moment, the man in the double-breasted coat arrived before the counter and was handing the journals to one of the librarians.

“It’s a return,” he said with a soft, muffled tone.

The librarian received the journals causally and when he saw it, he suddenly froze.

He subconsciously looked up and differently as his body couldn’t help but tremble.

“Is there a problem?” the man asked in a deep voice.

His question seemed like a spark that ignited a fuse, causing the librarian to instantly lose his self-control. He sprinted to the side and shouted,

“Officer!”

“The criminal is here!”

At this moment, Klein, who hadn't left the building, cursed madly in his heart.

He instinctively reached for his holster with his right hand and drew his revolver.

That man froze for a moment before turning and breaking into a sprint.

But he didn't head for the door. Instead, he escaped in the direction of the oriel window to the side, as if he wanted to smash through the glass and jump out onto the street.

Klein, who was flustered, turned his head to see the scene when he felt a sudden calm.

He realized that even though he was afraid of the target, his target was more afraid of him!

The man must be unable to determine my abilities in such an abrupt meeting. He isn't clear on what I am adept in, and so, he will instinctively avoid a direct confrontation and look for other ways to escape! Confident of his analysis, Klein lifted his revolver and pulled the trigger.

At that moment, the man in the double-breasted coat abruptly rolled onto the ground in an attempt to avoid the bullet.

Following up on that, he pressed down on the ground with his right hand and propelled himself into the air towards the oriel window.

Click! Klein's first shot was empty.

But this was something he had expected. He took advantage of Sirius's inability to dodge while in midair to aim at his torso and pulled the trigger.

Bang!

The silver demon hunting bullets tore through the air and penetrated straight through Sirius's back.

Crash! The glass shattered and Sirius flew out the window, leaving drops of crimson blood on the crystalline glass fragments and windowsill.

Klein was no longer afraid now that the target was injured. He ran over and jumped out the window with the help of a chair.

This was the area lining the back of Deweyville Library's ground floor. A row of trees isolated a lush green field.

The injured Sirius was running to the side, in an attempt to enter a small alley between two buildings. Having not practiced shooting at moving targets, Klein didn't dare to fire blindly. He could only carry his cane in one hand and his gun in the other as he pursued the man in a black coat.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

He followed the trail of blood on the floor and tried to close the distance.

With a corner coming up, the injured Sirius's speed became slower and slower. Klein, who had been waiting for an opportunity to capture him, suddenly felt a little afraid. He felt as though the man in front of him wasn't human, but a wolf or a tiger, one that harbored terrifying dangers.

This was an instinct he had as a Seer, and also a warning given to him by his spirituality!

Klein immediately slowed down, his eyes scanning the blood on the ground.

Compared to the blood he had seen earlier, Sirius's blood was now black!

At this moment, a violent wind overwhelmed him. Sirius's face was reflected in Klein's eyes.

Thick, messy brows. Grayish blue eyes. Multiple protruding warts. An open mouth with two rows of white teeth.

Sirius was launching a counterattack at this moment!

This made the face reflected in Klein's eyes more visible. He could even smell a particularly putrid stench!

Sirius pounced a distance of seven or eight meters, far more than any normal human being could jump. But as Klein had stopped chasing him just in time, there was still a distance of nearly ten meters between them.

When the distance was shortened to two meters, the sticky

saliva caused by drool and the disgusting dense warts formed a harrowing scene that made Klein's nerves tense up.

Without thinking, he seized the opportunity of the temporary immobility caused by Sirius's pounce to raise his right hand. He fired without stopping, allowing the bullets to rain down on the target's head.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Shooting from such a close distance allowed the silver demon hunting bullets to drill through Sirius's head. Blood splattered everywhere as his face became more and more mangled, until he staggered backwards.

Klein had emptied the bullets in his revolver in an instant. He subconsciously wanted to take a few steps back in order to confirm the results of this battle.

But at this moment, Sirius gave Klein the shock of his life by trying his hardest to stand up straight. Klein abruptly lifted the cane in his left hand.

Smack! The sturdy silver-inlaid black cane struck Sirius's neck, leaving a dark red mark.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

Klein acted on instinct, raining blows on his opponent until Sirius collapsed stumbling onto the ground.

Huff! Puff! Huff! Klein supported himself with his cane and took

deep breaths. His eyes were trained intently on his target, afraid that Sirius would suddenly jump back to life.

At that moment, Sirius' head had basically been smashed into a pulp, and the warts gradually receded. His body stopped moving after a few convulsions.

Klein was in no hurry to examine the corpse. Instead, he tossed his cane to the side and took out the demon hunting bullets he had on him and reloaded his revolver.

After doing this, he collected himself and fought back his disgust, kneeling down to search the pockets of Sirius's double-breasted coat.