

Chapter 182: Wanderer Klein

The weather in Tingen turned from refreshing cool to a biting chill in early September. However, the sunlight at three or four in the afternoon was still warm and soothing.

Klein went through the wall of spirituality and the oriel window. He floated in the air outside of his bedroom as he overlooked the people and carriages shuttling to and fro Daffodil Street.

Just then, there was a man in a gray labor uniform who suddenly lifted his head and looked over.

Klein panicked and wanted to hide, but he couldn't find any suitable cover.

When he didn't see anything to hide behind, he started to sneak back into his house. However, from the corner of his eye, he saw the man earlier merely glanced over the window. Then, his gaze followed a flying sparrow, but unfortunately, he lost sight of it.

In Tingen, birds could occasionally be seen.

Phew... I forgot that an ordinary person wouldn't be able to see me... Klein let out a breath of relief and felt that he had yet to get used to the situation.

As he grew more confident, he flew lower and went to a nearby spacious street where he floated above people's heads.

As he drew closer, Klein immediately realized that his "vision"

was the same as his Spirit Vision. There was no need for him to activate it, but there was a restriction to its range.

Also, besides the aura and emotional colors, he could faintly feel the existence of everyone's soul. They were blurry, illusory, and transparent.

In this state, I think I could bypass a person's body and directly attack their soul... Klein nodded thoughtfully.

He circled around and prepared to test his fastest speed. Hence, he flew towards Iron Cross Street with all his strength.

It didn't take long before he came to a halt and arrived outside the apartment he used to stay in.

It should be about the speed of a car on the highway... It's a pity that I still can't go in and out of the spirit world; otherwise, it'd be perfect... But if I were to be lost in the spirit world, it's said that the consequences are very severe. Just as Klein finished his self-evaluation, he felt low-spirited and gloomy. There was an unspoken pressure.

He looked around and felt that Iron Cross Street was engulfed with gloominess that ordinary people could see, a darkness that the sunlight couldn't dispel. There were layers of numbness, despair, pain, and other emotions overlapping, as though they were corporeal.

It feels just like what I experienced when using spiritual perception on this street when I first became a Seer. Iron Cross Street's Middle Street and Lower Street hasn't changed to this day... I wonder how many years it took to accumulate such oppression and gloominess... Klein recalled the past and sighed as he flew up to the third floor of the surrounding buildings.

He finally felt sunlight and shook off his depression.

Klein flew along Lower Street and, from time to time, he would see residents who were dressed in tattered clothes, looking expressionless and malnourished. He even ran into two bodies that had died of natural causes—prolonged starvation and malnutrition with a sudden infliction of an illness.

There were countless people who died in agony every month. However, the bankrupt farmers and slaves that surged in from the Southern Continent replaced them very quickly... Klein sighed in silence and changed direction and flew south.

That was the industrial area of Tingen. The steelworks, lead factories, ceramic factories, printing factories, metalworks factories, machine construction factories, and other factories all built right next to one another.

As he flew, Klein saw towering chimneys. He saw dust filling the air and a thick gloominess that was only slightly better than the that of Lower Street.

It was crowded with emotions of exhaustion, pain, pessimism, and numbness. Laborers who were in their thirties were considered the minority.

Just as Klein wanted to fly lower to look at the area more closely, he suddenly felt weak. It was a weakness that came from inside him.

My spirituality can't withstand the duress... Klein became alarmed. He was in a hurry to return home, but he suddenly thought of a better possibility.

I was “summoned” out. If I were to end the summon, I would return naturally! He calmed down and carefully felt the surrounding environment and his status. Unsurprisingly, he discovered something that was connected to him from infinitely far away but also infinitely close to him. It formed an intricate tether to him.

Through this connection, Klein clenched the Flaring Sun Charm tightly and willed the strong desire to end the “summoning.”

A massive and terrifying suction force overwhelmed him as his figure went from transparent to nearly invisible, and in a flash, he vanished from the corporeal world.

...

Silence was everywhere in the boundless gray fog, and there were illusory crimson stars that twinkled. Klein reappeared in the lofty palace that looked like the home of a giant, as he sat in the seat of honor at the ancient bronze table.

The entire procedure went well... Furthermore... Klein looked at his Spirit Body in pleasant surprise and saw that it contained a warm and pure gold portion.

The Flaring Sun Charm!

I actually brought something corporeal into the world above the gray fog! He held the charm with a smile and fiddled with it to make sure it wasn't an illusory item.

Klein stood up and paced back and forth, feeling completely gratified. He thought to himself in anticipation.

As expected, ingredients and items can be brought into this mysterious space!

I just need to find the correct way!

However, this method is quite complicated. It needs me to do quite a bit before it reaches the destination. Furthermore, if I were to be summoned by the members all the time, it would damage The Fool's image. I can only do that occasionally, or after I understand it more. I can design an incantation that summons The Fool's "Blessed," but it will similarly be directed at me...

...I'm not some born laborer. Why must the incantation point towards me? When the time comes, I can conjure what seems like a messenger or a more unique "Blessed" and let it deal with the dispatch and collection of materials...

Ideas popped up one after another as Klein contemplated. But due to the limitation of his capabilities and knowledge, he couldn't put them into practice just yet.

As he became even weaker, Klein didn't dare to stay any longer. He used his spirituality to envelop himself and simulate the feeling of descending.

In the blink of an eye, he returned to his bedroom. He saw splendid sunlight pouring in through the gap in his curtains.

He examined his body and made sure that the Flaring Sun Charm wasn't brought back but left above the gray fog.

When I've gotten enough rest, I'll repeat the summoning ritual at dawn to bring the Flaring Sun Charm back to reality... Sigh, it

would be great if I could maintain the state a little longer. That way, I would be able to investigate the houses with red chimneys. It's such a pity that I can't do it yet. I could only fly long enough to investigate a few houses before having to return above the gray fog and rest for half a day. The efficiency would be just as low. Klein walked before his desk and put out the silent burning candle.

After he packed his things, he didn't remove the wall of spirituality immediately. Instead, he sat down and took out a pen and paper to write a letter—a letter to Mr. Azik!

After he wrote the salutation of “Dear Sir,” he pondered for a few minutes before penning:

“...I recently received news that one of the Seven Pirate Admirals, Vice Admiral Hurricane, Qilangos, has infiltrated Backlund. He carries a mystical item called the ‘Creeping Hunger.’ It provides an ability similar to a Shepherd, which is a Sequence 5 Beyonder that swallows different souls and obtains their corresponding powers. It's said that there is a limit to the number of souls for Grazing, but the souls can be swapped out...

“...Qilangos seems to have many Beyonder powers, and I'm not sure what he's trying to do in Backlund... The news I received suggested that he might be after a very important, very mystical item that could make Qilangos a High-Sequence Beyonder or as powerful as a High-Sequence Beyonder...”

Klein fabricated his source of information to generally describe the situation with Qilangos, but it wasn't like Mr. Azik would look for a Nighthawk Captain to confirm it.

Klein didn't directly request assistance but made it seem like he brought up the subject casually to encourage Azik to be careful.

Regardless of whether Mr. Azik was willing to help, it wouldn't hurt to first lay the foundations! If Klein eventually needed to ask for help, it wouldn't appear out of the blue that way! Klein let out a breath slowly and started writing the main content of the letter.

"The mastermind behind all that has happened hasn't taken any further action, and I still haven't found any related clues.

"The reason why I'm contacting you so suddenly is mainly to ask for your guidance regarding sacrificial rituals. I came across something like that during a recent mission..."

With The Sun's description and Mr. Azik's answer to compare, I should be able to try a sacrificial ritual after that. By reversing the ritual, I should be able to bestow items... This would be a more suitable ritual for exchanging ingredients and items rather than summoning myself... Yes, let's hope that Mr. Azik remembers the knowledge about this... Klein nodded slightly. He put down his pen without signing his name.

There's only one copper whistle, so I'm sure Mr. Azik wouldn't make a mistake with the sender.

Therefore, to be careful, Klein didn't leave his name.

After he folded the letter, he looked at his three-meter-tall ceiling. He picked up the copper whistle from the bed a little hesitantly.

Perfect, let it squat and get the letter! Klein emphasized inwardly before lifting his right hand and putting the copper whistle to his lips. He puffed up his cheeks and blew hard.

The whistle didn't produce a sound, but Klein's acute senses noticed that the surroundings had instantly turned cold.

He activated his Spirit Vision and saw that there were blurry yet glistening white bones surging out of his study desk like a fountain as it rose in height.

The white bones quickly gathered together and turned into an illusory yet huge monster. Its head tore through the wall of spirituality and reached somewhere unknown.

Klein looked at the white skeleton's thighs and body, as well as its arm that hung down. Seeing its right palm open up, the corner of Klein's lips twitched as he tossed over the folded letter.

The large bony palm did a sweep and caught the letter firmly.

Then, Klein picked up his copper whistle and blew again without hesitation.

The monster crumbled in an instant, transforming into bones that fell onto his desk before sinking in and vanishing.

After doing all of that, Klein removed the wall of spirituality. In the sudden wind that stirred, he hobbled towards the clothes rack and returned the copper whistle to its original place.

Then, he quickly walked to his bed and planted his head into it.

The moment his body touched the soft mattress, he fell into a deep sleep.