

Chapter 173: Zombiefication

Before Klein could come up with any new ideas, he saw the rigid Maynard lift both his hands up. Its body lunged forward to his left amidst the sound of hurtling wind!

In the past, his dulled reactions under such sudden, unexpected situations would've made it hard for him to avoid this. Even if he had noticed the attack ahead of time, he would have had to roll away to avoid the fast-moving corpse.

But now, Klein could nearly react on instinct. He stomped down with his bright, buttonless leather boots and jumped diagonally onto the high-back chair.

As it had only been a day since he advanced, he was still getting used to his power, agility, and speed. He had accidentally leaped too high into the air and landed on the top of the chair's high-back!

It was a narrow edge. Klein's heart tightened as he quickly controlled his body and adjusted his center of gravity.

He wavered for a moment and surprisingly managed to stabilize himself, like a black cat flaunting its balance and poise.

As he was wavering, he flailed his left arm, swinging his cane into the zombie's ribs as it pounced forward. The strike caused it to lose its balance as it staggered and fell onto the carpet.

Klein was standing on top of the chair as he felt for his revolver by raising his right arm. He attempted to pull it out from the

holster so that he could deliver a silver demon hunting bullet at the zombie in front of him.

But in that instant, he suddenly wondered about the aftermath.

If he were to blow a hole in Member of Parliament Maynard's corpse, how was he going to explain the cause of death to the deceased's family or Members of Parliament who were focusing on the matter?

All I did was double-tap his corpse?

As he was thinking, Klein reached into the pocket of his police uniform and felt for a triangular plate.

The Requiem Charm... He quickly made a decision. He took out the silver amulet without hesitation and let out a low shout in Hermes, "Crimson!"

As the incantation reverberated within the room, the charm started to release a peaceful aura. Klein quickly infused his spirituality into the amulet and tossed it to Zombie Maynard who was struggling to get up.

A cold blue fire appeared, enveloping the triangular plate. A serene and gentle black aura spread forth rapidly, eliminating the anxiety and worry of the soul.

Zombie Maynard stopped there, his eyes staring blankly at the ground. His saliva dripped onto the carpet.

Klein heaved a sigh of relief and planned to take out the

materials and set up a ritual to purify the desecrated being, but suddenly, Maynard once again let out a groan, his blank eyes focused on the left pocket of Klein's police uniform again.

Shit... Klein leaped from the top of the chair to the ledge of the oriel window.

At the same time, he heard the sound of the chair breaking.

Klein had no choice but to take out a rectangular silver plate.

The Slumber Charm!

It wasn't only living things that could be put into a deep sleep. The dead were in a state of eternal sleep and would only be woken up under unusual circumstances!

In certain books on mysticism, there was even such a description regarding zombies: They slumber by the day and wake up in the night.

“Crimson!”

Klein once again recited the incantation in Hermes. He intended to disregard the consequences and shoot the corpse with his revolver if that failed again.

The problems that came later wouldn't matter if he was dead!

As he felt the silver rectangular plate in his palm turn cold, Klein injected his spirituality into it and tossed the charm out.

A dark red flame illuminated his eyes as the sound of a light explosion reverberated around the room.

A gentle power spread forth, bringing with it a fatigue that affected every living being. Zombie Maynard had just propped himself up using the chair when he wavered. His eyes closed, and he fell on his back with a plop.

With what had just happened, Klein didn't dare to relax. He immediately took out the Amantha extract distilled from Night vanilla, Slumber flower, and Chamomile, as well as the bark of the Drago tree, and the Full Moon Essence Oil made from Moon flowers. He quickly set up a sacrificial altar.

Right on the heels of that, he sealed the surrounding area with a spirituality wall with the aid of Holy Night Powder, encompassing the altar and the sleeping Zombie Maynard.

After silently reciting the incantation and lighting three corresponding candles, he dripped a few drops of essential oil extract and scattered various powders onto the flames. Klein then took a step back and cautiously looked at Zombie Maynard. He then recited in Hermes,

"Standing higher than the cosmos and more eternal than eternity, the Evernight Goddess.

"I pray for your loving grace.

"I pray that you look over your loyal guardian,

"I pray for the power of the crimson.

“I pray for the power of sleep and silence,

“I pray that you purify the unclean being around me, the gentleman once called John Maynard.”

...

“Moon flower, a herb that belongs to the red moon, please bestow your powers to my incantation!

“Slumber flower, a herb that belongs to the red moon, please bestow your powers to my incantation!”

...

It was as if a midnight breeze blew within the wall of spirituality. A thin veil of black steam started to billow from Zombie Maynard.

When everything settled, Klein used his Spirit Vision and divination to repeatedly confirm that the zombie wouldn’t “awaken” once more.

After seeing the results, his worries eased. He ended the ritual and dispelled the wall of spirituality.

“Why would he suddenly come back to life?” Klein stood in front of Maynard, who was on the carpet. He knitted his brows as he looked down at the corpse.

To a Beyonder with high spiritual sensitivity, there were obvious

signs to note if a corpse would come back to life or not, much less Klein, who was a Seer. He often had a premonition of similar matters, but what had happened just now completely took him by surprise.

Unless-unless there is a more mysterious influence at play... Just like what happened with the suited clown. Klein recalled the scene in his head and faintly sensed the problem:

Zombie Maynard had been trying to attack the left pocket of his police uniform!

Left pocket? Klein transferred his black cane to his right palm, then reached for the pocket with his left hand. He took out the ancient copper whistle that was inside.

It was a copper whistle carved with many mysterious patterns. It was the copper whistle used to summon Azik's messenger.

This copper whistle zombified Maynard? That's quite plausible. Even if Mr. Azik isn't a descendant of Death, he definitely has a certain connection with Death. It's logical that the objects that he carries with him would produce such an effect... Klein nodded in thought. He took out a copper penny and did a quick divination about his conclusion.

As he was at the scene of the incident, holding the relevant objects, and had ample information, he quickly got a result. He saw the copper penny fall into his palm, portrait facing up.

This means yes. To think that Mr. Azik didn't remind me to be cautious that these things could happen... Well... He's an amnesiac, so it's not uncommon to forget this. Besides, the copper whistle might not have had negative effects when it was on him. There's a high possibility that it was suppressed. I shouldn't take

this copper whistle with me when I'm at cemeteries or ancient castles, places that are prone to hauntings. Otherwise, I'll just be finding trouble for myself and crazily court death... Klein silently made a mental note. He then carried the naked Maynard back onto the bed without much effort.

Looking at the obvious mark on the corpse left behind by the stroke of the cane, Klein sighed. He covered the corpse with the piece of white cloth and pretended not to notice.

I'll leave this problem to the police department to vex over it! Oh, and the two charms I used just now can be considered mission-related expenses, so I can get compensated... He thought as he packed up. He then took the portrait and unlocked the door.

The door opened with a creak and Klein saw Inspector Tolle, who had been guarding outside, not allowing anyone to come near.

"What happened just now?" Tolle asked in doubt and worry.

He could faintly hear the action going on in the room.

Klein smiled and deliberately said with a little exaggeration,

"Member of Parliament Maynard came back to life and tried to give me a passionate hug."

"Don't joke like that..." Tolle looked into the room in exasperation.

"Why so serious?" Klein said, throwing up his hands. "Due to an unconfirmed reason, Member of Parliament Maynard became a

zombie. Well—the kind of things that would happen in ghost stories. Fortunately, I hadn't left yet, so I used ritualistic magic to purify the desecration, allowing him to return to his eternal slumber."

"Is this related to his cause of death?" Tolle asked, his expression stern.

"I cannot give you an answer to that. I don't even know what the problem is. You should know that in our field, unexplainable things are a common occurrence," Klein said. He then looked at the portrait in his hand, "When I was doing the mediumship ritual, I saw the scene of Maynard's death. He was engaging in some activities that should only be done between a husband and wife with this woman. And at the climax of his joy, he clutched his chest where the heart is."

"You mean that... that is the cause of his death?" Tolle gave him a "nudge nudge" and "wink wink" look.

"In theory, yes, but you should wait for the autopsy." Klein handed the portrait over to Inspector Tolle.

Tolle had only glanced at it when he exclaimed, "Madam Sharon!"

Klein looked at him, lost.

"Is she very famous?"

Yea, judging from her looks and figure, she should be famous... He lampooned in his heart.

Tolle looked around and introduced her in a somewhat excited manner, “Madam Sharon is the prettiest widow in Tingen City. She’s the most sought-after lady in social settings. She was the second wife of Baron Khoy, but unfortunately became widowed.

“She is welcomed by many amongst the nouveau riche merchants and aristocrats, someone who can be invited to banquets by both the Conservative Party and the New Party.”

“It’s rumored that she and her stepson, the current Baron Khoy, are on ‘friendly’ terms with many nobles and senior civil servants in Backlund. She’s a powerful lady. To think that she and Member of Parliament Maynard had such a relationship... Hehe...”

Simply put, she’s an exceptional socialite... Klein secretly concluded. He turned around and pointed into the room.

“The next part is not included in my job description. How you interrogate Madam Sharon is none of my business.”

“Also, I hit Member of Parliament Maynard with a cane before the purification. You’ll have to deal with it and think of an explanation.”