

Chapter 89: A Simple Mission

Klein nodded and said, “Alright, but I still don’t know what my mission is.”

“Nothing dangerous. I haven’t seen any signs of danger at the very least,” Dunn emphasized. “This is a case which was referred to us by Golden Indus’s police department. The famous philanthropist Sir Deweyville has been experiencing unusual harassment over the past month. Be it his bodyguards, the security guards he has employed, or the police, none of them have been able to find the culprit. Inspector Tolle, who is in charge of this case, suspects that it involves Beyonder powers and, thus, handed the case over to us.”

I saw Sir Deweyville at the library the other day and noticed that he was feeling down and lethargic. So it was a result of being harassed... Klein knitted his brows and asked, “What kind of harassment is it?”

There hasn’t been any physical harm inflicted yet; thus, the harassment wouldn’t be considered dangerous.

“Sir Deweyville hears moans and cries every night, no matter where he is, be it Tingen or not. This has affected his sleep quality negatively.” Dunn flipped the notes in his hands. “He has seen a psychiatrist and has asked his butlers and servants to confirm that it was not an illusion. Having confirmed that it isn’t a hallucination, thus, it is suspected that someone is harassing him.”

Closing the file, Dunn looked up at Klein.

“Change into your probationary inspector uniform in the break room, then meet Inspector Tolle who is in charge of this case at the Shooting Club. He’ll provide you with more details.”

“Probationary inspector uniform?” Klein asked instinctively.

Dunn rubbed his forehead and smiled.

“Half of our salary comes from the police department, and the title of probationary inspector doesn’t merely belong in the records. When you met Leonard and I for the first time, we were also wearing uniforms. This is a perk held by fully official members. Yes, the ‘Perks’ as Emperor Roselle would call it.”

Unfortunately, I can’t wear it as a casual outfit. Otherwise, I’d be able to have another spare outfit when my clothes are being washed... Klein picked up his cane and bade farewell before leaving the captain’s office.

He headed toward the break room and saw a black and white checkered uniform, complete with leather boots, placed on the table. The uniform’s peak cap was embroidered with the logo of the police department—two crossed swords and a crown. Located on the shoulder was a black and white epaulet with a shimmering silver star.

“This is a probationary inspector uniform?” Klein glanced at the uniform and noticed a string of numbers under the silver stars: 06-254.

He had some understanding of the police rank structure in the Loen Kingdom. He knew that those at the top were the minister and the chief secretary of the police force. Under them were the respective commissioners, deputy commissioners, assistant commissioners of the various police departments. Those in the

middle were superintendents and inspectors, while those at the very bottom were the sergeants and constables.

After closing the door, Klein took off his suit and hat before changing into the uniform.

He hung his suit up and left the room. He made his way into the clerk's office and looked at himself using the full-body mirror that Rozanne brought to him.

The young man in the mirror had black hair with gentle brown eyes. The uniform on his body accentuated him with a heroic spirit.

"Not bad." Klein praised himself narcissistically. He left his cane in the office and left the Blackthorn Security Company.

Inside his pockets were a full set of equipment, ranging from weapons to his police badge.

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At the hall of the Shooting Club.

Klein met Inspector Tolle immediately since he was the only one in a police uniform.

Of course, there's me too... Klein thought.

There were two silver stars on the epaulets of Inspector Tolle's uniform. His clothes were propped up by his stomach and he had

a thick blond mustache. His frame was tall but not imposing. Perhaps, it was imposing in the past.

“Moretti? Klein Moretti?” Inspector Tolle noticed Klein and welcomed him with a smile.

“Hello, Inspector Tolle, I believe that you have the right person,” Klein replied amicably, then following his memories, he raised his right arm, kept his fingers straight and tight before saluting.

Tolle chuckled.

“I can tell that you’ll be a young man who’s easy to get along with. That’s good. Shall we head to Sir Deweyville’s place now?”

Even though he was a higher rank than Klein, the tone in his query was obviously friendly.

“No problem.” Klein thought for a moment before he said, “You can fill me in on the details of the case on the carriage.”

“Sure.” Tolle stroked his thick blond beard and guided Klein out of the Shooting Club. They boarded a carriage which was stopped on the other side of the road.

There was the “two crossed swords and a crown” police emblem on the carriage, and it came with a personal carriage driver.

“Sir Deweyville is a believer of the Goddess, so we referred the case to you,” Tolle said quickly as he sat down.

"I know. The fine knight is a common figure on the covers of newspapers and magazines." Klein flashed a friendly smile.

Tolle picked up the document docket beside him and removed the seal before taking out the materials inside. As he flipped through them, he explained, "Regardless, even if you are aware of it, I need to provide you with the detailed briefing.

"Sir Deweyville is one of the richest tycoons of Tingen City. He built his career beginning with a lead and porcelain factory. It has now expanded to steel, coal, shipping, banking, and bonds. He is also a great philanthropist that has been praised by the king, having set up the Deweyville Charity Foundation, the Deweyville Trust, and the Deweyville Library... He was also knighted five years ago... If he were willing to run for mayor, I don't think anyone in Tingen City could contest with him.

"But Backlund is his goal; he wants to become a member of parliament. We once suspected that the harassment might be related to this, but we have no clues to this date."

Klein nodded slightly and said, "We can't rule out that possibility, but there's nothing to confirm that suspicion as of now."

Tolle didn't dwell on this point. He continued, "From the sixth of last month, Sir Deweyville has heard painful skin-numbing moans every night when he sleeps, akin to a patient's fight for his life. He has checked the surrounding rooms multiple times, but he hasn't found anything unusual. His butler and servants have also confirmed that they heard such sounds, but it is simply softer for them.

"In the beginning, Sir Deweyville believed that this matter would pass quickly and didn't pay too much attention to it. But the moans became more and more frequent, to the point of

occasionally happening during the day. There was even the addition of heart-wrenching cries.”

“This has made Sir Deweyville lose sleep, time and time again he had no choice but to leave Tingen to his villa in the villages. But it was to no avail. The moans and cries persisted. Similarly, the phenomenon persisted even in Backlund, just that it wasn’t as serious.

“He employed security guards to check his surroundings, but they didn’t find any clues. Our preliminary investigations also came up with nothing.

“Sir Deweyville, who has been tortured for more than a month, is on the brink of collapse. He visited psychiatrists time and time again but was unable to have his problems resolved. He told us that if this problem was not solved within a month, he would leave Tingen and head to Backlund. He believes that there would be people who can help him there.”

After listening to Tolle’s explanation, Klein quickly analyzed and came up with a few possibilities.

He offended a Beyonder and is suffering from a curse?

No, if he was suffering from a curse, the butlers and servants in his house wouldn’t hear the same things...

There’s a Beyonder with unknown motives hidden among his servants and bodyguards?

But the problem stems from the point that there has been no requests made of Sir Deweyville over the past month...

Perhaps Sir Deweyville accidentally came into contact with some vengeful evil spirit?

That possibility cannot be ruled out...

The carriage entered the Golden Indus borough while Klein was still deep in thought. It stopped at the door of Sir Deweyville's house.

A steel fence surrounded a lush garden. There were two statues by the side of the hollowed metal gates, a magnificent fountain that showered a marble sculpture with water, an expansive two-story building, as well as a path wide enough to fit three carriages.

"Even the knight's house is only two stories high... The newspaper reported that Backlund is experimenting with building ten-story apartments..." Klein got off the carriage and saw a sergeant with three chevron stripes walking over briskly.

He looked at Klein and saluted.

"Good morning, Sir!"

"Good morning." Klein nodded with a smile.

Tolle smiled.

"This is Sergeant Gate, you can tell him if you need anything."

"This is Probationary inspector Moretti, a history and

psychological expert from the police department,” Tolle introduced Klein to Gate.

...I don't deserve such a title... Klein felt a little embarrassed.

After the greetings, Gate pointed to the two-story building behind the fountain and said, “Sir Deweyville is waiting for us.”

“Alright.” Klein caressed the revolver at his waist.

That was his best bet against an enemy.

Since he was in police uniform, he could put his revolver in a holster at his hip, making it easier to draw it.

As they spoke, the trio made their way down the path, around the fountain, and arrived outside the door.

By then, the door was already opened by a servant who was waiting politely at the side.

As Klein pretended to adjust his hat, he tapped twice on his glabella to activate his Spirit Vision before entering the house.

The square-faced Sir Deweyville was massaging his forehead in the hall. He was clearly in low spirits. His blond hair and blue eyes were either dry or dull as though he had aged considerably by at least five years.

“Good morning, Sir Deweyville.” Klein, Tolle, and Gate bowed at the same time.

Sir Deweyville stood up and forced out a smile.

“Good morning, Officers. I hope that you can resolve what has been causing me distress.”

At that moment, Klein squinted and slightly knitted his brows.

Other than his low spirits, Klein couldn’t find any other problems with Sir Deweyville.

That’s odd... He thought for a moment before he said, “Sir, in which room did you first hear the moans?”

“My bedroom.” Sir Deweyville shook his head.

“Can we take a look?” inquired Klein.

“Haven’t you checked it many times?” the middle-aged butler interrupted from the side.

It was clear that he didn’t notice that Klein was the partner of the kind-hearted soul that had “not pocketed the money that he picked up.”

Klein smiled, composed.

“Those were my colleagues, not me.”

“Sir, this is an expert sent by the police agency,” Tolle said,

taking the opportunity to introduce him.

Deweyville looked at the young expert and said, “Alright, Cullen, take him to my room.”

“Sir, I hope that you will come with us,” Klein said seriously.

Deweyville hesitated for a few seconds before saying, “If that can solve the problem...”

He grabbed his cane as he spoke. He made his way feebly toward the staircase with the butler Cullen and several guards beside him, ready to support him if needed.

Klein surveyed the surroundings as he followed behind them silently.

One step, two steps, three steps... They arrived at the second story and entered the master bedroom.

Klein didn’t have the time to survey the surroundings when the hair on his body stood on their ends.

This was feedback from his spiritual perception!