

Chapter 195: “Lockpicking Expert” Klein

A few seconds later, Klein activated his Spirit Vision and surveyed the room, only to find how extravagantly decorated Madam Sharon’s room was.

In a spacious area with a cloakroom that was ajar, there was a thick carpet, a blanket made with goose feathers, a makeup table strewn with skin care products and cosmetics, a dazzling array of jewelry, thin clothing and socks thrown over the rocking chair, and multiple decorative items adorned with gold silk. All of these entered Klein’s field of vision.

What attracted Klein’s attention the most was an unfinished oil painting. On the painting was the naked figure of Madam Sharon herself—her brown hair like a waterfall, her eyes like an innocent deer’s, pure and limpid. But her curved eyebrows, sharp nose, and tender lips accentuated her form as a mature female. The two qualities fused together despite the contradiction, releasing an alarming temptation.

Klein only gave a cursory glance at the area under the neck for a moment. He wasn’t trying to be gentlemanly. After all, he had already seen the porno, so why would he have scruples over a picture?

His attention had been grabbed by the pastels, palettes, and paintbrushes beside the painting, as well as a full-length silver-coated mirror.

This combination and their placement relative to each other gave Klein a weird thought that the painter was Madam Sharon herself, and not some artist she had seduced.

A beautiful woman with a great figure, flirtatious yet innocent, stripping and drawing herself while looking in the mirror to chronicle her beauty... It feels a little odd. Is Madam Sharon narcissistic? Klein gulped silently and retracted his gaze. He started to search for possible evidence of her crimes.

Following Leonard's and Frye's instructions, he kept his black gloves on as he searched. He had to keep the original position of everything in his memory to facilitate putting everything back after he was done.

This proved easy for an advanced Seer. If he forgot, he could use dream divination to recall the placement easily.

Of course, he had performed a divination before he left the house tonight. There was going to be no danger and he would be met with relative success.

That's something a good charlatan would do... even if I'm already a Clown... Klein lampooned himself. He spent twenty minutes searching Madam Sharon's room, but he didn't find anything noteworthy, nor did he see any light emitted by spirituality.

Finally, he stopped before a safe in the corner of the room.

The steel safe was a meter tall; thick and heavy. It gave the impression that it was unusually sturdy, as if it could only be opened using explosives.

This sure is a characteristic of the Age of Steam. There must be complicated machinery within the safe... Klein tried to open the safe but failed miserably.

He left the safe for last. He took off his left glove and unwound the topaz dangling on his left wrist.

Grabbing the silver chain and allowing the pendulum to fall, Klein dispelled the excitement that the fragrance in the room gave him and entered a state of Cogitation.

His eyes turned dark as he chanted to himself, "There is a secret room or hidden partition in this room.

"There is a secret room or hidden partition in this room."

...

After reciting it seven times, Klein's eyes regained their normal color. He looked at the dangling topaz, which was turning counterclockwise.

It was a negative result.

Klein nodded slightly and left Madam Sharon's room. According to the process from before, he went through the study, the living room, the greenhouse, and other parts of the house, but he didn't find any clues of value.

He didn't use Dowsing Rod Seeking since he didn't exactly know what he was looking for.

Klein took out his silver pocket watch and gave it a look. He confirmed the time before returning to Madam Sharon's bedroom.

Carefully closing the wooden door, Klein took out the silver dagger used for rituals and released his spirituality, allowing it to fuse with the powers of nature and seal the room.

He was going to summon himself!

He was going to go through the safe using his spirit and check the things inside!

Grandpa doesn't need to know how to lockpick! Klein proclaimed in Mandarin.

The process was simple since he was praying to himself. He didn't have to be too particular. Klein took out a candle infused with sandalwood and ignited it using his spirituality. That was going to be his altar.

“I!

“I summon in my name:

“The Fool that doesn't belong to this era, the mysterious ruler above the gray fog; the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck.”

The incantation reverberated around Madam Sharon's bedroom. Klein's spirituality poured out from within him, gently fusing with the candle flame to become a gray, palm-sized veil of light.

He then took four steps counterclockwise, made his way through the mad ravings, and into the world above the gray fog.

He saw the Door of Summoning appear behind the seat of honor at the ancient long table. Klein was about to react when he froze.

I should perform a divination to see if I can discover any clues since I'm already here. Here, as well as removing any interference, my powers are also significantly boosted... Also, because of where I am now, performing a divination is akin to using an object Madam Sharon brings around with her everyday... He sat down and conjured a fountain pen and goatskin.

What should I divine? Klein slipped into deep thought*.*

Is there anything wrong with Madam Sharon?

No, everyone makes mistakes, there would be something wrong with anyone.

Is Madam Sharon involved in a crime?

...No, that's not narrow enough either. As a famous socialite tied to the political sphere, it's natural that she would be associated with something dirty yet cannot be convicted for... Also, what is the definition of a crime anyway? The laws of the Loen Kingdom, or the laws of the Intis Republic, or is it up to me to decide?

...

Despite his many thoughts, Klein didn't want to delay it any further. After all, his physical body was still in the real world. Thus, he decided to confirm the past few divinations he did regarding the incident.

He picked up the pen and, without writing, he conjured a divination statement on the goatskin before him

“John Maynard’s death was due to supernatural influences.”

This was the divination he did when he went to Maynard’s house to help the police. The answer he received last time was negative.

Grabbing the silver chain, he allowed the topaz pendulum to almost touch the statement on the goatskin. Klein half-closed his eyes and silently recited the divination statement, “John Maynard’s death was due to supernatural influences.

“John Maynard’s death was due to supernatural influences.”

...

After repeating it seven times, he opened his eyes and looked at the pendulum. His pupils constricted suddenly.

The topaz pendulum was spinning clockwise!

Clockwise meant a positive result!

Maynard’s death was really due to supernatural influences!

Klein stared at the pendulum that was slowing down, his heart churning in turmoil.

My divination back then was influenced, disrupted...

Madam Sharon is a Beyonder, a rather powerful Beyonder? Or is there someone backing her, having helped in planning Maynard's death?

Did they want to remove a powerful opponent to the seat of mayor, to remove a future House of Commons Member of Parliament from the New Party?

Many thoughts raced through his mind as Klein wrote a new divination statement: "Madam Sharon is a Beyonder."

He recited the statement seven times, still using the pendulum technique. Klein used the location he was at, as well as the information he knew regarding Madam Sharon, to complete the divination. He saw an answer.

The answer was the clockwise rotation of the topaz pendulum: the answer was yes!

Madam Sharon is a Beyonder... Klein's nerves tensed. He didn't delay any further, immediately answering his own prayer and pushing open the mysterious door.

After a moment of chaos and dizziness, he saw Madam Sharon's bedroom and himself.

Klein floated to the front of the heavy safe and extended his right hand. He carefully extended his hand into the safe.

Since Madam Sharon was a Beyonder, he had to be wary of traps

in the safe.

In such a state, where his soul was infused with powers of the mysterious space and his spirituality, Klein no longer needed divination. He would receive a warning when he was approaching something dangerous—a large portion of divination was obtaining revelations by allowing one's Astral Projection to roam in the spirit world. In other words, it was derived from one's spirituality.

Klein didn't notice anything unusual. when his nearly-transparent hand made it through the thick metal door.

After sweeping his hand, he leaned forward, plunging his entire spirit into the safe.

He saw that the inside of the safe was split into three sections. The first was filled with gold bars, thick stacks of cash, and even more precious jewelry. Another layer had sealed documents. Klein blew on them, but he didn't manage to flip them open to look at their contents.

Yes, I'll have to try again with Mr. Azik's copper whistle... Klein had experimented with it previously. When he enveloped the Flaring Sun Charm or Azik's copper whistle with his spirit, both the items were able to make it through obstacles, as if becoming illusory items themselves.

The bottom-most layer of the safe was rather strange. There was only a black and white photo there. On the photo was a suave young man.

Madam Sharon's past lover? Were they forcefully broken apart, and Madam Sharon having no choice but to marry the old baron and, thus, embarked on her path of debauchery by entering the

beds of multiple men? But deep in her heart, she still harbors a pure space. Every night, when it's quiet, she takes out this photo and strokes it with tears on her face... Klein instantly imagined the plot of a great romantic tragedy.

But the more he looked at it, the more something seemed amiss. The young man in the photo seemed, perhaps, a little too much like Madam Sharon...

*Madam Sharon's brother? She's a Beyonder... F**k, could she also be of the Demoness pathway? The same as Instigator Trissy!* Klein suddenly had a stroke of inspiration which scared himself.

Could the reason Trissy stayed in Tingen this long be because her partner was here? Klein observed the photo closely, realizing that the young man looked remarkably like Madam Sharon.

His nearly-transparent face grimaced in pain. He could no longer view that “porno” the same way as before!

Collecting himself, Klein felt for the corners of the safe to see if they hid anything.

Even though he couldn't pick up any papers in his current state, passing through objects was a different feeling from passing through the air. The feeling was also different when passing through objects of different densities.

In his search, Klein suddenly froze.

He found an empty space on the side of the safe facing the wall—a hidden compartment!

After confirming that there was no danger, Klein made his way inside. What entered his field of vision were ointments, fragrances, powdered herbs, and other objects. The centerpiece was a statue of a god that took the form of a skeleton.

The statue was about the size of a palm, and probably of a beautiful girl. It had long hair all the way to its heels, each strand of hair was thick and clear, like a venomous snake.

Situated at the tip of every strand of hair was an eye—some closed, others open.

Klein was shocked. He caught a whiff of an evil scent and hurried out of the hidden compartment.

He now understood why his divination for any secret rooms or partitions in the room had failed!