

Chapter 102: Cloth Merchant

The more Klein thought about it, the more likely it seemed. Otherwise, who would have borrowed those random journal issues for no reason?

Yes, research regarding the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range is quite an unpopular field. Other than the corresponding lecturers and associate professors, the common hobbyist would've never heard of it. Even the original Klein, who was a history graduate, only knew about it from the Antigonus family's notebook... Although Tingen is a city of universities, there wouldn't be that many people who would interested in the topic. And even if there is anyone interested, most of them would remain within the university's compounds. There would be no need to borrow the book from the Deweyville Library.

The most important point is that the book happened to be borrowed only recently...

By analyzing it this way, there really is a problem. I wasn't sharp enough and failed to realize it... Sigh, it looks like I have no talent at being a detective or acting like Sherlock Holmes...

While these thoughts raced through his mind, the boss of Evil Dragon Bar, Swain asked in puzzlement, "Is there a problem?"

Since there were customers and bartenders around, he could only ask indirectly.

"Nothing at all. I'm just wondering how I can investigate this gentleman. As you know, Hanass Vincent died at his home." Klein had long prepared his excuse.

He didn't want to make the Mandated Punishers become interested in the ancient relics from the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range.

"Vincent was one of the rather famous fortune-tellers in Tingen City. He often came here." Swain had indeed given a perfunctory answer, but as he recalled, he said, "Now that I think about it, the gentleman in the portrait did come together with Vincent at the very beginning..."

"That is exactly what I wanted to know. Do you remember his name?" Klein pressed immediately.

Swain shook his head and chuckled.

"I won't ask for my customers' names or identities unless I knew them to begin with, like Old Neil."

"Alright then." Klein deliberately revealed a saddened look.

To him, it didn't matter if Swain knew, because he could check the Deweyville Library.

To borrow books from a privately-funded library, he had to leave personal information, and his identification must have had sufficient credibility!

After all, Klein had relied on an introduction letter from a Senior Associate Professor before he obtained a library card.

Even if the gentleman had forged his information, it is very likely that he left some clues which can be helpful to my divination...

Klein watched Swain as he returned to the bar counter before entering the billiard room in deep thought.

He wasn't in a hurry to head to the Deweyville Library for his investigations. He planned on completing his purchases first. After all, it was unknown if he would encounter danger and be required to use ritualistic magic for subsequent developments.

After passing through a few rooms, Klein arrived at the underground market. There were a few stalls and customers, a clear indication that it wasn't peak hour yet.

Just as he took a step forward, he suddenly saw the monster, Ademisaoul, who could smell the scent of death, standing in a corner.

The young man was pale, and his eyes gave off a hint of terror and madness. He had also noticed Klein as he looked over.

As they made eye contact, Ademisaoul suddenly extended his hands to cover his face. He moved toward the corner of the wall in a panicked state.

Soon, he moved to a side door beside him and staggered as he ran out.

Is that necessary? I just nearly blinded you the last time... But I didn't do anything... Seriously, it's as if I'm the devil. Klein's facial expression was somewhat stiff.

He shook his head and smiled. He stopped thinking about the monster and came to a stall. He started shopping with a goal in mind.

After about half an hour, Klein spent a few pounds which was most of his secret stash of money.

He counted the three pounds and seventeen soli he had left, and he felt his heart ache. However, he touched the small metal bottle in the inner pocket of his black trench coat.

“This is the Amantha extract, which Madam Daly used previously.

“This is powder mixed with drago tree bark and leaves.

“Essential oil which is extracted from slumber flowers.

“Dried chamomile petals.

“This is Holy Night Powder which I previously produced myself.”

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Klein recalled the items stored in every tiny pocket of his and repeated them. He did it to prevent himself from failing to find the ingredient that he would need at a crucial moment.

Relying on his unique traits in mysticism, he quickly finished memorizing them and walked toward the door.

Suddenly, he saw a somewhat familiar figure in the corner of his eyes.

It was a young lady in a casual green dress. Her smooth black hair was soft and glistening. She had a round face with long eyes. They gave her a sweet look and a refined bearing.

It's the girl who was shivering strangely on the public carriage? She does seem fine... I never expected her to be a mysticism enthusiast... Klein slowed down and thought for a few seconds before finally recalling who she was.

He had to admit that, other than Justice who he had never seen clearly, the young lady was the most beautiful girl he had seen ever since he transmigrated into this world.

The sweet and refined girl stood before a stall that sold mysticism books and, in a breach of etiquette, kneeled to rub her fingers against an ancient book.

The ancient book was bound with a black hardcover. The book cover had the words "Book of Witches" in Hermes.

"It records the black magic of witches. Although I haven't dared to try them, someone I know did, and it really worked." The vendor seized the opportunity to promote the book.

The beautiful lady thought and asked, "In your mind, what does a witch look like?"

"A witch? A wicked person who brings calamities, disease, and pain," the vendor answered after some thought.

Klein didn't hear their conversation because he had already quickly walked out the front entrance. He was rushing to the Deweyville Library in a hurry to settle everything before

returning home to cook dinner for his brother and sister. Tomato Oxtail Soup was on the menu.

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Backlund. Crown Turf Club.

Audrey Hall wore a long white dress with engageantes and ruffled edges, as well as lace around her chest. She stood in a VIP room and watched the horses gallop.

She wore a veiled hat decorated with blue ribbons and silk flowers, and a pair of light colored fishnet gloves. Her cold and distant gaze seemed out of place in the bustling venue.

Just as the racehorse breasted the tape, her friend Viscount Glaint came closer and said with a suppressed voice, "Audrey, every time I see you, you look beautiful from a different angle."

"How can I help you?" In the past, Audrey might have basked in the young man's compliment, but now she could see Glaint's ulterior motives through his speech and attitude.

Due to the early passing of Glaint's father, he had inherited his title of nobility at the age of twenty. He was a slightly skinny young man. He looked to the left and right, then chuckled softly as he said, "Audrey, I know a real Beyonder, a Beyonder that doesn't belong to the royal family."

You've disappointed me every time you said that... Audrey looked forward and replied elegantly, "Really?"

"I swear on my father's name. I have seen his Beyonder powers," Glaint replied with whisper.

Audrey was no longer the same as before in which should be excited over the news. She was now a Beyonder, but to prevent Glaint from turning suspicious, she widened her eyes and faked a surprised smile. She asked with her voice trembling, "When can I see him?"

Yes, it'd be great to meet other Beyonders. I can't just solve every triviality through the Tarot Club... Besides, I must gather my own resources to exchange them with Mr. Fool and Mr. Hanged Man... Not everything can be solved with money... Sigh, now that I've sent out the thousand pounds, I'll have to be more frugal...

Glaint was very satisfied with Audrey's response. He looked towards the racecourse and said, "Tomorrow afternoon, there will be a literature and music salon at my place."

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Inside Deweyville Library.

Klein took out his identity card and badge from his pocket and showed them to the few librarians.

"I am a probationary inspector from the Special Operations Department of the Awwa County Police. I need your cooperation in an investigation," he said in a deep voice, recalling the police films that he used to watch.

The librarians looked at the identity card and badge before exchanging looks and nodding at each other.

“Go ahead and ask, Officer.”

Klein recited the names of the journals like New Archeology and upon finishing, he said, “I want the borrowing records of the journal for the last two months.”

He realized that one of the librarians had attended to him before, but it was obvious that the man didn’t recognize him.

“Alright. Hold on a second.” The librarians started searching and quickly found the recent borrowing records.

Klein flipped through the records seriously, looking for the man who had borrowed the same journal as he did.

There weren’t many names since there was only one. He had borrowed the journal several times, including the issue that Klein knew of. The earliest entry was at the end of May, and the most recent one was last Saturday, a day before Hanass Vincent’s death.

Klein ran his finger over the borrower’s information and memorized it.

Sirius Arapis, cloth merchant, residing at 19 Howes Street...