

Chapter 37: The Club

Under the scorching afternoon sun, Klein left his house.

Since he had to walk all the way from Iron Cross Street to Welch's place, he wore a linen shirt instead of his formal attire of top hat and leather boots. He wore a matching brown coat, a round felt hat and a pair of old leather shoes. That way, he did not need to worry that the stench of his sweat would contaminate the rather expensive suit.

As he went down Daffodil Street, he strolled toward Iron Cross Street. When he passed by the square around the corner, he subconsciously took a glance.

The tents had already vanished. The circus troupe from before had left after finishing their performance.

Klein originally imagined the animal trainer who had helped him tell his fortune to be a hidden expert. He believed she had purposely appeared to guide him after discovering something unique about him and that she would meet him and provide hints for the future. However, none of that happened. She left for the next stop in the tour with the circus troupe.

How can there be so many cliched tropes... Klein shook his head while grimacing a smile. He turned toward Iron Cross Street.

Iron Cross Street was not characterized by just a single street. Like its name suggested, it was formed by two roads that crossed each other.

With the intersection at its core, it was split into Left Street, Right Street, Upper Street, and Lower Street. Klein, Benson, and Melissa previously lived on Lower Street.

However, the residents living at his former apartment and the surrounding area did not think of the area as Lower Street. Instead, they created the term Middle Street. By doing so, they made a clear difference between those staying there and the poor who lived two hundred meters down the road.

There, a bedroom was occupied by five or six people, and sometimes even up to ten.

Klein walked along the periphery of Left Street as he let his mind wander. He recalled the Antigonus family's notebook and how it was missing. He thought of its importance to the Nighthawks and thought of the deaths that resulted from it.

His heart slowly turned heavy as his face turned ashen.

At that moment, a familiar voice sounded.

"Lad."

Oh... Klein turned his head curiously and found himself by Smyrin Bakery's entrance. Mrs. Wendy with a head of gray hair was greeting him with a wave and a warm smile.

"You don't look... very happy?" Wendy asked genially.

Klein rubbed his face and said, "A little."

“Regardless of your worries, tomorrow will always come,” said Mrs. Wendy with a smile. “Here, try out my newly created sweet iced tea. I’m not sure if it suits the palate of the locals.”

“Locals? Aren’t you one, Mrs. Smyrin?” Klein shook his head in amusement.

Trying out something means it’s free, right?

Wendy Smyrin raised her chin a little and said, “You guessed right. I’m actually a Southerner. I came to Tingen with my husband, but that was more than forty years ago. Heh heh, back then, Benson was not born yet. Even your parents did not know each other.

“I have always been a little unaccustomed to the dietary preferences of Northerners and I’m always missing my hometown’s food. I miss pork sausages, potato bread, roasted pancakes, vegetables fried in lard, and roasted meat with specialty sauces.”

“Oh, and I also miss sweet iced tea...”

Klein suffused a smile when he heard that.

“Mrs. Smyrin, this sure is a topic that makes me hungry... But I feel a lot better. Thank you very much.”

“Delicacies can always cure sorrow.” Wendy handed him a cup of brownish-red liquid. “This is sweet iced tea I made according to my memories. Try it and tell me if it’s nice.”

After thanking her, Klein took a sip and found it resembling iced black tea from Earth. However, it was not as stimulating. The taste of tea was stronger and felt more refreshing. It instantly expelled the heat brought by the burning sun.

“It’s excellent!” he marveled.

“That puts me at ease.” Wendy smiled with squinted eyes as she watched him finish the cup of tea in a genial manner.

After chatting with Mrs. Smyrin about his moving, Klein returned to the street he was most familiar with.

There were far fewer streetside hawkers in the afternoon. They gathered again after half past five. The ones that stayed behind looked drowsy and listless.

The moment he entered the area, Klein’s heart suddenly felt overwhelmed by darkness. His heart felt heavy, down, and gloomy for an inexplicable reason.

What’s happening? He sharply sensed something wrong about himself. He immediately stopped and observed his surroundings, but did not see anything strange.

After some thought, Klein raised his hand and tapped his glabella like he was thinking.

The extent of his vision immediately transformed. The auras of the hawkers and pedestrians all appeared.

Before Klein could observe the colors of their health, his

attention was pulled away by the colors that represented gloominess.

He was unable to determine the exact thoughts of the observed, but the despondent, apathetic, and gloomy impression was deeply carved into his heart.

As he surveyed the area, he realized that even the sun could not disperse those dark colors.

It was a sense of gloom that tainted them from years of repression.

Upon seeing this, Klein instantly understood the reason.

Just as Old Neil said, activating his Spirit Vision easily pulled him into unfamiliar environments and made him feel discomfort. It was also easy for himself to be affected by the emotions of others.

A similar principle could be used on an ability like perception. This was an ability he obtained without additional practice after becoming a Seer. It was a passive sense that could not be declined. It allowed him to directly sense the existence of anything abnormal.

There was bound to be a level of interaction when perceiving things; therefore, in the Beyonder eyes of someone like a Spirit Medium, the intensity of everyone's perception is clear. It is like a fire in the night. Therefore, people with high perceptivity were naturally affected by the intense atmosphere of anything abnormal. It could only be repeatedly practiced to grasp, control, and adapt to such outcomes.

“Such a repressed color is probably formed over extended periods of time, right?” Klein sighed as he shook his head, feeling somewhat affected.

He tapped his glabella twice again and tried hard to converge his spirituality.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Klein walked toward the apartment and sensed for any abnormal existences or tiny connections while also searching for the Antigonus family’s notebook which “he” had hidden.

The streets were the same as usual. There was filthy water and trash on the streets. It only cleared up when he reached the apartment’s entrance.

Klein pushed open the half-closed door and circled the first floor in the darkness that the sunlight could not reach.

The wooden stairs creaked constantly as he went up them.

The second floor was as dim as always. Klein released his perception and looked into the darkness.

However, not only did he fail to discover any clues regarding his notebook, he even failed to see any invisible spiritual bodies.

“If it’s so easy to encounter them, most ordinary people would not have already sensed the existence of extraordinary matters...” Klein sighed in reflection.

He had already understood that most “spirits” did not exist in the

form of spiritual bodies, but in the form of spirituality. Only a Spirit Medium could effectively communicate with them.

After circling the third floor once, Klein left the apartment and retraced his memory's footsteps towards Welch's place.

He walked for a full hour but did not discover anything along the way.

Standing outside the gardened bungalow, Klein looked at the building through the locked iron gates and mumbled to himself, "There's no need for me to search Welch's place, right? Captain and Madam Daly must have done a carpet search of the place...

"Besides, I don't have the key. They can't expect me to climb the walls, right...

"I'll try another path tomorrow...

"I've walked so much today, but there are no step counter rankings..."

While lampooning, Klein returned to the nearby district. He planned on taking a public carriage to Blackthorn Security Company to retrieve his daily allocation of thirty bullets. He needed to make use of his time and practice.

A Seer's lack of quick and effective offensive means could only be made up with his revolver and cane!

The district around Welch's place was relatively clean. Shops with clean and bright windows lined the two sides of the street.

At the turn of the street, Klein was just about to seek out the carriage stop when his gaze swept past a few signboards on the second floor.

“Harrods Department Store.”

“Military Veterans Mess.”

“Divination Club.”

...

Divination Club... Klein silently repeated the name and recalled that he had to ‘act’ as a Seer.

Yes, I should take a look... and seek out new ideas...

Amid his mixed thoughts, Klein went across the street and went to the second floor. He entered the main foyer to see a beautiful female attendant.

The woman with coiled brownish-yellow hair sized up Klein before saying with a smile, “Sir, do you wish to have your fortune told, or do you wish to join our club?”

“What are the conditions for entry?” asked Klein casually.

The woman explained with great familiarity, “Fill in your particulars and pay an annual membership fee. The first year is five pounds and subsequent years will be one pound a year. Don’t worry, we are not like political or business clubs which allow

entry through recommendations from formal members.

“Members can freely use the club’s meeting room and various divination rooms and tools. They can enjoy the coffee and tea we provide and read the newspapers and magazines we subscribe for free. They can buy lunch, dinner, and alcoholic beverages at cost price, as well as education materials and materials needed for divination.

“In addition, we invite at least one famous fortune-teller to lecture every month to answer any questions.

“Most importantly, you can find a bunch of friends with the same hobbies and have an exchange with them.”

It sounds pretty good, but... I do not have the money... Klein gave a self-deprecating smile before asking, “Then what if I want my fortune told?”