

Chapter 172: “Autopsy”

“How long has the Member of Parliament been dead for?” Klein asked straightforwardly as he packed up his things.

If it was more than fifteen minutes, the information that he could obtain would decline considerably. If it was more than an hour, there would be very little left to find.

If it was more than a month, contact with the spirit of the dead would most likely fail.

“Regrettably, the initial autopsy report shows that Mr. Maynard died between nine and eleven last night.” Dunn shook his head and said, “You only need to provide assistance and not consider if you can be of use.”

“Alright.” Klein took his coat and walked out of the duty room with his hat and cane in hand. Dunn Smith took his place at the Chanis Gate guardroom.

Theoretically, as a Beyonders, as long as one’s spirituality was enhanced, things like Spirit Vision, divination, and ritualistic magic could be learned. Especially for Beyonders from the Sleepless Sequence who were known for their high spirituality.

But in actual fact, the differences between the various sequences was vastly obvious. Dunn Smith and Leonard Mitchell had learned Spirit Vision, but they could only see faint white or light blue in the auras of others. They were unable to precisely differentiate the status of different body parts. Of course, they could definitely see spiritual things with Spirit Vision, but doing so wasn’t as effective as using their spiritual perception.

That also led to a problem in which Beyonders at the Sleepless, Midnight Poet, and Nightmare Sequences didn't enjoy activating their Spirit Vision.

Similarly, if they were willing to, they could also learn spirit pendulums, dowsing, dream divination, and so on. But their rate of success wasn't something worth noting.

It was the same situation with ritualistic magic as well.

When the two of them walked past one another, Dunn suddenly said, "I forgot to tell you that Inspector Tolle is in charge of the case. He's waiting for you at the reception hall in the security company. Remember to change into your new uniform and grab your new documents."

Klein wasn't surprised and replied with a smile, "New uniform, new documents? The Tingen Police Department sure is efficient."

He had just advanced to Sequence 8 the day before...

"It's because this case is very important, so..." Dunn spread his hands and took up Klein's previous spot.

Klein walked upstairs, but he wasn't in a hurry to go to the reception hall. He entered the Nighthawks' break room and entered the attached bathroom to relieve himself. There was only a toilet bowl, a water bottle, and a bucket in the duty room.

Then, he changed into his police uniform that revealed his promotion to two silver stars and put on his peak cap with the "two crossed swords and a crown."

After transferring his Flaring Sun Charm, Azik's copper whistle, his ritual ingredients, and other items, Klein smoothed out his uniform, took his cane, and exited the break room.

He passed through the partition and saw Inspector Tolle seated in the sofa area.

It had been a while since they last met. The tall police officer seemed to have gained some weight, and his stomach was even more outstanding. With his thick mustache and hair, he looked like a brown bear that had just escaped from a circus.

"I'm glad to work with you again." When Tolle saw that it was a Nighthawk that he knew, he let out a breath of relief. He stood up and extended his bear paw.

No, palm... Klein corrected himself and shook the other person's hand as a polite gesture.

"Me too."

Tolle stole a glance at Klein's two shimmering silver stars shoulder strap and said with envy, "We're at the same rank now, and it hasn't even been a month."

At first, Klein wanted to reply solemnly that "The danger that we encounter is ten times worse than yours," but he remembered his identity then: Sequence 8 Clown.

Maybe I can give it a try... Using his spirituality, he looked at the reflection of his facial expression. He lifted the corner of his lips and replied with a smile, "Maybe in another few months, you'll have to call me 'Sir.'"

“You sure are humorous.” Tolle chuckled and pointed at the door. “Shall we head out?”

“Alright.” Klein hadn’t given up his cane. Now that he had become a Clown, the cane was truly a viable weapon.

After exiting the Blackthorn Security Company, Klein and Tolle walked down side by side, forming a great contrast due to the skinniness and fatness of the two.

“I feel like we could even make an audience at the circus laugh,” Klein suddenly jested.

Tolle nodded in absolute agreement and said, “Yes, I feel our vast contrast brings a comedic effect. Do you know that some circuses are trying to use fat and skinny, tall and short clown combinations in their performances?”

No, actually I meant a beast tamer and a brown bear... Klein, of course, wouldn’t make such a rude remark. He went along with it and replied, “It’s a pity that there are no fixed circuses in Tingen.”

“That’s right, but we have operas, theaters, and music halls,” Inspector Tolle replied wistfully.

They casually chatted until they got onto the police carriage. Then, Klein redirected the topic back to the case.

“Is it confirmed that Mr. Maynard was murdered?”

“We can’t be certain, but his wife and two sons aren’t willing to

believe the possibility that he died due to a sudden illness. And there was really something wrong at the scene. When Maynard was found, he was naked on the guestroom's bed," Tolle said as he deliberated.

"He sleeps separately from his wife?" Klein leaned back against the carriage wall and mimicked the main character in various detective films.

Tolle shook his head and said, "No, his wife hasn't been in Tingen recently. She went to Backlund to attend a very important social ball. You might not know, but she's the leader of a new party. She's the daughter of someone from the House of Commons. She's still on her way back to Tingen via steam locomotive. She merely used the telegram to express her opinion on this matter."

"Maynard is also a member of the new party. He's been a Tingen's Member of Parliament for more than ten years. He intended to run for mayor in next year's election."

"In other words, his death might be related to this?" Klein asked casually and immediately laughed. "I'm sorry, I'm only supposed to be helping with the autopsy. The rest of the matter is not within my area of concern, you don't have to answer."

Tolle didn't mind much but sighed.

"Autopsy... You're very cautious."

"As for your guesses, I would only say that there's a possibility. There was a gathering last night at Maynard's place. There were too many guests, and we temporarily can't find any main suspects. Plus, these guests have decent backgrounds, so we have to be very careful. We can't make any mistakes."

"I understand." Klein nodded faintly and asked about the details of the scene.

Maynard's house was a bungalow located in the Golden Indus borough. It was surrounded by gardens and fields, there was a stable, a fountain, and a broad pathway built from cement.

Klein put on his peak hat with its police badge and followed behind Inspector Tolle. They passed through the police streamer and entered the double-story house under the gaze of every policeman present.

In the living room, there were two male and four female probationary inspectors who were talking to people individually to gather statements.

Klein looked around and saw many gentlemen in tuxedos and a few ladies in glamorous dresses and checkered gauze hats.

"They're the guests who spent the night here," Tolle explained and led Klein up the stairs to the second floor directly.

Along the way, when the police constables who were searching through the rooms saw the two, they revealed a look of respect without stopping them. Perhaps it was the effect of the inspector epaulets.

"This is the guest room where Maynard's corpse was discovered." The brawny Tolle stopped by the crimson wooden door.

Klein thought and asked, "Which guest was assigned to this guest room?"

“Nobody. There are too many guest rooms in the house, so it wasn’t used.” Tolle put on his white gloves and turned the knob of the crimson wooden door.

He made the constable who was keeping watch leave temporarily. Then, he nodded at Klein and said, “Inspector Moretti, I’ll leave the rest to you.”

“May the Goddess bless us, and I hope that we find something.” Klein put on his white gloves too and locked the door behind him.

He walked to the side of the bed and saw that the crimson bedsheets were abnormally messy. The corpse laying on it was covered with a white cloth.

At this point, Klein could be considered to be quite experienced. He pulled away the white cloth without fear and looked at Member of Parliament Maynard.

The man was in his forties. His blond hair was trimmed short, and his expression was a mixture of pain and happiness.

Klein took two steps back and took out the ingredients he needed. He quickly finished the setup for the mediumship ritual.

As the faint calming fragrance swirled around him, he recited the divination statement that he thought of long ago, “The cause of Maynard’s death.”

“The cause of Maynard’s death.”

...

As he recited the statement, Klein retreated to a nearby high back chair and sat down slowly.

His eyes darkened, then he leaned back and quickly fell into a deep sleep.

In the illusory and blurry world, he suddenly saw the gentleman from earlier.

With his opened blue eyes, Maynard was laying prostrate above a woman with an outstanding body and fair skin. He was thrusting hard against her body.

He first displayed an expression of extreme satisfaction and happiness. Then, he suddenly clutched his chest with his right hand. His expression then grew contorted.

Pa!

As Maynard fell, the image quickly shattered. Klein opened his eyes and woke up from his dream.

I can't believe I can actually watch porn in such a manner... So, Maynard had an affair and died of exhaustion? Klein chuckled and massaged his temples.

He took out a pen and paper before doing another ritual. He drew a portrait of the lady he had seen in his dream with the aid of the ritual. Of course, everything below her neck was omitted.

It was a woman whose age was hard to tell. She had the mature vibe of a woman in her thirties, but there was a remnant of innocence to her. Her eyes were crystal clear, and she had a delicate look.

Klein looked at his work, then put away his ritual ingredients, and dispelled the spirituality wall.

He leaned sideways to grab his silver-edged cane.

Suddenly, he heard the reverberating sound of someone clearing their throat. He immediately got goosebumps!

Klein looked towards the bed and saw Maynard gripping the crimson bedsheets so tightly that the tendons on the backs of his hands were protruding out.

With a swoosh, the Member of Parliament who died between nine and eleven the previous night suddenly sat up. Saliva drooled from the corners of his lips as he opened his vacant eyes wide.