

Chapter 90: Findings By Sight

Sir Deweyville's bedroom was larger than the living room and dining room of Klein's house combined. It was partitioned into a place for a bed, a living space, a changing room, a bathroom, and a study desk and bookshelves. The furnishings were exquisite, and the details were extravagant.

But to Klein, the light seemed dimmer and the temperature was several degrees colder than the outside.

At the same time, he seemed to hear the sound of sobbing and moaning, as though one was putting up a last-ditch struggle.

Klein was in a trance, and everything suddenly returned to normal. The sunlight shone brightly through the window and poured over the entire bedroom. The temperature was reasonable, neither too high nor low. The surrounding policemen, bodyguards, and butler were quiet. No one spoke.

This... He looked sideways at the classic yet luxurious bed. He felt there were pairs of blurry eyes lingering in the shadow, like the moths that fearlessly stayed around gas lamps.

Taking a few steps closer, Klein lost the earlier images from his Spirit Vision.

Not a standard wraith or an evil spirit... What is it exactly? Klein frowned and recalled the mysticism knowledge that he had been learning all this time.

From what he had seen, the mission would have been easy if it

was passed to a Corpse Collector, Gravedigger, or Spirit Medium. It was obviously not within his domain of expertise.

Holding back his urge to use divination as an investigative approach, Klein looked around slowly to look for other traces to confirm the few guesses on his mind.

“Inspector.” Sir Deweyville hesitated and asked, “Did you discover anything?”

“If it were that easy, I believe my colleagues wouldn’t have waited until now,” Klein replied, glancing at the philanthropist subconsciously.

Just as he planned to retract his gaze, he suddenly saw that there was a faint white human figure reflected behind Sir Deweyville in the mirror behind him.

No, there were many figures overlapping each other, resulting in a white distorted figure!

The figure flashed by and Klein seemed to hear faint sobbing.

Phew... He let out a breath to ease his nerves, having almost drawn his gun out out of fright.

Heightened spiritual perception with Spirit Vision will one day scare me senseless... Klein tried relaxing his tense nerves by joking around before redirecting his focus back onto Sir Deweyville.

This time, he saw something different.

Now that he was in the bedroom, Sir Deweyville had a faint and twisted figure shimmering around him. It even dimmed the lighting of that area.

Every flash was accompanied by an illusionary cry and moan that could hardly be detected by an ordinary person.

Hardly audible for an ordinary person under ordinary circumstances? Is it because it's daytime? Klein nodded as he thought.

He had an initial judgment for this case.

It was resentment that was haunting Sir Deweyville. It was the remnant spirituality that resulted from unresolved emotions before a human's death!

If such feelings of resentment stayed in this world over a period of time, they would become a terrifying wrathful spirit after becoming stronger.

However, Sir Deweyville was a famous philanthropist. Even Benson, who was a picky person, was in awe of him. Why would he be bogged down with the resentment of the dead? Is he actually two-faced? Could it be the means of a Beyonder with nefarious intentions? Klein guessed the possibilities suspiciously.

After some thought, he looked towards Deweyville and asked, "Honorable Sir, I have a few questions."

"Please ask." Deweyville sat down wearily.

Klein organized his thoughts and asked, “When you leave here to go to a new place, such as the village or Backlund, do you temporarily get at least half a night’s worth of peace before the situation resumes and gradually worsens? Even when you sleep during the daytime, are you able to hear moaning and sobbing sounds?”

Deweyville’s half-closed eyes suddenly widened as his deep blue eyes were suddenly beaming with hope.

“Yes, did you find the root of the problem?”

Only then did he realize that due to his extended period of insomnia and his poor mental state, he had completely forgotten to inform the police about such an important clue!

Seeing that Klein’s question had uncovered something useful, Inspector Tolle relaxed. He knew that the Nighthawk had found a clue.

Sergeant Gate was surprised and curious too. He couldn’t help but look closely at the psychological expert, Klein.

It coincided with the traits of gradual entanglement and the feature of accumulation... Having received the feedback, Klein had basically confirmed the cause.

Then, he had two ways of helping Sir Deweyville to shake off the burden. One was to set up an altar directly around the man and remove the resentment of the dead entirely using ritualistic magic. The second option was to use other mysticism measures to find the root of the problem and solve it from there.

Taking into consideration the rule of preventing commoners from learning of Beyonder powers to the best of his abilities, Klein planned on first attempting the second method. Only if it failed would he pray to the Goddess.

“Sir, yours is a psychological illness, a mental problem,” he spoke nonsense with absolute seriousness while looking at Deweyville.

Sir Deweyville knitted his brows and asked in reply, “Are you telling me that I’m a mental patient, that I need to enter an asylum?”

“No, nothing that serious. Actually, most people have psychological problems to one degree or another,” Klein casually comforted him. “Please allow me to introduce myself again. I am a psychological expert from the Awwa County Police.”

“Psychological expert?” Deweyville and his butler looked at Inspector Tolle who they were familiar with.

Tolle nodded seriously and confirmed that it was true.

“Alright, what do you need of me for my treatment? Besides, I don’t understand why my butler, my bodyguards, and my servants will hear the sobbing and moaning as well...” Deweyville held his walking stick with both hands, looking confused.

Klein replied professionally, “I will explain it to you after it’s resolved.”

“Please tell your butler, your servants, and your bodyguards to leave. Inspector Tolle, Sergeant Gate, please leave as well. I need

a quiet environment to begin the initial treatment.”

A “*treatment*” with *magic*... Inspector Tolle added in his heart and nodded at Sir Deweyville.

Deweyville fell silent for more than ten seconds before saying, “Cullen, take them to the living room on the second floor.”

“Yes, Sir.” Butler Cullen didn’t retort since the request was made by a police officer, a probationary inspector, and a psychological expert.

After watching them leave the room one after another and closing the door behind them, Klein looked at Deweyville who had dark blond hair and blue eyes, and said, “Sir, please lie down on your bed. Relax and try to sleep.”

“...Alright.” Deweyville hung his coat and hat on the clothes rack before walking slowly to the side of the bed and then laid down.

Klein drew all the curtains, turning the room dark.

He took off his pendant and quickly used spirit pendulum to determine any dangers. Then, he sat on the rocking chair near the end of the bed, traced a spherical light in his mind, and entered Cogitation. He allowed the world of spirituality to extend before his eyes.

Then, he leaned against the back of the chair and fell into a deep sleep, allowing for his Astral Projection to make contact with the external world.

He was using the technique of dream divination, to let himself be in the spiritual environment like he was dreaming, so as to communicate with each and every resentment that plagued Sir Deweyville.

Only communication would be able to give him an answer and solve the problem!

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

A sad sob reverberated in Klein's ear, and he "saw" that the white translucent figures were floating around him.

A painful groan echoed as Klein, who barely regained his mental processes, extended his right hand and touched one of them.

Suddenly, the figures swarmed at him like moths darting toward a fire.

The image before Klein's eyes suddenly turned blurry and his brain seemed to be cleaved into two. Half of his mind was calmly observing while the other half saw a "mirror."

In the "mirror," there was a young girl dressed in worker garbs. She looked strong and fit as she walked in a dust-covered factory while her head throbbed in pain.

Her eyesight occasionally turned blurry and her body became skinnier by the day.

She seemed to hear someone calling her Charlotte, and the voice said that she had a hysterical illness.

Hysterical illness? She looked towards the mirror and saw that she had a faint blue line on her gum.

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The “mirror’s view” switched and Klein saw another girl called Mary.

She too walked into the lead factory, young and lively.

Suddenly, half of her face started twitching, followed by her arm and leg on the same side.

“You have epilepsy.” She heard someone say while her whole body was convulsing.

As she twitched and fell, the intensity increased before she finally lost consciousness.

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There was another girl, and she was depressed. She was walking around the street in a daze, to the point of having a speech impediment.

She had a very bad headache, and she had a blue line on her gums. She would also convulse from time to time.

She met a doctor, and the doctor said, “Lafayette, this is a result of lead poisoning.”

The doctor looked at her with pity and saw her convulse again. She twitched continuously, and the doctor saw that her eyes had lost all their light.

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Many images appeared before Klein, and he remained immersed within them and calmly observed.

Suddenly, he understood the plight of the girls [1].

The female workers had been in extended contact with white lead. They had all died of lead poisoning as a result of long-term exposure to the dust and powder.

Sir Deweyville had a lead factory under his name and also two porcelain factories. All of them hired comparatively cheaper female workers!

Klein “saw” all of that in silence, and felt that there was something that still had not been clarified.

Such “death resentment” was insignificant. They could not affect reality or have any effect on Deweyville even when accumulated.

Unless— Unless there was a more powerful and stubborn resentment that had united them all.

Just then, he “saw” another girl.

The girl was no more than 18 years old, but she was glazing the

porcelain in the factory.

"Hayley, how are you doing lately? Do you still have a headache? If it gets too serious, remember to inform me. Sir Deweyville has enforced a rule that people with severe headaches cannot continue being in contact with lead and must leave the factory," an elder lady asked with concern.

Hayley touched her forehead and replied with a smile, "Just a little, I'm okay."

"Tell me tomorrow if it gets any worse," the elderly lady exhorted.

Hayley agreed. When she returned home, she massaged her forehead from time to time.

She saw that her parents and brother had returned, but their faces looked hopeless.

"Your father and brother lost their jobs..." her mother said as she wiped her tears.

Her father and brother hung their heads low and muttered, "We will try to get some work at the harbor."

"But we don't even have bread money for the day after tomorrow... Maybe we will need to move to Lower Street..." Hayley's mother looked at her with reddened eyes. "When are you getting your pay? It's ten soli, right?"

Hayley massaged her forehead again.

“Yeah, Saturday. Saturday.”

She didn't say anything else and remained as quiet as usual. She returned to the factory the next day and told her supervisor that her headache recovered and she felt fine.

She smiled and walked five kilometers back and fro to work daily. She massaged her head more and more frequently.

“You haven't found another job?” Hayley couldn't help but ask her father and brother while looking at the soup which was boiling with black bread.

Her father said in frustration, “The economy is in a recession. Many places are retrenching. Even the harbor jobs are sporadic. I could only get three soli and seven pence a week.”

Hayley sighed and fell into her usual silence. However, she hid her left hand that was twitching suddenly.

On the second day, she walked to work again. The sun was shining brightly, and the street grew busier and busier with pedestrians.

Suddenly, she started convulsing all over.

She fell to the side of the road, foam spewing out of her mouth.

She looked up into the sky and her gaze turned into a blur. She saw people walking past and others getting close. She saw a carriage pass by with the Deweyville family emblem with a white dove with its spread wings as if ready to take off.

She tried hard to open her mouth, but she couldn't make a sound.

So, she didn't say a thing, quiet as ever.

But the difference this time was that she was dead.

1. The original inspiration for these girls come from Jack London's "The People of the Abyss."