

Chapter 33: Switch

The moment Old Neil finished his sentence, the illusory pair of eyes that lurked in the darkness behind him vanished. Even in his Spirit Vision state, Klein was no longer able to identify traces of its existence.

“This is a characteristic of ritualistic magic,” explained Old Neil with a chuckle.

Fascinating... Is Spirit Vision an enhanced version of Yin-Yang eyes? Klein felt like a child who had received a new toy. In excitement, he turned his gaze away and began observing every corner of the room. He wanted to see the differences of the alchemy room with and without the Spirit Vision.

The outlines of the objects in the dark such as the tables, test tubes, scales, cups, and cupboards did not look different from how it looked like without Spirit Vision. They did not emit any lights or colors.

Objects without lives do not have any spirituality? Klein mumbled to himself as he swept his gaze toward the silver chest.

Suddenly, he saw a vibrancy of colors. The colors were as blue as the sky, as resplendent as the stars, or as crimson red as burning flames!

“Materials from extraordinary beings still have some life in them, and uh... are still active? Even if the source is already dead?” Klein deliberated on his words as he sought Old Neil’s help.

“A precise description is that they have remnant spiritualities. It is one of the crucial points of a successful potion concoction. It is also one the reasons why a Beyonder will lose control. Dunn should have already informed you,” explained Old Neil frankly.

He suddenly laughed, having recalled something.

“I remember that the formula of Corpse Collector requires a desiccated mature black-spotted frog. To consume that potion requires a lot of courage.”

Klein imagined a little and found it disgusting. He did not echo Old Neil's words and turned his gaze to a dark area. However, there were no spiritual bodies or ghosts that he looked forward to seeing.

“Isn't it said that the world of spirits is everywhere?” he asked out of curiosity.

Old Neil chuckled tersely before saying, “Punk, repeat after me.

“This is the headquarters of a Nighthawk squad. This is the ground beneath the Church of Evernight. There are many Beyonders here!

“Do you think we will allow spirits and souls to wander around here? Furthermore, the spiritual world and spirit are two different concepts.”

Klein felt a little embarrassed as he turned his head, pretending to look at the faint light from the gas lamps at the entrance.

“I get it.”

While speaking, the area between his brows began to spasm.

What's happening? Just as Klein turned around to ask, he suddenly saw a figure standing quietly by the door at the periphery of the light. It appeared human, though its aura's colors and the darkness blended perfectly, making it impossible to discern.

Hiss!

Klein felt a painful spasm at his glabella [1]. His vision turned chaotic as he focused his attention again, but there was no “formless” figure!

Strange... He turned around and asked.

“Mr. Neil, the spot in between my brows is a little painful from spasms.”

“Haha, this is very common. You are a new Beyonder. Spirit Vision places a great burden on your Soul Body. Furthermore, it drains you constantly. Physical effects can be glabella spasms, headaches, oversensitivity, and minor bouts of hallucinations. And while viewing things with Spirit Vision, it's very easy to feel uncomfortable as a result of the unfamiliar surroundings. It's also very easy to have your emotions affected by others. These are things that require you to pay attention. You can become accustomed to and eliminate them with repeated practice. In addition, use it sparingly and end it in a timely fashion,” answered Old Neil with a smile.

Why does it feel like you are delighted by this... Klein hurriedly asked for advice, "Then, how do I exit from the state of having Spirit Vision?"

He had planned on mentioning the invisible figure he had seen, though when he heard of the minor bouts of hallucination among the symptoms, he struck that thought away.

From the glabella spasm and headache, he could completely guess Old Neil's answer!

"Like before, think of an item to divert your attention. It will bring you out of Cogitation. Close your eyes and control your spirituality and repeatedly tell it to end. When you open your eyes again, you will discover that your Spirit Vision has ended."

Old Neil described leisurely and when he was done, added, "Of course, that is the most trivial and clumsy method. We can repeatedly hint to ourselves in Cogitation from practice to affect our spirituality. That way, you will have a simple switch. For instance, tapping at your glabella twice lightly would allow you to easily activate Spirit Vision. Another two taps will simply end it. As for how you set it up, it depends on your habits and preferences.

"Got it." Klein thought for a moment and planned to imitate Old Neil to use tapping his glabella twice as a switch for his Spirit Vision.

Tapping once was easily mistaken as an instinctive knock to his head and tapping thrice could be a waste of valuable time in dangerous situations. As for actions like snapping fingers, they were too attention-drawing.

He eased his focus and imagined the stacked spheres of light and

re-entered a state of Cogitation.

Under Old Neil's guidance, after repeated hints and practice, he finally "set up" his "switch."

He clenched his fist slightly and used his index finger's joint to tap at his glabella twice. Immediately, there were glowing auras of differing thickness and colors appearing before his eyes.

After another two taps, everything returned to normal.

"I've finally grasped it..." he sighed with delight.

Only then did he realize how exhausted he was, feeling like he could fall asleep at any time. His mind hurt as though he had stayed up for three nights.

Old Neil said with a chuckle, "We are not Sleepless. Every practice and every time Spirit Vision is used excessively, you will need some sleep. You can now go back and have a good rest. In the afternoon, go to Iron Cross Street where Welch's place is and walk around. Try your best to find clues about the Antigonus family's notebook as soon as possible. Tomorrow, I'll continue teaching you about mysticism. Of course, do not forget to read the historical documents."

"Alright." Klein was in full agreement with Old Neil's arrangements.

He picked up his cane and left the alchemy room. He watched the door close as Old Neil returned to the armory. Klein massaged his glabella and temples and with the help of his cane, sauntered up the stairwell.

At that moment, Dunn Smith came from behind him with the corners of his lips hooked. With a deep gaze, he said, "I heard from Old Neil that you are a very suitable candidate. Even without Cogitation, you were able to use Spirit Vision."

"Perhaps, it's a unique trait of being a Seer," replied Klein humbly.

He guessed that Dunn had been watching the armory for Old Neil.

Dunn slowed down and went ahead of Klein a little. After a few seconds of silence, he turned around and said, "You have to remember that curiosity killed the cat. It can also kill Beyonders. Do not attempt to probe the murmurings you should not be listening to or seeing existences you should not see."

"Alright." Klein knew this was another reminder of how Beyonders lost control.

After entering Blackthorn Security Company, he greeted Rozanne who obviously did not know that he had become a Beyonder. He slowly walked out the door and reached the streets where he took a trackless carriage to Daffodil Street. He nearly fell asleep on his return journey.

It was still in the morning and the temperature was about twenty-six degree Celsius. Klein pulled out a copper key from his waistband and opened the door to his home.

There were still many items missing from his home. The living room and dining hall were still empty. Benson and Melissa had work or school, so they had both left early in the morning.

Klein did not have the capacity to bother with anything else. He closed the door and briskly went to the second floor and entered the bookshelf-equipped bedroom that belonged to him.

After taking off his tuxedo and hanging it on a clothing rack, he eagerly plunged into bed. The moment his head hit the pillow, he fell asleep.

Klein was awoken by bright sunlight. He turned his head and slowly opened his eyes to discover the burning sun outside.

“What time is it? Did I miss the Tarot Club in the afternoon?” He struggled to get up and walked to the clothing rack to take out his pocket watch from the pocket of the tuxedo’s inner lining.

Not only had he forgotten about the matter, he had forgotten to close the door to his bedroom and pulled the curtains to the oriel window.

Pa!

Klein pulled out the pocket watch and immediately felt relieved when he opened it.

It was only slightly past noon. There was still a lot of time until the scheduled gathering at three in the afternoon.

It was Monday, the day he would have a gathering with The Hanged Man and Justice.

Klein went into thought as he tapped his glabella twice. The scene before him changed once again as he saw that his body

had been restored to a bright luster.

He tapped twice again and stopped his Spirit Vision. Relaxed, he went to the first floor and boiled a kettle of water. He placed some inferior-quality tea leaves and chewed on some rye bread dabbed in a little butter.

Afterwards, Klein flipped through historical materials and original Klein's diary. He began 'revising' and consolidating his knowledge.

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At 2:57pm, Klein closed his book and capped his fountain pen before pulling the curtains.

Immediately following that, he locked the bedroom's door, making the room turn abnormally dark.

He tapped his glabella twice and activated Spirit Vision to survey his surroundings.

After confirming that there were no invisible spiritual bodies in his room, Klein stopped the Spirit Vision and took out his pocket watch to check the time.

Tick-tock. Tick-tock.

One minute before three, he opened up his pace and like before, walked four steps in a counter-clockwise manner in a squarish shape. He chanted in Chinese softly.

Only this time, he did not prepare any staple food.

Klein closed his eyes as he felt the back of his hands turn itchy. It felt like the four black docks forming a square were protruding and projecting something.

Hysterical shouts and alluring murmurs began resounding, but Klein realized that the headache was not as bad as the first time.

It was not that he was unaffected, but that he was doing his best to stop himself from listening.

As a Beyonder, he had to have more self-control in such an environment.

Soon, his body turned light as he floated up. He saw the grayish-white and blurry fog that emanated. Then, he saw dark red 'stars.' Two of them had a minuscule connection with him with an abnormal sense of familiarity.

Klein looked at his blurry self and muttered in confusion, "The Astral Projection that Old Neil mentioned?"

He remained calm for a few seconds and again transformed the opulent divine palace with the tall bronze table under the domed ceiling, as well as the twenty-two high-back chairs that corresponded to the different constellations.

Klein calmly walked to the Seat of Honor and made his body and face be immersed in thicker gray fog. He extended his right hand and tapped two familiar deep-red stars and created a miraculous connection.

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1. The glabella, in humans, is the skin between the eyebrows and above the nose.