

Chapter 194: Infiltration

“Madam Sharon?” Dunn obviously knew of Baron Khoy’s widow, a famous socialite in Tingen.

Maynard’s wife turned her head to shoot a glance at the scrawny lady who came with her to the Blackthorn Security Company, but she didn’t speak for herself.

The scrawny lady in the black dress and hat weighed her words before she spoke.

“Yes, Madam Sharon, the wife of the deceased Baron Khoy. She, she...”

She stammered, then suddenly spat in anger, “She’s a b*tch!”

Upon hearing her curse, Klein suddenly recalled the porno that he had seen and Madam Sharon’s behavior which appeared nervous on the surface but was calm deep down. That made him believe the rumors about her, and he felt sorry for the deceased old baron.

It's not like Madam Sharon can't remarry. But her loose behavior... really makes the old baron's grave a perfect nesting ground for cuckoos...

Dunn didn’t have much of a change in his facial expression. He sat on the sofa opposite and said with his mellow voice, “But that doesn’t make her a criminal.

"You know clearly, and I know it clearly too. Madam Sharon is very influential in Tingen. If we were to follow her and monitor her, there could be very serious consequences for us."

"She's a criminal!" the scrawny lady said angrily. "She caused my brother's death, but those lovers of hers pressured the police department and made them pronounce that my brother died of excessive drinking and continuous indulgence in sexual pleasure. Th-they are all criminals!"

Those... Klein realized that the scrawny lady was Maynard's sister while feeling sorry for the old baron once again.

That's right, for such a scandal, she would definitely not send a maid-servant here. It's better if the request is made by family... He nodded his head in enlightenment.

Mrs. Maynard patted the back of the scrawny woman's hand and added with a deep yet cold voice, "She's a criminal! If you suffer any damages because of this, I will compensate you for your losses."

That tone... She lives up to her identity as the daughter of the New Party's head. If the police department wasn't very confident with the result of my mediumship ritual, I'm afraid they would've submitted under her pressure... Klein lampooned inwardly.

Dunn was silent for nearly twenty seconds before he said, "Alright... I have another question. Why do you seem to be so certain that we would find something?"

The scrawny lady nodded and said, "The tobacco merchant, Vickroy, introduced us here. He said that you're the cream of the crop in this industry and can complete missions that others aren't capable of completing."

The tobacco merchant Vickroy... Who's he? Klein looked at Captain subconsciously and noticed that Dunn Smith looked really confused.

I'm so silly, why did I hope for Captain to remember something like this... After all, even I don't quite remember... He sighed.

The scrawny lady saw that the two elite mercenaries looked confused, so she added, "You saved his kidnapped son."

Oh, him... That kidnap case led me to the discovery of the Antigonus family's notebook... Klein was suddenly enlightened.

Dunn nodded slightly and said, "I understand."

Upon seeing this, the scrawny woman laid out her offer, "You are to tail and monitor th-that b*tch for two weeks. Even if you don't find any evidence of her crime, you have to take note of who visited her and who she visited. We will pay fifty pounds for this.

"And if you find evidence of her crimes, we would pay another additional two hundred pounds."

That's a large sum of money... When Klein suddenly recalled that he had only spent seven pounds to hire Detective Henry to gather so much information about red chimney houses, he became a little ashamed.

Dunn thought for a moment before saying, "No problem, we can sign the contract now. You'll have to pay a deposit of twenty pounds up front."

Captain, we're really lacking in manpower right now. There's the huge case regarding Lanevus... Klein didn't expect Dunn Smith to accept the mission although he, himself, was quite keen on accepting it.

Mrs. Maynard nodded slightly and said, "No problem. I believe in you. Please don't disappoint me."

Dunn smiled but kept quiet. He turned his head and told Rozanne, "Please write up a contract."

When the contract was signed and the deposit was paid, Dunn watched Mrs. Maynard and the scrawny lady leave the Blackthorn Security Company. He then looked sideways at Klein and said, "This mission will be yours."

"Huh?" Klein looked confused.

Dunn smiled and said, "Didn't you want to learn tailing techniques and monitoring skills? This is a great opportunity. It also turns out that you're done with your part in the Lanevus case."

"Alright..." Klein didn't reject the assignment.

Just as he accepted, his mind began whirling quickly.

According to the rules, half of the mission's commission is handed to Mrs. Orianna as additional funding for the team. The remaining would be split among the involved members. However, it seems like I'm the only one handling the case...

Regardless of whether the investigation succeeds, there will be at least twenty-five pounds of income. On top of that, I'll receive my usual weekly pay... If I really could find some clues, I could even receive a hundred and twenty-five pounds!

Captain is a wise man!

Dunn stole a glance at him and said, “Learn the tailing techniques and monitoring skills from Leonard and Frye in the morning, and put your combat training on hold for this week. Yes... I think you’re quite well-trained already, so I’ll send someone to inform Gawain.”

Learn tailing techniques and monitoring skills from Leonard and Frye? That doesn’t seem very reliable... Klein was stunned. He could imagine Leonard using only one method which was playing his Feynapotter lute while singing melodious poetry. Then, he would probably seduce Madam Sharon to bed in order to “monitor her up close.” As for Frye, he had a unique air to him. He was cold and gloomy, so no matter where he went, he would catch the attention of others. How could such people make good spies?

As his thoughts churned, Klein replied seriously, “Alright.”

Dunn nodded slightly and walked towards the partition. Suddenly, he paused, turned around, and hesitated before he spoke.

“Do you remember the tobacco merchant? What’s was the kidnapping about?”

...So you didn’t remember anything or understood anything... Why were you acting so staid and confident!? Klein facepalmed.

...

Based on Leonard's guidance, Klein wasn't in a hurry to tail Madam Sharon, even though he knew that she stayed on Osna Street in the East Borough.

"Until you know the target's routine, you can't tail your target recklessly. Plus, monitoring alone makes it difficult to take note of everything. Unless you don't eat, drink, sleep, and go home," Leonard had said. Hence, Klein followed his suggestion and found one of the mob bosses in the Hound Pub and spent five pounds to get his underlings to monitor Madam Sharon and record her daily routine.

Luckily, this can be reimbursed... Why does it feel like I'm subcontracting... On Friday afternoon, Klein received the investigation report from the mob boss.

Calling it an investigation report was an obvious insult to professional detectives. Not one of the mob boss's underlings was literate. They relied on drawings and symbols, which was then interpreted and organized by their semi-literate boss who had attended Sunday School for a year. Klein got a headache just from reading it and took quite a while to finish reading the report.

According to the surveillance, Madam Sharon seldom leaves her place recently. There aren't many guests who visit either... She might be affected by Maynard's death... Those mob underlings are quite capable. They even gathered information from Madam Sharon's maid servant... Hmm, she will be attending the Conservative Party's banquet tonight. She might return home quite late, or maybe not return... This is an opportunity for me to put theory into practice. Klein quickly decided to sneak into Madam Sharon's house and search through it.

With his duties regarding the Lanevus case over, the temporary suspension of combat training, and the end of the Qilangos incident, Klein only had two matters on hand. One was to investigate the red chimney houses, and the second was following and monitoring Madam Sharon. In other words, he was relatively free.

Two days ago, he had received Mr. Azik's reply. There was only one sentence on the letter.

"I obtained the Creeping Hunger and recalled something."

Klein had finally confirmed that it was Mr. Azik who killed Qilangos and that this amnesiac teacher of his who had a long life was a High-Sequence Beyonder. However, he didn't dare ask him what he had recalled with the aid of the Creeping Hunger. Azik obviously didn't want to talk about it. If he was willing to share, he would've described it directly in the letter.

In Klein's reply, he only reminded Mr. Azik that the Creeping Hunger yearned for the flesh, blood, and soul of living humans. He had to find a safe sealing method.

In addition, Justice and The Hanged Man had yet to pray to him, but Klein wasn't worried. He understood that both members were afraid of being monitored, so they didn't recite his name recklessly.

...

Gas street lamps illuminated the straight Osna Street at night while the crimson moon hung high above.

Klein, who had sneaked out with the Clown's balance and agility, leaped over the outer wall of Madam Sharon's house quietly.

Passing through the garden, he arrived by the side of the house. He climbed up the water pipe and slipped onto the balcony on the second floor.

Klein had never even climbed a tree successfully when he was young, so it was quite a monumental event.

He took out a tarot card from the pocket of his black trench coat, slotted it into the gap of the balcony door, lifted it lightly, and unlocked the door.

The servants are so careless... They didn't use an additional lock. Otherwise, I'd have to try entering by climbing through the window... Klein muttered silently and entered the house.

Based on the information provided by the mob boss, he found Madam Sharon's bedroom easily. He turned the knob and stepped into the room.

He closed the door carefully and suddenly smelled a faint fragrance. It reminded him of the fragrance of a woman that caused the blood vessels of other people to swell.

Klein felt a little faint, and he even felt his body reacting.

He immediately calmed down with Cogitation and made a self-deprecating comment, "She's using an aphrodisiac as perfume?"