

Chapter 181: Different State

Klein didn't hurry to dispel the wall of spirituality when he returned to his room. Instead, he expertly took out a candle infused with sandalwood and placed it in the middle of his desk.

He then followed the steps for the ritual, lighting up the candle with his spirituality and scattering essences, extract, and herb powder herbs symbolizing good luck and mystery. He saw the flame alternate between being dull and bright as he took in the fragrance of peace and harmony.

Klein took two steps back and looked at the candle on the table. He then shouted in the language of the giants, “I!”

After a pause, he switched to Hermes, “I summon in my name:

“The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era, the mysterious ruler above the gray fog; the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck.”

At that moment, the flickering flame fused itself with the harmonious scent to form an illusory vortex, a vortex that manically absorbed the spirituality.

After Klein finished reciting the incantations, the vortex stabilized to become a palm-sized circle of grayish-white fog.

After observing the fog, Klein took four steps counterclockwise without hesitation. He returned to the world above the fog, and as he expected, he saw ripples of light spreading from his high-back chair, accentuating the mysterious aura of the weird

symbol—the Pupil-less Eye and partially Contorted Lines—on his chair.

He took in a deep breath and calmed his soul down using Cogitation before extending his hand toward the target.

At that moment, he heard the incantations that he had just recited. He saw the surging spirituality and the rippling light fuse to form an illusory door.

Compared to the previous time, the door was now completely formed and was etched full of mysterious patterns!

The patterns were the same as the symbol on the back of The Fool's chair, a symbol made up of the Pupil-less Eye and the partially Contorted Lines!

As he looked at the door, Klein focused his mind and willed the door open.

Without warning, ripples formed in the eternally immutable grayish-white fog and the majestic palace, like a stone being cast in a peaceful pond. The ripple spread in the direction of the Door of Summoning.

The sound of heavy scraping sound caused by friction could suddenly be heard. A slit appeared in the heavy, mysterious door. Beyond it, one could faintly see an immensely dark world, filled with countless indescribable, transparent figures. There were also streaks of different colors, lustrous splendour that harbored infinite knowledge.

At that moment, Klein felt an unimaginable, irresistible

attractive force coming from beyond the door. He couldn't help but get pulled towards it.

Damn! Are you not giving me the choice? Just as he had that alarming thought, his body went through the slit and vanished into the darkness behind the door.

The dizzying, maniacal roars gradually died down. Klein finally came to his senses.

He saw a young man in front of him. The man was wearing an old shirt, had black hair, brown eyes, and average-looking facial features. The man had an average build, was a little skinny, but his frame seemed to hide considerable power. He also had the obvious demeanor of a scholar.

...Isn't that me? Klein wasn't a stranger to scenes like this. He encountered something like this every time he looked in the mirror.

He nodded indiscernibly and surveyed his surroundings. He saw his bed with a white bedsheet draped over it. He saw his half top hat, tuxedo, and black trench coat hanging on his clothes rack. He saw a bookshelf with quite a number of books, his neat table that only had one candle on it. He saw the candle flame emitting a grayish-white glow.

And now, he was floating in front of the palm-sized circle of grayish-white fog.

So, have I really summoned myself? It feels a little like an out-of-body experience... but there's also something a little different. Klein looked at the physical body belonging to him, toward "his" blank, vacant eyes and slipped into deep thought.

But he could finally confirm one thing: it was only his spiritual soul, also known as his Soul Body in mysticism, that headed to the world of fog. The exterior appearance was that of the Astral Projection.

It's no wonder that I can directly see the Astral Projection surface of Justice, The Hanged Man, and The Sun and confirm whether they were Beyonders or not when I was in the world above the fog. I could also guess their Sequence numbers... My physical body seems to be under some form of protection, perhaps from the power of the ritual, for me to stand with such stability and not lose my balance. It should be the same for Miss Justice and the others... Klein slowly got used to the current situation and started to analyze the conditions of both his physical body and soul.

He retracted his gaze and tried to move his soul, now fused with powers from the mysterious space.

Whoosh!

A cold wind started to blow, as it spiraled around the room. Klein savored the sensation of flying, joyfully making circles in the room.

I can also take on the role of a “messenger” in this city now... I wonder if I can carry physical items with me... He collected himself and stopped. He floated in the air and experimented with his other abilities.

He tried to grab a notebook from his bookshelf, but his hand passed through it.

It feels a little sticky, it's not like moving through air... I might be able to grab it after I become more powerful and able to better

utilize the mysterious powers of the world above the gray fog. Klein once again tried grabbing a single piece of paper but to no avail.

After more than ten seconds of deliberation, he flew toward the clothes rack and extended his transparent hand into the pocket of his black trench coat. He touched the Slumber Charms and the Requiem Charms that he replenished from a successful claim.

They were objects infused with his own spirituality, different from ordinary objects in supernatural terms. Thus, Klein wanted to see if he could carry them about.

His palm once again went through the charms, but he could clearly feel their existence. He felt the intertwining of spirituality, but he didn't have enough "strength" to pick them up. Of course, another explanation was that there wasn't enough spirituality within the charms to achieve a strong resonance with his current state.

The spirituality isn't strong enough... Klein thought as he moved towards the other pocket. That pocket stored the Flaring Sun Charms that he made with the stolen power of the divine blood and his own spirituality.

A warm sensation quickly spread all over his body, making his form turn more stable and his thoughts clearer.

He could take the thin gold piece out of his pocket. In the mirror in his room, the charm seemed to float out of the pocket on its own accord, similar to the descriptions in ghost stories.

I can move Flaring Sun Charms. I can also create sound using my spirituality... So I do have certain abilities in this state... Klein flew toward the mirror and stopped in front of it. He saw that

only the thin gold piece was reflected. Other than that, it was only the furniture and darkness in the room caused by the drawn curtains.

After a few seconds of consideration, he placed the Flaring Sun Charm onto the bed before returning to the front of the mirror. He wanted to see if he could move through the mirror.

His vision turned dark. Klein's vantage point suddenly changed. He saw the room that was reflected in the mirror, the furniture that was accentuated by the weak sources of light. It made him feel as though he was hiding in an obscure corner, peeping into a tiny portion of the room.

I really can go through the mirror. But this is only an ordinary item which doesn't lead to some mysterious and strange world... Klein nodded and charged forward, once again returning to his room.

The success of carrying the Flaring Sun Charm gave him immense confidence. Hence, he attempted grabbing something else.

Mr. Azik's copper whistle!

The moment he touched the ancient and intricate object, he felt his spirituality expanding and freezing.

His illusory eyes turned into dark, burning flames.

It feels like I have gotten a little more powerful. My form is like a wraith's but without the strong sense of vengeance... Klein projected his current appearance by calming his mind.

This was one of the abilities of a Clown.

"Mr. Azik's copper whistle is truly fascinating." He nodded, noticing that he could now pick up pieces of paper with certain weights. He could also pick up his Slumber Charms.

How unfortunate. I can carry the silver ritual dagger, but the revolver is too heavy... Klein concluded his experiments and turned to see if he could use any spells in this state.

After serious tests, he concluded that he could conjure two spells, the first being a formless howl could shake the souls of his target and the second was inducing a state akin to freezing via contact with a target.

Klein came to a satisfied stop. He looked out the oriel window, towards the sunlight, and street covered by the curtain.

I wonder if I can move about during the day in this state... He muttered as he floated towards the window.

He then carefully lifted the curtain, creating a slit and allowing a small amount of sunlight to pass through the wall of spirituality and into the room.

Under the radiant sunlight, Klein felt his soul boil with a black fog. His powers were also being drained away, bit by bit.

He quickly released his grip, allowing the curtain to block the light.

I can't... Klein thought for a moment, then placed his gaze on the

Flaring Sun Charm on the bed.

I wonder if the effect would be the same if I'm augmented with the divine blood of the Eternal Blazing Sun? He floated toward the bed and tried to grab the thin piece of gold.

But just as he touched the charm, the warm pure feeling formed a stark contrast with his burgeoning cold spirituality. It was like an existential conflict between fire and water.

Sizzle!

He tossed the piece of gold away as if he had been burned.

The power of Mr. Azik's copper whistle cannot inhabit my soul at the same time as the Flaring Sun Charm. Klein understood as he set the copper whistle down. He felt his spirituality shrink, and the black flames in his eyes extinguished.

In this state, both the spells I can use have been weakened... After another round of experimentation, Klein grabbed the Flaring Sun Charm, once again feeling the stabilizing and warm purifying effects the charm had on his Spirit Body.

He returned to the window and cautiously moved through the curtain.

The sunlight only felt warm on his body, but it didn't inflict any harm.

Not bad... Klein let out a mixed smile. He made his way past the wall of spirituality and cautiously flew out of the house with the

intention of conducting more experiments.