

Chapter 174: Madam Sharon

“What?” The bearlike Tolle jumped in shock and looked at Klein before looking into the room. With agility that wasn’t suited to his body, he dashed in.

He pulled back the white cloth that covered the corpse and after examining the body carefully, he heaved a breath of relief.

“It’s better than I imagined. It’s not that serious a problem.”

Maybe I should’ve drawn my revolver and shot Maynard five times with demon hunting bullets. Let’s see if you find that serious or not... Klein lampooned inwardly and pointed outside the door.

“That’s all that you need me for, right?”

“No!” Tolle shouted. “Wait a moment.”

Klein asked, puzzled, “Why?”

Tolle explained seriously, “We have to prevent any accidents from happening. After we talk to Madam Sharon and get her testimony, I’ll send you back to Zouteland Street.”

If Maynard can resurrect after being dead for ten hours, what else couldn’t happen? What would I do if you leave? Tolle added in his head.

“Alright.” Klein massaged his temple and said, “Find a quiet room for me to rest in then.”

He wasn’t feeling his best in every aspect as he had just advanced a day ago. Having just performed multiple ritual ceremonies, used two charms, and suffered a nontrivial scare, he needed to enter Cogitation to eliminate any problems.

Klein was now extremely cautious about losing control.

Tolle covered the dead body with the white cloth again. He obviously relaxed and replied, “No problem.”

He brought Klein to a guest room that was closer to the sunlit side of the house. He pointed and said, “Inspector Moretti, don’t worry. No one will disturb you. I’ll be paying Madam Sharon a visit first.”

Klein nodded slightly and watched him walk away. Then, he closed the door and drew the curtains.

In the dim and silent bedroom, he slowly walked over to the rocking chair and sat down comfortably. He allowed his body to rock back and forth rhythmically.

There were countless spherical phantasmal lights overlapping in his mind. The buzzing sounds in Klein’s ears and the throbbing ache in his head slowly vanished, bit by bit.

When his situation stabilized, he opened his eyes and looked into the darkness. He outlined a bed, cupboard, and other furniture. Then, he calmly thought about his earlier attempts.

There isn't much feedback from a few exaggerated jokes...

Maybe I have yet to control the powers of the Clown potion, as there are still remnant negative effects... Of course, I can't eliminate the possibility that such "acting" has little effect.

Personally, I'm not quite willing to play the role of a clown. But since I picked the Sequence pathway, I can only bite the bullet and continue...

Actually, everyone has to act like a clown at one point or another in their lives. I don't have to be so uncomfortable with the idea.

I have to quickly understand a Clown's core elements...

As various thoughts churned in his mind, Klein suddenly took out a brass halfpence.

Mostly out of habit, he divined if Maynard's death was due to supernatural influences.

Maybe it's an occupational hazard... Klein shook his head and laughed. His eyes grew dark as he recited repeatedly, "John Maynard's death was due to supernatural influences."

...

Ding!

He flipped the coin as he slouched into the rocking chair. He watched its brass luster twinkle as it rotated in the air.

Pak! The coin fell right into Klein's open palm, revealing the number 1/2 facing up.

A negative answer. In other words, there weren't any supernatural influences involved in John Maynard's death. *I guess that man died of orgasmic pleasure. The deceased shouldn't be laughed at, so I won't be using an insipid Chinese phrase to mock him...* Klein put away his coin and allowed his thoughts to wander before he nearly fell asleep.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

Under the slow and rhythmic knocking, Klein tidied his clothing, put on his policeman's peak cap, and walked to the door.

Just as his right palm touched the knob, a scene appeared in his mind.

The bearlike Inspector Tolle was standing outside the door and pulling his collar. His expression looked disturbed and helpless.

Klein turned the knob and opened the door leisurely.

Inspector Tolle appeared before him as he pulled at his collar.

"Sorry for making you wait so long.

"We've already found Madam Sharon and obtained her statement. You can return to Zouteland Street.

"I'm really sorry for taking up your precious time."

Klein didn't ask the reason for his current emotions but he smiled and said, "Madam Sharon admitted that she was with Maynard last night?"

"Yes. She said that under the influence of alcohol, she and Maynard didn't manage to control themselves. When she found out that he died of a heart attack, she was very afraid so she fled the room after she tidied herself up. She then hid in her own guest room. We don't have enough reason to raise charges against her right now, so we had to let her go while restricting some of her freedom. We'll have to wait for the autopsy," Inspector Tolle explained in detail.

Klein leaned his head sideways and smiled.

"Who are you explaining this to?"

Tolle shook his head and forced a bitter smile. "Oh yeah, I don't have to explain it to you. I'm just frustrated by Mrs Maynard, and I started blabbering without realizing it."

"Maynard's wife is back?" Klein asked in response.

"Yes, unfortunately. There was something abnormal about the steam locomotive. It wasn't late." Tolle gave an affirmative answer in a joking manner.

Klein didn't ask further but checked if he had all his personal belongings, before following Inspector Tolle down the stairs.

"Why aren't you arresting her?

“She’s a murderer! I want to sue her, and I want to sue all of you for negligence of duty!

“I’ll hire the best lawyer to sue you!”

...

Harsh remarks entered Klein’s ears, and he looked over subconsciously. He saw a voluptuous and fair middle-aged lady staring angrily across her. Despite having two young men holding her arms, she continued yelling at them.

A very trendy regal gown in Backlund this year... Having frequently read the magazine, Ladies Aesthetic, the first thought on Klein’s mind was something unrelated to the situation. He then saw a few gentlemen protecting a lady behind them.

The lady was in a long black dress with fair smooth skin, waterfall-like brown hair, and brown eyes. She looked as pitiful as a fawn in the woods. It made people want to protect her involuntarily.

Madam Sharon... Klein suddenly thought of the “porno” she had starred in. He quickly lifted his right hand, covered his mouth, and coughed twice.

Out of habit, he tapped his left molars twice and observed the people present with Spirit Vision.

There’s some sort of problem with Mrs. Maynard’s body. The colors of her aura are thinner. From the colors of her emotions, she’s definitely feeling anger and hatred, which is consistent with her outward appearance...

Huh? The color of Madam Sharon's emotions are shaded in blue, which represents rational thinking and calmness... This is totally contrary to her appearance of panic and nervousness. As expected, a socialite ain't no innocent bunny... Her body is very healthy.

After examining her, Klein was about to retract his gaze when he suddenly saw Madam Sharon lift her head and steal a glance in his direction. Then, she lowered her head again and put on a trembling trepid look.

If I couldn't see your emotion colors directly, I might've been fooled by your act... You should consider working as an actress... Klein lampooned. He didn't stay any longer and left Maynard's house with Inspector Tolle. They took the carriage arranged by the police station and returned to Zouteland Street.

After taking over the shift from the Captain, he continued to stay on duty at Chanis Gate. He took the opportunity to write a claims application.

After an uneventful night, Klein returned upstairs and received the breakfast that he had requested Rozanne to buy for him.

“I love this pastry!” he complimented.

He had already passed her the money for breakfast ahead of time.

“Really? I can try it tomorrow then!” Rozanne replied happily.

The corner of Klein's lip twitched as he focused on his battle with the milk and pastry.

At twenty-five minutes past eight, he yawned and fought back the urge to fall asleep, he arrived at the nearby Shooting Club.

He had made an appointment with the asylum doctor, Daxter Guderian, a few days back.

...

Bang! Bang! Bang!

In the small shooting range, Klein and Daxter aimed at their own targets and finished their cylinder of bullets.

Clink! Clank! Daxter flipped and released the empty shells and examined Klein in interest.

“You’re much more confident than before.”

Of course, I advanced to Sequence 8. I now possess actual combat ability... Klein reflected on his own facial expression and body movements in his head and deliberately acted arrogantly.

“Because I only used about a month’s time to master the power of my potion completely.”

Daxter pouted slightly and said, “Although that is something to be proud of, there’s no need to say it all the time.”

Hey, as a Spectator, you didn’t see through my performance... From the looks of it, a Clown has the power to suppress a Spectator’s ability. Klein smiled at his discovery and asked,

“How’s Hood Eugen recently?”

“...He’s gone insane for real.” Daxter paused and continued, “I probed him with various methods. He really has gone insane. I’m considering whether to begin medicating him, to see if I can treat him.”

As a Sequence 7 Psychiatrist, he actually pretended to be a mental patient... Even though he was giving treatments to other patients, it doesn’t align with the core element of the potion’s name. That was an incorrect way of using the “acting method.” It’s no wonder that he went insane... Klein thought and said, “Before he went insane, did you find out who got in contact with him?”

“Besides the doctors, patients, nurses, and odd-job workers in the asylum, there were no outsiders that had contact with him,” Daxter confidently replied.

Klein briefly acknowledged that as he said, “How about even earlier? Is there anyone that visited him, or did he leave the asylum regularly for a period of time?”

In order to follow through with his initial promise, Klein never asked anything about Hood Eugen in his first few meetings.

Daxter fell into deep thought. It took him some time before he said, “Besides the members of the Psychology Alchemists, there weren’t any more than five people that visited him. One of them came thrice. His name was El.”

Without Klein asking, he continued, “But I heard from Hood Eugen that El was a pseudonym.

“His real name was Lanevus.”