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Chapter 181: Different State

Translator: AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

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 windbreaker 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 soul, also known as his Spirit 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 windbreaker. 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.

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Chapter 182: Wanderer Klein

Translator: AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

The weather in Tingen turned from refreshing cool to a bitingly chill in early September. However, the sunlight at three or four in the afternoon was still warm and soothing.

Klein went through the wall of spirituality and the oriel window. He floated in the air outside of his bedroom as he overlooked the people and carriages shuttling to and fro Daffodil Street.

Just then, there was a man in a gray labor uniform who suddenly lifted his head and looked over.

Klein panicked and wanted to hide, but he couldn't find any suitable cover.

When he didn't see anything to hide behind, he started to sneak back into his house. However, from the corner of his eye, he saw the man earlier merely glanced over the window. Then, his gaze followed a flying sparrow, but unfortunately, he lost sight of it.

In Tingen, birds could occasionally be seen.

Phew... I forgot that an ordinary person wouldn't be able to see me... Klein let out a breath of relief and felt that he had yet to get used to the situation.

As he grew more confident, he flew lower and went to a nearby spacious street where he floated above people's heads.

As he drew closer, Klein immediately realized that his "vision" was the same as his Spirit Vision. There was no need for him to activate it, but there was a restriction to its range.

Also, besides the aura and emotional colors, he could faintly feel the existence of everyone's soul. They were blurry, illusory, and transparent.

In this state, I think I could bypass a person's body and directly attack their soul...Klein nodded thoughtfully.

He circled around and prepared to test his fastest speed. Hence, he flew towards Iron Cross Street with all his strength.

It didn't take long before he came to a halt and arrived outside the apartment he used to stay in.

It should be about the speed of a car on the highway... It's a pity that I still can't go in and out of the spirit world; otherwise, it'd be perfect... But if I were to be lost in the spirit world, it's said that the consequences

are very severe. Just as Klein finished his self-evaluation, he felt low-spirited and gloomy. There was an unspoken pressure.

He looked around and felt that Iron Cross Street was engulfed with gloominess that ordinary people could see, a darkness that the sunlight couldn't dispel. There were layers of numbness, despair, pain, and other emotions overlapping, as though they were corporeal.

It feels just like what I experienced when using spiritual perception on this street when I first became a Seer. Iron Cross Street's Middle Street and Lower Street hasn't changed to this day... I wonder how many years it took to accumulate such oppression and gloominess... Klein recalled the past and sighed as he flew up to the third floor of the surrounding buildings.

He finally felt sunlight and shook off his depression.

Klein flew along Lower Street and, from time to time, he would see residents who were dressed in tattered clothes, looking expressionless and malnourished. He even ran into two bodies that had died of natural causes—prolonged starvation and malnutrition with a sudden infliction of an illness.

There were countless people who died in agony every month. However, the bankrupt farmers and slaves that surged in from the Southern Continent replaced them very quickly... Klein sighed in silence and changed direction and flew south.

That was the industrial area of Tingen. The steelworks, lead factories, ceramic factories, printing factories, metalworks factories, machine construction factories, and other factories all built right next to one another.

As he flew, Klein saw towering chimneys. He saw dust filling the air and a thick gloominess that was only slightly better than the that of Lower Street.

It was crowded with emotions of exhaustion, pain, pessimism, and numbness. Laborers who were in their thirties were considered the minority.

Just as Klein wanted to fly lower to look at the area more closely, he suddenly felt weak. It was a weakness that came from inside him.

My spirituality can't withstand the duress... Klein became alarmed. He was in a hurry to return home, but he suddenly thought of a better possibility.

I was "summoned" out. If I were to end the summon, I would return naturally! He calmed down and carefully felt the surrounding environment and his status. Unsurprisingly, he discovered something that was connected to him from infinitely far away but also infinitely close to him. It formed an intricate tether to him.

Through this connection, Klein clenched the Flaring Sun Charm tightly and willed the strong desire to end the "summoning."

A massive and terrifying suction force overwhelmed him as his figure went from transparent to nearly invisible, and in a flash, he vanished from the corporeal world.

...

Silence was everywhere in the boundless gray fog, and there were illusory crimson stars that twinkled. Klein reappeared in the lofty palace that looked like the home of a giant, as he sat in the seat of honor at the ancient bronze table.

The entire procedure went well... Furthermore... Klein looked at his Spirit Body in pleasant surprise and saw that it contained a warm and pure gold portion.

The Flaring Sun Charm!

I actually brought something corporeal into the world above the gray fog! He held the charm with a smile and fiddled with it to make sure it wasn't an illusory item.

Klein stood up and paced back and forth, feeling completely gratified. He thought to himself in anticipation.

As expected, ingredients and items can be brought into this mysterious space!

I just need to find the correct way!

However, this method is quite complicated. It needs me to do quite a bit before it reaches the destination. Furthermore, if I were to be summoned by the members all the time, it would damage The Fool's image. I can only do that occasionally, or after I understand it more. I can design an incantation that summons The Fool's "adorer," but it will similarly be directed at me...

... I'm not some born laborer. Why must the incantation point towards me? When the time comes, I can conjure what seems like a messenger or a more unique "adorer" and let it deal with the dispatch and collection of materials...

Ideas popped up one after another as Klein contemplated. But due to the limitation of his capabilities and knowledge, he couldn't put them into practice just yet.

As he became even weaker, Klein didn't dare to stay any longer. He used his spirituality to envelop himself and simulate the feeling of descending.

In the blink of an eye, he returned to his bedroom. He saw splendid sunlight pouring in through the gap in his curtains.

He examined his body and made sure that the Flaring Sun Charm wasn't brought back but left above the gray fog.

When I've gotten enough rest, I'll repeat the summoning ritual at dawn to bring the Flaring Sun Charm back to reality... Sigh, it would be great if I could maintain the state a little longer. That way, I would be able to investigate the houses with red chimneys. It's such a pity that I can't do it yet. I could only fly long enough to investigate a few houses before having to return above the gray fog and rest for half a day. The efficiency would be just as low. Klein walked before his desk and put out the silent burning candle.

After he packed his things, he didn't remove the wall of spirituality immediately. Instead, he sat down and took out a pen and paper to write a letter—a letter to Mr. Azik!

After he wrote the salutation of "Dear Sir," he pondered for a few minutes before penning:

"... I recently received news that one of the Seven Pirate Admirals, Rear Admiral Hurricane, Qilangos, has infiltrated Backlund. He carries a mystical item called the 'Creeping Hunger.' It provides an ability similar to a Shepherd, which is a Sequence 5 Beyonder that swallows different souls and obtains their corresponding powers. It's said that there is a limit to the number of souls that one can let out to graze, but the souls can be swapped out...

“... Qilangos seems to have many Beyonder powers, and I’m not sure what he’s trying to do in Backlund... The news I received suggested that he might be after a very important, very mystical item that could make Qilangos a High-Sequence Beyonder or as powerful as a High-Sequence Beyonder...”

Klein fabricated his source of information to generally describe the situation with Qilangos, but it wasn’t like Mr. Azik would look for a Nighthawk Captain to confirm it.

Klein didn’t directly request assistance but made it seem like he brought up the subject casually to encourage Azik to be careful.

Regardless of whether Mr. Azik was willing to help, it wouldn’t hurt to first lay the foundations! If Klein eventually needed to ask for help, it wouldn’t appear out of the blue that way! Klein let out a breath slowly and started writing the main content of the letter.

“The mastermind behind all that has happened hasn’t taken any further action, and I still haven’t found any related clues.

“The reason why I’m contacting you so suddenly is mainly to ask for your guidance regarding sacrificial rituals. I came across something like that during a recent mission...”

With The Sun’s description and Mr. Azik’s answer to compare, I should be able to try a sacrificial ritual after that. By reversing the ritual, I should be able to bestow items... This would be a more suitable ritual for exchanging ingredients and items rather than summoning myself... Yes, let’s hope that Mr. Azik remembers the knowledge about this... Klein nodded slightly. He put down his pen without signing his name.

There’s only one copper whistle, so I’m sure Mr. Azik wouldn’t make a mistake with the sender.

Therefore, to be careful, Klein didn't leave his name.

After he folded the letter, he looked at his three-meter-tall ceiling. He picked up the copper whistle from the bed a little hesitantly.

Perfect, let it squat and get the letter! Klein emphasized inwardly before lifting his right hand and putting the copper whistle to his lips. He puffed up his cheeks and blew hard.

The whistle didn't produce a sound, but Klein's acute senses noticed that the surroundings had instantly turned cold.

He activated his Spirit Vision and saw that there were blurry yet glistening white bones surging out of his study desk like a fountain as it rose in height.

The white bones quickly gathered together and turned into an illusory yet huge monster. Its head tore through the wall of spirituality and reached somewhere unknown.

Klein looked at the white skeleton's thighs and body, as well as its arm that hung down. Seeing its right palm open up, the corner of Klein's lips twitched as he tossed over the folded letter.

The large bony palm did a sweep and caught the letter firmly.

Then, Klein picked up his copper whistle and blew again without hesitation.

The monster crumbled in an instant, transforming into bones that fell onto his desk before sinking in and vanishing.

After doing all of that, Klein removed the wall of spirituality. In the sudden wind that stirred, he hobbled towards the clothes rack and returned the copper whistle to its original place.

Then, he quickly walked to his bed and planted his head into it.

The moment his body touched the soft mattress, he fell into a deep sleep.

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Chapter 183: A Lesson on Mediumship

Translator: AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

After dinner, Klein engaged in small talk before reclining on the sofa. He picked up the recently delivered Awwa Evening News and started leisurely reading.

Benson wore a bitter expression as he sat opposite his sister. In front of him was the dining table which had been wiped clean by Bella. On it was grammar books, classic literature, accountancy notes, and other materials. In front of Melissa were her notes and stationery, including but not limited to pens, paper, rulers, compasses, etc.

“It’s like I’ve been taken some ten years back. Back then, I was still a student at the Church’s Sunday school,” Benson complained, but he continued to study with his head down.

That’s not too bad. This scene makes me feel the achievement of being a parent...Klein smiled and said, “Knowledge can change one’s destiny, and diligence will result in glory.”

I made up the latter half of that saying. I wonder if Roselle has said that before... He lampooned in his heart.

The room quickly became quiet except for the sound of pens scratching across pages or of books being flipped. Bella had finished doing the dishes and tidied up the kitchen before returning to her room on the first floor—a small room that was formerly the guest room.

Klein sipped on his Sibe black tea as he read the newspaper, occasionally engaging in small talk with his siblings. It was relaxing.

Suddenly, the gas lamps in the living room and dining room turned dark at the same time as if they had run out of fuel.

Benson and Melissa looked up towards the lamps, in an attempt to figure out the cause.

Klein also looked towards the lamps.

At this moment, he felt something touch his arm.

He was the only living person in the living room, but something had touched his arm!

His hair stood on end. Klein retracted his arm and turned to look over. He saw five thin, pale fingers growing on the tip of a tongue. Underneath them was an irregular row of sharp teeth!

Klein instinctively reached for his pockets. Within them were the Requiem Charms and Slumber Charms. But he caught a glimpse of a neatly folded piece of paper in the fingers' grasp.

A letter...

A messenger!

Klein heaved a sigh of relief.

At that moment, the five pale fingers prodded his arm again.

Klein saw Melissa about to stand up and check on the gas lamp. He reached out with his left hand and grabbed the letter, then he quickly retracted his arm and hid the letter under the stack of newspapers on the table.

He then saw the fingers, tongue, and the irregular row of sharp teeth fade away and disappear from the corner of his eyes.

With a thought, Klein tapped his left molar and silently activated his Spirit Vision.

He once again saw the five abnormally thin fingers. He saw the long red tongue adorned with sharp, white teeth. He saw them retracting back into the transparent face on the ground.

A second later, the face disappeared completely. The lights in the living room and dining room were restored back to normal.

“Strange...” Melissa pouted, finding no faults with the lamps even after a serious check.

Why is the lady in our house responsible for such things, while the men watch from the side? Klein shook his head and deactivated his Spirit Vision.

When spirits were willing to be seen and had the corresponding abilities, even an ordinary person could spot them. What happened just now was an example.

After discussing the problem with the gas lamps, the Moretti siblings became quiet once again. Benson and Melissa once again delved into the ocean of knowledge.

Klein used the newspaper as a cover and unfolded the letter with one hand. He placed the paper between the newspapers and started reading the reply from Spirit Guide Daly, "... I have to emphasize again, I prefer the title of Spirit Medium.

"I'm going to give you an positive response regarding what you asked. Yes, mediumship rituals can also be used on living beings, not just living humans.

"But this is troublesome and poses some level of danger. The souls left behind by the dead are pure. They have few impurities or chaotic thoughts. We can communicate with them, asking them questions and receiving answers without any barriers. Of course, you can use the method of dream divination to directly receive images from them.

"But that cannot be replicated with living humans. The subject still has a will and would fight against unprotected communication between souls."

Klein's lips twitched when he read the letter. He confirmed that it was Daly herself who wrote this letter.

Unprotected communication... That really is the way she speaks...

Klein returned to the letter after taking a quick glance at his siblings.

"We only have two methods when faced with such a situation. First, we can use our powerful spirituality and sophisticated mediumship rituals to triumph over the will of the other person, engaging in a barbaric method of communication. Second, we can use medication to make the other party relax. What I use the most are the Amantha essence and Eye of the

Spirit medication. Heh heh, I'm sure that you still have a lingering impression of those.

“After reaching the stage of channeling the soul, you must take note that you're also in a spiritual state, unlike when you're communicating with the souls left behind by the dead. In simpler terms, your spirituality is entering the spirituality world of the other party.

“Take note, a professional Spirit Medium wouldn't lack the means of protecting themselves under such a state. But you cannot do that. You would not be able to learn or use the techniques that I know of even if I explained them to you.

“So you have to maintain a certain level of lucidity and rational thought. Only through this method can you fight back against the torrents of the other party's random and chaotic thoughts before arriving before his spirit and establishing communication. At this point, you'll be communicating at the level of the Body of Heart and Mind.

“At this stage, you have two options. One is to use a technique to forcefully read the memories of the other party, but you have to be very careful, for you cannot be sure if the things you're reading are the things that you want to know. If you indiscriminately receive a large amount of memories from a person, it's very likely that your soul would collapse. Furthermore, it will cause severe damage to your target's soul, sometimes even destroying them completely. Unless you're a professional Spirit Medium, I do not suggest using this method.

“The second option is to gently communicate with the other party's Body of Heart and Mind. No matter how you entered, whether it be through violence or medication, the target will definitely be in a groggy state. They would generally not be able to lie, just like you couldn't... no, you

cannot recall what happened to you! Although I know you've definitely forgotten about it!"

Sorry, Madam Daly, I was very awake back then... Klein chortled inwardly as he lowered his gaze and read the rest of the letter.

"Such communication can allow you to obtain real answers, but they won't necessarily all be the truth. You should understand what I mean. As long as you read the news, you must have heard Emperor Roselle's famous quote. I don't remember the actual quote, but the essence of the quote is that what one says shall be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. In short, a spirit might not remember everything because a lot of memories are in one's subconscious or collectively be in the subconscious. Oh, I shouldn't mention that. Dunn calls it the evil theories of the Psychology Alchemists.

"Thus, you must be able to guide the soul and be good at designing your questions, do you understand? The corresponding techniques include...

"These are all under normal circumstances. What should we pay attention to when we're trying to communicate with the soul of a Beyonder who has gone insane?

"It's the same—maintaining your lucidity. You must not fall into a daze at all. This is because a Beyonder's spirituality is very potent and their spirit is filled with chaotic thoughts. Let me give an example. An ordinary person's consciousness is an island. The subconscious is the portion of the sea beneath the island. The collective subconscious is the surrounding sea. The sky belongs to the spirit world. As for a Beyonder, his 'island' might have a controllable active volcano. A lunatic's island might have a volcano that can erupt at any time. It would quake the foundations and pollute the 'sea.'

“When you come into unprotected contact with the spirit of an insane person, his chaotic thoughts might infect you, just like how polluted water in the sea would flow outward, spreading further.

“Yes, channeling his spirit under such conditions is like linking your ‘sea’ to his; thus, you need to pay close attention to this pollution.

“A few examples are when a Spirit Medium is careless when doing similar things and didn’t use any protection. After that, they can develop mental problems similar to that of the target.

“Under normal circumstances, mental diseases are not contagious. But in the domain of mysticism, in the world of channeling spirits, they can indeed be contagious.

“Maintaining your lucidity and not being affected by the chaotic thoughts of the target are things that you must pay attention to. Following those would be the guided questions, which can be used to effectively communicate with an insane person.

“If you wish to try this, I suggest applying a Sedative Agent before doing so. The corresponding formula is available behind Tingen City’s Chanis Gate. There’s also the formulated product. It can be effective in helping you maintain rational thought during the process.

“Of course, you can also get Dunn to apply for help from the Backlund diocese. I’m very willing to see the spirituality state of an insane
Sequence 7 Psychiatrist.”

Lucidity and rational thought... That’s my expertise. I maintained lucidity and rational thought even when my soul was being channeled... Of course, I’m not someone who lets confidence get to my head. I’ll still apply for the Sedative Agent, Amantha extract, and Eye of the Spirit

medication! Klein heaved a sigh of relief, a little eager to make the attempt.

He put down his newspaper and stood up. He then entered the bathroom and ignited the letter with his spirituality before tossing the ashes into the toilet bowl and flushing them.

That night, Klein once again tried the ritual for summoning himself and brought the Flaring Sun Charm back to the physical world and into his room.

He also didn't receive Mr. Azik's letter even though he had expected a swift reply.

Perhaps he needed some time to recall the knowledge... or perhaps, he's not free to give a reply for now... Or perhaps he's worried that he would interrupt my sleep. Klein dispelled the wall of spirituality as he speculated. He made his way to the bed.

...

The following day, Tuesday morning.

Klein entered the Blackthorn Security Company and knocked on the door to the Captain's office as usual.

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Chapter 184: Behind the Gate

Translator: AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

"Please come in," Dunn Smith said with a mellow and pleasant voice.

Klein turned the doorknob and pushed open the door to see the Captain having his breakfast. In his right hand was a cup of coffee emitting a rich aroma. On the plate in front of him, there was white bread toast and bacon.

Dunn placed the remaining sandwiched toast with butter into his mouth and ate it. He then silently pointed to the chair opposite his desk.

Klein didn't disturb his Captain from enjoying his breakfast. With a smile, he sat down as he waited patiently.

Dunn saw that he was in no hurry, so he relaxed back into his chair, picked up his coffee to take a sip, and swallowed the food in his mouth.

He took a napkin, wiped the corners of his lips and said, "What's the matter?"

Klein nodded seriously and said, "I've met Dexter Guderian, the doctor at the asylum and also member of the Psychology Alchemists."

As he spoke, he caught a glimpse of the magazine that was spread open before the Captain.

"Did he provide any news?" Dunn asked, crossing his arms.

Klein simply described, "He told me that before Hood Eugen went crazy, there was someone who visited him quite frequently. That person's name is Lanevus."

"Lanevus..." Dunn massaged his temples. "I seem to have heard of it before..."

"He's the cheat who swindled at least ten thousand pounds," Klein reminded him.

Dunn thought for a while with a serious look on his face. He then shook his head to show that he had no memory of it.

Captain, you're not sensitive at all when it comes to money! Klein lampooned and told him the related story about Lanevus by highlighting the main points.

"The cheat falsely claimed that he had prospected and purchased an iron mine with rich deposits of iron ore. He raised funds from private individuals in Tingen and swindled more than ten thousand pounds. Someone I know from the Divination Club suffered a loss from this. In addition, a young woman was swindled into an engagement with him and is now pregnant with his child."

"He visited Hood Eugen multiple times before he went crazy," Dunn said in thought. "Sequence 8 Beyond, Swindler? The Marauder pathway..."

Captain, your memory is actually good when it comes to this kind of thing... Klein found it funny as he reflected over it. He nodded faintly and said, "That was my guess as well."

"Because the steelworks company that Lanevus set up was in the South and the victims were of several different beliefs, the case wasn't passed to us in the end. Even if there had been evidence of Beyond involvement in the case, it would've been passed over to the Mandated Punishers."

Dunn finally understood the ins and outs of the story. He looked at Klein with his deep gray eyes and said, "What do you want to do?"

Cough, Captain, can you please not be so sensitive... Klein replied with a mask of solemnity, "I want to talk to Hood Eugen via a mediumship

ritual and figure out why Lanevus came looking for him. I want to know if that visit is directly related to him going insane.”

Dunn nodded slightly and said, “Even if you hadn’t applied to do it, I would’ve had a similar experiment done when we were certain that Hood Eugen is crazy.

“However, Daly told me that it’s quite risky. Are you confident? I can ask for assistance from the Backlund diocese. It shouldn’t be a problem to delay it for a few days.”

Klein’s main motivation to become a Beyonder was to study mysticism and find a way home. As it was a chance for practical exercise and he was confident enough, he was naturally unwilling to give it up.

“Captain, I’ve mastered knowledge on the subject. I’m confident about this.

“Of course, I’ll require certain ingredients, such as the Amantha extract, Eye of the Spirit medicine, and Sedative Agent.”

“Sedative Agent...” Dunn ruminated over the name and confirmed Klein’s professionalism.

He remembered Daly mention that it was a liquid medicine that was rarely used yet was very efficient in mediumship.

Dunn Smith pondered for nearly twenty seconds and leaned back into his chair. He said, “Go ahead and fill out a request form. Then, collect what you need from behind Chanis Gate. Eh... I’m not sure if there are any finished goods. If there aren’t any, pick up the ingredients you need and concoct the medicine accordingly.”

“Alright,” Klein replied happily.

He didn't get up but sat firmly in his chair.

Dunn massaged his temples. He thought carefully and said, "It happens to be my turn to monitor the asylum this evening... We can't visit Hood Eugen directly. No one knows if there are members of the Psychology Alchemists disguised as doctors, nurses, janitors, or patients in the asylum. No one knows if the Psychology Alchemists are monitoring Hood Organ either. Any action we take must be secret. We can't expose that Daxter Guderian has become our informant."

"... We'll go at dawn by sneaking in secretly."

"Yes, I'll keep guard while you perform the ritual to prevent any accidents from happening."

That'd be best! If Hood Eugen is just pretending to be crazy, while I use a mediumship ritual on him, It would be like I barged into the zoo and danced before a tiger... Klein relaxed and said sincerely, "Yes, Captain!"

He stood up and walked towards the door.

Just then, the corner of his eyes noticed the title of the magazine article the Captain was reading: "Donningsman Tree Sap in the Southern Continent's rainforests has had a significant effect on boosting hair growth."

... Klein retracted his gaze, opened the door, and exited the Captain's office.

Suddenly, there was a playful thought that flashed through his mind.

Actually, a Beyonder doesn't need to go through such trouble. If Old Neil was still around, he could design a ritualistic magic for hair

regrowth. Then, he would pray for the Goddess's assistance. Whether one would be covered with hair and become a curly haired baboon, that's another story... What would the Goddess's response be? If it were me, I would definitely curse: Motherf*cker...

That thought suddenly tainted Klein's happiness with sadness, but there was also a hint of hilarity in the sadness.

He entered the clerk's office and sat before the Akerson Model 1346 typewriter and finished typing his application.

After Dunn Smith stamped and signed the application, he took it down to the basement and walked along the tunnel that was lit up with gas lamps, towards Chanis Gate.

Only at that moment did Klein realize something.

It would be the first time that he was going beyond the mysterious gate!

"I wonder what it looks like..." He quickened his pace with anticipation and came before the twin doors of the black gate.

He first passed his request to Seeka Tron, who was on duty that day for registration purposes. Then, Klein took back the document that now had her signature as well. He knocked on Chanis Gate and sensed how empty and distant the echo was.

He didn't hear any footsteps but within half a minute, the gate with seven Dark Sacred Emblems opened with a creak.

Chanis Gate opened up to allow a single person's passage before coming to a stop. Klein then walked in with the help of the gas lamps on both sides of the corridor.

Behind the gate, there was an elderly man with obvious wrinkles and thinning hair. He was wearing a classic black robe and holding a barn lantern.

The dim candlelight shone through the glass, illuminating the elderly man's expressionless face which was a mixture of light and darkness. His light blue eyes were like ice that had been frozen for a thousand years.

"Document," he said with his husky voice.

Klein had seen the elderly man before because at dusk every day, he would come out from behind Chanis Gate with his partners. They would pass by the duty room and take the hallway leading to Saint Selena Cathedral.

They were Nighthawks who had aged and volunteered to keep guard inside.

According to Klein's understanding, there were five of them who were keeping watch.

"This is my application." He passed the document in his hands to the elderly man before him.

The guard with light blue eyes raised the barn lantern and looked through the request carefully. After he made sure that there were no mistakes, he moved aside and let Klein pass.

Klein passed through Chanis Gate slowly. He had yet to take a good look around when he felt an indescribably chill.

It wasn't the cold of winter, but a chill that would make a human's spirituality shiver.

Klein lifted his gaze and looked afar. He saw candlesticks appearing on the wall in succession, and there were silver candles with carvings on them. The flames gave out a blue luster, without any flickering.

Creak!

The guard closed Chanis Gate, and the surroundings became extremely quiet.

There was a broad walkway before Klein, a walkway paved with ancient stone slabs.

On both sides of the walkway were stone doors labeled “Ingredients,” “Medicine,” “Information,” and so on.

At the end of the walkway, there was a flight of stairs that connected to the lower floors. It extended into the dark as though it was connected to the abyss.

It should be connected to different sealed locations that have Sealed Artifacts. I heard that there are a few floors... I wonder which floor contains Saint Selena’s ashes? Klein adapted to the brightness behind the gate and suddenly felt that there was something shapeless scraping against his skin. They were in strips, and every one of them chilled him to the bones.

He shivered, and he couldn’t help but activate his Spirit Vision.

Then, he looked at the entire area behind Chanis Gate. It was filled with fine black lines. They were swaying lightly, occasionally clustered together, occasionally extended. They were tightly knitted without any gaps.

This... This is the sealing power behind Chanis Gate? Klein nodded indiscernibly. He reined in his thoughts and followed the guard. They went through a heavy stone door labeled “Medicine Room.”

Very soon, he found the Amantha extract, the Eye of the Spirit medicine, and the Sedative Agent by following the alphabet labels.

He had seen the first two before, but it was his first time picking up the latter one. He saw that a blue fluid rippled in the translucent glass bottle. For some reason, looking at the fluid made him feel as though he had entered a mother’s embrace.

On the bottle, there was a label. It showed the manufacturing date and the expiration date, which was still some time away.

Luckily, it can still be used... Klein took the three tiny bottles of medicine and walked back to Chanis Gate with the guard keeping him company. He shook off the feeling of coldness that reached the deepest corner of his soul and the creepy experience of being swept by the black lines.

When Chanis Gate closed, he couldn’t help but look back. He mumbled to himself, “Staying in there for a long time would affect both the body and soul, right?”

“It’s no wonder the guards have to volunteer...”

...

Around dawn, Klein used a special technique to lock his bedroom. He pushed open his oriel window and jumped down.

The two-story height posed no danger to the present him. He landed steadily without faltering at all.

The Nighthawks' carriage was already parked opposite, waiting for him.

Without any exchange, Klein quickly arrived at Tingen Asylum in the North Borough. Following the Captain's instructions, he took a detour to one of the corners without a street lamp where he saw the waiting Dunn Smith.

"Let's go in." Dunn nodded faintly. "I've made sure that there's no one around."

"Alright." Klein quickly got closer.

As a Clown, entering an asylum... it keeps reminding me of a famous saying: "It's like returning home 1" He mused to himself.

He followed Dunn closely. With the aid of the wall's bumpy surface, they somersaulted into the asylum quickly and agilely with outstanding balance.

Dunn turned around and looked. He nodded slightly to give his approval.

The two of them crouched and silently moved through the hospital's small park and activity square. They then entered the three-story building in the asylum and arrived at the top floor where Hood Eugen's room was.

As Hood Eugen had the possibility of becoming violent now that he had gone insane, he had been assigned to a single room. Luckily, the monitoring Nighthawks hadn't wasted their efforts during the surveillance and had made a copy of the room key long ago.

Kacha!

The lock clicked lightly, and Dunn entered first. Klein projected his gaze past his figure and saw the person sitting on the bed.

Hood Eugen's face was long and skinny. His eye sockets were deeply concave and his blond hair was disheveled.

He was looking at the metal barred window with his grayish-blue eyes. He was looking at the crimson moon outside.

Klein closed the door to the room and chuckled as he casually asked, "Why aren't you sleeping?"

Dunn was taken aback and suddenly remembered that Klein was now a Sequence 8 Clown. Hence, he remained silent and backed off to a corner of the room.

Hood Eugen turned his head and looked at Klein. He chuckled foolishly and replied, "I'm waiting for my cake."

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Chapter 185: Spiritual World

Translator: AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

Waiting for cake? That really wasn't an answer that I was expecting... Of course, if I was able to anticipate the answer of a mental patient, wouldn't that mean that I was almost there myself... The thought flashed through Klein's mind. He maintained his relaxed smile as if he was chatting with a friend.

"Who's going to send you a cake?"

Hood Eugen's expression fell instantly, his face long and depressed.

“No, there’s no cake... There’s no cake!

“You stole my cake!”

His voice suddenly became shrill as he glared angrily at Klein.

Without waiting for Klein to speak, he let out a shout and opened his mouth, revealing two rows of white teeth.

Following which, he leaped from his mattress while salivating. He closed in on Klein with one step and extended his hands, attempting to grab onto Klein’s shoulders. He wanted to drag Klein towards him and bite him.

Despite the sudden attack, Klein reacted quickly despite appearing a little flustered. He instantly bent his knee and squatted. At the same time, he tilted his body to the side and raised his left arm.

Oof!

His shoulder slammed into Hood Eugen’s abdomen, causing Hood’s eyes to turn white and drool to drip from his mouth.

But Hood Eugen didn’t stop moving. He allowed the momentum to carry him down as he opened his arms in an attempt to pull Klein into a bear hug.

Klein tilted his body to the side and rolled over, his movements were smooth as though he had practiced them hundreds of times.

He pushed against the ground with his right hand and stood up with a somersault. He decided to go on the offensive and charged forward to restrain his opponent.

But at that moment, Hood Eugen only stood there blankly, his eyes losing focus, becoming vacant and lost.

Klein froze for a moment. He turned his head towards the corner of the room, only to see Dunn Smith, wearing a black windbreaker and matching hat, with his hands clasped tightly together and looking down.

The Captain has dragged Hood Eugen into a dream... Upon realizing this, he stopped his subsequent attack and took the opportunity to take out the silver ritual dagger that couldn't harm anyone. He used it to create a wall of spirituality which sealed the ward.

Klein then took out three candles infused with mint and placed them on the window in a triangular formation. One candle signified the Evernight Goddess, another the Mother of the Secrets, and the last represented himself.

Soon after, he set up a simple altar and used his spirituality to ignite the candles.

Just as he was about to warn the Captain, Dunn raised his head and smiled.

“Hood Eugen’s dreams are a sea of chaos. There’s no way to guide it.”

Just as he finished his sentence, a luster returned to Hood Eugen’s eyes. It was no longer vacant.

Then, the insane Psychiatrist moved his waist, letting out a comfortable yawn.

Klein was momentarily at a loss, so he remained quiet. He picked up a metal bottle containing the Amantha extract.

He dripped the transparent liquid extracted from the night vanilla, Slumber flower, and chamomile into the flames of the candle representing himself, allowing the serene aroma to spread around the room.

Hood Eugen's nervousness, anger, and relief completely vanished. He languidly sat down again on the edge of his bed and looked out at the crimson moon outside the window in a daze. His eyes once again lost their focus as peace was restored.

Klein also felt the peace that came with the night. He set the Amantha extract down and sat beside Hood Eugen. He wanted to find something to break down Hood's last line of defense.

Only with the removal of the last line of defense could he use the Eye of the Spirit medication to make Hood Eugen's soul slip into a turbid state.

After all, I'm not a professional Spirit Medium... He had already thought of an idea before coming. He fished out a set of tarot cards from his pocket.

This set of cards only had the twenty-two Major Arcana, so it was easy to carry around. It was a "weapon" that Klein had successfully applied for.

Each of the cards was lined with metal threads made from pure silver, each of them was able to kill undead beings. Their patterns were complicated and gorgeous, making Klein feel like they were a collector's item and not used against enemies.

Klein cut the deck with one hand and smiled at Hood Eugen.

"Let's play some card games."

“Cards?” Hood Eugen retracted his gaze from outside the window as he repeated the term in a daze.

Klein didn't answer, placing the deck of tarot cards into Hood's palm with a sincerity that could not be rejected.

Hood Eugen mimicked Klein's actions, trying his hardest to cut the deck with one hand to some success.

The attention of the mental patient was slowly drawn to the hard yet flexible, beautifully textured cards in his hand. He flipped over the first card:

It was the picture of a man in tattered clothes with his hands tied. He was hanging by his leg with a faint halo at his head.

The Hanged Man... Klein nodded in thought. He took the opportunity to grab the Eye of the Spirit medicine, dripping the amber liquid onto the candle flame—still the one representing himself.

An alcoholic fragrance spread forth, inducing an intoxicated feeling to anyone who took a whiff of it.

Hood Eugen spaced out bit by bit, his vision losing its focus. The deck of tarot cards in his hand fell onto the bed.

But he remained sitting upright, without slumping over.

Klein used Cogitation to fight back against the medicine's dreamy effects of turning light-headed and ethereal. He took out another metal bottle from his pocket and twisted the cap open before pouring the blue liquid into his mouth.

Sedative Agent!

The ice-cold liquid flowed through his throat, down his gullet, and into his stomach. Klein instantly felt unusually awake, without any sense of drowsiness.

He slowly exhaled, then familiarly took out the other essential oil extracts and herb powders, dripping them onto the two candles signifying the Evernight Goddess.

In the faint fog, he took two steps back and solemnly murmured in Hermes, "I pray for the power of the dark night.

"I pray for the power of the mystery.

"I pray for the Goddess's loving grace.

"I pray that you would allow me to communicate with the spirituality of the Beyonder beside me, Hood Eugen."

...

The incantations reverberated around the room, and Klein saw the flames of the candle, now dyed black, spread outward.

He didn't avoid them, nor did he guard against them. He allowed the dark "night" to envelop him.

In this unusually lucid state, he felt his spirit leave the protection of his body and enter a space akin to deep space. All around him was boundless, silent darkness. The sky above him was filled with countless indescribable, transparent figures. There were also streaks of different colors, lustrous splendors that harbored infinite knowledge.

The spiritual world... Klein was no longer a stranger to this.

Just as he had this thought, a foggy world appeared before him. It was a world enveloped by a faint tornado of light.

Klein knew that it represented Hood Eugen's spirit that represented his Body of Heart and Mind. Thus, he leaned over, digging into the wall that was the tornado.

In an instant, he saw countless specks of light pelting him. He heard the voices of thousands of people discussing something in whispers.

These murmurings were very chaotic and lacked any sense of logic. Some included praises for the elegance of some lady, then it turned into a description of the feeling of relief after using the toilet. Some started as a weep, then turned into frenzied joy...

The insane thoughts latched on and gnawed at Klein's spirit in a bid to assimilate him. But Klein maintained his lucidity and rationality, quickly flying towards Hood Eugen's spiritual world.

This is like a pleasant concert compared to the horrifying murmurings and howls I hear when entering the world above the gray fog... Klein smiled secretly and made his way through the tornado. He saw a groggy, translucent Hood Eugen.

This Sequence 7 Psychiatrist maintained the same state as he was in the outside world. He looked over with a dazed expression.

Klein stopped before him and asked softly, "Do you know Lanevus?"

Hood Eugen replied blankly, "Yes."

The light around them underwent a transformation as if Hood Eugen was revealing his "spiritual sea."

Quickly, the intertwining light revealed a bespectacled average-looking man who wore a sarcastic smile. It was the same Lanevus whom Klein had seen in the arrest warrants.

Klein nodded in satisfaction and collected himself. He asked a guided question, “Why did Lanevus look for you?”

“He said...” Hood Eugen’s voice slowly turned soft.

Suddenly, he changed into a more charismatic voice and laughed a little maniacally.

“Hood Eugen, this is the worst era, but also the best era. As long as you seize the opportunity, we can become the rulers of this world, we can become true immortals!

“As long as you’re willing to help, I’ll not only tell you the way to master your potion and avoid losing control, I’ll also promise that you’ll receive godhood qualities in the future—immortal godhood qualities!

“You should be able to see the presence behind me. My promise is ‘His’ promise. In some sense, the Psychology Alchemists are connected to ‘Him.’

“Do not doubt. The Psychology Alchemists aren’t strong enough at the moment. It is unable to provide you with enough help unless you’re willing to stay at this level for the rest of your life.”

The method to grasp your potion without losing control... Why does this sound like how I entice others with the “acting method”... Lanevus sure has lofty ambitions. He’s only a Sequence 8, yet he’s already talking about manipulating godhood qualities... Just what hidden presence is backing him... This guy seems to be plotting something, which isn’t

solely just to cheat people out of their money... Or could running scams just be his hobby? Klein had many thoughts as he listened on. When Hood Eugen stopped talking, he quickly pressed on, “What kind of assistance did Lanevus want you to provide?”

Hood Eugen didn't answer immediately, his spiritual world turned silent.

He then broke out into laughter. He replied erratically, “Help... Help... Help!

“Hahaha, I provided help! I provided help!

“I made...”

His words came to an abrupt halt as his blurry soul contorted. The light and darkness of the surroundings which represented the spiritual sea quickly turned incorporeal, forming a sinister, scary, dark altar.

On top of the altar was a cross. There seemed to be something hanging on the cross, as well as things that appeared indiscernible piled at the bottom.

The light and darkness alternated, and as the hanging item was about to become clearer, the entire spiritual world shook, as if it was experiencing a magnitude ten earthquake.

Holy shit! Klein had a premonition that something dangerous was about to happen. Without thinking, he turned and flew towards the chaotic tornado of thoughts in an attempt to escape.

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Chapter 186: The Handsome Captain

Translator: AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

Countless rays of brilliance drowned Klein as ravings of a million people filled his ears. However, Klein thought nothing of it. His abilities as a Clown told him that his spirit was being engulfed by a black shadow that was rapidly expanding.

The black shadow was a huge cross, and there seemed to be a person hanging upside down on it!

Kacha!

The chaotic tornado of thoughts unleashed its load outwards and turned uniform. Slowly, Hood Eugen's spiritual world disintegrated.

Klein noticed that he had exceeded his fastest flying speed from his previous trial; his soul had become significantly stronger after he briefly mixed with some of the strength from the mysterious space above the gray fog.

Just as the cross's shadow was about to engulf him entirely, he dashed out of the blurry "world" and felt his body.

He familiarly stimulated a descent, and Hood Eugen's long skinny face and messy blond hair instantly appeared in his vision, along with the three candles that were burning at the window ledge.

He had managed to get out of the mediumship state in time!

In that instant, he saw black scales growing one after another on Hood Eugen's face. His vacant pupils turned into slits, becoming extremely cool and ruthless.

Oh shit! He's going to lose control! Klein's pupils constricted, and before he could react, he saw a figure in a knee-length black windbreaker and silk top hat take two huge strides before Hood Eugen. He then raised the revolver and pushed it against the man's head.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Dunn Smith fired five bullets consecutively. Hood Eugen's head suddenly blew up like a watermelon falling down from a high height. The red and white rainstorm splattered across each and every corner of the room.

He had taken care of Hood Eugen before he lost control completely!

Klein, who was fifty centimeters away, was covered in blood and dirt. He looked at Dunn Smith in a daze, only having the feeling that the Captain was very handsome at that moment.

As long as you ignore his memory problems, the Captain is very trustworthy... He complimented sincerely from the bottom of his heart.

"Did an accident happen?" Dunn put away his revolver and watched Hood Eugen's mostly headless body slowly fall to the floor.

Just as Klein was about to organize his words, he saw that the body had become a pile of bloody flesh within a few seconds and the asylum uniform that covered it appeared to have its most basic structure damaged.

Hood Eugen's corpse was left with very few complete items. There were dozens of scales twinkling with a black shimmer, and his heart that had turned crystalline and faint blue.

The heart had a magical luster, like a diamond refracting incoming light.

It could calm someone down or make them restless. It could create tension or develop chaos. But other than that, there was nothing notable.

“This item should be controllable.” After Dunn holstered his revolver, he took out a black glove and wore it on his right hand. He then squatted down to pick up the crystalline heart.

A controllable item... According to what the Captain previously mentioned, it could be used as the main ingredient for the formula of a Sequence 7 Psychiatrist... But, would it lead to the advanced Beyonder losing control even more easily? Klein took out his handkerchief to wipe the blood from his face and body. He then picked up his specially made tarot cards and cleaned their surfaces.

He looked at the ground and asked curiously, “What kind of items would these black scales be considered as?”

“These are ingredients that are contaminated with Beyonder power. They could be made into items that have long-lasting effects. For example, our demon hunting bullets’ ability to injure dead spirits or monsters would decrease drastically as soon as they pass the three months mark, leaving only a tiny portion of demon-hunting characteristics in the remnant materials. If the materials used were something like the black scales, the effective period would be as long as a year or two, and the effects would be even better. Of course, due to their characteristics, the black scales are obviously not suitable to be made into demon hunting bullets,” Dunn explained as he took a piece of paper from Klein to wrap the blue heart and black scales.

“It’s just like the materials we use as supplementary ingredients for the potions?” Klein asked.

Dunn stood back up and nodded slightly.

“Yes.”

Someone who loses control will really become a monster... Klein sighed. He seized the opportunity while the room was still sealed with a wall of spirituality and quickly described his encounter in Eugen's mind.

“When I was communicating with Hood Eugen's spirit, I saw a figure like the True Creator in his mind. But it was different from the mainstream ones. It wasn't the chain-bound Hanged Giant, nor was it the Eye behind the Shadow Curtains. Instead, it was similar to the one you saw in Hanass Vincent's dream.”

Hanass Vincent was a member of the Aurora Order. As Melissa's friend, Selene, had peeked at his incantations and completed the magic mirror divination, it led to the Nighthawks' investigation of him.

Dunn Smith saw something close to the True Creator in his dream, but it was a different image than the mainstream image that was widely circulated. In the end, the result was an injury and a strange death.

When Hood Eugen flipped over the tarot card of The Hanged Man, Klein had actually already expected it. But he never thought it would be presented in such a way. Of course, it was only indirect contact. It wouldn't be comparable to the time he had spied on the Eternal Blazing Sun directly. The worst outcome was just mild injury or mild corruption.

As he listened to Klein's description, Dunn's expression became solemn.

He knitted his eyebrows and said with a deep voice, “A huge cross, black nails, a naked man covered in blood hanging upside down?”

“I didn't see it clearly. That's also the reason why I'm not injured. I only noticed a huge cross and figure similar to a man being hung upside down,” Klein replied tactfully.

At that moment, all he cared about was “fleeing”...

Seemingly in thought, Dunn nodded and said, “Lanevus’s visit to Hood Eugen was related to the True Creator? So the Aurora Order is involved?”

Klein quickly repeated the conversation he’d had during the communication.

“Lanevus tempted Hood Eugen with the ‘acting method,’ and a so-called immortal godhood. But I don’t understand why he said that it was the worst of times, and also the best of times. Perhaps it was just the way he speaks as a Swindler?”

“... The help Hood Eugen provided involved a sinister and dark altar... I suspect that Lanevus is plotting something terrifying...”

Then, his heart stirred as he spoke.

“Captain, do you remember the letter written to Mr. Z? The letter that the member from the Aurora Order whom I killed carried!

“He mentioned in the letter that he was waiting for an appropriate opportunity, something about the arrival of the end of days, he will offer all the lambs in Tingen to his so-called God. Would this be related to Lanevus’s plot?”

“Could Lanevus be the Mr. Z from the Aurora Order?”

Dunn Smith thought carefully and said, “I don’t think so. Lanevus couldn’t be Mr. Z. Otherwise, he wouldn’t be setting up a fake steelworks company to scam people while the Aurora Order was up to something. It would introduce too many variables in his main mission. If anything went wrong with the scam, he would draw the attention of the

police and us. He would have to run away from Tingen and abandon his plan.

“Of course, if he was just insane, it would be perfectly normal for him to act illogically.

“But judging from the scam he set up, the calmness and cunningness with which he swept away the money doesn’t make him look like a real lunatic.

“So, I don’t think he’s Mr. Z from the Aurora Order. Of course, he might really be involved in the matter as mentioned in the letter. The one offering all the lambs in Tingen to the so-called God.”

Upon saying that, Dunn paused, then paced back and forth as he said, “This incident might have quite severe repercussions. We have to reinvestigate Lanevus and get some clues. Hmm, let’s clean up the scene and cover up any evidence here. Let everyone know that Hood Eugen died but leave no clue as to who killed him. This should lead to action by the Psychology Alchemists or other Beyonders that are paying attention to the asylum. They might know something.

“The Lanevus scam is either still in the hands of the police department or transferred to the Mandated Punishers. We’ll join the investigations by saying that we obtained clues while investigating the Aurora Order. Then, we’ll work together with the Mandated Punishers and the Machinery Hivemind. We’ll concentrate the forces in Tingen and investigate everything and anyone associated with Lanevus. We can request assistance from Backlund diocese and the Holy Cathedral if it’s necessary!”

After that, Dunn turned his head sideways to look at Klein. He ruminated and said, “Do you have anything that you’d like to add?”

Captain, you basically said it all... Klein shook his head solemnly. "No!"

He hurriedly used ritualistic magic to remove some of the necessary traces with the aid of the simple altar that he had yet to clear in order to ensure that no one would be able to tell that they were the ones who killed Hood Eugen.

Then, he put away his ingredients, blew out the candles, removed the wall of spirituality, and left the ward in silence with Dunn Smith. They left the asylum by climbing over its walls.

"Go back and rest." Dunn stood at a corner without a street lamp. He pressed his black silk hat and said, "there are many things that can only be done tomorrow."

"Alright." Klein wasn't a Sleepless who only slept two to three hours a day. He immediately bade farewell to the Captain and took the Nighthawks' dedicated carriage that was waiting nearby and returned to Daffodil Street.

Before he entered the carriage, he turned back to take a glance. He saw the Captain still standing in the dark which even the moonlight couldn't touch. He appeared to be thinking in silence.

The streets were quiet and void of people before dawn. The carriage tore through the streets, sometimes going straight, sometimes taking turns.

Klein was pondering about Lanevus when suddenly, he felt as if he was in a trance.

He saw that the color before his eyes become saturated. The reds became redder and the blacks became blacker, just like an impressionist's oil painting.

The surroundings slowed down, and the carriage seemed to enter a strange world.

Klein grabbed his Flaring Sun Charm and drew his revolver.

Just then, a huge, white, bony palm extended through the carriage window and threw in a neatly folded letter.

Then, the palm pulled back and vanished. The oil painting-like scene suddenly returned to normal while the carriage was still driving along the street steadily.

... It's a really well-hidden method... Klein looked at the letter, by the side of his foot, as the corner of his lips twitched.

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Chapter 187: Azik' s Warning

Translator: AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

The actions of the messenger shocked Klein for a full five seconds before he recovered. He bent over and picked up the letter.

“Even if Mr. Azik is unable to use a good portion of his abilities as a Beyonder, because of his memory loss, being able to send out such a messenger should make him powerful enough to deal with a Sequence 7 or 6 Beyonder.” His heart reflected his shocked and envious expression. He didn't unfold the letter immediately. Instead, he placed the letter into his pocket, together with the Slumber Charms.

The carriage continued forward. When Klein exited the carriage at Daffodil Street, he instinctively looked at the driver, Cesare, only to see his relaxed smile, as if he hadn't noticed anything unusual that had happened.

Klein nodded and returned home after observing Cesare with his Spirit Vision.

He looked at the balcony and pipes on the second floor and pondered for a few seconds. He decided to maintain his gentlemanly behavior and not attempt to scale the pipe back into his room. As for his stained clothes, he would take them to the Blackthorn Security Company tomorrow and get a professional to wash them through the police department. That would prevent his clothes from shocking his maid Bella and his sister Melissa.

Klein had removed the reverse lock on the front door before he leaped out the window from the second floor. Now, he took advantage of the fact that it was late at night and quietly opened the door to his house, deftly making his way in.

After closing and locking the main door, he heaved a sigh of relief. He went up to the second floor with hushed footsteps.

Stopping before his locked bedroom, Klein took out a tarot card calmly. He inserted it into the slit of the door and lightly pulled, easily breaking the specialized lock he designed himself.

He then entered the room, locked the door, and removed his clothes, before he fully relaxed.

It sure feels like being a thief... Klein laughed as he shook his head. He calmly took out his revolver and placed it under the pillow.

After he was finished with all of that, he lit up the gas lamp and sat in front of his desk. He took out the letter and began reading seriously.

“I’m sorry for replying only now. I’ve been busy searching for traces of my past. I’ve also been meeting up with former teachers and students and those drag on late into the night.

“I finally understand the encounters that I’ve had over the past two days after reading your letter. The police searched every room in the hotel that I’m staying at. There was a person who secretly snooped around in the hotel at night. Yes, I’m talking about a person with Beyonder powers.

“... So Rear Admiral Hurricane Qilangos, who’s a frequent character in novels and newspapers, has infiltrated Backlund and has gone on quite a killing spree. I remember that he’s not only wanted by the Loen Kingdom, he’s also on the bounty list of the Feysac Empire, the Intis Republic, the Feynapotter Kingdom...”

So, how much is the bounty? Klein subconsciously wondered.

He didn’t get an answer because Azik had switched to mentioning something else.

“I find the abilities of a Shepherd that you described quite familiar, it’s as if I’ve seen it somewhere, but I cannot remember where. It must be an encounter from one of my past lives. Not being able to recall it makes me very frustrated.”

Eh, Mr. Azik is a little interested in the Shepherd. I can use this to get him to help me. Yes, this sure is coincidental... No, this is not a coincidence, but inevitable!

It can be inferred that Mr. Azik has lived for over a thousand years and is most likely a High-Sequence Beyonder. Then, he would most likely have encountered the powers of many different Beyonders in his earlier lives. He would also have deeper impressions of those that were more unique... In other words, it isn't only the Shepherd that would give him feelings of familiarity, but jobs such as the Unshadowed, Demon Hunter, or Guardian that would do so as well...

It's highly likely that Mr. Azik would find any mystical item that corresponds to a particular Sequence's abilities familiar and have his interest piqued. That's something that can be imagined...

Klein was doubtful at first before being enlightened. He was a lot more certain as a result.

He shifted his gaze and continued to read the letter.

"I've long recalled some parts of the sacrificial ritual you asked about, probably because I have a deeper impression of them. Perhaps I was a priest in my one of my more recent lifetimes.

"I have to remind you and warn you, that you have to be very cautious when using sacrificial rituals. You cannot entrust your safety to evil gods or hidden, mysterious existences. They do not have consciences like we do.

"Also, you have to possess a strong sense of right and wrong, for the evil gods and devils often create seemingly harmless identities for themselves. My opinion is that you cannot sacrifice something whose presence you are not fully aware of; otherwise, your soul could end up being the sacrificial item."

In simple terms, evil gods and devils will take on another form, disguising themselves as someone trustworthy... Just like on the Internet, an account that claims to be a seemingly adorable chick might be controlled by a huge bloke... He had to be cautious even if they were to meet offline after confirming the person's looks, as the person might just be cross-dresser... Klein didn't disregard Azik's warning just because he was conducting the sacrificial ritual for himself. He nodded in approval.

After Azik emphasized a few things he had to look out for, he quickly explained the sacrificial ritual he knew of.

“First, set up the ritual. Choose the symbols based on which deity or unorthodox mysterious existence you are going to offer a sacrifice to. Use the corresponding herbs and minerals of ‘His’ or ‘Her’ domain. Of course, you can also make them into holy oils, ointments, scents, and other items in advance.”

Symbols? Klein froze for a moment. He realized that he—The Fool that didn't belong to this era—didn't know what his corresponding symbol was...

He thought for a moment, quickly recalling the complex symbol on the back of his chair at the ancient bronze table. It was made up of a Pupil-less Eye which represented secrecy, and the partial contorted lines which represented change.

That should be my symbol, or more accurately, that is what symbolizes me in the world above the gray fog. My domain is much simpler then—secrecy, change, good luck... But I cannot be too sure of that, so I'll have to try it out... Even if the symbol is wrong, as long as I get my honorary name right, the target of the sacrifice wouldn't point towards some other entity. The worst thing that could happen is that the ritual

would fail. Of that, I'm certain... Klein thought as he rubbed the surface of the paper as he formulated a plan in his heart.

His eyes focused on the letter once again, reading the rest of the letter.

“Second, you need to be clear if the sacrifice needs to happen at a specific time. Then, follow the processes of a normal ritual, until you finish reciting the honorable names and incantations of the ritual.

“You must remember to use either Jotun, Dragonese, Elvish, or ancient Hermes. You must use the natural powers in these languages to establish a direct connection with the corresponding entity. You can design the exact incantations to use, but it must include these critical terms: ‘pray,’ ‘notice,’ ‘offer,’ ‘kingdom,’ ‘gates,’ and ‘open.’

“Finally, you must use materials that have a certain spirituality quality to create a connection with the natural powers of the incantation. This will allow you to construct a tunnel that connects to the gates of the kingdom where the corresponding entity resides. If the entity is interested, then your sacrifice is complete.

“This step isn't absolutely necessary. If you can make the corresponding entity very interested in your sacrifice, then ‘He’ will open the gates to ‘His’ kingdom for you after you finish reciting the incantations, establishing a stable tunnel on ‘His’ own accord. Of course, this would often imply danger as the orthodox result as relatively friendly hidden gods rarely do this. Only evil gods or devils would reply to you directly in order to achieve their goals.”

Materials that have spirituality are not cheap... I wonder if merely reciting the incantations would allow me to open a sacrificial tunnel similar to the Door of Summoning? I wonder if I could make use of the abilities of the world above the gray fog... Yes, I'll try that first and only

get the materials with spirituality from the underground market if I fail. Do I need Beyonder ingredients? It should be fine if it possesses a certain amount of spirituality, right? Klein thought about the 300 pounds lying around in his anonymous account. He also thought about the 10 plus pounds of savings that he had saved up.

Beyonder materials were not completely identical to materials that possessed spirituality. For example, the heart that Hood Eugen left behind was a Beyonder ingredient while the black scales were a material possessing certain amounts of spirituality.

After he finished reading Mr. Azik's letter, Klein rubbed his fingers together and ignited a flame of spirituality. He burned the paper to ash and threw it into the rubbish bin.

It was already deep into the night and Klein was in no hurry to try the ritual. He intended to first make a plan and go through everything that he needed to take note of before putting it into practice.

He had a vague understanding of his shortcomings long ago. He was cautious and rational when it came to things he made plans for, but once the events deviated from his original plans, he would easily consider only the good and disregard the bad when he was forced to be on his toes.

A simpler description would be that a rash action of his would easily cause him to court death... Klein extended his palm to cover his face.

The next day, Dunn Smith, who had communicated with the Mandated Punishers and Machinery Hivemind, started to assign missions. Klein also received his assignment. He was tasked to investigate a number of people who had connections to Lanevus. But because of his suggestion and the policy of the Nighthawks, he didn't have to be responsible for the people he had met previously.

Of course, Klein continued with his combat lessons in the afternoon. Nor did Dunn assign him the role of lead investigator.

...

Backlund, Hillston Backlund. In a building with a horse stable and garden.

Qilangos, who had a unique wide chin and dark green eyes, looked at the unconscious man before him. He took off the man's clothes and wore them.

He then leisurely walked in front of the dressing mirror and saw the black glove on his left hand twitch. He saw many contorted lines appearing on its back.

A few seconds later, Qilangos saw a thin veil of light envelop his figure. His muscles, skin, and bones began undergoing a strange transformation.

Sometime later, he transformed into the unconscious man, completely identical in height, appearance, and demeanor!

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