

## Chapter 201: Inquiry

Klein held his breath with his back against the wall as he faced the darkness of the corridor.

*What's Captain doing? What's wrong with him? Was he drinking blood? Is this a sign of him losing control?* Klein's mind was a mess, incapable of effective thought.

Nearly twenty seconds later, Klein clenched his teeth. With the help of the control he had over his body as a Clown, he silently made his way down the stairs.

Later, he then intentionally took heavier footsteps and made his way back to the door of Madam Sharon's bedroom.

Klein looked in to see the Captain wrapping Sealed Artifact 3-0271 with the black cloth. His expression was serious, his face clean.

It was as though what Klein had seen just now was only an illusion.

Glancing sideways, Klein saw nothing abnormal with Kenley's body. It was the same as it had been.

He inhaled and asked, "Captain, how am I going to confirm if those servants are still asleep? I can't make an accurate judgment just based on Spirit Vision alone. They'll have various emotional reactions due to their dreams which will be reflected in the color of their auras."

Dunn Smith fiddled with the Spirit Medium Mirror and was silent for a few seconds. He said with a raspy voice, "I'm sorry. I forgot about that. I've made too many mistakes tonight.

"There's no need for you to check, I'll confirm it."

He lifted his hand and pressed his glabella, then he closed his eyes, allowing formless ripples to spread towards the first floor.

It was crystal-clear to a Nightmare if anyone was asleep or not.

Klein froze when he saw this. He looked down and bit at the insides of his lips.

*Captain, were you really drawing me away just now...*

*What are you doing? Do you know what you're doing...*

He abruptly turned to look at the window, only to see the crimson moon hanging high in the sky, seemingly unchanged for thousands of years.

After collecting himself, Klein used the cover of picking up his tarot cards, revolver, half top hat, and other items to closely examine the corpses of Kenley and Madam Sharon.

They maintained the same look as when they died, but their skin was turning pale at a rapid rate. They also had tinges of blue and black marks.

*It's a little weird, they seem to be missing something... It's not*

*something specific, but more of a feeling...* Klein muttered to himself. He felt his hair stand on end due to the chilly wind blowing through the shattered window.

At that moment, Dunn opened his eyes and said in a deep voice, “They’re all still asleep, but some of them are close to waking up.”

“That’s good, that’s good...” Klein looked at the Captain, not knowing what he was saying.

Dunn surveyed the surroundings and said, “Clean up the scene, then get someone from the nearest police station to come over. Oh, and make a trip back to Zouteland Street and get Frye to come help out.”

Klein gave the Captain a deep look and nodded with his teeth clenched.

“Okay.”

With Dunn’s help, Klein quickly cleaned up the scene and left Madam Sharon’s house through the front door.

Walking through the garden and coming outside, Klein couldn’t help but look back. All he saw was the silent nursery in the darkness. There was no light at all.

He turned, his heart heavy. He soon located the nearest police station based on his memory—this was common knowledge to the Nighthawks.

*Knock. Knock. Knock.* Klein knocked on the steel door.

Sometime later, the officer on duty passed through the courtyard with a lantern in hand. He opened the door and observed Klein suspiciously.

“What’s the matter?”

Klein failed to force any expression. With a heavy face, he produced his documents and showed it to the police officer.

“There’s a serious murder case at 15 Osna Street. Immediately call for other officers to head there to help out!”

The police officer lifted his lantern and scrutinized the documents before putting his feet together and saluted.

“Yes, sir!”

Having settled this, Klein headed back to Zouteland Street on a rental carriage.

On the way back, he sat in the dark carriage. His thoughts were in a mess and unfocused.

*Kenley is dead...*

*I remember that he was recently engaged... His parents are still alive...*

*What was the Captain doing just now...*

*Does he crave fresh blood...*

*Or does he have other motives...*

*His memory is still as poor as before, without any obvious improvement. Th-this means that he doesn't have the warning signs of losing control!*

*But he's known about the “acting method” for some time now. Does the fact that his memory hasn't improved mean that there's a problem...*

*No! It must be because the Captain is still figuring out the proper way to act as a Nightmare!*

*...Yes, the most important reasons why Kenley died was because of Sealed Artifact 3-0271. It was the Captain who gave it to him...*

*What am I thinking! It was a logical decision back then!*

*...It was also the Captain who suggested using Sealed Artifact 3-0271...*

*Calm down, calm down, I cannot make blind guesses. But I cannot wait around either, or the situation might worsen!*

*I'll send a letter to Madam Daly later and see if she knows what this situation means. Even if she doesn't know the exact answer, she'll definitely understand the signs of danger and inform the*

*Holy Cathedral...*

*That way, we can smother the problem in the cradle and get the Captain back to normal!*

*No, the Captain might not have a problem. I might've misunderstood something. I'll see what Madam Daly says...*

...

Klein had already made a decision when the carriage arrived at 36 Zouteland Street. He was no longer flustered and helpless as before.

He went up the stairway toward the entrance of the Blackthorn Security Company with heavy steps and opened the door from a key he fished out.

The familiar setting calmed him down considerably. It reminded him of how he felt when he asked the Captain for help every time something was wrong.

Taking a deep breath, Klein went to the recreation room and found Frye reading alone under the gas lamp.

Frye turned to look at Klein, his cold face revealing a look of concern and worry.

“Did something happen? Where’s Captain and Kenley?”

Klein replied with a raspy voice, “Kenley’s dead; he died at

Madam Sharon's hands. We all made mistakes... The Captain is guarding the scene. He needs your help there."

Before they left, the Captain had informed Frye about the general situation. He told Frye that if they weren't back within two hours, he was to send a telegraph to the Holy Cathedral. Similarly, since they had to apply for Sealed Artifact 3-0271 and enter Chanis Gate at night, Royale, who was guarding Chanis Gate was also notified of the mission. According to the internal guidelines of the Nighthawks, a Captain could permit the opening of Chanis Gate at night. If the Captain was present, then only the Captain could enter.

Frye froze for a moment, then he let out a sigh. He drew a crimson moon on his chest.

He put on his coat and hat and headed out the door. When he walked past Klein, he suddenly said softly, "You don't need to blame yourself. Making mistakes is something we can never avoid. We must always trust our partners."

"Yeah..." Klein closed his eyes, his vision turning blurry.

Klein and Frye first headed to the basement to notify Royale before locking the door to the Blackthorn Security Company and rushing to Madam Sharon's house.

It was nearing dawn by the time they got Kenley's corpse and Madam Sharon's half decapitated body back.

Dunn stood in front of the mortuary, silently looking inside. It was some time before he turned to Klein and said, "Go home first. You just experienced an intense battle, you must be exhausted."

“Alright.” Klein didn’t reject the suggestion.

He puckered his lips and stole a glance at the Captain before quietly leaving the Blackthorn Security Company. He took a carriage back to Daffodil Street.

Just as he had done the previous time, he easily entered his bedroom and locked the door.

Taking out the silver ritual dagger, Klein sealed the room with a wall of spirituality. He then sat at his desk and wrote urgently:

“Dear Madam Daly,

“I’ve noticed that there’s something odd about the Captain recently. During a mission, he secretly...”

Klein stopped when he reached this point. His mind had gone blank. He didn’t know how to continue or how to describe the incident.

*Pa!*

He threw the pen and crumpled the piece of paper in front of him into a ball. Looking at it, he pounded heavily on the table, sending a reverberating thump across the room. Klein closed his eyes and covered his face with his hands. He didn’t move, as if he had become a statue.

Five minutes later, he sighed. He put down his right hand and burned the ball of paper with his spirituality. He watched it turn to ash as it fell into the bin.

After organizing his thoughts, Klein took out a fresh piece of paper and wrote:

“Dear Madam Daly,

“We just completed a mission and regrettably lost a partner. The exact details are as follows...

“...Back then, I felt that with my present standards, my Spirit Vision was incapable of accurately ascertaining whether the servants were asleep or not, and that it was very troublesome to do divinations for every one of them. Thus, I returned with the intention of asking for the Captain’s advice. At that moment, through the mirror’s reflection, I saw the Captain kneeling beside Kenley’s corpse, with crimson blood covering his mouth.

“I’m not sure what exactly happened, nor do I know the state the Captain is in. I hope that you can give me an answer.”

...

After writing this, Klein read the letter again with a heavy heart before folding it in half.

He then set up a ritual and activated his Spirit Vision to summon Daly’s messenger. He summoned the strange face which was only a mouth without any eyes or nose.

He saw the red tongue laced with irregular sharp teeth and five pale fingers on the tip of the tongue. Klein silently handed the letter over.

When everything was restored back to normal again, he sat down and continued writing.

This time, he planned to ask Mr. Azik.

“...On a recent mission, something strange happened to my superior. He sent me away and kneeled beside the corpse of a teammate. His mouth was covered in crimson blood.

“Have you encountered something like this in your memories before? How can I help my superior?”