

## Chapter 184: Behind the Gate

“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 Beyonder, 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 Beyonder 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 Serenity Agent.”

“Serenity 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 Serenity 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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1. This is a meme of a recalcitrant offender who often gets send to prison and once said in an interview that going to prison is like returning home.