

## **Chapter 117: Contact**

*Daxter Guderian, a doctor of the Greenhill Mental Asylum...*

Klein silently repeated what the detective had said and started to think about the ways he could interact with this doctor whom he suspected to be a Spectator from the Psychology Alchemists.

He didn't want to take too much of a risk on this matter. He didn't want the Nighthawks to discover that he was problematic. He didn't want to lose the life he had now over a mere exchange of information and resources.

Furthermore, this person was most probably a Spectator. Anyone who hadn't undergone special training wouldn't be able to hide their motives and thoughts from a person like that.

*I'll get a proxy, making me appear a little more mysterious? No, the more people involved, the easier it is for there to be problems... Yes... perhaps I can hide the truth within the truth. I'll let that doctor know of my thoughts and feelings through my expression and body language, but not the whole truth...*

As Detective Henry described Daxter Guderian, Klein thought about what methods he could use to minimize risk without affecting the results he wanted.

Slowly, he found inspiration in a detective film he had once seen.

*Well, I can try that, but I'll have to practice it repeatedly... Klein nodded inwardly before directing his full concentration on what*

Detective Henry had to say.

*Cough...* Henry cleared his throat and said, “We are still working on the request involving the red chimney. You should know that there are many buildings in Tingen that have similar characteristics. Of course, it would be much easier if you could provide us with more clues.”

Klein laughed dryly.

“I wouldn’t have had to make the request if I had more clues.”

Honestly, this long investigation had depressed him, for the person behind the scenes had obviously noticed Klein’s divinations and had more than enough time to find another hideout.

Thus, all he could do was hope that he could find relevant clues from the information of the tenants.

*And that alone cost seven pounds...* Just the thought of it made him feel the pinch... Klein grabbed his cane and left after Detective Henry finished his report.

...

At twenty minutes to nine on a Saturday morning, in an office of the Greenhill Mental Asylum.

Daxter Guderian, who was wearing gold-rimmed spectacles, removed his jacket and hat and hung them on the clothes rack.

He had just picked up his tin of coffee powder when he heard knocking on the door.

“Please come in,” Daxter said casually.

The half-closed door opened, and a young man wearing a black trench coat entered.

Daxter didn’t recognize the person that walked in, so he asked, puzzled, “Good morning, you are?”

Klein closed the door, took off his hat, and pressed it against his chest before bowing.

“Good morning, Doctor Daxter, please forgive me for taking the liberty to visit without any warning. I am Probationary Inspector Klein Moretti of the Awwa Police Department. These are my identification documents and badge.”

“Inspector?” Daxter muttered softly as he received Klein’s identification documents and badge.

“Special Operations Department...” He looked up slowly, his eyes calm, as if he was scrutinizing something.

*Short black hair, pupils slightly darker than brown, a scholarly aura, no ill intent at the moment...*

Daxter returned the items and pointed to the chair on the other side of the table.

“Please have a seat, Officer. How might I assist you?”

Klein sat down and placed his cane to the side. He slowly put away his documents and badge, then smiled.

“Please allow me to reintroduce myself.

“I am also a member of Tingen City’s Nighthawks team, specializing in dealing with incidents involving the supernatural.

“Good morning, Mr. Spectator.”

Before he finished his sentence, he wasn’t surprised to see Daxter’s pupils constrict. Daxter retracted his hand, looking like he was about to escape.

“Officer, I don’t understand what you mean.” Daxter forced out a few words, almost unable to maintain his form. “I don’t like jokes like this. Perhaps I should call security.”

Klein slowly took out his revolver from his underarm holster, his smile unchanging.

“Mr. Daxter, I know that you can see my confidence and that I do not have any ill intent. Heh heh, honestly speaking, I wasn’t too sure myself, but your reaction gave me the answer I needed.”

*Every sentence I said just now is true... Klein added in his heart.*

Daxter relaxed slightly, his gaze shooting toward the revolver. He

asked, confused, “I find it hard to understand why you came looking for me... I don’t think that I revealed anything...”

Klein laughed and replied, “It was just a coincidence, or perhaps fate wanted us to meet.

“We ran into each other once in the underground market at Evil Dragon Bar, but you didn’t notice me back then.

“You were smart to purchase the supplementary ingredients for the potion first, but since I am familiar with that formula, you caught my attention.”

Daxter suddenly exhaled, as if he just lost the motivation to defend himself.

“I see...

“I thought I was careful enough, to think that, to think that...”

After muttering to himself, he looked into Klein’s eyes and said, “Officer, I know that you’re not here to arrest me. What is your true motive for being here?”

With a relaxed expression, Klein said, “I am different from the other Nighthawks. I don’t believe that Beyonders not within our ranks are criminals in the making. This is not fair to those who adhere to the law.”

Daxter changed his posture. He loosened up and said, “The world would be at peace if the other Nighthawks, Mandated Punishers, and Machinery Hivemind acted like you.”

“You know of other members from the Nighthawks, Mandated Punishers, and Machinery Hivemind?” Klein feigned surprise. “This is not something a person who became a Beyonder by mistake should know. There must be an organization behind you.”

He leaned back and said with a smile, “Psychology Alchemists?”

He casually watched Daxter’s expression contort as he said those words.

“I could see that you were anticipating my answer, yet I still missed the bait and fell into your linguistic trap...” Daxter said in frustration.

He started to notice that the Spectator state wasn’t omnipotent. He could tell why the other party was here, but it didn’t mean he understood the specifics.

Klein stroked the cylinder of his revolver and said, “Doctor, we need to have an honest conversation. That can start with me.

“I don’t believe that Beyonders not under management are potential criminals, but I agree that every Beyonder must be registered and monitored. This is a precaution against the risk of Beyonders losing control. It’s to avoid the occurrence of something even more dangerous.

“I won’t disrupt your normal life, but I hope that there can be limited cooperation between us.”

“Limited cooperation?” Daxter asked, as if thinking about something.

Klein let out a soft chuckle.

“Yes, limited.

“For example, tell me about your condition regularly. You should know that it is possible to save someone who has not completely lost control yet, and the Nighthawks have considerable experience in this regard.

“Or, if you could give me clues of a Beyonder you know, or a Beyonder in your organization who is about to do something that can endanger the innocent.

“Or, if you would like to exchange something for items that you could make more use of. This is a perk I am giving you. You should know what perks mean.

“Also, you need not worry about being suddenly prosecuted by members of the Nighthawks, Mandated Punishers, or Machinery Hivemind one day. You can live your life in joy and stability.

“We will give you something you can use to prove your identity. You can use it when you have no other options left.”

Daxter listened on silently. It was a while before he said, “You want me to betray my organization?”

“No, not betray,” Klein said sincerely. “This is the protection of justice, morals, and kindness. You are stopping something evil, merciless, and bloody. Other than that, I wouldn’t ask you to betray the secrets of the organization you are in.”

Daxter thought for a moment, as if feeling better now that there was an excuse.

He was silent for a few seconds before he extended his right hand.

“Here’s to a successful cooperation.”

Klein shook his hand with his free hand and said, “A successful cooperation.”

He paused for a moment before chuckling.

“Doctor, can you now tell me if you are a member of the Psychology Alchemists?”

“Yes.” Daxter nodded.

Klein, who hadn’t deactivated his Spirit Vision since he entered, didn’t see any changes in the colors of his emotions. Thus he asked discreetly, “How did you join the Psychology Alchemists?”

Daxter looked into his eyes and said, “I discovered that there was a patient of this asylum who could see right through me when I was tending to him. His clear mind was nothing like a lunatic...

“His name is Hood Eugen.”

Klein committed the name to memory and chatted with Daxter a little longer, deciding on a secret way to communicate and meet up.

He didn't exchange matters regarding potions, formulas, and rumors for the time being. At an appropriate moment, he bade farewell and put away his revolver before leaving Daxter's office.

Daxter exhaled after he saw Klein's back disappear from his field of vision. He slumped into his chair, feeling a little agonized and little relaxed.

...

36 Zouteland Street. Inside Blackthorn Security Company.

Seated behind his desk, Dunn swept the area with his gray eyes and asked, "What happened?"

Klein, who was late by about half an hour, organized his thoughts and said, "Captain, I found a Beyonder and confirmed that he is a member of the Psychology Alchemists.

"He's an orthodox doctor and is willing to cooperate with us. I think it's best to maintain the status quo. He could help us learn more about the current condition of the Association of Psychological Alchemy."

After pausing for a few seconds, Klein added, "I want to develop him into an informant for the Nighthawks, or a hidden external member."

The word 'informant' came from the Intis language. It was created by Emperor Roselle.

Dunn nodded slowly and said, "You handled the situation well,

but it would be best to inform me when you face such a situation in the future.

“Give me that doctor’s information and a written account of the way you handled the situation. I will give him something he can use to prove his identity.

“Also, don’t speak of this to Leonard and the rest. Even though they are trustworthy teammates, the protocol clearly requires us to keep this close.

“You will be in charge of contacting that doctor in the future.”

Klein exhaled silently and replied with a smile, “Alright.”