

Chapter 185: Spiritual World

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 trench coat 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 Concealment, 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.

Serenity 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, it is the worst of times, and also the best of times. 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.