

Chapter 175: Deduction

Lanevus? That criminal who cheated both money and sex? To think that he had a connection to Hood Eugen from the Psychology Alchemists... Klein froze for a moment when he heard the name. He immediately thought about the implications the name “Lanevus” had.

He's the cheat that escaped with more than 10,000 pounds!

Just a providing a clue would earn me 10 pounds. And if I help in capturing this moving treasury, I'll earn 100 pounds!

He's a scum that took advantage of the bodies and feelings of innocent women!

To think that he knows Hood Eugen and went to visit him three times at the mental asylum. Does this mean that he's connected to the Beyonder circle, or that he's a Beyonder himself? Klein suddenly recalled the name of a potion: the Marauder pathway Sequence 8—Swindler!

These Beyonders took pleasure in swindling others!

It's very possible! Klein nodded in thought. He controlled his facial expression and body language, feigning nonchalance as he asked, “Then, when was Mr. Lanevus's last visit to Hood Eugen?”

“Early July. I would have to check the registration records of the mental asylum to give you a specific date,” Daxter Guderian replied after a few seconds of thought.

Lanevus's scam hadn't been exposed back in early July and he hadn't left Tingen... Klein then asked, "Does Hood Eugen mention this person usually?"

"No. You should understand that a Sequence 7 Psychiatrist would never reveal something by accident. Every word they say has been deliberated over thoroughly. It would be impossible to learn their secrets unless they have some other hidden motives. I was only able to get the Telepathist formula after Hood Eugen went mad. Oh right, have you determined the authenticity of the formula?" Daxter expertly hid his feelings of pride toward his pathway's potion.

Klein laughed and replied, "It's authentic. When you need to advance, you can use that to concoct your potion without worry. We can help if the Psychology Alchemists are unable to provide you with the ingredients. Also, how have you been lately?"

"Not too bad. Other than being a little worried about Hood Eugen's condition, I feel rather relaxed. I no longer have symptoms of a split personality. You've helped me greatly in this regard," Daxter Guderian said, full of emotion.

Klein wore a humble expression.

"It's only right."

"Let's return to the topic at hand. Since you said that a Psychiatrist would deliberate over their every word before uttering it and wouldn't easily reveal their secrets, why did Hood Eugen tell you that El is Lanevus? Was he hinting at something, or was trying to warn you of anything?"

Daxter froze for a moment, then creased his brows.

“This is really weird, to think that I didn’t notice this... Other than that, Hood Eugen didn’t mention anything else. Could his motive be for me to tell the upper echelons of the association about the name Lanevus should he meet with any problems?”

“The association’s reaction seemed strange, too. After I informed them about Hood Eugen’s insanity, they did send a liaison. But after I described every detail, including Lanevus’s name, there were no more replies from the upper echelons. It was like being a stone cast in the ocean. Could this mean that they’ve figured something out?”

“A reasonable deduction.” Klein took out his demon hunting bullets and stuffed them into his revolver, then took aim at the target.

“If we follow this deduction, Hood Eugen might’ve long anticipated that he would become insane or die... And this has an untenable connection with Lanevus? But since he already anticipated it, why didn’t he ask for help from the upper echelons?” Daxter gazed blankly ahead. He thought hard as he said, “Unfortunately, he’s insane now. There’s no way to effectively communicate with him now.”

“Perhaps some kind of temptation made him choose to take the risk.” Klein made a guess.

At the same time, he felt that it was regrettable that Hood Eugen had really become a mental patient. This compromised much of the information that he might have otherwise gotten.

Sigh. Even a dead person is better than a lunatic. I can use mediumship rituals to make the dead talk, but what can I do with a lunatic? Oh right, Madam Daly once tried to use mediumship rituals to call upon my lost memories. The theory behind the mediumship rituals seems to have been derived from the

Psychology Alchemists... This means that I can also use the mediumship rituals on the living and create a scenario where I interact with his spirit directly using my spirit... I wonder if Hood Eugen would still be insane under those conditions.

Unfortunately, I'm not advanced enough in this field, so I don't think I would be able to do it... I'll call upon the messenger and ask Madam Daly about it first. I'll see if she can provide me with any techniques. If she thinks that only she can accomplish it, then I'll tell the Captain and get him to send a telegraph to Backlund to request for assistance...

I'm definitely not taking this troublesome course of action just because I want to learn the technique and attempt the ritual to summon the messenger...

Many thoughts ran through Klein's mind before he gradually narrowed it down to a single line of thought that could solve the problem.

Daxter Guderian approved of his guess.

"Greed always makes one foolish. Even when a person knows that there's only the abyss in front of him, he'll still attempt to walk to the edge and take a peek."

This is called crazily testing the limits of fate... Klein lampooned.

"Try your best to treat Hood Eugen after returning to the mental asylum. Try to keep him sober for a period of time and get some clues out of him."

"Also, don't hide your worries and anxiety. Establish more

connections with the Psychology Alchemists and put pressure on them to solve Hood Eugen's problem. That's the most normal and reasonable reaction."

Daxter nodded seriously.

"I'll try my best."

Klein didn't say anymore and, after some deliberation, he asked, "Has there been any abnormalities with Hood Eugen's body recently? For example, thin scales growing on some parts of his body?"

"Near-insanity," "true insanity," and "losing control" were all descriptions of varying levels for a Beyonder when something was wrong with them. The least severe of the conditions were when their attitude changed as if they had become a new person, but were still capable of rational thoughts and actions. That was "near-insanity." "Insanity" was more severe in that the person would lose all logic, becoming a maniac and was difficult to communicate with. Those that couldn't be saved were those whose body and mind had become monsters, completely "losing control."

Sometimes, if the problem wasn't dealt with promptly, insanity would lead to losing control.

Before this, to avoid exposing the informant within the Psychology Alchemists, Dunn instructed the Nighthawks not to immediately deal with Hood Eugen. Instead, they switched to surveillance to ensure that Hood Eugen didn't lose control. But if there were signs of him losing control, they would have to deal with him immediately.

Daxter shook his head and let out a bitter laugh.

"No, you can ease your concern. I'm also very afraid that Hood Eugen will lose control, so I'm paying very close attention to detail. After all, I'm at the mental asylum six times a week."

After exchanging a few more words, they left the shooting range ten minutes apart.

Klein fought back his intense desire to sleep and took a public carriage back to Daffodil Street.

He opened the door and saw his sister sitting on the sofa. She was neither reading nor was she fiddling with machinery parts. She was just staring blankly ahead as if she had lost her soul.

Tapping his molars gently, Klein activated his Spirit Vision and asked, puzzled, "Melissa, did something happen?"

She looks healthy based on the colors of her aura, not malnourished like she was before...

Melissa retracted her gaze and pursed her lips, then looked at the kitchen which was producing some noise.

"Bella has been recommending the way that her family prepares breakfast back at home, she said that it's very delicious. I agreed to let her try it out this morning."

"What method is that?" Klein had an ominous feeling.

"Cooking all of the leftovers in a pot, then adding water and bread..." Melissa repeated softly.

T-this is the standard recipe for food of unknown origins... Klein pinched his forehead.

“And so?”

“We shouldn’t waste food...” Melissa bit her lips and nodded.

Sis, I feel like you are questioning life... Klein cleared his throat and suppressed his desire to laugh. He then asked, “Where’s Benson?”

“In the bathroom.” Melissa broke free of her daze, as her eyes regained their luster.

At that moment, he heard the sounds of flushing from the bathroom. Benson came out with a newspaper in hand.

“My dear Klein, shall we get you a portion of breakfast?”

“No, I’ve already eaten.” Klein shook his head resolutely, feeling lucky that he arranged to meet Daxter in the morning. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have gotten Rozanne to buy breakfast for him.

“How regrettable. Otherwise, you would change your views on my culinary skills and be filled with confidence about it.” Benson let out a self-deprecating laugh.

At this moment, Melissa noticed something. She turned to look at Klein and said, “You’re back rather late today.”

Sis, be more innocent and lively. Don't worry about me all the time... The state you were in just now was great! Klein immediately smiled.

"I have good news."

"You passed the examination of the police department and can obtain an increased salary?" Melissa asked without thinking.

Benson also smiled and nodded.

"..." Klein grabbed his hat and stood at the edge of the living room. He said in amusement, "How am I supposed to surprise you guys like that?"

After that, he added with a dry cough, "Yes, my salary has increased severalfold."

He hid his recent increment of four additional pounds a week. He intended to save up a small piggy bank for himself. After all, he couldn't just rely on the money in the unmarked account. Furthermore, mentioning that his salary had increased severalfold was enough to scare his siblings.

"Six pounds?" Melissa exclaimed in shock, finding it bizarre.

"I really need to change my job." Benson stroked his hairline.

With the information Klein provided him, he had been putting a lot of effort into his studies.

Without waiting for Klein to speak, Melissa said with a delighted expression, "In that case, after deducting our normal expenses, you'll be able to save up enough money in two or three years to meet the standards of a marriageable gentleman. Well, it was Elizabeth who told me about the standards."

"..." Klein said at a loss, amused, "That's something to be considered far into the future. Shouldn't we celebrate? I hereby announce that from today on, our staple food shall become white bread. After my workload decreases, we shall go try out delicacies from different restaurants."

Melissa glanced at him, and, as though she did not hear what Klein had said, she said, "Benson and I are attending Mass at the Saint Selena Cathedral, do you want to come?"

I am praising the Goddess everyday... Klein laughed.

"I need to catch up on sleep."

He slept until half past twelve in the afternoon. After he had lunch with Benson and Melissa, he continued on with his mission of searching all the houses with red chimneys.

When it was late at night, he sealed his room with spirituality and prepared to try the ritual for summoning Spirit Guide Daly's messenger.