

## Chapter 105: Spirit Channeling

Klein twisted open the golden bottle's cap and brought it to his nose. He took a whiff of the stimulating scent that energized him.

This was Holy Night Powder made using Slumber flowers, Dragon Blood grass, deep red sandalwood, mint, and other herbs. Since it was simple to concoct, Klein had made a batch the moment he got the ingredients from the underground market. It was going to be of use now.

He poured a little of the Holy Night Powder on his palm and collected himself. His irises turned dark.

Next, Klein put away the metal bottle and scattered the powder onto the ground after infusing his spirituality into it.

He scattered the powder as he walked, forming a circle around Sirius's corpse.

A formless barrier rose, separating them from the outside world.

Klein flicked away the remaining Holy Night Powder on his hand and took out the other metal bottles. He sprinkled the Amantha extract and other liquids in the surrounding area.

The ritual he set up was different from the one Old Neil used at Ray Bieber's house since the aim of the ritual was different.

For example, Old Neil poured the liquids before using the Holy

Night Powder. That could create a serene and holy state second only to an actual altar. Klein had used the Holy Night Powder first before pouring the liquids to prevent Sirius's remnant spirituality from being disturbed by the surrounding objects while still barely managing to have an environment that satisfied the requirements of the ritual.

If he had used Old Neil's method, the rest of Sirius's spirituality would've been purged, making it impossible to establish a connection.

After finishing his preparations, Klein put away the materials and entered a state of Cogitation. He recited the Hermes incantations softly, "I pray for the power of the dark night.

"I pray for the power of the mystery.

"I pray for the Goddess' loving grace.

"I pray that you'll allow me to communicate with the heretic's spirituality inside this altar."

...

As the incantations reverberated throughout the sealed space, Klein suddenly felt a massive, terrifying, and mysterious energy descend upon him.

His eyes turned completely black as though he had lost his pupils and the whites of his eyes.

Seizing the opportunity, Klein recited a divination statement in

his heart, “The formula to the Clown potion.

“The formula to the Clown potion.”

...

As he was reciting the statement, he used Cogitation to temporarily enter a dreamlike state.

It was a hazy gray world without a sky or ground. Klein was unusually alert as he observed a transparent, ethereal figure.

He extended his right hand and touched the remnants of Sirius’s spirit.

The scene in front of him changed with a rumble.

It was a study table painted with dark red paint. There were three candles on a silver candle stand, as well as a blank piece of paper.

Sirius had a pen in his hand. He wrote in Loen language, “This is the second formula, its name in the notebook is ‘Clown.’”

“80 milliliters of pure water, 5 drops of tornapple juice, 7 grams of black-rimmed sunflower powder, 10 grams of golden cloak grass powder, 3 drops of poison hemlock. These are the supplementary ingredients.”

“The main supernatural ingredients are: one crystal of the single horn of a matured Hornacis gray mountain goat and a complete

stalk of a human-faced rose.”

Sirius seemed to have the Clown potion’s formula memorized as he quickly finished writing it.

He paused for a moment and took a sip of coffee, then he unwound the silver pendulum around his wrist.

He held the pendulum and closed his eyes, muttering terms to himself such as “the end of days”, “peace of mind”, “hope for the Lord’s blessings”, and “confess”.

After Sirius finished his prayer, Klein finally saw the pendulum clearly.

Under the wound silver chain was a thumb-sized human figurine.

The figurine had a single eye, a trait unique to giants. It was facing down, its legs bound by chains that connected upwards.

At that moment, the single eye of the giant suddenly had a faint red glow.

*Crack!*

The scene Klein witnessed shattered as his legs buckled, almost causing him to kneel to the ground.

Klein felt pain in his head as though he had been struck ruthlessly in the head with a bat. His vision turned blood-red as

his hands involuntarily reached out to protect his knees.

He recovered several seconds later and stood back up. He felt that his spirituality was unusually weak, as if he had heard the murmurings that penetrated his mind once again.

But due to his progress in ‘digesting’ the magic medicine, the adverse reaction calmed down quickly.

*The Hanged Giant, the True Creator... Sirius and Hanass were both members of the Aurora Order? But the Captain saw a huge cross in Hanass' dream. The terrifying being crucified on the cross wasn't the Aurora Order's Hanged Giant... Klein took two deep breaths and waited for his spirituality to slowly recover.*

The Aurora Order was a secret organization that sprang into existence about two to three hundred years ago. They worshiped the True Creator and symbolized him with The Hanged Giant. They believed that every human being had divine qualities, and as long as they persevered and made it through the countless trials, they would be able to accumulate enough divine qualities to become angels.

According to the internal records of the Nighthawks, the Sequence 9 of the Aurora Order was Secrets Suppliant. These Beyonders could sense the existence of mysterious and horrifying beings and were armed with a decent amount of knowledge regarding sacrifices and some knowledge on ritualistic magic. There was enough evidence to claim that senior Secrets Suppliants experienced distortions of their worldview and lost control easily.

Little was known about the Sequence 7 which the Aurora Order had grasped. Sequence 8 was Listener. This was considered quite a terrifying ‘job’ for a Beyonder.

Every Listener could listen directly to the whispers of the secret entities; thus, they frequently came into contact with powerful, distorted, unique abilities. But consequently, if they were unable to advance, it was difficult for them to survive the next five years after becoming a Listener. Furthermore, the comments the Nighthawks had in the reports were that every Listener was a lunatic. Even if they looked normal on the surface, they were always crazy on the inside.

The details of the report regarding the Aurora Order flashed through Klein's mind. His initial theory was that Sirius was a Secrets Suppliant.

*From the description, Secrets Suppliant are as hopeless as Seers in battle. That does fit Sirius's actions just now. What happened later was a loss of control brought about by the injury? Yes, Frye once said that every Beyonder would more or less undergo some weird changes after they die... Klein thought as he tapped four points on his chest to praise the Goddess.*

After his spirituality recovered slightly, he concluded the ritual with the appropriate procedure and dismantled the wall of spirituality.

With a whoosh, a gust of wind blew as Klein forced himself to look at Sirius's corpse.

He noticed that there was still an obvious wart on Sirius's mangled face. It was a dark purple wart, almost black. There seemed to be liquid and a light gleaming within.

"What kind of transformation was that?" Klein rubbed his temples, not daring to touch it.

He bent over and retrieved his cane, allowing it to bear his

weight.

After what had just happened, he knew that Sirius's spirituality had been completely destroyed. Even the Spirit Medium Daly would be unable to communicate with him.

After a while, Klein saw Captain Dunn and his partners, Leonard and Kenley.

"It seems like your fate is tied to Beyonders and evil forces. In just a few weeks, you have come across more supernatural incidents than what we usually see in months," Leonard joked, looking at the corpse on the ground.

"It might not be a coincidence," Klein added, as he suddenly thought about the red chimney he had seen in his dream divination, as well as the majestic palace on the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range and the formless focus on him. He took the opportunity to mention it in passing.

Dunn surveyed the surroundings and, with his gray eyes trained on Klein, asked, "You tried channeling his spirit?"

There were still traces of Holy Night Powder and the scent of the essential oils.

"Yes," Klein replied truthfully. "I was worried that you would arrive late and that the remains of his spirituality would scatter."

"You don't look well. Are you alright?" the short Kenley asked in concern.

Klein passed Sirius's undelivered letter to the captain and began from the beginning.

"When I went to the underground market to purchase materials for the rituals, I suddenly remembered that Selena had also once gone to the Evil Dragon Bar and that it was Hanass Vincent that brought her there. This meant that Hanass was a regular there. Thus, I suspected that the person in the portrait, someone who's definitely connected to Hanass, might have gone to the underground market too.

"I asked the boss Swain about the portrait, and he gave me confirmation. He told me that the man had once tried to buy documents and items related to the Hornacis Mountains. That reminded me of the library. I recalled that the librarian had mentioned that someone had just returned the journal issue I wanted to borrow..."

Leonard stood to the side, listening with a smile. He suddenly interrupted, "And so you brought your identification documents and badge here to flip through the borrowing records? Actually, I am very curious; why would you come into conflict with this man here? Even if it was a direct encounter, with your style of doing things, you would've pretended that you didn't know him and would just leave the library. Then you would come to Zouteland Street to ask for our help."

"Yes, there was no need for you to take the risk. As long as you confirm the target and that he hasn't left Tingen, there would always be a way to find him," Dunn added as he reviewed the letter.

Klein immediately said in embarrassment, "The librarian recognized him and shouted for the police to help.

"There's no way I could have pretended not to hear that..."

Leonard and Kenley looked at each other. One tried to cover his amusement, while the other turned his head to the side.

Dunn nodded, his gaze leaving the letters.

“Did you get anything from channeling his spirit?”

“I saw a pendulum that took the shape of a Hanged Giant. I saw a blood-red glow flash in the giant’s only eye before I was forced out of the ritual,” Klein described honestly.

He didn’t want to talk about the Clown potion for the time being as he had two considerations.

First, if Dunn and the rest were able to find Sirius’s hideout and the corresponding records, then it would make no difference if he told them or not, as there would be no additional contributions attributed to him.

Second, if Dunn and the rest were unable to find it, he could report it in the future. This way, he would be awarded with another contribution, allowing him to acquire the ingredients needed to concoct a potion. This was a way to obtain double the rewards for a single task, a technique that stemmed from Old Neil’s recent teachings.

“Aurora Order?” Dunn muttered to himself before he asked some relevant questions.

After Klein answered all his questions, he saw the fatigue in Klein’s eyes and waved his cane.

“Not bad. You foiled a scheme that was targeting Tingen. You can go back and rest. Kenley, bring Old Neil over.”

After giving out instructions, Dunn smiled bitterly and shook his head.

“Before Sequence 6, Beyonders of the Sleepless pathway lack many supplemental abilities. We can only conduct the simplest of ritualistic magic.”

“Captain, you mean that from Sequence 6 onwards, a Sleepless pathway Beyonder would gain improvements in the corresponding aspects?” Klein asked out of curiosity.

“Yes,” Dunn confirmed.

...

After leaving the Deweyville Library, Klein nearly fell asleep in the carriage on multiple occasions on his way back to Daffodil Street.

He lumbered into the house, he then removed his hat and jacket before falling asleep on the sofa.

Sometime later, he woke up abruptly, took out his pocket watch, and snapped it open.

“Melissa will be back in half an hour, Benson in forty-five minutes... If I don’t get up, I’ll have to make them wait an hour before we can have dinner...” Klein rubbed his forehead as he entered the kitchen.

He washed his face with cold water, then took out the oxtail, tomatoes, carrots, and onions he had bought that afternoon.

After he prepared the ingredients, he suddenly froze. He had the feeling that his actions just now formed a strange juxtaposition with the incident that afternoon.

“I am a man who just saved Tingen...” Klein mumbled in amusement. He put on a white apron and got to making dinner.