

Chapter 186: The Handsome Captain

Countless rays of brilliance drowned Klein as ravings of a million people filled his ears. However, Klein thought nothing of it. His abilities as a Clown told him that his spirit was being engulfed by a black shadow that was rapidly expanding.

The black shadow was a huge cross, and there seemed to be a person hanging upside down on it!

Kacha!

The chaotic tornado of thoughts unleashed its load outwards and turned uniform. Hood Eugen's spiritual world disintegrated bit by bit.

Klein noticed that he had exceeded his fastest flying speed from his previous trial; his soul had become significantly stronger after he briefly mixed with some of the strength from the mysterious space above the gray fog.

Just as the cross's shadow was about to engulf him entirely, he dashed out of the blurry "world" and felt his body.

He familiarly stimulated a descent, and Hood Eugen's long skinny face and messy blond hair instantly appeared in his vision, along with the three candles that were burning at the window ledge.

He had managed to get out of the mediumship state in time!

In that instant, he saw black scales growing one after another on Hood Eugen's face. His vacant pupils turned into slits, becoming extremely cool and ruthless.

Oh shit! He's going to lose control! Klein's pupils constricted, and before he could react, he saw a figure in a knee-length black trench coat and silk top hat take two huge strides before Hood Eugen. He then raised the revolver and pushed it against the man's head.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Dunn Smith fired five bullets consecutively. Hood Eugen's head suddenly blew up like a watermelon falling down from a high height. The red and white rainstorm splattered across each and every corner of the room.

He had taken care of Hood Eugen before he lost control completely!

Klein, who was fifty centimeters away, was covered in blood and dirt. He looked at Dunn Smith in a daze, only having the feeling that the Captain was very handsome at that moment.

As long as you ignore his memory problems, the Captain is very trustworthy... He complimented sincerely from the bottom of his heart.

"Did an accident happen?" Dunn put away his revolver and watched Hood Eugen's mostly headless body slowly fall to the floor.

Just as Klein was about to organize his words, he saw that the

body had become a pile of bloody flesh within a few seconds and the asylum uniform that covered it appeared to have its most basic structure damaged.

Hood Eugen's corpse was left with very few complete items. There were dozens of scales twinkling with a black shimmer, and his heart that had turned crystalline and faint blue.

The heart had a magical luster, like a diamond refracting incoming light.

It could calm someone down or make them restless. It could create tension or develop chaos. But other than that, there was nothing notable.

"This item should be controllable." After Dunn holstered his revolver, he took out a black glove and wore it on his right hand. He then squatted down to pick up the crystalline heart.

A controllable item... According to what the Captain previously mentioned, it could be used as the main ingredient for the formula of a Sequence 7 Psychiatrist... But, would it lead to the advanced Beyonder losing control even more easily? Klein took out his handkerchief to wipe the blood from his face and body. He then picked up his specially made tarot cards and cleaned their surfaces.

He looked at the ground and asked curiously, "What kind of items would these black scales be considered as?"

"These are ingredients that are contaminated with Beyonder power. They could be made into items that have long-lasting effects. For example, our demon hunting bullets' ability to injure dead spirits or monsters would decrease drastically as soon as they pass the three months mark, leaving only a tiny portion of

demon-hunting characteristics in the remnant materials. If the materials used were something like the black scales, the effective period would be as long as a year or two, and the effects would be even better. Of course, due to their characteristics, the black scales are obviously not suitable to be made into demon hunting bullets,” Dunn explained as he took a piece of paper from Klein to wrap the blue heart and black scales.

“It’s just like the materials we use as supplementary ingredients for the potions?” Klein asked.

Dunn stood back up and nodded slightly.

“Yes.”

Someone who loses control will really become a monster... Klein sighed. He seized the opportunity while the room was still sealed with a wall of spirituality and quickly described his encounter in Eugen’s mind.

“When I was communicating with Hood Eugen’s spirit, I saw a figure like the True Creator in his mind. But it was different from the mainstream ones. It wasn’t the chain-bound Hanged Giant, nor was it the Eye behind the Shadow Curtains. Instead, it was similar to the one you saw in Hanass Vincent’s dream.”

Hanass Vincent was a member of the Aurora Order. As Melissa’s friend, Selena, had peeked at his incantations and completed the magic mirror divination, it led to the Nighthawks’ investigation of him.

Dunn Smith saw something close to the True Creator in his dream, but it was a different image than the mainstream image that was widely circulated. In the end, the result was an injury and a strange death.

When Hood Eugen flipped over the tarot card of The Hanged Man, Klein had actually already expected it. But he never thought it would be presented in such a way. Of course, it was only indirect contact. It wouldn't be comparable to the time he had spied on the Eternal Blazing Sun directly. The worst outcome was just mild injury or mild corruption.

As he listened to Klein's description, Dunn's expression became solemn.

He knitted his eyebrows and said with a deep voice, "A huge cross, black nails, a naked man covered in blood hanging upside down?"

"I didn't see it clearly. That's also the reason why I'm not injured. I only noticed a huge cross and figure similar to a man being hung upside down," Klein replied tactfully.

At that moment, all he cared about was "fleeing"...

Seemingly in thought, Dunn nodded and said, "Lanevus's visit to Hood Eugen was related to the True Creator? So the Aurora Order is involved?"

Klein quickly repeated the conversation he'd had during the communication.

"Lanevus tempted Hood Eugen with the 'acting method,' and a so-called immortal godhood. But I don't understand why he said that it was the worst of times, and also the best of times. Perhaps it was just the way he speaks as a Swindler?"

"...The help Hood Eugen provided involved a sinister and dark

altar... I suspect that Lanevus is plotting something terrifying...”

Then, his heart stirred as he spoke.

“Captain, do you remember the letter written to Mr. Z? The letter that the member from the Aurora Order whom I killed carried!

“He mentioned in the letter that he was waiting for an appropriate opportunity, something about the arrival of the end of days, he will offer all the lambs in Tingen to his so-called God. Would this be related to Lanevus’s plot?

“Could Lanevus be the Mr. Z from the Aurora Order?”

Dunn Smith thought carefully and said, “I don’t think so. Lanevus couldn’t be Mr. Z. Otherwise, he wouldn’t be setting up a fake steelworks company to scam people while the Aurora Order was up to something. It would introduce too many variables in his main mission. If anything went wrong with the scam, he would draw the attention of the police and us. He would have to run away from Tingen and abandon his plan.

“Of course, if he was just insane, it would be perfectly normal for him to act illogically.

“But judging from the scam he set up, the calmness and cunningness with which he swept away the money doesn’t make him look like a real lunatic.

“So, I don’t think he’s Mr. Z from the Aurora Order. Of course, he might really be involved in the matter as mentioned in the letter. The one offering all the lambs in Tingen to the so-called God.”

Upon saying that, Dunn paused, then paced back and forth as he said, "This incident might have quite severe repercussions. We have to reinvestigate Lanevus and get some clues. Hmm, let's clean up the scene and cover up any evidence here. Let everyone know that Hood Eugen died but leave no clue as to who killed him. This should lead to action by the Psychology Alchemists or other Beyonders that are paying attention to the asylum. They might know something.

"The Lanevus scam is either still in the hands of the police department or transferred to the Mandated Punishers. We'll join the investigations by saying that we obtained clues while investigating the Aurora Order. Then, we'll work together with the Mandated Punishers and the Machinery Hivemind. We'll concentrate the forces in Tingen and investigate everything and anyone associated with Lanevus. We can request assistance from Backlund diocese and the Holy Cathedral if it's necessary!"

After that, Dunn turned his head sideways to look at Klein. He ruminated and said, "Do you have anything that you'd like to add?"

Captain, you basically said it all... Klein shook his head solemnly. "No!"

He hurriedly used ritualistic magic to remove some of the necessary traces with the aid of the simple altar that he had yet to clear in order to ensure that no one would be able to tell that they were the ones who killed Hood Eugen.

Then, he put away his ingredients, blew out the candles, removed the wall of spirituality, and left the ward in silence with Dunn Smith. They left the asylum by climbing over its walls.

"Go back and rest." Dunn stood at a corner without a street lamp.

He pressed his black silk hat and said, “there are many things that can only be done tomorrow.”

“Alright.” Klein wasn’t a Sleepless who only slept two to three hours a day. He immediately bade farewell to the Captain and took the Nighthawks’ dedicated carriage that was waiting nearby and returned to Daffodil Street.

Before he entered the carriage, he turned back to take a glance. He saw the Captain still standing in the dark which even the moonlight couldn’t touch. He appeared to be thinking in silence.

The streets were quiet and void of people before dawn. The carriage tore through the streets, sometimes going straight, sometimes taking turns.

Klein was pondering about Lanevus when suddenly, he felt as if he was in a trance.

He saw that the color before his eyes become saturated. The reds became redder and the blacks became blacker, just like an impressionist’s oil painting.

The surroundings slowed down, and the carriage seemed to enter a strange world.

Klein grabbed his Flaring Sun Charm and drew his revolver.

Just then, a huge, white, bony palm extended through the carriage window and threw in a neatly folded letter.

Then, the palm pulled back and vanished. The oil painting-like

scene suddenly returned to normal while the carriage was still driving along the street steadily.

...It's a really well-hidden method... Klein looked at the letter, by the side of his foot, as the corner of his lips twitched.