

Chapter 155: Urgent Meeting

After collecting himself, Klein went down to the basement and walked to Chanis Gate. He knocked on the door to the guard room.

Inside, Royale Reideen had already packed her personal belongings. She immediately smoothed her hair and stood up when she saw the person taking over her shift.

After greeting each other with a nod, Klein suddenly said, "I've had some success with grasping my potion and have shared my experiences with Frye and the rest. You can ask them about it."

Royale, who typically didn't have much of an expression, looked at Klein with a little shock. Her lips quivered a little as she said, "Alright."

Madam, let's hope that you can still maintain your calm composure in a while... There are already a bunch of dazed people sitting in the recreation room right now. Klein laughed and made his way behind the table, expertly taking out the tin can which Dunn Smith used to store his Fermo coffee.

After making himself a cup of aromatic coffee, Klein sat down and relaxed. He looked out at the lonely hallway and allowed his thoughts to roam free.

Let's hope that Mr. Azik's mission is successful and that he doesn't leave behind any clues. Well, even if there are clues, I can just pretend to not notice them.

I wonder where the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem is sealed behind Chanis Gate? Since it doesn't possess any living qualities, it only needs a little space...

Come to think of it, I haven't been inside Chanis Gate. I'm not sure what it looks like inside... To be able to keep the weird Sealed Artifacts of varying sizes safe and maintain surveillance, it must be quite special indeed. For example, the ashes of Saint Selena?

...

Many thoughts streaked past Klein's head when he suddenly heard urgent footsteps. He focused and shot a look towards the door.

He saw Old Neil, wearing his classic black robe, appear in the corridor with a black carpet in his hands. He made his way into the guard room and said nothing, but instead observed Klein thoroughly.

"Mr. Neil, did something happen?" Klein let out a dry chuckle and took a sip of his fragrant coffee.

Old Neil sized him up and sighed.

"To think that you would find inspiration from the maxim of the Mystery Pryers and Daly..."

"I have to praise the Goddess. I also have to thank you for your teachings." Klein gave a reply in all seriousness.

Old Neil pulled back a chair and sat down. He said, a little

depressed, “How good would it be if it was twenty years ago...”

Klein maintained his silence, for he knew that Old Neil wasn't allowed to consume any more potions because of his age and health, even if he had completely digested the one he had right now.

Under such circumstances, anything he said would've agitated him.

“My earliest thoughts was to quickly gain control of my potion from the maxim of the Mystery Pryer, but regrettably, I wasn't embarking in the right direction. Daly's success did give me some clues, but I was already more than 50 years old back then, and had already given up on my efforts. I subconsciously thought that her success was a result of her genius, and that an average person wouldn't be able to emulate her achievements.” Old Neil rubbed his temples as he described his disappointment.

He was silent for a few minutes before he lifted his head. He looked at Klein.

“It sure is regrettable that only now do I understand what I've missed out on at this age.”

Old Neil should've had a faint understanding of the “acting method.” He immediately understood what happened after I shared my experiences... Klein consoled, “It wouldn't have made too much of a difference. The Church doesn't hold the Sequence 8 corresponding to Mystery Pryer.”

“Perhaps the Holy Cathedral does have it... No, if they have it, they would at least tell us its name. It's also possible that the underground market might have it...” Old Neil muttered. He shook his head as he stood up. He laughed and said. “At least I

didn't lose control, and I've lived healthily for decades... Praise the Lady."

He drew a crimson moon in front of his chest and left the guard room a little dejected. He had lost his usual shrewd look.

Klein looked at Old Neil's back and suddenly let out a long sigh.

He was even more perplexed as to why the higher-ups of the Church would hide the "acting method."

Klein collected himself after some time, placing his attention on the confidential information of the Nighthawks in front of him.

Ever since he pulled the youth from the City of Silver into the Tarot Club and learned that the City of Silver still used the ancient names for many things, he found it necessary to enhance his knowledge in these areas.

Some time later, he heard another set of footsteps. These footsteps were slow and steady.

At the same time, an image of Dunn Smith wearing a black trench coat flashed past his mind.

My spiritual senses have been elevated after fully digesting the Seer potion... Klein nodded in understanding. He saw the Captain a few seconds later.

"A letter for you." Dunn extended his right arm and flicked his wrist, tossing the letter over to Klein.

Klein lifted his hand and tried to grab the letter, but be it his judgment or reaction, he missed.

Pa!

The letter fell onto the floor, leaving Klein's right hand extended awkwardly in the air.

Under the suddenly silent atmosphere, his right hand first became rigid, then he pulled it back toward his head and pretended to smooth out his hair.

"The light from the gas lamp isn't bright enough," Klein made a perfunctory statement casually. He bent his back and picked up the letter, giving it a cursory glance.

Mr. Hornacis... It's a letter from Dexter Guderian... He nodded in understanding and pulled open a drawer to retrieve a letter opener.

According to the rules of the Nighthawks, if there was a clear and correct recipient, Rozanne and the rest of the clerks would give the letter directly to the person that the letter was addressed to. If the recipient was anonymous or an unknown name, it would be handed over to Dunn. He could then ask around or make a decision.

Klein carefully pried open the letter and took out the piece of paper within. He quickly unfolded the piece of paper and read through it.

He realized that the asylum doctor, Dexter, was asking for an urgent meeting at two in the afternoon today.

Has he obtained the Telepathist formula? Or is it regarding something else? Klein lifted the letter in his hand and looked at Dunn.

“Captain, my informant, the one from the Psychology Alchemists, wishes to meet me at two in the afternoon.”

“Did he say anything else?” Dunn asked, as if he was expecting this.

“No.” Klein shook his head.

Dunn thought for a moment, then said in a heavy voice, “Get Leonard to watch over Chanis Gate for the time being. I’ll go with you and hide somewhere. These urgent requests to meet could sometimes be a trap. I’ve heard of many similar incidents. Furthermore, if it’s something important, we can act quickly.”

Captain, you sure are experienced... Not to mention being the most reliable, trustworthy Captain without memory issues whenever we have something serious to do... Klein immediately nodded.

“Alright!”

...

At two in the afternoon. Inside the small shooting range 9 of the Zouteland Street Shooting Club.

Klein looked at the target that was covered in bullet holes, then glanced at the uneasy Doctor Dexter Guderian.

“What happened for you to look for mercenaries at the Hound Pub in such a fluster?”

Only by doing so would the boss of the Hound Pub, Wright, hand the letter immediately to the Blackthorn Security Company instead of waiting for Klein to collect it himself.

Daxter observed Klein’s expression and body language, then responded softly, “I find Hood Eugen a little abnormal recently.”

Hood Eugen was the patient from the mental asylum that had roped Daxter into the Psychology Alchemists.

“What sort of abnormalities has he exhibited?” Klein pressed, displaying his professionalism.

Daxter heaved a sigh of relief, as if he had found a pillar of support. He said while deliberating his words, “H-he seems to have really gone insane...”

“Really gone insane?” Klein asked in shock.

Didn’t Hood Eugen feign his illness and infiltrate the mental asylum to attempt to influence the patients in order to train his mental abilities?

He had really turned sick, genuine insanity?

“I think so...” Daxter paced around anxiously. “I could hold a normal conversation with him in the past and receive guidance on how to correctly use my Beyonder powers. But in the past few days, his thought processes and his condition has become really

weird. I can barely communicate with him. He was just like my other patients, even though... even though I've managed to get the Telepathist formula as a result. But I cannot determine if it's real or fake. I'm afraid that there might be some uncontrollable changes that might occur."

No matter. As a Seer, a Seer who has the mysterious world above the gray fog, I'll be able to determine if it's real or fake... Klein heaved a sigh of relief before creasing his brows and asking, "Did he come into contact with anyone before he turned abnormal?"

"Only the patients. I-I cannot guarantee that, though. I'm not in the asylum for the whole day. I also need time to rest," Dexter said, his expression serious.

Klein nodded, as if it was something trivial.

"Don't worry. I'll send someone to protect you in secret. You should find out who Hood Eugen has come into contact with as soon as possible. Also, you have to be careful; he might be testing you. You should also report this to the members of the Psychology Alchemists and see how the higher-ups of your organization react."

"Alright." Dexter propped up his golden spectacles, recovering the calm of a Spectator. He then took out a piece of paper from his pocket and handed it over to Klein. "This is the formula for the Telepathist potion, but I cannot guarantee its authenticity."

"We will verify it." Klein smiled in response. He unfolded the piece of paper on the spot and looked at it.

"Main ingredients: The complete pituitary gland of a mature Rainbow Salamander, 10 ml of spinal fluid from a Farsman Rabbit."

“Supplementary ingredients: Chestnut Spore 5 grams, Dragon Tooth Grass Powder 8 grams, 3 petals of Pure White Elf Flowers, Pure Water 100 ml.”

“Excellent,” Klein praised. He folded the piece of paper and stuffed it into the inner pocket of his tuxedo.

After exchanging a few more words and ascertaining that the “voices” which Daxter was hearing were subsiding, Klein bade him farewell. He cautiously made his way to the shooting range reserved for the Nighthawks. Dunn Smith was waiting inside.

“Captain, the informant gave me the Telepathist formula to thank me for helping him control the side effects of the potion, but he cannot determine the authenticity of the potion.” Klein handed the piece of paper to Dunn with a stern expression. “Furthermore, he mentioned something else...”

Dunn read the formula as he listened to the concerns about Hood Eugen. After that, he nodded.

“I’ll immediately assign manpower to keep the mental asylum under surveillance. You haven’t had professional training when it comes to these matters and don’t to participate in this. Go back and guard Chanis Gate.”

With that said, he looked at Klein deeply in the eyes and said, “If we take this formula into account, you don’t need to accumulate any more meritorious achievements. You can directly receive the Clown potion after you pass the examination...”