

## Chapter 22: Starting Sequence

After he went up the stairs and returned to the reception hall, Klein was about to bid Rozanne farewell when he heard the brown-haired girl mention briskly, "Captain says that you can come on Monday. He wants you to settle your household affairs first."

"...Alright." Klein never expected the Nighthawks' management to be so humane and accommodating. It made him feel a little grateful.

He was planning on waking early the next morning and making use of the opportunity to "wander around" to visit Tingen University. He planned on informing the staff in charge of the interview that he was not participating in the follow-up interviews. After all, he had originally obtained the opportunity to make the interview because of his professor's recommendation letter. Regardless, it was basic courtesy to have formal closure. Even if it was not for himself, he had to respect his mentor's efforts.

And in a world without telephones, where telegrams were charged by the character, and the fact that it would be too late to send a letter, he felt that taking the public carriage to the university was the most economical and suitable solution.

Having received the Captain's special approval, Klein did not need to tire himself out. He could wake up late and still make his way there on time.

Klein was just about to take off his hat to bid Rozanne farewell when he suddenly thought of something. He looked around and suppressed his voice. "Rozanne, do you know what the starting

point of the Church's complete Sequence is?"

He had forgotten to ask Old Neil.

Rozanne's eyes widened as she looked at Klein in astonishment. "You wish to become a Beyonder?"

*Was I that obvious?* Klein's body language betrayed him as he answered in embarrassment, "Having learned that extraordinary and mysterious powers exist in the world, it's inevitable that I have some yearnings for it."

"Oh my Goddess. Do you know how dangerous it is? Didn't Captain tell you? The enemies of Beyerders are not just cultists or dark warlocks, but themselves! People lose control nearly every year. Some even end up sacrificing themselves! Aren't you going to consider how your family will feel?" Rozanne's hand gestures amplified her tone as her reaction appeared overly agitated. "Klein, I think the better choice is to be a civilian staff. There's nearly no danger, and our salary increases every year. After a few years of work, you will have saved up much money, allowing you to rent a bungalow in the North Borough or in the suburbs. You can then marry a rich and charming lady and have a wonderful family, having adorable and naughty little angels..."

"Rozanne, stop! Hold up!" Klein hurriedly stopped her in exasperation when he realized that she was changing the subject. "I just want to... to, well, understand the basics for now."

"Alright..." Rozanne fell silent for a few seconds as she lowered her gaze, feeling somewhat sorry. "Due to what happened to my father, whenever I face similar problems, I tend to be... well, you know, a little agitated. However, to be honest, I'm filled with respect towards any man or woman who willingly wishes to be a Nighthawk."

“I understand, I understand,” echoed Klein.

Rozanne blinked her light brown eyes and added, “My father once said that one should never think that they can resolve hidden risks or combat danger by simply becoming more powerful or a higher Sequencer. In fact, it’s the opposite. They will encounter more terrifying matters. When facing the unknown or a terrifying existence, death and insanity are the only two outcomes. Heh, he ended up sacrificing himself two weeks after saying that... Klein, don’t look at me with pity. My life is great now, really great! It’s only right to feel fear towards these matters!”

“I only want to know the basics...” Klein repeated his previous reply, not sure whether he should laugh or cry.

*Captain explained it more clearly than you. And even if I do not become a Beyonder, I have already encountered something extraordinary...* “Alright,” said Rozanne ruminatively. “I’ve heard Captain’s and Old Neil’s conversation before. As extraordinary creatures are declining or going extinct, few high Sequencers exist in this era. It’s already very impressive to become a Beyonder! Combining our Tingen City and the suburbs, there are hundreds of thousands of people or maybe even more. Yet, there are only about thirty plus Beyonders. Well, it’s just my guess... I’m not counting the cultists and dark warlocks who hide in the dark...”

Without waiting for Klein’s reply, she seemed to regain her vibrancy as she clenched her fist and brought it to her chest.

“And among these thirty plus Beyonders, most of them are at Sequence 9! Uh, it seems I have gone off topic...”

“It’s okay. That was something I wanted to know as well.” Klein wished that Rozanne could be like her usual self, revealing more

information as she rambled on.

“Anyways, it’s already very, very impressive to become a Beyonder!” Rozanne repeated herself. “The starting Sequence of our Church’s complete Sequence is Sleepless: Sequence 9, Sleepless!”

*Indeed...* Klein nodded as he watched Rozanne finding it hard to stop herself from describing in detail.

“You should be able to guess from the name. A Sleepless is someone who does not need to sleep at night. Three to four hours of rest in the day would be sufficient. Man, I’m so envious... No, not at all! Sleep is a gift bestowed upon us by the Goddess. It’s the truest bliss!

“Where was I? Ah, right. A Sleepless can see through the darkness even without any lights. The deeper into the night, the more powerful they become. I mean more powerful in the aspects of their physical strength, their intuition, and their mental capabilities. However, although they can detect unknown dangers that lurk in the dark, they will still rely on demon hunting bullets and other items to handle monsters they are unable to deal with via normal means. My father was once a Sleepless.”

Without waiting for Klein to press on, Rozanne continued, “After that, it’s Sequence 8’s Midnight Poet, and one level higher is Sequence 7’s Nightmare.”

*Nightmare?* Klein instantly recalled that Dunn Smith had guided his dreams. He asked as a confirmation, “Captain?”

“You know about it?” Rozanne’s mouth nearly turned into an “O” shape.

“Captain once entered my dream...” Klein glanced around as he lowered his voice once more.

“Got it...” Rozanne was enlightened as she answered with a whisper.

She picked up a coffee cup beside her and took a sip before saying wistfully, “There are only two Sequence 7 Beyonders in our Tingen City’s Church. It’s likely that Captain is one of them. Even if he goes to a large diocese like Backlund, he is still an impressive figure. Some deacons might not even be stronger than he is!”

“So Captain is that impressive.” Klein echoed with a smile.

Frankly, Dunn Smith’s appearance last night had left a deep impression on him. He had basically believed that Dunn was an extremely powerful Beyonder.

“Of course!” Rozanne proudly straightened her back.

In moments, the scatterbrained her said with a vexed expression, “As for what’s above Sequence 7, I have no idea. Among all the Nighthawks, perhaps only Captain will know.”

“Then what about other starting Sequences? The ones that aren’t complete?” Klein was satisfied as he changed the subject.

It had to be said that Rozanne’s description of Sleepless did match his imaginations and expectations of Beyonders. However, it was not the kind he wished to become. The perfect Sequence 9 was likely one that could study and grasp more knowledge of the mystery. By doing so, he could leverage on

them to figure out the reason for his transmigration and lay the foundations of his future transmigration back.

Rozanne thought for a moment before saying with a sigh, “I’m not that interested in this aspect. I only know we have more than other churches. After all, the Goddess is the Mother of Concealment... Well, there should be two or three. Some of our teammates are cold and distant, making me fear them. They also have a strange smell to them. Some members... Well, I mean you should talk to Old Neil. He knows a lot, as well as quite a number of interesting magical rituals. Let me think. He once mentioned his Sequence 9 title, which is also the name of the potion formula... Ah, yes, it’s called Mystery Pryer.”

*Quite a number of interesting magical rituals? Mystery Pryer sounds very close to what I want...* Klein was slightly delighted.

“In addition, I also know of the name of a Sequence 7, the kind that’s incomplete!” Rozanne said with a flaunting tone. She had just thought of it while recollecting.

“What is it?” Klein was abnormally curious.

In a world where high Sequencers were scarce to the point of them possibly not existing, Sequence 7 was probably considered quite a potent force in the Church.

Rozanne revealed a sweet smile as she replied smugly, “Spirit Medium!”

“Ma’am Daly?” asked Klein subconsciously.

After his initial surprise, he realized that it was nothing

unexpected. Only a Sequence 7 Beyonder could achieve such an impressive performance as a medium!

Rozanne's eyes widened once again as she said in disbelief, "H-how do you know of that too?"

"I've met Ma'am Daly." Klein did not hide the matter.

"Alright," said Rozanne with an envious tone. "If I can become a Spirit Medium, one just like Ma'am Daly, then I'll be willing to be a Beyonder. No, I'll consider it carefully for ten minutes..."

"Yes, Ma'am Daly fulfills all my imaginations as a Beyonder," echoed Klein in a slightly exaggerated manner.

Having fulfilled his goals, he chatted idly with Rozanne for a few minutes until he realized he was not getting any new information. He took off his hat and bowed before leaving.

As he walked down the stairs, Klein suddenly stopped after taking a few steps. He reached out to pat the notes in his inner pocket.

Immediately following that, he took out twelve gold pound notes and clenched them tightly in his left palm. Then, he reached his hand into his pocket and refused to release or pull them out again. Without realizing it, a smile appeared on his face.

According to the customs of the Foodaholic Empire—China—a treat to dinner was in order after earning money!

*It's time to give Melissa a treat tonight!*