

## Chapter 156: Melissa Who Takes the Long View

*And I'm paying double for the Clown's formula... And all this because I originally wanted to be rewarded double for the same piece of work I did. Forget it, I don't have the opportunity to mention that I already have the formula to the Clown potion.* Klein took a deep breath and forced a smile, saying, "Hopefully I can pass the examination smoothly."

He was more than happy with Dunn's decision for him to continue to guard Chanis Gate. Not only was he lacking the professional ability to monitor and investigate, but his hand-to-hand combat was far from satisfactory.

In terms of shooting, he was considered decent compared to the ordinary police. However, his teammates were all Beyonders that have had their physical attributes enhanced. Even if they weren't all marksman-level, they were very close.

As for hand-to-hand combat, Klein was merely a beginner.

Even with a Slumber Charm, a Repose Charm, and a Dream Charm, he was still considered a support-class Beyonder. It would be easy for him to deal with ordinary people, but he would be in danger if he were to come across any Beyonders who were adept at combat.

*Until I advance to Sequence 8, become skilled in technique-based battles, and master a handful of spells, I can only complete normal supernatural missions on my own. Hmm, if I successfully steal the power of Sealed Artifact 3-0782 and make Flaring Sun Charms, that will be even better. It won't be impossible for me to win from a position of an underdog... Klein thought hopefully as he slowly walked back to the Blackthorn Security Company.*

The next morning when he ended his shift and left Chanis Gate, the Nighthawks still hadn't obtained any useful information from monitoring Hood Eugen. For now, they had to place their hopes on their informant's internal investigation.

When he returned home, Klein had his breakfast quietly and laid down in his bedroom to sleep until noon.

He woke up naturally, washed up, and walked to the first floor, following the smell of cooking food.

"Melissa is preparing lunch?" Klein looked at Benson who was reading the newspaper in the living room.

Benson lowered the newspaper and said, "Yes, she has a guest visiting today. I wanted her to chat with her guest while I prepared lunch. But she doesn't trust my cooking and took the guest into the kitchen. How rude."

*Benson, you actually managed to quickly realize that Melissa detests your culinary skills... Klein held back his urge to laugh and walked towards the single seat sofa as he asked, "Melissa's guest?"*

"Yeah, you should know her. Elizabeth, we met her at Selena's dinner banquet." Benson leaned backwards and continued to read his newspaper comfortably.

*It wasn't only at the dinner banquet... She came to visit for real... Klein turned to look at the kitchen with a stunned expression.*

Just then, Melissa walked out carrying some plates and Elizabeth followed behind, also wearing an apron.

“Klein, you’re already up? I was just planning on waking you up.” Melissa laid the plates on the dining table delightedly as she said, “This is Elizabeth. You know her.”

“Hello, Klein.” Elizabeth’s adorable face flashed a splendid smile as she greeted him.

Klein replied gently and politely.

After they greeted, Melissa blinked and spoke seriously, “Elizabeth will follow us to the Family Servant Assistance Association later. They hire a few maidservants at home, so she has experience in that. Her opinions might be helpful.

“Actually, we’ve already drawn up the requirements for picking a maidservant. Listen to this and see if there’s anything that needs to be added.”

Melissa wiped her hands on her apron and took out a piece of paper from the pocket of her home clothes. She opened it and read it out loud.

“1. Healthy.

“2. Hardworking and responsible.

“3. Good at cooking.

“4. Quiet, not rowdy.

“5. Simple family background.

“6. Looks ordinary.”

...

She read the requirements one by one while Klein and Benson gawked with a vacant look; they never expected that hiring a maidservant would be so troublesome.

“Melissa, weren’t you against the idea of hiring a maidservant?” Klein subconsciously asked when his sister stopped.

Melissa pursed her lips and nodded solemnly.

“Yes, I was against it. But as my opposition was in vain, I thought we should get this thing done properly. To be able to get it done well, we must be well prepared. Hmm, do you have anything that you’d like to add?”

“No!” Klein and Benson shook their heads in unison, causing Elizabeth to laugh.

After lunch, the four of them took a public carriage to the Tingen Family Servant Assistance Association on Champagne Street.

It was similar to domestic help firms that Klein knew of from his previous life, but it was also a little like a charity. They recorded the personal information and job requirements of different maidservants so that the clients could make their selections more easily, while maximizing the maidservants’ chances of employment.

Part of the organization’s funding came from charity

organizations, and some came from a percentage of the payment provided by employers.

Upon entering the association, Klein and company were greeted warmly. A young lady in a pale yellow ruffled dress led them to some sofas. She smiled and asked, “How may I help you?”

Benson, who was pushed forward by his brother and sister, said, “We need to hire a maidservant.”

“Do you have any requirements?” the young lady asked like clockwork.

Benson recalled his siblings’ lack of faith in his culinary skills as he said sincerely, “Good at cooking.”

“Good at cooking?” The young lady creased her eyebrows and said, “To be frank, there are no excellent cooks among the maidservants. Why not hire a chef instead? If you need a female chef, we have quite a number of them in the association.”

“There is no one who is good at cooking among the maidservants?” Melissa couldn’t help but cut in as her initial plan was set back.

The young lady nodded and answered affirmatively, “The maidservants are either the daughters of lower class laborers or girls from the villages. They have few opportunities to learn culinary skills. Even after the simple training provided by the association, the most we can guarantee is that their food won’t make people sick.”

Melissa fell silent, finally realizing what it meant to have

situations outpace her plans.

“That is regrettable.” Benson thought, reorganizing his words, he said, “Maybe we can amend our requirement to a maidservant who is willing to and is capable of learning to cook.”

*Not bad. Benson is quick-witted... There's no need for me to interject.* Klein sat by the side, holding his cane and hat comfortably.

“No problem. During cooking training, we took note of girls who had outstanding performance,” the young lady replied with a professional smile. “Any other requirements?”

“Yes.” Benson felt the burn of Melissa’s gaze. He swallowed his saliva and took out the piece of paper from his pocket. He then read the items one by one.

The young lady listened quietly and only responded after quite a while.

“I-I’ll first check through the records and recommend some maidservants that fit the criteria. You don’t have to decide immediately. You can pick two to four of them. Then, I will bring them each over to cook for you once. You can decide who to employ then. Of course, you will have to pay the association some extra fees, and you will also have to prepare your own ingredients.”

“Alright.” Benson folded the paper and nodded politely.

The young lady stood up and walked towards the office, but she turned around after taking two steps. She smiled and said, “Can

you pass me that paper? I'm worried I will forget some of your requirements..."

"No problem." Benson held back his urge to laugh when he answered.

After a while, the young lady in the pale yellow dress came out with a stack of documents and passed them to Benson.

The information had each of the maidservants' real name, birth date, family situation, facial description, health status, past experience, related traits, expected salary, and other information.

Seizing the opportunity when Benson and Melissa were reading the information, Elizabeth got closer to Klein and asked softly, "Don't you have any requirements?"

"Yes, but this information isn't specific enough," Klein answered perfunctorily.

Elizabeth got even more interested.

"How would you choose?"

Klein smiled and pointed at the hidden pendulum in his left sleeve, "I would divine the best person to become our maid servant by writing down a corresponding statement about each candidate and eliminating them one after another."

"..." Elizabeth was stunned, nodding vacantly after nearly twenty seconds. "The simplest and the most effective way... I totally

forgot that you're..."

She didn't finish her sentence since Melissa, who had sharp senses, noticed that they were whispering and had looked over.

She looked at her best friend and her brother, then she showed an expression of deep thought.

*Hey, Sis, don't misunderstand! We are just talking normally...* Klein coughed and picked up some of the information and casually read through them.

Very soon, they picked three candidates. They were asking for four soli eight pence to five soli two pence per week.

Benson didn't haggle over the maidservants' pay but instead discussed the percentage that he needed to pay to the association.

After some friendly haggling, he successfully negotiated the price from the maid servant's two weeks pay to one week pay instead. However, he had to pay a transportation fee of one soli for them to bring the maidservants over to try cooking.

After that, Elizabeth bade the trio farewell and left while the siblings took a public carriage back to Daffodil Street.

On the way back, Klein was getting uncomfortable under Melissa's scrutinizing gaze. When he got home, he went to the second floor directly.

"Klein," Melissa called him in a serious tone after thorough

consideration. She said, "If you want to get engaged with Elizabeth, you have to work harder. Her father is an import merchant, and her mother is the daughter of a baronet..."

*Wait, engaged? When did this happen?* Klein looked at his sister in confusion.

*How far reaching is her concern?*