

## Chapter 149: Direct Hint

Klein looked at the serious Dunn Smith and smiled suddenly.

“Captain, I understood something yesterday.”

“And what is that?” Dunn repeated the question in a serious tone. He leaned back and unfolded his crossed arms.

Klein recalled the script that he had prepared.

“As I was concluding my past experiences, I realized that the names of Sequence potions encompass a whole set of principles that can help us gain control over them, a set of principles that allow us to avoid the negative impacts. When we’re doing things according to these set of principles, we seem to become a member of the corresponding job.

“Similarly, these sets of principles are hidden. They aren’t made known to you directly. All we can do is make conclusions from the corresponding job bit by bit, then adjust our understanding based on the different feedback we receive.

“Thus, when I became a real Seer at the Divination Club and obtained my set of principles for the Seer, the auditory and visual illusions that plagued me just vanished.

“That is what I understood.”

After finishing his narration, Klein heaved a sigh to himself. He said everything he needed to say, other than explicitly

mentioning the term ‘acting.’

*Sigh, let's hope that the Captain doesn't tell the Church that I've already developed such ideas when he is asked. That would place much more attention on me... There's also the factor of the relationship between the Seer pathway and the Antigonus family. That might cause trouble eventually. But the Captain has also experienced all kinds of situations, and he's an experienced and smart person. Once he understands the "acting method," he'll definitely notice that the Church is hiding relevant information. He'll know what he should say and what he shouldn't... Klein had many complicated thoughts.*

But he quickly made a decision and had a plan.

*If the Captain was still unable to understand the "acting method" or sense of the cover-up by the Church, then I'll tell him straight up before submitting the special application!*

*Yes, I'll probe him first and determine what he knows...*

Dunn listened to Klein's description in silence, his gray eyes becoming even deeper.

He was silent for nearly twenty seconds as he rubbed his temples before he picked up his pipe and took a whiff.

After sniffing it, he took out a matchbox, seemingly forgetting about the rules of the Nighthawks.

The white smoke billowed into the air as Dunn closed his eyes, seemingly appreciating the smell of tobacco.

After a while, he opened his eyes and smiled at Klein.

“I’m sorry, I forgot that you don’t smoke.”

“Smoking is bad for your health,” Klein answered in all seriousness.

Dunn thought with his pipe in his hand.

“I seem to have understood something too.”

*No Captain, you don’t understand anything! Just don’t loiter in my dreams too often!* Klein didn’t speak and instead, gave a friendly smile.

“Perhaps it won’t be too long before you submit the special application to me...” Dunn said to Klein, half-jokingly as he took a deep puff of the mint and tobacco.

*Can I submit it tomorrow?* Klein replied inwardly. He took out his pocket watch and looked at the time.

“Captain, I have be at Old Neil’s. Today’s mysticism lessons are starting soon.”

“Alright.” Dunn watched Klein leave, his pipe still in his hand.

After closing the door to the Captain’s office, Klein made his way towards the steps leading to the basement in high spirits. He saw two strangers, a male and a female, when he walked past the clerk’s office.

*The new clerks... Klein's mind wondered before he added inwardly, In another two days, definitely within this week, I'll submit my application to Captain!*

*Then I'll pass a series of inspections and become a Sequence 8 Clown!*

...

Along the silent underground passage, Klein turned to the armory and pushed the guard room door open.

"What happened to you?" Klein had a shock when he saw Old Neil.

Old Neil looked dispirited, his face was pale. He yawned constantly as he said, "I've been a little constipated lately. I tried ritualistic magic that can solve such problems last night. In the end... I didn't sleep well the entire night. I had to head to the bathroom multiple times, and in the end, and I nearly fell asleep on the toilet bowl."

*Well, the problem of constipation has been solved...* Klein nearly laughed, seeing that it wasn't a serious problem.

But he controlled himself. He asked, "Are you feeling better now?"

At the same time, his concern made him tap his left molar twice. He used his Spirit Vision to observe the aura of Old Neil's health.

*There are some darkness and impurities in the digestive system's yellow and the kidney's orange colors, but it's nothing too serious and is within an acceptable range...* Klein heaved a sigh of relief.

"I'm fine now. I got some medicine for the diarrhea from Frye." Old Neil yawned like a drug addict. "Self-study for today's supernatural lesson. There's only two or three days left of content anyway."

"Alright," Klein responded politely. "I could help you guard the armory and study here. How about you go rest in the break room?"

Old Neil immediately straightened his back, his eyes glimmering as he answered, "Lad, you surely are the kindest Nighthawk, second to Frye!"

"I'll hand the armory over to you!"

He picked up the cushion he had placed on his knees and rushed out of the guard room like a typhoon, leaving Klein the only person there, dazed.

...

The Blackthorn Security Company accepted an extra mission in the morning. The task involved escorting a rich merchant to the harbor for a deal. Leonard and Kenley completed it easily, earning themselves some extra pay, much to the envy of Klein.

He went about his day, learning about mysticism, practicing his shooting, and getting tortured by Instructor Gawain who seemed to have been agitated by something.

*Huff, huff...* Klein gasped for air. He only regained the ability to take a shower and change after quite some time.

He continued toiling after leaving Gawain's house. He spent two soli on a carriage and investigated the other ten houses with red chimneys.

Klein's expression became very grave when the last house with the red chimney left his field of vision.

*The house with the red chimney that I saw in my divination isn't in the list of houses with a recent change in tenants... If that's the case, this has just become troublesome. I wonder how much time I would need to investigate about 1600 houses... Sigh. I can't ask for any help to do something like this. After all, only I would have the sense of familiarity from my spirituality when I see the target...*

*Don't be discouraged, don't give up. I'll continue the investigation whenever I have free time. I'll try to complete it within three months, no—two months! Who knows, the target might be found in tomorrow's investigation!*

*And, I'll organize the material when I get back and plan a route according to the distance of the sectors!*

Klein motivated himself, banishing his feelings of depression.

Now that he had made a decision, he planned to instruct the driver to turn toward Daffodil Street. However, he suddenly realized that he was somewhere close to where Mr. Azik stayed.

*Before Mr. Azik went for his holiday, he did write to tell me that he would be back sometime this week, but he didn't specify the exact*

*date. Since it's on the way, I'll leave a note for him. Also, I rented this carriage for an hour with two soli, and the time's almost up anyway. I'll just stop at Mr. Azik's house, then take a public carriage back...* Klein quickly made a decision.

Four minutes later, he alighted from the carriage and arrived outside Mr. Azik's house.

The houses here were obviously of higher quality than those at Daffodil Street, but not as good as those on Howes Street. There was a patch of grass in front of the house, and a small garden in the back.

*Ding! Ding! Ding!*

Klein pulled on the rope outside the door and sounded the bell within the house.

A few moments later, he heard footsteps from inside before the door swung open.

Azik's mild facial features and bronze skin appeared before Klein. Since he was at home, he was only dressed in a simple white shirt, a brown vest, and matching pants.

"Klein? I was just about to write to you," Azik greeted enthusiastically. "I just arrived home last night."

Klein stared at the small mole near Azik's right ear.

"Mr. Azik, I found a clue to your past."

“Really?” Azik instantly became excited. The sadness he had in his eyes dulled.

“Let’s talk inside.” Klein looked around.

Azik quickly nodded. He moved to the side and allowed Klein entry.

He locked the door and guided Klein to the living room on the first floor. They sat on the soft sofa.

“What clues did you find?” he asked impatiently.

Having not expected to meet Mr. Azik today, Klein organized his words.

“I received a mission recently and had to deal with a wraith in Lamud Town.”

“Lamud...” Azik repeated the term softly, his eyebrows creasing.

Klein observed his expression and slowed down his tone.

“In the process of dealing with the wraith, we discovered something and thus conducted an investigation within the town...”

“A resident of the town was in possession of a portrait of the first Baron Lamud which he tried to sell me. I asked to view the portrait out of curiosity and discovered that the person drawn had facial features that resembled yours, other than the hair. He



even had the same mole near the ear, similar position, similar size.

“Under my interrogation, the man told me that the portrait was about forty years old, but the person in the portrait definitely came from the abandoned castle. It was a replica of the ancient portrait excavated from the castle.

“You should know that people like us with unique abilities can more or less tell if somebody is lying. This told me that the man wasn’t lying.”

Azik leaned forward as he listened to Klein. He crossed his arms and remained silent for a while.

Five minutes later, he exhaled.

“Your description didn’t make me recall anything. Perhaps, I should visit the abandoned castle myself. Can you take me there?”

“That would be my honor,” Klein replied. “But I have to head home first. I don’t want my siblings to worry.”

“No problem.” Azik stood up.