

Chapter 77: Remnant Items

“Alright,” answered Leonard with a relaxed expression when he heard Dunn’s suggestion.

Following that, everyone walked out of the warehouse and came close to where Monster Bieber had “self-destructed.” With him at the origin, they began searching outwards radially.

“Captain, what are we looking for?” Klein looked at the rotting flesh and blood that was strewn everywhere. He held back his urge to retch as he looked at Dunn Smith beside him ponderingly.

Dunn did not look up. Instead, he used his deep gray eyes to sweep the ground.

“Awakening ahead of time, losing control, and becoming a monster. This means that Ray Bieber did not fully absorb the Beyonder powers provided by the notebook. It also means that a part of his body is considered extraordinary, making it prime material.”

“If you ever encounter something similar, make sure not to miss out on doing a search. It might be a relatively important item.”

So that's the case... Klein nodded slightly in enlightenment.

In the blink of an eye, he thought of another matter.

If the part where Monster Bieber had concentrated the Beyonder

powers were some indescribable part, wouldn't that be awkward... Wouldn't it be extremely disgusting to concoct it into a potion...

Just as Klein's mind wandered, Borgia with his sharp eagle-like eyes suddenly shouted.

"Found it. Ahem."

Dunn and company immediately turned and closed in. Driven by his curiosity, Klein walked over to Borgia with a quickened pace.

Soon, he saw the item before Borgia. It was a grayish-white item about the size of a fist. Its surface was filled with gullies and it looked soft but ductile. It looked like a brain that had been extracted out of a living being.

Although Klein was unable to make out the extraordinariness of the blob of grayish-white, he was certain that Borgia had not made a mistake since it had remained intact despite the violent explosion it had undergone.

Dunn carefully observed it and squatted down. As he extended and bent his right arm, he used his black-gloved left hand to carefully grab the grayish-white item.

The moment it was touched, the blob of grayish-white immediately spread out into an extremely sticky liquid.

At that moment, Aiur Harson took out a tin-colored square case, removed the cigarettes from them and placed them into his pocket.

Then, he handed the square case to Dunn and smiled.

“I know, you only like pipes.”

Dunn chuckled and took the square case. Then, he “poured” the grayish-white sticky liquid into the case for temporary storage.

After storing it away, everyone did a cursory sweep of the area.

After confirming that they had not missed out anything, they left. When they came out, they saw the horses digging their hooves into the ground, clearly spooked and nervous. They had nearly escaped their reins.

“I’ll drive.” Borgia covered his mouth with his hand and coughed softly.

“I know you are good at placating animals,” said Aiur with a smiling nod.

After boarding the carriage, Dunn, Lorotta, Aiur Harson, and Klein, who continued their “arm exercises,” temporarily had nothing to say as they fell into silence.

When the trotting of the horses sounded while the carriage wheeled off, Dunn looked at Klein and deliberated over his words before saying, “I know you are filled with curiosity about the Antigonus family’s notebook. You wish to understand what happened.”

No, not at all... Klein subconsciously denied.

It was an ancient relic filled with misfortune!

Without giving him time to answer, Dunn continued and said, “However, I have to first report this to the Holy Cathedral. Only after they determine the confidentiality level of the notebook can we consider if this can be shown to you.”

“No problem.” Klein gave a short and simple reply.

Dunn continued his arm exercises as he thought before saying, “I once promised that you can be made a formal member of the Nighthawks when we confirm that Ray Bieber is a descendant of the Antigonus family clan. Now, not only have we determined Ray Bieber’s identity, we have even eliminated the monster and spoiled the Secret Order’s conspiracy.

“In this entire process, your performance was outstanding. You personally killed a member of an evil organization. Therefore, I will fulfill my promise and immediately make an application to the Holy Cathedral. We’ll wait for their approval.

“Right, I forgot something important. I still need to ask if you are agreeable to it.

“Mr Klein Moretti, are you willing to formally join the Tingen Nighthawks as one of its members? Your salary will increase severalfold, reaching six pounds a week. Furthermore, you will get a raise every subsequent year.

“Your salary will be paid by the Church and Awwa County’s Police Department equally. You will also gain the identity of a probationary inspector. It will be very useful at times.

“As a support-type Beyonder, you do not always need to face enemies, but you will have to guard Chanis Gate once a week...”

“Without the squad’s permission, you are not to leave Tingen. Furthermore, you have to keep this a secret from your family...”

...

By the time Dunn finished listing the restrictions and benefits, Klein was already thinking deeply for more than ten seconds.

“I wish to become a formal Nighthawk.”

Only by doing so could he continue to gain more access to mystery, such as the situation regarding the Secret Order!

After reading the gathered Roselle diaries, Klein had some changes in thoughts about himself. “Being skilled in mysticism knowledge to seek a way home was an immutable goal of his. Raising his strength further to more safely make the mysterious space above the gray fog do his bidding before using it to return home was a new addition to his goals.

Just as Emperor Roselle said, simply relying on external powers was very dangerous!

Furthermore, after becoming a Seer and obtaining Beyonder powers, Klein sensed that he had a better grasp of the mysterious space. For example, he could pull another person into the Gathering.

This forced him to consider what possibly beneficial changes

would happen to the mysterious space above the gray fog when he reached Sequence 8, Sequence 7, or an even higher Sequence.

Of course, Klein knew very well that this was built on the premise that he completely resolved the side effects of the Seer potion. He could not rush or be rash.

“Very well. Once the Holy Cathedral approves of it, you will become one of us.” Dunn’s gray eyes were tinted with a hint of joy.

At that moment, Aiur Harson, who was listening in, interrupted.

“Klein, don’t mind me calling you Klein. Your performance today was really excellent. You managed to kill a Beyonder from the Secret Order. I even suspect that he has reached Sequence 7. How did you do it? I really find it incredulous.”

The question has finally been raised... Having long prepared for it, Klein acted as though he was organizing his thoughts.

He knew that it was indeed incredible and enigmatic that he had killed a Beyonder that ran rings around Dunn, Aiur, and Lorotta. Aiur and company were not blind or dumb, so it was a matter of time before they inquired about the process. However, he never expected them to wait till this moment.

That’s right. Captain and Mr. Harson were previously injured and their situations could have worsened at any time. At that moment, any matter that could result in conflict had to be put on hold. It was to prevent me from acting desperately because of my exposed “secret.” Only after I expressed my attitude and showed that I was willing to be a Nighthawk were they at ease enough to ask... How crafty. They did not have any obvious communication between themselves, but they had made the same tacit decision...

Klein answered as though in thought, “It’s an extremely lucky event. The clown in the tuxedo had made a fatal misjudgment.

“Back then, Sealed Artifact 2-049 was thrown near me as a result of the explosion’s blast. It looked about five to six meters from me, but it was only a crude observation. It was very easy to come to the conclusion that I was within the Sealed Artifact’s area of influence.

“And back then, I was feeling faint because of the explosion. My actions turned sluggish and looked as though I was being controlled.

“It was unknown when that suited clown came close to me in an invisible state. He tried to entice me by offering to save me and the corresponding Sequence 8, Clown, of the Seer potion. He wanted me to help him retrieve the Antigonus family’s notebook. Right, he said that the Secret Order is in control of the Seer potion’s corresponding Sequence pathway and that he was once a Seer.”

...

Klein recounted the situation back then in detail. He even described the theories he had back then, including how he believed that the suited clown had divined that taking the notebook would be an extremely risky endeavor; thus, he had changed his plans.

Of course, all the truths were used to conceal the lie made in the beginning—that he had been controlled by Sealed Artifact 2-049.

“Divined that it was extremely risky to retrieve the notebook? Yes, it’s indeed highly risky. However, the risk was actually because of you,” said Lorotta with a chuckle as she covered her

mouth. “His divination was right, but it caused him to end up in a fatal situation. This sure is an interesting account.”

Klein was taken aback before he nodded seriously.

“Indeed. Divination is never crystal clear. And that vagueness only means that an interpretation can be wrong.”

Yes, I have to take note of that!

“How did you finish him off after that?” asked Dunn while he did his arm exercises and leaned back.

Klein smiled.

“I pretended to agree to him and made him awaken me. However, he did not dare enter the effective range of the Sealed Artifact. He stayed two to three meters away and used a strange paper slip in an attempt to push me.

“I seized the opportunity and pulled at his paper slip, causing him to be thrown into 2-049’s effective range. I then complemented it with repeated shots and completed my goal. Heh, it’s quite an embarrassing matter for me. I didn’t even have the confidence of hitting him despite being only two to three meters away from him.”

Aiur nodded slightly.

“With his evasive abilities, a distance of two to three meters is not an absolute guarantee. You might be able to strike him but fail to hit him in a vital spot. That would only make things

worse... Your choice back then was impeccable. It can even be said to be outstanding. If I were in your shoes, I might not have been able to do it better than you.”

He did not ask further. After all, the suited clown’s entry into the Sealed Artifact 2-049’s area of influence basically sealed his fate. He became a living target.

“The subsequent Sequence of Seer is Clown... How odd...” Dunn suddenly said with a sigh.