

Chapter 127: Laying the Foundations

The light of the gas lamp glowed through the glass, illuminating the guard room. Old Neil finished flipping through his newspaper, took a sip of coffee, and looked at Klein.

“How do you feel now? Have you calmed down? Or do you need a glass of wine, or an advance on your salary, or a day off?”

Klein, who had completely digested the Seer potion, was attempting to change his “switch” that activated his Spirit Vision with Cogitation. He didn’t want it to be too obvious.

The present him no longer needed to rely on a physical motion to activate his Spirit Vision. Therefore, he could use a more concealed approach to achieve his goal; for example, stroking the joints of his middle finger with his thumb in quick succession, or clicking twice with his left molar.

Klein considered the situations in which he needed to use his Spirit Vision while holding a revolver in one hand and a cane in the other. Finally, he settled on clicking his molar. His left molar would be used to activate the Spirit Vision, and his right molar to deactivate it.

After repeatedly suggesting to himself, he completed the change. He then opened his eyes and smiled.

“I was merely too concerned about the Captain’s operation. I don’t need to calm myself down.”

At the same time, he clicked his left molar twice and attempted

to activate his Spirit Vision. He wanted to familiarize himself with this method as quickly as possible.

Cough! Cough! Cough! Old Neil started coughing violently. He coughed till his face turned red, like a cooked lobster.

“What happened?” Klein froze before asking in concern.

He scanned Old Neil’s aura seriously, only to notice that the colors representing his health were still normal, only a little dull due to his age.

Old Neil coughed for nearly twenty seconds before earning respite. He felt for his cup of coffee and slowly took a sip. “Everyone makes mistakes, ahem. I choked on my drink just now... Shall we begin our mysticism lessons for today?”

“Alright.” Klein silently clicked his right molars twice.

Klein was elated, yet frustrated that he had completely digested the Seer potion a week or two ahead of his prediction. He was naturally glad that he was freed from the risk of losing control and would advance soon, obtaining even more Beyonder powers. That was something anyone would be happy and excited about. But he was also frustrated, as it disrupted his plans and schedules.

Considering the fact that he still had to stay with the Tingen Nighthawks for some time, Klein thought that secretly advancing to Clown wasn’t the wisest choice. If he did so, he would be constantly worried about being exposed, and he would be unable to use his abilities when there were missions, making it even more dangerous for himself.

He planned to learn from Spirit Medium Daly and submit an application to the higher-ups. He would use his contributions to obtain the recipe and extraordinary ingredients before officially advancing into a Sequence 8 Nighthawk.

But there was a difference between grasping a potion in a month and in a year. Klein could bear the scrutiny of the Holy Cathedral and become a talent for nurturing, but he didn't want the higher-ups to suspect him. He needed to find a convincing reason to explain his circumstances.

He had planned to use the time before the Seer potion was completely digested to lay some foundations with the Captain. For example, he would mention that he felt his spirituality become more active whenever he went to the Divination Club, or pretend to casually describe the laws of a Seer that he had derived from helping other people divine their fortunes. He could also mention that he didn't hear any voices that he shouldn't be hearing, or see things that are not for his eyes.

This way, the higher-ups of the Nighthawks would think that he had unintentionally learned something from Daly when completing his "mission" and had done a more thorough job than her.

This would make the higher-ups focus more on summarizing the laws and discovering the "acting method," reducing the suspicion placed on Klein.

That way, I could even help the Captain and the rest learn about the acting method... Klein added in his heart. He felt that Dunn Smith was a good captain. He had no glaring flaws other than his poor memory. Thus, he wanted to reduce the risk of Dunn losing control and make him more powerful.

Of course, Klein could also choose to apply after a year to avoid

any risks. But the continuous coincidences and the red chimney he saw in his dream divination gave him no choice but to improve his abilities as soon as possible.

“I’ll lay the foundation with the Captain three or four times over the next two weeks before formally submitting my request. At the same time, I can head over to the underground market to see if there are any of the necessary extraordinary ingredients. They will probably be very expensive...” Klein quickly made a decision and focused his attention once again on the mysticism lessons.

Time passed quickly as lunchtime slowly approached. Old Neil finished his coffee and cleared the stuff on the table as he laughed.

“Your mysticism lessons will come to an end soon. From the test just now, it would seem that you can create charms for yourself now.”

“That’s my plan for the next few days.” Klein heaved a satisfied sigh.

Charms were different from the protective amulets he had given Benson and Melissa. They needed to be carved with the help of ritualistic magic, and they had certain unique abilities that could be used in battle.

But a low-grade charm couldn’t do everything. The spirituality it contained would decrease over time and had to be renewed once every two weeks. Also, he needed to activate them with specific incantations; it was impossible to use them at will.

Furthermore, the charms wielded by the Nighthawks were still limited to the “domains” of the Evernight Goddess. Klein could only make three different kinds of charms for the time being.

The first was the Slumber Charm, and its effect was similar to Dunn Smith's and Leonard Mitchell's ability to put someone to sleep with their singing. The second was the Requiem Charm, which was able to soothe ghosts, souls, zombies, and the like. It could also deal with vengeful and evil spirits to a certain extent. The last was the Dream Charm; its abilities allowed the wielder to enter the dream of someone else.

These abilities were similar to the abilities of the Midnight Poet and Nightmare from the Sleepless Sequence, so Dunn and Leonard had no use for these charms. Corpse Collector Frye, Sleepless Royale, and Kenley would bring one or two along with them, but they hadn't needed them in a long time. They frequently brought their charms back to Old Neil so he could "recharge" them.

Old Neil glanced at Klein and smiled.

"I remember you saying that you practiced a lot this month and have run out of materials. Are you going to the underground market?"

Klein was taken aback at first before he nodded with a pained heart.

"Yes."

He clearly knew the prices of the ingredients. He could only hope that he succeeded in making the charms on his first try instead of wasting materials...

After being presented with the mission of bringing lunch underground, Klein put on his jacket and hat before returning to the Blackthorn Security Company on the second floor with cane in hand.

As he walked past the recreation room, he saw that Leonard and the rest had already returned and were enjoying their lunches.

Knock! Knock! Knock! He knocked on the Captain's door.

"Please come in." Dunn's mellow voice sounded.

Klein pushed the door open and took off his hat.

"Captain, did you catch Instigator Trissy?"

Dunn rubbed his temples and shook his head in exhaustion. "We didn't find her at Tingen Station, but according to the telegraph we received from Backlund, a passenger saw her in the first class carriage of the earliest train. Regrettably, she got off in the middle of the journey."

"How regrettable." Klein sighed even though he had expected this. "Divination isn't all-powerful..."

Dunn's gray eyes swept past him.

"There's no need to be depressed. It isn't easy to capture a Sequence 7 Beyonder. At the very least, we disrupted Trissy's evil ritual and saved at least forty innocent lives. Furthermore, we understand her situation now. She can no longer commit crimes as she wishes."

"If she tries to do something similar, she'll be noticed, discovered, and reported at any time. Sooner or later, she'll be captured by the Nighthawks, Mandated Punishers, or the Machinery Hivemind. It's even possible that she'll be killed."

“Let’s hope that is the case. May the Goddess bless us.” Klein drew the crimson moon on his chest.

Following that, he paused and pondered over his words.

“Captain, I haven’t heard unwanted voices or seen unwanted visions for over a week now. Also, that’s true even when I am in Cogitation or using my Spirit Vision.”

“Really?” Dunn creased his brows, puzzled.

Klein immediately elaborated, “I feel that I’m not far off from achieving full control over the Seer potion. This could be due to my frequent visits to the Divination Club and helping others tell their fortune.”

“...Why do you think so?” Dunn immediately changed his seating posture, his expression lost.

Klein added a stammer into his sentence. “E-every time I head to the Divination Club, I can feel my spirituality becoming more active, and every time I help someone divine something, my heart, body, and soul become more relaxed. I’ve also come up with a set of, well, a set of rules for a Seer. I’ve been following it strictly, just like how a Mystery Pryer can “do as you wish, but do no harm.” I found inspiration from this maxim and tried coming up with a maxim designed for Seers.

“I think that this might be an effective way to help Beyonders gain control over their potions faster and reduce the risk of losing control. Just like Madam Daly who has always been a Spirit Medium.”

It was unknown when Dunn had taken out his pipe. He placed it at his nose and took a whiff, seemingly forgetting about Klein as he thought for a few minutes.

“A remarkable guess, and an interesting trial...”

Klein had only wanted to briefly mention it this time around to set up an underlying reason, so he did not say anything further. He switched to a half-joking tone and said, “Perhaps I’ll be the fastest Nighthawk in history to gain control of a Sequence 9 potion.”

“May the Goddess watch over you,” Dunn blessed him, not taking him seriously. He then slipped into deep thought once again.

Witnessing this, Klein turned around and said his goodbyes before leaving the Captain’s office.

He was closing the door to the room when he suddenly thought of another difficult question. *How in the world was he going to act as a Clown!*

Must I join a circus? There are no fixed circuses in Tingen, they’re all roaming ones... Klein’s expression became a little bitter.

Being a Seer was still a rather respectable occupation. Klein would still be able to hold his head up high even if he was spotted by someone he knew. But if he became a Clown, there was no way his reputation would hold!

Perhaps there are other ways of acting as a Clown. There were no circuses or clowns when the Blasphemy Slate was revealed to the world... Forget it, I won’t have the chance to advance for another

two or three weeks, so there's no need to deliberate over this for now. Klein avoided the question and headed to the reception area. He walked toward Rozanne, Mrs. Orianna, and Bredt to fetch his and Old Neil's lunch.