

## Chapter 169: New Abilities

After the color in Klein's eyes went back to normal, Crestet Cesimir said with a laugh, "You can move about and try to get used to the changes in your body. Try to find the core powers that were given to you by the Clown potion."

Klein nodded. He considered the fact that he might need guidance from the deacon and thus didn't care about his presence. He repeatedly followed what he had been practicing all this time as he took a step forward. He twisted his hips and threw a punch forward, launching a frontal jab.

*Pa!*

He heard the crisp sound of his fist breaking the air. The power in the forward thrust exceeded his expectations.

In that instant, he felt as though he was sitting in a carriage which had abruptly hit the brakes. He lost his balance and fell forward.

*Oh no! This is about to become an embarrassing story—just like Leonard's...* Klein mused. But at that moment, he noticed that he could still effectively control his muscles, his body, as well as his center of gravity!

He simultaneously exerted force with his spine, tendons, and ligaments, instantly adjusting his center of mass and managing to stand firm despite his distorted posture.

*Well...* Upon gaining some understanding of this, Klein

attempted several other actions. He confirmed that the biggest change in his body was the massive increase in coordination. He would no longer lose his balance unless there were some extenuating circumstances.

*I feel like a roly-poly tumbler... I can even act in a circus now! It wouldn't be too hard for me to walk on a rope... The Clown potion sure lives up to its name... Many thoughts flashed through his mind. Klein once again tested the extent of the improvements to his strength, agility, and speed.*

*Hmm, I should be around the same level as Teacher Gawain. After I get used to this and go through the specialized training, I'll definitely become more powerful... Also, with my current mastery over my body, it would be easy for me to grasp combat techniques. Klein stopped moving and nodded in thought.*

According to his plans, he estimated that he would become decent in combat arts only after half a year. But after consuming the Clown potion, he felt that it would only take a month, perhaps two or three weeks, before he could qualify as a policeman that was adept in combat.

That was the difference between an average person and a Beyonder.

In a sense, the talents of Beyonders were beyond the reach of normal humans!

Crestet watched silently as the newly advanced Clown tried out various actions before completely stopping. He then nodded.

“It truly is a potion adept in the field of combat.”

Without waiting for Klein to speak, he asked, “What sounds did you hear just now?”

“I heard someone muttering Hornacis.” Klein wanted to keep the term Flegrea a secret for the time being.

He wanted to observe the reaction of Deacon Cesimir. If he was willing to relay information regarding the Hornacis mountain range and the Nation of the Evernight, Klein would then add on, saying that he heard something different again.

Crestet nodded slightly, skipping over the topic. He reminded Klein, “Remember, a High-Sequence Beyonder can influence corresponding Low-Sequence Beyonders of the same Sequence pathway to a certain extent. In a way, some parts of the respective pathways contain the Realm of Demigods. The murmurings and howls might have been intentionally conveyed to you by them. They might be filled with malicious intent.

“You must be even more cautious if the Sequence pathway belongs to an evil god. I had a chat with Dunn just now. The Nighthawk in your team who lost control recently met with such a situation.”

*Old Neil... The Hidden Sage...* Klein’s expression darkened. He nodded solemnly and said, “Reverend Cesimir, I will remember this. I will not be tempted by the murmurings or howls. I will not be corrupted by them.”

At the same time, he thought of something else.

*Could this be the reason why the Church only provides the pathways for Sleepless and Corpse Collector, while hiding a large number of the other pathways? After all, the Sleepless pathway belongs to the Evernight Goddess, and Death which corresponds to*

*the Corpse Collector pathway has already fallen... As for why the Church would still offer the Mystery Pryer and Seer, it's because these two jobs are of a support type and can fill the shortcomings of the Sequence 9 and 8 pathways for Sleepless and Corpse Collector. Furthermore, they're only at the beginning of the pathway, so the influence they can gather wouldn't be too prominent...*

*But this doesn't explain why they would hide the names and unique traits of the potions... or the lack of information as to what one should take note of when facing them...*

Klein retracted his thoughts when he saw Crestet Cesimir pick up his suitcase to leave. He adopted a curious tone.

“Reverend Cesimir, I would like to know how to act as a Clown. Do I have to go to a circus?”

Crestet smoothed his tall collar and chuckled.

“According to our current understanding of philosophy, you just made the mistake of formalism.

“You need to understand that the name of a potion not only represents a job. It also represents a group of people that share certain traits. For example, we can also describe Seers differently. We can call them people who can see fate, yet remain respectful of fate. Of course, as I mentioned before, there are some differences to the rules concluded by each individual even if they consumed the same potion. You cannot completely reference the experiences of another person, do you understand?”

Klein nodded in thought.

“I think I can understand some of it. I can act as a Clown in my daily life, as long as I have grasped its essence?”

“In theory,” Crestet answered, being careful about his choice of words.

“...I understand.” Klein drew a crimson moon on his chest. “Thank you, Reverend Cesimir. May the Goddess bless you.”

*Hmm, just what is the essence of a Clown? If I don't take into consideration what a clown represents back on Earth and only think about what it means in this world, a clown is a job that entertains people using ridiculous methods. For example, hilarious getups, exaggerated actions, trickster-like performances? The core is that it must be ridiculous, and it must entertain others. It feels a little off... Must I consider it from the perspective of court jesters from ancient times?* Klein thought about it silently as he felt at a loss.

Crestet looked at him and also drew a crimson moon before his chest.

He smiled, revealing the wrinkles at the corner of his eyes.

“May the Goddess bless you too.”

At that moment, Klein suddenly perceived something, an intuition that felt like a prediction, that Deacon Cesimir would put his left foot forward!

He then saw Crestet pick up the silver suitcase and step toward the entrance of the alchemy room with his left foot!

One step, two steps, three steps. Klein watched as Crestet walked out of the hidden door, his figure vanishing into the corridor.

*This...* He was dazed for a moment before he felt intense excitement.

The Beyonder powers of the Clown potion were more powerful than he imagined!

He could intuitively predict a person's next course of action!

*Was the combination of this ability, coupled with his powerful coordination, exceptional agility, and speed, as well as decent strength, considered being good at fighting with artifice?* Klein thought about this revelation.

*So, this can be considered the manifestation of the Seer's abilities in Sequence 8, but it's not enough... This pathway must be one that gives a unique ability every time I advance before reaching a High-Sequence Beyonder. But the intuitions I get are fleeting, so I don't think I can take advantage of them every single time. Of course, this ability is powerful enough as it is. Taking advantage of it once should be enough to turn defeat into victory... Oh right, after I reduce the influence of the negative effects that come with the Clown potion, I can try the ritual to summon myself. I nearly forgot about that... Yeah, the Captain must have infected me with his awful memory!*

In the midst of his thoughts, Klein observed himself once again. He wanted to see if the Clown potion had brought along any other abilities.

According to the confidential records of the Nighthawks, if the potion would allow the person who consumed it to gain mastery over a certain spell, the person would be able to faintly detect

what kinds of spells he obtained after advancing as if he was being instilled with knowledge.

But I don't sense any of that. In other words, Clown doesn't come with the ability to quickly cast spells, as reported in the confidential records of the Nighthawks... Could the meaning of "crafty" be that I can now effectively use my expressions and body language to more easily fool people with my lies? Klein stretched his neck while seriously analyzing his current condition.

At this moment, he couldn't help but think back to the suited clown he had encountered previously. The clown's peculiar and varied spells had left a deep impression.

*Hmm, that member of the Secret Order is probably a Sequence 7 Beyonder. His clown getup was purely to mask his facial features to avoid being placed on a wanted list... It's no wonder that he could hold his own against two Sequence 7s and a Sequence 8... If he had deciphered the fact that I wasn't under the influence of Sealed Artifact 2-049 and avoided falling under its control, ten of me might not have been enough to deal with him.*

*Of course, Clown is not completely devoid of spells. There are still spells like these...*

Klein walked toward the long table and picked up the piece of paper that the Clown formula was written on.

His pupils darkened and with a flick of his wrist, he tossed the piece of paper into the air.

*Pa!*

It was as if the soft piece of paper had become a dagger, and it pierced itself into the wall of the alchemy room!

*I can bring a deck of tarot cards with me in the future. They can be used both for divination or as weapons.* Klein collected himself and started to pack up the objects left behind from the potion's concoction.

After dealing with this and burning the formula for the potion, Klein exhaled and left the alchemy room, closing the secret door behind him.

For the time being, he didn't feel like trying to entertain others through ridiculous methods because of what happened to Old Neil. He intended to lessen the influence of the potion through Cogitation first.

*Phew, this is going to be a brand new experience again... No matter what happens, I'm no longer just a supporting member... Yes, ever since Old Neil passed away, I'm the only one left in the Tingen Nighthawks team that can provide support. The Holy Cathedral will most likely send a Mystery Pryer or a Seer to the team...* Klein followed the wall lamps, walking down the dark corridor, and calmly made his way up the stairs leading to the Blackthorn Security Company.

He then saw the sunlight in the Nighthawks' recreation room.

The sunlight shone in through the oriel window, sunlight which was pure and warm.