

Chapter 168: Clown Potion

Phew, I finally passed... I passed it just like that...

When Klein heard Crestet Cesimir's announcement, he let out a breath of relief despite being mentally prepared for it. It felt surreal, as though it was a dream.

He had assumed that the examination would be tougher and lengthier, but when he thought carefully about it, he realized that what had just happened was what should've happened. If he had taken the normal three years to digest the Seer potion instead of doing it in a month, the examination wouldn't have even been conducted by the Holy Cathedral. The Tingen Nighthawks' captain would've been responsible for it instead.

I thought they would investigate my family and friends... Hmm, perhaps Cesimir arrived in Tingen two days ago and completed that in secret... I also thought that the examination would require me to complete some task. Heh, I was really overthinking it. The goal of the examination is merely to determine the level of digestion for the potion, as well as detect any latent dangers, and see whether I'm aware of the "acting method" and if I shared my experience with others... These thoughts flew past Klein's mind. He flashed a sincere smile.

"Thank you, Your Grace. Praise the Lady!"

Crestet nodded gently and said, "To advance is to serve the Goddess better, so that you can protect our fellow believers better. You must remember this—trust me—it'll help you fight the temptation of losing control."

“Temptation...” Klein ruminated over the word.

Crestet sized Klein up with his green eyes and said sternly, “The ‘acting method’ can help you digest the potion and lower the risk of losing control, but it’s not the be-all and end-all. To a certain extent, you can even confuse playing the role and your own existence. You know, there are many actors in the theater that develop severe psychological issues. At a certain level, you might really go insane.”

Remember that you’re only acting... The only point of note concluded by the City of Silver is identical to what Deacon Cesimir said... Klein nodded thoughtfully in agreement.

“In addition,” Crestet emphasized, “Not only is losing control related to the potion, it’s also closely related to your emotions and mental health. The most important thing for a Beyonder is to control yourself. Only then will you be able to withstand the temptations of evil gods and devils, resisting emotions like greed and jealousy, and the erosion of desire. Of course, I don’t mean that you should get rid of all your emotions and desires, because that is something that no human or even demigod can do. Yes, perhaps only some special Sequences are able to achieve that sort of state.”

Klein suddenly thought about Old Neil. He couldn’t help but ask in reply, “We must keep our emotions and desires at a reasonable level, and not allowing them to drive us to do something irrational and abnormal?”

Crestet nodded solemnly.

“Yes.”

After he answered, there were wrinkles at the corner of his eyes.

“That’s all I wanted to warn you about. Now, I’ll pass you the Clown potion formula and the relevant ingredients.”

He bent down and put his silver suitcase on the long table. He then turned around and moved a few steps, blocking Klein’s view.

When the surrounding lights strangely vanished again, Klein suddenly understood that the formula and ingredients were in the suitcase that stored the holy artifact. It was simply because his gaze was attracted by the pure white bone sword which was why he didn’t notice or perhaps, he couldn’t notice, the other items in the suitcase.

After a few minutes, the light of the gas lamps lit up the alchemy room again. Crestet picked up his suitcase and moved away, presenting the items on the long table to Klein.

Among them, the most eye-catching item was the palm-sized gray goat horn. It looked like a miniature version of a normal goat horn and was crystal clear, swirling with colors. There were faint layers of unique patterns.

Next to the goat horn was a blue rose. There were red veins on the petals that connecting them together. It seemed to form a human face with a smile.

Hahaha, woowoowoo, hahaha, woowoowoo... Klein heard illusory laughter and crying diffused with each other, and he saw pieces of gray halos floating in midair.

A crystal of the single horn of a matured Hornacis gray mountain goat and a complete stalk of a human-faced rose. The main ingredients of the Clown potion! He nodded indiscernibly and took a few steps towards the long table.

“80 milliliters of pure water, 5 drops of tornapple juice, 7 grams of black-rimmed sunflower powder, 10 grams of golden cloak grass powder, 3 drops of poison hemlock...” Klein looked at the unfurled goatskin parchment and compared the written content with the formula that he had memorized.

After he confirmed that there was nothing wrong, he recalled the demonstration Old Neil did.

He took a deep breath and exhaled slowly to collect his emotions. With the apparatus in the alchemy room, he distilled some pure water needed by the potion.

In the potion formula, pure water referred to water that was distilled over and over again.

Then, he washed a black metal pot and threw in the supplementary ingredients one after another. He was as skillful as back when he had done chemistry experiments in high school.

As the Beyonder ingredients hadn't catalyzed just yet, he didn't see any obvious changes in the liquid in the metal pot. At most, he only saw powder floating on the surface of the liquid.

When he was done with the preparations, Klein cast his gaze at the two main ingredients and gratefully thought, *There's no description of the exact size or weight of the required gray mountain goat's single horn crystal or the human-faced rose. Perhaps a whole horn and a complete rose have no differences, regardless of their weight, allowing them to meet the requirements... Yes, in the world of mysterious Beyonders, this is definitely possible...*

If so, I don't have to worry about putting in excessive amounts of

the main ingredients!

After a few seconds, Klein picked up the human-faced rose and threw it into the metal pot.

When the strange flower touched the liquid, it immediately produced a sizzling sound. The surrounding illusory laughter became shrill.

Hahaha, hahaha!

Klein didn't delay any further as he immediately grabbed the crystalline mountain goat horn and threw it into the metal pot.

Poof!

The terrifying laughter disappeared all of a sudden, and the surrounding gray halos slowly converged into the metal pot.

Klein lowered his head and saw the liquid in the pot was colored in a mix of gold, yellow, and red. However, the three colors remained extremely distinct at their boundaries.

There were bubbles churning and fizzing from the liquid, but they failed to escape from the pot and ended up bursting silently.

The scene reminded Klein of Sprite, the carbonated drink from his previous incarnation.

This actually looks like a delicious drink... A thought popped into his head that aligned with the characteristics of his culture.

Suppressing his nervousness, excitement, and anticipation, Klein poured the liquid from the black metal pot into a glass bottle.

What shocked him was that there wasn't a single bit of the potion left in the metal pot.

It really is a potion that turns people into Beyonders... Klein raised his right hand, and he looked at the beautiful-looking tri-colored liquid.

Crestet Cesimir, who had been silent the entire time, suddenly smiled and said, "Don't worry. At the very least, I didn't notice any problems with the concoction of your potion."

"I've been waiting here to ensure that no accidents happen after you consume the potion. Don't worry, as long as it isn't anything serious, I should be able to save you."

Okay. Klein nodded and placed the Clown potion back onto the long table.

Then, he took off the silver chain inside his sleeve and let the topaz pendant hang down naturally, a slight distance above the liquid.

To Beyonders of any other occupation, pendulum divinations could only divine a yes or no answer. Of course, when there wasn't enough information, the divination wouldn't yield any useful answers at all. When the pendulum didn't spin, it was called a failed divination.

As a Seer, Klein's pendulum could also vaguely determine the degree of the "yes" or "no" answer.

Klein's eyes grew dark as he recited, "This potion is harmful.

"This potion is harmful."

...

Seven times later, he opened his half-closed eyes and saw the topaz pendant spinning clockwise, but very slowly.

Clockwise means a positive response. In other words, it means that the potion is harmful... However, it spins slowly, which means that it's only slightly harmful... Yes, potions can bring about a loss of control, so there's the possibility of harm. A low level of harm means there is nothing wrong with the potion... Klein let out a breath of relief and wound the pendulum on his left wrist before covering it with his sleeve.

At that moment, Crestet couldn't help but sigh.

"...You really are a professional Seer."

"I must fully utilize my advantage, but I can't rely on it too much and think that it's all-powerful," Klein replied softly and took up the Clown potion bottle.

After drinking it, I'll become a Sequence 8 Beyond...

The thought flashed in his mind and Klein didn't hesitate. He raised the bottle, tipped his head, and gulped down the potion.

Bitter! So bitter!

It sucks, totally!

He instantly realized what it meant to look good on the outside, but rotten on the inside. His face had contorted as a result of the potion. He wanted to puke, but he couldn't.

Then, Klein realized that his face was flushed red. As for the rest of his body, they were experiencing a similar reaction.

He was convinced that he looked like a steamed lobster. As for his spirit and mind, they felt like they had been extracted into a thin needle, fusing with the potion, drop by drop, as it stabbed into each and every one of cells.

It was a feeling that needed no microscope to observe his cells. Klein stood there and "saw" the intruder invade his body's most minute areas.

For a few seconds, he felt like a robot that was having its parts and electrical circuits swapped out.

After an unknown period of time had passed, his mind reflected his figure, as though he was listening to himself singing through his own ears.

Due to this strange projection, Klein discovered that he could precisely control his facial and bodily motions.

Meanwhile, his ears buzzed. He heard the murmurs and shouting echoing around him which had not happened in a while.

Hornacis... Flegrea... Hornacis... Flegrea... Hornacis... Flegrea...

Phew. Klein imagined the layered spherical light and slowly entered a Cogitation state. Bit by bit, he escaped from the state of having his spirituality seep out where he had a slight loss of control.

At that moment, he knew that he had advanced successfully. He knew that he was a Sequence 8 Clown.