

Chapter 154: Sharing “Experience”

As he looked into Klein’s eyes, Dunn took a deep breath and leaned back. Then, he slowly exhaled as he spoke.

“Are you certain?”

There were minor changes in his facial expression. He seemed to be well prepared for the special application, but he hadn’t expected it to be so soon.

Captain, why do you look relieved... Klein didn’t conceal his smile as he said, “I’m certain, Captain. When you fully master a potion, you’ll feel a very special and magical sensation. You’ll have no doubt that you’ve fully mastered the potion.”

“Special, magical feeling...” Dunn muttered those words softly and his eyebrows slowly knitted together.

Huh, the Captain advanced twice without fully digesting the potion? Of course, if he didn’t know about the “acting method,” it would be difficult to fully digest it. He must’ve used a prolonged period of time to break it down and was subconsciously “acting” to minimize the risk of losing control... Poor Captain... Klein quietly looked at Dunn Smith, but he didn’t speak or say anything further so as to allow Dunn to think carefully.

After almost a minute, Dunn’s deep eyes reflected Klein’s figure once again. He weighed his words before he said, “Maybe it would be a better option to wait another year.”

What the Captain means is that waiting another year would make

it less conspicuous. With the example that Madam Daly set for me, the higher-ups wouldn't pay too much attention to me. At most, I would only be put on a list for observation, Klein thought and answered frankly, “At first, I wanted to wait until next year to send in my special application. After all, there are too many things that I need to master. For instance, my combat arts is only at the beginner level.

“But, Captain, don’t you think that we’ve experienced too many coincidences in the last two months? We were chasing after the kidnappers when we came across the Antigonus Notebook in the opposite room. The shipment of Sealed Artifact 2-049 was delayed, but Ray Bieber didn’t leave Tingen and tried to digest the power at the harbor. I went to attend a birthday banquet and triggered Hanass Vincent’s incident. I went to investigate at the library and ran into a member of the Aurora Order...

“I don’t know what these coincidences mean, but I feel insecure. That’s why I want to enhance myself in the best possible way.”

Klein seized the opportunity to talk about the manipulator behind the scenes. It was something he had planned to include in his schedule—without exposing his uniqueness, he would remind the Nighthawks to make them search for more clues from different angles. What he said earlier would only lead the other Nighthawks to conclude that Klein had a discerning mind and was good at organizing his thoughts.

The moment Klein said the word “but,” Dunn’s body leaned forward. In the end, he steepled his fingers in front of his mouth.

He fixed his gaze and remained quiet, seemingly thinking about what Klein had said.

After a while, Dunn lifted his head and said in a mellow and

deep voice, “Very perceptive... Perhaps there really is something lurking in the dark.”

Without waiting for Klein to speak, he instructed, “You can submit the special application.”

“Alright.” Klein lifted the corner of his lips when he answered.

He got up with a smile and walked towards the door. As expected, he heard a familiar additional remark.

“Hold on,” Dunn called out. He weighed his words and said, “Take note of your choice of words.”

Don’t worry, Captain. I place a far greater importance on this matter than you do! Klein nodded in agreement with a smile.

At first, he thought Dunn would propose that they avoid going through the Holy Cathedral and instead advance to Sequence 8 in secret. Then they could go through the normal procedure after three years. However, after he thought it through, he realized that it was impossible. Regardless of whether it was through a special application or a normal application, the person who was going to advance still had to be investigated by the Holy Cathedral; the only difference was that one method was relatively simple and the other was more complicated.

If he had become a Sequence 8 in secret, then it could put the entire Tingen Nighthawks in trouble.

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Since Klein was finished with his mysticism lessons, he didn't go to the basement in a hurry but walked to the clerk's office next door after leaving the Captain's office.

He found a man and a woman sitting in the office. The man was in his thirties and the woman was in her twenties; they were the two newly added members.

They were surprised when Klein entered, then they smiled and nodded in greeting. They were curious and in awe of the Beyonders that they worked with.

Klein didn't chat with them but found an empty desk and began writing a draft for the special application.

As he already had a draft in his head, it only took about ten minutes to complete his initial work.

After reading it a couple of times and amending parts of it, he sat before the Akerson Model 1346 typewriter and started typing his draft onto a document.

Listening to the tapping of the keyboard, the two new clerks exchanged looks and stood up simultaneously. They left the office and went to the reception hall to chat with Rozanne, allowing Klein to have some privacy.

Very careful and fully aware of the need to maintain secrecy...
Klein stole a glance at their receding figures as he complimented them.

He focused on his work again and continued tapping on the typewriter.

Just as he was going to complete his special application, Leonard Mitchell came out of the restroom. He looked around while he buttoned his shirt. There was an unrestrained beauty in his messy hair.

“What’s the report you’re writing?” Leonard looked around the clerk’s office as he leaned against the door frame with his right foot tiptoed to balance himself and his hands tucked into his pockets.

His green eyes examined Klein with interest.

Klein typed the last word and the last punctuation mark. He then turned his head and smiled.

“Special application.”

“Special application?” Leonard asked, puzzled.

Klein picked up the paper and skimmed through it quickly. He casually explained, “A special application to advance to Sequence 8.”

Cough! Cough! Cough! Leonard suddenly coughed vigorously. He calmed down and asked,

“You’re already done digesting the potion?”

Digest? Bro, you know quite a bit... Klein held his special application and walked before Leonard. He lifted an eyebrow and said, “Yes.”

Then, he looked into his eyes and added softly with a chuckle, “I remember someone told me once that there are some people who are special, people who can do things that others can’t.

“Such as me.

“Such as you.”

Leonard was suddenly at a loss for words. He could only change his standing posture and take his hands out his pockets to cross them in front of his chest.

He opened his mouth and finally organized his words. He asked in a low voice, “Don’t you think that it’s too risky?”

As he already knew about digesting, he definitely understands that my advancement has no risk of losing control... Hmm, is he referring to the attention from the higher-ups in the Church? Klein explained while in thought, “Leonard, do you remember the first task that we worked on together? We were merely tracking kidnappers, but we realized that the room opposite had clues about the Antigonus family’s notebook...”

He repeated what he mentioned to Dunn once more.

Leonard’s expression grew heavy, and he nodded in agreement slightly.

He muttered to himself and said, “Maybe, I have to hurry up...”

Just as he finished, he suddenly looked at Klein and flashed a smile as he said, “Aren’t you going to share your experience with

us? The experience to quickly grasp a potion and avoid the risk of losing control!"

This guy sure can put on a facade quickly... Klein smiled and answered, "I'm more than willing to."

He was planning to seize the opportunity today to remind his Nighthawks teammates on how to minimize the risk of losing control.

Of course, to maintain his personal safety, he couldn't say it as straightforwardly as he did to Dunn Smith. At most, he could describe the idea vaguely, in a way that wouldn't alert anyone who was sent down by the higher-ups.

"Let's do it now then!" Leonard impatiently dragged Klein to the Nighthawks' recreation room.

At that very moment, other than Royale who was taking her shift at Chanis Gate, Frye, Kenley, and Seeka Tron were there playing cards.

"Everyone, everyone!" Leonard knocked on the half-closed door and spoke as if he was reciting a poem, "Let me introduce this man next to me, Mr. Klein Moretti, who has fully grasped his potion in a month and a half!"

...This guy is so dramatic... Klein suddenly felt awkward.

"What?" Even Seeka Tron, the author who wasn't famous and barely sold any books, cocked her head sideways as though she was testing her hearing ability.

“Leonard, don’t joke around. You’re always exaggerating things.” Kenley covered his cards helplessly.

Frye held his cards as he looked at Klein. He kept quiet for a while and said, “Are you sure that you’ve already fully grasped the potion?”

“Yes.” Klein could feel his concern and he nodded confidently. “There was an obvious indication.”

“What? Really?” Kenley shouted a delayed response and stood up.

Leonard chuckled and pointed at the paper in Klein’s hands as he said, “This is the special application that he’s going to hand in. The special application to advance to Sequence 8!”

“...How did you do it?” Seeka Tron had many questions, but she only voiced the one that concerned her the most after taking a deep breath.

She was normally quiet and elegant, but now she had a burning passion in her eyes that couldn’t be suppressed.

Klein found a chair and sat down. He lowered his voice and answered, “I found inspiration from the maxim of the Mystery Pryers.”

“Do as you wish, but do no harm?” Leonard supplemented.

“Yes. According to our confidential information, following this maxim gives the Mystery Pryers a lower probability of losing control,” Klein explained what he learned from Old Neil. “After

that, Madam Daly's example gave me a better understanding of the process."

"Spirit Medium Daly?" Kenley asked in reply, hoping to gain confirmation.

"Yes. Madam Daly has handed in a special application before. She only used two years to become a Spirit Medium from Corpse Collector. She once told Old Neil that she wanted to be a real Spirit Medium," Klein explained in detail. "With the experience I gained in the Divination Club and corresponding feedback that I've received, I gradually concluded my Seer principles. Then I followed it strictly and tried to become a real Seer... When I did so, I realized that the speed at which I grasped the potion became faster."

As they listened to Klein's recount, Frye, Seeka, and the rest fell into deep thought. Even Leonard pretended to be thinking.

"I'm going to hand in my special application." Klein waved the paper in his hands. "If you have any problems, do ask me privately."

"Alright," Frye replied coldly with a nod.

Klein left the recreation room and knocked on the door to the Captain's office again.

He sat down opposite to Dunn, then took up a pen and ink pad. He signed and stamped his thumbprint.

"Captain, this is my special application." After that, he passed the paper to Dunn with both hands.

Dunn looked through it carefully and put down the application.

"I'll submit it to the Holy Cathedral as soon as possible. You should be prepared to be examined. Perhaps next week or the following week."

"Alright." Klein took a deep breath and nodded seriously.

He stood up, exited the Captain's office, and closed the door behind him.

During the process, he thought about the application that he had sent in. There was a thought that popped up in his head.

I wonder what kind of examination it will be...