

Chapter 171: Promotion and Pay Raise

After leaving Azik's house, Klein took a public carriage back to Daffodil Street.

As he opened the door to his house, he suddenly saw a figure sitting in his dining room.

Klein instinctively tightened his grip on the cane in his hand, but quickly realized what was going on. It wasn't a thief, but his maid, Bella.

Bella was focused on reading a spread-out newspaper on the table. She jumped in shock when she heard the door open, quickly standing up and stammering, "I-I was just done with the tasks for the morning. I was w-waiting for the water to boil so that I could eat some bread."

I'm still not really used to having a maid in the house... Klein mocked himself. He took off his hat and nodded.

"Reading is a good habit. To be able to persist in reading, despite the busy workload, is something that's encouraged by the Goddess."

He used the name of the Goddess just in case Bella took his compliment as sarcasm.

But in reality, only the God of Knowledge and Wisdom would place this much emphasis on reading... Of course, all of the Churches advocate education... Yes, since she's about 18 years old and believes in the Goddess, Bella's love for reading must be influenced

by her parents. Parents like this would send their daughter to receive an education as long as they can afford it. Even if they cannot afford public schools, there are always the free schools provided by the Church. At most, it would just delay her education... Thus, Bella isn't illiterate. She can understand words and read the newspaper... Klein thought as he walked into the living room after setting his cane down.

He had quite a good impression of Bella.

Even though she was a little clumsy and obviously not used to the kitchen, she had shown a willingness to learn.

Bella let her hands hang down and said, embarrassed, "I didn't have the opportunity to read many newspapers in the past. The landlord didn't let us use old newspapers to clean the walls... I stole a glance at it when I picked up the newspapers just now to clean the coffee table. I thought that-that it was rather interesting."

What a pitiful lady. When I transmigrated, newspapers were the least interesting of things... Klein thought as he lampooned. He smiled and took out the silver pocket watch from his pocket. After looking at the time, he said, "As long as you complete your tasks and do them well, you are free to do whatever you want with the rest of your time. You don't need to be too nervous. Of course, if I'm having a chat with Benson and Melissa, it's best that you stay in your room. I will allow you to use the lamp inside and take a few old newspapers with you."

"Oh, please knock at my door at one in the afternoon, then prepare a cup of Sibe black tea, two pieces of soft white bread, a piece of wheat toast, and a small plate of butter for me."

In order to celebrate his advancement to Sequence 8, Klein decided to spoil himself slightly. He was going to eat the white

bread ahead of Benson who was planning on having it over the weekend.

Well, I'll buy eight more pounds of bread soon. In the future, we shall make the change in our staple dish, from wheat bread to white bread! As a Sequence 8 Beyonder, my weekly pay is definitely going to increase... To think that the Captain didn't mention this... He forgot again! Klein froze for a moment and decided to clarify it tomorrow.

"Alright," Bella replied in surprise and joy.

Following that, she asked with a little uncertainty, "Mr. Klein, do you mean the Sibe black tea used to entertain guests?"

She called him by his first name as Moretti could be used to refer to anyone in the family.

"Yes, that shall be my usual tea in the future." Klein waved his hand and made his way towards the stairs.

He suddenly noticed that he was in a decent financial situation after becoming a Clown.

This was partly because there were no other large expenses for the time being. He only needed to spend two soli on transport while he was investigating the houses with red chimneys, and on the materials that he needed to purchase occasionally. Claims could be made for the latter most of the time anyway.

Also, there was a sum of 300 pounds in Klein's anonymous bank account. It was important to understand that one are [\[1\]](#) of land in the countryside only cost five to six and a half soli, which was

another way of saying that Klein could afford 920 to 1200 ares of farmland, which was equivalent to 137 to 179 mou [2], or 23-30 acres back on Earth. Furthermore, this sum of money could allow Klein to buy a house on Daffodil Street on a contract for 15 years.

If I convert all that money into land, I'll get between 23 and 31 pounds a year in rent... That's not bad, but not necessary for the time being. I'll use that 300 pounds for emergencies... I'll have to find an opportunity to tell Benson and Melissa about my true weekly salary! Klein thought as he entered his room.

After locking the door to his room, Klein sat on the edge of his bed and started his Cogitation. He wanted to use this method to slowly control the powers seeping out of his potion. He was very careful and very cautious.

He had thought of the term “losing control” very lightly until he saw the Mandated Punisher who had lost control.

Of course, he didn't know that Mandated Punisher personally. He also didn't know what had happened to him. He subconsciously thought of him as an anomaly, a rare case.

It was just like how an average person would make comments about a murder they saw on the news before forgetting about it entirely.

But what happened to Old Neil shook Klein greatly. It made him realize very clearly that losing control was always a possibility, always around him. Loss of control might descend upon him in ways he had never thought about!

That sure was a bloody lesson... Klein ended his Cogitation and muttered to himself as he opened his eyes.

He had dreamed of that scene many times in the past few days, jolting awake in the process and finding himself drenched in cold sweat.

He wasn't only grieving Old Neil's death, but also worried about his future. If he didn't have Cogitation to help him sleep, he believed that there would be many sleepless nights in his future.

Other than digesting the potion, I also have to try my best to control my emotions and desires. I have to keep them within reasonable levels and not be consumed by them... Klein exhaled and laid down, quickly falling asleep.

On the day that Old Neil passed away, Dunn's actions and words had touched him greatly. It made him critically assess the responsibilities of a Nighthawk for the first time. It made him want to take up his responsibilities and help his Captain and teammates.

Thus, he didn't intend to waste his afternoon. He was going to continue his combat lessons.

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Three in the afternoon, on a crude training field.

The blond crew-cut Gawain creased his brows as he witnessed Klein slowly familiarize himself with the motions, going from the movements of a decent beginner to the movements of an apprentice knight who had been practicing for a good six months.

All this happened in the short span of forty minutes!

He called for Klein to stop and sized him up. He couldn't help but ask, "What happened?"

Klein had already come up with an excuse. He was prepared to attribute his performance to scientific research when Gawain added, "You don't need to answer if it's inconvenient for you to do so."

It looks like there was some communication between the police department and Gawain... It makes sense; he has to train Beyonders occasionally, so how could he not know? Klein heaved a sigh of relief. He smiled as he said, "Teacher, how long do you think I will need before I can take part in actual combat?"

Gawain crossed his arms and looked at Klein seriously. He replied with a raspy voice, "Two or three days, but that isn't enough!"

He explained, as if in thought, "Being able to take part in actual combat isn't the same as being good at fighting. The latter would take another two to three weeks.

"Furthermore, you need to gain mastery over weapons that you can bring with you, for example, a cane, whips, daggers, and triangular blades!"

...There's still so many to learn? Klein was dumbfounded.

Gawain swept his experienced gaze at him.

"Remember, every drop of sweat you lose here might save your life in the future."

“Yes, Teacher!” Klein pumped himself up and answered.

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On Sunday morning, Klein entered the Blackthorn Security Company and knocked on the door of the Captain’s office.

Dunn Smith looked up as if he was expecting this.

“I forgot to inform you yesterday. Your position at the police department has risen from probationary inspector to inspector now that you have advanced to Sequence 8. I’ll get them to issue the appropriate documents and epaulets to you as soon as possible.

“Your weekly salary will also increase from six pounds to ten pounds. The Church and the police department will each bear half of your salary. This salary is the level of an experienced Nighthawk; of course, I mean an experienced Nighthawk at Sequence 9.”

...Captain, are you following the wrong script? Klein was taken aback as he listened to the Captain. His eyebrows relaxed as he smiled.

“That’s more than I imagined.”

He had imagined that his weekly salary would only increase to eight pounds.

Dunn lifted his cup of coffee and took a sip.

“The increase in salary for Nighthawks is firstly dependent on years of service, second on contribution, and third on the level of your job. The third criterion is often highly correlated with your contributions.”

Right, without any contributions, even if one were to digest their potion, they would be unable to apply for the formula and materials... Klein nodded while in thought.

A weekly salary of 10 pounds, coupled with any bonuses would mean a yearly salary of about 540 pounds. Since he didn't need to pay any taxes, this salary was fairly high in the middle-income bracket, just lower than desirable occupations such as esteemed lawyers, famous architects, experienced surgeons, and government workers.

Even the vice president of the Loen Kingdom's treasury only makes 700 pounds a year before tax. That's at most 640 pounds after tax, probably lower... According to the newspapers, a decent house in Backlund and Hillston only costs about 2500 pounds. With Benson, Melissa, and my current expenditure, we could buy one in seven or eight years... To be able to afford a bungalow in the central area of the capital in just seven or eight years purely through my own efforts, this salary makes me happy indeed... Klein got up and bade farewell. He quickly walked to the basement and took his shift at Chanis Gate.

Before it was ten, he suddenly heard someone approaching Chanis Gate.

Soon after, Dunn appeared at the door.

“There's a case that requires your help.”

“An incident involving Beyonders?” Klein instinctively asked.

“No, a parliamentary representative of this city, Mr. Maynard, was found dead in his house. The Tingen Police Department is under huge pressure and wants us to use a mediumship ritual to help them pinpoint the murderer. Currently, you are the only person on the team who can do that,” Dunn explained. Then he added, “The Holy Cathedral will send over a Mystery Pryer to our team next week. Actually, it should’ve been done a long time ago, but you happened to join and chose to be a Seer.”

1. A metric historical unit of measurement, equal to 100 square meters.
2. Chinese unit of land measurement that varies with location but is commonly 666.5 square meters.