

## Chapter 43: Search

While looking at Klein, Leonard smiled and nodded.

“Then, do you need anything from them?”

He had cooperated with Old Neil and company numerous times, so he naturally knew that divination required a medium, especially when the person being divined was not present.

Klein thought for a moment before saying to Klee, “I need some of Elliott’s recent clothes which have not been washed or starched. It would be better if you have any accessories he used to wear on him.”

He tried to choose ordinary mediums, not something that would normally invite questions.

But even so, Klee wore a look of puzzlement.

“Why?”

After his question, he added, “I have a picture of Young Master Elliott on me.”

*Why? Because we are divining his location...* Klein was momentarily at a loss for an answer.

If he answered truthfully, ignoring the fact that it violated the

confidentiality clause, Klee would likely storm out immediately and rip apart the contract while cursing, “This bunch of cheats! If that works, why don’t I find the most famous Spirit Medium in Awwa County!”

By the side, Leonard Mitchell chuckled and said, “Mr. Klee, my partner, um—colleague rears a unique pet. Its sense of smell is sharper than a hound’s. That’s why we need clothes that little Elliott wore and items he used to wear on him to aid us in finding him. As you know, clues typically bring you to a general region.”

“As for the picture, we would need it too. Both of us need to know what little Elliott looks like.”

Klee accepted the reason by nodding slowly.

“Will you be waiting here, or will you be going with me to Mr. Vickroy’s residence in the city?”

“Let’s go together. It saves time,” replied Klein simply.

Not only was he eager to try out his abilities as a Beyonder, but he also wanted to save the child.

“Alright, the carriage is downstairs.” As Klee spoke, he took out a black-and-white photograph and handed it to Leonard.

It was a picture of Elliott Vickroy alone. He was about ten years old with rather long hair that nearly covered his eyes. There were obvious freckles on his face and he did not seem to stand out.

Leonard glanced at it and handed it to Klein.

Klein took a careful look and placed the photograph into his pocket. Then, he took his cane and put on his hat. He followed the two out of Blackthorn Security Company and boarded the carriage downstairs.

The carriage's interior was rather spacious. It was lined with thick carpet and a tiny table to rest items on.

As Klee was around, Klein and Leonard did not say a word. They quietly took in the experience of traversing the pooling roads in a carriage.

"The carriage driver is quite good." Leonard broke the silence after some time with praise and a smile.

"Yeah." Klein answered perfunctorily.

Klee forced a smile and said, "Your compliments are his honor. We will be there soon..."

As they were afraid of alerting the kidnappers, the carriage did not stop at the Vickroy's residence. Instead, it stopped at the side of a nearby street.

Klee held an umbrella and returned along. After waiting for some time, Leonard talked to Klein again.

"My surmise the last time was not without a goal. I was just trying to tell you that the notebook will definitely appear again. Perhaps, it might be soon."

“That really isn’t a happy surmise.” Klein used his chin to gesture towards the carriage driver outside, indicating that he did not wish to discuss sensitive topics with outsiders around.

Leonard whistled and turned his head to look out the window. He saw raindrops streak across the glass, leaving behind blurry marks. It made the world outside a complete blur.

After a while, Klee returned with a bag of items. Since he walked in a hurry, the edge of his trousers were soiled and his shirtfront was slightly wet.

“These are the clothes Young Master Elliott wore yesterday. This is the Storm Amulet he used to wear.”

Klein took it and glanced at it. He discovered it to be a miniature gentleman’s formal suit—a small shirt, vest, bow tie, etc.

And the Storm Amulet was made of bronze. It was carved with symbols representing gales and sea waves, but they did not trigger Klein’s perception.

“I’ll recount in detail the incidents leading up to Young Master Elliott’s kidnapping. Hopefully, it will let you find him easier...” Klee sat down and described the nightmare that happened in the morning, hoping that the helpers he went through great trouble to hire would be of help.

Klein and Leonard held no interest in the specifics. All they cared about was the number of kidnappers, if anything unusual had happened, or if they had any weapons.

“Three,” “normal,” “armed with firearms...” After obtaining the

desired information, they bade Klee farewell and hired a two-wheeled light carriage.

Unlike public carriages, private-hire carriages were either four-wheeled or two-wheeled. They were charged either by time or distance. The latter was at four pence a kilometer in the city and eight pence a kilometer outside. The former cost two soli per hour or part thereof. After the first hour, there were additional charges of six pence every fifteen minutes. In inclement weather or if the customer needed to go faster, the fare could even be higher.

Klein had heard from Azik that in the capital, Backlund, these carriage drivers were famous for quoting outrageous prices.

To him, taking a private carriage was quite a luxury. However, he did not need to worry about this at the moment since Leonard had tossed two one-soli notes to the carriage driver.

“Charge it by the time.” After Leonard gave his instructions, he closed the carriage’s door.

“Where are you going?” The carriage driver was delighted and puzzled as he held the two notes.

“Wait a moment.” Leonard cast his gaze at Klein.

Klein nodded slightly and took out Elliott’s clothes. He spread it out on the carriage’s floor and then wound the Storm Amulet around his cane’s handle.

He held the silver-inlaid black cane and hung it straight over Elliott’s clothes.

He gathered the sphere of light in his head as his mind rapidly turned still. His brown eyes quickly turned deeper in color as he entered a half-Cogitation state.

He felt his body's "spirit" turning light. He vaguely saw the world of spirits everywhere. He silently said, "Elliott's location."

After repeating it seven times, he released his grip of the black cane, but the cane did not fall to the ground. It remained standing in front of him even though the carriage was shaking!

Minute but invisible stirrings happened around Klein and he felt as if pairs of eyes were looking at him.

Over the past few days, Klein had felt this sensation occasionally when he was in the state of Cogitation or Spiritual Vision.

With a little fear, he looked at the cane with his deep black eyes. He recited once again in his heart, "Elliott's location."

"Elliott's location."

After he finished saying that, the cane fell and pointed straight ahead.

"Straight." Klein held the cane and said in a deep voice.

His voice sounded a little ethereal as though it could penetrate the unknown world.

This was one of the divination abilities he had grasped. It was

called “Dowsing Rod Seeking.” The tool of choice had to be wooden, metallic, or a mixture of both.

In ordinary circumstances, he would require two real dowsing rods. Dowsing rods were shaped like two straight metal wires tapered to an edge. He would hold on to the shorter side and turn it to ascertain the correct direction. But as a Seer, Klein realized that through practice, he could search for people directly using this method. He could also use his cane as a replacement for dowsing rods. The direction in which the cane fell was the direction of the item he was seeking.

As for the Antigonus family’s notebook, Klein could not remember it at all. Without the slightest impression, there was no way for him to find it.

“Go straight.” Leonard instructed the carriage driver loudly. “We will tell you when there’s a need to turn.”

The carriage driver did not understand why that was necessary, but the notes in his pocket and the willingness of his passengers to hand over the money kept him quiet. He chose to follow the strange instructions.

The carriage proceeded slowly, passing through one street after another.

Midway, Klein used Dowsing Rod Seeking to correct their direction.

After the carriage circled a building once, he finally determined that Elliott was inside. It had only been thirty minutes since they bade Klee farewell.

After sending off the cane, Klein did not continue using Elliott's clothes. Instead, he placed the cane, entwined with the Storm Amulet directly onto the ground.

His eyes turned dark once again as the raindrops around him suddenly spun in place.

The cane fell to the front with a slant. Klein pointed at the staircase and said, "There."

"At times, I really envy Old Neil. Similarly, I envy you now." Upon seeing this scene, Leonard smiled with a sigh.

Klein shot him a glance and replied with a calm tone, "This is nothing difficult. If you are willing to learn, you would definitely be able to master it... Your perceptivity should be very high, right?"

Leonard nodded and chuckled.

"That's not something good."

He quickened his pace and walked into the building amid the ending rain.

Klein was afraid of drenching his formal suit, so he jogged in tow.

The building only had three stories. It was similar to a unit block from Earth. The entrance to each floor was situated along the flight of stairs. There were only two units on per floor. Klein used Dowsing Rod Seeking on both the first and second floors, but the



cane remained still while pointing upward.

The two of them quieted their footsteps and arrived at the third floor. Klein once again placed the black cane on the floor.

*Whoosh!*

A breeze blew across the stairs as his pupils changed colors. The darkness seemed like it could suck the souls of people.

*Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!*

Sobs seemed to sound out around them.

Klein relaxed his palm as the cane with the entwined Storm Amulet magically stood erect.

He silently read “Elliott’s location” again. He watched his black cane drop silently as it pointed to the right room.

“They should be in there.” While Klein picked up his cane, he tapped his glabella twice.

Various colors saturated as he looked at the right room. He saw all sorts of auras inside.

“One, two, three, four... Three kidnappers and one hostage. The numbers match... One of their auras is short. It’s likely Elliott... Mr. Klee said that they have two hunting rifles and a revolver...” Klein whispered.

Leonard chuckled.

“Let me recite a poem for them.”

“Why be a kidnapper? Why can’t you happily be civilized person?”

He put down the bag with Elliott’s clothes and took two steps forward. His expression suddenly turned serene and melancholic.

His magnetic and deep voice gradually sounded.

“Oh, the threat of horror, the hope of crimson cries!

“One thing at least is certain—that this Life flies;

“One thing is certain, and the rest is Lies;

“The Flower that once has bloomed forever dies...”