

## Chapter 126: Divination Isn't All-Powerful

*Sis, you worry too much, no—you're just so meticulous!* Klein was suddenly energized. He smiled and said, "Melissa, your concern is very reasonable. It's true that I'm actually a little hungry. Yeah, let me change and take a shower."

Although his mouth was already watering, it was even more important to confirm Instigator Trissy's whereabouts!

No one knew what insane measures that bastard would take in order to exact revenge on society!

"Okay." Melissa didn't lift her head but continued her revision.

*Tap. Tap. Tap.* Klein ran to the second floor and entered his bedroom.

He locked the door, took off his jacket, and underarm holster. Then, he took out a simple silver knife from the drawer.

After sealing his room with a spirituality wall, he took a breath, steadied his emotions, and walked four steps counterclockwise.

After the usual incantation, Klein appeared once again in the lofty palace above the gray fog. He was getting used to the mad ravings that he heard during the transportation process.

Having completed a few rituals that day, he massaged his temples as he was slightly tired. He willed a piece of brown goatskin to appear on the long bronze table.

Klein thought seriously, then wrote down the divination statement: “Trissy’s whereabouts.”

He wasn’t sure if the name was written correctly, but he could use the girl’s appearance and other detailed information as a guide as well.

He held the goatskin and leaned back into the chair. He recalled the things related to Trissy in his head, then recited the divination statement seven times.

He emptied his mind, closed his eyes, and entered a dream state with the aid of Cogitation.

In the illusory scene amidst the fog, he saw a steam engine that spurted dense smoke and sparks. He also saw the rows of leather seats in a clean train carriage.

The gentle and sweet-looking Trissy with her round face and long eyes sat near a window. There was a checkered fishnet hat on the table before her.

Klein made repeated attempts to confirm the train number, but he failed to discern it.

Soon, he couldn’t stand the pressure and left his dream. The long bronze table and illusory crimson stars appeared before his eyes again.

“I could only confirm that Trissy took the steam locomotive and left Tingen. There weren’t any more clues... Sigh, it seems like this mysterious space only helps me eliminate interferences, but it doesn’t do much to enhance the standard of my divinations...”

Klein rapped the edge of the table and thought about his next step.

Through the divination, he could be entirely certain that the target had once been Instigator Tris. The new Trissy, however, was already fleeing Tingen. Given the circumstances, he didn't think his new divination would help Dunn.

Klein quickly made a decision. "Captain already said that he would send a telegram to Backlund, Enmat Harbor, and other main stops along the railway, so they Trissy will be placed on the wanted list throughout the country. I won't report the divination result then, in case it would draw suspicion towards me..." Klein quickly made up his mind, because regardless of his warning, Dunn was already using the most appropriate measures to follow up on the matter.

Since he couldn't see the train number in the dream divination, using the spirit pendulum and other methods would be equally ineffective, even if he attempted to do so by process of elimination.

It was just like the situation with the red chimney.

At that moment, he felt mentally drained, so he didn't stay above the gray fog any longer but enveloped himself with his spirituality and simulated the feeling of falling.

When he "returned" to his room, his mind was filled with the thought of tasty, glistening mutton.

"I must add some fennel... Praise the Lady!" Klein swallowed his saliva, swiftly removed the spirituality wall, and opened his door.

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The next morning at twenty minutes to nine, he entered the Blackthorn Security Company with his cane in hand.

“Good morning, Klein! I have good news!” Rozanne waved her hands excitedly from behind the reception desk.

Klein eyes lit up as he asked, “We caught Trissy?”

“Trissy? Who is she?” The green-dressed Rozanne looked lost.

“...You probably don’t know her. What’s the good news?” Klein redirected the topic.

Rozanne replied with a glowing smile, “The Captain’s request has been approved. The police department is going to transfer two police staff members who have come across supernatural incidents to be clerks here! I finally don’t need to frequently stay up all night! Praise the Lady!”

“That’s great news,” Klein echoed sincerely.

After exchanging a few more pleasantries with Rozanne, he went through the partition and went underground. He planned to continue with his mysticism lessons.

When he passed the Captain’s office and the Nighthawks’ recreation room, he popped his head in and looked around. He saw that Dunn, Leonard, and the rest were still there. It meant that the search and elimination investigation the night before had failed to return anything worthwhile. The rest would be

handed over to the police department, so that they could take care of the tedious follow-up tasks.

At first, Klein wanted to chat with the Captain to get an update on the situation. But he saw that Captain was busy typing telegrams, so he decided not to disturb him. He could ask the Captain again at lunch.

He went underground by following the stairs and saw the two classic gas lamps in their metal racks. He saw the ever-quiet corridor which was lit up by the light behind the glass.

He breathed in the cold but refreshing breeze, took a few steps, and suddenly stopped.

He suddenly looked towards the gas lamp and his eyebrows gradually creased.

He had made a crucial mistake!

A mistake that could only be made by someone with knowledge from Earth!

In his divination above the gray fog the night before, Klein had seen Trissy taking a steam locomotive. Hence, he subconsciously believed that it was something happening at that moment.

But—this world had yet to invent electric lights or similar equipment. When the sky grew dark, there were almost no steam locomotives in operation that ferried humans. Klein, who was accustomed to trains which operated at night, had instinctively missed out on that fact!

In other words, it wasn't something that happened last night!

It was a scene from the future!

Which meant that it was going to happen that day or the day after!

Klein's heartstrings tightened and he paced back and forth. Then he went upstairs again.

He knocked and opened the door to the recreation room, and he saw that Leonard was reciting a poem by the window, looking helpless.

Klein ignored Kenley, Royale, and Seeka Tron who were playing cards. He looked towards Leonard and said, "I have a question for you."

"Would it be that you want to learn tricks to entertain the ladies?" Leonard teased, putting down *Selected Poems* by Roselle.

He exited the recreation room and followed Klein halfway down the stairs that led underground. He then looked into Klein's eyes and said with a chuckle, "It seems like you did a successful divination last night."

Klein didn't explain further but said straightforwardly, "I divined that Trissy will leave on a steam locomotive."

After their conversation at the workhouse in the West Borough, he didn't mind appearing slightly special before Leonard.

“Steam locomotive, the earliest train is at seven in the morning...” Leonard took out his pocket watch from his shirt and flipped it open to take a glance. “No time to waste! I’ll tell the Captain that I received a reliable tip.”

He quickly went upstairs and left the Blackthorn Security Company. After waited downstairs for a few minutes, he returned and went into Dunn Smith’s office.

Klein heaved a sigh of relief and watched the Captain send a telegram after gathering the other Nighthawks who were playing cards. They soon left out the door.

Recalling what happened earlier, he felt conflicted. It was a different lesson than the one he received from the death of the suited clown. He had committed a mistake with similar characteristics which made him seem to understand this lesson more, leaving a deeper impression on him.

Turning past the armory and entering the duty room, he took off his top hat and coat, then hung them onto the clothes rack naturally.

Old Neil had just finished making himself some hand-ground coffee. He happily took a sip and asked, “Would you like one?”

“Alright.” Klein sat down, as carefree as if he had returned home.

Old Neil glanced at him and frowned, quipping, “Still three cubes of sugar with a spoon of milk? You’re such a sweet tooth. This is harmful to your teeth and your body.”

“No, no, no, I only like it sweet when I’m drinking coffee. When I

have grilled steak or roasted meat, I prefer rose salt, black pepper, fennel, and other condiments.” Klein always believed that he was a fan of all flavors.

Old Neil finished the coffee quickly. He pushed it over and said, “Do you want to take a break or start straightaway?”

“Let me settle down for a few minutes. The Captain and the team got a tip about Trissy’s whereabouts, and they are on the way to the steam locomotive station. I wonder what the outcome will be...” Klein sighed.

Old Neil clicked his tongue and said, “Is the tip detailed enough? Are they sure which train it is?”

“No, it’s not confirmed,” Klein said, pursing his lips.

Old Neil suddenly laughed. “Under such circumstances, the possibility of failure is much higher than success. Trissy should be a Sequence 7 Beyonder and a Beyonder at that level won’t be captured so easily. Heh heh, don’t rely on divination, divination isn’t all-powerful. You’ll only obtain symbolic signs which are very easy to interpret them wrongly or ignore something.”

Klein recalled the mistake that he made this time and felt melancholic. He nodded sincerely.

“Yeah, divination isn’t all-powerful.”

After he said that, he sighed. His mind, body, and soul suddenly entered a magical state. He leaned backwards slightly, intending to let out a breath. Just then, he suddenly heard an illusory shattering noise in his ear.



He felt something dissolving inside him, blending together with his spirit.

Klein half-closed his eyes and experienced the unique and indescribable feeling in silence.

Klein didn't need anyone to tell him that it was a result of the complete digestion of the Seer potion.

...

The first town that the Tussock River passed by after it flowed through Tingen City was called Wienia. It was also the first stop from Tingen to Backlund for the steam locomotive.

On the platform, Trissy changed into a long beige dress and put on a woman's circular hat. Fine fishnet gauze hung down from the edge of her hat, covering half her face. Her appearance became blurry and indiscernible.

She had already sent a telegram to her partner in Tingen, to remind the other person to be careful. She told them that she had used money she burgled to buy a steam locomotive ticket to Backlund.

The reason Trissy didn't get on the train from Tingen but went downstream to Wienia was because she still had her instinct and rich experience as an assassin.

*Woo!*

A train let out a long and sharp whistle as the long metal

behemoth chugged to a stop next to the platform while spurting smoke and sparks.

Trissy didn't carry any luggage and entered the first cabin. At the same time, she decided to get off the train after three stations and enter Backlund through other methods.

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In the basement of Saint Selena Cathedral, Klein closed his eyes and leaned backwards in his seat.

He took in the complete digestion of the potion, and he faintly saw one illusory star after another. Those stars seemed to share a baffling connection with him, and they seemed to want to lump together and fuse as one.

After the indescribable feeling of hunger and thirst receded, Klein returned to normal and stopped having any additional experiences.

*But my mind feels a lot more relaxed and pure...* He opened his eyes and thought.

At that moment, he knew that he had become a real, complete Seer.