

## Chapter 99: Red Chimney

Late in the afternoon, Klein returned home and drew the curtains, allowing his room to slip into darkness.

He took out his pen and paper and thought for a long time, finally writing down a sentence: “The kidnapping of Elliott was due to Beyonder elements.”

As a Seer, Klein had tried to divine if those coincidences were a consequence of unnatural developments, but the results showed otherwise.

This time, he was influenced by Azik to look into these events again. He also drew lessons from the suited clown. He seriously designed an appropriate divination statement, eliminating any descriptions that might be vague or cause confusion.

“Yes, I should break down the three coincidences and divine them separately...” Klein nodded in thought as he slowly removed the topaz from his wrist.

He held the spirit pendulum with his left hand and allowed it to hang close over the divination statement on the paper.

He collected himself and entered a state of Cogitation. With his eyes closed, Klein started chanting repeatedly, “The kidnapping of Elliott was due to Beyonder elements.”

...

As he recited the statement over and over again, Klein opened his eyes and looked at the pendulum, only to see the topaz turning counterclockwise slowly.

"It's still a negative..." Klein muttered to himself. He designed several other divination statements, but the results persisted—there was nothing strange about that incident.

He then separately divined the "event of Ray Bieber's stay in Tingen" and "Selena's magic mirror divination incident," but the answers for both events were normal.

*Heh, was I, a real Seer, frightened by the charlatan Mr. Azik? Besides, Captain and the others didn't feel that anything was off...* Klein laughed and shook his head. But he remained cautious. He planned on using the dream divination technique to get a final confirmation.

After some thought, he changed the divination statement to fit the change in method.

"The true reason for Elliott's kidnapping." As he scribbled with the fountain pen, Klein paused and pondered over his words.

After reading it over and over again, he tore the slip of paper and walked toward his bed. He relaxed and laid down.

With the divination statement in hand, Klein quickly fell asleep with the help of Cogitation.

He found himself in a contorted, broken world. Regaining his senses, he began swimming through the blur.

Gradually, he saw the few kidnappers. He saw them lose their final chip at a gambling table, saw them obtain guns from underground sources, and saw them survey the area. They even rented the apartment across Ray Bieber's apartment as their hideout...

These didn't form a continuous scene, instead, they were presented in the form of flashing pictures. Klein couldn't find anything that was abnormal.

Furthermore, it had also aligned with the statements given by the kidnappers.

After exiting the dream, Klein separately divined the other two incidents but had the same result. Their developments followed logic. The coincidences were really coincidences.

"I was indeed overthinking things. Mr. Azik is merely a divination enthusiast..." Klein stabilized his pendulum and shook his head with a bitter smile.

He was about to draw the curtains and allow sunlight into the room when he froze.

"From the original Klein's impression of Mr. Azik, he is a dependable and trustworthy person. He had never once said anything baseless. Even if he was always quarreling with Mentor, it was limited to academic topics, and each of them had their reasons... If he was truly a mere divination enthusiast, he wouldn't have interacted with me like that... And the memories of original Klein has nothing about him liking divination... Of course, this could be due to the loss of a corresponding memories..." Klein frowned and couldn't ease his worries. He needed a way to confirm this.

He suspected that Mr. Azik had unwittingly come across some insider information and was trying to remind him by using divination as an excuse.

"How should I confirm this?" Klein paced back and forth across the dark room, trying to recall the other divination techniques he knew.

One step, two steps, three steps. He suddenly halted as an idea came to him.

"Let's assume that these coincidences are dubious. I'm unable to divine a result either because my Sequence isn't high enough or I'm being affected by outside interference, but I can change my environment! I can change my environment to someplace that is even more mysterious and even harder to understand." Klein felt pumped. He pulled open his drawer and took out a silver dagger.

He concentrated and allowed his spirituality to flow out from the tip of the dagger, becoming one with his surroundings.

With each step he took, the wall of spirituality sealed off the entire room.

Klein planned on doing the divination above the gray fog, to do the divination in that mysterious world!

...

In the magnificent ancient divine hall above the endless gray fog.

Klein sat at the seat of honor on one end of the bronze table. Before him was a piece of goatskin he willed into existence.

He lifted a pen and tried writing the divination statement as he had previously.

“The kidnapping of Elliott was due to Beyonder elements.”

He held the spirit pendulum and hung it low. Klein quickly composed himself as he turned silent and ethereal.

Half-closing his eyes, he recited the statement seven times, using his spirituality to interact with the spiritual world that stood above all.

Feeling the tug of the silver chain, Klein opened his eyes to look at the pendulum.

The sight made him freeze immediately.

The pendulum was spinning clockwise!

This meant that there was a Beyonder element behind Elliott’s kidnapping!

This was completely different from the result he had gotten in the outside world!

*There were no traces of any interference... Such power or means is terrifying... What's the motive of the person behind this? Is my fate intertwined with the Antigonus family's diary? Klein was*

immensely shocked. He lost his calm and the rotation of the pendulum slipped into chaos.

He put down the topaz and rubbed his glabella. His expression was abnormally grave.

After contemplating for a few seconds, he didn't attempt to divine the other two events. Instead, he wrote a new divination statement: "The true reason for Elliott's kidnapping."

He held the paper in his hand and recited the statement seven times. Klein leaned back and fell into sleep above the fog.

Soon, he saw a boundless, illusory grayish-white fog.

The fog dissipated slowly, revealing a colorful lawn filled with flowers.

The space behind the flowers and the plains was folding into itself, like a monster that had come alive.

Klein tried his best to look forward, barely making out an image of a dark red chimney.

At this point, the scene before him shattered, putting an end to his dream.

Klein abruptly straightened his back in the majestic divine hall. His heart was beating wildly without reason.

*Phew... It felt like I had just spied on a terrifying thing... He took*

in two deep breaths to stabilize his chaotic emotions.

*Tap. Tap. Tap.* Klein tapped on the side of the table sometime later and slipped into deep thought.

*Red chimney... garden... lawn... How is this related to the person behind all of this? I cannot determine his motive from the coincidences, nor can I conclude that there is any evil intent...*

In the midst of this thinking, Klein felt alarmed, for himself, Captain, Frye, and the others.

*We are like puppets dancing on a string. What's even scarier is that we thought so highly of ourselves...*

*Sigh... I don't know how to raise this matter to Captain. Old Neil's divination produced the same results as mine in the outside world... If they asked me to confirm it in front of them, I have no way of doing that... Klein rubbed his temples as if he had a headache.*

After nearly twenty seconds of calm, he began divining the “event of Ray Bieber’s stay in Tingen.” Similarly, he first used spirit dowsing.

This time, Klein was shocked to see his topaz hang motionless. It was neither a confirmation or rejection of the statement.

“Strange...” he muttered. He started to guess the reasons for this phenomenon, “The person behind this has sensed my divinations and engaged in countermeasures?”

Following this, he tried the dream divination technique, but all he saw were fragmented pieces of fog. He no longer made any new discoveries.

The results of “Selena’s magic mirror divination incident” were the same.

Klein could almost confirm his conjecture at this point. Since he had no way of notifying Captain Dunn Smith for the time being, he had an unprecedented motivation to improve his abilities.

“I must head to the Divination Club later and quickly succeed in my ‘acting’ to digest the Seer potion... Also, I have to confirm whether the Clown potion is indeed the subsequent Sequence of Seer, as well as gather clues about it... In addition, I have to interact more with Mr. Azik and see if I can dig up whatever inside information he holds...” Klein held his forehead with his right palm and quickly drew up a plan, and determined his focal point.

After some thought, a goatskin appeared in front of him again. He picked up his pen and wrote:

“The corresponding Sequence 8 of Sequence 9 Seer is Clown.”

From his prior experience, the present Klein was completely convinced that his divination abilities were augmented and enhanced above the gray fog.

“Just like how raids are usually successful... is this the result of having good luck?” he muttered and picked up his spirit pendulum.

Sometime later, Klein received a definitive answer:

The corresponding Sequence 8 of Sequence 9 Seer was Clown!

He then wrote on the paper once again.

“The corresponding Sequences 8, 7, 6, and 5 of Seer would grant at least one brand new, unrelated power.”

Klein exhaled as he tried spirit dowsing again.

However, he saw the topaz hang motionlessly without any rotations.

“There isn’t enough information to complete the divination and receive a revelation?” he muttered to himself while seemingly deep in thought. Then, he set down the silver chain and began considering the required statement for a dream divination.

Nearly twenty seconds later, he picked up his fountain pen and wrote seriously: “Clues to the Clown potion.”