

## **Inevitability 18**

Chapter 18: "Straightforward" Translator: CKtalon

Madame Pualis... Lumian was shocked to see Madame Pualis standing outside his door. He had the illusion that someone had come to his place to silence him, but knowing that his sister was upstairs and had superpowers, he calmed down significantly.

Exhaling slowly, Lumian walked over and opened the door.

There were two women standing outside the door. The one in front was wearing a pure black and exquisite corset dress. She had a shawl of the same color on her shoulders, fishnet gloves on her hands, and a lady's round hat that was slightly slanted.

She was dressed in black, with only a diamond necklace inlaid with gold hanging on her chest.

Her eyebrows were slightly thin, framing her bright, smiling brown eyes. Her long brown hair was tied into a high bun, and her facial features were not outstanding, but when combined, they had a clean and charming beauty. Coupled with her elegant temperament and graceful posture, it made the night at Lumian's door that was dyed a little red seem much fresher because of her. There was also a faint fragrance coming from her.

Madame Pualis, the wife of the Cordu village administrator and the territory's judge, Béost.

Lumian knew he had to add words like "the mistress of the padre", "suspected witch", "help-seeking suspect," and "the fair naked body in the cathedral" in his heart. However, these were not suitable to be said out loud. Otherwise, Madame Pualis would definitely change her expression on the spot.

If he succeeded in angering her, disaster might follow.

**"Madame Pualis, what's the matter?" Lumian deliberately looked out at the sky, hinting that it was not appropriate for Madame Pualis to visit at this time.**

Madame Pualis's red lips were a little moist as she spoke softly, "I'm here to discuss something with your sister Aurore."

From her appearance alone, she did not look like a woman in her thirties with two children. She was at most in her late twenties.

Lumian deliberated for a moment and made way.

**"Aurore is upstairs, writing for her newspaper column," he informed the entering Madame Pualis.**

Pualis nodded and said to the lady's maid beside her, "Cathy, wait for me downstairs."

**"Yes, Madame." Dressed in a black-and-white lady's maid outfit, Cathy took a few steps towards the warm stove.**

Lumian led Madame Pualis through the kitchen and towards the stairs.

Madame Pualis stopped at the corner.

**“What's wrong?” Lumian turned around and pretended to be confused.**

Madame Pualis asked with a smile, “Did you deliberately bring the three foreigners to the cathedral?”

She's finally here to question me... Lumian didn't panic but instead calmed down.

Lumian's previous experience of pranking and infuriating people had taught him that at such times, he could not directly answer the other party's question, nor could he defend himself. The best choice was to blame the other party for making a certain error!

Of course, this still depended on the situation. Turning around and running was an alternative.

Lumian revealed a furious look as he gazed at Madame Pualis and said, “You guys were actually having an affair in God's cathedral!”

He then spread open his arms and seemingly gestured as though he was “embracing the sun.”

**“My God, my Father, forgive the sacrilege of this guilty man and woman.”**

Madame Pualis watched him quietly, the ends of her lips curling beautifully.

**“I think God will forgive us. I read a book once that said, 'A lady who shares a bed with her true love is cleansed of all sins, for love legitimizes pleasure, as though from the purest of hearts.' I'm very happy with Guillaume Bénét. Therefore, the Eternal Blazing Sun wouldn't be angry about this. It's not a sin.”**

What kind of books are you reading, Madame... Lumian couldn't help but inwardly criticize.

**“But,” Madame Pualis continued, “this is indeed disrespectful to St. Sith.”**

Every region of Intis had one or two guardian angels or saints, recognized by the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun or the Church of the God of Steam and Machinery's canon, or they had made special contributions in Intis's history. They were well known and respected by the two Churches.

In the Dariège region, the saint in charge of the Eternal Blazing Sun Church was St. Sith. Every Eternal Blazing Sun cathedral here could actually be called Saint Sith Cathedral. However, to differentiate them, only the largest and core cathedral was called that. Others had other names in place.

Therefore, Madame Pualis and the padre having an affair in the cathedral was equivalent to St. Sith's butler secretly bringing someone home and doing the deed in his master's bedroom. It was a great disrespect to the patron saint.

“That's right,” Lumian nodded solemnly. “Isn't the padre ashamed?”

Madame Pualis burst into laughter.

After laughing, she said to Lumian, “Back then, I also persuaded him. I said, 'Oh la la, how can we do such a thing in the cathedral of St. Sith?' Guess what the padre said? He said, 'Oh, then St. Sith might have to put up with it a little.’”

Lumian, who was inexperienced in such matters, was momentarily at a loss for words.

“He's blaspheming the saint!” He finally managed to force out this sentence.

Madame Pualis looked like she was reminiscing.

“That's how he is. He's bold and direct, like a bandit who breaks through the door to your soul while swearing curses. He's completely different from the gentlemen in Dariège. Perhaps that's why I slept with him.”

“That's just the normal behavior of some men in heat. Not to mention Saint Sith, even if a deity was there, he would make Him wait.” Despite his lack of experience, Lumian had read enough novels written by Aurore to know a thing or two about human desire. “This belongs to having his mind controlled by his lower body. No, his head was already empty during that period, filled with another liquid.”

Madame Pualis smiled.

“I know that's the reason, but he did appear very charming in that situation. Heh heh, you're indeed an inexperienced young man. Don't you know that the same words will make people feel differently in different environments and moods?”

“I remember the first time I had sex with the padre. He stood there, looked me in the eyes, and said to me, 'Pualis, I want to go deeper in understanding your body and mind.' If it were any other time, I

would only find him a crude and vulgar pervert. I would have called for help to stop him, but at that time, my body went limp. The mood was just right.”

Madame Pualis smiled charmingly.

“It's like, if I had my eye on any man, I'd say to him, 'How does my place tonight sound?'

“If he really comes, I'll bring him straight into the bedroom and tell him, 'I want to make love with you. I love you.'

“Lumian, as a man, how would you answer at a time like this?”

Lumian usually told dirty jokes to the men in the village. Although he was a little uncomfortable, he managed to keep his composure. He tried his best to recall the stories his sister had written and the novels written by other contemporary authors. After some deliberation, he said, “Madame, you are my sunshine.”

“Very talented...” Madame Pualis complimented.

As she spoke, she leaned forward, her eyes becoming moist.

A warm breath immediately blasted Lumian's ear, and a slightly magnetic and gentle female voice sounded softly.

“I want to make love with you...”

At that moment, Lumian's heart couldn't help but tremble. His body felt numb, as though he had received an electric shock from touching a broken electrical lamp.

He immediately took a step up the stairs and said to Madame Pualis, “Aurore should be waiting for you.”

“Indeed.” Madame Pualis straightened her back with a smile on her face.

It was as if nothing had happened.

This woman... Lumian suddenly felt a little afraid of this woman.

He turned around and reached the second floor in a few steps, with Madame Pualis following at a steady pace.

Aurore was already waiting outside the bedroom when she heard the doorbell.

“What took so long?” She looked at Lumian.

Lumian explained vaguely, “We talked about the cathedral.”

Aurore understood immediately. She gave her brother a look that said, “Pray for good luck from the Eternal Blazing Sun.”

She turned to Madame Pualis, who had just arrived on the second floor, and asked with a smile, “What's the matter?”

“I wanted to talk about the preparations for Lent. I might need your help with a celebration,” Madame Pualis said with a smile.

“You caught me at a bad moment...” Aurore found an excuse to decline.

Madame Pualis pointed at the door and said, “How about you hear it first?”

“Alright.” Aurore remained polite.

Watching his sister and Madame Pualis enter the study and close the wooden door, Lumian nodded indiscernibly.

Acting normally without showing any trace of returning to the 'crime scene'...

Suddenly, an idea struck him like a bolt of lightning.

There is a high chance that Madame Pualis is a female Warlock. Can I get supernatural powers from her?

It would be much more convenient and safer than facing that owl head-on while searching for the truth of the Warlock or exploring the dangerous dream ruins...

After all, I have to unlock the secret as soon as possible to eliminate any hidden dangers. It's less risky once I obtain superpowers.

But Lumian soon became vigilant and shook his head.

He then self-reflected, How can I think that way?

I don't even know if Madame Pualis is a friend or foe. How can I seek supernatural power through her?

Yes, her actions didn't paint her to be a good person just now. She even made me feel a sense of danger...

What's wrong with me recently? Am I too hasty and rash in pursuing superpowers? It's as if I'll die if I don't obtain them quickly...

It had been nearly two years since Lumian discovered that his sister was a Warlock. Though he had tried to obtain supernatural powers before, he had never worked as hard as he had in the past few days. No matter if the opportunity was good or bad, or if there was danger, as long as there seemed to be hope, he could not wait to come into contact with it. It was as if he was not picky with food after starving for ages.

Phew... Thank goodness I sensed the problem in time. Otherwise, I might end up taking a more deviated and dangerous path. Lumian let out a long sigh, relieved that he had regained his normal state of mind.

But he knew it was impossible to stop pursuing supernatural powers. He just needed choices. After all, the dangerous dream had already revealed itself, and the undercurrents in the village were getting more and more turbulent.