

Inevitability 30

Chapter 30 – 30 Lent Begins

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The woman turned her head to look out of Ol' Tavern's window.

“It's about time. I'll end this with giving you some pointers. Based on the Law of Beyonder Characteristics Indestructibility, we know that humans and Beyonder characteristics combine to become Beyonders. Similarly, creatures and Beyonder characteristics combine to become Beyonder creatures. But what about items that combine with Beyonder characteristics?” she asked, not giving Lumian a chance to answer.

“They are called mystical items. As items don't have will, spirit, and self-control, coupled with the combined effects of other factors, after they fuse with Beyonder characteristics, they will not only display corresponding special abilities but also bring about very strong negative effects. The various Churches tend to seal them and use suitable methods to activate them when needed. This is why mystical items are also called Sealed Artifacts.

“The mystical items that have been sealed by the various Churches have their own serial numbers and are divided into four grades: 3, 2, 1, and 0. The smaller the prefix number, the higher the danger. Among them, there are a limited number of Level 1 and 0 Sealed Artifacts that are extremely dangerous. The serial numbers are common to the various Churches and won't be repeated.”

Lumian muttered, “Level 0 Sealed Artifacts...”

Lumian had a deep impression that Sequence 0 was equivalent to a true god. This led him to make a certain connection and ask, “Are these Sealed Artifacts formed by fallen deities or exterminated evil gods?”

He had noticed that there were 22 pathways with Sequence 0s, but the number of deities clearly didn't add up.

However, Lumian also recognized that his lack of understanding of evil gods and secret existences might have caused this confusion.

“Not all of them,” the lady replied after thinking for a moment.

“Most of them are at the level of Angels. Only a small number have the ability to kill gods.”

Lumian nodded. “I understand. I won't underestimate the items in other people's hands.”

The woman added, “You can't underestimate the negative effects of Sealed Artifacts either. In the future, you will definitely come across Sealed Artifacts.

“Oh, and there's another category of items in the field of mysticism called extraordinary items. They are made by Beyonders of corresponding Sequences using their abilities, spirituality, or with the help of the spirit world or deities. They don't contain Beyonder characteristics, but they have a certain level of supernatural effects. However, their strength will gradually dissipate over time. Charms, lotions, and other items can only be used once.

“In comparison, Beyonder weapons are more stable and can be used for years.

“As a Hunter, you lack the ability to deal with Spirit Body ghost-type creatures before Sequence 7. If you have the chance in the future, consider obtaining the corresponding Sealed Artifacts or Beyonder items.”

Lumian listened carefully and asked, “The spirit world?”

He had seen this term in Hidden Veil, but it did not provide sufficient explanation.

The woman quickly explained, “From a mystical point of view, this world is divided into three levels: the real world, the spirit world, and the astral world. The rest are formed by attaching to one of these three, like the Underworld.

“I don't need to explain much about the real world; you already know it very well. The spirit world is a place where spirits reside, and many concepts of reality no longer exist there. You will gradually understand it in the future. As for the astral world, it

originally referred to the world of gods, but now, the entire cosmos needs to be included in that definition.”

Lumian was just asking casually, but after obtaining a preliminary answer, he immediately returned to the previous topic.

“Can a Hunter create Beyonder items?” he asked, thinking that Warlocks could probably do it.

The lady shook her head before saying, “Hunters can't rely on their own Sequence, but because their spirituality has been enhanced, they can learn ritualistic magic and pray to a deity or a hidden existence. They can use their responses to create charms, weapons, and other Beyonder items.

“However, I have to remind you that most hidden existences are very dangerous. It's best not to attempt praying to them. Otherwise, death would be the best outcome. And the seven orthodox gods basically won't respond to you unless you join the corresponding Church and become an official Beyonder.”

“In other words, it's impossible for a Hunter to create a Beyonder item?” Lumian asked, feeling somewhat disappointed.

The lady smiled and said, “Not really. On the one hand, you can use the blood and saliva of certain Beyonder creatures to create poisonous weapons. In a sense, this can be considered a Beyonder item. On the other hand, after you unlock the secret of the dream, I'll tell you the honorific name of a great existence. You can pray to Him.”

Lumian was shocked and suspicious. This was the first time she had used the word “great” as an adjective. He had never heard her use it to describe the Eternal Blazing Sun or the Hidden Sage. Who could this great existence be? Was it safe to pray to Him?

The more he learned about mysticism, the more he realized how little he knew.

Lumian tersely acknowledged her answer and asked, “What are the corresponding Sequences 8 and 7 for Hunters?”

The woman replied indifferently, “Sequence 8 of the Hunter pathway is called Provoker, and Sequence 7 is Pyromaniac.

“Alright, that's all for today,” she said as she stood up and walked towards the entrance to the second floor.

After a few steps, she stopped and said over her shoulder, “I forgot to remind you. Remember, you're just acting.”

Just acting... Lumian mulled over her words and thoughtfully asked, “What if you take the role seriously?”

“You will become less and less like yourself until one day...” The woman smiled and closed her mouth before turning around, walking to the stairs, and disappearing.

She didn't finish her sentence again... Lumian muttered silently.

He sensed that forgetting he was only acting would have serious consequences.

Lumian sat quietly in a corner of Ol' Tavern, reviewing the general knowledge the woman had just taught him to prevent forgetting anything.

The more he thought about it, the more he realized the importance of the two laws and one method.

They are like the main framework of mysticism. Everything else is derived from them.

I wonder if Aurore knows...

After leaving Cordu, I'll discuss this problem with her...

Uh, I wonder if that lady will allow me to inform Aurore of all these directly...

.....

As Lumian left Ol' Tavern, he looked back and muttered to himself, Why haven't those three foreigners taken action yet? It's already Lent today...

He continued to ponder as he made his way to the village square.

After he finished asking if there was any reply, he saw Ava, Reimund, and the others approaching.

Ava was wearing a long white dress with a round headdress made of branches and flowers on her head, and a huge necklace hung around her neck. Brown branches and green leaves adorned her back, arms, waist, and legs, making her look like a fairy in the forest.

She was the main character of Lent, the Spring Elf.

Reimund and the other lads surrounded Ava, each carrying a basket woven from tree branches filled with grass, soil, rocks, leaves, and other items.

“Lumian, the blessing tour is about to begin!” Ava exclaimed when her aqublue eyes saw him.

Her face was filled with joy.

Reimund and the others also looked happy.

“Come on, let's go get the contributions!”

Since Novel Weekly had not yet replied, Lumian had nothing to do for the time being, so he decided to join the procession.

The young lads began singing loudly as they surrounded Ava and walked out of the square.

After about ten meters, they stopped in front of the first building.

Lumian walked to the door and banged on it.

“The Spring Elf is here!”

The door creaked open, and Nazélie appeared in front of them.

She was the other female head of the family in the village, in her forties with the prefix ‘Na.’ Her black hair was tied up, and her blue eyes were smiling.

As the door opened, Ava took two steps forward, spread her arms, and began singing.

“I’m the elf of spring,

With a sweet face and a joyful ring,

Bringing happiness to everything,

In this season so charming.

Come and sing, come and dance,

Let’s celebrate this time of chance,

For this is the only way,

To bless the land and make it stay.”

After the song, Ava took a clump of soil from Reimund’s basket and handed it to Nazélie.

“Thank you, ‘Spring Elf,’” Nazélie said, receiving it with a smile and handing a piece of cloth to Ava.

“Bumper harvest! Bumper harvest!” Lumian and the other lads replied in unison.

This was a blessing ritual. The Spring Elf used singing and the giving of soil, grass, rocks, and other natural things to the villagers to bless them with a bumper harvest this year. The villagers needed to give something back as a contribution, or the blessing would become a curse.

After Reimund received the cloth, Ava sang another song enthusiastically.

Only then did they bid farewell to Nazélie and head to the next house.

A portion of the dedications received during the blessing tour would be thrown into the river in the waterside ritual, and the rest would be placed in the final ritual. After Lent was over, the girl who was the embodiment of the Spring Elf had the right to choose some to take away.

This was a considerable gain.

If Cordu really experienced a bumper harvest this year, Ava, as the embodiment of the “Spring Elf”, would be widely believed to have received the love of the elves and blessings of spring. Whoever married her would have bumper harvests all the time.

In that case, she had a chance of marrying someone from a good family.

The blessing procession sang all the way to Lumien’s house, where Aurore opened the door. She had changed into a light-colored pleated dress with a straight collar and had bunned her blond hair.

Ava walked over and sang the same song again.

“I'm the elf of spring...”

Aurore listened with a smile and handed Ava a small pottery jar.

“Thank you, Spring Elf.”

Lumian glanced at the jar of animal lard and felt that his sister was too generous.

They had no farmland except for a small vegetable field at the back of their house and did not need to worry about the harvest at all.