

Inevitability 33

Chapter 33: Confirmation

Lumian gazed into Aurore's eyes for a moment before slowly asking, "How many days until Lent?"

He suspected his sister was trying to prank him, but he had never known her to be flippant about important matters. This was a crucial moment that would impact the whole village, and possibly even their survival.

Aurore sized him up and quipped, "Did you not take an afternoon nap? Are you still not fully awake? It's March 29, 1358. We still have a few days before Lent."

March 29... Lumian ruminated the date for a moment and wondered if he was dreaming.

He had vividly experienced Lent—a period of merriment that ended in a bloodbath. He had witnessed Shepherd Pierre Berry hack off Ava's head with an axe and blood spurt everywhere...

Was he dreaming now, or had his past experience been a dream? Regardless of which one it was, they both seemed too real. Lumian couldn't detect any signs of deceit on his sister's face.

Sure, Aurore could be an excellent actress, but Lumian believed she was not that kind of person.

They had spent five years together, and he knew every detail of her personality. There was no way she could have fooled him!

Lumian was perplexed as he considered the possibilities of his sister Aurore lying to him about the date.

Either she was being controlled by the padre or some secret entity or everything had been resolved and she was just messing with him.

If neither of these options was true, then it was likely that Aurore was telling the truth.

Time had rewound to March 29th, a few days before Lent.

With Lumian's understanding of the world, this was clearly impossible and shouldn't have happened. However, his sister's attitude left him at a loss.

I have to think of a way to confirm it... Lumian tried to recall everything that had happened during that time period and realized he could easily remember most of the details—Aurore was wearing a light-blue dress on that day on the 29th March corresponding to the "successful" celebration of Lent. He also remembered meeting Leah, Ryan, and Valentine that night before taking them to the cathedral to catch the padre in the act.

“What's wrong?” Aurore stretched out her right hand and waved it in front of her stunned brother.

Lumian quickly gathered his thoughts and said, "Aurore, I just remembered something. I need to go out for a while. I'll be back soon!"

Lumian realized that the only way to confirm if time had really returned to March 29th was to find Ava.

If she was still alive, he would have to come to terms with this unbelievable change.

He didn't wait for Aurore's response and hurried to the door, bypassing her.

“Call me Grande Soeur! Don't be late for dinner!” Aurore shouted after him.

As he ran towards Ava Lizier's house, Lumian feared that if he were even a second slower, he would be caught in an indescribable nightmare and completely devoured.

Along the way, many villagers noticed him, but they were afraid it was a prank directed by him and didn't stop to ask for a reason.

Finally, Lumian reached his destination.

Guillaume Lizier, Ava's father, was a famous shoemaker in the village of Cordu and the surrounding mountains. Although they weren't particularly rich, they weren't too bad either. They lived in a subterranean grayish-blue two-story building with an empty space at the back where grass and firewood were piled up, and a goose house was repaired.

It was almost dinner time when Lumian arrived, and several figures were busy in the kitchen of the Liziers' household.

Lumian walked through the open door and immediately saw Ava.

This brown-haired girl with aqublue eyes was wearing a gray-white dress and preparing dinner for her mother. Her hands and feet were nimble, and her eyes were lively. Lumian could tell just by looking at her that she was alive.

She's really not dead... Lumian thought to himself as he looked at Ava's neck, trying to find signs of stitches.

In one of Aurore's horror novels, there was a scene where a corpse was stitched up to act as a living person.

But Ava's neck was long and smooth, without a single scar.

Guillaume Lizier, the shoemaker, noticed Lumian standing in the doorway and asked, “Lumian, what's the matter?”

He stood up from his kitchen chair and faced Lumian, his brown hair disheveled, and a slightly greasy brownish-white apron hanging in front of him.

Ava, who had been busy in the kitchen, turned around in surprise and looked at Lumian.

She saw Lumian standing there in a daze.

“What's the matter?” she asked.

Lumian was momentarily stunned but quickly regained his composure and planned to make up a random reason to explain his visit.

However, Guillaume Lizier inspired him with a question.

He deliberated for a moment and asked, “Monsieur, did Pierre of Berry order a pair of leather shoes from you?”

He remembered that he and Reimund were supposed to meet Shepherd Pierre Berry the next morning and were surprised when he had abandoned his flock to rush back to participate in the Lenten celebration despite the dangers of the long and difficult journey.

By that time, Pierre Berry had already put on a new pair of soft leather shoes.

Unless he went to a shoe shop in Dariège that sold finished products, it would take time to make a pair of leather shoes. This meant that Pierre Berry had been back in the village for at least two or three days!

Guillaume Lizier was surprised by Lumian's question and said, "Pierre Berry came back a few days ago, but not many people in the village know about it. He also told me not to tell anyone else."

As expected... Lumian made up a reason and said, "I saw someone who looked very much like him and thought I was hallucinating.

"Because the man was wearing new leather shoes, I came to confirm it with you."

"It's him." Guillaume Lizier gave an affirmative answer. **"He was still herding three or four sheep that he claimed his employer had given him."**

Don't they only let the sheep return to the village in early May to shear and milk them? How are they to be grazed if a few sheep are brought back now? Grazing in the highland pastures is still prohibited... The more Lumian thought about it, the more he felt that Shepherd Pierre Berry's behavior was extremely abnormal.

And his performance at the end of the celebration proved Lumian's judgment.

However, he had no idea what he, the padre, and the others wanted to do, or what they had already done.

Lumian smiled at Guillaume Lizier and Ava and said, "I'm relieved that it's really him. I thought I was having problems with my brain and eyes because I drink too much."

He then waved at the Liziers and said, "Goodbye."

As Lumian left the Liziers' house, the smile on his face disappeared quickly.

He was now very confident that today was really March 29th.

Did I go back in time, or did I have a precognitive dream? Dreams can't be that real. They're so real that every detail is there... Lumian thought hard as he walked.

Either way, it was something he had only read about in Aurore's novels and never imagined would happen in reality.

On his way home, Lumian circled the square and came to the side of the Eternal Blazing Sun cathedral.

The stained-glass window, which should have been completely shattered, was perfectly embedded in the wall, and the Saint Sith missionary illustration on the surface shone brightly under the sunset.

Lumian watched this scene with mixed feelings. Many thoughts threatened to emit smoke from all the friction against each other in his mind.

On his way back to the square, Lumian saw a familiar figure walk out of the cathedral's main entrance.

It was the padre, Guillaume Bénét, who had a slightly hooked nose and a dignified aura, and he was wearing a white robe with golden threads.

Lumian's heart tightened, and he arched his body slightly, preparing himself for an attack or to flee.

Guillaume Bénét glanced at him and nodded expressionlessly.

“Come again tomorrow for prayers.”

Uh... That's right. He hasn't been caught red-handed by me during the early evening of March 29th. He hasn't fallen out with me, nor is there any worry that his secret plot is about to be exposed... With this in mind, Lumian instinctively reacted.

He stood up straight and spread his arms.

“Praise the Sun!”

“Praise the Sun!” Guillaume Bénét replied with the same pose.

After leaving the village square, Lumian habitually recalled what had just happened.

Suddenly, he discovered a point that he had neglected previously because he was shocked by “time reversal.”

He still had his superpowers!

He was still a Hunter!

He had not needed to catch his breath from running all the way to the Liziers, and he had immediately put on the best posture when facing the padre. This meant that his physique and corresponding condition far exceeded the time before he consumed the potion.

From this, Lumian made a judgment that the previous experience was not a precognitive dream, and he was already a Sequence 9 Beyond!

I'll try entering that special dream at night to see if I can still enter and if there are any changes... Lumian quickly came up with the next step of his plan.

After returning home, Lumian pretended as if nothing had happened and had dinner with his sister, Aurore.

As he often acted this way because he didn't want her to help clean up the mess every time he got into trouble, Aurore didn't ask any further despite sensing that something was off.

After washing the cutlery and cleaning the kitchen, Lumian informed his sister and went straight to Ol' Tavern.

He wanted to confirm if the foreigners who didn't hail from Cordu would appear.

After entering Ol' Tavern, Lumian sat at the bar counter and greeted the boss and bartender, Maurice Bénét, and the thin middle-aged man, Pierre Guillaume.

“A glass of Whiskey Sour,” he said with great familiarity.

Whiskey Sour referred to low-quality alcohol brewed from apples. It was only more expensive than some beer in taverns. People often hawked it on the streets of the city.

Maurice Bénét nagged, “Stingy brat, don't you like the pain of absinthe?”

Lumian said the familiar words, “Is it on the house?”

This made his mind feel a little adrift.

Maurice Bénét immediately stopped talking and poured a glass of Whiskey Sour for Lumian.

Lumian sipped his drink as he waited.

Not long after, he heard tinkling sounds.

He turned around to see Ryan wearing a rough dark bowler hat, a drab duffel coat, and pale yellow strides.

Leah attracted the attention of almost all the men in Ol' Tavern with her white pleated cashmere dress, off-white coat, Marseillan boots, and small silver bells tied to her boots and veil.

Similarly, Valentine wore a white vest, a blue tweed jacket, and black trousers, with his blond hair covered in a little powder.

The three of them walked to the bar counter under everyone's gazes and sat down beside Lumian.

Lumian didn't look up as he thought to himself, A glass of Dariège red wine, a glass of rye beer, and a glass of Cœur Épicé...

Ryan took off his top hat and put it aside. Then, he said to Maurice Bénét, “A glass of Dariège red wine, a glass of rye beer, and a glass of Cœur Épicé.”

Lumian let out a long sigh, and Ryan asked, “What's wrong?”

Lumian took a sip of his Whiskey Sour and said in a deep voice, “I'm a nobody, with no time to notice the brightness of the sun...”