

Inevitability 34

Chapter 34: Sayings

Lumian intended to observe, so he went through the entire process of getting to know Leah and her companions until they arrived outside the cathedral of the Eternal Blazing Sun.

He confirmed that these three foreigners really didn't know him and weren't on guard against his corresponding prank.

Has time really rewound... Lumian was momentarily in a daze.

Valentine said his 'lines' as he looked at the magnificent building in front of him that had blended into the night. "We've been here before. There's no one here."

Lumian composed himself and stopped following the procedure.

He said directly, "That's because the padre doesn't want to bother with you."

He planned on leaving the impression on these three foreigners, who were suspected to be official Beyonders, that he liked to joke but meant no harm.

Leah thought of several possibilities and asked, "You're saying that the padre is in the cathedral but isn't responding to the knocks due to certain matters?"

Lumian smiled.

"It's not suitable to have others see you having an affair in the cathedral."

After saying this, he instinctively muttered in his heart, Unfortunately, I can't hear the classic line 'You've ruined the holy church's plans!' this time.

Of course, after learning more about Madame Pualis, he felt that what the padre said was not entirely unreasonable.

Perhaps padres could be like the main characters in Aurore's spy novels, who were willing to endure temporary humiliation and betray their bodies to infiltrate the evil forces represented by Madame Pualis to complete an important mission.

Valentine's cold attitude changed as he asked anxiously, "Having an affair in the cathedral?"

Lumian spread his hands. "What's the problem? The padre does this every day. Relax. Isn't there a saying that goes, 'throughout the ages, it has remained unchanged: men will always pursue women?'"

Valentine snapped, "But this is a cathedral!"

Lumian thought for a moment and asked curiously, "So, as long as the clergyman doesn't have the affair in the cathedral, it's acceptable?"

"This is blasphemy against God!" Valentine was on the verge of exploding.

Ryan placated him with a pat on the shoulder, and the most composed foreigner in the group asked, “Do you know who the padre is having an affair with tonight?”

Lumian shook his head.

“There are too many possibilities. His mistresses include Madame Pualis, Madonna Bénet, Philippa Guillaume, and Sybil Berry...”

“Madonna Bénet? She has the same last name as the padre?” Leah interjected.

Lumian nodded. “She and the padre are cousins twice removed.”

“...” Valentine was stunned for a moment. He gritted his teeth and asked, “Is Guillaume Bénet a servant of God or a servant of the Demon?”

Do you only know this line? Why don't I see you blowing up his head... Lumian deliberately defended the padre, “It's actually nothing. In Dariège, we have a saying: 'Distant cousins, feel free to sleep together.'”

Leah laughed, tinkling the silver bell on her head. “Why do you have so many sayings?”

Lumian spread his hands again. “That's just how it is in the countryside.”

Ryan interjected thoughtfully, “How do you know that we're not from Dariège?”

“You wouldn't have said, 'in Dariège, there's a saying.'”

You told me this yourself... Lumian had been quick to shoot off his tongue and actually treated what had “happened previously” as information that he already knew.

He had no choice but to make up a reason.

“You don't look like Dariège locals.”

He pointed to the road leading to the village and said, “I've already helped you find the padre. I have to go home now.”

Leah smiled faintly and said, “I thought you'd follow us.”

“I don't dare offend the padre,” Lumian casually mentioned. “The villager who snitched on him previously has been missing for a long time.”

Without waiting for Ryan and the others to respond, he waved his hand and ran to the other side of the square, saying, “Remember to keep my secret, my cabbages!”

Lumian walked along a starlit country road, the crimson moon obscured by clouds.

He pondered recent events, his hands in pocket.

As he neared his home, he looked up at the roof of the semi-subterranean two-story building.

As expected, Aurore sat there, hugging her knees and gazing at the cosmos.

In the darkness, she seemed lonely and distant.

It has really repeated... Is there a possibility that what happened previously is real and I'm dreaming now? Lumian had just come up with a new guess when he suddenly realized the difference between the two March 29ths.

He realized that the woman who had given him the Wand card and taught him mysticism knowledge was absent from Ol' Tavern, preventing him from determining if he was dreaming or not.

I'll do a confirmation tomorrow... Lumian composed himself, walked to his house, and pushed the door open.

Just like last time, Lumian climbed to the roof using the ladder on the second floor and sat beside Aurore.

“What's so interesting about this view?” Lumian said deliberately.

Aurore turned her head and sighed. Just as she was about to speak, Lumian added, “I mean, what does the cosmos mean to you?”

Aurore sized him up.

“You're being rather direct today?”

She then looked at the cosmos and said faintly, “As you know, I'm not from Cordu or Dariège. I don't know if you've ever heard the saying that home is where you can't return to...”

Lumian didn't joke as he looked into the cosmos.

Aurore proceeded to fly into her bedroom and write a letter to her pen pal. Lumian didn't reveal his newfound Beyonder status. He returned to the second floor, chatted with her sister about her pen pal, then closed Aurore's door and returned to his bedroom.

Upon seeing the white four-piece bed, Lumian's heart skipped a beat. He lifted the pillow and found the Minor Arcana tarot card representing the Seven of Wands!

Looking at the man in verdant attire with a determined expression on his face, his hand holding a wand, poised for battle his enemies, Lumian remembered the woman's interpretation of the card: “Crisis, challenge, confrontation, courage...”

The more Lumian thought about it, the more he felt that these four words truly revealed his current situation.

Before drawing the card, there was a high chance that he would enter a crisis and face challenges!

What I need to do next is to muster my courage and confront the problem? Wait, hasn't time already turned back? I haven't even met that lady or drawn the card. Why is it here? Lumian was alarmed. He wasn't too confident about his previous guesses.

All kinds of thoughts and deductions quickly emerged in his mind, like bubbles bubbling in boiling water.

This made Lumian's head hurt; he felt like he was about to go crazy.

In the end, Lumian decided to treat the woman and the item she gave him as an “exception” for the time being.

With that lady's mysteriousness and uniqueness, it was considered normal for her to be unaffected by time reversal!

If I can find her tomorrow and she still knows me, it means that there's nothing wrong with my deduction... Lumian exhaled, feeling mentally exhausted.

He went to the washroom to wash up and went to bed early.

Lumian woke up in the familiar, faint gray fog and sat up, seeing the wooden table and chair in front of the window.

He had once again entered the special dream.

Upon discovering that the Wand card still existed, Lumian knew he could enter.

Lumian subconsciously touched the inner pocket of his clothes, and his expression froze.

The gold coins were gone!

All the gold coins were gone!

Lumian hurriedly jumped off the bed and searched his entire body and the spot where he had been lying, but couldn't find them.

He didn't even have 1 copper worth of copper coins.

Time has reversed here, too? Lumian suddenly had such a guess.

He looked around and didn't see the shotgun, axe, or pitchfork that should have been there.

He calmed himself and walked down to the first floor, where he found the pitchfork and hand axe in their original locations, identical to his first exploration of the dream ruins.

Similarly, the bucket of corn oil had not been placed beside the stove.

As for the shotgun, Lumian searched everywhere but didn't find it.

Lumian believed more and more that time had turned back in the dream.

I'll check the ruins and see if the two monsters are still there... Lumian muttered to himself silently. He picked up his axe and opened the door.

Not long after, he passed through the wilderness filled with crevices and weeds and arrived at the edge of the ruins.

Unlike the first time he explored this place, as a Hunter, he noticed many traces left behind by living creatures, including two that often appeared in the area when he put his mind to it. He followed one set of footprints to the half-collapsed house.

If I had such superpowers in the past, how could I have nearly been ambushed during my first exploration? Lumian carried his axe and entered the building.

He went straight to his “destination” and arrived in front of the shattered pottery jar.

A sliver of gold seeped out from inside.

Lumian bent over and picked up the Louis d'or.

It was the same lustrous color as the first time Lumian picked it up.

Indeed, time has reversed. With very few exceptions, everything has returned to the original state... Lumian sighed.

Suddenly, he took two quick steps forward, twisted his waist, and half-turned to the right.

As he exerted his strength, the axe in his hand cleaved out.

The skinless blood-colored monster lost sight of its target just as it pounced from the roof. What greeted it was an axe.

Pfft!

Its head flew out, and its headless body fell heavily to the ground amidst the blood and pus.