

## Inevitability 35

### Chapter 35: Differences

It's about as strong as the 'last time'... Lumian muttered to himself as he looked at the corpse of the skinless monster.

Before the time reversal, he had been evenly matched with the monster, relying on his intelligence to defeat it. Now, as a Beyonder, he only needed one swing of his axe to finish it off.

Of course, he had the advantage of already experiencing the same sequence of events and knowing the monster's attack strategy. This allowed him to anticipate its moves.

The contrast between before and after made Lumian feel that he had undergone a significant improvement after becoming a Beyonder.

After pondering for a moment, he moved the monster's corpse and head to a corner but did not hide it under rocks, wood, and mud, leaving it exposed along with the blood on the ground.

Lumian then quickly searched the half-collapsed building and found the remaining 197 verl d'or and 25 coppet, categorizing them into different pockets.

He flipped through the livre bleu again but found nothing out of the ordinary.

Once he had completed his search, he snuck deeper into the ruins. However, after only 20 to 30 meters, he changed course and returned to his starting point. Following the path the skinless monster had taken while alive, he nimbly climbed onto the half-collapsed roof.

After making the necessary preparations, he hid himself.

Minute by minute, Lumian waited patiently like an experienced hunter.

After an unknown period of time, a figure emerged from the ruins.

It was the same monster that had previously given Lumian a Hunter Beyonder characteristic, with its half-human, half-beast appearance, bent knees, greasy black hair, and shotgun on its back.

The shotgun monster approached cautiously, as if on a daily patrol.

Suddenly it sniffed the air and detected the blood in the distance.

It quickly changed direction and headed towards the half-collapsed, burnt building.

Following the trail of blood, the monster found the skinless monster's corpse and head.

It squatted down to examine it carefully.

On the half-collapsed roof, Lumian shook his head and muttered to himself,

You can't even smell me from such a distance?

Even with the smell of blood, you shouldn't have missed me!

As he muttered, he raised his axe and struck hard at the crevice in the stone beside him that he had prepared earlier.

Crash!

The half-collapsed roof shook, and heavy rocks crashed down.

The shotgun monster reacted quickly, twisting its waist, kicking its feet, and lunging towards an uncollapsed area.

Lumian smiled and swooped down from the intact roof like an eagle grabbing its prey in midair.

In the midst of the howling wind, Lumian and the shotgun monster clashed in the air. Lumian raised his axe with one hand while the monster desperately tried to turn around and block.

Lumian clenched his left hand into a fist and punched down. As the monster extended its arm to block, Lumian opened his palm and reduced his strength, grabbing the monster's arm.

As Lumian pulled back with his left hand, he suddenly cleaved down with his axe in his right hand.

The blade struck the monster, and they both fell to the ground in a pool of blood.

Lumian, who had a buffer pad, was not affected by the impact. He raised his hand and cleaved the monster's head from its body with his axe once again.

Despite its unwillingness, the head rolled twice and separated from the body.

Standing up, Lumian looked at the monster and sneered, "You've weakened!"

**"All you have is a terrifying shell, nothing more than a stuffed scarecrow inside!"**

As a Hunter, he was confident in dealing with the shotgun monster again, but he hadn't expected it to be so easy.

Looking at the corpse on the ground, Lumian patiently waited for the Beyonder characteristic to appear.

However, after waiting for a long time, he saw no sign of the dark-red light.

**"Nothing?" Lumian muttered to himself in puzzlement.**

He wasn't surprised, though.

Last time, he had obtained the shotgun monster's Beyonder characteristic and turned it into a potion that he had already consumed.

Since the time reversal didn't turn me back into an ordinary person, and the Beyonder characteristic in my body hasn't disappeared, it means that there's one less Hunter Beyonder characteristic here. The shotgun monster is only back in its living state, but it essentially lacks what's important. The question now is, why am I still the same before the time reversal? He couldn't come up with an answer, so he decided to loot the copper coins from the shotgun monster and leave the ruins.

The next morning, Lumian didn't feign a headache in front of his sister like he had on March 30th. Instead, he got up early and prepared breakfast, including toast, fried poached eggs, sliced bacon, and more.

Aurore was surprised to see Lumian's diligence. "Oh, you're so diligent? I thought you wouldn't be able to get up this morning after drinking so much yesterday."

Lumian casually replied, "Just a glass of Apple Whiskey Sour and a glass of absinthe. How is that too much?"

Aurore shook her head and smiled. “What's there to be proud of? Other than wine, other alcoholic beverages are unhealthy and affect our brains. No wonder you're becoming more and more stupid, my drunkard brother.”

Lumian, who couldn't argue with his sister, muttered to himself, “Why is wine an exception?”

“Because I like it,” Aurore replied, challenging Lumian to retort.

Lumian had no response.

After breakfast, he stayed home and kneaded dough instead of going out.

Aurore clicked her tongue in wonder.

“Did you cause any trouble? You're so obedient...”

“Tell me, I won't beat you up. At most, I'll give you an additional combat class.”

“Nothing.” Lumian deflected the question and said, “I find things in the village getting weirder and weirder. Some people are acting more and more abnormally. Aurore, do you feel that way?”

Lumian had observed that his sister didn't have any memories related to the time reversal, but the abnormality in the village had to have started before March 29th. As a Mystery Pryer, Aurore might have sensed it but didn't pay enough attention to it.

Aurore's expression turned serious.

“Even you can sense that something is amiss?”

“Tell me, who were the ones who made you feel this way?”

As expected, Aurore knew that there was something wrong with some people, but she didn't expect the problem to be so serious... Lumian washed his hands and thought before responding, “Madame Pualis, the padre, Pons Bénét, and the shepherd, Pierre Berry, who returned to the village early.”

“There is indeed something wrong with Madame Pualis. I knew something was off about her when she came to Cordu with the administrator, but she was very restrained. Apart from constantly having extramarital relationships, there was nothing evil about her. I saw something on her...”

Aurore stopped herself, not wanting to drag Lumian into the supernatural world.

Constantly having extramarital affairs? Before Lumian found out that Madame Pualis was having an affair with the padre, he found Madame Pualis a decent lady. He was surprised to learn that Madame Pualis had affairs with men other than the padre.

Of course, this was in line with Lumian's stereotypical view of Madame Pualis.

“As for the padre, he has the same strong desire for superpowers as you, but he has never received the blessings of the Eternal Blazing Sun Church,” Aurore continued. “A guy like Pons Bénét, whose brain is nothing but muscle, can't do anything strange. As for the shepherd, Pierre Berry, rushing back a few sheep seems a little off, but I can't tell what's wrong, and I don't dare to look deeper...”

As one would expect from a Sequence 7 of the Mystery Prayer pathway... Before the time reversal, I hadn't conversed much with Grande Soeur about such topics. In fact, I overlooked the crucial hint that there could be an issue with Pierre Berry's sheep... Yes, I didn't suspect Pierre Berry much back then. I just thought it was a bit odd for him to hurry back early to take part in Lent... Just as Lumian was about to speak, there was a tinkling sound at the door.

The doorbell rang.

Lumian walked over to the door and asked, “Who is it?”

“A telegram for Aurore!” the person outside replied loudly.

“A telegram?” Aurore was confused. “Who would send me a telegram? There's nothing urgent recently...”

Lumian was also puzzled.

They hadn't received any telegrams before the time reversal on March 30th.

Wait, Lumian thought. I went to the village square early on March 30th to wait for Reimund. Perhaps Grande Soeur received a telegram but didn't tell me. Lumian quickly opened the door.

Outside stood Bertrand, the administrator's subordinate in charge of telegrams. He handed a piece of paper to Lumian and said, “1 verl d'or.”

The brown-haired, brown-eyed Bertrand was not from Cordu and had come here with the administrator from Dariège. He looked warm on the outside but was actually quite greedy.

Lumian tossed a silver coin worth one verl d'or to Bertrand and looked at the telegram.

The contents were simple. Lumian quickly browsed through it.

“The author salon mentioned before is in June. If you're willing, Miss Aurore, you can set off for Trier now. Leave enough time for a tour. We guarantee that this will be a very beautiful journey.”

It was signed by the editorial department of Novel Weekly.

Wh... Lumian's eyes widened.

Was this a reply from Novel Weekly?

“When did I say I wanted to attend the author's salon?” Aurore leaned over and read the telegram. “What's wrong with the editorial department of Novel Weekly? It's annoying having to meet so many people at once!”

Bertrand was well away from the door by now. Lumian was stunned and suddenly had a bold guess. The telegram in his hand was indeed a reply from Novel Weekly, but it was a reply to the telegram he would send in a few days!

To be more precise, the telegram he had sent before going back in time had received a reply after the time reversal, and in his current experience, that telegram had yet to be sent out!