

## Inevitability 39

Chapter 39: Sick

If Pons Bénet had really entered Naroka's house to take away her hair and nails, there's a high chance that Naroka had been murdered by a relative. After all, Naroka had a good reputation and was the pillar of the entire family. Furthermore, she was relatively healthy, both physically and mentally, so it was unlikely that she had committed suicide. Lumian quickly came up with a series of speculations.

But if Naroka had really been murdered by a relative, what was the reason?

Seeing that her brother was deep in thought and hadn't spoken for a long time, Aurore thought that he was frightened by the idea of “humans turning into sheep” and “someone from the Berry family dying from murder”. So she comforted him gently.

“Although the matter is serious, it doesn't affect us yet.

“I need to reflect on such matters. It's easy for you to panic when you encounter something similar if you're always prohibited from coming into contact with real mysticism. Hmm, the frequency of supernatural events has been increasing in recent years, and I can't be by your side at all times. You'll grow up and have your own life...”

Lumian inwardly retorted that he had never heard of someone having to leave the family when they grew up.

He could feel that Aurore's attitude toward him coming into contact with mysticism had loosened up due to the matter of humans turning into sheep.

If I work harder, I can directly tell her that I've become a Beyonder... Lumian thought, but before he could speak, Aurore had already made her decision.

“Go pack your bags now. We'll leave Cordu immediately using Novel Weekly's invitation. We're really lucky. They sent us a telegram at the critical moment so that we can leave openly without being suspected. When we're on our journey, I'll teach you some true mysticism, but don't even think about becoming a Beyonder. It's too dangerous.”

Lumian silently muttered to himself, We're not lucky. I sent the telegram because I discovered the problem. We only received a reply in this cycle. But he was pleased that his sister was still the same decisive person.

Although he didn't think they could successfully leave Cordu Village or escape the loop, he had to try.

“Uh, aren't we going to save those three sheep—three people?” Lumian asked.

Aurore shook her head.

“This could trigger a conflict between us and Pierre Berry, and I'm not sure how strong he is or how many helpers he has. It's too dangerous to save others without knowing anything.

“It's better to let the officials do it. This is their duty. When we reach Dariège and buy steam locomotive tickets, we'll send an anonymous letter to the officials and let them handle it.”

“But what if they don't believe us?” Lumian deliberately pressed.

Aurore smiled.

“In terms of mysticism, you are indeed illiterate. In the letter, we'll describe the matter of turning people into sheep clearly. They will naturally find professionals to perform divination. Even if they don't obtain any detailed revelations, they will discover that there's something abnormal about Cordu.”

“Got it,” Lumian said, and he went upstairs to pack his bags.

Not long after, the siblings each came down with a brown suitcase.

Aurore looked out the door and said, “Let's go to Madame Pualis and borrow her carriage to reach Dariège as quickly as possible.”

An ordinary person had to walk an entire afternoon from Cordu Village to Dariège. As a Hunter, Lumian didn't need to, but in Aurore's eyes, he wasn't a Beyonder yet.

After hesitating whether he should take the opportunity to confess to his sister, he realized that it was impossible for him to escape from Cordu. He might as well take the opportunity to search Madame Pualis's house for clues. Lumian tersely acknowledged, “Will do,” and reached out to take his sister's suitcase. With two pieces of luggage in hand, he headed for the door.

Aurore nodded in satisfaction and relief, but then she said in puzzlement, “Your strength has increased. You're carrying it so easily.”

She subconsciously wanted to raise her right hand and rub the sides of her eyes, but Lumian had already left. She could only give up and quickly follow.

On the way to the administrator's residence, many villagers saw Aurore leaving with her luggage and asked about the situation curiously.

Aurore, who had a valid reason, was very calm about this.

On the other hand, Lumian came up with seven or eight stories to deal with the different villagers: something about Aurore getting the Intis Legion of Honor medal and going to Trier to be honored, something about him being specially recruited by Trier Normal College and being able to be matriculated, or something about Aurore going bankrupt from investing in stocks with her creditors about to come knocking on her door, leaving her with no choice but to flee to other places. The ignorant villagers were stunned when they heard this, but thanks to Lumian's reputation, they chose not to believe him after coming back to their senses.

Not long after, the siblings arrived in front of the black building that had been transformed from an ancient castle.

Looking up at the two tall towers, Lumian smiled and said, "I wonder what's inside. Aurore, have you ever been inside?"

**"Why would I wander around someone else's house?" Aurore rolled her eyes at her brother.**

Lumian muttered softly, "I thought Madame Pualis would invite you to tour the castle. Don't people like them like to show their guests their big houses and precious collections?"

**"What's there to see..." Aurore's voice became softer and softer as she thought about how this would be of great help to her description of a castle in her works. "Sigh, let's talk about it in the future. I wonder if we can still return to Cordu."**

She then led Lumian through the colorful garden towards the castle door.

After taking a few steps, Aurore slowed down and looked around. She remarked in puzzlement, "The flowers in this garden bloomed very early..."

Cordu Village was in the mountains, and there was a highlander pasture nearby. Normally, the first wave of spring flowers would only appear in mid-to-late April.

**"Perhaps Madame Pualis's gardener has a special method," Lumian said. He recalled that Madame Pualis was a Beyonder of an abnormal pathway and suspected that this was related to some supernatural phenomenon, but he couldn't say it out loud.**

Aurore was just making an offhand remark, so she didn't think too deeply about it. They arrived at the castle and received a warm welcome from Madame Pualis.

The lady was wearing a blue corset dress today, and there was still a diamond necklace inlaid with gold hanging over her chest. Her long brown hair was half tied up, the rest cascading down, making her look even younger than usual.

She sat on an armchair in the small living room and quietly listened to Aurore's request. She smiled and said,

**“You don't have to be so polite. We're friends.”**

Heh... Lumian mocked in his heart.

Who would introduce crappy marriage partners to a friend?

But he quickly saw Madame Pualis looking at him with a smile in her bright brown eyes.

He suddenly recalled their previous conversation and felt uncomfortable.

**“Alright,” Aurore said helplessly.**

Every time she borrowed a carriage, she would offer to pay for it, but Madame Pualis would always refuse. So she would usually bring some gifts for the lady on the way back, which were neither expensive nor cheap, and also give the carriage driver a tip.

While waiting for the carriage driver to prepare, Madame Pualis invited the siblings to taste some desserts made by her own chef.

Lumian tasted a muffin and looked around.

**“Where's Mr. Lund?”**

Louis Lund was Administrator Béost's butler. He had followed him from Dariège to Cordu Village.

Lumian had evidence that he had an affair with a woman in the village and had sold some of the castle's items secretly. This was how he got the news that Madame Pualis was the mistress of the padre.

Chancing upon the padre and Madame Pualis having an affair in the cathedral? That was a lie for the foreigners!

At this moment, Lumian was looking for Louis Lund to curse him, saying, “You son of a b\*tch, why didn't you tell me that Madame Pualis is a Warlock?”

Madame Pualis sighed.

**“Louis is sick. He's resting in his room.”**

Sick? For some reason, Lumian felt that there might be a problem.

While his sister was chatting with Madame Pualis, he excused himself to go to the washroom, walked out of the living room, and went straight to the stairs.

This castle was huge, and the couple didn't bring many servants with them. It looked empty everywhere, and one could even hear echoes when walking in certain places. This gave Lumian better conditions to infiltrate.

Relying on his powerful senses, he easily dodged a valet and a maid. With light footsteps, he arrived at the second floor and found Louis Lund's room.

He was in no hurry to knock. He turned his head and pressed his ear to the wood.

“Ah!”

“Ah!”

Sounds of a man screaming in pain came from the room.

Is he really sick? It sounds quite serious... Lumian thought for a moment and walked to the side. He opened the door of the other servants—Administrator Béost and Madame Pualis lived on the third floor.

After darting into the room, he gently closed the wooden door, took a few steps to the other side, and pushed open the glass window.

Lumian looked down and saw that no one was around. He immediately propped himself up with both hands and nimbly flipped over, “hanging” on the outer wall of the castle.

Then, he leaped lightly like a wild cat and silently landed on Butler Louis Lund's windowsill.

Lumian stood at the edge of the glass window, turned his body, and secretly looked into the room.

He saw Louis Lund lying naked on the bed, his belly bulging, giving the impression that he might burst at any moment.

Seeing that the butler's black hair was drenched in sweat and his face was grimacing with pain, Lumian couldn't help but frown when he heard his tragic cries from time to time.

What kind of illness is this?

It looks scary. A stomach can actually grow so big...

At this moment, a woman in her forties stood beside Louis Lund's bed.

She had brown hair and brown eyes. She was pretty and didn't have many wrinkles. She wore a grayish-white dress and was shouting excitedly at Louis Lund.

“Soon, soon.”

What's happening soon? Just as this thought flashed through Lumian's mind, he heard a scream and saw something holding up Louis Lund's stomach.

In the blink of an eye, that spot had burst open. Louis Lund's stomach had burst!

A small, bloody hand reached out.

“It's born! It's born!” The woman shouted happily.

She then leaned down and took out a wrinkled, dirty, and bloody baby from Louis Lund's stomach.

Lumian was stunned.