

## **Inevitability 40**

Chapter 40: On the Carriage

Compared to the “time loop” and “humans becoming sheep,” the scene in front of him was no less shocking. It made Lumian feel as though his eyes, mind, and spirit had been severely tainted.

If he had known beforehand that he would witness such a thing, he would definitely have abandoned his actions.

What the f\*ck is going on?

Louis Lund is clearly still a man!

Whose child is he carrying? The administrator's? Or Madame Pualis?

Is this the world of mysticism?

Aurore didn't let me come into contact with this for my own good...

For a moment, Lumian's thoughts were disordered, and his mind was in a state of chaos. He wished he could dig out his eyes and forcefully forget what he had seen.

“Waa! Waa! Waa!”

The baby that Louis Lund had given birth to cried out, making the filthy “delivery room” instantly have a holy aura.

This was the beauty of a new life. Lumian, who was hiding outside the window, directly experienced the joy of human origins.

Of course, besides that, the strange, absurd, dirty, and disharmonious feeling became even more obvious.

Lumian finally came back to his senses and subconsciously looked into the room again.

The baby had already been placed on a white silk cloth beside Louis Lund by the woman in the grayish-white dress. The baby was a boy, and there was more blood than milky-white fat, but other than that, there was nothing abnormal. He looked like an ordinary newborn.

Lumian observed for another two seconds and realized that the baby boy's ten fingers were bent. His nails were very long, like the claws of a bird.

Just now, he had used these hands to rip open Louis Lund's stomach!

Louis Lund, on the other hand, lay in a semi-conscious state.

The wound on Louis Lund's stomach had yet to be stitched up, and blood kept seeping out. One could vaguely see the intestines pressed to the side and a strange, bird's nest-like thing covered in a flesh-colored membrane.

As the woman wrapped the baby in silk, she picked up a sewing needle and catgut, and began chanting as she sewed the groaning Louis Lund's wound, “This was quite easy for you. The last time I gave birth to quadruplets, that was considered painful...”

Lumian's facial muscles twitched slightly. He felt that after his eyes, brain, mind, and spirit were affected, his ears were also tainted.

He retracted his gaze. He had to get out of there, fast.

He leaped back to the window he had come from and flipped into the room.

After closing the window, he rushed out the door and headed straight for the stairs.

After dodging a male servant, Lumian tiptoed and quickly returned to the hall.

**“Where did you go?”**

Suddenly, a slightly magnetic and gentle voice sounded in his ears.

Even with Lumian's Hunter senses, he didn't sense that someone was standing beside the staircase entrance.

He turned around to see Madame Pualis in a blue corset, her hair half-tied, and her bright brown eyes reflecting his figure.

The madam no longer had a smile on her face. Her eyes reflected Lumian's figure with a piercing intensity.

Lumian's mind tensed up. He was terrified, but prepared to fight if necessary.

Aurore appeared from a side room and asked, “Where did you go? The carriage has been waiting at the entrance.”

Having been in a similar situation, the experienced Lumian said half-truthfully, “Didn't Madame Pualis say that Mr. Lund is sick? I had drinks with Mr. Lund and wanted to visit him, but this castle is too big. I couldn't find his room.”

Aurore nodded and said, “You could have asked Madame Pualis directly. You don't have to hide it from us. It's not a bad thing.”

**“My bad. I'm sorry.” Lumian looked at Madame Pualis sincerely.**

After seeing the scene upstairs, Lumian was more afraid of this lady than disgusted.

He was relieved when she finally smiled, no longer as serious as before.

**“Let me thank you on behalf of Lund for your kindness, but he isn't in the best of health. He isn't willing to appear in front of others in that unseemly manner.”**

It's indeed unseemly... Lumian silently echoed her thoughts.

**“Shall we board the carriage? Thank you so much,” Aurore said to Madame Pualis.**

Lumian watched Madame Pualis closely, afraid she would find a way to make them stay longer.

If she did, it could mean that she sensed something had happened with Louis Lund!

Although Lumian felt that their combined forces could fight against Madame Pualis after he rendezvoused with his sister, this was her castle after all, surrounded by her servants. It was the worst hunting environment for a Hunter.

Madame Pualis nodded and smiled at Aurore.

“I look forward to the gifts you bring back from Trier. I always yearn for what's trending there.”

“I hope I can give you a surprise,” Aurore replied, though she wasn't sure she'd ever be able to return to Cordu Village. She just needed to keep up appearances.

Madame Pualis walked the siblings to the door with her lady's maid, Cathy, and watched them get into the four-seater carriage.

The burly, brown-bearded carriage driver wore dark red clothes, yellow pants, and a waxed hat. He looked almost like a professional coachman in the city, except that he didn't wear a tie.

This was a mandatory request from Administrator Béost.

Aurore apologized to the driver. “Sorry to trouble you,” she said politely before closing the door.

The driver's name was Sewell, and he had the most common blue eyes in the Intis Republic.

He was delighted by Aurore's politeness and looked forward to the tip he'd receive when they arrived in Dariège.

“Madame, Monsieur, sit tight.”

He raised his whip, and the horses started to speed up.

As the carriage passed through Cordu Village, it suddenly stopped.

Lumian's heart skipped a beat, knowing that their journey wouldn't be smooth and easy.

“What's wrong?” he asked the driver, Sewell.

Sewell explained, “Madame promised to send Naroka to Junak Village yesterday. I'm worried I won't be able to return in time after going to Dariège, so I thought of picking her up on the way. Don't worry, it won't cause any delays.”

Junak Village was closer to Dariège than Cordu Village. Going there first really didn't affect the estimated time of arrival for Aurore and Lumian.

Aurore had no right to object since this wasn't her carriage, so she didn't.

Lumian was more concerned about Naroka's safety. In the previous cycle, she had died under suspicious circumstances, possibly at the hands of a relative. It was related to the padre's group.

Sewell went into Naroka's house before helping her out.

Naroka was different from usual. She was dressed in a long black dress with exquisite patterns and a dark bonnet. Her sparse, pale hair was carefully combed.

“Hey, my little cabbages, where are you going?” Naroka asked happily as she got into the carriage.

Her pockmarked and wrinkled face was filled with unconcealable joy, and her previously slightly turbid eyes were much more energetic.

Aurore told her the truth. “I’m going to Trier to attend an author salon, and also bring Lumian to check out the universities there.”

Aurore asked Naroka, “Did you receive some invitation?”

While it was normal for Naroka to wear black clothes as a widow, she only wore this dress during festivals, banquets, and the anniversary of her late husband's death.

Naroka looked expectant.

“Yeah, to meet some people.”

Lumian quietly observed Naroka, trying to see if he could detect anything from her.

The carriage started moving again, leaving Cordu Village behind.

Aurore chatted with Naroka intermittently, keeping an eye on the outside of the carriage.

Aurore worried that their sudden departure might arouse suspicion.

As they continued on, Lumian sensed a change in Naroka's demeanor.

She looked much paler than before, and her eyes lacked their usual liveliness. She only spoke when spoken to.

This was very similar to the Naroka Lumian had seen in the middle of the night during the previous cycle.

Lumian discreetly tugged on Aurore's hand to get her attention.

Aurore turned to him, silently asking what was wrong.

Lumian discreetly pointed at Naroka and drew a cross on her palm, a symbol Aurore often used to indicate an error in her scripts. He used it to refer to Naroka's concerning state.

Aurore was momentarily stunned but quickly understood what Lumian meant.

She turned her attention to Naroka, sensing that something was wrong.

Aurore raised her hand to massage her temples, causing her light-blue eyes to darken and become deeper.

With just a glance, Aurore's golden brows furrowed, and she leaned back slightly as if she had been hit by something.

She closed her eyes and rubbed her temples, as if she was feeling tired and in pain.

When she opened her eyes again, Aurore turned to Lumian and said, “When we reach Dariège, you must stay close to me. No matter what happens, don't leave my side.”

Her tone was serious, and Lumian understood immediately. He knew that if something happened, he had to follow his sister closely. She would take care of it.

He nodded solemnly and decided to tell Aurore about his recent Beyond powers later.

Aurore turned her attention back to Naroka and asked, “Are you really going to Junak, or somewhere else?”

She was worried that an unexpected stop might make things more complicated. It was better to anticipate any developments and not fight in an environment the other party was expecting.

Naroka's gaze was vacant as she replied in a deep voice, “No, I'm not going to Junak. I want to go to Paramita.”

As she spoke, Lumian noticed the outside of the carriage window darkening abnormally.