

## Lord of Mysteries 2: Circle of Inevitability

Chapter 16 Letter

Ryan shook his head.

“The letter was just two simple sentences. It seemed like a man in deep trouble was seeking our help.”

“Did he not mention what kind of trouble he was in?” Lumian breathed a sigh of relief.

There was no way a letter from Aurore or her pen pals could be that short.

“Nothing,” Ryan replied with a soft sigh.

Lumian couldn't help but mock them in his heart. It's just a letter asking for help, and you're here? Aren't you afraid this is just a prank? Even the people from the Inquisition aren't as enthusiastic as you. Isn't this too nice, too kind, and too missionful?

Normally, he would have voiced these thoughts aloud, but he needed to get information from them, so he held his tongue and forced himself to be patient.

Despite his reservations, Lumian knew that Ryan wouldn't reveal the entire situation to him. They must have other considerations or reasons for coming to Cordu and searching for the person who wrote the vague letter.

“Uh...” Lumian stroked his chin and suggested tentatively, “Why don't you show me the letter? Perhaps I can identify the writer from their handwriting.”

Valentine, with his powdered hair, gave Lumian a look that said: “Do you think we're fools?”

Leah chuckled.

“Do you know how to appraise handwriting?”

“Barely,” Lumian admitted sincerely.

He then added inwardly, Being able to appraise Aurore's and my own handwriting is also considered a form of appraisal.

“It's useless,” Ryan interjected, shaking his head. “Every word in the letter came from a livre bleu, and the entire sentence was comprised of cut slips.”

Lumian couldn't help but wonder why the writer was being so cautious. Why hide their identity in such a way when they were asking for help? Were they afraid of interception and retaliation, or was there something wrong with them that they didn't want to be exposed? Lumian tried to analyze the writer's mentality.

Lumian put on a look of realization and said, "So you've been chatting with people in the village to see if anyone else has experienced similar damage to their livre bleu?"

"But the person who wrote the letter could have purchased a new livre bleu without anyone knowing, or even thrown it away after using it."

"That's just one of the leads we're following," Ryan explained calmly.

Lumian didn't treat himself as an outsider at all and asked, "Are there any other leads?"

"Well, if someone is asking for help, then something must be happening, and there will always be some traces left behind," Ryan responded after some thought.

"That makes sense," Lumian said, looking troubled for Ryan and the others, as if he could empathize with their situation.

He promised solemnly, "My cabbages, I'll keep an eye out for you. Hopefully, we'll find some clues."

"Thank you," Ryan replied politely.

Leah had regained her composure and asked Lumian, "Since we're friends, I have a question for you."

"Go ahead." Lumian smiled.

"Why did the villagers in the tavern laugh when you called us 'cabbage'?" Leah was rather intrigued.

Although it was embarrassing, 'cabbage' was a common local slang term, and it shouldn't have been a cause for laughter.

Lumian explained sincerely, "In slang, 'cabbage' means darling or beloved. It's mainly used between intimate friends or between an elder and a junior. 'My bunny' and 'my chicks' are similar."

He emphasized the word 'intimate' as he spoke.

Then, with an innocent expression, he added, "I just wanted us to be intimate friends."

Lumian's innocent expression suggested that he had no idea what 'intimate' meant.

More like you want to be our senior... Leah finally understood why the villagers were laughing.

While Lumian's explanation may not have been entirely truthful, it was logically convincing.

Ryan nodded in agreement.

"Is there anything else?"

"Nope," Lumian replied, not wanting to appear too eager and arouse suspicion about him and Aurore.

His sister couldn't undergo an investigation!

After watching Leah and the others leave with the sound of the tinkling bells, Lumian sat at the entrance of Ol' Tavern and waited for the lady with the mysterious background to wake up.

After a while, Lumian's friend, Reimund Greg, approached him.

"Lumian, have you decided which legend to investigate next?" Reimund asked.

In the past two days, Reimund had been even more proactive than Lumian in this matter. After all, he didn't have any strange dreams or other ways of obtaining treasure.

"Not yet." The owl had already come knocking on his door. He couldn't risk investigating the legend without confirming the situation first.

"I'll think about it after the Lent festival," Lumian explained, trying to sound casual.

"Okay, that makes sense," Reimund agreed. "I don't have to be a Greenwatcher for the time being then. I'll head out after Lent. Even if there are grazers in the meantime, it won't cause much damage."

"Do you mean you don't have to leave the village for the next few days?" Lumian asked Reimund.

Reimund nodded in confirmation, and Lumian smiled.

"What a coincidence. I can't leave the village for the next few days either."

Reimund was confused. "Why not?" he asked.

Lumian lowered his voice and spoke with a serious expression.

“This morning, I met the owl from the Warlock legend. It said that if it weren’t for the cathedral and the gaze of God in the village, it would have taken my soul and thrown it into the abyss...”

Reimund was shocked and frightened, and his entire body trembled.

“Is that for real? I told you not to provoke such an evil creature...”

Reimund suddenly saw a smile appear on Lumian’s face.

“...” Only then did Reimund remember his good friend’s nature.

“You’re pulling a prank on me, it’s a lie, isn’t it?” he asked, feeling both angry and anxious.

He was angry at himself for falling for Lumian’s deception yet again. He knew what kind of person Lumian was and had been fooled by him many times before.

“You believe such a ridiculous thing?” Lumian chuckled.

Quietly, Lumian added to himself that he had made up the story to prevent Reimund from going straight to the cathedral to repent when he couldn’t withstand the pressure.

Reimund relaxed and breathed a sigh of relief. “Phew...”

Lumian offered some advice to Reimund.

“Although I made up that story just now, it’s true that pursuing the truth of a legend can be dangerous. Try not to leave the village or the cathedral’s protection if you can.”

Silently, Lumian added to himself, And that’s the truth. Although most of the story was fabricated, half of it was true. I wouldn’t have reminded you and shared Aurore’s advice in a different way if I didn’t need your help with many things in the future. Whether someone lives or dies has nothing to do with me...

Reimund recalled the feeling of fear and nodded in understanding.

“Alright!”

He changed the subject and asked, “Who are you going to vote for to be the Spring Elf?”

The Spring Elf was the symbol of spring and the start of many celebrations during Lent. In the Dariège area, the whole village usually voted for an unwed, beautiful girl to play the role.

“Ava,” Lumian replied nonchalantly. “Hasn’t she always wanted to be the Spring Elf?”

“I’ll choose her too,” Reimund said, secretly relieved.

Yesterday, Ava had hinted to him that she wanted him to vote for her, so he felt the need to help her canvas for votes.

...

Outside a house not far from Ol’ Tavern.

Ryan, Leah, and Valentine weren’t in a hurry to find someone to “chat.”

Valentine raised his hand to cover his mouth and nose. “Is it really okay to say so much to that guy just now?” he asked.

The air around them was filled with the faint smell of poultry feces.

Leah fiddled with a silver bell above her head. “I don’t know if there’s a problem. All I can confirm is that my divination results tell me he’s of help.”

Ryan explained his intention. “If we can’t turn the situation around, leaking some information and instilling fear in the relevant people could be effective. Next, we’ll observe him more closely and see what he’ll do or who he’ll find.”

...

After Reimund left, Lumian entered Ol’ Tavern and saw the lady who had given him the tarot card in her usual spot.

She was wearing a white blouse and a pair of baggy light-colored pants, and beside her hand was a round straw hat adorned with a few yellow flowers.

She really has a lot of clothes in her suitcase. She changes them every day, unlike Leah and the others who look so shabby, Lumian thought to himself as he moved closer and sat opposite her.

During this process, he casually glanced at her breakfast, which consisted of a plump mince pie with a thinned sauce, a few darioles, cubed seasonal fruit, and a light-colored transparent drink with some impurities.

This isn’t something Ol’ Tavern can provide... Lumian pointed at the drink on the table and asked the lady, as though they were close friends, “What is this? It doesn’t look like wine.”

“It’s called ‘Venus Sacred Oil,’” the lady replied casually. “It’s made from sugar and cinnamon water soaked in vanilla and mixed with poppies. It was invented by a bar in Trier.”

The word “Venus” came from Emperor Roselle. He mentioned in a story that she was a woman comparable to a Goddess of Beauty.

Lumian was intrigued. “Where did you get it? Did you concoct it yourself?” he asked, suspecting that the nearest city, Dariège, couldn’t provide something similar.

The lady smiled.

“As a traveler, it’s my professional instinct to obtain suitable things at the right time.”

Lumian was honest. “I don’t understand.”

He then said, “I’ve finished the previous monster. This time, I’ve encountered two even more dangerous ones...”

He went on to describe the monster with three faces and the one with a shotgun on its back.

“I feel that they all have powers that surpass ordinary humans. They’re not something I can deal with. Is there any way to deal with them?”

The lady took a bite of the dariole and rolled her eyes. She smiled and said, “I’m not sure about the three-faced monster, but you are more than capable of dealing with the one with the shotgun, as long as you use what’s special about yourself.”

Lumian was both surprised and confused. “A special trait... What’s so special about me?”

I don’t even know myself!

The lady smiled at him and said, “That’s your dream. As the owner of the dream, you naturally enjoy special treatment. It’s just that you haven’t realized it yet.”