

Lord of Mysteries 2: Circle of Inevitability

Chapter 19 Meditation

Madame Pualis and Aurore didn't talk for long. Ten minutes later, they walked out of the study.

Lumian walked Madame Pualis out of the door with his sister.

He looked at his sister and asked, "What did she want you to do?"

Aurore pouted and replied, "She wanted me to be the lead singer at the Praise Celebration, but I refused."

Cordu Village's Lent festival had three segments—Spring Elf blessing tour, waterside ritual, Praise Celebration held in the cathedral. The last segment mainly consisted of playing musical instruments and choral singing.

In the Dariège region, the lead singer was often from the cathedral choir, but Cordu could only seek out singers who were good at singing as alternatives.

As for musical instruments, the villagers didn't worry about it. In villages with shepherds, music or musical instruments were indispensable in their daily lives.

Shepherds lived in the wild all year round, either in shacks or pits. Other than their companions and sheep, the most common thing they interacted with was the flute they carried with them.

Apart from grazing, playing cards, and chatting, playing the flute and using music to comfort oneself was something almost every shepherd would do.

It was precisely because of this that the phrase used to describe a shepherd in a difficult and impoverished situation was "he doesn't even have a flute."

With so many shepherds around, it was inevitable that the other villagers of Cordu would be affected. When they gathered and chatted in the square, there would always be someone playing an instrument, causing the melodious melody to reverberate.

Lumian was pleased to see his sister being steadfast. "Okay," he said with satisfaction.

Joining in the celebrations was enough. If one wanted to take center stage, it would be a waste of time and could attract unnecessary attention.

In order to protect his eyesight, Lumian read for a while, then decided to wash up and turn in early. He considered how to safely test what was special about him in the dream.

The lady's suggestions had proven accurate several times in a row, making Lumian unconsciously believe her completely.

In the dead of night, Lumian entered the dream again and woke up there.

He checked his pockets and confirmed that the 217 verl d'or and 25 coppet were still there.

Letting out a sigh of relief, Lumian picked up his axe and steel fork and headed downstairs to the stove.

The fire had already been extinguished.

The clock continues spinning when I'm not dreaming... Lumian frowned slightly.

How could there be anything special about him in such a "real" dream?

"The clock continues spinning" was a common saying in the Dariège region, meaning that time waited for no man and never stood still.

In the bedroom he deemed safest, Lumian put down his tools and undressed.

He walked to the full-body mirror attached to the wardrobe and checked his body inch by inch to see if there was anything different from reality.

Nothing out of the ordinary.

Mentally special? Lumian wasn't in a hurry to put his clothes on. Instead, he walked back to the bed and sat down cross-legged, like his sister often did when meditating.

Aurore had previously taught him some superficial meditation techniques that did not involve mystical elements to foster lucid dreams. Now, Lumian wanted to try and see if he could sense anything special about his mind and body in the completely quiet scene.

The first step was to regulate his breathing.

Lumian deepened his breathing and slowed down the corresponding frequency.

As he took slow, long, and rhythmic breaths, Lumian slowly emptied his mind.

At the same time, he outlined a red sun in his mind and focused all his attention and thoughts on it to eliminate other messy thoughts.

Aurore had instructed him to choose objects that represented light during meditation, in case he was targeted by vile, evil things.

As a believer in the Eternal Blazing Sun, Lumian's first reaction was to visualize the sun.

Gradually, his mind calmed down, and in his perception, the entire world seemed to have only that red blazing sun left.

Suddenly, Lumian heard something.

It seemed to come from an infinite distance yet was ringing in his ears. The sound was unclear but had inklings of rumbling thunder.

Amidst the indescribable buzzing, Lumian's heart began to race. It was as if someone had inserted a chisel into his head and stirred it a few times.

An intense pain erupted, and the blazing sun turned as red as blood and quickly dyed black.

The scene in his meditation shattered.

Lumian's eyes snapped open, and he gasped for air. He felt like he was about to die.

After almost twenty seconds, he finally recovered from the near-death experience.

He instinctively lowered his head and examined his body, noticing something strange on the left side of his chest.

A symbol that looked like thorns, black as night, seemed to grow from his heart and extend out of his body, connecting one after another like chains.

Above these thorns were patterns resembling eyes and worm-like distorted lines, all bluish-black.

At this moment, the tattoo-like symbols were slowly fading.

Lumian was first shocked, then had many thoughts.

He quickly got off the bed and went straight to the full-body mirror, aiming his back at it.

Then, he tried his best to turn his head left to check the situation on his back.

He could barely see the chain made of black thorns drilling into his body from his back.

In other words, this chain of thorns sealed his heart and corresponding body in the form of a ring.

Lumian analyzed what was 'special' about him that was unlike reality until the symbols completely faded and disappeared. The black and bluish-black symbols are different, and the bluish-black one looks familiar. Yes, it's very similar to the old man I helped when I was wandering. It was also from that time that I began to have dreams with large amounts of fog.

Lumian found the symbols to be special but meaningless, which left him feeling disappointed.

The process of making them appear was extremely painful, pushing him to the brink of death.

In a state that nearly knocked him out, what was the difference between facing the monster with a shotgun and delivering food to it?

And if he waited until he had the strength to fight again, the 'special' trait would have almost disappeared.

It was cold in the dream, like early spring in the mountains. Lumian found it uncomfortable being naked, so he quickly put on his clothes.

Just doing such a simple thing made him extremely tired, and his head hurt again.

Obviously, he couldn't recover from the impact the meditation had caused him in a short period of time.

Under such circumstances, Lumian decided to give up exploring for the night and not make any attempts. He would sleep well and focus on recuperating.

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The sky was still dark when Lumian woke up.

Looking at the darkness in the house and the redness near the curtains, he carefully recalled what had happened in the dream.

I've meditated many times in reality, but I didn't hear that strange sound or feel any pain...

It's something special that only exists in that dream? Lumian sat up in puzzlement, planning to confirm.

He followed the procedure and tried meditating again.

The red sun quickly appeared in his mind, and the chaos in his mind gradually settled down.

This was a familiar meditation experience for Lumian. There were no strange sounds, no intense pain, and no near-death experience.

After a while, he ended his meditation, unbuttoned his shirt, and looked down at his heart.

There was no symbol there.

Indeed, that's the special trait of the dream. It can't affect reality... Lumian didn't know if he should be happy or disappointed.

He raised his head and looked at the curtain that blocked the windows. His thoughts scattered as he thought about whether the "special" trait in the dream could be exploited, and how.

At that moment, he saw a small shadow outside the window.

Lumian's pupils dilated, turning high-strung as his instinctive reaction was to call out to his sister. But then he remembered that he was at home and Aurore had said she would watch over him, so she should have sensed it.

Slowly and carefully, he approached the window, waiting for his sister to call an end to his actions.

But Aurore did not appear.

Lumian came to the window, grabbed the curtain, and cautiously pulled open a crack.

Outside the window was the quiet and dark night. The crimson moon hung far away in the sky.

On an elm tree not far away, an owl, larger than most of its kind, with eyes that were neither dull nor stiff, stood quietly, facing Lumian's window. It looked at Lumian with an indescribable look of superciliousness.

That owl!

It's here again!

Lumian's heart was in his throat.

Just like the last time, the owl looked at Lumian for about ten seconds before spreading its wings and flying deep into the night.

"..." Lumian was speechless.

After a while, he drew the curtains and cursed, "Is there something wrong with your head?"

"You would come and take a look every single time, not saying a word before leaving!"

"Are you mute, or is there something wrong with your IQ? Have you not learned human language after so many years?"

In fact, Lumian had his own guesses about the owl's actions. He believed that his sister's existence made it afraid to do anything. After all, Aurore had said that as long as he didn't leave the building at night, she could guarantee his safety. If he had stuck his head out of the window on impulse just now, the owl probably wouldn't have flown away quietly.

After cursing for a while, Lumian decided to close the curtains and catch up on some sleep.

He casually glanced outside and suddenly froze.

More than ten meters away, at the edge of a small forest, a figure was slowly walking over.

She wore a dark-colored dress made of coarse cloth, and her hair was thin and pale-white.

"Naroka..." Lumian recognized the figure.

It was Naroka, who he had asked about the legend of the Warlock.

Naroka's face blended into the darkness, and her eyes reflected a strange light under the faint crimson moonlight. Her movements were abnormally stiff, like a wandering ghost.