

Lord of Mysteries 2: Circle of Inevitability #Chapter 35 - 35 Differences - Read Lord of Mysteries 2: Circle of Inevitability Chapter 35 - 35 Differences

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 Beyond 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.

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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?"

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"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."
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"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 Pryer 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.

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“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!

36 Meeting Again

Lumian reached a conclusion that if his guess was true, Cordu and the surrounding area were the only places affected by the time reversal. Other places were not affected.

Lumian's thoughts raced, wondering if leaving this place would allow him to return to his normal life. He turned to Aurore and pretended to be guilty.

"Well, uh, this telegram is my doing."

"You?" Aurore was both angry and amused but, more importantly, at a loss.

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She wondered if her brother had pranked her.

This was akin to being pecked in the eye by an eagle despite being an experienced hunter!

Lumian explained 'sincerely,' "Here's the thing. Haven't I always wanted to go to Trier to take a look? So, two days ago, I secretly sent a telegram to Novel Weekly at the telegraph office. I wrote it in your style to ask when the nearest author salon is. As expected, they warmly sent an invitation."

Aurore showed a look of enlightenment, as though the mystery was finally solved. "So that's how it is..."

The next second, she picked up a wooden stick beside her and gritted her teeth.

"So the child has grown up!"

Lumian quickly added, "Aurore, no, Grande Soeur, listen to my excuses. No, listen to my explanation."

He didn't panic and even deliberately joked.

“Fine, go ahead,” Aurore said as she held onto the wooden stick. “I’ve always made sure that others accept any punishment with my best conduct. How can I convict someone without listening to the suspect’s statement? Even if you are to die, I’ll make sure you die knowing why!”

Lumian quickly said, “In Intis, Trier has the most and best universities. I’m going to take the college entrance examination soon, and I want to visit them to decide which three to apply for.”

Aurore nodded slightly, indicating for Lumian to continue.

Lumian praised his sister sincerely.

“I believe that as long as I make this legitimate request, you will definitely take me to Trier. However, you will have to spend your money. If Novel Weekly sends an invitation, not only will the steam locomotive ticket and hotel accommodation fees be reimbursed, but also various entertainment expenses in Trier.

“I know you don’t need the money, but all the writing you’ve done was painstaking work, word after word. I won’t let a way of saving money go to waste.”

Aurore’s expression eased.

“At least you care about me. But have you considered that I don’t want to attend an author salon? I hate interacting with so many strangers.”

Lumian smiled.

“Aurore, uh, Grande Soeur, have you thought that Novel Weekly invited you so warmly not to let you attend the salon, but to build a good relationship with you? You’re a famous best-selling author. The salon isn’t important; what’s important is you. You can find a reason to reject the salon if you’re willing to accept the invitation to visit Trier. The people at Novel Weekly will be glad that you accepted the first part of the invitation.”

Aurore sized up Lumian.

“You’re getting better at reading people.”

She exhaled and said, "Alright, I'll handle some matters and pack our luggage. We'll leave for Trier in two days. Send a telegram to Novel Weekly before we leave and ask them to pick us up at the Trier train station."

"Alright!" Lumian couldn't hide his joy.

Although he suspected that it was impossible for him and Aurore to simply walk out of Cordu and find the corresponding source of the time reversal, he had to try. He couldn't trap himself in one place.

Having such thoughts, he had tried to convince Aurore.

Lumian didn't plan on telling Aurore about the time reversal because she had lost her corresponding memories. Lumian knew that it was unlikely that she would believe such a delusional speculation unless Lumian kept making prophecies that were eventually verified. However, he still pretended that he wasn't aware of the time reversal. He didn't plan on making prophecies for the time being to see if he could discover any clues.

Using reading as an excuse, Lumian returned to the second floor and entered the study.

He sat down and casually flipped open a book to confirm if he had it the right way up.

Then he sank into his own thoughts, hoping to make further sense of the current situation through the various details he discovered last night and today.

As his gaze shifted across the empty space, Lumian saw the livre bleu on the table.

His heart skipped a beat, and he retracted his thoughts. He stretched out his palm and took the livre bleu, flipping through it quickly.

The pages that were missing some words and had corresponding holes appeared before his eyes.

That letter... Lumian muttered silently.

He combined the "late" reply from Novel Weekly with the letter of help that Leah, Ryan, and the others had received, and he had a new guess.

Perhaps that letter was really written by me. I'm the murderer!

Time reversal might have happened more than once. According to the definition in Aurore's novel, this should be called a time loop.

In a previous cycle, I discovered a certain abnormality through certain exploratory actions and decided to seek help from the outside world by sending an anonymous letter without implicating Aurore. By the time officials realized the seriousness of the problem and sent Ryan and the others to deal with it, Cordu had already begun a new cycle. Like Aurore now, I lost all my corresponding memories and returned to my 'initial' state...

Now, that begs the question. Why are words still missing from this livre bleu?

Logically speaking, it should have returned to its "initial" state, just like the food I ate in the previous cycle.

There are two possibilities.

Firstly, if I discover an abnormality and ask for help before time starts to loop, then the relevant memories shouldn't be reset. Could there be another reason that caused me to lose a portion of my memories? This is getting more and more complicated...

Secondly, I had found a way to keep something from being affected by the loop during that particular cycle. What could it be? If there is, why don't I just find a piece of paper and write down what I found?

Lumian felt like he had cleared away a layer of fog and reconstructed the general situation, only to fall into even more confusion.

He believed that he had already experienced many time loops. However, in the previous cycles, his memories and physical condition would reset once he started from the beginning, so he did not notice it at all.

The reason why he could retain his memories and the Hunter Beyonder characteristic this time was that he had met the lady and obtained the Wand card. He had entered the dream ruins and activated the special trait in him.

Since the special trait brought about by the two symbols allowed Lumian to "bring" his Beyonder state in the dream to reality, it was completely possible

for them to “save” his complete physical condition to the starting point of the cycle.

Therefore, even after the shotgun monster’s condition reset, it still failed to retrieve the Hunter Beyonder characteristic... Lumian leaned back in his chair and looked at the ceiling as he slowly exhaled.

He then laughed self-deprecatingly.

I’ve just become a Beyonder, but I have to face such abnormal things. I don’t even get the time to develop...

Uh, I can’t confirm that the request for help was created by me. It might have been Aurore, and Madame Pualis is also a suspect. As Beyonders, they might have sensed something amiss during a certain cycle and tried to save themselves. With their mysticism knowledge, it’s easier for them to find a way to preserve some traces than I can. Nonetheless, a time loop is indeed the best guess for the current situation.

As he pondered, Lumian realized a way to confirm the source of the letter.

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The solution was simple. He would enter the dream ruins and flip through the same livre bleu at home.

If the livre bleu also had missing words, it meant that Lumian had created the letter of help himself. The home in the special dream was formed by his subconscious projection onto the mixed ruins. Everything he subconsciously knew would appear there. *noVeLusb.com*

If not, then it was most likely done by Aurore or Madame Pualis. Lumian’s subconscious wouldn’t know about this and wouldn’t be responsible for it.

Lumian wasn’t in a hurry to ‘catch up on his sleep.’ Seeing that it was about time, he sneaked out of the house and headed straight for Ol’ Tavern.

In the corner of Ol’ Tavern, he spotted a familiar figure.

It was the lady who had given him the Wand card and potion formula.

She was wearing a long orange pleated dress with a flounce collar and a light-colored frilly hat.

Lumian heaved a sigh of relief, feeling like a drowning person who had finally caught a lifebuoy.

He quickly walked over and noticed that there were not breakfast items on the table in front of the lady, but three stacks of tarot cards.

“Do you need me to draw a card?” Lumian probed.

“You’ve already drawn it.” The woman shuffled the three stacks of tarot cards without looking up.

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Lumian felt tears welling up in his eyes.

As expected, she was not affected by the time loop!

Without beating around the bush, Lumian sat down and asked directly, “I, as well as the entire Cordu Village, have fallen into a time loop?”

The lady looked up and replied with a smile, “Yes, you’re one of the Circle Inhabitants.”

Lumian repeated the term ‘Circle Inhabitants’ to himself and asked in confusion, “What does that refer to? People caught in a time loop?”

The lady smiled and said, “There are two explanations. The first refers to people that obtained a special power equivalent to Sequence 4 after praying to a certain existence. The second refers to your current situation.”

“You can obtain strength by praying to a hidden existence?” Lumian was very surprised by the first explanation of Circle Inhabitants.

Wasn’t it the case that all 22 Beyonder pathways relied on consuming potions to advance?

The lady nodded slightly and said, “In theory, the Eternal Blazing Sun can also bestow the gift of Beyonder powers without the need for a potion. However, it is a burden to Him. It can only be used as a temporary measure. The more

people who need a blessing, the greater the burden. It might even affect His state.

“There are also disadvantages to those who are bestowed. They will slowly become closer to the Eternal Blazing Sun, be it in body, mind, or spirit.

“Moreover, as it is a gift from a superior being, They can take it back at any time unless you possess the unique power of certain pathways and secretly complete a certain level of stealing while still having the gift.”