

Lord of Mysteries 2: Circle of Inevitability #Chapter 38

Sheep - Read Lord of Mysteries 2: Circle of Inevitability

Chapter 38 Sheep

Over a dozen members of the Berry family were crammed into a ramshackle two-story house. Lumian seemed unfazed by the open door and carefully maneuvered around it to the vacant area enclosed by wooden fences at the back.

Piles of hay and firewood were scattered near the eaves of the clearing, and three filthy, white sheep, muddied with dirt, were lingering there.

Lumian remembered Aurore mentioning that the sheep Pierre had hurried back with seemed peculiar, but she couldn't quite pinpoint what was unusual about them. That's why Lumian had taken advantage of the shepherd's absence during prayer at the cathedral to inspect the sheep.

Although he had never herded sheep himself, he had lived near the highland pastures in Cordu, so he had at least encountered 70 to 80 sheep. He was by no means unfamiliar with them.

After observing closely for some time, Lumian couldn't discern any differences between the three sheep before him and others of their kind. All he could do was mutter under his breath, "Can't see any issues with my naked eye—do I need some superpower?"

Sadly, Hunters didn't possess such abilities.

Lumian had already utilized his enhanced vision, sense of smell, and understanding of various clues, but he still couldn't identify any problems.

The only oddity he noticed was that the sheep's droppings were piled in one corner rather than scattered everywhere.

Of course, there was a high probability that the Berry family regularly cleaned the area to use the feces more efficiently.

After several more seconds of observation, Lumian murmured softly, "Looks like just looking and sniffing isn't enough... Do I need to get hands-on?"

Without any hesitation, he placed his hand on the fence and flipped over it, as if he was right at home.

The three sheep turned their heads simultaneously to look at Lumian, who greeted them with a grin.

"Come on, time for a checkup."

He wasn't concerned that their owner would discover his actions since he had done similar things more than once. Every family in the village knew that this guy enjoyed playing pranks in various ways. Using sheep as props was just part of his antics.

In Lumian's own words: When your reputation is already tarnished, there are some perks to being infamous.

With the title of "Prankster King," anything he did in Cordu Village wouldn't arouse too much suspicion. Even if those who were clearly abnormal caught him red-handed, they wouldn't be able to confirm that something was amiss with him.

Of course, under such circumstances, Padre Guillaume and Shepherd Pierre might try to silence him as a precautionary measure. As such, he needed to exercise caution when necessary.

"Baa! Baa! Baa!"

As if sensing Lumian's ill intentions, the three sheep hid behind the haystack, their cries barely audible.

But how could they escape a Hunter?

Lumian grabbed a sheep and patted its side while forcefully examining its teeth.

"No issues here either..." he whispered.

Seeing the sheep look at him, he added with a wicked grin, "You're in excellent health. You'd probably make a delicious mutton stew with peas."

He deliberately said this to test the intelligence of the three sheep.

When there were no problems with the target's body, he could only start from this angle.

The sheep's eyes glazed over momentarily.

Lumian chuckled.

"Pretty smart, huh? Do you understand what I'm saying?"

The sheep's eyes returned to normal as it turned its head and began eating hay.

"Ignoring me?" Lumian stroked his chin. "I'll buy you from Pierre Berry later and have you for dinner tonight!"

The sheep remained unresponsive.

It bit off a piece of hay and yanked it out.

The haystack suddenly collapsed, and Lumian's sharp Hunter's eyes caught a glimpse of something.

His expression darkened as he walked over and squatted down for a closer inspection.

It was a bundle of black hair containing a few severed fingernails.

"Why would this be outside the house?" Lumian muttered in surprise.

As a native of Cordu, he was well aware of the burial customs of the Dariège region. When someone died at home, their hair and nails had to be cut and hidden somewhere inside the house to maintain their horoscope and good fortune.

How could such an item appear in an outdoor haystack?

Lumian picked up the bundle of hair and nails, weighing it as he examined it.

It looks quite fresh, as if it had been cut only recently... He quickly made a judgment.

However, no one had died in Cordu Village lately!

Lumian could only suspect that this was some form of witchcraft similar to the funeral customs. He planned to consult his sister about it later.

To avoid arousing suspicion, he stuffed the nails and black hair back into the haystack and restored the messy scene.

Having completed that task, he walked towards the wooden fence.

As Lumian took a few steps forward, he turned to look back at the three sheep. With a hopeful attitude, he muttered to himself, "Pierre Berry seems off. He's back in the village before May. Did he commit a crime outside? As a good citizen of Intis and a devout believer of God, should I visit Dariège and inquire around?"

The three sheep just stared at him, unresponsive and unchanged.

Lumian sighed inwardly, feeling disappointed. These sheep aren't particularly intelligent, he thought.

He then raised his hands—thumbs pointing up, index fingers pointing down—making a gesture of disdain.

What's wrong with mocking the sheep when I'm in a bad mood?

Suddenly, the sheep that Lumian had examined took a few steps forward, looking hopeful.

It raised its hoof and started drawing on the mud.

Lumian was momentarily stunned, but soon approached the sheep to see what it was drawing.

The sheep seemed to be drawing letters on the ground. Lumian found them familiar but didn't recognize them.

He frowned and speculated, This language should have the same origin as the Intis language... But I only know Intis and some ancient Feysac languages...

At that moment, Lumian realized the significance of Aurore's words: "knowledge equals power."

The sheep finished drawing and took a step back, looking at Lumian with sincerity in its eyes. The other two sheep also had a similar emotional change and bleated softly.

Lumian looked at the word on the ground and fell into deep thought, wondering what it meant and how he should respond.

In just a second or two, he had an idea and nodded solemnly at the three sheep.

He stretched out his right foot and wiped away the word on the soil.

He may not understand, but he could pretend to understand it!

He would trick the sheep for now and ask his sister for guidance later.

Without waiting for the sheep to 'respond,' he nodded slowly with a heavy and thoughtful expression as he walked towards the fence, as if saying, "Be patient, I'll figure something out."

After leaving the sheep pen, Lumian didn't waste any time and went straight home. He found Aurore reading on a recliner in the study.

"Grande Soeur," he called out anxiously, "there's something."

Aurore immediately raised her guard. "Calling me Grande Soeur... What kind of trouble did you get into this time?"

Lumian took a deep breath and organized his thoughts.

"Remember when you said there was something off about Shepherd Pierre Berry's three sheep?"

"Well, I went to the back of his house to take a look while he was praying in the cathedral. And guess what I found?"

Aurore's expression turned serious.

"If you're going to do something like that, you need to tell me in advance. It's dangerous now, and no one will protect you."

Lumian felt touched by his sister's concern but complained, "If I told you in advance, you probably wouldn't have let me go..."

"I'll keep it in mind for next time," he promised sincerely.

He had said similar words dozens of times.

Aurore understood the urgency of the situation and nodded, indicating that Lumian could tell her what he had discovered.

Lumian quickly recounted his experience in the sheep pen. The more Aurore listened, the more serious she became.

"Write down that word," she said, getting up from the recliner and finding a pen and paper to hand to Lumian.

Lumian had memorized the word, so he quickly wrote it down on the paper.

Aurore took a quick glance and said solemnly, "This is a big problem."

I know... Lumian responded inwardly.

Moreover, he believed the problem was even bigger than his sister had imagined.

"What's the problem?" he asked.

Aurore pointed at the word and said, "This is Highlander, the official language of the Feynapotter Kingdom. Like Intis, it comes from ancient Feysac.

"It means..."

Aurore paused for a moment, then spoke in a deep voice, "Help!"

"Help?" Lumian blurted out in surprise. "The sheep are asking us for help?"

Aurore tersely acknowledged, "I suspect they're not really sheep. They were probably humans!"

"Humans?" Lumian asked in shock.

This was beyond the scope of what he knew.

Before, Lumian had only thought that the three sheep were intelligent and had human-like emotions. They also seemed to have mastered some human language, but he had never thought of them as actual humans.

To him, turning into a sheep only happened in imaginative stories!

Just as he said that, Lumian was no longer shocked.

He realized that a time loop had already happened. What was so strange about people turning into sheep?

In the world of mysticism, there were plenty of bizarre and absurd things. *NoVelus&.COM*

Aurore solemnly nodded at her brother's confusion and said, "I'm not sure if there's a secret art that can turn a person into a sheep, but all the details now point to that possibility."

"Indeed," Lumian echoed.

The more he thought about it, the more he felt that the three sheep were probably humans.

Did this mean that the shepherd, Pierre Berry, was actually grazing humans?

Lumian then asked, "Why were those nails and hair hidden outside the house?"

Aurore pursed her lips and said, "This is one of the funerary customs of the Dariège region. However, it's not used under normal circumstances. Many people have forgotten about it.

"As a Warlock, I've studied this aspect to see if I could obtain some useful knowledge."

She then explained, "When a family member commits suicide or is murdered by a relative, or if they had a bad character while alive and exerted a negative influence on the entire family, the hair and nails that are cut after death have to be hidden outside the house to prevent the family's horoscope from being affected and bringing them bad luck."

Suicide or murder by a relative? Lumian suddenly thought of something.

During the last cycle, Pons Bénét entered Naroka's house without adhering to the funeral customs.

Could he have gone to take away Naroka's hair and nails?

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."**NOVELusb.coM**

"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 Beyonders 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.

"..."

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."**NOVELSb.coM**

"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.