

Lord of Mysteries 2: Circle of Inevitability

#Chapter 41 Undead - Read Lord of Mysteries 2: Circle of Inevitability Chapter 41 Undead

What's Paramita? Lumian was alarmed as he quickly turned to look out the window.

But what he saw outside was not what he expected. Instead of mountains, pastures, and trees, he was greeted by a desolate wilderness. The pale-white clouds in the sky blocked out all the sunlight, casting everything in shadow.

In the wilderness, strange figures roamed about. Most of them wore white linen clothes, with pale-blue faces, empty eyes, and agape mouths, looking anything but normal.

Lumian watched in horror as some of the figures ran crazily towards the edge of the wilderness, while others stumbled towards them from the other side. It was as if they would never stop, doomed to wander aimlessly forever.

At the edge of the wilderness, near a cliff, he could make out dark monsters with long horns and humanoid bodies, grabbing the white-clad figures and throwing them over the edge.

Suddenly, a blood-curdling scream pierced the air, right into Lumian's and Aurore's ears.

The sound of hooves echoed through the wilderness as a tall figure in full black armor rode a white horse. The horse was so thin that it looked like it had only skin and bones left. The rider moved slowly at times and galloped back and forth at others, as if shepherding sheep.

Lumian's eyesight was sharp, and he could see the rider clearly from afar.

Inside the helmet that shone with a metallic luster, two deep red rays of light flickered like flames. A hideous wound on the rider's neck extended all the way to their navel, almost splitting them in half and dragging out their pale-white intestines.

Without any need for further evidence, Lumian knew who it was: a Death Knight!

It was a creature that often appeared in Intisian folklore.

Suddenly, the carriage they were in came to a stop.

Naroka silently opened the door and stepped out.

Her pale face, empty eyes, and numb expression were starting to resemble the figures in white linen clothes that Lumian had seen earlier.

Aurore turned to him and said in a deep voice, "This place is filled with undead. You must stay by my side at all times."

As she spoke, she took out a gold brooch and fastened it to her clothing.

Aurore took out a handful of grayish-black powder from her pocket with her other hand.

Lumian leaned forward to look at the carriage driver and realized that Sewell had become like Naroka—pale-faced and empty-eyed, slowly walking deeper into the wilderness as if he had been dead for a long time.

He said quickly to Aurore, "Grande Soeur, I'm already a Beyonder. You deal with these undead. I'll drive the carriage and get us out of here as soon as possible!"

He knew he couldn't fight the undead, so he could only be a temporary carriage driver.

But if the Death Knight showed up, he would do his best to block it.

Aurore was taken aback by Lumian's sudden transformation, but quickly regained her composure. She reminded him, "Check the horses' condition!"

Lumian looked ahead and saw that the horses were motionless, with their flesh and blood seemingly extracted, leaving only withered fur and skin wrapped around their bones.

"The horses are dead," he reported back to Aurore.

Suddenly, the undead caught a whiff of the living and rushed towards the carriage, trying to enter.

"XXX." Aurore uttered a word in a language Lumian didn't understand.

As soon as Aurore spoke the word, the golden brooch in front of her lit up with a violent but not stimulating golden light.

The grayish-black powder in her left hand burned, emitting a flow of light that resembled water, spreading in all directions. The undead screamed as soon as they came into contact with the light, and cyan smoke rose from their bodies.

They wanted to retreat, but more undead surged forward, squeezing around the carriage, evaporating and disappearing.

Lumian watched enviously and solemnly, wishing he could do something to help. He yearned to advance in Sequence and gain more abilities.

But the powder in Aurore's hand was about to run out, and the undead were still coming, ignoring the ones that had already been destroyed. Lumian knew they couldn't stay there forever.

"We can't stay here. Let's make a run for it!"

No matter how many materials his sister had prepared, she couldn't deal with so many undead!

The Death Knight and the creatures that looked like demons were still out there.

Their best chance was to use what resources they had left to escape from the wilderness known as Paramita.

Aurore nodded and said simply, "Follow me."

The moment she finished speaking, the grayish-black powder in her palm vanished into thin air, and the desolate surroundings were engulfed by the undead.

Aurore wasted no time and retrieved another handful of materials, igniting them with the golden brooch before her. The materials combusted, creating a dazzling golden light

that decimated the approaching undead. Their agonizing shrieks echoed through the wilderness before they disintegrated into nothingness.

Aurore leaped off the carriage with Lumian hot on her heels, sprinting towards the nearest edge of the wilderness.

Suddenly, a hand jutted out from the golden blaze, snatching Lumian's arm.

Lumian's instincts kicked in, alerting him of the imminent threat. He pivoted his forearm and delivered a swift blow to the hand.

Pa!

It felt like he had punched a block of solid ice. A shiver ran through his body, rendering him immobile for a moment.

Lumian's teeth clattered as he caught sight of the hand's owner.

It was another undead clad in white linen, but it donned a mask made of white paper over its face. The figure disintegrated slowly under the golden light.

The peculiar undead lunged towards Lumian, but before it could make contact, a beam of pure, holy light descended upon it.

The masked undead halted in its tracks, burning fiercely before dissolving into black vapor.

"Keep moving!" Aurore shouted, withdrawing her hand from the golden brooch and darting forward.

Lumian shook off the cold and picked up his pace to follow his sister.

The duo relied on the grayish-black powder and Warlock spells to traverse the wilderness. The golden light eradicated countless undead garbed in white linen.

Unfortunately, Aurore couldn't simply rely on one material to stuff every bag. As a Warlock, she had to anticipate various scenarios.

Before long, the bag containing the Sun Flower powder was empty, and they were still hundreds of meters away from the wilderness's edge. The undead horde seemed never-ending.

What frightened them even more was the Death Knight's approach. The horse-mounted knight had sensed the turmoil and was galloping towards them.

Aurore's expression changed several times in the golden light. She slowed down, gritted her teeth, and spoke urgently to Lumian.

"When I shout 'three,' run towards the edge of the wilderness and don't look back!"

Lumian opened his mouth to protest, but Aurore cut him off.

"Don't worry, I'll follow you. If you stay, you'll only interfere with my use of a powerful spell and slow us down when we try to escape."

As she spoke, Aurore removed the golden brooch from her chest and handed it to Lumian, giving him instructions.

"Focus your spirituality and extend it to this brooch. Repeat this word when you're running: 'XXX!'"

Lumian didn't understand the word, but he committed the pronunciation to memory.

As soon as he took hold of the golden brooch, he felt a warm light envelop his body, banishing his dark thoughts and slowing down his racing mind.

Instinctively donning the brooch, Lumian concentrated his thoughts according to his sister's directions, extending his spiritual energy.

Seeing that the grayish-black powder in her hand was running low, Aurore retrieved another material and shouted out, "One, two, three!"

In order to avoid slowing down his sister, Lumian sprinted wildly towards the edge of the wilderness, shouting the word Aurore had given him with all his might.

"XXX!"

The golden brooch emitted a golden, radiant glow, illuminating Lumian as though a miniature sun was hanging on his chest. The undead in his path instinctively avoided him.

Thud thud thud!

As he ran, Lumian couldn't shake his worry for his sister. He cast a glance back at Aurore, who remained in her spot surrounded by a cloud of black gas.

The undead were drawn to the gas, abandoning Lumian to swarm towards her.

Lumian wasn't a fool. When he saw this scene, he understood that his sister was lying when she said that she would follow him.

"Aurore!"

He shouted, halted abruptly and spun around, running back towards his sister.

Aurore looked back and saw that he had stopped. She hurriedly shouted, "Are you stupid? Run!"

Lumian didn't say anything and ran towards Aurore. The undead parted before him, clearing a path under the golden light of the brooch.

Seeing this, Aurore lowered her head and cursed softly, "What an idiot..."

She then took out another iron-black substance and sprinkled it on Lumian, causing him to be pushed to the edge of the wilderness by an invisible force.

He struggled to break free, but he was in midair with no point of leverage.

"My stupid brother, live well..." Aurore whispered with a melancholic smile before the black aura consumed her completely.

She was directly exposed to countless figures and the Death Knight.*NOvelu&b.COM*

"Aurore!"

Lumian's eyes bulged with terror, his skin and eyes turning red with blood vessels.

However, he was still pushed to the edge of the wilderness.

But suddenly, all the undead stopped in their tracks.

Something was happening in the distance.

Aurore sensed the shift and looked up in shock. She saw an open carriage passing by, pulled not by horses, but by two demonic creatures with goat horns. The carriage was a deep red color, resembling a conch or a cradle,

and a woman resembling Madame Pualis wearing a flower crown and green dress sat inside.

But unlike Madame Pualis, she was very dignified.

The Death Knight abandoned his target and turned his horse towards the carriage.

All the undead followed suit, clustering around the carriage as it headed towards the hazy mountain range beyond the wilderness.

Lumian was stunned by the carriage pulled by the 'demon' and the undead's reactions. He forgot to struggle and got pushed by the invisible palm for over ten seconds before coming to a stop.

Although the carriage was getting farther away, he could still see the woman's face clearly with his eagle-like vision.

Her long brown hair was tied up high, and her brown eyes were beautiful and bright. She had light eyebrows and wore a fresh green dress and a laurel crown made of flowers. She had an elegant and dignified aura.

Madame Pualis! Lumian's first thought was that the woman on the carriage was Madame Pualis—the administrator's wife and the padre's mistress.

However, on closer inspection, he noticed an obvious difference between the two. Not only was there a vast disparity in their aura, but there was also a distinct difference in their looks.

The lady in the car had softer and more mature facial features.

If Lumian had to make a comparison, he would describe the lady in the car as Madame Pualis's older sister by seven or eight years.

At the moment, the lady sat in an open carriage pulled by the 'demon.' Surrounded by countless undead and the Death Knight, she traveled towards the distant forest as if she was on some kind of magical patrol.

Aurore retracted her gaze and ran towards Lumian. As she ran, she shouted, "Take this opportunity to escape from here!"

Lumian snapped out of his daze and waited for his sister to catch up before taking large strides and fleeing to the edge of the nearest wilderness.

Before long, they felt as though they had passed through an illusory curtain or a thick layer of water.

The scene before them changed.

The wilderness dissipated like bubbles. The clear river, new grass on both sides, and green trees all entered their view at once.

To Lumian and Aurore, this scene was so familiar that they didn't need to identify it to make a judgment.

They were still near Cordu Village!

This was where Ava Lizier used to tend to her geese!

"We're back..." Lumian wasn't surprised or disappointed. Instead, he looked around, having confirmed his suspicion.

Aurore panted and said, "Whether Madame Pualis made a mistake on purpose or not, we can't go back to the village now."

"Let's head to Dariège!" Lumian suggested immediately.

"Then let's go to the nearest pasture. There's a dangerous path down the hill. With our abilities, we'll be fine," Lumian added.

"Okay." Aurore turned around and started running.

Having borrowed the pony from Madame Pualis from time to time, she was familiar with the highland pastures around Cordu.

Lumian followed his sister closely, both glad and terrified at what had just happened.

He didn't expect Madame Pualis to be so powerful that she could have so many undead, the 'demon,' and the Death Knight chase after her.

Of course, it might not be Madame Pualis.

As she ran, Aurore slowed down. Her breathing became heavier, and her gasping became more and more pronounced.

"What's wrong?" Lumian still had plenty of energy.

This was one of the benefits of being a Hunter.

Aurore stopped and panted heavily.

"I'm exhausted. The spellcasting took up a lot of my energy."

Lumian said without hesitation, "Then I'll carry you. I'm not tired yet."

They were in a dire situation, and time was of the essence. Aurore nodded, went behind the squatting Lumian, and leaned on him. *NoveLusb.com*

Lumian first took off the brooch in front of him and returned it to his sister. Then, he straightened his body and ran again.

"Is this a mystical item?" Lumian still had the energy to ask.

Aurore was taken aback for a moment before she chuckled.

"Looks like you know quite a bit. This is indeed a mystical item. I call it the Integrity Brooch. It can create Holy sunlight or help me ignite materials to help me use a mystic technique to deal with ghost-type creatures. However, wearing it for too long will cause people to become fanatical. And as long as you wear it, you will lose some thoughts. As you know, immoral methods in battle might be more useful, but you get limited by it."

Aurore paused and asked in a deep voice, "Where did you get the Beyond character characteristic?"

As Lumian ran, he replied intermittently, "Didn't that Wand card allow me to stay awake in the dream?"

"What Wand card?" Aurore was confused.

Oh, this is something from the previous cycle... Lumian reorganized his words.

"I was at Ol' Tavern and met a mysterious lady. She gave me a Wand card. With that card, I stayed lucid in my dream and entered a strange space. There, I encountered some monsters and obtained a Hunter Beyond character characteristic."

"Hunter..." Aurore was familiar with this Sequence commonly seen in Intis.

As she muttered to herself, she suddenly chuckled, seeming to have thought of something.

What are you laughing at... Lumian was baffled.

Aurore asked again, "Then who gave you the formula? That mysterious lady?"

"Yeah." Lumian nodded as he ran.

Aurore sighed and said, "My stupid brother has his own secrets now... I can't confirm if what you said is true or not. I'll just take it at face value."

Lumian couldn't bear to see his sister disappointed, so he quickly changed the topic.

"Was that Madame Pualis on the carriage?"

"They look alike, but they're not the same," Aurore said, contradicting herself.

After a few seconds of deliberation, she said, "Since you're already a Beyonder, I'll tell you directly. My companions, uh, my pen pals, once mentioned something.

"They said that in the past few years, there have been many strange phenomena similar to what happened just now in the southern parts of Loen, the southern parts of Intis, and the Feynapotter Kingdom. Women ride carriages pulled by demons, patrol the wilderness and have hordes of undead following them. Some Beyonders who have grasped the corresponding mystic arts will let their spirits leave their bodies and follow the carriage for a period of time to experience something wonderful and obtain mystic knowledge.

"One of my companions obtained one of the Beyonders' notebooks. It mentioned that the lady's name is Madame Night. The owner of the notebook obtained a secret medicine production method from his experience following a carriage, which can create an invisibility potion from a baby's corpse.

"According to the investigation, the women in different places exhibit similar phenomena, but things happen at night."

Lumian said in surprise, "But it's daytime now."

Could the anomaly in Cordu Village have brought about a change?

"That's why I'm not sure," Aurore said after thinking for a moment. "Perhaps sending Naroka to Paramita made a difference. Perhaps that wilderness is Paramita, where Madame Nights patrol in the day and appear in the human world at night. Yes, combined with the fact that the lady resembles Pualis, I'm inclined to the previous guess."

Lumian didn't know much about mysticism, but he instinctively felt that his sister's suspicion was right.

He ran in silence for a distance before finally asking, "Why did you sacrifice yourself to save me? I wish you were more selfish."

"I'm very selfish," Aurore said with a smile. "I considered abandoning you and escaping on my own. Then, I would avenge you when I became stronger. However, after careful consideration, I realized that even if I gave you the Integrity Brooch and taught you how to use it, you wouldn't be able to help me attract most of the undead to give me a chance to escape. Only a Warlock like me could do it."

"It was a choice between us dying together or at least you being able to live. I don't have to tell you the choice I made, right?"

Making such a choice isn't as easy as how you make it sound. Lumian could accept it rationally, but not emotionally.

He said gloomily, "We might as well die together."

"You can't die! Who'll bring me back if you're gone? Anything's possible in the world of mysticism," lectured Aurore to her brother. "That's why I said all those sappy lines. So you'll remember to work hard and bring me back."

That's true... Lumian gradually agreed with his sister's choice.

After running for a while, they saw the nearest highland pasture. Lumian, who had been carrying Aurore, clearly felt tired, but he didn't stop to rest. He mustered his remaining strength and rushed to the hill covered in green grass.

There were many livestock pens and shacks here. The former was surrounded by rocks and tree branches. The ground was compacted soil and flattened feces. There was a long and narrow exit at one end that could only allow one sheep to pass through. The latter was similar to a primitive tent: stones were first used to build a circle of low walls, leaving a door and a

smoke vent. Then, a row of grates were built against the low walls. The bottom half of the grates was buried in the soil, and the upper end supported a wooden structure. On the wooden structure was a roof made of grass and mud.

This was where the shepherds lived. The environment was very harsh.

Lumian no longer carried Aurore and led her all the way to the other side of the hill.

The dangerous path was hidden below.

Looking at the path that required her to jump seven to eight meters off a cliff, Aurore said to Lumian, "Although you can climb this now, don't waste time. I'll fly you down."

"Alright." Lumian wanted to see what kind of changes would happen if he left Cordu.

Aurore grabbed Lumian's arm with one hand and sprinkled silver dust with the other.

The two of them floated up at the same time and slowly flew down the cliff.

In midair, Lumian suddenly felt a pain in his head, as if someone had hit him heavily.

Aurore had a similar reaction.

Lumian's vision quickly turned black as he felt everything shatter.

.....

Lumian jolted awake and saw the familiar sights of the table, chair, bookshelf, and wardrobe.

Back to square one... He got off the bed thoughtfully and went downstairs. As expected, he found Aurore in a light-blue dress, preparing dinner.

"Aurore, what's the date today?" Lumian asked.

Aurore glared at him. "Call me Grande Soeur! Are you still not fully awake? It's the 29th today."

As expected, the loop has repeated... Lumian wasn't surprised to hear Aurore's answer.

This was the third cycle he could recall. Combined with his own experience and the mysterious lady's pointers, he had a preliminary conclusion:

The time limit for the loop is until the twelfth night.

The spatial range of the loop is Cordu Village and its surroundings.

Characters in the loop are restricted from killing the padre.

These are the three key points of the loop...

At this thought, Lumian looked at Aurore and asked thoughtfully, "Grande Soeur, if you wrote a novel about a time loop, where would you put the key to undoing it?"

Aurore looked Lumian up and down in confusion. "You suddenly asked such a question and even called me Grande Soeur obediently... Did you come up with a new story to deceive others?"

"I guess so," Lumian replied sincerely.

Aurore frowned and thought for a while before saying, "From a novelist's perspective, or rather, from the perspective of normal logic, the most critical part of the cycle is definitely the final scene. This is because it is both the end of this cycle and the beginning of the next cycle. It is the button that connects the end and the beginning. Without it, there is no way to turn the flow of time in a straight line into a closed circle.

"Think about it. The loop reverses, so there will always be a first time. Something must have happened at the last moment to cause time to restart."

Twelfth night? Lumian agreed with his sister's guess about the twelfth night. He nodded and asked, "Then why can't the most critical part be the first day of the loop? Shouldn't we ask why the loop starts at this moment?"

Aurore chuckled and said, "Making a short story to deceive a few people temporarily is your forte, but when it involves this kind of content that requires strict logic and rich knowledge, you aren't capable of it.

"The reason why the first day of the loop is the first day is perhaps due to the power or energy that causes the loop. Proceeding past the last day will end up overlapping this day. This is like why a loop probably doesn't cover the entire world, but some localized area. It's not that it doesn't want to, but it's incapable of doing so."

Lumian had actually considered this possibility. He just hoped that his knowledgeable sister would come up with a different answer.

Aurore thought for a moment and added, "If the loop is not a completely closed circle, where there is still interaction between those inside and outside the loop—for example, information inside can be transmitted, and people outside can enter but not leave—the first day of the loop might start from the day the outsiders happen to enter, so that when the loop is repeated, they don't have a 'position.' Of course, it can also compel the outsiders to do something they will do subsequently on the originally eventless first day. There are too many ways to make up similar stories."

Lumian's eyes lit up when he heard that. He wanted to praise his sister loudly.

He suspected that the entry of Leah, Ryan, and Valentine caused the cycle to start on the afternoon of March 29th.

If that was the case, the twelfth night might have already turned into the tenth or ninth night. Of course, it might also have originally been the thirteenth night that turned into the twelfth night due to the 'intrusion' of the outsiders.

These were all possibilities that Lumian needed to verify himself.

He completely agreed with his sister's deduction. He believed that something must have happened on the twelfth night to cause the loop to happen. Only by figuring out what happened at that time could he find the key to undoing the loop.

Therefore, Lumian decided not to trigger any abnormalities in this cycle. He also found an excuse not to join the procession and stay until the twelfth night.

But he couldn't do nothing. Time wouldn't allow it.

Unless Lumian broke out of the cycle after experiencing the twelfth night, he would have to make the best use of time for the next cycle.

A complete cycle lasted twelve days. After that, the probability of the outside world discovering any abnormalities in Cordu would increase exponentially. Lumian had, at best, one complete cycle or less to resolve the problem.

If he wanted to stop the abnormality in one cycle, he needed to have enough information and a sufficient understanding of the entire village.

Lumian couldn't help but mock himself. Not only do I have to avoid triggering the abnormality, but I also have to investigate the problem.

What was the difference between this and a clown walking on a tightrope at the edge of a cliff?

Wanting both wasn't something good.

Aurore saw that he didn't speak for a few seconds and seemed to be making up a story. She waved her hand and said, "I almost forgot to make dinner!"

"Wait a minute," Lumian said with a solemn expression.

Aurore immediately clicked her tongue. "I smell mischief."

Lumian said bluntly, "Aurore, uh, Grande Soeur, actually, we've already fallen into a loop."

"Heh, you've just learned the trick and you're already using it on me?" Aurore was both angry and amused.

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I guess people need to be trustworthy at times... Lumian sighed silently.

"Can you at least listen to the story I made up first? Why don't you score me while we're at it?"

Aurore looked outside at the bright sky.

"That works too."

Lumian began from the time he met Leah and the other outsiders. He spoke as if he had a general outline, claiming that he had maintained his consciousness in the dream and entered a unique ruin. Through hunting monsters, he obtained a Beyond character and became a Hunter.

He didn't hide the matter about the thorned ring pattern that sealed his chest because it might involve the key to the time loop. He had seen the same symbol on the padre, and killing the padre had caused time to restart.

At first, Aurore was still smiling, thinking that her brother had come up with a creative story. But as she listened, her expression turned serious. There was a lot of knowledge that Lumian shouldn't have known.

When Lumian said that he had become a Beyonder, Aurore raised her right hand and massaged her temples.

Her light-blue eyes instantly became deep, but there was no figure reflected in them.

She looked at Lumian for a while and nodded slightly.

"Your Ether Body has undergone a huge change. Your life force and physical state are much stronger than ordinary people. Your Astral Projection has changed to a certain extent, but not much... As expected of a Hunter who's better at hand-to-hand combat than spellcasting... I can't see the symbol and the related changes, and I don't dare to look deeper..."

Aurore pouted and asked in confusion, "Don't tell me you deliberately made up such a ridiculous story to make me accept your becoming a Beyonder?"

This was a typical Lumian modus operandi.

Lumian didn't explain and directly talked about the mysticism knowledge that the lady had imparted to him.

Of course, he only briefly mentioned the name and did not elaborate.

This was not because he was very moral and principled about not telling his sister before obtaining the lady's permission. Instead, the other party was clearly very powerful. If he leaked precious knowledge and angered her, the time loop might be resolved, but they would die.

"Indestructible law... law of convergence... acting method..." Aurore was dumbfounded.

Aurore was stunned that her illiterate brother in the field of mysticism had grasped such incomparably precious knowledge.

It had been more than five years since she became a Beyonder. At first, she had relied on Emperor Roselle's diary to join that organization. Her pathway was a symbol of knowledge in the field of mysticism. From time to time, she would be pursued by knowledge, allowing her to master the acting method, the Law of Beyonder Characteristics Indestructibility, and the Law of Beyonder Characteristics Conservation, the three cornerstones of the Beyonder world. Therefore, she thought of herself as a Beyonder with insufficient experience but sufficient knowledge, miles ahead of most of her peers.

Now, her brother, who had never come into contact with mysticism, could actually mention such terms. Furthermore, he knew about a law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics that she didn't know about!

This eliminated the possibility that Lumian had peeked at her witchcraft notebook.

As a Beyonder of the Mystery Pryer pathway, Aurore suppressed her desire to know the specifics of the law of convergence as she looked at her brother. She asked in puzzlement, surprise, and worry, "What did you pay for that lady to teach you this knowledge?"

The potion formula was even free of charge!

She sized up Lumian again, from top to bottom, then from bottom to top, trying to find out what was missing from him.

"Nothing," Lumian laughed self-deprecatingly. "That's why it's terrifying. I don't even know what price I'll have to pay in the future. Yes, I suspect that it has something to do with the symbol on my chest and the dream ruin. That lady probably wants me to unravel the corresponding secret."

Aurore tersely acknowledged, "Continue."

She waited for the rest of the "story" with a serious attitude.

Lumian talked about the owl, the anomaly during Lent, and the siblings' experiences during the second cycle. He also talked about how the cycle would restart the moment they attempted to leave Cordu.

Aurore listened carefully and muttered to herself in disbelief, "Either I've been hypnotized by you and told you everything, or time has really entered a loop..."

She began to believe Lumian because she had named her "Integrity Brooch" herself, and there was no record anywhere. Unless she told her brother herself, it was impossible for Lumian to know, and she had no impression of it.

Lumian struck while the iron was hot.

"I can also prophesy that the three foreigners will appear at the Ol' Tavern at night. I can also prophesy that the padre is having an affair with Madame Pualis tonight. I can also prophesy that the shepherd, Pierre Berry, has returned to the village. There's something wrong with the three sheep he brought with him..."

The more Aurore listened, the more serious she became. After a while, she said, "The three foreigners entered the village in the afternoon while we were practicing combat. After that, we rested and didn't go out at all. Yes, in the combat class in the afternoon, you were still an ordinary person..."

She accepted Lumian's time loop theory.

If it were anyone else, Lumian would have laughed and said, "You believed it! Ha! You believed such a ridiculous story." But in front of Aurore, he was very restrained.

He then suggested, "I'll go around the village now and see if I can gather more information."

Aurore nodded.

"I'll also use my 'eyes' to look around, but there are huge restrictions and it's very dangerous. I'm not sure I'll gain anything."

Lumian waved his hand, indicating that he understood, and walked out the door.

As Lumian took a few steps, he looked back at Aurore's figure standing in the kitchen. He immediately thought of the scene of Aurore pushing him to safety among the countless undead and felt an inexplicable pain of separation.

He subconsciously asked, "Grande Soeur, why did you adopt me in the first place?"

Aurore grumpily replied, "I didn't want to either!"

"I was just kind enough to give you some food, but you kept following me. I couldn't shake you off, and you even obediently helped me do all kinds of things. My heart softened for a moment, and... who knew that you would grow into this!

"Do you know how hard it was for a young girl to raise a child like you?"

Lumian wanted to thank and praise her, but the words were stuck in his mouth, as if they wanted to rush to his eyes and nose.

He turned his head and walked back into the village.