

Inevitability 32

Chapter 32: Anomaly

The cloth, jars, and eggs that were splattered with blood, along with the sickening stench, failed to elicit a reaction from Padre Guillaume Bénet. He turned his body and locked his gaze on a particular spot in the cathedral, where Lumian's figure was reflected in his blue eyes.

The color of the padre's eyes shifted, turning so ethereal that they appeared transparent.

Lumian was surrounded by complicated silver symbols that coiled around him like small rivers. He ran through an illusory river that was formed from these symbols, with blurry tributaries ahead of him.

Guillaume Bénet reached out his right hand and grabbed a mercury-colored symbol that encircled Lumian.

Lumian stomped his right foot, preparing to hurl himself through the stained glass and out of the cathedral.

But he slipped and couldn't muster enough strength, and his body was sent flying.

With a loud bang, whoosh, and cracking sound, Lumian shattered the stained glass depicting Saint Sith, but he failed to break through it and instead crashed back into the cathedral.

His body was covered in cuts, and blood flowed freely.

Shepherd Pierre Berry, who had earlier decapitated Ava with an axe, locked onto Lumian.

His gentle smile belied the ferocity in his blue eyes, as if a seal inside him had been undone, revealing his true nature.

Pierre Berry charged at Lumian with the axe, his body seeming to grow taller and stronger with every step.

Lumian leaned against the broken stained-glass window, his back facing the ruthless shepherd.

Lumian struggled to free himself from the pain of being stabbed as he fell heavily to the ground. As he propped himself up with his hands to roll out of the cathedral, an abnormal sense of danger washed over him.

Someone's behind me, he realized. Ignoring the pain and blood, he continued pressing down on the broken glass window frame and pretended to roll out, using it as a cover to quickly retract his body and fall back instead of moving forward.

Bang!

Suddenly, an axe smashed into the window frame, sending it flying out of the cathedral with a loud bang.

Lumian rolled backward, narrowly avoiding Pierre Berry's violent attack as he lunged past his feet.

But he didn't feel relieved. Pierre Berry had blocked his only escape route, forcing him back into the cathedral.

Despite having read countless novels, Lumian knew he couldn't rely on simply rolling to avoid getting hit. As he brushed past Pierre Berry, he quickly propped himself up with his elbow, exerted strength from his waist, and bounced up.

He surveyed the scene and realized that, besides Guillaume-junior and a few others, all the lads had lost their minds and turned deranged.

They ignored Ava's headless corpse and the blood that stained the ground, shouting excitedly, "Send the Spring Elf off! Send the Spring Elf off!"

Guillaume-junior and a few others stood in shock, staring at Ava's wide, smiling eyes without moving.

Fear, panic, and disbelief etched their faces, as if trapped in an unbreakable nightmare.

Pierre Berry loomed over Lumian, appearing taller than the cathedral dome.

His axe missed, but he quickly retracted it and swung at Lumian again. Lumian deftly dodged the attack and ran off despite not even finding his footing.

Thud thud thud!

Lumian fully utilized a Hunter's speed and agility as he ran in an arc.

Target: the padre!

He knew he had to deal with the leader, no matter how the others attacked him. He put on a fierce stance, determined to either let them allow him to flee or die trying with him.

Only in this way could a miracle be created in a very unfavorable situation.

Shepherd Pierre Berry didn't pursue Lumian. He stood in front of the broken window frame, holding his blood-stained axe and extending his left hand towards Lumian's direction.

The cathedral plunged into darkness, and Lumian's surroundings grew even more ominous.

Seemingly coming to life, the abyss swayed gently, like a curtain behind which pale-white, pitch-black, and strange arms were poised to strike.

Padre Guillaume Bénét's eyes were nearly transparent, with Lumian's figure submerged in an illusory river formed by shimmering mercury symbols. In front of him, he saw something similar but more surreal, as if representing the future or a tributary.

After experimenting, Guillaume Bénét's right hand finally grasped the key pattern formed by multiple symbols.

With a single move, he could rewrite Lumian's future and render all his efforts futile.

But suddenly, the padre's eyes froze, and he let out a scream. His eyes shut tightly as blood and turbid tears streamed down his face.

Amidst his scream, his body expanded like a balloon being filled with gas, and his white robe with golden threads cracked under the strain.

His skin turned nearly transparent, revealing the bizarre mark that had been hidden beneath his clothes.

The black marks that resembled a seal connected to an indescribable world. The terrifying aura they emitted filled the cathedral, leaving the lads who were still sending off the Spring Elf in a state of extreme terror. They either ran around the offerings, knelt on the ground, or prostrated themselves on the floor, afraid to look up.

Guillaume-junior and a few others fainted from fear, leaving pools of urine and a foul stench.

Shepherd Pierre Berry was about to use his mystic arts to grab Lumian when he threw away his axe and knelt on one knee, bowing his head and ceasing all movement.

Lumian was the only one who remained unaffected in the entire cathedral.

Although he felt an abnormal pain in his head, it was nothing compared to the mysterious voice that had nearly killed him.

He also felt a burning sensation in his chest, suspecting that the black thorny chain symbol had appeared, along with the bluish-black symbol resembling an eye and worms.

However, he had no time to check his physical condition or understand why he suddenly had the upper hand. He continued to run towards Padre Guillaume Bénét, determined not to let any opportunity slip by!

As he got closer, Lumian could clearly see the unique black marks resembling seals made up of strange symbols and words.

His gaze quickly swept around and he noticed something familiar: black symbols resembling thorns that drilled out of the left chest of Padre Guillaume Bennet and circled behind him.

It was identical to Lumian's chest, but much lighter.

He has one too?

Lumian's heart trembled.

Is this the root cause of the abnormality in the village?

Why do I have it? When did I get it?

Thoughts quickly surfaced in Lumian's mind, but he didn't let them distract him from his movements.

He ran towards Guillaume Bénét, stretched out his right arm, and wrapped it around the enemy's head.

Without pausing, he forcefully circled behind the padre, and with a snap, Guillaume Bénét's head turned and faced his spine.

Phew... Lumian breathed a sigh of relief, knowing that the biggest problem had been resolved. He had to hurry home and escape with his sister, leaving the rest to the three foreigners to deal with.

But just as Lumian turned to leave, Guillaume Bénét, who was supposed to be dead, opened his eyes.

They were bloodshot, and a sharp buzz split Lumian's head in half, the intense pain preventing him from screaming.

Everything shattered before his eyes, and he was engulfed in darkness as he lost consciousness.

Painful!

How painful!

Lumian suddenly sat up, opened his eyes, and rubbed his head.

He saw the familiar surroundings of his bedroom: the wooden table, the reclining chair, and the wardrobe and small bookshelves on both sides.

I was saved by Grande Soeur? How long was I out? How is the situation in the cathedral? Lumian didn't have the time to think through it. Without wasting any time, Lumian got off the bed, held his head, and rushed out.

He found Aurore in the kitchen on the first floor, wearing a light blue dress and preparing dinner.

Lumian shouted, "Aurore! Grande Soeur, we need to run! The padre and many people in the village have gone crazy. They killed Ava at the end of the celebration!"

He wasn't sure if his sister knew about the incident, so he got straight to the point. After all, there were many ways to be saved, and it did not mean that she had to be at the scene.

Aurore turned around, looking confused, and asked, "Celebration? The Lent celebration?"

"Yes." Lumian nodded vigorously.

Aurore smiled.

"That was one hell of a story. Two sentences and you've got me feeling all kinds of scared. But listen, you gotta be more careful with your tales. Lent's still a few days away."

"..." Lumian was stunned.