

LORD OF MYSTERIES 2: CIRCLE OF INEVITABILITY

Chapter 274 Escape



The entrance to Fourth Epoch Trier? The Iron and Blood Cross Order is hunting for it? This person reappeared after vanishing for months? Lumian's mind raced upon hearing the trader's words.

He kept in mind the warning not to speak and tried his best not to. Leaning forward slightly, he extended his right hand to receive the small brown leather suitcase.

The man, resembling a starved bear, didn't refuse and chuckled.

"If I were Gardner Martin, I'd pray I never find out what's in this box."

What does this mean? Lumian wondered as his palm touched the suitcase.

At that moment, his eyes narrowed as he noticed the trader's right palm was absent from the suitcase's handle, floating as if held by an invisible force.

Following the handle, Lumian saw there was no arm in the sleeve. It was empty, supported by something invisible!

No arm! His heart tightened as he glanced up at the trader. His brownish-red eyes, accentuated by his thick beard and eyebrows, were as cold as a wild beast's, filled with undisguised hatred and fear.

Various thoughts raced through Lumian's mind as he forced himself to control his reaction. He calmly took the suitcase, not inquiring or observing. He didn't instinctively defend or attack, as if he hadn't noticed anything.

The trader's emotions seemed to shift slightly, and his laughter carried a hint of sorrow.

"Tell Gardner Martin that it won't be long before he goes underground too!

"All the pain and torture I've endured, he too will experience them!"

Lumian didn't say a word. He picked up the small suitcase and was about to turn around and leave the Albert Mines with "Giant" Simon and "Rat" Christo.

Suddenly, footsteps echoed from the other entrance behind the trader.

Compared to earlier, it became much clearer, almost within arm's reach.

Lumian felt more certain now; he could hear the distinct sound of leather shoes approaching from the silent tunnel!

In an instant, a figure emerged before Lumian, Christo, and Simon.

It was a man, completely naked, his head missing, blood oozing from the neck wound.

He wore only dark-blue shorts and strapless black leather shoes.

With two swift steps, the headless monster reached the trader from behind, stretching out its hands, seizing his head, and yanking it upwards.

"Save me! Save me!" cried the trader, unable to hide his panic and fear.

Almost simultaneously, his entire head was lifted, exposing a blood-stained spine dangling below. The spine was unusually long, swaying gently like a tail.

Silently, the trader's shirt, vest, pants, and formal attire lost support and collapsed to the ground.

He had no body left, only his head connected to the bloody spine.

"Save me! Save me!" The trader struggled with all his might, but the headless monster held him tightly, seemingly attempting to stuff him into its empty neck.

Although Lumian had encountered many terrifying and warped creatures in Cordu, this was the first time he had come across something so bizarre and terrifying.

Without hesitation, he turned around and dashed towards the entrance of the hidden tunnel, ignoring the trader's pleas for help.

"Giant" Simon and "Rat" Christo, who had been frightened from the very start, finally lost control. Like cyclists hearing the starting signal, they bent down and hurried into the tunnel.

Lumian caught up with them in a few strides, the echoing voice of the Albert Mines haunting their trail.

"Save me! Save me!"

"If I die, you guys can forget about living!"

"Help!"

With their carbide lamps in hand, the trio silently made their way through the hidden tunnel, their hearts constricting at the screams left behind.

A few minutes passed, and the shrill cries suddenly ceased, leaving an eerie silence that enveloped the Albert Mines.

Then, the echoing sound of tapping leather shoes reverberated through the hidden tunnel.

"Rat" Christo, being the shortest, found it easiest to keep his back bent as he moved forward. In a state of fear, he frantically pointed at his pocket with his right hand, as if he had seen death itself.

Has that peculiar rat given us a perilous warning? Lumian glanced at Christo's left chest and nodded reassuringly, indicating that he would cover their rear. All they needed to do was run with all their might.

As the tapping sounds drew nearer, Lumian and the others grew tense.

Though they had to bend their backs to navigate the concealed tunnel, it only slightly reduced their escape speed. After all, they were skilled Beyonders, their physical abilities notably enhanced.

With each passing moment, Lumian felt a chill down his spine. Just as the sound of the leather shoes approached to within a few meters, the trio finally reached the tunnel exit and burrowed out.

Seeing "Giant" Simon about to flee on his own, Lumian, who had already returned to their agreed position, could no longer stay silent. He lowered his voice and growled, "Block the door!" "I think you should take a look at

As he spoke, he turned around and abandoned the carbide lamp and small suitcase, attempting to push the heavy rock beside the exit.

"Giant" Simon subconsciously ignored Lumian's command, but his heart still trembled from the low shout.

Throughout their journey, he had grown accustomed to following his instructions, as if it were the only way to ensure his survival.

He found himself caught in a dilemma.

After a brief moment of hesitation, "Giant" Simon suspected that if he ran away and left Ciel to fend for himself against the monster, Ciel might very well attack him and kill him as a deserter once he survived the attack!

"Rat" Christo had similar thoughts, but he believed that if they both didn't help, Ciel wouldn't waste time blocking the tunnel exit. When the time came, whoever ran the slowest would become the monster's first target, buying enough time for the other two to escape.
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After evaluating each other's pathway characteristics and Sequences, Christo realized he was definitely the slowest. Moreover, he couldn't injure "Giant"

Simon and "Lion" Ciel in a short period of time, meaning he couldn't slow them down and overtake them.

Without hesitation, he stopped fleeing and returned to the tunnel exit, assisting Lumian in pushing the stone to block the door.

Taking a cue from the "Rat," "Giant" Simon chose to obey and turned around.

Together, in just a few seconds, the trio secured the entrance to the hidden tunnel.

The sound of footsteps faded into nothingness.

Simultaneously, "Rat" Christo couldn't contain his surprise and delight, exclaiming, "Everything's fine now!"

There was no more visible movement in his pocket, where the rat named Taffy resided.

Lumian didn't share Christo's exuberance. He picked up the carbide lamp and small suitcase, speaking in a deep voice, "Let's talk when we get back to the first underground level."

"Giant" Simon and "Rat" Christo's relaxed minds tensed up once more. Instinctively, they followed Lumian up the rock wall and turned into another hidden tunnel.

Along the way, they didn't encounter any attacks, but being underground meant they were surrounded by either complete silence or occasional strange sounds. After their recent fright, the environment was far from pleasant for them. If Lumian hadn't remained calm and composed, "Giant" Simon and "Rat" Christo might have resorted to drastic measures.

Upon returning to the area corresponding to the streets and squares above ground, "Rat" Christo reached into his pocket to comfort Taffy and let out a long sigh.

"When I saw that monster, I thought we were going to die right there."

Though he and Simon had killed over ten people, interacted with other Beyonders, and even fought them, they had never encountered a monster like the headless one before. It was an abnormal horror they had never experienced.

This was even scarier than the horror stories they had heard in their youth!

Lumian smiled.

"Didn't the Boss say that there won't be much risk if we don't communicate or open the box?"

However, in such a situation, most people couldn't stay calm! "Giant" Simon and "Rat" Christo gained a newfound appreciation for Ciel's mental fortitude.

Thanks to the shock brought about by the trader and the headless monster, Lumian and his companions weren't interested in what lay inside the box. They hurriedly left the underground and returned to 11 Rue des Fontaines, where they met Gardner Martin in the study.

Gardner Martin took the small suitcase and examined it casually. He smiled and said, "Very good. You've all done well. I'll reward you later."

After praising them, the Savoie Mob boss looked at Lumian and nodded gently.

"I have a message for you. If you wish to progress further on the Hunter pathway, you must remember this sentence:

'The Demon is our friend, and hell is someone else's.'"

The Demon is our friend, and hell is someone else's... Lumian couldn't fully grasp the true meaning of this sentence, but Gardner Martin didn't provide further explanation.

As his three subordinates left the study, Gardner Martin turned to the door connecting to the activity room.

The door creaked open, and a man in a half top hat, white shirt, yellow vest, black suit, and dark pants approached.

He had short auburn hair, brownish-red eyes, a thick, messy beard, and thick eyebrows, resembling a starving bear. He was the trader who had given the small suitcase to Lumian and the others and been dragged back by the headless monster.

"Olson, any thoughts on him?" Gardner Martin inquired.

The trader addressed as Olson replied with a smile, "Simple background, clear origins, smart, bold, and decisive. He could bring together a few people who were originally unrelated into a team in a short period of time. Isn't that what you want?

"As for loyalty, that's the least of my worries. When the time comes, even if he's not loyal, he'll become loyal."

Gardner Martin nodded slightly.

"Observe him for a while longer and see who he interacts with."

After discussing this topic, Gardner Martin looked at the small suitcase on the table and asked curiously, "What's inside?"

"Like I said, you'd better pray you never find out." The trader known as Olson smiled, picked up the suitcase, and left the study.

After taking a few steps in the hall, he suddenly found his head a little tilted. He raised his hands, held his head, and straightened it with a snap.