

Lord of Mysteries 2: Circle of Inevitability #Chapter 32 Anomaly - Read Lord of Mysteries 2: Circle of Inevitability 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 Bénét. 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 Bénét 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.

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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.

Lumian gazed into Aurore's eyes for a moment before slowly asking, "How many days until Lent?"

He suspected his sister was trying to prank him, but he had never known her to be flippant about important matters. This was a crucial moment that would impact the whole village, and possibly even their survival.

Aurore sized him up and quipped, "Did you not take an afternoon nap? Are you still not fully awake? It's March 29, 1358. We still have a few days before Lent."

March 29... Lumian ruminated the date for a moment and wondered if he was dreaming.

He had vividly experienced Lent--a period of merriment that ended in a bloodbath. He had witnessed Shepherd Pierre Berry hack off Ava's head with an axe and blood spurt everywhere...

Was he dreaming now, or had his past experience been a dream? Regardless of which one it was, they both seemed too real. Lumian couldn't detect any signs of deceit on his sister's face.
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Sure, Aurore could be an excellent actress, but Lumian believed she was not that kind of person.

They had spent five years together, and he knew every detail of her personality. There was no way she could have fooled him!

Lumian was perplexed as he considered the possibilities of his sister Aurore lying to him about the date.

Either she was being controlled by the padre or some secret entity or everything had been resolved and she was just messing with him.

If neither of these options was true, then it was likely that Aurore was telling the truth.

Time had rewound to March 29th, a few days before Lent.

With Lumian's understanding of the world, this was clearly impossible and shouldn't have happened. However, his sister's attitude left him at a loss.

I have to think of a way to confirm it... Lumian tried to recall everything that had happened during that time period and realized he could easily remember most of the details--Aurore was wearing a light-blue dress on that day on the 29th March corresponding to the "successful" celebration of Lent. He also remembered meeting Leah, Ryan, and Valentine that night before taking them to the cathedral to catch the padre in the act.

"What's wrong?" Aurore stretched out her right hand and waved it in front of her stunned brother.

Lumian quickly gathered his thoughts and said, "Aurore, I just remembered something. I need to go out for a while. I'll be back soon!"

Lumian realized that the only way to confirm if time had really returned to March 29th was to find Ava.

If she was still alive, he would have to come to terms with this unbelievable change.

He didn't wait for Aurore's response and hurried to the door, bypassing her.

"Call me Grande Soeur! Don't be late for dinner!" Aurore shouted after him.

As he ran towards Ava Lizier's house, Lumian feared that if he were even a second slower, he would be caught in an indescribable nightmare and completely devoured.

Along the way, many villagers noticed him, but they were afraid it was a prank directed by him and didn't stop to ask for a reason.

Finally, Lumian reached his destination.

Guillaume Lizier, Ava's father, was a famous shoemaker in the village of Cordu and the surrounding mountains. Although they weren't particularly rich, they weren't too bad either. They lived in a subterranean grayish-blue two-story building with an empty space at the back where grass and firewood were piled up, and a goose house was repaired.

It was almost dinner time when Lumian arrived, and several figures were busy in the kitchen of the Liziers' household.

Lumian walked through the open door and immediately saw Ava.

This brown-haired girl with aqua-blue eyes was wearing a gray-white dress and preparing dinner for her mother. Her hands and feet were nimble, and her eyes were lively. Lumian could tell just by looking at her that she was alive.

She's really not dead... Lumian thought to himself as he looked at Ava's neck, trying to find signs of stitches.

In one of Aurore's horror novels, there was a scene where a corpse was stitched up to act as a living person.

But Ava's neck was long and smooth, without a single scar.

Guillaume Lizier, the shoemaker, noticed Lumian standing in the doorway and asked, "Lumian, what's the matter?"

He stood up from his kitchen chair and faced Lumian, his brown hair disheveled, and a slightly greasy brownish-white apron hanging in front of him.

Ava, who had been busy in the kitchen, turned around in surprise and looked at Lumian.

She saw Lumian standing there in a daze.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

Lumian was momentarily stunned but quickly regained his composure and planned to make up a random reason to explain his visit.

However, Guillaume Lizier inspired him with a question.

He deliberated for a moment and asked, "Monsieur, did Pierre of Berry order a pair of leather shoes from you?"

He remembered that he and Reimund were supposed to meet Shepherd Pierre Berry the next morning and were surprised when he had abandoned his flock to rush back to participate in the Lenten celebration despite the dangers of the long and difficult journey.

By that time, Pierre Berry had already put on a new pair of soft leather shoes.

Unless he went to a shoe shop in DariÃ"ge that sold finished products, it would take time to make a pair of leather shoes. This meant that Pierre Berry had been back in the village for at least two or three days!

Guillaume Lizier was surprised by Lumian's question and said, "Pierre Berry came back a few days ago, but not many people in the village know about it. He also told me not to tell anyone else."

As expected... Lumian made up a reason and said, "I saw someone who looked very much like him and thought I was hallucinating.

"Because the man was wearing new leather shoes, I came to confirm it with you."

"It's him." Guillaume Lizier gave an affirmative answer. "He was still herding three or four sheep that he claimed his employer had given him."

Don't they only let the sheep return to the village in early May to shear and milk them? How are they to be grazed if a few sheep are brought back now? Grazing in the highland pastures is still prohibited... The more Lumian thought about it, the more he felt that Shepherd Pierre Berry's behavior was extremely abnormal.

And his performance at the end of the celebration proved Lumian's judgment.

However, he had no idea what he, the padre, and the others wanted to do, or what they had already done.

Lumian smiled at Guillaume Lizier and Ava and said, "I'm relieved that it's really him. I thought I was having problems with my brain and eyes because I drink too much."

He then waved at the Liziers and said, "Goodbye."

As Lumian left the Liziers' house, the smile on his face disappeared quickly.

He was now very confident that today was really March 29th.

Did I go back in time, or did I have a precognitive dream? Dreams can't be that real. They're so real that every detail is there... Lumian thought hard as he walked.

Either way, it was something he had only read about in Aurore's novels and never imagined would happen in reality.

On his way home, Lumian circled the square and came to the side of the Eternal Blazing Sun cathedral.

The stained-glass window, which should have been completely shattered, was perfectly embedded in the wall, and the Saint Sith missionary illustration on the surface shone brightly under the sunset.

Lumian watched this scene with mixed feelings. Many thoughts threatened to emit smoke from all the friction against each other in his mind.

On his way back to the square, Lumian saw a familiar figure walk out of the cathedral's main entrance.

It was the padre, Guillaume BÃ©net, who had a slightly hooked nose and a dignified aura, and he was wearing a white robe with golden threads.

Lumian's heart tightened, and he arched his body slightly, preparing himself for an attack or to flee.

Guillaume BÃ©net glanced at him and nodded expressionlessly.

"Come again tomorrow for prayers."

Uh... That's right. He hasn't been caught red-handed by me during the early evening of March 29th. He hasn't fallen out with me, nor is there any worry that his secret plot is about to be exposed... With this in mind, Lumian instinctively reacted.

He stood up straight and spread his arms.

"Praise the Sun!"

"Praise the Sun!" Guillaume BÃ©net replied with the same pose.

After leaving the village square, Lumian habitually recalled what had just happened.

Suddenly, he discovered a point that he had neglected previously because he was shocked by "time reversal."

He still had his superpowers!

He was still a Hunter!

He had not needed to catch his breath from running all the way to the Liziers, and he had immediately put on the best posture when facing the padre. This meant that his physique and corresponding condition far exceeded the time before he consumed the potion.

From this, Lumian made a judgment that the previous experience was not a precognitive dream, and he was already a Sequence 9 Beyonder!

I'll try entering that special dream at night to see if I can still enter and if there are any changes... Lumian quickly came up with the next step of his plan.

After returning home, Lumian pretended as if nothing had happened and had dinner with his sister, Aurore.

As he often acted this way because he didn't want her to help clean up the mess every time he got into trouble, Aurore didn't ask any further despite sensing that something was off.

After washing the cutlery and cleaning the kitchen, Lumian informed his sister and went straight to Ol' Tavern.

He wanted to confirm if the foreigners who didn't hail from Cordu would appear.

After entering Ol' Tavern, Lumian sat at the bar counter and greeted the boss and bartender, Maurice Bœnet, and the thin middle-aged man, Pierre Guillaume.

"A glass of Whiskey Sour," he said with great familiarity.

Whiskey Sour referred to low-quality alcohol brewed from apples. It was only more expensive than some beer in taverns. People often hawked it on the streets of the city.

Maurice Bœnet nagged, "Stingy brat, don't you like the pain of absinthe?"

Lumian said the familiar words, "Is it on the house?"

This made his mind feel a little adrift.

Maurice Bœnet immediately stopped talking and poured a glass of Whiskey Sour for Lumian.

Lumian sipped his drink as he waited.

Not long after, he heard tinkling sounds.

He turned around to see Ryan wearing a rough dark bowler hat, a drab duffel coat, and pale yellow strides.

Leah attracted the attention of almost all the men in Ol' Tavern with her white pleated cashmere dress, off-white coat, Marseillan boots, and small silver bells tied to her boots and veil.

Similarly, Valentine wore a white vest, a blue tweed jacket, and black trousers, with his blond hair covered in a little powder.

The three of them walked to the bar counter under everyone's gazes and sat down beside Lumian.

Lumian didn't look up as he thought to himself, A glass of Dariège red wine, a glass of rye beer, and a glass of Cœur de Picardie...

Ryan took off his top hat and put it aside. Then, he said to Maurice BÃ©net, "A glass of DariÃge red wine, a glass of rye beer, and a glass of CÃur ÃpicÃ."

Lumian let out a long sigh, and Ryan asked, "What's wrong?"

Lumian took a sip of his Whiskey Sour and said in a deep voice, "I'm a nobody, with no time to notice the brightness of the sun..."

Lumian intended to observe, so he went through the entire process of getting to know Leah and her companions until they arrived outside the cathedral of the Eternal Blazing Sun.

He confirmed that these three foreigners really didn't know him and weren't on guard against his corresponding prank.

Has time really rewound... Lumian was momentarily in a daze.

Valentine said his 'lines' as he looked at the magnificent building in front of him that had blended into the night. "We've been here before. There's no one here."

Lumian composed himself and stopped following the procedure.

He said directly, "That's because the padre doesn't want to bother with you."

He planned on leaving the impression on these three foreigners, who were suspected to be official Beyonders, that he liked to joke but meant no harm.

Leah thought of several possibilities and asked, "You're saying that the padre is in the cathedral but isn't responding to the knocks due to certain matters?"

Lumian smiled.

"It's not suitable to have others see you having an affair in the cathedral."

After saying this, he instinctively muttered in his heart, Unfortunately, I can't hear the classic line 'You've ruined the holy church's plans!' this time.

Of course, after learning more about Madame Pualis, he felt that what the padre said was not entirely unreasonable.

Perhaps padres could be like the main characters in Aurore's spy novels, who were willing to endure temporary humiliation and betray their bodies to infiltrate the evil forces represented by Madame Pualis to complete an important mission.

Valentine's cold attitude changed as he asked anxiously, "Having an affair in the cathedral?"

Lumian spread his hands. "What's the problem? The padre does this every day. Relax. Isn't there a saying that goes, 'throughout the ages, it has remained unchanged: men will always pursue women?'"

Valentine snapped, "But this is a cathedral!"

Lumian thought for a moment and asked curiously, "So, as long as the clergyman doesn't have the affair in the cathedral, it's acceptable?"

"This is blasphemy against God!" Valentine was on the verge of exploding.

Ryan placated him with a pat on the shoulder, and the most composed foreigner in the group asked, "Do you know who the padre is having an affair with tonight?"

Lumian shook his head.

"There are too many possibilities. His mistresses include Madame Pualis, Madonna Bénet, Philippa Guillaume, and Sybil Berry..."

"Madonna Bénet? She has the same last name as the padre?" Leah interjected.

Lumian nodded. "She and the padre are cousins twice removed."

"..." Valentine was stunned for a moment. He gritted his teeth and asked, "Is Guillaume Bénet a servant of God or a servant of the Demon?"

Do you only know this line? Why don't I see you blowing up his head... Lumian deliberately defended the padre, "It's actually nothing. In Dariège, we have a saying: 'Distant cousins, feel free to sleep together.'"

Leah laughed, tinkling the silver bell on her head. "Why do you have so many sayings?"

Lumian spread his hands again. "That's just how it is in the countryside."

Ryan interjected thoughtfully, "How do you know that we're not from Dariège?"

"You wouldn't have said, 'in Dariège, there's a saying.'"

You told me this yourself... Lumian had been quick to shoot off his tongue and actually treated what had "happened previously" as information that he already knew.

He had no choice but to make up a reason.

"You don't look like Dariège locals."*nOVεℓusb.cOm*

He pointed to the road leading to the village and said, "I've already helped you find the padre. I have to go home now."

Leah smiled faintly and said, "I thought you'd follow us."

"I don't dare offend the padre," Lumian casually mentioned. "The villager who snitched on him previously has been missing for a long time."

Without waiting for Ryan and the others to respond, he waved his hand and ran to the other side of the square, saying, "Remember to keep my secret, my cabbages!"

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Lumian walked along a starlit country road, the crimson moon obscured by clouds.

He pondered recent events, his hands in pocket.

As he neared his home, he looked up at the roof of the semi-subterranean two-story building.

As expected, Aurore sat there, hugging her knees and gazing at the cosmos.

In the darkness, she seemed lonely and distant.

It has really repeated... Is there a possibility that what happened previously is real and I'm dreaming now? Lumian had just come up with a new guess when he suddenly realized the difference between the two March 29ths.

He realized that the woman who had given him the Wand card and taught him mysticism knowledge was absent from Ol' Tavern, preventing him from determining if he was dreaming or not.

I'll do a confirmation tomorrow... Lumian composed himself, walked to his house, and pushed the door open.

Just like last time, Lumian climbed to the roof using the ladder on the second floor and sat beside Aurore.

"What's so interesting about this view?" Lumian said deliberately.

Aurore turned her head and sighed. Just as she was about to speak, Lumian added, "I mean, what does the cosmos mean to you?"

Aurore sized him up.

"You're being rather direct today?"

She then looked at the cosmos and said faintly, "As you know, I'm not from Cordu or Dariège. I don't know if you've ever heard the saying that home is where you can't return to..."

Lumian didn't joke as he looked into the cosmos.

Aurore proceeded to fly into her bedroom and write a letter to her pen pal. Lumian didn't reveal his newfound Beyonder status. He returned to the second floor, chatted with her sister about her pen pal, then closed Aurore's door and returned to his bedroom.

Upon seeing the white four-piece bed, Lumian's heart skipped a beat. He lifted the pillow and found the Minor Arcana tarot card representing the Seven of Wands!

Looking at the man in verdant attire with a determined expression on his face, his hand holding a wand, poised for battle his enemies, Lumian remembered the woman's interpretation of the card: "Crisis, challenge, confrontation, courage..."

The more Lumian thought about it, the more he felt that these four words truly revealed his current situation.

Before drawing the card, there was a high chance that he would enter a crisis and face challenges!

What I need to do next is to muster my courage and confront the problem? Wait, hasn't time already turned back? I haven't even met that lady or drawn the card. Why is it here? Lumian was alarmed. He wasn't too confident about his previous guesses.

All kinds of thoughts and deductions quickly emerged in his mind, like bubbles bubbling in boiling water.

This made Lumian's head hurt; he felt like he was about to go crazy.

In the end, Lumian decided to treat the woman and the item she gave him as an "exception" for the time being.

With that lady's mysteriousness and uniqueness, it was considered normal for her to be unaffected by time reversal!

If I can find her tomorrow and she still knows me, it means that there's nothing wrong with my deduction... Lumian exhaled, feeling mentally exhausted.

He went to the washroom to wash up and went to bed early.

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Lumian woke up in the familiar, faint gray fog and sat up, seeing the wooden table and chair in front of the window.

He had once again entered the special dream.

Upon discovering that the Wand card still existed, Lumian knew he could enter.

Lumian subconsciously touched the inner pocket of his clothes, and his expression froze.

The gold coins were gone!

All the gold coins were gone!

Lumian hurriedly jumped off the bed and searched his entire body and the spot where he had been lying, but couldn't find them.

He didn't even have 1 copper worth of copper coins.

Time has reversed here, too? Lumian suddenly had such a guess.

He looked around and didn't see the shotgun, axe, or pitchfork that should have been there.

He calmed himself and walked down to the first floor, where he found the pitchfork and hand axe in their original locations, identical to his first exploration of the dream ruins.

Similarly, the bucket of corn oil had not been placed beside the stove.

As for the shotgun, Lumian searched everywhere but didn't find it.

Lumian believed more and more that time had turned back in the dream.

I'll check the ruins and see if the two monsters are still there... Lumian muttered to himself silently. He picked up his axe and opened the door.

Not long after, he passed through the wilderness filled with crevices and weeds and arrived at the edge of the ruins.

Unlike the first time he explored this place, as a Hunter, he noticed many traces left behind by living creatures, including two that often appeared in the area when he put his mind to it. He followed one set of footprints to the half-collapsed house.

If I had such superpowers in the past, how could I have nearly been ambushed during my first exploration? Lumian carried his axe and entered the building.

He went straight to his "destination" and arrived in front of the shattered pottery jar.

A sliver of gold seeped out from inside.

Lumian bent over and picked up the Louis d'or.

It was the same lustrous color as the first time Lumian picked it up.

Indeed, time has reversed. With very few exceptions, everything has returned to the original state... Lumian sighed.

Suddenly, he took two quick steps forward, twisted his waist, and half-turned to the right.

As he exerted his strength, the axe in his hand cleaved out.

The skinless blood-colored monster lost sight of its target just as it pounced from the roof. What greeted it was an axe.

Pfft!

Its head flew out, and its headless body fell heavily to the ground amidst the blood and pus.