

# PURIFICATION OF LONELINESS

**F**ilth and stink of the human nature attract monsters like the one he hunts in the ruins of the old shipyard. But after killing another dark creature Lucian breathed better.

Bloodthirsty beast tore apart the young guy on the eve of his wedding. The heartbroken bride was ready to give all her money for revenge, but Lucian agreed to do it for free. Was this a desire to protect the girl from scammers or from the pain he knew well? Such a thought purifier preferred to drown out shots.

“Go ahead, scare me.”

Lucian understood that his opponent was physically weak, and in the battle face-to-face, he easily won, but the monster continued to play hide and seek, exhausting him with attacks from the darkness.

“Scare? I want to have fun with you,” for the first time in the battle, Lucian heard a familiar female voice. “After all, you can do better.”

A human silhouette formed in the dark, stepping toward the purifier. Lucian pointed his pistols at the stranger.

*“Pull the trigger and this will be over!”* he tough. *“But why doesn't this smile allow me to do this? Why in front of me standing... Senna.”*

“Come on,” she stretched out her arms to Lucian, and he went into her embrace, “touch me.”

Pistols fell. Lucian silently pressed against the girl.

“Finally! A man who can satisfy me,” with these words, something pink was struck in Lucian's face.

Purifier regained consciousness in the darkness. A sense of pain shackled the body. Far away, he heard him screaming in agony, although he was silent.

*“What is this place?”* Lucian looked around, *“How did I get here?”*

After this though, the darkness around start took the outline of the tavern where purifier volunteered to kill the monster. He was sitting in a company of two unconsciousness bodies: one on the table in front of him and other under it.

“You fought well,” near sounded a girlish voice. “They'll be pissed off when waking up.”

He decided to examine the interlocutor, but the pain that he feels in the darkness returned, and the girl's face get blurred.

“Monster would tear them apart. They should thank me for saving their lives.”

“They wouldn't hunt a monster. Just took the money and left.”

“So I taught them good manners.”

“And they paid you,” the girl touched Lucian's abrasion.

“There were two of them...”

“Sometimes it's nice to have someone who will cover your back,” the girl interrupted him, and the pain in his body became burning.

“I'm better on my own,” Lucian got up from the table.

“I've been following this creature for a long time,” she grabbed his arm, “you can't beat her.”

Lucian turned around and, through the pain, examined the girl. Long hair gathered into a braid, blood-red glasses and a folding crossbow on the arm.

“You work alone since your wife's death, but now we should unite,” girl's words were accompanied by the clanking of chains and growing pain. “My name is...”

“I know who you are,” Lucian snapped, and the whole tavern went silent. “Monster hunter and a killer. I would rather let my heart be pierced by the claw of the beast, then the arrow of the so-called ally, Shauna Vayne.”

Lucian walked to the exit, trying to get away from the unbearable pain. When he flung open the door, a heat struck his face, and he woke up at the old shipyard. His weapon lying on the floor, but he couldn't move. He was hung up, wrapped in chains and before his eyes was a frightening picture.

“You're a loner since that day,” said Senna, suspended in front of them on chains and hooks. “Trying to protect the others from danger.”

“You're...not Senna.”

“Always alone against misery,” chain clanged dragging the girl into the darkness. Lucian saw how the hooks tore to pieces her silhouette, and in its place appears a creature with a devilish smile, “But misery loves company.”

Quietly laughing, the creature came out of the shadows. Her skin was purple, and the body was lightly covered by shadows. There were two lashers with the sharp pink edges behind. She walks toward him slowly, and with every step out of the shadow pink spikes appeared, causing Lucian pain. Seeing how Lucian loses consciousness, demoness turned into a shadow and quickly jumped to him, picking up his head with the lasher.

“No, no! Don't die yet!” her pupils glowed, “It will be a shame if you don't die by my hands.”

“How do you know about Senna?” Lucian asked quietly.

“I've heard about you, her and the chain warden,” the eyes of the demoness caught fire more, “so I created these illusions with my lust dust to break the mind and the flesh.”

Demoness turned around, wrapping her body in the darkness and curved lashers on either side of the purifier.

“But before your death, I want you to think only about me, about Evelynn.”

Deadly lashers quickly began to contact. Lucian prepared to meet with the Veiled Lady, but suddenly felt how chains break and he fell to the floor.

Opening his eyes, he saw the demoness leap into the darkness, and in front of him appeared someone in a red cloak, with a massive crossbow.

“That's right, run! The shadows are to be feared,” said girl, putting the crossbow behind her, and walked over towards Lucian. Relieving him of the chains, Vayne helped him to sit down and held out a bottle, “Drink it.”

Lucian took a sip and choked with bitterness.

“Corrupting potion, although unpleasant to the taste, but quickly puts you on your feet.”

After finished drinking, purifier immediately got up and silently walked away.

“You give lessons of good manners, but don't follow them?” she asked.

“This time I have learned the lesson.”

“And which one?”

Lucian raised his pistols.

“Misery loves company,” he waved to the girl, as he went into the darkness in which Evelynn disappeared. Vayne grinned and followed him.