

ABYSSAL LORD OF THE MAGI WORLD

Chapter 5 - The Bloody Boy

Zatiel was observing the camp as he was preparing to assault it, it has already been 2 days since the poison was mixed in the water, and everyone should have been affected by now.

Although the protection team of the well finds it weird that a badly injured beast attacks them out of nowhere, after testing the water of the well and finding nothing, they thought that the alligator was chased out by an opposing beast and randomly arrived at the well.

"The number of lookouts has increased since last time, it is to be expected after all 2 of their men disappeared. The poison should be already in the system of every bandit by now."

When the night came Zatiel started the attack, flashing from tree to tree, the first thing he did was taking out the lookouts. Even though there were some experienced fighters, none of them could react before being knocked out.

"Now let the real show begin," Zatiel says while taking a sword from his waist, a present from the first group of bandits he captured.

Although he was about to fight 100 men, on his face you could see excitement and a fighting intent as if this was a very enjoyable game. Although during his first and third life he has been a human, his longest time alive was as a demon, and demons are in essence battle machines and to them fighting is a second nature.

Actually if it wasn't because he knew it was suicidal going without preparing beforehand, he would have attacked the camp the moment he found it.

Without hesitation, Zatiel charges directly to the entrance of the camp. Having spent the last couple of days training his body, he now has almost 3 points of physique and 2 in agility, giving him the ability to run almost 100 meters every ten seconds.

"Enemy!"

"Attack him!"

The two guards at the entrance barely had time to react before Zatiel appeared before them. Since the guards were experienced killers, they attacked him with ferocity.

The first guard stabbed his sword directly to Zatiel's head while the second aimed to his waist.

Zatiel moves his head to the right just enough to let the sword pass by the side and using his sword he manages to deflect the attack from the second one. Without pausing, he launches a heavy punch to the chest of the first guard with his free hand.

The guard was thrown away 2 meters before crashing on the ground and you could hear the sounds of bones breaking. The second guard tries to attack again but a kick hits him right in his face and throws him in the air.

Without stopping, he advances to the camp and the commotion alerts the rest of the bandits.

Zatiel charged and attacked any bandit that stood before him, never stopping, dodging the attacks, and finding just the right moment to counter-attack. All the bandits were being thrown to the floor with broken bones and sometimes with their arms or legs missing.

Sometimes some stronger bandits with some amount of training in vital energy attacked him but their fate was the same as that of the rest.

"It should be starting to take effect about now."

As if his words were magic, the bandits started to drop to the floor like they were flies.

It was of course due to the poison Zatiel mixed with the water 2 days ago. The poison used was a powder made from a plant known as Fighter Doom. It was a tasteless poison that takes effect when the person suffers from a drastic rise in the blood flow like in a fight hence its name.

With the riot and commotion going on, almost every bandit was battling or chasing Zatiel, increasing their heartbeat and worsening their current condition.

Just as Zatiel was observing the now defeated bandits, a feeling of danger appeared. Without wasting time, he stepped back and put the sword in front of him.

A heavy sword came down on him and crashed against his own, throwing him almost a meter before he could stabilize himself.

A burly man, almost 2-meters tall with a square face full of scars and short hair wearing his full armor shows up.

"So you are the bastard that thinks he can burst into my camp and kill my men."

"You could say so, and who are you?" Zatiel spoke as he was giving the order to the A.I chip to scan his opponent.

'Strength and Physique of almost 3 points hence the poison didn't work, luckily his agility and mine are around the same or this could be very difficult'.

Of course in the worst case, Zatiel would just escape, stuff like staying and fighting to death with honor, to him, was just stupidity.

"Good! You are a brave little brat, you can say Captain Robert killed you when you reach hell."

Zatiel could not help but show a little smile on his face as he heard those words. After all, imagining a demon, a resident of the abyss going to hell, the land of devils, after his death will be hilarious.

"Die you little shit!"

The Captain charged at Zatiel and attacked with all his strength, slashing with his sword straight to his head, trying to cut him in two.

Zatiel moves to the left dodging the sword just by a few centimeters.

The sword crashed on the ground and made debris fly away, a testament to the strength the blow carried.

Angry at his attack missing, the Captain continues with a series of slashes from all directions, but no matter how he attacked, Zatiel always finds a way to dodge his blow right at the last moment.

After more than ten minutes, the fight continues the same way- the captain madly attacking and Zatiel skillfully dodging.

Zatiel always dodges the attack using the minimum strength required and when it is possible, he counters with his sword making small wounds appear all over the places that were not protected by the armor.

Although not all of his memories were uploaded, the ones that were uploaded had hundreds of the fights he had as a low-level demon, so his battle experience is way greater than his opponent.

"You coward, stop jumping around and fight like a man," screamed the captain with anger clear on his face, as he attacked with even more ferocity making the rocks fly when his sword touches the ground.

Zatiel didn't answer at his clear provocation, but he focuses on finding an opening, after all, when an opponent is angry is when he makes the mistakes.

After a series of more attacks, the Captain landed his sword without control and made it crash on the ground, temporarily getting it stuck. Although it was just a second, in a fight that can be fatal.

'Now!'

Zatiel attacked immediately throwing his sword like lightning at the neck of the Captain.

But even blinded by rage, the Captain was an experienced fighter, moving at the last moment. Although his neck was badly cut and a lot of blood came out, he managed to save his life.

Although he failed to kill his enemy, Zatiel didn't show disappointment on his face. Instead of continuing the assault, he separated from the Captain and relaxed his guard.

"Where do you think you are going? The fight has to continue. This little cut is nothing."

"But the fight has already ended."

"What are you...?" The Captain didn't finish speaking when he felt his head start to get foggy and his conscience starts to fade.

"Although your physique keeps you from getting poisoned from food and water, if it is applied directly to your bloodstream it will work, especially in the neck."

The Captain looked at the bleeding sword and realized what happened.

"You poisoned your sword, this was a one on one fight, you have no dignity!"

Zatiel sneered at those words.

"If you do not use every tool at your disposal just because of what others may think, then you deserve to die because of your arrogance and stupidity."

Zatiel stops paying attention to the now incapacitated Captain and starts to explore the rest of the camp. As he was walking, he arrived at what it seems like a burial pit, you could see bodies of all ages and races in there.

As he was assessing the pit, he made a surprised face. Of course, it wasn't because of the number of dead people, after all as a demon, he saw situations hundred of times worse. What impressed him was that the A.I. Chip detected that someone was still alive.

Zatiel gets into the pit and takes him out, it was a boy of around ten years old, one of his hands was cut off and his left eye was missing. It was obvious that he was tortured for several days from the state of his injuries.

"So what am I going to do with you," Zatiel says as he looks at the barely breathing boy.