

## BIOLOGICAL 82

### Chapter 82: Odd Encounter (2)

Erik, with a deep sense of urgency, had channeled a significant portion of his mana into the dart he created, aiming for a lethal strike against the Leylarhad.

Despite his efforts, the poison infused in the dart, a concoction of his own mana, proved insufficient to kill the monstrous creature.

Inside the Leylarhad, a battle unseen was unfolding. The mana coursing through its veins engaged in a fierce skirmish with the invasive poison.

This internal struggle weakened the impact of Erik's dart. The poison, while potent in its design, struggled to overcome the Leylarhad's natural resilience.

Erik, unaware of the intricate biological warfare playing out within the beast, could only observe the creature's relentless pursuit.

He had hoped the dart would at least incapacitate, if not fatally wound the beast, yet it only impaired it. This was not just a mere miscalculation of the creature's resilience but a stark reminder of the complexity involved in battling such powerful thaid.

Despite the Leylarhad cub being weakened by the poisoned dart, it was far from being subdued. Its strength, though diminished, remained high.

"FUCK!"

"WOOF, WOOF, WOOF, WOOF, WOOF, WOOF."

Erik dashed across the forest, his heart pounding with a mix of fear and adrenaline as the Leylarhad pursued him.

While breaking through the dense woodland, Erik found himself in a vast clearing. The expansive field, sprawling for kilometers, was a tapestry of vibrant wildflowers and lush grasses, undulating in the breeze.

The Leylarhad followed Erik into this open expanse. Its powerful legs thudded against the soft earth, each step leaving deep, distinct impressions on the ground.

Erik pushed himself harder, his lungs burning and his muscles aching from the exertion. He knew stopping was not an option; the Leylarhad would be upon him in mere moments if he did.

However, Erik couldn't help but notice the change in the Leylarhad's pace. The creature, which had matched and even exceeded his speed, now seemed to lag.

This observation offered a glimmer of hope—the mana dart's poison, while not lethal, was taking effect. The Leylarhad's movements were less fluid, its strides less powerful. Though still a dangerous predator, the poison had diminished its speed, providing Erik with a potential and crucial advantage.

Though, he understood that while the Leylarhad was slowed, killing it was another matter. The open field offered no place to hide, no shelter to take refuge in.

His only option was to continue running, to put as much distance between himself and the beast as possible.

Erik's mind raced, searching for a strategy, a way to turn this situation in his favor. He knew he couldn't outrun the Leylarhad indefinitely. The creature was still too close for comfort.

He needed a plan, and fast. As he sprinted across the field, the Leylarhad's labored breathing grew louder.

As Erik scanned his surroundings, he realized there was nothing in the vicinity that could aid him in his predicament.

He was edging closer to the breach with each stride. However, the prospect of leading the Leylarhad out of the breach posed a significant risk.

If people saw the creature following him, they would discover and seal the hole in the barrier, cutting off his primary source of experience.

Torn between his ambition to fight the beast and his instinct to survive, Erik grappled with the decision. The desire for growth and strength warred with the primal urge for self-preservation.

However, survival instincts prevailed. Erik knew that facing the Leylarhad in combat was a dangerous endeavor he was not prepared for. Because of that, he increased his pace towards the breach, intent on finding help.

As he fled, Erik tried to come up with a plausible excuse for his encounter with the beast, planning to claim he stumbled upon it en route to Mister Fox's farm. Unbeknownst to him, however, the Leylarhad was already purging the poison from its system, regaining its strength at an alarming rate.

A bone-chilling howl pierced the air behind him at that moment. Erik's heart leaped into his throat as he glanced back, only to see the Leylarhad mere meters away, its predatory gaze fixed on him.

A surge of fear propelled him forward, his mind racing with the thought of imminent death. The Leylarhad, now almost at its peak condition, launched itself into the air, aiming to seize Erik in its jaws.

However, the leap fell short, allowing Erik a narrow escape. The young man continued his frantic dash, the realization that he was evading death with every step fueling his desperate sprint.

"SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!!!"

The Leylarhad closed the distance, looming just a few meters behind Erik. In a sudden move, it lunged to bite Erik's leg. He reacted instinctively, evading the attack by shifting his leg away at the crucial moment. However, this evasion threw off his balance, and he tumbled to the ground.

While lying there, Erik's face turned ashen, his breaths rapid and shallow. Sweat streamed down his face, his body fueled by the adrenaline surging within him. If not for this, exhaustion would have claimed him long ago.

Erik's mind raced with desperate thoughts. <Is this how it ends? What was the point of surviving this far? Of getting the system, of making friends? >

Despair gripped him as his heart pounded, threatening to burst from his chest. His hands shook, and his legs felt like jelly.

In that moment, as the Leylarhad prepared to pounce, Erik's life flashed before his eyes. The beast, sensing its prey's vulnerability, leaped onto Erik, its weight bearing down on him.

Panic and terror overwhelmed Erik as he felt the monstrous weight upon him. Time seemed to stretch, each second feeling like an eternity. In this dire moment, his mind scrambled for a solution, any power he could wield to escape the jaws of death.

Then, like a spark in the darkness, an idea ignited in his mind. A memory of one of his powers surfaced, offering a glimmer of hope in this desperate situation.

With his options running out and the Leylarhad ready to strike, Erik knew it was now or never. He had to act, channeling his power in a last-ditch effort to save himself from the impending doom.

Erik, unsure if his plan would succeed, decided to take the risk. If it worked, he would survive; if not, at least he'd be spared a miserable life and a grim future in the military.

With all his neural links, Erik's ability to circulate mana had improved. He directed a surge of mana to his back, hoping his desperate plan would work.

As the Leylarhad cub opened its jaws wide, aiming for Erik's head, a sudden eruption of bluish mana quills sprouted from Erik's back. The formation was instantaneous.

Caught off guard, the beast had no time to react. The mana quills, sharp and long, impaled the Leylarhad from multiple angles. The beast's abdomen, chest, throat, shoulders, and limbs were all skewered by the sudden appearance of the spikes.

Trapped and in excruciating pain, the Leylarhad let out a roar, its body thrashing to free itself. The quills held it in place, rendering its efforts useless.

Blood oozed from the creature's many wounds, coating Erik's quills. Despite the severe injuries, the Leylarhad's vital organs remained untouched, prolonging its agony and making it unable to attack.

In a last act of defiance, the beast strained to bite Erik's head, but the length of the quills kept it at bay. It could only hover helplessly behind Erik, its fate sealed to a slow demise from blood loss.

But as it moved and tried to kill Erik, the quills sank deeper into its flesh. Its body falling more and more toward the awakener. It was then that Erik injected the last sliver of mana he had inside his body to grow another quill. One ending up skewing the beast's brain and ending its life once and for all.

It was at that moment that multiple notifications rang inside Erik's mind.

[QUEST COMPLETE. 5000 EXPERIENCE POINTS AND 2000 DNA POINTS AWARDED TO THE HOST]

[LEVEL UP!]

[HOSTILE LEYLARHAD CUB KILLED: MANA ABSORBING PROCESS STARTING.]

[0%...1%...5%...30%...70%...100%]

[MANA SUCCESSFULLY ABSORBED, STARTING CONVERTING PROCEDURE.]

[3...2...1...0]

[MANA SUCCESSFULLY CONVERTED INTO EXPERIENCE. 2190 EXPERIENCE POINTS AWARDED TO THE HOST.]

[LEVEL UP.]

A smile crept onto Erik's face as he processed the information. He knew he had just made an impossible feat.

He gained tons of experience, but what mattered most to him right now was that he survived, and he did that by using one of the powers he got along in his journey.

Yet, beneath his elation, lay a kernel of fear. He had narrowly escaped death, relying on rapid decision-making and a sliver of mana to save himself. The realization that his life was hung by such a thin thread shook him.

He was also lucky that he had enough mana to impale the creature's brain at the last moment. If he didn't have the mana, he would have been dead.

Erik's victory, though achieved through his instincts, left him contemplative. He recognized the need for change, understanding that risking his life like that was unsustainable.

He needed to find a way to kill stronger opponents in a safer manner, and he had an idea of what to do already.