

GOD ASH: REMNANTS OF THE FALLEN.

Chapter 14: Miasma Devil.

The devil was still munching on the corpse, looking down at Cain from below. It held onto the corpse with two tentacles. Before Cain could do anything else, it stuffed the remainder of its meal into its mouth in one go.

Its throat expanded as the legs of the soul unfortunate enough to become the devil's sustenance disappeared into its abyss-like mouth.

The devil let out a satisfied burp, indicating the conclusion of its meal.

Suddenly, it spoke in a low and scratchy voice.

"You smell tasty. Must be because you have absorbed more mana than the ones I've had earlier."

"Hmmm! why don't you come have a taste then?!"

Without waiting for the devil to reply, Cain activated {Burst Step}. Like an eagle soaring into the skies, he charged at the devil with his sword drawn. Mana burned like jet fuel from the soles of his feet, propelling him forward at insane speeds.

Less than a second later, Cain was just a few centimeters before the devil.

His eyes burned with fury.

Most of the time, Cain was very cool-headed, his mind constantly calculating the most optimal road to take. With the way his thoughts worked, even if he was angry, he would not show it. He did this because of his past experiences.

Bullies were those who preyed on the weakness of their target. To show them what pushed your buttons was giving them the key to all your insecurities. With how smart Cain was, he had already learned the art of emotional control.

However, there was still something he would never take.

To insult his pride was to give yourself a death wish. He guarded his pride and ego like it was a second life. He could take insults and beatings, but he would make sure he held onto his pride to the end. If you insulted him, he would find a way to defend his pride, by any means necessary.

If you tried to get physical with him, he would not even think of backing down without putting up a fight.

'It is better for a man to die on his feet than to live on his knees.'

To Cain, insulting his pride was the same as committing a great sin. The only way to atone for this sin was by suffering the punishment he gave to you.

"Lightening Edge!"

Like a bolt of lightning, his blade cut through the air, and friction and mana on the blade reacted, resulting in sparks flying. Cain executed a horizontal chop, aiming to sever the devil into two clean parts, however...

SLICK!

The devil had reacted in time, using two of its tentacles to block the attack. The sword completely severed the first one, but the force behind the attack wasn't sufficient to cut through into the second one.

Cain's pupils dilated in shock, as he watched his blade get stuck.

'Crap!'

The devil used this opportunity to swipe its other tentacles at Cain. He dodged the first one by ducking out of the way, but he was unable to dodge the one that followed after that. With a sickening crunch, he was smacked away by the huge tentacle.

Cain felt like he had collided head-first with a train. He flew across the hall, only able to stabilize himself after several rolls. Cain immediately knew that he was at a disadvantage. The force behind the blow was enough to shatter the bones in his left hand.

If he hadn't reacted fast enough and dodged the one aimed at his head, he would probably be dead already.

A bead of sweat rolled down his brows as he fought back the pain building up. Within a single exchange, his left hand had been completely put out of commission for the remainder of the fight.

"It seems you do not fully comprehend what is happening, so let me simplify it for you, human."

The devil finally descended from the roof of the hall with a loud thud.

BANG!

With a human-like smile, its pitch-black maw opened up, its yellow eyes with an eerie light that contrasted greatly with the barely illuminated hall.

"You are the next on the menu..."

50 seconds later...

Although only a bit of time had passed, to Cain, it felt like he was fighting for eternity.

Cain was covered in various sorts of wounds. His left eye was closed, and blood was streaming from a wound that had opened up on his temple. There were noticeably swollen areas all over his body. A majority of his body was covered in blood, both his and the devil.

The devil didn't look any better...

The devil that initially had twelve tentacles now had only 5 of them left. During this fight, Cain had severed more than 7 of its tentacles.

Name: {Cain Lenosi}

Level: 10.

Strength: 70. (10).

Agility: 98. (15).

Stamina: 18/68.

Vitality: 24.

Defense: 24.

Control: 3.8.

Perception: 1.0.

HP: 500/2,400.

MP: 400/750.

Magic: 23.

Skills: Golden blood, Mana Blade, Lightening Edge, Blade Mastery Lvl. 1, Burst Step, Metal Creation Lvl.1

Titles: Champion of Ashur (locked).

Free attribute points: 10.

System points: 0.

{Inventory}. {Shop}.

Cain took a quick look at his status screen and realized that he had less than 18 seconds to end the fight. The activation of {Golden blood} came at a cost. He had to bear the incredible strain on his body. He could feel his muscles contracting with every swing of his blade due to exhaustion.

This was due to the drain on his stamina the skill had. This was what made it a trump card. He could only use it in desperate situations to defeat powerful enemies.

'If I can't end this battle in less than 18 seconds, I'm fucked'

Cain could feel the urgency of the situation creeping onto him. He was in a very dangerous situation. Despite all this, he had the same feeling he had in his heart since that day. He wasn't scared...

He was excited...

He was excited that he had to put his entire being on the edge once again, his life dangling over the abyss of death by a single thread.

"I must applaud you, human."

Despite the state of the devil, it was still eerily calm...

"You managed to put up a fight, truly commendable... However, from my observations, you won't be able to last long, am I right?" The devil said as it cracked open a grin.

'Shit! It knows.'

"You must be asking yourself... 'how does this he know', right?"

Hearing this, Cain realized that he was no longer in control of his emotions. The devil had most likely figured it out because he failed to keep his emotions in check.

"Enough with the chatter!" Stone-faced, Cain made a swift decision. He wasn't going to let the devil waste any more time. With every second wasted, he was one more second closer to death.

He was wounded, but that didn't mean he was useless. In, he was probably fighting better than in the beginning. He was constantly improving his skills with the blade.

Previously, he hadn't found an opponent worthy enough to last even a few rounds with him. But now that he had found such a strong opponent, his skills were improving rapidly.

He swung his blade in a seemingly haphazard manner. However, the {Miasma Devil} finally had a serious expression on its face.

'He's improving fast. I better end this quickly.'

Although the {Miasma Devil} seemed calm, it was deeply frightened. The human it had considered next on the menu, had come close to claiming his head on numerous occasions during the fight. And that wasn't even the scary part.

The scary part was that he was still improving as they fought on. Although his power wasn't increasing, the force behind his every swing was increasing. The {Miasma Devil} could feel the pressure building up. If he didn't get serious, he might be the one dead at the end of the day.

"I'm done with games human. This fight has gone on long enough."

The devil had decided to end the fight at that moment.

"Poison Clouds!"

Suddenly, the devil opened its inky black abyss of a mouth, releasing an inky black cloud of gas.

The gas quickly diffused into the air, and the same stench of rot Cain had perceived earlier assaulted his nostrils. Only this time, it was hundreds of times worse.

"What the fuck was that?!" Cain yelled. He was never a fan of putrid odors.

However, this time, the system answered the question for him, and this time he didn't like what he was doing.

{Warning: Host had been poisoned!}

{Host has been severely weakened}.

{All physical stats have been reduced by 20% for 60 seconds}.

{10HP per second currently being lost}.

'Fuck!'

Cain exclaimed in his heart. His condition had been bad and had just taken a turn for the worse.

His chances of winning this fight had become even slimmer.

He most likely was going to die here.

"You can see why now, can't you? Your kind is weak, mere livestock meant for sustenance. There is no way you can defeat me!"

Cain was now weaker than the {Miasma Devil} because of the debuff. He was in a dilemma, but his heart was as still as calm waters.

'Only ten seconds left...'

He could feel the exhaustion creeping up on him. His stamina points were down to only 10 points.

A tentacle from the {Miasma Devil} snapped forward like a whip. If it was the previous Cain, he would have been able to stop the attack, but the present him was barely able to see the attack coming.

He was barely able to lift his blade in time to block the attack, but he was flung backward like a broken kite in the process.

His back smacked against the wall, shattering it in the process. He saw black for only a brief moment, but the next thing he saw was clouds, grey clouds...