

## My Infinite Mana System

# Chapter 21: The Second Boss

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The purple light of the doorway enveloped me, pulling me into another part of the null.

My stomach twisted as the air grew colder, sharper, each breath scraping against my lungs.

When the light faded, I found myself in another arena.

This one was nothing like the metallic wasteland from before.

The ground was slick, made of a black, glass-like substance that reflected the deep violet sky above.

Towering spires of obsidian jutted out at random angles, casting jagged shadows across the expanse.

At the far end of the arena, a figure stood motionless.

Unlike the first boss, this one didn't radiate raw, monstrous power.

It was humanoid in shape, cloaked in an armor of shimmering black scales that pulsed faintly with a purple glow.

Its face was obscured by a featureless helm, and in its hand was a blade that seemed to drink in the light around it.

The creature didn't move.

It simply stood there, waiting.

The silence pressed against me, but I didn't make the first move.

**[Ding!]**

**[Stage Seven Initiated: Eliminate The Forgotten Knight Of The Null.]**

I raised my hand, lightning crackling to life.

The storm came to me naturally now, like an extension of myself.

I unleashed a bolt straight at the figure, the energy tearing through the air with a deafening roar.

The figure blurred.

It vanished from its spot just as the lightning struck, the ground exploding in a shower of glass-like shards.

I barely had time to react before it reappeared to my right, its blade slicing toward me in a deadly arc.

I leapt back, lightning surging around me as I tried to counter.

A bolt shot from my hand, but the figure dodged effortlessly, its movements impossibly fast.

“Fine,” I muttered, narrowing my eyes. “Let’s see how long you can dodge.”

I raised both hands, summoning the storm again.

Lightning rained down across the arena, each bolt striking with devastating force.

The air crackled with energy, and the ground quaked as the storm grew in intensity.

But the figure was relentless.

It weaved through the destruction with inhuman precision, its blade leaving trails of dark energy in its wake.

Each time it moved, it closed the distance between us, forcing me to retreat further.

“You’re fast,” I admitted, my breath coming in short bursts. “But I’ve got all the time in the world.”

The storm intensified, the bolts coming faster, stronger.

The figure’s movements became more erratic as it struggled to keep up, its once-fluid dodges now jerky and desperate.

Finally, one of my attacks connected.

The lightning struck its left arm, shattering the armor and revealing a twisted, dark substance beneath.

The figure faltered, and I seized the opportunity.

Channeling my mana, I summoned a concentrated spear of lightning, the energy crackling violently in my hand.

I hurled it toward the creature, the attack aimed directly at its chest.

The spear hit its mark.

The explosion lit up the arena, the shockwave knocking me back as shards of the ground flew in every direction.

When the dust settled, the figure was kneeling, its armor cracked and its blade shattered.

I approached cautiously, my hands still crackling with electricity.

But before I could finish it off, the figure raised its head.

The air around it shifted, and a deep, guttural voice echoed through the arena.

“You fool!” it said, its tone dripping with malice.

The shattered armor began to reform, the dark substance spreading across its body like liquid shadows.

The figure rose to its feet, its presence more overwhelming than before.

The blade in its hand reformed as well, now twice its original size and radiating a dark, malevolent energy.

This wasn’t over.

If anything, the real fight was just beginning.

## Chapter 22: Losing Himself

The air around the figure rippled with an oppressive energy, making it hard to breathe.

My lightning crackled weakly against the weight of its power.

Its reconstructed blade gleamed with dark energy, every inch of it screaming danger.

I didn’t wait for it to make the first move.

Lightning surged through me, arcs of electricity rippling from my fingertips as I summoned another storm.

The arena lit up with blinding flashes, bolts raining down indiscriminately.

Each strike cracked the glass-like ground and sent shards flying into the null.

But the figure didn’t falter.

It moved with terrifying speed, weaving through the chaos as if the storm were nothing more than a light drizzle.

It closed the distance between us in an instant, its blade slicing toward me with lethal precision.

I barely managed to dodge, the edge of the blade grazing my side.

Pain flared, and I gritted my teeth, retaliating with a burst of lightning from point-blank range.

The energy struck the figure square in the chest, forcing it back a few steps, but it didn’t slow down.

“You’re persistent,” I muttered, wiping blood from my lip.

The figure tilted its head, as if mocking me.

Then it raised its blade, and the air around it darkened.

A massive shockwave of energy erupted from its weapon, causing everywhere to rumble and the null to crack after that the arena was eerie silent.

I didn't understand fully why it did that, but one thing I understood was that, he found me as a worthy opponent and it wasn't going to hold back, it was going full power.

I didn't like where this was going to...

Even with it holding back it was already terrifying enough, but just how much stronger and terrifying would it be after going full power.

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“Fine,” I said. “You are a worthy opponent, I am not going to hold back either.”

Now this was a challenge.

Closing my eyes, I reached deep into the infinite well of mana within me.

The power surged, wild and untamed, and I channeled it into my hands.

When I opened my eyes again, the storm wasn’t just around me.

It was me.

Lightning danced across my skin, my hair crackling with static.

The ground beneath me glowed with electric energy, and the air was thick with the scent of ozone.

“Shall we end this now,” I said, my voice low but firm.

I unleashed everything.

The storm that followed wasn’t just a storm...

It was destruction incarnate.

Bolts of lightning larger than ever before rained down in rapid succession, each one exploding on impact.

The figure was forced to retreat, its movements less fluid as the storm battered it from all sides.

I didn't stop.

The bolts came faster, striking with enough force to shatter the spires around us and leave craters in the ground.

The figure faltered, its armor cracking under the relentless assault.

And still, I didn't stop.

The arena became unrecognizable, a wasteland of scorched glass and debris.

The figure finally fell to its knees, its armor shattered and its blade broken once again.

But even as it knelt there, defeated, something in me refused to let up.

"You think you can challenge me?" I said, my voice barely recognizable. "Do you think I can be overpowered?"

The storm raged on, my attacks becoming wilder, less controlled.

"Pathetic!"

The figure's body disintegrated under the onslaught, but I didn't stop.

If I stop, it might still regenerate, its whole body would be restored to normal.

I knew it could do that, judging from how it recovered from my strike earlier.

That kind of regeneration wasn't ordinary.

He could regenerate from my strike earlier, meaning for him to be capable of regenerating from my strikes, he can regenerate after the erasure of body, mind, and concept.

I couldn't afford to underestimate him.

But even if it was that type of regeneration, he should have already regenerated while I continued attacking.

The answer became clear, my lightning had surpassed the boundaries of conventional regeneration, even that kind.

It wasn't just damaging him, it was erasing him.

And when I say him, I mean both his existence, concept, his abilities, and everything that makes and doesn't make him were being wiped away.

But still, I didn't stop, relentless, until the ground beneath me gave way, the arena collapsing into nothingness.

Only then did I come to my senses.

I stood there, panting, the last remnants of the storm crackling around me.

The figure was gone, and the arena was nothing but a smoking ruin.

For a moment, there was silence.

Then, the system's ding echoed in my mind.

**[Ding!]**

**[Stage Seven Complete. Proceed to the Gate.]**

A doorway appeared before me, its light soft and inviting.

But as I stepped toward it, I couldn't shake the feeling that something was wrong.

The storm hadn't just destroyed the figure, it had consumed everything.

The arena, the null, and nothingness.

And in their place, there was only silence.

I glanced down at my hands, which were still trembling with residual energy.

I took a deep breath and stepped through the gate, unsure of what awaited me on the other side.

## Chapter 23: The Gate

Stepping through the portal felt like walking into another world.

The suffocating darkness of the null dungeon faded, replaced by an eerie stillness.

A massive gate stood before me, towering and intricate, its surface pulsating with shifting patterns of blue and silver.

I exhaled slowly, staring at the structure. Something about it felt... wrong.

The air here was thick, almost oppressive, pressing down on my shoulders like an invisible weight.

Every step closer made my body feel heavier, but I forced myself forward, ignoring the exhaustion gnawing at my bones.

When I reached the gate, I hesitated.

My hand hovered over its surface, feeling the cold energy radiating from it.

**[Prove Your Worth.]**

The system's voice rang in my mind, but before I could process it, I felt the ground beneath me shift.

Then I fell.

The sensation was dizzying.

I tumbled through the null, the shimmering gate vanishing above me.

When I finally landed, it was with a bone-jarring impact against smooth glass-like flooring.

I groaned, pushing myself up.

My eyes widened.

I was in a massive chamber.

The walls were lined with towering mirrors reflecting my distorted image, twisting and shifting as if mocking me.

And in the center of the room...

I wasn't alone.

"Tobias...?" My voice came out in a whisper.

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Standing in a loose circle were my teammates, Tobias, Lily, Marcus, and Evelyn.

They all looked intact, relieved even, though exhaustion lined their faces.

Lily was the first to notice me.

Her bow hung loosely at her side, but her sharp eyes locked onto mine.

“Allen?” she asked, blinking in surprise. “You’re alive.”

I gave a short nod, scanning the others.

Tobias stood tall, his massive claymore strapped across his back, his expression unreadable.

Marcus grinned like nothing had happened, but his eyes held a flicker of something darker.

Evelyn, clutching her staff, offered me a timid smile but couldn’t quite meet my gaze.

“You guys...” I started, but Tobias cut me off.

“We thought you were dead,” he said, stepping forward, his voice firm but not unkind. “What happened? One second you were with us before we entered the portal, the next you were gone.”

I hesitated.

“I- I don’t know,” I lied. “One moment we were stepping through the portal, and the next I was alone in... somewhere else.”

The others exchanged glances, and Lily crossed her arms.

“We ended up in different parts of the dungeon. Traps, monsters, puzzles. It was a nightmare,” she said, shaking her head. “Somehow, we found our way here.”

Marcus smirked.

“Heh, you missed the fun, man. I had to disarm like fifty traps to get through. You owe me for that.”

Evelyn’s soft voice broke through.

“I-I’m just glad you’re okay.”

I gave her a small nod, but my attention was drawn elsewhere.



Beyond my teammates, near the far end of the chamber, there was something...

Someone.

Sitting on a throne-like structure, half-shrouded in darkness, was a figure.

I could see it clearly, long, thin fingers resting against the armrests, eyes like burning coals watching us with interest.

It was still, almost unnervingly so, as if waiting.

But when I glanced back at my team, they saw nothing.

They weren't reacting.

I swallowed hard.

"Do you guys... see that?" I gestured toward the figure.

Tobias frowned.

"See what?"

Lily raised an eyebrow.

"Are you okay, Allen?"

My pulse quickened.

They couldn't see it.

Only I could.

The figure leaned forward slightly.

I clenched my fists, feeling a wave of unease crawl down my spine.

I couldn't tell what it was, but something not good is going to happen.

I needed to stay quiet.

Tobias turned back to the gates at the center of the chamber, oblivious to my growing anxiety.

"Whatever happens next, we need to stick together. Agreed?"

“Yeah,” Marcus said, stretching. “Not keen on getting separated again.”

Evelyn nodded timidly, and Lily sighed.

"Fine. But no heroics, Tobias."

I barely heard them.

My eyes were locked on the figure.

It didn't move, but I could feel it watching me, judging me.

I clenched my jaw.

Something told me that leaving this place wouldn't be as simple as clearing the highest level of a dungeon.

Taking a deep breath, I forced myself to focus.

“Yeah... let's stick together.”

Whatever was waiting behind that gate, whether my team could see it or not, wasn't going to let us go so easily.

But deep down, I had a feeling that this is a stage...

And it was going to be on extreme hell mode.

## Chapter 24: System's Message

The air in the chamber felt heavier than before, pressing against my chest like an invisible weight.

The towering gates before us remained closed, their intricate patterns pulsing with faint blue light, as if waiting... watching.

My teammates stood nearby, their faces reflecting cautious relief at our reunion, but that sense of ease wouldn't last.

I stared at Tobias, his arms crossed over his broad chest, his expression thoughtful yet guarded.

Lily fiddled with her bowstring, her lips pursed in an unspoken question.

Marcus leaned lazily against a pillar, his casual demeanor betrayed by the way his fingers tapped impatiently against his daggers.

Evelyn, standing slightly behind them, clutched her staff tightly, her knuckles white.

And then it happened.

**[Ding!]**

**[SYSTEM: PROVE YOUR WORTH.]**

A sharp 'ding' echoed through the chamber, reverberating off the walls and piercing through my mind like a blade.

My breath hitched.

The others stiffened instantly.

**[Ding!]**

**[ELIMINATE ALL OTHERS. ONLY ONE MAY ADVANCE.]**

For a moment, none of us moved.

The words hung in the air like a death sentence, wrapping around us, suffocating, impossible to ignore.

“What the hell!?” Marcus' voice cut through the silence, sharp and disbelieving.

His usual playful tone was gone.

Evelyn took a shaky step back, her eyes wide with horror.

“It... it wants us to fight each other?”

Tobias' jaw tightened, his grip on the hilt of his claymore turning knuckles white.

“No,” he said firmly, shaking his head. “This has to be a mistake. We're a team.”

But deep down, I knew better.

I could still see him, the figure on the throne, watching me, his eyes burning into mine.

No one else saw him.

No one else could feel the suffocating weight of his gaze.

He wanted this.

Lily broke the silence, her voice clipped and practical.

“We should stay calm.” But there was a sharp edge to her words, a tightness in her stance. “The system might be messing with us.”

Marcus laughed bitterly, running a hand through his hair.

“Messing with us? Lily, it just told us to kill each other. That’s not exactly a joke.” His eyes darted toward Tobias. “And let’s be real... we all know who’d come out on top.”

Tobias didn’t respond, but his gaze darkened.

I took a deep breath, forcing my voice to stay even.

“If it is messing with us, then we don’t have to follow it.”

**[FAILURE TO COMPLY WILL RESULT IN TERMINATION.]**

A tense silence fell over us.

Evelyn gasped softly.

“Termination? Does that mean...?”

“Death,” I said grimly.

The word tasted bitter on my tongue.

Lily shook her head, her voice rising.

“There has to be another way! Maybe if we wait long enough, it’ll-”

A sudden, grinding sound filled the chamber as the gates behind us began to shift, the intricate carvings unraveling and twisting into unfamiliar shapes.

The whole room pulsed with a dark energy, and in that moment, something inside me screamed that time was running out.

Tobias was the first to move, his eyes locking onto mine.

“We’re not doing this,” he said firmly, as if trying to will the situation away.

But beneath his calm, I could see the tension coiled in his muscles, ready, just in case.

Marcus, however, was already backing up, his daggers glinting in the dim light.

“Look, I like you guys and all, but I’m not dying here.”

Lily’s bow was half-raised, her gaze flickering between each of us.

“Marcus, don’t-”

The air between us grew thick with uncertainty, fear creeping into every corner.

I could see it in their eyes, doubt, hesitation.

No one wanted to be the first to strike, but everyone was painfully aware of the stakes.

My mind raced with different ways to survive here.

But none seemed to click.

The system wanted us to tear each other apart.

Was that really the only option?

Then, as if sensing my hesitation, the figure on the throne stirred.

His voice, a whisper only I could hear, slithered through my mind.

**“Failure... Death.”**

I swallowed hard.

We were trapped.

The only question was...

Who would make the first move?

## Chapter 25: Betrayal

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The tension in the chamber reached a breaking point, thick and suffocating like a dense fog.

No one spoke, but their eyes did, darting, calculating, wary.

The system's command hung in the air like a death sentence, its cold finality digging into each of us.

I stood still, watching.

I had no intention of fighting them, not yet.

But deep inside, I knew only one would leave this place.

Nothing is going to help us.

And for some reason...

I wasn't that much afraid.

Tobias, ever the leader, took a step forward, his broad frame casting a long shadow across the chamber's cold stone floor.

“Listen,” he said, his voice tight with restrained urgency. “We’re not doing this. We’re a team. There’s got to be another way.”

But Marcus, standing a few feet away with his daggers twirling between his fingers, didn't seem to share Tobias' sentiment.

His usual playful smirk was gone, replaced with something sharper, something I had never seen before.

"I don't think you get it, Tobias," Marcus said, his tone light, almost casual, but there was a deadly undercurrent beneath it. "There *is* no other way."

Lily shifted, her bow half-raised, uncertainty flickering across her face.

"Marcus, put the daggers down. We can figure something out."

He let out a dry chuckle.

"Figure what out, Lily? You heard the system. If we don't do it, *we're terminated*."

His gaze flickered toward me for a second, but I remained still, unreadable.

He turned back to Tobias.

"I don't know about you, but I don't feel like dying today."

Tobias exhaled sharply, his knuckles whitening around the hilt of his claymore.

"We're not fighting."

That was the moment it all snapped.

Marcus lunged.

His daggers flashed in the dim light, a blur of steel aimed at Tobias' throat.

Tobias reacted instantly, his claymore swinging in a wide arc, the sheer force of it knocking Marcus back.

The sound of clashing metal echoed through the chamber, and just like that... the battle had begun.

Lily cursed under her breath and sprang backward, loosing an arrow aimed dangerously close to Marcus' shoulder.

Evelyn let out a strangled gasp, clutching her staff like it was the only thing keeping her standing.

I watched them.

I didn't move.

I didn't want to move, I didn't want to kill someone.

Marcus dodged Lily's arrow with ease, rolling to the side before launching himself at her.

"Sorry, sweetheart," he grinned, his movements fluid and precise. "But survival of the fittest, right?"

Tobias roared, charging forward in an attempt to intercept, but Lily was quicker.

She fired another arrow, grazing Marcus' arm just enough to slow him down.

"Damn it, Marcus! We don't have to do this!" she shouted.

But he only laughed.

“Oh, but we *do*.”

Evelyn was frozen in place, her wide eyes darting between them, pleading.

“Please, stop! We’re friends, we’re-”

“Shut up, Evelyn!” Marcus snapped, his voice colder than I’d ever heard it. “Friends don’t matter in a place like this.”

Through it all, I remained still, my hands in my pockets, my expression blank.

I didn’t flinch when Tobias' claymore sliced through the air, or when Lily’s arrows found their marks.

I simply observed.

I could also feel something, the hesitation buried deep within them.

None of them wanted to kill, but desperation gnawed at their resolve, twisting their instincts.

They were tearing each other apart, and all I could think about was how to escape here.

Tobias' voice boomed through the chaos, his face twisted with frustration.

“Allen! *Help us!*”

I met his gaze, calm and unwavering.

"Why?, To join you to kill and then be killed,”

"No one is killing anyone here,"

"Who decided that?" I said, "You? Hmph, unluckily enough the system already decided, and that is what you are participating in now, which is fight, and then eliminate"

His eyes widened, and for the first time, I saw it.

Doubt.

Fear.

He opened his mouth briefly to argue, but didn't...

He couldn't, he knew it was the truth, he understood but is trying to refuse.

Lily shot a glare at me, frustration laced with something else, something close to panic.

“You just gonna stand there doing nothing?”

“Yes, for now” I said simply.

I didn’t need to fight.

I didn't need to join them to kill.

I knew how this would end.

One would remain.

And I was in no rush.

All I needed was to wait for that one person, then I will make my move.

Tobias growled in frustration, parrying another of Marcus' attacks.

“Damn it, Allen! Snap out of it!”

I didn't move, I continued watching.

My heart wasn't pounding.

My breathing was steady.

Unlike them, I didn't feel the desperation clawing at my mind.

Because I had already accepted it.

In the end, there could only be one.

And i will be that one.