

THE LIFE OF LUST DEMON

Chapter 31: Fighting PT-2



The news spread like wildfire, drawing in spectators from the beginner class and even those who had finished their matches hours ago. Members of the advanced class also flocked to the intermediate class area, intrigued by the unprecedented event.

Since the Sky Martial Court's inception, nothing like this had ever occurred. What began as a martial arts competition had transformed into a challenge targeted specifically at Anos.

Who could withstand such audacity?

Anos stood atop the battle stage, surveying the sea of hundreds. His gaze swept across the crowd, his thoughts apparent: "Amateurs, amateurs everywhere. This is getting ridiculous!"

"Who's first?" Anos asked, his gaze sweeping the crowd.

Robert snorted, stepping forward. "I'll go first!" His eyes blazed with resentment, fueled by his longstanding displeasure with Anos.

At Qi Building Eight Stars, Robert's battle strength was formidable, unmatched among his intermediate class peers. Many believed that if he reached Qi Building Nine Stars, he would secure a top-three spot.

The crowd eagerly anticipated Anos's downfall at Robert's hands.

Robert's motivations ran deeper. He sought to punish Anos for his audacity, especially after Anos's transgression against Amelia. Defeating Anos would earn Robert recognition within the academy and, more importantly, Amelia's favor.

Robert's determination burned brighter, driven by the prospect of killing two birds with one stone.

"Go, Senior Robert!"

"Teach Anos a lesson! Show him what's what!"

"Beat him to a pulp! Take him down a notch!"

"For the honor of the intermediate class!"

The crowd's fervor swelled, with intermediate class students rallying behind Robert.

Robert strode forward, his confident stride underscoring his determination. Shouldering the weight of his classmates' expectations, he exuded an aura of unwavering assurance.

As he reached the battle stage, Robert's gaze locked onto Anos, his eyes burning with resolve.

Standing before Anos, Robert glared coldly. His aura rippled as he declared, "Your gravest mistake was entering the intermediate class, thinking you're superior. I'll make you the laughing stock of Orchid Flower Academy!"

Anos smirked. "And what if you lose? Won't you become the laughing stock instead?"

Robert erupted into laughter. "Lose? Me? Ha! That's impossible!"

The crowd shared Robert's confidence. Compared to Jin Kazama, Robert was significantly stronger, bolstered by his martial arts background. Born into a martial arts family, Robert had trained since childhood, granting him a combat edge.

After laughing, Robert pointed at Anos, his confidence unwavering. "You'll fall within ten moves!"

The crowd gasped.

"Wow!"

"Senior Robert is so majestic!"

"Senior Robert, I adore you!"

Girls in the crowd squealed, enamored with Robert's dominance. He reveled in their admiration.

The corner of Anos's mouth curled into a sly smile as he extended his index finger and said, "One move."

The crowd's collective gasp echoed through the air.

"What?! Did we hear that right? Anos claims he can take down Robert in one move?"

The audience's incredulous whispers spread like wildfire.

Robert's laughter boomed, his expression disdainful. "I'd love to see you try!"

With a burst of energy, Robert unleashed his aura.

"Begin!" Sofia's voice echoed through the arena.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Anos and Robert darted forward simultaneously.

"Rapid Shadow! Cosmic Fist!" Robert roared.

Bang!

The two forces collided, sending shockwaves through the air.

Anos's response was instantaneous, his movement a blur.

"Shadow Strike!"

The crowd held its breath, awaiting the outcome.

....

The next instant froze the smiles on countless faces!

The two opponents had exchanged only a single blow, yet Robert hurtled through the air, crashing onto the martial arts stage over ten meters away.

The crowd's collective gasp turned to stunned silence.

Was it truly just one move?

Amelia's eyes widened in shock, her petite face full of surprise.

Sofia's expression remained serene, hinting at a deeper understanding of Anos's abilities.

However, a girl in the distance raised an eyebrow, intrigued.

"Interesting," she murmured, her voice barely audible.

Her gaze locked onto Anos, sparkling with curiosity.

"Nine stars of the Qi Building Realm. Harnessing speed to amplify his martial technique, Anos instantly sent Robert flying – and he didn't even use his full strength."

A captivating smile danced on her lips.

"Fascinating. Beginner class, nine stars of the Qi Building Realm... how quaint."

Her voice was laced with amusement, her gaze fixed on Anos.

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Anos's nonchalant remark landed like a crushing blow to Robert's pride, still reeling from his defeat.

The crowd, which had mocked Anos mere moments ago, fell silent.

"Anos wins!" Sofia declared, her voice ringing out across the arena.

The declaration severed the stunned silence, leaving Robert and the crowd to grapple with the harsh reality.

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"Wait!" Robert gritted his teeth, appealing to Sofia. "Miss Sofia, I wasn't prepared. I didn't use my martial technique. Give me another chance!"

Sofia's expression remained icy, a stark contrast to her gentle demeanor around Anos.

"In a martial arts competition, regret has no place," she declared, her voice devoid of emotion. "On the battlefield, you'd already be dead. Next!"

Robert seethed, unwilling to accept defeat.

Why hadn't he anticipated Anos's nine-star Qi Building Realm strength?

Why hadn't he unleashed his martial technique?

Humiliation washed over him as he recalled his earlier bravado.

In the crowd's eyes, Robert was a laughingstock.

Yet Anos had achieved the impossible – defeating him in a single move!

Robert's gaze burned with resentment, his mind racing with what-ifs.

"Anyone else?" Anos scanned the crowd, his challenge hanging in the air.

A tall, handsome figure emerged from the sea of students.

Jax, ranked fifth in the intermediate class, stood confidently, his 1.9-meter frame commanding attention.

"Finally, someone worthy to take my frustration!" Jax declared, his eyes locking onto Anos.

Whispers spread through the crowd:

"Jax is far stronger than Robert."

"Anos's higher realm gives him an edge, but at the same level, he's no match for Jax."

Anos's gaze met Jax's, his aura flickering momentarily.

"One move," Anos stated, nonchalance etched on his face.

The crowd fell silent, incredulous

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"System Notification: Cool points earned. Mental damage inflicted. Scumbag meter +50,000."

The crowd's murmurs turned to vitriolic shouts:

"Screw you! Anos's too full of himself! This is Jax, for crying out loud! Destroy him!"

"Nine-star Qi Building Realm or not, Anos won't take down Jax in one move! Not at the same level! Wait till he gets humbled!"

...

"I'm the fifth strongest in the intermediate class. You think a beginner like you can take me down in one move?" Jax sneered.

But the crowd's focus had shifted. No longer questioning whether Anos could defeat Jax, they wondered if Anos could achieve it in just one move.

Jax's eyes narrowed, taken aback by Anos's audacity.

"Anos, retract your statement!" Jax demanded.

Anos shrugged. "No need to."

The crowd held its collective breath.

"Excellent," Jax hissed, his face darkening. "You're begging for destruction."

With a burst of spiritual energy, Jax unleashed a fierce gust of wind, sending the surrounding air swirling.

The wind attribute, notoriously rare and formidable, was Jax's specialty. Anos cracked his neck, unleashing his aura in response.

Qi Building Realm, nine stars. Both opponents were equally matched, and Jax was no pushover. Defeating him in one move seemed impossible.

Yet, Anos had declared it.

Whoosh! The two adversaries darted forward simultaneously, their speed breathtaking. Jax's wind-attribute technique whipped up a fierce gust, but Anos's nine-star Qi Building Realm energy countered it.

Boom! Their forces collided, sending shockwaves through the air.

The crowd gasped.

"Oh my god!" someone exclaimed. Jaws dropped, eyes wide with astonishment.

"Next!" Anos declared, his voice piercing the air like a thunderclap.

The crowd reeled, struggling to comprehend the outcome. Jax lay motionless, defeated. Anos stood tall, his dominance unquestionable.

The arena erupted into chaos.....



The crowd reeled, struggling to process the sudden outcome. Everything had transpired too swiftly, leaving onlookers stunned and bewildered.

Why had Jax unleashed his wind-attribute martial skill, only to be effortlessly punched off the stage by Anos? The two were evenly matched, both at the Qi Building Realm's ninth star.

Jax stumbled to his feet, shock etched on his face. How could Anos's power be so terrifying? It surpassed the ninth star, possibly even rivalling the tenth!

Yet, Anos's released energy had registered at the ninth star level. Jax's mind raced, seeking answers.

Was it a unique martial technique? Anos's mastery defied understanding.

Regret washed over Jax. If he had known, he wouldn't have stepped forward, inviting humiliation.

But it was too late now.

...

Anos's consecutive victories left the crowd stunned. Robert, underestimating Anos, hadn't even unleashed his martial technique full power. But Jax, the fifth-ranked Intermediate class master, had utilized his full arsenal – martial techniques and spiritual energy – yet still fell to a single punch.

The implications were clear: Anos was formidable.

Defeating Jax in one move meant Anos could potentially overwhelm even the Intermediate class's top-ranked master. No one could comprehend how Anos,

at the Ninth Star of the Qi Building Realm, possessed such extraordinary strength.

The answer lay hidden. Anos had accessed the system store, acquiring the Attribute Exchange upgrade. This 100% power boost allowed him to transcend his Ninth Star limitations.

With his amplified strength, Anos had effortlessly sent Jax flying.

Sofia watched, perplexed. That punch, unmistakably at the Ninth Star of the Qi Building Realm, shouldn't have defeated Jax so effortlessly. Yet, if Anos possessed a higher level, it defied logic that he'd only unleash Ninth Star energy.

In the machine test, Anos's exceptional control allowed him to simultaneously manage two distinct energies, unfazed by external pressures. However, in a real battle, such finesse was impossible.

Either Anos should have revealed his true, higher level or unleashed proportionate power. Sofia's confusion deepened.

She couldn't grasp Anos's hidden secrets, but her intrigue grew. Anos's enigmatic strength captivated her.

'Ding... gained admiration of 31 young ladies. Scumbag Value +50,000.'

The crowd's perception of Anos shifted dramatically. Previously displeased girls now gazed at him with reverence, as if beholding a deity.

On 'Horizon Down' World, strength was the ultimate currency. The ironclad rule: might makes right. Fist size equaled argument size, and fist size equaled respect.

Anos's image underwent a stunning transformation. Once an ignored, insignificant figure, he now commanded awe.

By defeating Jax, the Qi Building Realm's ninth-star and fifth-strongest intermediate class master, Anos proclaimed his dominance.

As a newcomer to Sky Martial Court, Anos demonstrated unparalleled strength, proclaiming himself a force to be reckoned with in the Intermediate Class.

"Next!" Anos declared, standing nonchalantly on the stage, his gaze sweeping over the crowd below. His expression betrayed no excitement, no triumph. Only a hint of boredom.

He checked his nails, his eyes scanning the sea of faces. Who would dare challenge him now?

Didn't they know that stepping up meant courting death?

The crowd remained frozen, awestruck by Anos's display of dominance. No one dared meet his gaze, no one dared breathe a word.

The silence was oppressive, punctuated only by Anos's impatient tap on the stage.

"Anyone?" he drawled, his voice dripping with disdain.

"Ethan, step up!" someone shouted. "Teach this arrogant brat a lesson!"

"That's right!" another voice chimed in. "As the Intermediate Class's top expert, you're the only one who can put him in his place!"

"We can't let the Intermediate Class lose face!" a third person urged. "If we back down now, we'll never hold our heads high again!"

Ethan's eyes locked onto Anos, his jaw clenched in determination. The crowd's expectations weighed heavily on his shoulders.

...

A man in the front row laughed bitterly. He, Ethan, was indeed the Intermediate Class's top expert, but only a Qi Building Realm 9-star. Though slightly stronger than Jax, he knew defeating him in one move was impossible.

Anos's voice cut through the tension, "How about this? Didn't you lose to the fifth? Let's have the top four come at me together."

The crowd gasped.

'Ding... Acting cool successful. Scumbag Value +20,000.'

Jaws dropped, eyes widened in shock. This guy was insufferably arrogant! Even Advanced Class members wouldn't dare challenge the Intermediate Class's top four alone.

Ethan's face darkened, his pride wounded. "You think you can handle all four of us?"

Anos shrugged nonchalantly. "Why not? I'm bored waiting."

...

The top four of the Intermediate Class exchanged uneasy glances. Even as Qi Building Realm 10-star experts, taking on four 9-star opponents singly was unprecedented.

Yet, the dilemma gnawed at them: fight or retreat?

Victory was assured, but at what cost? Defeating Anos collectively would tarnish their own reputations.

Anos would exit with honor, his bravado validated.

"Inconceivable arrogance," one of them muttered.

"Unacceptable," another growled.

Their pride wrestled with reason, fueling an intense internal struggle.

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Anos gazed down, incredulous. "You're not coming up even with four-to-one odds? Fine, let's make it the top ten versus one. Is that satisfactory?"

The crowd fell silent.

Ethan pointed at Anos, his voice ringing out. "Anos, perhaps you possess a spirit weapon or secret technique to temporarily boost your strength beyond Qi Building Realm 9-star. But taking on ten opponents alone? That's absurd!"

"Know your limits, young man," Ethan cautioned. "Overconfidence will be your downfall."

Anos shrugged nonchalantly. "Come on, then. I'll give you a chance to take me down, ten against one. Either step up or concede. Right now, I'm the Intermediate Class's number one!"

The crowd erupted.

"This guy's lost his mind!" someone exclaimed. "He thinks he's above the Intermediate Class!"

"Take him down! Screw our reputation, we can't let him disrespect us like this!" another shouted.

"Ethan, Jax, Hitachi, go! Defend the Intermediate Class's dignity!" someone urged.

Ethan, Jax, and Hitachi exchanged determined glances, their faces set.

The top ten of the Intermediate Class had reached their limit, fueled by outrage and wounded pride.

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The experts exchanged glances, then turned to Sofia, seeking her approval.

Sofia's expression remained indifferent. "As long as no one is killed or severely injured, proceed."

Ethan's face lit up with determination. "Today, I'll put aside my pride. Numbers will be my advantage. Your arrogance ends now, Anos!"

With that, Ethan leaped onto the stage.

"I won't let you hog the spotlight!" Jax shouted, following suit.

One by one, the top ten experts of the Intermediate Class stepped onto the stage, their eyes fixed on Anos.

The air thickened with tension as the crowd held its collective breath.

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Sasha and Mia approached, fresh from their own match, and were met with a shocking sight: Anos facing off against ten opponents.

Their eyes widened in astonishment. What was happening? Since when did the rules allow ten-on-one matches?

Sofia observed Anos with intrigued curiosity, a hint of a smile on her lips.

"Let's see what makes you so confident."

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A woman in a flowing white dress approached, her gaze bypassing the seductive woman as she asked, "What's the commotion?" Her eyes remained fixed on the Intermediate Class arena, her expression unreadable.

The seductive woman, still enthralled with Anos, smiled. "This young man from the Intermediate Class is quite fascinating. If he wins, the Sky Martial

Court's dynamics will shift... Unfortunately, he's too far away; I can't make out his features. I wager he's stunning."

The woman in white raised an eyebrow, her interest piqued. "One against ten?" she murmured, her gaze intensifying.

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Chapter 33: Fighting PT-4



Anos stood tall, facing the top ten of the Intermediate Class. The air crackled with tension.

Just as the battle was about to begin, a soft voice interrupted the silence.

"Mind if I join in?" Amelia asked, her gentle voice a stark contrast to the impending fight.

Everyone turned to see her standing at the edge of the arena, her elegant figure belied by a fierce determination.

Anos's grin faltered for a moment before he regained his composure. "No need to trouble yourself, Amelia. Fists and feet have no eyes; I couldn't bear to fight you."

Amelia's cheeks flushed, but her eyes sparkled with resolve. "I'm not looking for sympathy. Fighting strong opponents will help me improve significantly."

As she spoke, she stepped forward, unleashing her aura. The air seemed to vibrate with her Qi Building Realm Eight Stars energy.

The crowd gasped. This quiet, gentle-looking woman was a hidden expert.

Anos's eyes widened in surprise, followed by a deep nod. "Respect. If you're willing, join us."

With a nonchalant smile, Anos accepted the new challenge: one against eleven.

"Ding... Successfully teased Amelia. Scumbag Points + 10,000. Mission Progress: 30%."

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"Now, let the battle begin!" Sofia's voice echoed through the arena.

Instantly, the eleven opponents sprang into action, forming a circular perimeter around Anos. This tactical formation would restrict his movement and expose him to attacks from all sides.

Anos smiled nonchalantly, his lips curling upward. "Do you know why I'm not panicking?"

He paused, savoring the moment.

"That's because fighting one is the same as fighting ten. It's just that you need to use a few more moves."

With a sudden burst of speed, Anos darted forward.

His Spiritual Energy Value, significantly higher than his opponents', granted him access to an arsenal of martial arts techniques. Small-scale maneuvers, in particular, were child's play for him.

Whoosh! Anos vanished and reappeared, his movements a blur as he initiated his counterattack.

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Boom! Anos charged forward, his first target being Robert, the ninth-ranked opponent who had previously provoked him.

Robert had thought that joining the fray would give him a chance to redeem himself and regain some lost face. Instead, he found himself stunned, wondering, "Why the hell is this guy singling me out for the first hit?"

"Earth Wall!" Robert shouted, summoning a sturdy barrier to protect himself.

Whoosh! The earth wall materialized in front of him, but Anos didn't hesitate.

Boom! With a straightforward, powerful strike, Anos shattered the earth wall and followed up with a swift punch.

Robert flew off the stage for the second time, his attempt at redemption ending in humiliating defeat.

"Fuck! That's insane!" The crowd's jaws dropped in unison.

Robert's Earth Attribute Mud Wall, a formidable defensive martial skill, had been shattered with a single punch. The sheer force was staggering, and the remaining strength that sent Robert flying left everyone awestruck.

"It's like they're fighting a boss!" someone whispered.

Anos's display of power was daunting. His opponents seemed tiny in comparison, as if a single touch from him would seal their fate.

"This guy is a monster!" another spectator exclaimed.

The eleven opponents exchanged nervous glances, their confidence shaken. They had underestimated Anos's abilities.

"Vine Forest!"

Whoosh! The stage was instantly engulfed by a sea of vines, ensnaring Anos in a tangled web.

"This is our chance! Everyone, attack!"

The eleven opponents, emboldened by Anos's temporary restraint, mobilized their strength and charged forward with reckless abandon.

Rip!

In the blink of an eye, Anos shattered the vines with unyielding force.

"This won't cut it..." Anos thought to himself. "Exchange attribute, agility!"

He realized that relying solely on brute strength wasn't enough; agility was crucial. Anos sought balance, concealing his true power and realm.

Revealing his full strength would annihilate his opponents instantly, and that wasn't his intention.

Whoosh!

Anos's speed suddenly surged, doubling his previous velocity. The crowd struggled to keep up.

"Hello!" Anos materialized behind his opponent.

He swiftly turned, throwing a punch, but Anos was already ahead. With a swift kick, the opponent flew off the stage.

"How is he so fast? Does he have a wind attribute?" The onlookers were stunned.

"No, he hasn't revealed his attribute yet!" someone countered.

"I heard rumors Anos had no attributes during assessment. Is that true?" another spectator wondered.

Anos's extraordinary speed defied expectations, fueling speculation..

Amelia unleashed her bind technique, "Run again! Bind!"

An extremely thick vine ensnared Anos, momentarily restraining him.

In the next instant, a barrage of flames, water balls, vines, and powerful attacks converged on Anos.

This was truly like fighting a boss!

"Fuck!" Anos struggled, acknowledging the vines' exceptional toughness.

"Then I won't play with you anymore! Ha!" Anos roared, his aura exploding once more.

Qi Building Realm, ten stars!

The crowd sensed Anos's aura, astonished by his realm.

Beating three Qi Building Realm nine-star practitioners seemed implausible, even for a ten-star expert.

The one-star difference shouldn't be this drastic!

Though shocked, they weren't intimidated.

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Sofia sensed Anos's realm, a hint of a smile playing on her lips.

She knew Anos was holding back, concealing his true strength. The Qi Building Realm ten stars seemed merely a facade, not his genuine ace.

A nagging thought crossed her mind: Had Anos already reached the Spirit Condensation Realm?

The idea seemed absurd, yet tantalizing. Anos's feats bordered on fantasy – a Qi Building Realm ten-star expert taking on eleven intermediate-class opponents.

But if he had indeed attained the Spirit Condensation Realm, everything made sense. The gap between realms was staggering.

Anos's Qi Building Realm ten-star speed and strength left everyone dumbfounded.

"This defies logic!" someone exclaimed. "Is this really the speed of a Qi Building Realm ten stars?"

Even a Spirit Condensation Realm three-star expert shouldn't possess such velocity.

"What martial skill is he using to accelerate his growth at this rate?" another spectator wondered.

And his strength... It was simply unfathomable.

Boom!

Ethan, the top expert and metal-type martial artist, unleashed his augmented attack power. But when his fist collided with Anos', he was sent flying.

Next, Hitachi soared through the air.

Then, Jax met the same fate.

...

A moment ago, Anos seemed like a formidable BOSS. Now, fueled by his Qi Building Realm ten-star strength, he had become an unstoppable force, rampaging beyond control.

The ten intermediate-class experts were reduced to mere rookies before Anos's unbridled power.

"Ding... Successfully pinched Little Big Sister's butt, classified as a scumbag. Scumbag Points + 300,000, Mission Progress: 70%."

As Anos blurred past, his extreme speed allowing him to evade attacks with ease, he seized the perfect opportunity to stealthily pinch Amelia's perky buttocks. The brief, sly gesture went unnoticed by the others, engrossed in the battle.

The unexpected reward stunned Anos – 300,000 Scumbag Points and a 40% surge in mission progress. His eyes sparkled with mischief, thrilled by the daring feat.

Amelia's face flushed a deep crimson as she stood frozen, biting her lips in indignation. Her eyes flashed with anger, but she couldn't help the hint of surprise and curiosity.

Bastard! How did he...?

With only one minute of berserk time remaining, Anos refused to squander another 100,000 points for a fleeting advantage. He resolved to conclude the battle within the allotted time.

His Qi Building Realm ten-star strength, amplified by the doubling of his agility and power, rendered him nearly invincible. The opposition crumbled before him, utterly outmatched.

When Anos ceased his onslaught, the stage lay empty except for two figures: Amelia and himself.

Chapter 34: Fighting PT-5....



The audience missed Anos's sly move, their attention captivated by his blistering pace as he charged toward his next opponent.

Sofia's curiosity shifted from Anos's cultivation level to the mysterious method behind his extraordinary strength and speed.

"How did he achieve such an immense boost at the Qi Building Stage nine-star or even ten-star level?" she wondered.

Was it a martial technique? If so, it would be astounding. Such a significant enhancement would require at least a Mystic five-star martial technique.

The outcome was utterly unexpected. The crowd anticipated a crushing defeat for Anos, but instead, he single-handedly annihilated his eleven opponents.

It wasn't that they lacked opportunities to unleash their martial arts techniques, spiritual power, or elemental abilities. However, Anos proved unstoppable, shattering free from the vines like an unbridled force.

The number one expert, Ethan, unleashed his full strength through his martial arts techniques, only to be sent flying instantaneously.

The disparity was staggering. Anos operated on a completely different level, rendering his opponents' efforts futile.

The audience was stunned, not only by Anos's formidable combat strength but also by his remarkable realm. How could a newcomer to the Sky Martial Court already possess Qi Building Realm ten-star prowess?

This was the benchmark for advancing to the elite class! Was Anos truly a genius?

But why had he participated in the assessment at such an advanced level? This contradictory fact had earned him the label of "trash" from his peers.

Yet, could someone dubbed "trash" single-handedly defeat the top ten intermediate-class students?

As Anos and Amelia stood alone in the arena, the crowd fell silent, struggling to process their emotions.

"Ding... Detected adoration from 41 ladies. Scumbag Value + 57,000."

Anos turned to Amelia, flashing a captivating smile that hinted at his mischievous intentions. His eyes sparkled with amusement, and his voice dripped with charm.

"Amelia, I couldn't possibly harm you," he said, his voice low and gentle, laced with a hint of playful teasing. "Hit me down, and you'll win! Even if I conquer the world, I'll never conquer you."

"Ding... The host's sweet words have an effect on the little sister. Scumbag Value + 10,000."

Amelia's face remained flushed, still reeling from Anos's daring pinch earlier. She shook her head, her long hair swaying gently, as she whispered, "I'm not your opponent!" The admission of defeat was clear in her voice.

With that, she turned and departed the stage, leaving Anos victorious and the audience in awe. The crowd buzzed with excitement, whispering among themselves about the unexpected turn of events.

Anos scanned the crowd, his gaze challenging anyone to step forward. "Is there anyone else?" he asked, his voice echoing through the silence.

The crowd remained still, their faces pale and awestruck. The top ten expert, once formidable, now lay defeated and humiliated.

"Is anyone else coming?" Anos's tone dripped with sarcasm. "Do you think anyone else would dare?"

The silence stretched, oppressive and heavy.

Finally, Anos turned to Sofia. "Miss Sofia, can we announce the results now?"

Sofia nodded slightly, a hint of a smile on her lips.

"Then, I hereby announce that the first place of this Intermediate Class Grand Competition is Anos," she declared, her voice clear and authoritative. "The rankings of the others remain unchanged."

....

Suddenly, the Beginner Class erupted in thunderous applause! Despite their reservations about Anos, his triumph as a Beginner Class student in the Intermediate Class Grand Competition brought unprecedented pride to their ranks.

For too long, Beginner Class students had endured condescension and bullying from their Intermediate Class counterparts. Now, Anos's victory had flipped the script.

In an instant, he became the most celebrated figure in Orchid Flower Academy, his name on everyone's lips.

In the distance, two mysterious figures, one clad in white and the other in black, withdrew their gaze. "Did you notice anything?" the ravishing girl in black asked, her eyes sparkling with curiosity.

"Noticed what?" the girl in white replied, her expression unreadable. "It's clearly a martial arts technique that enhances attributes. Its rank is considerable."

The girl in black chuckled, her voice husky. "How boring. Such an attention-grabbing young man, and yet you're not intrigued." She shook her head, tsking softly.

Her gaze drifted toward Anos, and she murmured to herself, "Anos, an unknown talent once deemed trash, now a Qi Building Stage martial artist of at least ten stars. He defeated over ten arrogant Young Masters from the Intermediate Class. Did he venture into the Monstrous Beast Territory and slay a powerful beast to achieve this rapid growth, or was he hiding his true strength all along?"

But if he was concealing his abilities, why?"

...

As Anos left the stage, the crowd's gaze followed him, awestruck by his unprecedented victory. With an air of confidence, he strode toward Sofia.

"Miss Sofia, my mission is accomplished. You must keep your promise," Anos said, his eyes sparkling with triumph.

Sofia tucked a stray lock behind her ear, a hint of a smile on her lips. "Of course, I'll grant you a spot in the Martial Assembly."

Anos shook his head, a mischievous grin spreading across his face. "That's not what I'm referring to."

Sofia's curiosity was piqued. "Then what is it?"

Anos's eyes twinkled. "You promised that if I won, I'd get a photo of you. Hehe."

Sofia's cheeks flushed, and she playfully rolled her eyes.

Then, Sofia remained silent for a moment before producing a thick stack of photos from her bag. They appeared to be printed long ago. She tossed the first photo at Anos.

"I said there'd be a photo, but I didn't say it would be a recent one," she said with a sly smile, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

With that, Sofia sashayed away, leaving Anos stunned.

Anos examined the photo, now disheveled from the wind. His eyes widened in surprise.

The photo depicted an anime character with a striking resemblance to Sofia - same piercing emerald eyes and raven-black hair. However, this illustration showcased Sofia's namesake in a sultry pose:

- The anime Sofia wore a fitted, red leather jacket, accentuating her curves.
- Her black mini-skirt hugged her thighs, revealing toned legs.

- A pair of knee-high boots added to her allure.

- Her hair cascaded down her back like a waterfall of night.

A black marker scribble read "Sofia" with an arrow pointing to the character, accompanied by a winking face.

Anos's thoughts raced. "This is the reward she promised the top ten students?"

He glanced around, noticing the crowd's envious gazes.

"Sofia's photo... damn!" Anos exclaimed, shaking his head in amusement.

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Anos waved the photo and shouted, "Selling a rare, first-hand photo of Sky Martial Court's stunning teacher, Miss Sofia! Only twenty photos exist among the beginner and intermediate classes, and I'm selling one. First come, first served!"

Sofia, who hadn't gone far, stumbled upon hearing Anos's words. "This bastard!" she muttered.

The hormone-fueled students were momentarily stunned, then rushed over like a swarm of bees.

"I'll buy it!" one yelled.

"I want it!" another chimed in.

"Don't push! It's mine! Mine!" they clamored.

These students saw the photo as a status symbol. They'd flaunt it to their friends, pretending Sofia was their girlfriend. How pretentious!

Anos sold the photo to a wealthy intermediate-class student for three thousand yuan. As he handed over the photo, the buyer's expression changed.

"Brother, what's this?" he asked, confusion etched on his face.

Anos smiled calmly. "Miss Sofia, of course. Don't you see her signature?"

The buyer's eyes widened. "Damn!" He erupted into laughter. "Hahaha..."

Anos pocketed the three thousand yuan, grinning. "Sofia's a sly one," he thought. "She manipulated the students, but didn't expect the photo to be fake – just a printed copy of her signature."

Later that afternoon, Anos continued training in the virtual combat chamber. Before school ended, Sofia appeared, a hint of amusement in her eyes.

"As the competition champion, this is your reward," she said, handing Anos a exquisite jade pendant.

"What is this?" Anos asked, his eyes widening as he accepted the jade pendant.

"Take it with you," Sofia instructed, her expression serious. "It's for self-defense. This pendant can block an eight-star Spirit Focus attack, potentially saving your life in a critical moment."

Anos's gaze locked onto the pendant, awe and gratitude swelling within him.

"Thank you, Sofia. This is an incredible gift."

Sofia's lips curved into a subtle smile. "You've earned it, champion.

Remember, stay vigilant. The martial world can be treacherous."

Chapter 35: Firestorm Nugget...



Anos gazed at the jade pendant in his hand, sensing the subtle spiritual energy coursing through it. "This is undoubtedly a spiritual tool," he thought.

Capable of blocking a deadly attack from an 8-star Spirit Condensation Realm expert, its value to Anos was immense. His current realm made him vulnerable to such powerful opponents.

"Thank you, Miss Sofia," Anos said sincerely, hanging the jade pendant around his neck. This protective amulet brought him relief.

As an intermediate Spirit Gathering Realm cultivator, facing an 8-star Spirit Condensation Realm expert would be perilous. One misstep, one miscalculation, and Anos's life would hang in the balance. The jade pendant offered a crucial lifeline.

Sofia nodded, "Now, focus on preparing for the Martial Art Assembly."

Anos's eyes sparkled with determination. "Miss Sofia, what realm do I need to reach to compete for first place in the Martial Art Assembly?"

Sofia's expression turned serious. "The top three academies have around 20 exceptional experts. Currently, they're likely in the Arcane Body Realm. However, I don't know the exact number of Arcane Body Realm experts."

Anos's mind raced. Reaching the Arcane Body Realm would require tremendous effort, but he was driven by his ambition.

"I'll work tirelessly, Miss Sofia," Anos promised.

Sofia smiled, her eyes shining with confidence. "I believe in you, Anos. Your potential is vast. Now, go! The path to greatness awaits."

Anos knew John's absence was due to his bold venture into demon beast territory for experience. Anos vowed to surpass him.

John Gill's arrogance made him the perfect target for Anos's ascent.

However, Sofia's words left Anos stunned. He had underestimated the competition.

"I understand, I'll head home now," Anos said.

Sofia nodded, "En."

Anos departed, his mind racing with determination. He would surpass John and shine at the Martial Art Assembly.

...

Anos returned home, grinning from ear to ear. Today's haul was impressive, and the highlight was undoubtedly the unexpected encounter with Amelia.

In a bold move, Anos had pinched Amelia's butt, earning him a whopping 300,000 scum man points. The thrill of the conquest still lingered.

After trading three experience fruits, Anos achieved a significant milestone: level 15 of the 5-star Spirit Condensation Realm. His cultivation was advancing at an impressive pace.

With 510,000 scum man points remaining, Anos deliberated his next move. Should he invest in further cultivation or explore other opportunities? His hesitation was brief, as he decided to take a chance on the big wheel.

Glancing at the time, Anos's thoughts shifted to Luna, who would soon be returning home. A hint of apprehension crept into his mind. "Please, not another Love doll," he silently pleaded, recalling the embarrassment of his previous "gift."

Anos shuddered at the memory, his expression a mix of amusement and exasperation.

...

Anos's eyes widened as a notification echoed in his mind.

"Ding... You have successfully obtained the Earth Tier 9 Star Spiritual Tool [Firestorm Nugget]."

Curiosity got the better of Anos as he examined the egg-like object in his hand. "This is a Spiritual Tool?" he wondered.

The [Firestorm Nugget]'s details materialized before him:

Grade: Earth Rank 9 Star

Type: Single-use offensive spirit artifact

Description: Contains the full power of a powerful fire-attributed Pure Yang Spirit Crystal. Upon impact, it unleashes its energy, dealing devastating damage equivalent to a full-powered attack from a Profound Heaven Realm expert.

Anos's confusion dissipated, replaced by awe. This unassuming egg held unimaginable power.

Anos trembled, nearly dropping the Firestorm Nugget as he grasped its devastating potential. The egg-like artifact's explosion equaled the full-force assault of a Profound Heaven Stage demonic beast!

He recalled the hierarchical realms: Mystic Heaven Realm stood above Mystic Body Realm, which surpassed Spirit Focus Realm. This meant the Firestorm Nugget's power rivaled a Level 40 martial artist's ultimate technique!

Anos's awe deepened. Holding such immense power in his hand was both exhilarating and terrifying.

...

Anos's eyes widened as he grasped the true significance of the Firestorm Nugget. As a Level 40 Martial Artist, one possessed a lifespan exceeding 200 years, transcending the limits of mortal humans.

According to his knowledge, within Flower City, only three elite organizations boasted such experts: the Bounty Hunter Guild, the Divine Temple, and the

Trial Union. Even the esteemed deans of the three great academies couldn't reach this revered realm.

The risks were too great. Beyond Level 30, Demonic Beasts became catastrophically destructive, annihilating entire cities. Many Level 40 Martial Artists had fallen in battles beyond the city's borders, their names etched in history as legendary heroes.

This rarity made Level 40 experts mythical figures, with abilities rivaling the gods. Anos couldn't fathom the secrets they held, nor the sacrifices they made to reach such heights.

The Sky Martial Continent was governed by three formidable powers: the Bounty Hunter Guild, the Divine Temple, and the Trial Union. These organizations wielded unparalleled influence, with branches spanning every city across the five countries.

The Bounty Hunter Guild operated as a hub for martial artists, offering missions and rewards to those willing to take on perilous tasks. Their primary focus was eliminating high-threat Demonic Beasts, which posed a constant threat to humanity.

In contrast, the Divine Temple prioritized research and development, seeking ancient artifacts and forbidden knowledge to bolster humanity's defenses. Their ultimate goal was ensuring the continent's safety and protecting its citizens from external threats.

Meanwhile, the Trial Union concentrated on cultivating elite warriors through rigorous training and trials. Their purpose was twofold: to uncover and punish martial artists with malicious intentions, and to push the boundaries of human potential.

Martial artists had two paths to advance their levels:

1. Hunting Demonic Beasts, a perilous endeavor that tested their skills and resolve.

2. Eliminating fellow martial artists, a darker alternative that gave rise to the notorious Evil Fiend Temple.

Comprised solely of human martial artists, the Evil Fiend Temple's members sought power through the blood of their peers. Their mantra, "Strength through slaughter," echoed throughout the continent, striking fear into the hearts of many.

The Evil Fiend Temple's existence posed a pernicious threat, forcing the Divine Temple and Trial Union to remain vigilant. As tensions simmered, the Bounty Hunter Guild walked a fine line, navigating the moral gray areas between these factions.

Anos understood the intricacies of this complex landscape, recognizing the distinct purposes and methods of each power.

.....

The Evil Fiend Temple's atrocities had earned them a notorious reputation, surpassing even the Demonic Beasts in the hearts of many. Their ruthless slaughter had claimed countless lives, leaving behind trails of devastation.

What made them truly terrifying was their ability to blend in seamlessly with society. They lived among innocent civilians, disguising their sinister intentions behind ordinary faces.

No one suspected the harmless-looking stranger next to them might be an Evil Fiend Temple member, waiting for the perfect moment to strike.

Their motive was chilling: harvesting experience points for the God's Blessing System, a twisted path to level up.

The thought sent shivers down the spines of even the bravest warriors.

In this world, trust was a luxury no one could afford.

....

Anos carefully put the Firestorm Nugget away. He still felt that it was not safe to put it in his pocket. What if he accidentally fell and touched it and it exploded? Then he wouldn't even have a corpse left!

However, with the Firestorm Nugget in his hand, Anos suddenly had an idea!

Tonight, he would leave Flower City and go to the Demonic Beast Territory to kill monsters and level up!

Anos knew that relying solely on Experience Fruits would slow his progress. He needed to battle real Demonic Beasts to hone his skills.

Venturing beyond Flower City's borders, however, posed significant risks. Fortunately, the outskirts of the city weren't too treacherous, thanks to the numerous Martial Artists who frequented the area, hunting monsters and leveling up daily. The most vulnerable targets had already fallen, leaving relatively fewer threats.

As a Level 15 Martial Artist, Anos was confident in his ability to venture out alone.

One crucial element missing from his arsenal was a Spiritual Weapon. Currently, he relied on hand-to-hand combat.

Acquiring a sword would be ideal, but that required advancing to the next class. Even a basic 1-star Yellow Rank Spiritual Weapon came with a hefty price tag – tens of thousands.

For now, Anos decided to stick with hand-to-hand combat, opting to save his resources.

....

Luna entered, her gaze drawn to the sofa, searching for another doll.

"Little Fairy, you're back," Anos said with a warm smile.

Luna hung her bag, changed into slippers, and replied, "I canceled my meeting tonight, so I'll cook."

"En, love you," Anos said.

Luna's eyes widened, but she ignored him.

Anos adored Luna, knowing her for only three years. Her kindness filled him with warmth.

In this unforgiving era, strength was everything. Without it, one was voiceless and vulnerable.

Determined to protect Luna, Anos vowed to become stronger.

"John, one day I'll use your blood to atone for your sins!" Anos' eyes narrowed, fueled by a murderous intent.

....

Chapter 36: Demon Wolf....



Anos savored each bite of Luna's cooking, delighted by the familiar flavors. Her dishes evoked a sense of home, surpassing any exquisite delicacies outside.

"I'm going out later," Anos announced, his eyes locked on Luna's.

Luna's eyebrows arched in surprise. Normally, Anos avoided nighttime excursions, opting for cozy evenings with her.

"Is it dangerous?" Luna asked, concern etched on her face.

Anos smiled reassuringly, his gaze holding Luna's. "What danger?"

Luna's expression softened, trusting Anos' judgment.

Anos didn't want to worry Luna, so he kept his destination a secret. He knew that if she found out he was heading into the treacherous Demonic Beast Domain, she would be frantic with concern.

"I'll be back soon," Anos said, standing up from the dinner table. He smiled reassuringly at Luna, trying to alleviate any doubts she might have.

"En, be careful," Luna replied, her voice laced with a hint of apprehension. She gazed up at Anos, her eyes sparkling with affection.

Anos' heart swelled with love for her. He walked around the table and gently wiped away a grain of rice from the corner of Luna's mouth. "You had some rice here," he said softly.

Luna's eyebrows arched slightly, her cheeks flushing with embarrassment. "Oh?" she whispered.

She lowered her head, slowly eating another mouthful of rice. Anos couldn't help but notice how adorable she looked, her shyness only adding to her charm.

System Notification:

Scumbag Charm Value + 20,000

Reason: Successfully triggered shy response from target, strengthening bond

Anos chuckled inwardly, delighted by Luna's endearing reaction. He felt grateful for these quiet moments they shared, away from the dangers of the outside world.

...

After dinner, Anos set off towards the outskirts of Flower City. He hailed a taxi, which dropped him off at the city's perimeter. The area was desolate, with scarce civilian presence. Instead, warriors milled about, preparing to venture beyond the barrier or returning from grueling battles.

Anos surveyed the scene, noting the telltale signs of combat on the warriors' bodies. Some bore light scratches, while others had severe injuries – missing limbs, gruesome scars, or crude bandages. The harsh reality of their world was starkly evident: to level up, one had to confront and defeat the monstrous Demonic Beasts lurking outside.

Every city within the Five Great Empires was encircled by a protective barrier, safeguarding against demonic invasions. These barriers allowed free passage for humans, while keeping the beasts at bay. Sentries and warriors from esteemed organizations – the Temple, Bounty Hunter Association, and Magic Court – stood guard, ever vigilant.

Their roles were akin to those of the People's Liberation Army on Earth, protecting citizens and maintaining order. Anos recognized the familiar insignia on the warriors' armor, symbolizing their allegiance to these revered institutions.

As Anos prepared to cross the barrier, he steeled himself for the perils ahead.

After crossing the barrier, Anos entered the treacherous realm of the Demonic Beasts. The landscape shifted from orderly cityscape to untamed wilderness. Humans dotted the horizon, fellow adventurers and warriors seeking fortune and experience.

This proximity to Flower City ensured relative safety, as Demonic Beasts rarely ventured so close. Sentries and warriors patrolled the area, swiftly eliminating any threats. Only an exceptionally powerful Demonic Beast could

breach this perimeter, and even then, it would likely arrive with a horde, signaling an all-out assault on the city.

The contrast between the city's order and the wilderness' chaos was striking. Anos emerged onto a neglected highway, flanked by dense, primal forests. Decades of neglect had allowed nature to reclaim this territory, transforming it into an uncharted expanse.

As he ventured deeper, the silence grew thicker, punctuated only by the rustling of leaves and chirping of unseen creatures. Anos felt the weight of the unknown, the thrill of exploration coursing through his veins.

The highway stretched before him, a fading scar on the landscape, beckoning him toward uncharted dangers and untold rewards.

Anos traversed the highway for about ten minutes, the silence broken only by the crunch of gravel beneath his feet. He then veered left, disappearing into the dense forest. The city's proximity ensured a Demonic Beast-free zone, as warriors diligently patrolled and eliminated any threats.

As night descended, the forest transformed into an inky blackness, devoid of human presence. Yet, Anos' advanced cultivation – a 5-star Spirit Condensation realm – granted him exceptional night vision. His eyes adjusted effortlessly, piercing the darkness.

The forest's eerie stillness enveloped him, the only sounds the soft rustling of leaves and distant, unseen nocturnal creatures. Anos moved with purpose, his senses heightened, scanning the surroundings for signs of danger.

His destination remained shrouded in mystery, but his determination drove him forward, into the unknown.

Half an hour of walking transformed the landscape. The forest, now a mere remnant of its former self, signaled Anos' entry into the perilous zone. Years of

radiation exposure had scarred this land, dispersing what once was a densely populated area.

Only the bravest warriors ventured here, often in well-equipped teams or with reliable transportation. Anos, however, chose a different path. Despite lacking a vehicle, he could have enlisted the Bounty Hunter Guild's services for a price.

Yet, Anos declined this option, opting for a solitary, self-reliant approach. His determination burned brighter with each step, fueled by unknown motivations.

The silence grew thicker, punctuated by the soft crunch of gravel beneath his feet. Anos pressed on, into the heart of danger.

Another ten minutes passed, and Anos estimated he was approximately four kilometers from Flower City's barrier. His journey had been marked by sporadic battles between warriors and Demonic Beasts. Most of the beasts were below the 5-star Spirit Building Realm, hardly worthy of Anos' attention.

He pressed on, seeking more formidable prey – Demonic Beasts around the Spirit Condensation realm. This would require venturing deeper into the treacherous terrain.

As he climbed upward, the landscape shifted to a mountainous region. Lush trees enveloped him, their shadows dancing in the faint moonlight. The darkness amplified the eerie atmosphere, making every snap of a twig or rustle of leaves seem ominous.

Anos' senses remained heightened, his night vision piercing the gloom. He navigated the treacherous path with ease, his footsteps quiet on the rugged terrain.

Suddenly, the air grew thick with an unsettling energy. Anos' instincts flared, warning him of an impending presence...

...

Anos' instincts flared as a low, menacing growl echoed through the darkness, reminiscent of a cornered beast. A pair of piercing green eyes materialized, illuminating the shadows. The eyes locked onto Anos, their intensity palpable.

As the darkness receded, a towering, wolf-like Demonic Beast emerged. Its ebony coat glistened in the faint moonlight, accentuating its powerful physique. The beast stood over two meters tall, its muscles rippling beneath its sleek fur.

Baring razor-sharp fangs, the beast unleashed a snarl, revealing sticky, venomous droplets dripping from its jaws. The air thickened with malevolent energy as the beast's gaze fixed on Anos.

Anos recognized the Bloodthirsty Demon Wolf from his virtual battles. With a flicker of spirit flames, the beast's attributes materialized before him.

[Bloodthirsty Demon Wolf]

Realm: 9-star Spirit Building Realm

Attributes: None

Strength: 110

Vitality: 101

Agility: 123

Spirit: 80

A ferocious Demonic Beast, driven by an insatiable hunger for violence. Its martial technique, Devouring Spirit Claw, condensed Demonic Qi into razor-sharp claws, unleashing devastating close-range attacks.

Anos' lips curled into a subtle smile. "Tonight's hunt begins with a fortunate encounter – a 9-star Spirit Building Realm opponent."

His eyes locked onto the Bloodthirsty Demon Wolf.

Anos' aura surged, radiating intense energy. The Bloodthirsty Demon Wolf's attributes remained etched in his mind.

The beast charged, but upon sensing Anos' 5-star Spirit Condensation Realm aura, it fled in terror.

"Dream on if you think you can escape!" Anos declared, spirit energy swirling around him.

With a burst of speed, Anos chased the retreating wolf. His superior realm allowed him to close the gap rapidly.

In mere seconds, Anos would have caught up, but the dense forest hindered his pursuit. Twenty seconds passed, and the Bloodthirsty Demon Wolf was now within striking distance.

Just as Anos prepared to strike, the cunning beast slashed a nearby tree with its claws, sending it crashing toward Anos.

The fallen tree blocked Anos' path, momentarily halting his pursuit. The Bloodthirsty Demon Wolf seized the opportunity to widen the gap.

Anos' eyes narrowed. "Clever, but not clever enough."

Anos' relentless pursuit continued unabated. As the tree trunk hurtled toward him, he unleashed a swift, precise punch, cleaving it in two with a resounding crash.

The tree's splintered remains rained around him as Anos condensed spirit energy in his right hand. "Spirit Fist Blast !" he declared, his voice echoing through the night.

A brilliant blue spirit energy blast coalesced, taking the shape of a gleaming spearhead. With a burst of speed, Anos launched the attack.

The Spirit Fist Blast shot out like a cannonball, illuminating the dark forest. The blast homed in on the Bloodthirsty Demon Wolf, which let out a terrified howl.

The beast attempted to dodge, but Anos' strike was too swift. The energy blast struck the Bloodthirsty Demon Wolf's side, sending it crashing into a nearby boulder.

The impact was colossal. The boulder shattered, sending rocks and debris flying in all directions. The Bloodthirsty Demon Wolf's body crumpled, its bones shattered.

As the dust settled, Anos approached the defeated beast. A faint glow emanated from its corpse, signaling the transfer of experience points.

The System's notification echoed in Anos' mind:

"Ding... You killed Bloodthirsty Demon Wolf."

Reward:

Experience + 500

Spirit Energy + 100

Chapter 37: Massacre Starts....



Anos gazed at the Bloodthirsty Demon Wolf's lifeless body, shaking his head in dismay. "This won't do," he muttered to himself. "A Nine Star Qi Building Realm demon beast only yielded 500 experience points. I need 7,500 to level up."

The harsh reality of leveling up struck Anos for the first time. In virtual reality, he had relied on experience fruits to advance. However, he knew that approach had its limits.

"A Nine Star Qi Building Realm demon beast should have offered more experience," Anos thought, disappointed. "Perhaps I should seek alternative methods."

A sly grin spread across his face as he contemplated an unconventional strategy.

"I could charm the girls for experience fruits. Each fruit is worth 1,000 experience points. That might be a more efficient way to level up."

Anos' eyes sparkled with amusement at the prospect.

The Bloodthirsty Demon Wolf's lifeless body lay still on the ground, a testament to Anos' overwhelming power. Taking down the beast in a single move was only expected, given Anos' superior cultivation.

"A Five Star Spirit Condensation Realm unable to defeat a Nine Star Qi Building Realm?" Anos thought, chuckling. "That would be laughable. I'd be worthless as a cultivator if I couldn't even handle this."

Confidence radiated from Anos as he gazed at the motionless corpse.

According to Sofia's insight, the Academy's Advanced Class boasted experts at the Arcane Body Realm. Anos was merely five levels away from achieving this esteemed realm, with nearly a month to bridge the gap.

However, Anos recognized that his peers were also advancing. By the time he reached the Arcane Body Realm, they would likely have improved their cultivation as well.

To gain a decisive advantage, Anos needed to surpass them. His lack of attributes put him at a disadvantage, restricting his access to potent martial

skills. While his opponents might not possess Earth Rank skills, they likely wielded Mystic Rank techniques, outclassing Anos' Yellow Rank abilities.

Anos pondered the impending competition within the Academy's Advanced Class. Given the exceptional talents of his peers, it was only natural that each possessed Mystic Rank martial skills. Anos, too, had access to formidable techniques, but the absence of attributes hindered their full potential.

This disparity created an awkward situation. In terms of martial skills, Anos was at a disadvantage compared to his counterparts. Their Mystic Rank skills likely surpassed his Yellow Rank abilities, putting him at a tactical disadvantage.

However, Anos held two crucial advantages:

His attribute exchange system granted him unparalleled access to resources, allowing him to acquire attributes and enhance his abilities.

His superior level, surpassing his peers, provided a significant edge in combat.

Anos' strategic mind began to weave a plan, leveraging his unique benefits to counterbalance his deficiencies. He would utilize the attribute exchange system to secure attributes, bridging the martial skills gap. His higher level would serve as a trump card, ensuring victory in critical moments.

With renewed determination, Anos set his sights on the upcoming challenges.

...

As Anos walked past the Bloodthirsty Demon Wolf's lifeless body, he ventured deeper into the unforgiving landscape. Time lost meaning as he traversed the desolate terrain, his senses on high alert. The frequency of demon beast encounters increased, fueling his anticipation.

"I need a stronger adversary," Anos thought, his resolve unwavering.

Two minutes passed, and Anos' extraordinary spiritual power detected subtle movements around him. The ground trembled, signaling an underground presence. The vibrations intensified, indicating the unknown entity's approach.

"A demon beast capable of burrowing underground?" Anos wondered, intrigue sparking within.

Anos' eyes narrowed as he pinpointed his opponent's location. With lightning speed, he sprang forward, unleashing his Cosmic Fist.

"Cosmic Fist!" he declared.

The Cosmic Fist collided with an unseen force, producing a deafening boom. The ground shuddered, and a massive crater formed.

Anos extended his hand, digging into the earth. He pulled out a blood-red rat, approximately a meter long – a Mutated Demon Rat.

In virtual combat, Anos had encountered these creatures before. Their attack strategy involved ambushes from underground, utilizing sharp claws to pierce a martial artist's chest and razor-sharp teeth to sever the neck aorta.

This particular rat wasn't dead yet, but Anos' swift kick sealed its fate.

"Ding... You killed the Mutated Demon Rat. Experience Points + 100."

Anos' expression remained stern, despite defeating the Mutated Demon Rat. He knew that these creatures rarely traveled alone; they were typically found in packs.

"The Mutated Demon Rats' weakness lies in their individual strength," Anos thought, "but their collective ferocity makes them a formidable foe."

His senses heightened, Anos scanned his surroundings, anticipating the arrival of more Mutated Demon Rats.

Suddenly, the ground trembled, and faint scratching noises echoed through the air. Anos' eyes narrowed.

...

Anos' senses alerted him to the rapid approach of multiple auras. "Damn it! A Spirit Weapon would come in handy now!"

Fighting demon beasts bare-handed increased the risk, but circumstances didn't permit otherwise.

The Mutated Demon Rats possessed another unsettling trait: they feared demon beasts, but showed no reverence for humans. Their boldness stemmed from sheer numbers, and a disregard for death.

"These rats are notorious for their fearlessness," Anos thought, bracing for impact. "Quantity over quality, that's their tactic."

The air grew thick with tension as the Mutated Demon Rats closed in.

...

"Bring it on!" Anos exclaimed. "A hundred or so experience points from this pack is worth more than taking down a few high-level demon beasts!"

His aura flared, and the ground beneath him began to tremble. Suddenly, the earth gave way, collapsing into a five-meter radius sinkhole. The Mutated Demon Rats had burrowed underground, creating a trap.

If Anos fell in, the rats would swarm and devour him. But Anos reacted swiftly, leaping away just as the ground collapsed.

He landed gracefully, eyes scanning the perimeter. "They're coordinated. This isn't just mindless pack behavior."

The rats' tactical maneuver sparked Anos' interest.

...

The Tunneler Terrors, low-level Demonic Beasts, hovered around the Four or Five Star Qi Building Realm. Anos could dispatch one with a single strike. The last rat's survival was due to the ground absorbing the impact.

"It's time to come out!" Anos' eyes narrowed, and he swiftly turned around.

A Tunneler Terror had silently climbed a tree, lunging at Anos' throat with razor-sharp claws!

Bang! A powerful punch sent the rat flying through the air.

Anos' swift reflexes saved his life.

"Ding... You have killed the Mutated Demon Rat, Experience + 110."

As the last rat fell, the surrounding area erupted with movement. Ten or more Mutated Demon Rats emerged from the shadows.

"Hehe, if all demon beasts were as reckless as you, that would be ideal!"

Anos thought, amused.

Recalling the Bloodthirsty Demon Wolf's swift retreat, he realized that if low-level demon beasts like the Mutated Demon Rats were equally brainless, hunting would be effortless – no need to chase them down.

Anos' gaze swept across the approaching horde.

In unison, the Mutated Demon Rats charged towards Anos from all directions. A cultivator with a lower cultivation level would be utterly overwhelmed, surrounded and devoured by the snarling horde. Even a Qi Building Eighth Star might struggle to escape alive.

The stark reality of the outside world hit home: danger lurked around every corner, and complacency was a death sentence.

Anos' current location was considered relatively safe, but he knew the true dangers lurked further away. The most powerful demon beasts had already ventured deeper, seeking the legendary Demon Kings.

Even among the demon beasts, those in the Spirit Condensation realm were considered low-level. The truly fearsome ones could besiege and raze human cities to the ground. Some could even transform into human forms, blending seamlessly into the shadows. Their ability to adapt and deceive made them all the more terrifying.

Anos was aware that the demon beasts had a unified force, rivaling the human's Holy Temple and Trial Union. This force was the Myriad Demon Alliance – a formidable, terrifying existence that orchestrated nearly all attacks on human territory. Their strategic coordination and sheer numbers made them a constant threat.

The Myriad Demon Alliance's hierarchy was shrouded in mystery, but rumors spoke of:

- Demon Kings: Apex leaders wielding unimaginable power
- Demon Lords: Powerful subordinates commanding legions
- Demon Generals: Strategic commanders orchestrating battles
- Demon Soldiers: Foot soldiers fueling the alliance's war machine

Anos' resolve hardened. To protect humanity, he must strengthen himself. The Myriad Demon Alliance would stop at nothing to claim dominion over the human realm.

"Tonight, let's start a massacre!" Anos' mouth curled into a menacing grin, his eyes gleaming with fierce determination.

The darkness seemed to tremble in anticipation as he cracked his knuckles, ready to unleash his fury upon the Tunneler Terrors.

...

Chapter 38: Flameborn Lion...



...

A total of 14 beasts lay defeated, including the initial kill. Each beast yielded an average of 100 experience points, totaling 1,400 points.

This haul was comparable to defeating a single 9-star Qi Building Realm beast, but with minimal effort exerted. Anos' dominance was undeniable.

As a 9-star Qi Building Realm cultivator, Anos could annihilate opponents with a mere 20% strength increase. His power was a testament to his rigorous training.

Against 5-star beasts, Anos' victory was all but guaranteed. A single strike would be enough to extinguish their fragile existence.

With his cultivation level far surpassing these lowly creatures, Anos sought greater challenges. The thrill of battle beckoned.

"Are there no higher-level beasts?" Anos wondered, shaking his head in dismay. He pressed onward, seeking a 1-star or 2-star Spirit Condensation Realm beast.

The experience points from such creatures would be substantial, a prize worth the risk. However, venturing further posed its own dangers.

Anos weighed his options carefully. The allure of valuable experience points was tempered by the uncertainty of safety.

"If I go too far, will I return unscathed?" Anos pondered.

The landscape shifted, shadows deepening as twilight approached. Anos steeled himself, resolve firm.

....

An hour ticked by, yet Anos remained stalled, merely 500 experience points shy of attaining the coveted 6-star Spirit Condensation Realm. His frustration stemmed not from a scarcity of Spirit Condensation Realm beasts, but from the area's unusual dearth.

Flower City, a mere seven to eight kilometers away, cast a protective shadow over the region. Martial artists from the city frequently ventured forth, hunting demonic beasts and maintaining a precarious balance between humans and creatures.

This constant activity made the area hazardous, yet still within the realm of martial artists' influence. Consequently, Spirit Condensation Realm beasts shunned the area, seeking safer hunting grounds beyond the city's reach.

Undeterred, Anos pressed onward, his piercing gaze scanning the horizon for the elusive prey that would propel him to the next level. Every step forward heightened his resolve.

With each passing moment, Anos' determination intensified. He would not rest until he found the beast that would unlock his full potential.

...

As Anos ventured beyond Flower City's limits, a palpable sense of danger settled over him. The threat lurked not only in the shadows of ferocious beasts but also in the unpredictable nature of human martial artists.

Outside the city's protective confines, the constraints of powerful factions and organizations held little sway. Here, might made right, and anonymity provided

impunity. Those who ventured into this unforgiving landscape did so at their own peril.

A single misstep could prove fatal, for in this lawless expanse, God's Blessing experience points became a coveted prize worth killing for. The specter of the notorious Evil Fiend Temple loomed large, its members notorious for hunting down martial artists to exploit their valuable experience.

Anos' senses heightened, his caution tempered by the knowledge that in this unforgiving realm, survival depended on strength and vigilance.

"I've acquired a martial technique, but it's still too weak, and I lack a spirit weapon," Anos thought to himself. "Acquiring a spirit weapon is paramount."

Having left Flower City, Anos recognized the necessity of wielding a spirit weapon. Fighting bare-handed was considered reckless among martial artists, and spirit weapons came with hefty price tags. The most powerful ones were priceless.

Anos longed for a sword as his spirit weapon, but an ordinary blade wouldn't suffice. A true spirit weapon needed to resonate with his martial energy.

Ordinary swords couldn't harness his spirit power, and even if they could, they'd shatter against foes slightly stronger than demonic beasts. Anos required a sword forged from rare materials, imbued with ancient energies.

Spirit weapon. Acquiring Spiritual Equipment was now Anos' utmost priority. Tomorrow, he would seek out Sofia's expertise at the Sky Martial Court, hoping her insight would prove invaluable.

As Anos emerged from his contemplation, a ghastly sight greeted him at the field's edge. More than a dozen lifeless bodies lay scattered, their youthful faces frozen in eternal silence. Fatal wounds ravaged their flesh, some with chests pierced through, their lives extinguished instantly.

The gruesome scene sent shivers down Anos' spine. This carnage reeked of a demonic beast's handiwork – a powerful one, capable of unleashing devastating blows.

Anos' instincts screamed warning, his senses heightened. A formidable foe lurked nearby, its strength capable of annihilating multiple martial artists with ease. The air was heavy with tension, and Anos' gaze scanned the horizon, prepared to face the unknown danger.

With each passing moment, the silence grew thicker, punctuated only by the soft rustling of leaves. Anos' heart pounded in anticipation, his resolve steeling him for the battle ahead.

...

In the demonic beast area, corpses were a grim norm. No one bothered to investigate, and the fate of the fallen remained a morbid mystery. Skeletons and bodies littered the landscape, a grim testament to the area's unforgiving nature.

Anos' thoughts were interrupted by a sudden movement. His instincts flared, and vigilance took hold.

A split second of distraction could prove fatal. If Anos hadn't stumbled upon the corpses, he would have blindly walked into the demonic beast's path.

Holding his breath, Anos froze, senses heightened. The rustling grew louder, and the air vibrated with an ominous presence.

A demonic beast emerged from the shadows, its eyes fixed on Anos.

Before him, beside a towering tree, a majestic lion stood over two meters tall. Its fiery mane blazed like molten lava, and its gaze seemed almost leisurely as it licked the blood from the corner of its mouth, savoring its recent kill.

Anos' pupils constricted in alarm. This was no ordinary lion – it was a Flameborn Lion, a legendary demonic beast feared for its unyielding ferocity.

The Flameborn Lion's esteemed bloodline rivaled the most exceptional martial artists, boasting inherent strength and potential for growth that were unparalleled. Its robust lineage guaranteed formidable combat prowess, striking fear into the hearts of even the bravest warriors.

Anos' previous encounters with demonic beasts seemed trivial compared to this behemoth. The Flameborn Lion was a noble, destined for greatness, and Anos knew that facing it would be his most daunting challenge yet.

With each passing moment, the air thickened with tension. Anos steeled himself, his senses heightened, ready to face the inferno that awaited him.

....

Anos recognized the Flameborn Lion instantly, thanks to its distinctive feature: a dark blue, ethereal flame flickering on its tail, reminiscent of a will-o'-the-wisp. This eerie blaze signaled the beast's formidable presence.

In battle, the Flameborn Lion's entire body would erupt with these dark blue flames, casting an oppressive aura that paralyzed its foes with fear.

Seeking insight, Anos activated his Spiritual Eye to scrutinize the Flameborn Lion. His piercing gaze delved deeper, uncovering hidden secrets.

As his Spiritual Eye probed, Anos discovered:

Flameborn Lion

Realm: Soul Focus Two Star

Level: 12

Attribute: Dark Flame

Attributes:

- Strength: 187

- Constitution: 177

- Speed: 187

Crystals: 150

Description:

A devil beast with a strong bloodline, boasting balanced stats and formidable attacks.

Martial Skills:

1. Flameborn Scorch: Unleashes a surprise blue flame attack, targeting both the physical body and soul.

2. Inferno Blast: Channels the flame's energy, releasing a potent burst of flame energy forward.

Additional Abilities:

- Enhanced Strength: Amplifies physical attacks

- Shadow Step: Teleports short distances through shadows

- Flame Shield: Absorbs attacks, redirecting damage to foes

Assessment:

Almost invincible within its realm, the Flameborn Lion poses a significant threat to opponents.

....

The disparity between ordinary demonic beasts and those with robust bloodlines was staggering. The Flameborn Lion, a mere two-star Spirit Condensation Level creature, boasted attributes rivaling Anos's five-star Spirit Condensation Level.

Its Dark Flame attribute granted it dual capabilities:

- Flame abilities, unleashing scorching attacks
- Shadow abilities, allowing for stealth and evasion

...

With unwavering resolve, Anos prepared to face the Flameborn Lion, ready to risk everything for a chance to harvest its invaluable Spirit Condensation Level essence.

At that moment, the Flameborn Lion seemed to have lowered its guard, oblivious to Anos' presence. Seizing the opportunity, Anos unleashed his full strength.

"Spirit Blast!"

A brilliant ball of light, condensed from spiritual force, hurtled toward the Flameborn Lion. The impact was explosive, sending the lion crashing into the tree behind it. The force was so intense that it slid six meters across the ground before coming to a halt.

Given Anos' five-star Spirit Condensation Level cultivation, an ordinary two-star demonic beast would have suffered severe injuries. However, the Flameborn Lion swiftly rose to its feet, its body bleeding, blue eyes blazing with fury as it locked onto Anos.

The lion's recovery was astonishing, a testament to its exceptional vitality and strength.

Anos realized that defeating this beast wouldn't be easy.

The Flameborn Lion's voice echoed in Anos' mind, "You dare to attack me?"

"You think this young master is intimidated by your glare?" Anos sneered, condensing his spiritual force as he charged forward.

Suddenly, a ghostly flame erupted before him, its appearance as unpredictable as its master.

Shua!

The ethereal blaze danced with an otherworldly essence, illuminating Anos' fearless determination.

The Flameborn Lion's eyes narrowed, sensing the formidable energy emanating from Anos.

"You're no ordinary cultivator," the lion growled, its voice laced with caution.

Anos smiled, his confidence fueled by his Spirit Condensation Level cultivation.

"Let's see whose flames reign supreme!" Anos declared.

With a swift gesture, Anos unleashed a wave of spiritual force, merging it with the ghostly flame.

Chapter 39: I'm not a hero...?



The Flameborn Lion's inferno had reached its limit, a testament to its exceptional martial prowess. If it hadn't unleashed this final burst, the flames would have consumed Anos, inflicting severe injuries.

As Anos circled around the dwindling flames, he spotted the Flameborn Lion's fleeing figure. Its majestic strides, once full of strength and ferocity, now faltered due to its wounds.

If uninjured, the lion would have clashed with Anos, refusing to back down. But now, its instincts screamed survival. The lion's pride and dominance were momentarily set aside, replaced by a primal urge to escape.

"Run?" Anos exclaimed, his voice laced with amusement. His feet stirred up whirlwinds as he unleashed his Speed Shadow martial skill. In an instant, his speed skyrocketed, and he gave chase.

The landscape blurred around Anos as he pursued the Flameborn Lion. Trees became green streaks, and rocks faded into the distance. The lion's labored breathing and pounding heartbeats echoed through Anos' senses.

"Where do you think you're going?" Anos shouted, his voice echoing through the landscape. The Flameborn Lion's wounds and dwindling vitality made escape unlikely. Anos' relentless pursuit would soon seal the lion's fate.

...

If he let the Flameborn Lion escape today, it would be a missed opportunity. Fortunately, Anos' superior cultivation gave him an edge in speed, allowing him to slowly close the gap.

The chase continued, with Anos bursting out of the field and into a dense forest. Trees blurred together as they sped through the underbrush. Emerging from the forest, another vast field stretched before them.

"Damn!" Anos cursed, his Spirit Blast striking the ground mere inches from the Flameborn Lion's heels. The lion's incredible agility allowed it to dodge the attack.

"If only I had a spirit artifact and a mastered sword technique," Anos thought, frustration creeping into his mind. "But against a powerful demon beast like this, I'll do whatever it takes to emerge victorious."

Determination hardened his resolve. Anos pressed on, undaunted by the challenge.

...

After traversing the unforgiving wilderness, another dense forest loomed before Anos. As he burst through the trees, he finally closed in on the Flameborn Lion.

But upon emerging from the forest, Anos' triumphant cry froze in his throat.

The scene unfolding before him left him stunned, refusing to comprehend the reality.

Anos' eyes widened in shock, his mind reeling from the unexpected turn of events.

Anos' relentless pursuit had finally ended, but the scene before him made his heart sink. Beside the Flameborn Lion he'd been chasing stood a colossal counterpart, towering over three times its size. Its majestic presence was daunting, radiating an aura of unyielding power.

The giant lion's dark blue eyes, reminiscent of a death god's fiery gaze, locked onto Anos, sending a chill through his veins. Those piercing eyes seemed to bore into his very soul.

Under the lion's left claw, a woman lay pinned, her once-pristine white dress now stained crimson by the blood seeping from her wounds. The razor-sharp claws hovered at her neck, threatening to end her life with the slightest movement.

As she turned to face Anos, her eyes flashed with defiance, cold calculation, and a hint of desperation. Yet, beneath the blood-soaked face, Anos struggled to discern her features. Her gaze held a deep-seated stubbornness, as if she refused to surrender to her dire circumstances.

Anos' instincts screamed to act, but the giant lion's presence made him wary. One misstep could seal the woman's fate – and his own. The air was heavy with tension, the outcome hanging precariously in the balance.

...

Anos' eyes widened as he gazed at the colossal Flameborn Lion. Its stats were shrouded in mystery:

Flameborn Lion

Realm: ???

Level: ???

Attribute: ???

The question marks mocked Anos, hinting at a power beyond his understanding. This was no ordinary beast; it had transcended the Spirit Condensation Realm.

Anos prioritized his own survival above all else. He wasn't a hero who would recklessly risk his life to save others. His own life was his top priority.

"I'm not going to risk my life for that woman," Anos thought. "My survival is all that matters."

The woman's desperate gaze didn't move him. He was resolute in his decision.

Anos turned to leave, but his curiosity lingered. What was the Flameborn Lion's true strength? Could he exploit its unknown attributes to his advantage?

With calculated caution, Anos began to formulate a plan, weighing the risks and potential rewards.

...

A deafening roar shook the sky, making Anos' ears ache.

"Hey! you!" Anos shouted, launching a Spirit Blast Strike before turning to flee. Just as he escaped, a system notification echoed in his mind:

"Ding... Mission [Teasing Little Big Sister] triggered."

Mission Details:

Punishment for Failure: None

Progress: 0%

Reward: Sword Skill [Stormbringer's Edge]

Anos' eyes widened in incredulity.

"What the...?!" he exclaimed. "Are you kidding me, System?! Why didn't you warn me about the mission trigger?! This is ridiculous!"

The system remained silent, leaving Anos frustrated and bewildered.

...

Anos seethed with frustration. This was outrageous! Why did he have to encounter a Flameborn Lion at the Arcane Body Realm? Such demonic beasts rarely ventured near human territory.

His Spirit Blast had barely scratched the lion's head, equivalent to a firecracker's pop. The attack was laughable.

A thunderous roar erupted behind him.

Anos spun around to see the massive Flameborn Lion charging towards him, the smaller lion still cradled in its claws.

The beast's eyes blazed with fury.

Anos' heart sank. He was in grave danger.

Anos' heart overflowed with despair. "I'm done for, I'm done for, I'm done for!"

He swiftly activated his Speed Shadow technique and used his Scumbag Points to exchange for Agility, doubling his velocity.

However, the Flameborn Lion closed in relentlessly.

"This is the parent, no doubt," Anos thought. "It won't stop until I'm dead."

The lion's fury was palpable, driven by maternal instinct. Anos' attack on its offspring had sealed his fate.

The lion discarded its prey, fixated solely on Anos.

... "Cough, cough—" The woman struggled to sit up, clutching her chest. She had resigned herself to a tragic fate at the paws of the Flameborn Lion.

But fate had other plans.

Just as death loomed, a young man appeared out of nowhere, saving her from the brink.

Now, he was the one fleeing for his life, pursued by the relentless Flameborn Lion.

Charlotte Reys slowly rose to her feet, her battered body trembling with effort. The severity of her injuries and the depletion of her spiritual energy made recovery a daunting task, one that would require time and careful nurturing.

Her face was a mask of crimson, blood obscuring her features and dripping onto the dusty ground. Yet, despite her own precarious state, her cold eyes betrayed a deeper concern – for the young man who had saved her.

....

Fortunately, Charlotte Reys had survived! But the weight of her salvation settled heavily upon her. She had been saved by a stranger, a cultivator of unparalleled strength – at the fifth star of the Spirit Condensation Realm.

As Anos fled, Charlotte Reys sensed his overwhelming power. In contrast, her own third-star Arcane Body Realm seemed woefully inadequate. The disparity stunned her, and a crushing sense of vulnerability followed.

For the first time in her life, Charlotte Reys was indebted to someone. This stranger had saved her life, yet now he faced mortal danger alone. Her heart wrestled with the dilemma.

A part of her yearned to repay her debt, to stand alongside her savior. But rationality cautioned against it – if she followed, she would only seal her own fate. The anguish of indecision gripped her.

Typically, people would flee in fear, lest the enemy turn their attention back to them. But Charlotte Reys stood frozen, her gaze fixed on Anos' receding figure for what felt like an eternity.

Her cold, emotionless eyes betrayed no hint of her inner turmoil. No one could fathom the thoughts swirling behind her stoic facade.

Finally, she stirred, slowly departing while tenderly cradling her wounds. Yet, the image of Anos' brave retreat lingered in her mind, indelibly etched.

The memory of his selfless rescue and her own helplessness haunted her, refusing to be shaken.

Charlotte Reys' steps faltered, her thoughts drifting back to the mysterious cultivator who had saved her life.

....

At that moment, Anos was desperately evading the Flameborn Lion's pursuit. He narrowly dodged several lethal blue fireballs, his heart racing with every close call.

But as he glanced ahead, his hopes sank. A sheer cliff loomed before him, a seemingly insurmountable barrier.

Panic set in, his mind racing for an escape. Then, his gaze landed on a small cave to the side.

Anos's eyes sparkled with renewed hope. The cave's entrance was narrow, too small for the massive Flameborn Lion to follow.

Without hesitation, Anos sprinted toward the cave. He dove into its darkness mere seconds before the lion's massive paw slammed into the ground.

The earth shook beneath his feet as the lion's attack created a five-meter-deep crater. Anos shuddered, imagining the devastating consequences had he been a fraction slower.

After rushing into the cave, Anos tumbled more than ten meters before coming to a stop against the far wall. "Damn it! This cave isn't safe either?"

Breathless and frustrated, Anos peered out from the cave's depths, his eyes locked onto the Flameborn Lion's menacing form.

Just then, a blazing fireball shot into the cave. Anos swiftly pivoted and pressed himself against the edge, narrowly avoiding the inferno.

The flames licked the walls, casting flickering shadows. Anos held his breath, listening to the Flameborn Lion's furious roars echoing outside.

The lion's relentless pursuit sent shivers down Anos's spine. He knew he couldn't stay hidden forever.

"Damn it! I didn't expect my first demon beast hunt to go sideways like this!" Anos cursed, his eyes burning with frustration.

But then, a spark of hope ignited within him. He hastily retrieved a small, glowing object from his chest - the Firestorm Nugget.

"The heavens aren't ready for me to die just yet!" Anos exclaimed, relief washing over his face.

In his hand lay the Firestorm Nugget, a potent tool capable of unleashing a devastating inferno, even obliterating a Profound Heaven Realm cultivator. Against an Arcane Body Realm foe like the Flameborn Lion, its destructive power would be unmatched.

A calculated glint appeared in Anos's eyes. "This nugget will turn the tables."

Anos had nearly forgotten about the Firestorm Nugget, but its presence brought immense relief. Without it, his fate would have been sealed.

Standing up, resolve etched on his face, Anos grasped the Firestorm Nugget firmly. His eyes blazed with fury.

"You dare chase me, spit fire at me, and refuse to leave? Then you'll pay the price!" Anos snarled, his voice low and menacing.

The Flameborn Lion's relentless pursuit had pushed him to the edge. Now, Anos was ready to unleash his counterattack.

With the Firestorm Nugget at the ready, Anos prepared to face his pursuer, determined to emerge victorious.

...

Chapter 40: The Cuckold -Hero R-18...Side Story PT-1



[Warning, This side Story Contain extreme dark theme...]

.....

Tawny George cursed into the phone. She had just gotten the fifth call this year from Carla, her son's very nerdy girlfriend. She was always there to put my son back together when he got bullied. A circumstance that many nerds

get used to early in life unfortunately. Tawny was done. She tried so many options, but he was still getting bullied.

Daniel was a sweet boy and smart too, but he never was much on the physical side of things.

This Samson who has been bullying him did not even go to his college but was on the way to her sons work and lately it had been getting worse. Daniel would come home broken and other days he would have bruises on his arm. Sometimes he would come home late from being forced to endure other various torments from the gang.

Tawny's heart sank as she heard her son's sobs from the other end of the line. She knew she had to do something, and fast. She had already reported the incidents to the college, but they seemed to be doing nothing to protect her son.

As she hung up the phone, Tawny decided. She was going to take matters into her own hands. She was going to confront this bully and make sure he never laid a finger on her son again.

She spent hours that night researching Samson, trying to find out as much as she could about him. What she found made her blood boil. Samson was a known gang member, with a long rap sheet of violent crimes. It was clear that the school could not protect her son from someone like him.

Tawny knew that she had to be smart about this. She could not just barge into Samson's territory and demand that he stops bullying her son. She needed a plan or moreover some leverage. Then looking at the rap sheet she got an idea. Leverage, what every criminal fears, the authorities!

So, the gorgeous blonde businesswoman decided to go to where these gangsters were located and makes sure they know who they were messing an educated woman who would involve the authorities. She worked in a

professional office after all, and this Samson did not have the wherewithal to handle a powerful educated woman like herself.

Tawny drove her Lexus over to the neighborhood where her son has been accosted the past couple of days. She got out and realized she did not know what the bully looked like other than his name was Samson.

Tawny saw a group of thugs spending time together in front of the convenience store across the street. She gulped and realized she was becoming less sure this was a good idea. She decided to persevere and go and ask one of them if they knew Samson. She put on her best confident smile and approached the group of men, her high heels clicking on the pavement.

The men stopped talking and turned to look at her, their eyes lingering on her curves and blonde hair. They saw a 5'5" woman with a voluptuous body with lightly tanned skin, like a glistening mocha coffee. Her long blonde hair cascades in curls down her back. Two blue eyes look at you with the certainty of a delicate porcelain China doll.

Her long legs seem to go on and on and her ample breasts are the size of two ripe melons.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," Tawny said in a calm voice. "I'm looking for someone named Samson. I was hoping one of you could point me in the right direction."

The men looked at each other and snickered. Tawny's heart raced as she tried to maintain her composure.

"What do you want with Samson, honey?" one of the men asked, his voice dripping with condescension.

"It's none of your business," Tawny said firmly. "I just need to speak with him about something important."

The men exchanged glances again before one of them stepped forward. "Samson's in charge around here," he said. "If you want to talk to him, you'll have to pay the price like everyone else?"

Tawny's heart sank as she heard the man's words. She knew that this was not going to be easy. She had to approach this situation carefully. She had to make sure that she would come out of this unharmed and that her son would be safe.

Tawny put on an act of confidence, something she had learned in her job. She stood tall and crossed her arms, trying to look tough. "I'm not interested in paying any price," she said firmly. "I just need to speak with Samson. It's about my son."

The men looked at each other again, and Tawny could see them whispering to each other. After a few moments, one of them spoke up. "All right, lady, we'll take you to Samson. But you better not be wasting his time."

Tawny followed the men down a dark alley, her heart racing with every step. She knew that she was taking a risk, but her son was worth it.

Tawny's heels clicked on the asphalt of the alley; the beautiful woman looked out of place. When they turned the corner, she saw a very muscular black man.

The black man was standing tall in the dark alley, his skin looked hard, like a brick wall. His green eyes were that of a predator, the way a shark eyes its prey. He could have been a statue; had he not been moving. She watched him turn around and look her up and down and she realized that he was looking at her like he was undressing her.

He stood at 6'5, well over 240 pounds with a bald head. He wore a white tank top and loose black pants. His muscles were carved like granite and his calves were as big as a normal man's thighs. Such power was terrifying.

Tawny drew a deep breath.

"Excuse me, are you Samson?" Tawny asked, her voice steady despite the fear that churned in her stomach. The man turned to look at her, his expression unreadable.

"Yeah, I'm Samson," he said, his voice deep and gravelly.

"I'm Tawny George," Tawny said, stepping forward. "My son has been getting bullied by one of your gang, and I need it to stop."

Samson chuckled, the sound sending shivers down Tawny's spine. "What makes you think I care about your son's problems?" he asked, taking a step closer.

Tawny stood her ground, refusing to back down. "Because I won't let it go," she said firmly. "I have connections, and if anything happens to my son, I will make sure that you and your gang are brought to justice."

Samson raised an eyebrow, clearly impressed by Tawny's bravado.

"I see." Samson said angling his head to further appraise Tawny's body. The gang leader licked his lips before responding, "For what lady. I am just standing here in this alley. You think you can come into my turf and dictate terms to me?" Samson responded angrily.

Tawny didn't flinch. She could feel the heat of Samson's breath on her face as he leaned in closer. She could smell the scent of sweat and cologne on him. She took a deep breath to steady herself.

"I'm not here to dictate terms," Tawny said, her voice calm and steady. "I'm here to make a deal."

Samson raised an eyebrow, intrigued. "What kind of deal?" he asked, his eyes darting to Tawny's curves.

"I can offer you something that you want," Tawny said, stepping closer to Samson. "Something that no one else can give you."

Samson's eyes narrowed, suspicion in his gaze. "And what's that?" he asked, crossing his arms.

Tawny leaned in, her lips brushing against Samson's ear as she whispered her offer. Samson's eyes widened in surprise, and Tawny knew that she had his attention.

"How much money are we talking about?" Samson responded skeptically.

"1000 dollars cold hard cash." Tawny said aloud.

"Please. You think you can come over here wave some cash in my face and get me to back off my son?" Samson laughed, his eyes scanning Tawny's body hungrily. "You're not much of a negotiator, are you?" he said, taking a step closer. "I could take that money and still beat the crap out of your kid."

Tawny took a deep breath, trying to keep her cool. She knew that she was in a dangerous situation, but she had to keep her wits about her.

"Okay, let's talk about something else," Tawny said, taking a step back. "What can I offer you that will make you leave my son alone?"

Samson leaned in; his breath hot on Tawny's face. "I want you," he said, his voice low and dangerous. Tawny felt the goosebumps on her arms rising as Samson's words met her ears.

Tawny's heart raced as she realized what Samson was suggesting. She knew that she was in a difficult position, but she was running out of options.

What do you mean you want me? Tawny countered with a shaky voice.

"You heard me lady. I want you. When I call, you will answer and then you know how the rest will go. You will be mine and in return your son will be safe, and I will even make sure he is protected." Samson laid out his terms and

leveled a gaze that pierced her to her very core. She desperately looked to see if any other gang members would come to her defense.

Tawny's knees locked up, she felt like she was going to collapse but she stood her ground. She could not give up just yet. If she gave up now, she would fail her son and she would have to move away from her dreams.

"No way. I am not some whore. I have a career, a house, and I am an educated woman." Tawny tried to respond indignantly but was not having the effect she would hope. The gang members did not even raise an eyebrow at her own defense of her honor.

"And you will be ours if you want your son to make graduation. Hell, I might disappear his ass on account of you coming down her and threatening me."

Samson countered. Tawny panicked. She realized now that she had just made the situation worse. Now if she did not find a way to have this man back off her son, he might end up in the hospital or worse. A flurry of images of her son on life support bombarded her brain tattooing a look of fearful desperation on her face.

"Okay, please do not do anything to my poor Danny." she said finally. "If I agree, how do we do this?"

"We shake on it," Samson said with a smirk.

Tawny reached out her hand and took one of Samson's hands, which was wrapped around hers. He held it tight, and she felt a small flutter run through her body. Then he made an unexpected move and pulled her close.

Tawny gasped as she felt his strong arms wrapping around her, his big hands ran up and down her body. He pulled her close and whispered in her ear: "I'm going to enjoy you."

Samson left no doubt what kind of favors she would be performing for the man that was tormenting her son. It was for her son, she kept telling herself. Samson let her go and wagged a finger in her face.

"Now remember, if you fail to follow through on our arrangement, I can make your son's life a living hell."

Tawny looked at Samson, fear, and doubt pulsating through her veins. He was a gang leader, someone who was known for being merciless.

"Give me your number if you agree to my terms." Samson said to Tawny looking at her as if she was on the menu.

"So if I agree to this, you will stop harassing my son?" Tawny asked.

"AND we all here will make sure no one else ever lays a hand on him either, including those jocks from his college." Samson added.

Tawny closed her eyes thinking hard of any other way to get her son out of this, nothing came to mind.

Samson annoyed that Tawny was taking so long added more pressure, "This is a one-time deal, if you walk out now, we are redoubling our efforts. I will give you the count of five to accept our deal. 5... 4... 3... 2..."

"Okay, I'll do it! Here is my number." Tawny finally conceded crestfallen.

"And your address, home, and work." Samson demanded. Tawny fought back tears as she gave her sons bully all her important details to be tracked at all hours of the day. Like some general surrendering to a conqueror.