

## Supreme M 106

### Chapter 106 Enlightmen

"My soul? What do you know about it?" Lith was startled by the proposal. He had never been a spiritual person, but after reincarnating twice and his meeting with the Scorpicores, not having doubts about it would be idiotic.

"Guardians are different from monsters or magical beasts. We do not evolve for the sake of power, we also gain a greater affinity with the Great Mother." She waved at her surroundings.

"We Dryads, in particular, are deeply linked to all forms of life on a spiritual level. I can tell at a glance that yours is damaged. I have no way to know how it happened or how that changed your life..."

- "I think I have a clear idea about it. - Lith thought.

"But maybe, just maybe, I can offer you a solution, or at least point you in the right direction."

"How exactly?"

"Have you ever had a déjà vu? Or the feeling to be in the right place at the right time? That happens when your soul manages to guide you to an important crossroad in your life.

We can show you where and when a keystone event will take place, but the spell requires at least two dryads."

"At least? How many of you live in this forest?" Lith's paranoia kicked in, so he started to search his surroundings for hidden enemies, finding none.

"Just the two of us." She sighed. "I wouldn't have left my territory if my sister hadn't been in mortal peril. Nor I would have handed my heart to you if I had any other choice."

Sister. That word lit a hint of compassion in Lith's heart. She had taken an enormous risk to protect her family, something he deeply respected.

Despite she couldn't even move without his permission, her eyes were filled with pride and defiance.

After pondering about his options, Lith dispersed all the dark energies. He already had another hostage, in case the red head tried something funny. Also, he had no use for them since the beginning.

If smuggling a glowing flower was hard, then how was he supposed to explain two dryads following him everywhere? The natural treasures were enough to compensate for all his troubles.

Without the dark energy sapping her powers, the red dryad managed to dress herself with a wave of her hand, conjuring a satin red and gold morning dress complementing her eyes.

The longer she was in contact with the earth, the stronger she became.

Lith stored away the natural treasures, without letting the dryads get out of his sight. Since the second dryad had appeared, Lith felt a tingling annoying sensation inside his heart, something that resembled guilt.

He always acted unscrupulous, killing without distinction or remorse, but he was secretly proud of never having harmed someone without a reason. Lith knew that the moment he started killing simply because he could, he would have lost his last shred of humanity.

Following his "live expecting the worst" way of life, this time had almost killed an innocent, forcing another into slavery. Even for him, that was a new low.

Feeling bewildered, he sought the advice of his moral compass.

- "Do you think I got overboard this time?"

"Let me see." Solus pondered.

"You got almost killed by a tentacle monster, and when another appeared you took precautions. That was the right thing to do. But when you determined it was not an Abomination, there was no reason to be so cruel.

Magical creatures are just like humans. Some are good, others are bad. Yet you groundlessly tagged her as a threat. We are lucky you are masked, otherwise the next time we meet, I would expect her to attack us on sight." –

He silently agreed with her.

"Do what you have to." Lith stepped back, allowing them to get close to each other.

The two dryads joined their hands, and instantly their eyes were filled with a white light, while a pool of water formed in the space formed by their arms, filling it to the brim.

The light descended in the water, forming a white sphere that spun on itself, turning the water in a whirlpool and making it resemble a 3D projection of a galaxy. A small, black wisp came out of Lith's body, making him suddenly feel lighter, like part of his emotional burden had finally been relieved.

The wisp entered the vortex, turning it into a deep orange twilight colour. At that point, the dryads released their hands, letting the dying galaxy go.

It kept spinning on itself, for a while before moving towards Lith, merging with his body and forcing him to relive all his three lives.

Pain invaded his body while his mind was set on fire. Old injuries and bruises appeared and disappeared in a split second, while the memories of his first life flooded his brain.

He fell on his knees, clawing the ground so hard to break his nails.

The pain, the anger, the grieving despair, the revenge and finally the peace. Then it was his second life's turn, with its madness, the loneliness and the hunger.

At the memory of his second death a gaping wound opened on his chest. Lith tried to spit a mouthful of blood, but only saliva came out, the wound already disappeared, leaving only the pain before the relief of death.

Then it came his third life, and it wasn't at all like he remembered it. There was pain, hunger, but a lot of light and joy. He was forced to realize all the love and affection that the people had showered him with, even when he had still treated them like tools, manipulating their actions and feelings.

Starting with his father, then Selia, Nana, Lark and finally his friends at the academy.

When the images in his head caught up with the present, they kept moving forward, showing him a place he had never seen before, where he was supposed to be at all costs.

## Chapter 107 Enlightenment 2

The vision disappeared, and Lith managed to stand up again, while healing his damaged fingers. He discovered that tears were still streaming from his eyes. He hadn't cried in years, and the feeling linked to the act was bittersweet.

They were mostly tears of pain, but at the end of the vision, they had turned to joy from his third life. When he saw the dryads standing a few meters from him, Lith finally remembered where he was.

"Is it supposed to hurt so much?" In another moment, rage and doubt would have filled his voice. But he was still shaken from the experience. He was questioning all of his life choices, including what to do next.

"No, it's not." The blond dryad was genuinely worried.

"It was meant to show you the past, to help you understand the future. It shouldn't have been so painful."

Because Lith had her heart, she had felt an echo of his anguish.

- "Humans are the real monsters. How could a kid endure so much pain?" – She thought

Somehow Lith knew instinctively in what direction he needed to go. A feeling of uneasiness was growing inside him with every second, like when he received the phone call from the hospital the day Carl died.

It wasn't too late yet, but the clock was ticking. He had to get there as fast as he could. Yet that development was too odd to be true, so he needed answers before taking any rash decision.

"Are you sure this will help me with my soul?" As the memories were fading, Lith was returning to his old self.

"As I said before, no. But it's likely. Any soul's priority should be the desire to be mended, to be whole again." The blond dryad said while shaking her head.

"What else could it be?" Lith had never grown fond of riddles.

"It could mean meeting the love of your life, the person that will become your best friend." She shrugged. "The only thing that I know for certain is that you will find someone or something related to what your soul craves the most."

"I'll be honest, all this talk about souls and destiny sounds fake like a flying pig, but a deal is a deal." Lith gave back the yellow lotus to the dryad, before darting away faster than a bullet.

As soon as they were alone, the blond dryad's demeanour changed like heaven and earth had switched places, looking at her sister with eyes full of annoyance.

"First you let a newborn Abomination beat you in combat and use you to leech the world energy, turning your turf into a dump. Then you need my help to handle a human child. You've sunk low, dear Lyta." She said with a sneer.

"That bastard took me by surprise." Lyta pouted. "Don't act so smug, you and I know that in my place you wouldn't have fared any better. As for the human, that's no child, it's a monster. He didn't bat an eye even after seeing me naked."

Thank the gods it's not an academy student. I would die of embarrassment if we ever meet again. What about you? You yielded without even attempting to fight, to the point of giving your heart to him. That was beyond stupid, dear Ryssa.

What if he decided to keep you as a slave? What if he demanded me to hand mine too before freeing me? How could you take the risk of turning us both into wh\*res?"

Her voice was full of contempt, looking down on her sister.

"Because I asked her to do so." Scarlett appeared from thin air towering over the nagging dryad.

"The reason why I let that Abomination live, is to teach you that being confident is one thing, being conceited is another. You can't expect me to cover for all your mistakes, Lyta. Do your job properly, or I will find someone else to do it." It roared.

"As for the boy, is just a pet project of mine. He is not human, but not an Abomination either. I needed to see how he behaved when given absolute power. Unlike you, I don't let unknown flowers grow in my garden."

- "Also, I wanted to check if that dryad mumbo jumbo about souls could actually fix him. Otherwise he would have never accepted any help, he is too paranoid. This way he believes to have earned it."  
– The last part the Scorpicores kept to itself.

It would have been too rude telling its minions that not even the Lord of the forest believed about their so-called spiritual powers.

Meanwhile, Lith was following the instructions contained in the vision, looking for a particular clearing in the forest, about ten kilometres (6,2 miles) from the academy's gates. As he closed in, his worries and anxieties faded away.

- "Are you alright?" Solus asked.

"Not really. Do you know what was the most disturbing thing about that spell? It made me realize that I may have grown as a hunter and a mage. But as a person, I remained stale.

I'm still so scared of being hurt, that it takes me years to realize the good faith of someone. Don't get me wrong, I'm not saying that suddenly I believe that this world is full of wonderful people, only that I regret having lost so much.

Think about my father, Raaz. I spent so much time treating him as a menace, that when I started enjoying his company, it was too late. It's the same reason I never managed to have a healthy relationship back on Earth.

To really connect with someone, you need to let yourself be vulnerable, to be sincere and open. But I always failed at that. I expected something to go wrong, for the other person to betray my trust, to the point of barely giving any.

And here I am, doing the same thing, over and over. I don't do favours, I cut deals. I don't ask for help, I just wait for people to be indebted to me and then I collect it. The worst thing is that even if I wanted to change, I would not know where to start."

"That's because you are forgetting another of your flaws: you obsess with perfection instead of just trying to improve. If you really want to change, start with that. Take things a little at the time." –

Lith was now above the clearing, watching the same scene of the vision replay in front of his eyes.

Six rough looking individuals, probably hunters, had just cornered a young Byk

## Chapter 108 Struggling

- "I don't get it, how is this supposed to be related to my soul? Sure, hunting a pup is a shameful act, but I don't see why I should meddle. It's none of my business." –

Lith's sight blurred, feeling his head spinning again while images kept rapidly appearing and disappearing. He watched the White Griffon academy's walls crack and crumble, until the whole castle fell into ruins.

- "What the heck? Another vision?" He was flabbergasted.

"It must be guiding you toward something related to the power struggle revolving around the academy. Seems your soul is nicer than you, since it cares for Linjos and the kids."

Solus' tone was gentle and warm, hoping for him to open his heart to others, even if just a little.

"I don't see how the two things are related, but in for a penny, in for a pound. What's the power level of the hunters?"

"Three cyan, one green and two yellow mana cores. The latter are unlikely to be mages, too many muscles, too little mana." Solus replied. –

Lith memorized the opponents based on their strength, before coming up with a last-minute plan. Not having much to work with, he had to keep it simple.

Killing in cold blood six people just because of a "mystical prophecy" was out of question. His conscience was still nagging at him for how he treated the dryads, so he needed a softer approach.

Lith instantly switched his hunter suit with the academy's uniform through the pocked dimension, having decided to play the role of the naïve student upholding justice.

He approached the hunters on foot, while weaving several spells, ready to be unleashed with but a thought, just in case. Once he got close enough, he snapped his fingers, using air magic to amplify the sound into a small boom, drawing their attention.

"Hey, what are you doing so close to the academy? This part of the forest is reserved to the students. Scram, before I call the security."

The sudden noise caused them to freeze for a moment, giving the Byk the opening it needed to escape the encirclement and run away. The six hunters turned towards Lith, looking at him with irritated eyes and ill-concealed killing intent.

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Raghul, the leader of the mercenary team disguised as hunters, was enjoying his last assignment quite a bit. He had never been paid so handsomely to do a menial job. During the last days, they had been killing magical beasts, it didn't matter if big or small since the pay was the same.

He had no idea why his contractor sent them specifically to that forest, but according to Rodimas, the smartest of the team, it was about upsetting the academy's balance.

Based on the intel she had gathered, the Headmaster had some kind of deal with the beasts.

Her guess was that slaying those nearest to the academy and making the students appear as the perpetrators, it would ruin the relationship between Linjos and the Lord of the forest.

If that happened, either he could no longer have the exams take place in the forest, or he had to risk his students' safety.

Raghul didn't understand what good could come out of it, and more importantly, he didn't care. The reason he had accepted that job, despite the suspiciously high reward, was because he hated academies.

The memories of what he had gone through, back in the day when he had been admitted to the Water Griffon, still haunted his dreams sometimes.

When a goddamn kid appeared out of nowhere, allowing their prey to escape, he was greatly annoyed.

- "What a rotten luck. How the heck did this pest find us in this frigging huge forest? If we get exposed, we'll lose the other half of the pay." –

"Hey, kid! Do you have any idea how much money your little stunt has just costed us? At least ten gold coins! Hope you have enough on you to compensate for our loss, otherwise I'll have to roughen you up."

Raghul wasn't surprised that the first to react had been Terion. He was the kind of man that always thought with his wallet.

Lith saw a lean man, with curly brown hair and a face full of freckles, walking double time towards him, yelling something about money.

"Don't you have any shame? First you gang up against a young Byk and now try to extort from a student? You are unworthy of calling yourself hunters."

Lith pretended to be outraged, while waiting for the next piece of the vision. Saving the cub had no effect, and so far, even interacting with the hunters had no effect.

While the two quarrelled, Raghul noticed that despite all that ruckus, no one was coming.

- "Maybe there is a way to cut our losses. If this kid has come here alone and Rodimas is right about our mission, maybe by killing him we can keep our cover and even earn an extra. The orders are to not get caught in the act, after all.

Not to mention it's best to avoid having the academy staff on our tail."-

"Come on, Terion. Cut the kid some slack. He is right, we are too close to the academy. We are not looking for trouble."

Terion recognized the codeword for murder, yet his poker face was impeccable. He didn't smirk, didn't pause what he was doing not even for a second, managing to withhold his killing intent.

He turned his back at Lith, nagging.

"Are you kidding me? I deserve my gold, so either I take it from your share or nothing."

Exploiting the moment Lith could not see him, Terion unsheathed one of the knives hidden under his hunter jacket, before continuing to spin on himself, lunging it where Lith's neck was in a single, fluid movement.

Alas, even after his meeting with the dryads and realizing that his third life had indeed been quite blessed, Lith was still more distrustful than a turkey the day before Thanksgiving.

The knife only cut air, since its intended target had promptly backstepped, conjuring four icicles that pierced Terion's arms and legs, pinning him to the ground like an insect.

Lith had reacted on instinct, but now he seemed to be in a daze, uncertain on what to do next. He then pretended to be casting a fake magic spell, but the mercenaries had already recovered from the shock, quickly adjusting their formation to encircle him.

"Recca, save Terion before it's too late! Beware, the twerp has magical rings, but don't let him run away or we are f\*cked!" While screaming orders, Raghul thanked the gods for their good luck.

The kid seemed to be hesitant to kill humans, otherwise the situation would have been much worse. For the same reason, Solus was really worried. It was the first time since they had merged that Lith showed mercy on the battlefield.

Even worse, his thoughts seemed to be in disarray, letting himself being cornered that easily.

The biggest of the group, almost two meters (6'7") tall, with arms as thick as a head, charged forward like a boar, blocking the line of sight with his huge body mass.

According to Solus, he was the other non-mage in the group, but if they kept him around, he was bound to have more than one trick up her sleeve. His clothes emitted a yellow glow, making his speed increase dramatically, followed by a red glow that seemingly had no effect.

Lith easily dodged the charge, but he managed to stop abruptly, pivoting on his front leg to throw a bullet fast hook at Lith's temple.

Lith was taken by surprise, the only thing he could do was to jump backwards to weaken the strike and use his earth infused right arm to block.

"Got you!" She said with a grin.

From the voice, Lith understood that his enemy was actually a woman.

On impact, her glove released a streak of lightning, that coursed through his body, while the strength of the hit was enough to make him slide several meters backwards, right on the spear of her teammate that had positioned behind him.

Everyone expected his arm to be broken and his body paralyzed, but Lith used Full Guard emitting a spherical blue aura with a radius of 10 meters (33 feet), dodging the spear with a spin, without even looking back.

Now that he was far enough from the burly woman, Lith could see that the man called Recca, probably the healer of the team, had ran to Terion's side, enveloping them both with a powerful air barrier, to prevent any further attacks while treating his companion's wound.

"Got you." He said with a grin, snapping his fingers.

A sudden flash drew the mercenaries' attention to their fallen comrade.

A fireball had detonated inside the barrier, but the air dome that was supposed to protect them, prevented the flames from expanding, making those inside suffer from both the explosion and the recoil.

The agonizing screams of the two mercenaries filled the air, and while their comrades were still trying to make sense of that sudden turn of events, Lith grabbed the spear armed man from the back.

His left arm formed a V, locking the opponent's throat between the forearm and the biceps, while the right hand grabbed his jaw with a quick whip-like movement breaking the neck with a snapping sound.

## Chapter 109 Struggling 2

- "Why did you kill him?" Solus asked in surprise.

"Six against one is a little too much, can't afford to miss any chance to even the score."

"Then why did you let the other one live, before?"

"A two-stage attack, where the first is aimed to a random target and the second to his rescuers is a classic guerrilla tactic. I didn't just pin him down, I also left a fireball ready in case someone tried to free him. Divide and conquer." –

Just like the icicles had missed Terion's vitals, the fireball had been intentionally weak. Despite the boosted effect from the barrier, both Terion and Recca were incapacitated but alive.

They were badly burnt, but the remaining hunters could clearly see them writhing in pain. Lith did it on purpose, forcing his opponents to choose between abandoning their companions or fall twice for the same trick.

They had no way to know if there was another fireball ready to explode.

- "You scared the heck out of me, back then. For a moment I thought you had gone... soft." Solus hesitated before finishing the phrase. It seemed nonsensical to push him to become more kind, just to worry whenever he wasn't ruthless.

"As I told you earlier, even if I decide to change, my opinion on people won't. Especially on those who try to kill will me without a reason." –

In the time necessary for their conversation to happen, the corpse of the spearman had yet to touch the ground.

"You f\*cking bastard!" The burly woman took out two short swords from her dimensional amulet, dashing towards Lith, hell-bent on avenging her companions. In her hands the weapons moved nimbly as knives, cutting the air with a hissing sound.

Both the fighters moved at high speed, taking each other by surprise.

- "Is he/she even human?" – They both thought.

While Lith's speed came from air fusion, the mercenary was actually a normal woman, not even a mage.



Among their many defensive properties, her clothes were also equipped with alchemic gems that could enhance her reflexes and strength, without having to drink a potion.

Despite being faster, Lith was having a hard time dodging the incoming attacks. Her arms were almost as long as his legs, and to make things worse, any weapon or shield he conjured lasted only a couple of hits before shattering.

- "Seems she underestimates me no more. I have to come up with something, fast."

"Watch out for her blades, they are enchanted" Solus pointed out. "I doubt that your uniform can offer any kind of protection from them." –

Gritting his teeth at the news, Lith saw the mercenary sweep the ground with her leg, forcing him to jump.

Her plan was to follow up with a roundhouse kick while the opponent was still in mid-air. Instead of falling down like she expected, Lith darted forward, kicking her face with both feet, forcing her to take a step back with a bloody nose.

Exploiting that opening, Lith closed in, stomping his right leg on the ground, with enough strength to crack it.

The force of the kick was transmitted to the knee, and by bending the knee it was amplified and transmitted to the waist, the spine and the shoulder, releasing it through his right fist, right in the sternum, making her slide back several meters with a cracking sound.

Despite all her magical protections and superior physique, the punch empowered by air, earth and fire fusion had broken several bones, making even breathing terribly painful.

The remaining two member of the mercenary squad, Rodimas and Raghul, used that short exchange to position themselves behind him, locking Lith in a triangle formation.

He didn't need to turn around to know that they were probably casting some spell to give their companion the second she needed to turn him into mincemeat. They had yet to notice that their fight had already ended.

Lith struck again, this time at her chin, knocking her out before activating the tier three spell stored in his magic ring, Checkmate Spears.

The air was suddenly filled with icicles as thick as a small tree, encircling the Rodimas from all directions, leaving her no way out. Inwardly swearing, Rodimas canceled her spell, performing a last second Switch to save her life.

The two found their positions reversed, now Lith was the one under the icicles hail, but besides his wounded pride, he had nothing to fear. Checkmate Spears seemed an overly pompous name for a spell that had yet to actually checkmate someone even once.

Being made out of his own magic, the icy darts passed through him like he was a ghost.

In the meantime, Raghul completed his spell, a tier five Battle Mage one, the fastest one he knew. It generated several water spheres that would act as offense and defence at the same time.

They were able to block or dampen air, fire and earth magic spells, and if an enemy touched them, they would invade his lungs drowning him. Raghul only kept a handful of them to protect himself, sending the remaining ones to kill Lith.

Like true magic enchantments, they were able to chase their prey, as long it remained in the line of sight of the caster. Usually, the only way out was running away or killing the caster.

Being still at the fourth year, Lith had no idea what kind of spell it was. Not daring to underestimate the opponent, he did what seemed to be the most logical thing to do.

He used spirit magic to grab Rodimas and the burly woman, throwing them at the incoming spheres to see what would happen.

Raghul couldn't believe his eyes, the kid was using his teammates as meat shields. He wasn't a newbie, he had already lost more than one ally during a job, sometimes sacrificing them to accomplish a mission.

But that was too much, he had to choose between keeping his defence or killing two of his dearest friends for nothing. He could see the water forcibly entering through their noses and mouths, Rodimas panicked screams reduced to a handful of bubbles.

Before he could decide what to do, Lith closed in enough to knock him out with a single punch. The water spheres burst open, freeing their prisoners.

Lith had just knocked out Rodimas too, to calmly decide what to do with them and how get the information he wanted, when he noticed that the young Byk had returned.

"How kind of you, abandoning me like that after I saved your life." Lith said with a harsh tone. The Byk snorted, rubbing its snouts to his leg as a thank you.

"Stop playing dumb. I know you can talk. I didn't come here by chance, but because some dryads told me about a fated encounter." The Byk tilted his head sideways, finding hard to make sense out of those words.

"So, tell me. Are you supposed to be my true love, my best friend or what?"

## Chapter 110 Desperation

The Byk chuckled, an amused light in its eyes.

"May the Great Mother spare me from such terrible fates. No offense, but to be a decent mating partner you are too thin, too small, hairless and too human."

Thanks to his recently found mana sensibility, Lith realized that the Byk wasn't actually talking. It was using air magic to turn the sounds of the forest in words for him to understand.

"None taken. To be honest, I'm happy to hear that. As far as I know, I'm interested only in human females. Just thinking otherwise was creeping me out." He replied.

"What's a friend?" The Byk asked sniggering.

"Excellent question." Lith sighed. "In theory is someone that cares for you as much as you do for him. Someone to rely on during tough times or when you are in trouble."

"Sounds like a mom or a pack leader."

Maybe it was because it was young, or maybe just because it was an animal, but Lith had the impression the conversation was going nowhere.

"Do you know anything about the castle?" Lith pointed at the academy's spires, clearly visible above the tree line.

"The man-made mountain? Sure, everyone knows about it. It's the place where the white-furred pups like you reside."

Lith was about to facepalm himself in frustration, but then the Byk asked him an odd question.

"Now that you mention it, can you explain to me why your den mates have gone insane?"

"What are you talking about?" Lith replied in confusion.

"Until last winter, the forest folks and the man-made mountain folks coexisted peacefully. Sure, from time to time a big fight happened, but that's the nature of wilderness. The strong lives, the weak dies." It shrugged.

"But now things are different. The white-furred roam the forest not for food or herbs, they now hunt us actively, trying to kill us. And when I say us, I mean young magical beasts if not litters."

That piece of news made no sense. According to what Selia told Lith in the past, a cub had a no market value either dead or alive. The pelt was too rough compared to an adult specimen, and no one had ever managed to tame one.

Magical beasts were not just powerful, they were also strong-willed. If a cub was properly fed and cared for, it would soon become able to escape, or at least die trying. If not, they would simply die out of starvation or of the abuse.

Also, killing a cub was bound to incur the wrath of its parents, it was a high risk no reward move. A vagrant hunter might not care, but for academy's students it was suicidal to do so.

They could meet the beasts again during an exam, or even worse, when alone, and that would mean either getting a failing grade for receiving a Professor's help or death.

"Luckily, most of them are stealthy as a storm, so only a few were killed. After we retaliated, the Lord of the forest told us to stand down, to try to settle things with the Lord of the mountain.

But then things got even worse. More and more strangers arrived, strong enough to kill adults." The Byk pointed at the unconscious hunters with its snout.

Lith could understand how those events were related to the Headmaster. It was a pincer manoeuvre, to make the academy dangerous both inside and outside its walls. If a student were to die or disappear in the forest, especially during an exam, pinning the blame on Linjos would be child play.

What he didn't understand was why such events were linked to his own soul. There was still something amiss, he could feel that the vision had yet to reveal itself. Lith's heart started to pound loudly in his chest.

An irrational fear was pricking his mind like countless needles, cold sweat covering his body. He had no idea what he was supposed to do or find, but he knew that the window of opportunity was about to close.

The only card he had left to play were the hunters. It was still broad daylight, and he couldn't afford to be discovered or interrupted, so he changed his clothes again and cast the Hush spell all around them.

Now no matter what he did or how much they screamed, no one would hear them. And even if someone stumbled on him, all he would see was a hunter killing the competition.

He woke them all up with a jet of icy cold water. They discovered to have their hands and feet trapped inside the earth below them, that Lith had turned to stone. Their mouths were stuffed with clay, preventing them to talk.

Lith had searched them one by one, even in the mouth, taken every enchanted or alchemical item they possessed, leaving only their clothes. They were at his complete mercy, even casting first magic would be incredibly difficult.

He removed the gag from the burly woman, she was the one less likely to know something useful, so was the perfect choice to set an example for the other two.

"Free me and fight like a man, if you dare, you f\*cker!" She spat on him, her wet chestnut hair danced wildly while she struggled to break free, ignoring the pain from her fractures.

Lith's reply was to strike right at the broken sternum, making her cough blood, the agony clouding her eyes with tears.

"You lost fighting three versus one, when you were at your peak condition. You being free or trapped would not change the outcome." He said trying to hide the desperate need he had for information.

"Tell me who are you guys and what are you doing here."

She laughed in his face, showing a wolfish smile of defiance.

"The little man is on a schedule, uh? Do your worst. Kill me, I don't give a sh\*t. I hope your master will give you a dog's death for your failure."

Another chill invaded Lith's body, images of the excruciating cab ride only to find Carl's dead body pushed him over the brink, steeling him enough to let the abyss that dwelled inside him roam free once again.

"You had just made your two last mistakes. First, I serve no master, second you have no idea what's my worst. I'm a healer." Those words were meant to be a threat, but she found them hilarious.

"A healer? Then heal me so I can rip your head from your f\*cking neck."

Lith removed the glove on his right hand, placing it on her chiselled stomach, right above the solar plexus.

"If you want to r\*pe me, that's the wrong spot, kid." Lith ignored her.

"You see, a healer is bound to know the human body better than anyone else. We know how to deal the maximum pain while keeping our patient alive."

After using Invigoration on her, he located her mana core. According the Alchemy Professor, sending mana into someone else's body was like injecting poison. Lith was now curious to see what would happen if he injected his mana directly into her mana core.