

Tyrant 117

Chapter 117: The Final Crescent

The cavern shook as Garrika slammed into the giant spider again, claws flashing in streaks of green light. Her half-wolf form was fully unleashed—ears sharp, fangs bared, muscles rippling beneath her skin. Each strike rang like steel against stone, sparks bursting as her claws tore through the monster's armored hide.

She moved faster, her arms blurring as she unleashed [Beast Claw Barrage]. Dozens of slashes ripped across the spider's front, gouging deep cracks into its black carapace. The beast shrieked, its high-pitched screech echoing painfully through the cavern, legs thrashing wildly to shake her off.

"Too slow," Garrika snarled. She vaulted upward, landing on its massive thorax. Venom hissed around her, dripping from its fangs, but she was already at its side, jaws opening. With a savage snap, she bit deep into the beast's armor—[Moonfang Rend]. Chitin cracked like brittle glass, and her fangs sank into the pulsing flesh beneath. Black ichor sprayed, splattering across her arms and chest.

The spider lurched violently, slamming its body against the stone wall, trying to crush her. Garrika dug in her claws and tore herself free, skidding across the ground. Her breathing was ragged, but her wounds sealed almost instantly, glowing faintly as [Lycan Resilience] mended her body. Blood still ran down her arms, but her strength refused to wane.

Her emerald eyes flared brighter. She tilted her head back and let out a deafening howl, a sound that reverberated through stone and marrow alike. Energy surged out of her body in waves, her aura blazing green and silver.

Trafalgar, cutting down smaller spiders nearby, froze for half a heartbeat. His gaze sharpened. 'Her aura... it's changing.'

Garrika dropped to all fours as her claws lengthened further, muscles bulging with violent power. Her body shook under the sudden influx of energy, but her eyes gleamed with feral hunger. Her strikes became less measured, more brutal—every slash meant to rip and tear rather than carve with precision.

She had entered her Berserk Mode.

The spider reared back, massive legs raised to impale her. Garrika didn't retreat. She launched forward with explosive speed, ramming into its underside, claws raking through its carapace like a storm. Each impact thundered through the cavern, ichor spilling in torrents as the arachnid's screeches grew desperate.

For every strike the monster landed, Garrika answered with two, her aura flaring brighter with each clash.

The giant arachnid screeched and slammed two of its forelegs down, aiming to skewer Garrika. She met the strike head-on, claws glowing green as she caught one limb and shoved it aside, her body twisting in a violent arc. The impact sent cracks through the cavern floor, but Garrika didn't yield.

Her aura blazed brighter, her claws cutting wildly as [Beast Claw Barrage] erupted again. She slashed in a frenzy, her arms blurring until they became streaks of silver-green light. Each strike tore deeper, the hardened chitin finally giving way with a crack like breaking stone. One leg buckled, snapping in half with a burst of ichor.

The spider shrieked, staggering to the side. Garrika didn't stop. She lunged for the next limb, her claws sinking deep and ripping with savage strength. Another leg tore free, the sound wet and sickening as it hit the ground.

"Two down," she snarled, eyes wild.

The monster flailed, mandibles snapping, venom spraying in arcs across the chamber. Garrika dodged low, using her legs to spring upward with explosive force. She latched onto its flank, fangs sinking into another joint—[Moonfang Rend]—and ripped until the limb was torn clean off.

Three.

The spider thrashed, smashing itself against the cavern wall, but Garrika's berserk power refused to let go. She slid along its body, claws carving through the joint of the fourth leg, sparks flying as she wrenched with every ounce of strength.

The chitin cracked, then snapped. The final leg came loose in a spray of black ichor. Garrika hurled it aside, landing on all fours, her chest heaving, her claws dripping with gore.

Four.

The beast's balance collapsed. It crashed to the cavern floor with an earthshaking thud, its massive body tilting awkwardly to one side. Venom pooled beneath it as it flailed helplessly, its movement clumsy and desperate.

From the swarm, Augusto paused mid-slash, his amber eyes wide. "She... ripped off four legs on her own?"

Garrika roared again, her claws tearing into the monster's abdomen. Chitin split under the onslaught, ichor splashing across her face, her frenzy unrelenting.

The eight-meter spider, once terrifying in its size, now writhed half-dead on the cavern floor, pinned by Garrika's savagery.

The cavern stank of ichor. Black liquid steamed where it splattered, eating into the stone. Garrika stood in the middle of it, her chest heaving, claws dripping as she forced herself upright.

Her aura still burned around her in faint, flickering streaks of green, but it was dimming, faltering. The wild ferocity of her Berserk Mode had left scars across the ground and across her own body—skin torn where claws hadn't fully regenerated, her arms trembling as blood still trickled despite [Lycan Resilience] fighting to heal them.

She staggered forward, claws still raised, but her knees buckled. With a growl she slammed a hand against the stone to keep from falling completely. 'Damn it... my mana... it's draining too fast.'

The spider in front of her wasn't dead, but it was barely clinging to life. Half its body dragged uselessly against the ground. Four legs were gone, torn clean from one side, and the monster writhed helplessly, venom pooling in massive rivers around its shattered limbs. Its screeches had lost their strength, now hollow and pitiful.

Even crippled, though, it lived. And its many red eyes still gleamed with hatred, fixed squarely on Garrika.

She tried to rise again, but her body refused. Berserk had taken its toll—the strength she borrowed now demanded its price. Her vision blurred, her heart thundering in her chest.

Augusto slashed through another wave, blood matting his fur, but even he paused for a heartbeat as he saw Garrika stumble. "She... almost killed it on her own."

Trafalgar didn't answer. His eyes went to the massive arachnid. It wasn't finished. And if it recovered even slightly, Garrika wouldn't survive its next strike.

The beast screeched again, dragging its broken body forward. Its fangs dripped venom that hissed loudly as it struck the floor. Every twitch of its mutilated form shook the cavern.

Garrika clenched her fists, refusing to back away, but her body betrayed her—shaking, bloodied, mana-depleted. She bared her fangs one last time, but her legs nearly collapsed beneath her.

The spider loomed, wounded but still monstrous, its many eyes blazing with murderous intent.

Trafalgar walked forward, each step steady, Maledicta resting at his side. The cavern's light seemed to bend faintly around him, the weight of his aura pressing against the air. Augusto stopped mid-strike, Garrika forced herself to look up, both of them recognizing the shift.

The massive arachnid screeched, dragging its mutilated body toward him. Venom hissed in great arcs as it snapped its fangs, its many eyes burning like embers.

Trafalgar exhaled, lifting his sword. 'I saw Mordrek use it once. If I can replicate everything else with Sword Insight... maybe...'

He planted his feet, pouring mana into the blade. The air vibrated as dark energy pooled around Maledicta's edge, forming an inverted crescent of black light.

[Morgain's Final Crescent].

He swung.

The wave burst outward, slicing across the air—but fizzled out barely a few meters ahead. The energy collapsed into nothing, dissolving in a pitiful shimmer. The cavern remained intact, the arachnid entirely untouched.

Trafalgar blinked once. Then twice.

'Wow. That was pathetic.' He let out a breath through his teeth. 'Much faith I put in a technique I only saw once. Guess not everything can be stolen so easily... at least for now.'

The spider roared, seizing the opening. Its massive leg rose high, descending like a falling pillar aimed to crush him flat.

His foot pressed lightly into the stone. In a blur, his body vanished—[Severance Step]. A curved streak of shadow cut across the cavern, and in the next heartbeat, Trafalgar reappeared atop the monster's massive head.

The spider's cluster of eyes widened, reflecting his silhouette.

"Die, you disgusting piece of shit."

Maledicta plunged downward, piercing the first eye. Then another. And another. Each stab was merciless, steel driving deep, ichor bursting out in violent streams. Trafalgar's movements were mechanical, relentless, his face blank as he buried the blade again and again into the glowing orbs.

The arachnid convulsed, its screeches becoming a final death wail. Its massive body trembled, then collapsed with a thunderous crash, shaking the entire cavern.

When the dust settled, Trafalgar stood atop its corpse, Maledicta still embedded in the ruined skull, his gray eyes cold and steady.

The eight-meter beast lay still, the silence almost deafening after the chaos.

Trafalgar pulled his sword free, ichor dripping from its edge.