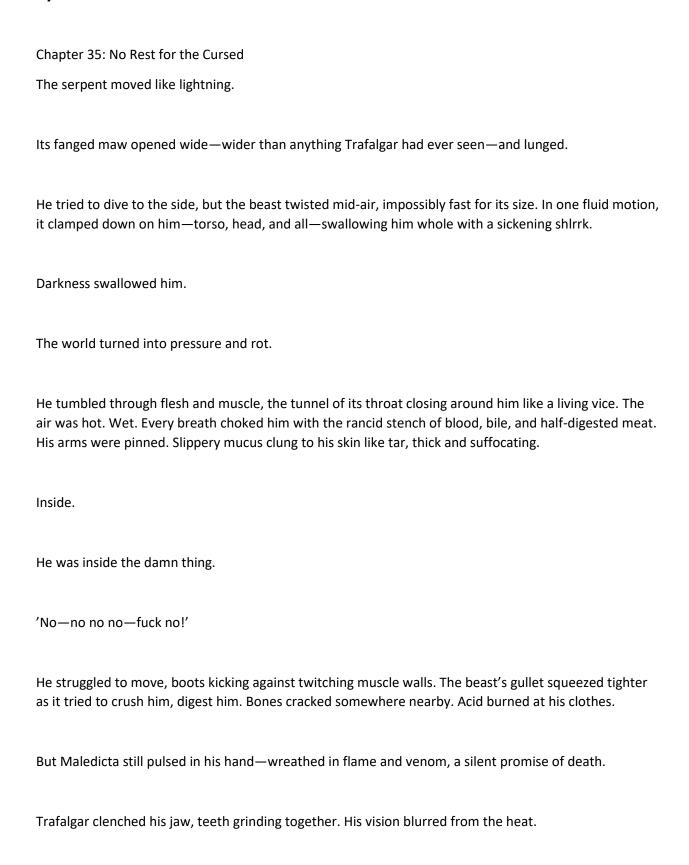
Tyrant 35

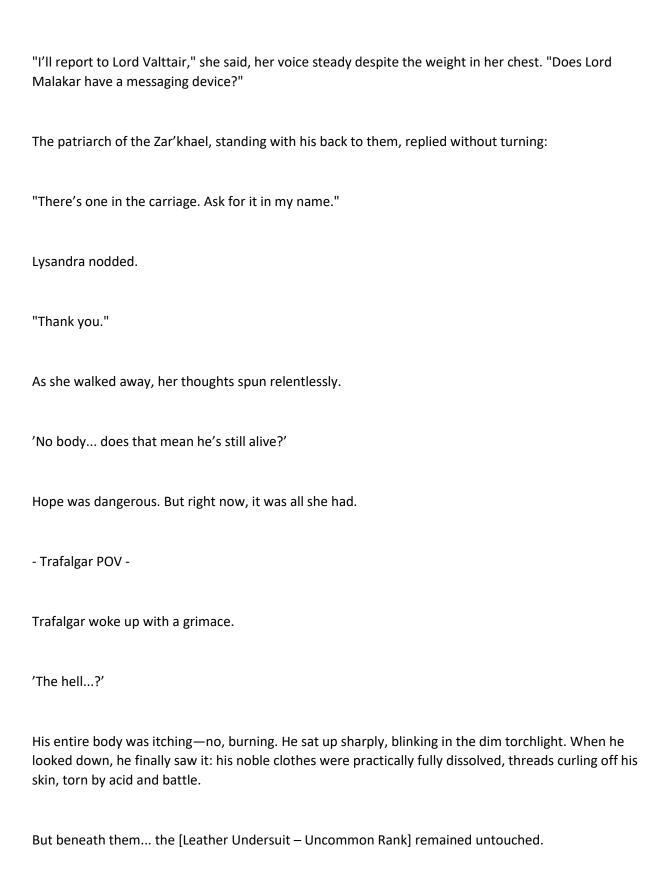


"You're not digesting me, you ugly fuck."
"[Arc Slash]"
The sword ignited—flame and poison twisting into a storm of searing light.
The slash tore forward, carving an incandescent arc through the serpent's insides. Fire bloomed inside its organs, boiling its blood from within. The venom reacted violently with stomach acid, causing a chemical chain reaction that detonated pockets of toxic gas.
From the outside, the serpent's body bulged grotesquely—veins popping, scales splitting—before a massive rupture split it open along the midsection.
KRAAAKH!
A thunderous explosion of fire, blood, and entrails burst outward, shredding the beast from the inside out. Chunks of flesh rained across the snow. The serpent's dying scream was cut off instantly, gurgling as steam and smoke poured from the cavity where its core organs used to be.
And then—
A silhouette stumbled out of the torn ruin.
Trafalgar.
He fell forward from the steaming corpse, landing on all fours, coughing up slime and smoke. His entire body was coated in thick mucus, digestive acid, and half-digested meat. Steam rolled off him in waves. His coat had been partially melted at the edges, but Maledicta still burned in his grip, flickering like a vengeful spirit.
He collapsed to his knees, coughing violently.

Blood and black ichor dripped from his hair.
Behind him, the serpent's corpse twitched one last time—then finally slumped, still and torn in half.
The system pinged.
[Skill: Arc Slash] has leveled up to Lv.2!
New Effect Unlocked: Deals +10% bonus damage to reptilian-type enemies.
Trafalgar wiped his face with a trembling hand.
"Fucking disgusting."
He looked back at the twitching corpse, then at Maledicta. The blade was still burning faintly, steam rising from the venom-stained edge.
"At least I leveled up."
Trafalgar stood there for a moment, catching his breath. His entire body felt like it had been through a grinder—scrapes, bruises, burning lungs, and a lingering sourness clinging to his clothes from the serpent's insides.
He looked back at the snake's corpse. Charred flesh, venom-soaked scales
He narrowed his eyes.
"Is snake meat even edible?"

It was tempting. But one glance at the steaming pile of reptilian gore, and the thought vanished.
'No fucking way. All his body is covered in venom, there is no way I'm eating that, I will need to find something else that's not poisoned.'
He exhaled, letting the tension drain from his shoulders.
The fight was over. But he wasn't out of danger yet.
He glanced at the sheer wall above—the only path forward.
'It's climb or die.'
And he was exhausted.
His legs trembled with every step. His vision blurred. The constant alertness and pain had pushed him past his limit.
He needed rest.
He found a dry patch near the cavern wall, far from the water. Lowering himself carefully, he laid the torch beside him and sat down with a groan.
The ground was hard.
Still better than a serpent's stomach.
He leaned back against the rock, and let his eyes fall shut.
'Just a quick nap. Then I climb.'





'Guess that paid off.'
He stripped off the ruined fabric and stood at the edge of the underground pool. Cold air bit at his skin, but he didn't hesitate this time. With a sharp breath, he jumped in.
The freezing water hit like a spell—shocking, cleansing, painful. But he welcomed it.
He scrubbed off the blood, the grime, the dried venom and monster gunk. It stung. A lot.
But it felt good to wash away the filth.
After a few minutes, he stepped out, water dripping from his hair and skin. He picked up the torch, wrung out what was left of the noble garments, and tossed them aside.
He looked up at the wall of stone in front of him—the beginning of his climb out.
Trafalgar narrowed his eyes.
'Time to go up.'