

REINCARNATED WITH THREE UNIQUE SKILLS

Chapter 12: Chapter 12: A Cliche Storyline



"Boom!"

"Boom!"

"Sizzle!"

The seventh floor was a scene of chaos, with the smell of burning flesh filling the air. Small fiery craters and broken rocks were scattered everywhere, turning the floor into a fiery mess.

[Ding]

[Congratulations! You have leveled up.]

[You have received 5 attribute points to distribute freely.]

Ethan stood among the debris, a relaxed smile on his face. The twenty or so monsters he had just defeated gave him a lot of experience, raising his power to level 6. He quickly distributed the attribute points, adding more to his strength and defense.

"The seventh floor is clear. Now, to the next one," he muttered as he headed to the staircase leading to the eighth floor.

As he descended, he thought about his new D-Rank skill and the [Azula Sword Strike], eager to use them. When he reached the eighth floor, another group of monsters was waiting for him.

He drew his sword, its edge glowing with a blue light. Using the [Azula Sword Strike], he felt a rush of power. The blade cut through the air, leaving blue flames behind. The first wave of monsters fell quickly, their bodies turning to ash.

Encouraged by his new power, he charged at the remaining monsters. Each strike sent out bursts of blue fire, burning them. The monsters were fierce but no match for his attacks.

Soon, the eighth floor was covered with the charred remains of his enemies. Ethan stood there, breathing heavily but feeling stronger. His eyes were already on the next challenge.

9th Floor – Cleared.

10th Floor – Cleared.

11th Floor – Failed.

"Damn! My mana ran out," he muttered in frustration, surveying the scene of his defeat.

"I thought I could clear the boss of this dungeon today, but no, my mana just had to be insufficient." He clenched his fists, feeling the sting of failure.

He replayed the battle in his mind. His powerful skills had decimated the monsters on the 9th and 10th floors effortlessly. Each strike and spell had been precise, each enemy falling without much resistance.

But the 11th floor was different. The monsters were tougher, the battles longer, and his mana reserves dwindled faster than he had anticipated.

"If this keeps happening, I won't be able to fight to my heart's content, even with powerful skills," he thought, frustration growing. The realization hit him hard: his skills, no matter how powerful, were useless without the mana to fuel them.

He needed to find a way to increase his mana reserves. The next time he faced the dungeon boss, he wanted to be ready. He wanted to have enough mana to unleash his full potential and fight without holding back.

With this new determination, Ethan knew his next goal was clear: he had to find a way to grow more powerful by increasing his mana. Without mana, all his powerful skills would soon be useless, and his journey would be cut short.

When he emerged from the dungeon, it was already the crack of dawn.

Unknowingly, he had spent the whole night inside. He was a little addicted to getting stronger quickly; that's how it happened.

"Boss, look..."

A group of delinquent hunters suddenly noticed Ethan's expensive sword, their eyes gleaming with greed. They approached him slowly, and the leader deliberately slammed into Ethan while he was distracted.

"Hey, watch where you're going, brat?" The tall burly leader spat venomously.

Ethan furrowed his brows. "Now, what's this drama? There is so much space here, did he think I am a fool or something?" Then he looked at his Titanium Sword and instantly understood everything clearly.

"It's really a cliché storyline... So predictable..." he sighed.

"Sorry! Can you step away from my way now?" Regardless, he said sorry, not to escalate the situation further. He knew with his current strength, he was no match for a single one of them, much less a group of experienced hunters.

But it didn't look like they were going to step aside just with a sorry. Their desire was targeted at something else entirely.

"Motherfucker, you think a single sorry from you would do the work? Leave your sword as compensation, or you're dead," the leader spat, eyeing the sword with greed.

"Yeah, it's useless to you anyway. Even with that sword, you're just a trash-class hunter," one of the underlings chimed in.

Ethan understood that they were determined, and he had no options. He had nearly an empty Mana Reserve.

Ethan sighed and handed him the sword. It's not like he couldn't make another one by himself again. It was just a matter of time.

Clang!

"Here, take it..." Ethan threw the sword on the ground.

The group of thugs was dumbfounded; they had never seen such an understanding person before. Each time, they had to beat people before they got what they wanted by force. But now, someone handed over their belongings so easily. They found it hard to believe.

The leader hurriedly picked up the sword, feeling that lady luck had shined on him.

"Very good, brat! I like your attitude." He grinned. "If you're so cooperative, then give me the locket from your chest as well."

"Huh?" Ethan's frown deepened. "These greedy people never learn to be satisfied with what they get."

"No, you can't get it. It's not valuable anyway." Ethan couldn't compromise with this one, as this was the only clue to his identity of this body, which seemed extremely ordinary.

The leader felt more eager to acquire the treasure, seeing his hesitance to give it away. He thought although it looked ordinary, it must be some kind of hidden treasure.

Seeing the growing desire in his eyes, Ethan felt the situation was not so good.

"Move your ass, pretty boy. Give it quick!" One underling stepped forward to snatch it.

However, just as his hand was about to reach Ethan's chest, Ethan gripped his hand tightly. "Didn't I say you can't take it?" Ethan's face was serious and unwavering.

"Paah!"

"Motherfu*ker! You're quite stubborn, huh?" The leader slapped Ethan like lightning. Ethan couldn't even see its shadow; dodging was a distant future.

Ethan fell on the ground on his head, blood seeping out from his forehead.

"Blood?"

Ethan felt the salty taste of blood in his gums. It was not his first time getting slapped, but it did remind him of his childhood struggles. At that time, these types of slaps were really common.

As the underling approached with a carefree expression, Ethan stared at him like a predator from the corner of his eyes, acting unconscious.

Closer... Closer...

Swoosh!

As soon as the thug arrived over Ethan to snatch the locket, Ethan took out the thug's sword from his waist and pierced the thug's stomach while activating Azula Sword Strike, using the last bit of his mana...

"Argh..." The thug, momentarily stunned, then saw his own sword, ablaze with fiery flames, piercing through his body from front to back. In the next moment, his entire body ignited like a torch, consumed by a fierce blaze.

"Ahhh!" His piercing scream echoed throughout the vicinity.

For a moment, the others watched in stunned silence, struggling to process the scene before them. The sudden shift from a meek and innocent boy to sheer brutality was truly mind-boggling.

Coming to their senses, they looked for the culprit and found that the boy had already run away. They could see his silhouette in the distance.

"Catch him!" the leader shouted, surging forward with astonishing agility.

"Ah, shit," Ethan muttered, glancing back only to see the leader rapidly closing the distance between them.

"What is this guy's rank actually?" Ethan's mind raced, but there was no time to cast Appraisal. He could only rely on his instincts. From what he understood, not even an E-Rank hunter should be able to move like that, with such speed and precision.

The realization sent a chill down his spine, but there was no time to dwell on it. Survival was all that mattered now.