

REINCARNATED WITH THREE UNIQUE SKILLS

Chapter 13: Chapter 13: The Hunted



Ethan darted through the some dense and tall bushes, his heart pounding from both exertion and adrenaline. The leader's angry shouts echoed behind him, spurring him to push harder. The dense forest seemed to blur around him as he focused on finding a place to hide.

He finally spotted a large tree with thick foliage and quickly made his way toward it. Breathlessly, he squeezed himself behind the tree trunk, hoping the thick canopy would obscure him from view.

As he tried to steady his breathing, he could hear the rustling of the long leaves and the occasional shout of the leader growing closer.

The seconds dragged on, feeling like hours. Ethan's body ached from the earlier fight, and his mana reserves were critically low. He could barely focus on his surroundings as he waited in the shadows, trying to make himself as inconspicuous as possible.

The leader's voice rang out, full of frustration. "He couldn't have gone that far! Go, Spread out and find him!" he said to his underlings.

"Okay, boss!" They all spread out in different directions.

Ethan held his breath as the sounds of footsteps and voices circled the area. He already guessed the thug leader must be a D-Rank hunter, a formidable opponent with far more experience than he had.

Despite his best efforts to stay hidden, Ethan could feel the leader's presence growing nearer. The man was real persistent, his footsteps methodical and deliberate as he searched for Ethan.

After what felt like an eternity, the leader's voice cut through the air again. "Haha, I know You're here, brat. If you come out on your own, and I will give you a quick death. His expression was arrogant, as if victory was already in his grasp.

Ethan's heart sank as he realized that the leader might have picked up on his scent or something. Well, anything could be possible.

"Does this mean he was nowhere safe now?"

He clenched his teeth, trying to remain calm as much as possible. The bushes rustled violently as the leader and his underlings pushed through, searching every nook and cranny. Ethan could hear their frustrated murmurs and the occasional snapping of twigs underfoot.

Suddenly, the leader's voice grew louder, more determined. "He's behind this tree! I can feel it. Go, and check it out." he said to his underlings, plastered with a manic grin, as he pointed towards Ethan's location.

Ethan's pulse quickened. He understood he couldn't stay hidden forever. The leader and his underlings' footsteps drew closer, and Ethan prepared himself for a fight, despite his weakened state. He gripped the 'borrowed' sword tightly, ready to make a last ditch effort.

The leader emerged from the leaves, his eyes narrowing as he spotted Ethan. A cruel smile twisted his lips.

"Hehe, Found you, brat."

Ethan tried calm his nerves, but he was clearly failing to do so, because of the radiating strong malicious aura from the leader.

The leader chuckled darkly. "You're dead, brat."

Before Ethan could react, the leader's underlings surged forward, their eyes filled with malicious glee. They grabbed Ethan roughly, their hands closing around his arms and legs. Despite his struggles, the thugs were too strong, and Ethan was quickly subdued.

"Let me go, and I will give another sword like this!" Ethan shouted, but his cries were met with laughter. The leader stepped forward, his expression a mix of satisfaction and contempt.

"Brat, I don't care about your swords anymore. You thought you could just walk away after killing one of my underlings? You're going to pay for what you did." he said menacingly.

With brutal efficiency, the thugs dragged Ethan back through the forest, arriving at the same place where the thug was killed by Ethan. By the time they arrived, Ethan was already exhausted, feeling the pain in his body.

The leader tossed Ethan onto the ground, his eyes flashing with a dangerous light. "This is where your little journey ends. We're going to make pay the same way, you did to my underling. By burning you alive beside him."

The underlings were nearly moved to tears, totally impressed by how much their boss had cared for them.

Ethan's head throbbed with pain, and he struggled to get up, but the thugs were merciless. They held him down, their grip unyielding. The leader loomed over him, his expression menacing.

"You should have just given us the locket when we asked," the leader sneered, his voice dripping with malice. "Now you'll pay the price."

Ethan could only glare at him, the weight of helplessness pressing down on him like a vice. If only he had the power to turn the situation around. But what

could he do? He had just reincarnated into this world a few days ago, and now he was facing this brutal reality. The unfairness of it all gnawed at him, frustration boiling beneath the surface.

The leader's smile twisted into a scowl. "Hey, What are you glaring at?"

He struck Ethan hard across the face, the force of the slap echoing through the air. "Brat, are you still thinking about fighting back? If that's the case, we'll make sure you're in no condition to even try. After that, you'll burn alive."

Without hesitation, the leader's underlings descended upon Ethan, beating him mercilessly. Each blow landed with a sickening thud, sending shockwaves of pain through his body. Ethan struggled to stay conscious, the agony threatening to overwhelm him.

"Is this how it ends?" he wondered, the thought flickering in his mind like a dying flame.

Yet, even as they pummeled him, Ethan refused to whimper. He endured the beating in silence, his resolve unbroken. Perhaps he was awaiting the release of death, or maybe, deep down, he still clung to a faint hope.