

REINCARNATED WITH THREE UNIQUE SKILLS

Chapter 14: Chapter 14: The Timely Rescue



Ethan lay on the ground, his body aching from the relentless beating. The leader of the hunters grinned down at him, his eyes glinting with satisfaction. Ethan's mind raced, trying to find a way out of this dire situation.

"Enjoying your last moments, kid?" the leader sneered, twirling the sword in his hand. His men gathered around, forming a circle of malevolent intent.

"Boss, let's finish him off quick. We don't want any trouble," one of the underlings urged, glancing nervously around the place.

The leader chuckled. "Oh, we'll finish him, but not before I have a little fun. This brat needs to learn his place."

Pain coursed through Ethan's body, but he couldn't afford to give up. Summoning every ounce of strength, he struggled to his feet, his vision blurry but determined. He needed a plan, and he needed it fast.

"Hey, look at that. The kid's still got some fight left in him," another underling jeered, clearly enjoying his struggle.

The leader stepped closer, his face inches from Ethan's. "You still think you can take us all on, boy? You're out of your league."

Desperation fueled Ethan's resolve. He had to distract them, create an opening. His mind raced, and then it hit him—his last resort.

"Boss, why waste time on him? We got what we came for," a third hunter said urgently. The underling felt their boss was just wasting his time here. He glanced around nervously, to see if any guards nearby.

Ignoring his men, the leader focused on Ethan, his grin widening. "What's the matter, brat? No strength left?"

Ethan met his gaze, his voice steady despite the pain. "You're right. I'm out of my league. But you know what? You're making a big mistake."

The leader of the thugs laughed, a harsh, grating sound. "And what's that?"

"You underestimate me..."

"What's going on here?"

Just as Ethan was about to use his last resort, a familiar voice amidst the chaos halted his desperate act completely.

Aria hurriedly stepped forward, her long silvery hair waving amidst the morning dew. But her pretty face filled with rare anxiousness.

The voice brought Ethan hope, as if it was saying all hope wasn't lost yet.

"Why are you hitting him?" Her expression darkened upon seeing his bloody, battered, and bruised figure.

She hurriedly pulled Ethan from the ground, ensuring his safety first by feeding him a few healing potions as soon as possible.

Ethan gulped it down with gratitude within her soft embrace.

"Boss!"

The hunters began to eye each other with nervousness. They recognized Aria, the popular C-Rank hunter. Although known for her kindness and friendly behavior, she was a true killing machine inside.

If they accidentally angered her too much, they wouldn't know how they would die themselves. They were at most level 20 or so, while Aria was level 40 or above. On top of that, she had assassination class skills with her. Truly a deadly combination.

Aria took out her shiny dagger, a highly ranked weapon, probably C-Rank or above, and stared at the delinquent hunters with hostility.

"Explain everything truthfully, otherwise no mercy will be shown upon you," she threatened, her voice cold and unwavering.

The hunters froze, their bravado evaporating in the face of her deadly seriousness. One of them, stammering, began to speak. "W-We were just... teaching him a lesson. He... he attacked us first!"

Aria's eyes narrowed, the dagger glinting menacingly in her hand. "And what provoked that attack? Tell me the truth, otherwise no one will be spared."

The leader of the group, swallowing hard, took a step forward. "He... he got mad because we..we asked for his locket 'politely'. It was just a for fun, but he killed one of our comrades, see. He is really vicious." He said nervously and pointed to the dead body lying around, giving an appropriate made up excuse.

Without caring who it was, Aria's grip tightened on the dagger. "Nonsense! Do you think I am blind?" She shouted, her pretty face flushed red in anger.

The hunters exchanged nervous glances, realizing they were in deeper trouble than they had thought. "Please, we didn't mean any harm," another hunter pleaded. "We were just trying to rob him. But, he killed our comrade first. He could be put to the jail for this. Please let us go, and we won't speak a word outside."

Their leader also nodded like chicken pecking at rice, while inwardly thanking his underlings for such a quick thinking."

Aria finally understood the whole situation, but her anger still didn't subside. No one leaves unscathed after harming her friends.

"Alright, you can only leave here alive after separating one arm each from your body. Not that cruel of a punishment, you know," she replied coldly. "And lastly, never tell about this murder to anyone else."

The delinquent hunters trembled, their bravado shattered after hearing the cruel punishment. "No, please don't!" they pleaded, desperation etching their faces.

"Swish! Swish!"

Silvery shadows blurred past, and their left arms fell to the ground alongside their leader's one after another. Blood pooled, staining the earth crimson. Their screams echoed throughout the vicinity.

"Ah! My hand!" The delinquents screamed, clutching their bloody shoulders.

Aria's voice sliced through their misery. "Silence! Get out of here before I kill you all." Her annoyance was palpable, her eyes flashing with impatience.

Hesitant but sensing the sincerity in her threat, the hunters stumbled away, cradling their maimed hands. They dared not look back.

The leader seethed with rage. At the end of the day, he had lost his arm instead of gaining the coveted sword. His unwillingness burned in his eyes as he glared at them before disappearing into the dense fog, holding onto his severed shoulder.

Aria sheathed her dagger, her expression softening. "Are you alright, Ethan?" Her transformation from merciless killer to concerned friend was astonishing.

Ethan nodded, gradually opening his eyes. The effect of the healing potions became apparent.

"T-Thank you, Aria. I don't know what would have happened if you hadn't shown up." he said, his voice strained because of lingering pain.

She smiled gently, helping him to his feet. "Let's get you somewhere safe. You need to rest and recover."

Ethan nodded and tried to reach out to the dead hunter's body to test something important. But he was in too much pain to move, so he asked Aria to lead him there.

Aria remained silent, misunderstanding his actions as remorse for killing a human for the first time.

Though he did feel a twinge of guilt, he knew the hunter deserved it. Ethan had killed so many monsters that this felt no different.

Aria helped him to the dead hunter's body, her expression a mix of concern and curiosity. "Don't feel so bad, Ethan. It happens sometimes," she said gently.

"I know," he replied, focusing on the task at hand. Ethan placed his hand on the dead hunter's body and activated [Skill Absorption], hoping to see if he could gain anything useful. He had a minuscule amount of Mana, which was enough to cast skill absorption. He could never miss the opportunity to be powerful after this traumatic experience in his life.

[Ding]

[Your Skill Absorption was successful.]

[Congratulations! You have acquired a new active skill: Muscles Enhancement(E)]

[Muscles Enhancement (E): Increases user's overall physical toughness and power by 2 times upon activation.]

Ethan felt a rush of information flooding his mind, the new skill integrating itself seamlessly into his soul. It was a useful ability, enhancing his physical capability and giving him an edge in combat.

Aria watched with a mix of awe and confusion. "What are you doing, Ethan?"

"Nothing! Could you please help me reach my place?"