

## **Abyssal 37**

### Chapter 37 - Erick's Wrath

Close to the center of Wasteland, a thunderous fight was happening. Explosions and flames inundated the place.

The ones fighting were an old man and an ogre. The ogre had a height of 3.5 meters and his body radiated immense physical power. He had a muscular figure and a large head. In his hand was a giant club made of some rare metal. Every time he swung his weapon, air blasts were created and although his body was heavy, his movement was impressively fast.

The old man had red hair and surrounding him were shields made of magma, whips of flames moved by his side and he was constantly throwing balls of fire that carried great power.

Surrounding the two there were hundreds of dead ogres, and from the way their bodies were displayed on the ground, it was apparent that they were trying to run but could not make it in time, giving the idea that this attack started as a surprise.

The ogre roared as he attacked the man. He struck with his club at his opponent but the shield got in his way. Despite the attack destroying them, it forced the ogre to stop, making him a perfect target for the explosions of the man.

A fireball exploded in the chest of the ogre, throwing him dozens of meters away and harming him greatly. But even so, the vitality of the creature was great and the injury didn't diminish his ability to fight at all.

"Tracherous Magus, how dare to kill my tribe after I help you!?" The ogre roared as he ran towards the man dodging some of the attacks and using his club to block the others.

"Filthy creature, if it wasn't for your race's incompetence, how could a mere apprentice have escaped?" Erick's face was full of wrath as he launched spell after spell against the ogre.

Erick waited for the group for a long time. After all, the Wasteland was rather big, and finding someone could become very difficult, especially if they are in constant movement.

But after 6 months of not receiving any news, he entered the underground himself and investigated. It didn't take long for him to find out that all the people he sent were dead. In his fury, he attacked the ogres he hired to help the pseudo-magi.

The ogre who was fighting Erick was a rank 1 creature and the leader of the tribe of ogres of the Wasteland. His days were usually ones of pure bliss, using his tribe for all his needs and enjoying himself all the time, but right now all he could feel was regret and rage seeing the fate of his people.

The fight continued for some minutes. But the longer it prolonged the more obvious the advantage of Erick was. The movements of the ogre were too direct and lacked variation so his body was accumulating wound after wound.

Even though his attacks manage to get up to 40 degrees of physical damage with every swing of his club, the shields were enough to stop him and give enough time to the Magus to finish his spells and maintain a safe distance between the two.

The ogre was already closing in on his last breath, but you should never underestimate a wounded animal. The creature's eyes got red as he roared with all his power and his body grew a size.

He charged at Erick with all his power, breaking through all the spells that were through in his path and bulldozing his way to the old man. He finally reached the shields and threw his club, breaking it and taking advantage of the opportunity he tried to grab the magus.

"Hmph, an animal who doesn't know his place," The eyes of the Magus were full of disdain as he saw the desperate attack of the ogre and his body start to disintegrate into flames and vanished.

The ogre was shocked by what happened, but before he could figure out where he went, he heard a voice above him. It was Erick who had appeared two meters above the ogre and was launching his spell.

"Core explosion!"

A small sphere of light impacted the ogre and immediately exploded, creating a miniature ball of fire. Although the size was not a big deal, the damage reached 75 degrees, finally killing the creature.

"Your entire tribe deserves to die for failing me," Erick's eyes were cold as he stored the body of the ogre. Once he made sure that there was no one left alive, he conjured a ball of fire and left flying.

'No matter what, I have to kill that brat and find out his secrets,' Erick's was full of fury but there was also fear in his eyes. The threat he felt from Zatiel was so much that even if it means offending a rank 2 Magus, he was going to act himself.

Actually, his problems didn't end up just there. The death of five pseudo-magi was something he will have to answer for.

It is true that compared to a Magus, a pseudo-magus has little value, but they are still valuable resources to any family. After all, they have the possibility of becoming a rank 1 being themselves.

Erick's original plan was to erase the memories of the ones he sent to hunt Zatiel. Although doing it will severely affect their future prospect, as long they were alive, he could just invent some lie to cover it.

But now all of them died and his problems were too much for some simple charade to hide it.

So his only choice was to kill Zatiel and take whatever it made him special and give it to the head of his family as compensation.

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Zatiel was in his laboratory and in front of him were two small spheres. One was from Cristian and the other was the one he took when he killed Arthur's group.

'The sphere of Cristian should reach 25 degrees of damage and it looks like it has poisonous properties. If I can enhance its power and combine it with the stealth abilities of the other one, it will become very useful,' There were dozens of materials in front of Zatiel and his job will take a lot of time.

As he was working, someone started to get closer to him. It was Sophia who was walking in a little funny way.

"Are you fine?" Zatiel found it weird that the woman was moving like that. After all, the physique of a Neo-Demon should heal any minor wound.

"Hmph, you don't know how to treat a lady, you didn't let me rest all night," Sophia was not hurt, but she was feeling weird hence her posture.

"You were the one who was screaming for more," As soon Zatiel finished speaking, Sophia hit him on the head.

"You need to learn how to treat a woman!" Sophia's blow didn't have any strength in it but the moment she did it, she started to feel awkward as two eyes stared at her.

Zatiel said nothing and just continued looking at her.

"Are... you angry?" Sophia was scared that she had offended him. Although to her their relationship was significant, the idea that to him she was nothing special started to frighten her.

Zatiel kept looking at her for a while before smiling and shaking his head.

"No, actually it feels kinda nice. It is really weird. I guess I have changed," If anyone of his subordinates had dared to do something like that in his previous life, having their souls extracted and tortured until they vanished would have been a soft punishment, but now he just felt it was funny.

'It doesn't feel bad, so I guess I will go with the flow,' Zatiel saw how his answer made the woman smile and he just continued with his runes.

"You have work to do, so get going."

"Yes, boss!" Sophia could not stop smiling as she heard Zatiel respond and started to work on the recipes filled with liveliness.