

## Abyssal 77

### Chapter 77 - Overload

The pressure that Sophia was feeling originated from the old man releasing all the power of his consciousness, forcing her to use the energy in her body to fight back. But she didn't have to resist for long since someone appeared between them, shielding her.

Replacing the vicious smile of the Werewolf, Sophia saw a broad back that gives her the sensation it could carry the world's weight and makes her feel safe, even against the threat of someone at Rank 2.

Of course, the one standing in front of Sophia was Zatiel, who had a cold expression. He faced his opponent and used the energy on his body to restrain the consciousness of the Werewolf.

On Sophia's face, a gorgeous smile appeared. It was immediately replaced by coldness and killing intent as she looked at Ezequiel. He shared the same expression and nodded to her. The energy inside them exploded, and they were about to activate their trump cards and attack the old man when a voice sounded in their minds.

"Don't act, no matter what, that is an order. I will handle this."

Although they were unwilling, they know that Zatiel must have a reason for acting alone, so they calmed their energies and remained still.

"Hahaha, who do you think you are, some sort of hero? It has been a long time since I have seen such a buffoon," Scorn was on the Werewolf's face as he laughed at the fact that Zatiel was trying to defend Sophia.

The Rank 1 Magi was looking at Zatiel as if he was stupid for what they thought was a useless act. In the sky, the only woman among them remained indifferent to what was happening, and the Rank 3 Magus continued meditating.

Nimir was looking at Zatiel and did not try to hide the disdain on his face, as if he was looking at a clown performing a show.

"Since you make me laugh I will be kind, move so I can grab the woman and I will only rip one of your arms for meddling," The old man revealed a bloodthirsty smile as he looks at Zatiel and the pressure of his consciousness increased as savagery radiate from his body.

Zatiel was indifferent to the threat of the man. He acted like he didn't even feel the pressure, as he looked at Nimir and saw his expression, a clearer idea of what was happening formed in his mind.

As for the ones on the ground, to him, they were only a group of monkeys, and their opinion could not matter less. From his ring, he took a sword and rose to the sky until he was 200 meters away from the group before making the energy in his body burst.

The expression of the people in the ground was filled with surprise as they saw Zatiel's actions. This was a clear challenge to the old man, and something it could only end with his defeat, in their minds.

The difference in Ranks is not something so simple as the ability to use spells with a higher degree of damage. After all, if it were like that, then using runes and magical equipment, anyone could fight against those stronger.

When someone advances to the next Rank, not only is their energy reserve greater and the lethality of their spell higher, but their entire body and soul grows stronger, making their speed of thoughts, reflexes, reaction time, and even instinct more powerful.

All that together, with a higher manipulation of the natural energies, make a feat like fighting those above your Rank only possible to absolute geniuses that are the best of any great power. That is only when they are at the peak of their Ranks.

"HAHAHAHAHA, you are a fool. This is the most hilarious scene I have seen in many years," The old man laughed even harder, and he was amused by Zatiel's actions.

"I have heard that a barking dog does not bite, I am starting to think that is true, with all your talk," Zatiel's expression was indifferent, but his tone was filled with mockery.

When Zatiel finished speaking, those at the ground were shocked, as they could not believe what they just heard, making total silence appear.

Before, Zatiel actions could be considered a passive confrontation that could be resolved as long as he submitted and accepted his punishment. Still, now that he called a Rank 2 Werewolf a dog, this could be considered creating an enmity that could only be resolved with someone dead.

"What the hell did you just say!!! You dare compare me, the mighty Feiner, member of the proud Werewolf race, with a fu\*king dog?" Feiner's face warped in rage, and as he heard the greatest insult the members of his race could receive, his body started to enlarge, and fur filled him.

As soon as the transformation began, the energy in his body spiked. Just the physical might he released was something a Rank 1 could never achieve no matter what path he took. His jaw started to protrude, and fangs filled his mouth. His hand and legs grew muscular as his nails extended and took the appearance of small daggers. His dark fur got a metallic luster, and although it may seem soft in reality, it was even tougher than some rank 1 magical armor.

Zatiel saw the transformation. Although the chip could not trespass Feiner's energy barriers, he could use his experience and the energy that the Werewolf was releasing, to estimate his strength.

'A Werewolf at the Advanced Rank 2, his physical attributes are superior to mine by a great margin. Although they are a race that uses their bodies as the main weapon, he definitely has spells that can enhance his power and use his consciousness to use long-distance attacks. Let's see how long I can last without external help.' As Zatieel assesses his opponent, he adopts a fighting stance, with his sword ready to protect his head and hearts.

It only took Feiner a moment for his transformation to be completed. He ends up as a three and a half meters tall black Werewolf, that radiated savagery and killing intent from his body. Not saying a word, he dashed to Zatiel with such a speed that it took him less than five seconds to reach him.

With his immense claws that looked like it was made from knives, Feiner slashed at Zatiel, and just the winds he created could heavily injure any Rank 0 lifeform.

All the ones who saw this fight thought it was over, as Zatiel was receiving a direct attack from someone famous for his immense power. Even if he didn't die, he would be severely injured.

But contrary to what they believed, Zatiel used his sword and blocked the attack redirecting most of the power in it to the outside.

Feiner wanted to end the fight in one moment to humiliate Zatiel. When he saw how he stopped his claw, he was furious. He continued attacking with even more ferocity, not only using his hand but also his legs, displaying the fighting style of werewolves.

Every attack that the Werewolf was releasing had enough power to seriously injure an individual at Rank 1. His movements were erratic and incredibly fast, but somehow Zatiel always manages to block the claws or dodge them at the last moment.

Except for the Rank 3 Magus, everybody was focused in the fight, even the woman in the sky was attentive.

The Rank 1s at the ground were amazed by the ability of Zatiel to stop the attacks of someone at Rank 2, but both Nimir and the woman in the sky knew it was not so simple.

The power that Feiner was liberating was so much that every time Zatiel stopped his attacks, even after using his swordsmanship to redirect most of the strength in them, he felt like he was crashing against a mountain, damaging all the muscles and bones in his arms. Since his opponent's agility was superior, he could barely dodge twenty percent of the attacks, forcing him to be in absolute defensive mode.

If Feiner were to use a spell to enhance his power, the fight would be finished immediately. Still, the old man knew that he would become a laughing stock if people found out he could not defeat someone at Rank 1 even after completing his transformation.

Eventually, after another dozen attacks, the anger of the Werewolf reaches his limits as he opens his mouth.

"ROAR!"

A thunder-like wolf howl assaulted Zatiel's consciousness making his vision blur. Although it lasted just a second, it was enough for the Werewolf to launch his attack.

"Fu\*king die!"

Feiner's claw was filled with silver fire as he slashed.

Zatiel was able to put the sword in at the last moment to shield him, blocking most of the attack. However, the power was still so much that he was sent flying and impacted in the ground, creating a small crater.

When Sophia and Ezequiel saw this, the fury in their hearts was immense and wanted nothing more than to attack the Werewolf with everything they have. However, remembering Zatiel's words, they remained still. Still, their fists were clenched so hard that blood was coming out from them.

"Hmph, you have to be stupid to go and challenge those above your rank."

"You are right, the only reason he lasted that long was that lord Feiner was taking it easy and not really attacking."

"Well, he deserves what he got, so weak yet trying to defend others."

"Look, even his companion do not dare to help him, how stupid."

The ones mocking Zatiel were some of the Rank 1 on the ground, and although they tried to hide it, envy was evident in their faces. The power that Zatiel demonstrated means that he can kill any of them, but since they thought he was finished, they took the chance and made fun of him.

The woman in the sky didn't say anything and just shook her head. As for Nimir, he looked at the place Zatiel crashed, and seeing the damage, he seemed satisfied.

The Rank 3 Magus finally opened his eyes. Although it seems like he was not paying attention, his consciousness has been active all the time. He was about to act when he saw in the direction where Zatiel crashed a golden glow was appearing.

Zatiel raised into the sky. A part of his robe was destroyed, showing his upper body and the runes that covered most of it. His ribs were broken as was his right arm, and there were cut marks all over his body, but the golden flames were healing them, and in his forehead, the Eye of Life and Creation appeared.

"Time for round two," As soon he said those words, a large ring of black flames appeared on his back, before completely entering his sword. The skin of his body turned golden when he activated his True Name.

When Feiner saw those changes, he was a little surprised. Still, after seeing it was only an increase in the vitality and endurance of the body, he calmed down. Although the sword seemed dangerous, he was confident in his power.

"Hmph, the only thing you managed to achieve is to make your suffering last longer."

But in the next moment, he saw how the runes on Zatiel activated, creating dark paths among his golden body. Feiner was startled as he felt the power in Zatiel's body increasing beyond the level a Rank 1 could achieve.

The woman, Nimir, and even the Rank 3 Magus focused all their attention on Zatiel, and their expression was of complete surprise.

"I will use you to test the power of my first runic set," The runes in Zatiel's body finally lit up completely as he felt as an immense amount of vitality and energy was being drained. Still, the enhancement of power was even more monstrous.

"Overload!"