

ABYSSAL AWAKENING

Chapter 6: Beast Vs Beast

While not many were looking at Alice due to the main attraction being the battle between Lars and the Grave Robber, those who did glance upon her couldn't help but exclaim in shock!

"What the hell is that girl doing?!" A woman called out in shock.

Slowly, the attention of some people in the crowd turned to Alice.

She was currently biting the Hound by the neck while it tried to tear her arm apart. It was a battle between beasts.

Having tossed aside her sword, Alice's body was the only weapon left to fight the Hound. She mustered all the strength in her body and sunk her teeth further.

Grabbing the Hound in a chokehold while making sure her arm wasn't in danger of being completely torn off yet, Alice used the chains on her arms to her advantage, wrapping them around the beast's neck. Ignoring the pain of its sharp bones piercing into her body with each moment, she climbed onto the monster's back in order to keep a full grapple against it.

Writhing in pain of having its own neck bitten by Alice, the Abyss Hound refused to let go of her arm, trying to shake its prey off. But Alice's grip was like iron. She didn't let go.

No matter what the beast did, whether that be slamming the girl against the wall or rolling across the ground, Alice didn't let go. The Abyss Hound's bones punctured into her flesh, but she held on. Blood stained her white dress, but it only made Alice more vicious.

More and more eyes turned towards her as the crowd could barely tell who was the Abyss Beast in that situation!

Clenching her jaw, Alice could feel the taste of iron invading her mouth; the feeling of hot blood pouring down her throat, into the pits of her stomach.

Within the depths, the grasp of the abyss clawed against her body once more as dark powers pulsed through her body.

She could feel a flow of energy pumping into her muscles as the tips of her fingers started to turn the same shade of colour as the muscles on the Hound's body. Her canines sharpened and her body threatened to transform to match the source of the blood.

'I can't drink anymore, or else the effects will become too obvious! I can still bluff my way through with just minor changes.' Alice warred against her instincts to stop herself from drinking more blood.

With an intoxicating surge of power now reinforcing her body, she tightened her grip on the Hound's neck, forcing it to let go of her arm.

Unfortunately for her, the Hound didn't have any regenerative properties so her wounds didn't get healed.

Blood dripped from the corners of Alice's mouth as the injured beast looked at her with wariness. What the Abyss Hound perceived as easy prey now fought back much harder than it deemed worth. If it could choose, the beast would

rather run away and find new prey than continue fighting. But, it knew that wasn't going to happen. Alice was dead set on killing it one way or another.

Narrowing her eyes, Alice crouched down slightly. There was an... alluring aroma now drifting through the air. A sweet smell that caused her vision to become hazy. She didn't know why, but there was a faint trail of crimson light flowing like water through her vision, slithering through the air till it reached the hound's wound.

There was now an unquenchable thirst in her throat screaming for her to drink blood.

Realising her strange reaction, Alice tried to calm herself down. But it was already too late. She could feel herself succumbing to the thirst for blood. Releasing the energy stored in her legs, she shot forward with speed comparable to the Hound and managed to surprise him. Grabbing the sword with her working hand, she closed the gap within mere moments, taking the Hound by surprise.

Opening its jaw, the Hound immediately tried to bite Alice.

It didn't know that was exactly what she wanted.

'Its weapons are those claws and mouth. But since it needs the claws to stabilise its footing, the only option would be his mouth!'

Jabbing forward with her sword, she stabbed the blade into the Hound's tongue and pushed her weight down towards the ground. The trajectory of the sword swerved down and pierced through the underside of its jaw.

Whimpers escaped the Hound but Alice didn't stop. With the Hound now pinned against the ground with a blade through its mouth, she raised her foot and slammed it against the beast's shoulder, pushing it back and causing the blade to cut through parts of its jaw.

'It's not enough!'

Gritting her teeth, Alice tried to kick it again but the Hound clawed against her thighs, digging its claws deep. It caused her to pause and take a sharp breath from the stinging sensation. Pulling her leg back out of pure instinct, she cried out in pain as the claws dug out some of her flesh, leaving them hanging by loose threads of muscle and sinew.

A wave of dizziness washed over Alice's mind but she quickly shook it off. She can rest when the Hound in front of her was dead!

Ignoring the pain, Alice gathered as much strength as she could and kicked the Hound in the head, causing a small crack to resound near the connection point between the jaw and the skull. Realising that this was her chance, Alice positioned herself beside the Hound, grabbing its jaw with both her hands while using the blade as an anchor.

"ARGGGGG!!!!!"

Letting out a cry to squeeze as much strength as she could from her body, Alice tried to dislocate the Hound's jaw so that it would lose one of its main weapons. As she pushed her strength to its limit, the Hound resisted with everything it had. Just as the tension reached its peak, a pop echoed in the surroundings.

Stumbling back, Alice watched on as the beast cried in pain from the blade shredding its muscles. His jaw now hung loosely with the blade still piercing through its flesh, blood dripping down the rusted surface.

Seeing its bloodshot eyes, Alice could tell that the beast and her were the same; neither would stop until the other died. Both no longer cared about their own survival and only sought to kill the one in front of them.

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In the spectator stands, there was a black haired woman who looked to be in her late 20's. She had a pair of pure white eyes with a set of earrings on her right ear. She wore a black coat with a sleeveless turtleneck shirt and a pair of tight leather pants. While smoking a cigarette, she narrowed her gaze at Alice.

"That eye, not to mention the white in her hair..." she muttered.

Furrowing her brows, she spat out the cigarette on the ground and stomped it in annoyance.

"What the hell... Did Kaden really just give that girl the Eye of all things? What the hell is he thinking?" She scratched her hair in annoyance.

'Is he trying to run away? Or does he really think that this girl has what it takes?' She thought to herself while sitting down.

Contemplating for a moment, she wondered if she should just purchase the girl outright or keep watching for a few more days.

"I suppose Kaden wants me to appraise this girl myself and see if she's fit for the job." She grumbled.

Taking out another cigarette, she flicked her index finger and a flame danced on its tip, lighting up the cigarette.

Taking a deep breath, she puffed out a cloud of smoke before pulling out a note from her pocket and writing something down.

A small part of her shadow flickered for a moment before a bird appeared from it.

"Take this letter back to that bastard master of yours. Tsk, annoying me even after we went our separate ways." She sighed while massaging her head.

'It seems like she's caught the eye of a VIP. They don't seem to be purchasing her outright, though. They probably put a sponsor for her, so that she continues to fight within this arena until their mind is made up...'

Shrugging, the woman decided to keep observing for now.

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Despite the condition Alice was in, she felt strangely calm.

The deafening cheers of the crowd, the screams of the other slaves, the roar of the Grave Robber — she could no longer hear anything. Her attention was focused solely on the Hound before her.

In her current state, it was as though the only thing that existed in this world was the Hound. Every movement, every breath, was captured in slow motion by Alice.

'Ah... did I go crazy?' She wondered to herself. Perhaps she was seeing her death play out in her final moments. Alice felt like she could see everything in the world. Even the smallest movement couldn't escape her sight.

As the Hound crouched down and dashed toward her with fury burning in its eyes, Alice stood still.

Even her own movements felt slow. Without any thought, she moved.

Her rational mind told her to dodge, but her instincts screamed otherwise.

'I can see it... I can see how I should kill this beast.' She thought as adrenaline pumped through her body.

She had a chance to kill the Hound. It wasn't a false opportunity like earlier.

Something felt different to her.