

ABYSSAL AWAKENING

Chapter 7: Killing The Hound

Twisting her body to the side, Alice evaded the Hound's jaw by a hair's width before plunging her finger into its eye.

Without an ounce of hesitation, she crushed the eyeball with her finger as blood dripped into her palm. Using the Hound's inertia against itself, she slammed it against the ground and jammed her finger further into the skull, remaining just shy of piercing the brain. Gritting her teeth, she pulled the finger out and reached for the sword in one smooth motion.

Clawing at its own face in an attempt to dig into Alice's arm, the Hound was unable to accurately hit her after losing sight on its right side.

The weakness was fully exposed and Alice plunged the sword towards the orifice and gave the sword a twist after piercing the brain.

As the Hound struggled its last, Alice snapped out of her focused state and took rapid breaths as panic flooded her mind once more.

While the imminent danger was dealt with, Alice had to sort out her blood loss soon otherwise she would follow the Hound shortly.

Unfortunately, while her knowledge of different kinds of Abyss Blood was plentiful, she was ignorant when it came to medical science.

All she could think of right now was to make sure the chunk of flesh hanging off her thigh was pressed tightly to reduce further blood loss. Looking at the dead hound, Alice thought of a risky idea. But, assuming it to be better than dying here and now, she grabbed the sword and started to harvest some of the Hound's claws along with the sharp teeth.

She was going to use them as makeshift pins to hold her flesh together. It was similar to the pins that held her skin in place when Alice was operated on by the scientists.

Though she didn't have the benefit of Abyss Blood to heal her.

Taking a deep breath, she gritted her teeth and stabbed the claws through the flesh and hooked it against her thigh. It took five claws to make sure the flesh was in place without risk of falling off.

The pain was tolerable as she tore off a strip of her dress to be used as bandages.

Sighing in relief, Alice leaned against the wooden wall and glanced around her.

In the time she had taken to kill one Hound, around seven slaves had already died, while others barely managed to hold on. Some also found ways to kill their target one way or another. But they were heavily wounded just like her.

Unfortunately, she wasn't safe just yet. One of the remaining hounds turned to face her.

She didn't want to indulge in the Abyss Blood too much, since the side effects would become too obvious. But she had no choice.

Biting her lip, Alice carefully shuffled over to the corpse of the Hound that she just killed.

There was only one way to get away with drinking too much blood and not encounter side effects.

Purity!

To her knowledge, there were four levels of purity. First was the impure kind she just drank. They brought low results with lots of side effects. The second kind had higher potency while a third, higher category belonged to blood the nobility consumed to minimize the side effects.

But Alice neither knew the purity of each level nor where she should extract the blood efficiently.

However, to obtain the highest level, there was only one place she could extract it from. The heart!

Level four, also known as the Heart Blood, was the purest blood anyone could extract. It had the strongest positive effects and little to no side effects. Though once it was exposed to the air, it would rapidly decrease in purity. Hence, actually buying a vial of Heart Blood that remained pure was a difficult task.

Those who somehow manage to extract Heart Blood successfully would seldom sell the precious vial. But if they do, the money they could earn would be astronomical even for the standards of the aristocrats.

And this Heart Blood was her goal. It hasn't been long since she had killed the Hound, so the purity of the Heart Blood should be relatively high. If she drinks that, no one would complain about finding no side effects on her body.

'Though the hound seems to be rather weak, since it could be killed by me with a rusted blade.' Alice thought to herself. Grabbing her blade, she sunk it deep into the corpse of the Hound and pierced the heart. Moving the blade to widen the hole, she reached in with her hands and cupped a handful of Heart Blood.

Bringing it to her mouth, Alice drank as much as she could before the Hounds decided to attack her.

Feeling the energy flow through her body, she estimated that it should be around the third level in purity if not level two. It was more than enough for now as she felt reinvigorated.

With another dose of the blood, her eyes momentarily turned into bestial slits as she glared towards the two hounds with killing intent.

The two hounds that had been eyeing her hesitated to strike. What they perceived as weak prey suddenly found a second wind. Deciding that she was not going to be as easy compared to the other prey, the Hounds turned their attention elsewhere.

Sighing out in relief, Alice felt glad she didn't have to fight. Even if she got another boost in energy, her body simply didn't have the strength or mobility to keep fighting. With her fight now over, she glanced towards the center of the area. She was curious about Lars and the power of his sigils.

There were some visible wounds on Lars but it was nothing compared to the damage he dealt.

Two of the Grave Robber's skulls was missing followed by large cuts and burns decorating its body.

Gritting his teeth, Lars glanced around him and found most of the Hounds leaving him alone to go for the other survivors. It was a relief for him since he wasn't sure how well he could do if all of them attacked at once.

But if it was just this Grave Robber, there will be no issues!

Stomping down, flames roared out with his renewed fighting spirit. Dashing towards the Grave Robber, Lars's first sigil glowed with a golden aura as a shield formed on his arm.

Seeing Lars charging towards it, the Grave Robber whipped its head to the side as the stinger attached to the back of its skull lashed out towards the enemy.

Green liquid flowed out from its tip as it neared Lars. He couldn't let himself get hit by it. If he did, his body would get paralysed, and his bones dug out.

BANG!!!

Parrying the stinger with his shield, Lars slammed it down and grabbed the tail with both hands. His biceps bulged as power flowed through them, dragging the monster towards him.

In this contest of strength, he was stronger!

A high-pitched screech followed by a rumbling clicking sound escaped the Grave Robber's mouth as it reached towards Lars' head with its claws.

Ducking down, Lars dodged the claw and swung up with his blade. Blue flames roaring out like a serpent, coiling around the Grave Robber's body while leaving burns across its skin.

Weakening the flesh around the joint with fire, the metal blade cleaved through it, shredding the tendons and separating the bone that connected the Grave Robber's arm and torso.

"URAHHH!!" Letting out a cry of power, the spectators cheered upon seeing Lars rip the Grave Robber's arm off.

Stumbling in pain, the Grave Robber swung its shoulder towards Lars in an attempt to blind him with blood. But he saw it coming.

Flicking his hand, he grabbed his blade in a reverse grip and stabbed it down.

CRACK!!

Snapping the Grave Robber's collar bone in half, the tip of the sword sunk deep into its flesh as radiant blue flames flooded the insides of the monster.

Due to the semi-transparency of the Grave Robber's skin, the flames caused him to glow like a lantern as fire erupted from his wounds.

Curling his lips into a grin, Lars pulled down on his blade like a lever, gouging a deep, diagonal cut across the Grave Robber's chest.

Evaporated, steaming blood and flames exploded out from the newly opened cavity. The smell of cooked flesh permeated the arena with the air warping from the heat of Lars's flames.

BANG!!

Kneeling down from the injuries, the Grave Robber was unable to fight any further. But Lars was far from done.

Pulling out his blade, he stabbed it deep into the Grave Robber's neck before grabbing it by the skull.

With a single pull, he tore the head off the shoulders while using his blade to cut away any resistance.

Raising the skull and spine towards the air with a triumphant roar, Lars slammed his hand against his chest for all to see, proving his worth as a warrior.