

Extract 793

Chapter 793 Spar I

Michael dived into close combat. He kicked the ground, closing the distance to Ligno'vsh near-instantly. The Aethyr Scimitar cut diagonally across Lig's chest with terrifying velocity, but Ligno'vsh managed to twist her body and redirect his attack with a feisty punch at the blade's flat side.

Michael didn't expect Lig to be able to keep up with him. Several Soul Tears augmented Sacred Constitution and Enhancement, pushing his physical attributes to a very high level, especially after several Enhancement Layers applied to Sacred Constitution. Adding Heavenly Beast Physique and Foundation Break, Michael was certain that no 4th Tier would be able to compete with him in terms of physical prowess.

Even 5th Tier Awakened shouldn't have an easy time.

Despite the slight surprise, Michael cut Lig with the short sword on his left. The blade disappeared from Lig's sight when the Aethyr Scimitar shot out and reappeared only when it was already too late.

However, instead of cutting deeply into Lig's side, the Aethyr short sword was barely enough to scratch her. Michael added Qi to the weapon blades, reinforcing their sharpness and sturdiness before he continued attacking. He pushed further, putting more pressure on Lig, who retreated two steps before entering her combat stance again.

She eyed Michael more vigilantly than before and circulated more curse power through her body. Several brownish Cursed Seals manifested. Michael wouldn't have seen them under normal circumstances because the Cursed Seals covered her chest, back, and legs, but Spirit Eyes showed him enough about the Cursed Seals to visualize them before his bare eyes.

Lig manifested eight Cursed Seals. They were larger than Michael's ordinary Seals and more potent as well. Lig's body bulked, and her skin threatened to tear apart as her physical strength skyrocketed. Michael didn't even consider giving her the luxury to power up mid-battle. He appeared beside her and whirled around Lig like a tempest.

The Aethyr Blades cut deeper into Lig's skin and infused a trace of Qi into the wound upon contact. The Qi entered the cuts and burst apart, releasing a second impact of the initial attack. Qi's second impact

was more efficient than expected. The shallow cuts all over Lig's body transformed into mild wounds that would require some time to regenerate.

At least, that was how it was supposed to be. Lig didn't mind the wounds. She focused on evading the most serious blows and allowed the weaker attacks to hit her. The second impact issued by Qi was unexpected, but it was not something Lig couldn't handle. It was much easier to handle than one might think. The Cursed Seals finished manifesting and engraved deep into Lig's skin.

Her physical prowess stopped increasing at some point, but the point she reached was more than enough to fight Michael head-on. In fact, Michael was almost certain that she had an advantage in terms of reaction speed and agility. She didn't move much faster, but Lig managed to evade most of Michael's attacks after watching him for a while.

Lig adjusted to Michael's combat style at a ridiculous pace, taking the newly ascended Higher Lifeform by surprise. Michael's eyes narrowed to tiny slits as he used Spirit Eyes to determine her movements. He used Spirit Eyes' Prognosis to analyze her movements and predict where she would move a quarter of a second later. Michael used this prediction to the advantage and changed his attack pattern.

He quickly adjusted his tactic and combat style and cut Lig twice in a row. Unfortunately, the cuts were even less notable than before. Even the second impact of Qi wasn't as impressive as before. Lig's skin was more resilient than before. Her Cursed Seals enhanced her strength, speed, and reaction speed and reinforced her skin's durability.

That was not all, either. Michael didn't pay much attention to it before, but the wounds he'd inflicted stopped bleeding. He couldn't see too much through the dried blood covering her wounds, but with Spirit Eyes and a little focus, Michael managed to take a peek at the wounds, or where they were supposed to be wounds. The cuts, both mild and minor, had been healed. If not for the blood covering her sides and arms, it would look like Lig was never injured.

'She couldn't heal earlier. The Cursed Seals reinforce everything about her body, including her natural regeneration.' Michael noted, the corner of his lips twitching, 'Interesting.'

The fight with Lig intensified as she started to counterattack. She analyzed Michael's attacks within seconds and adjusted to them way too fast, while her attacks became more ferocious. Lig managed to block his attacks, move closer to punch him in the gut once, and immediately kick him across the plain.

Michael could have used Cosmic Stride to pull away, but he desired to test the limits of his physical strength. Until he was hurled through the air from a fierce kick, that is. He was unwilling to be beaten one-sidedly, especially with the Nest Leader watching. Selena promised to give Eren a helping hand with Danny's vessel if Michael exceeded her expectations. He couldn't risk giving up on such a terrific offer.

Michael jumped up, teleported beside Lig, and stabbed her twice. This time, the Aethyr Blades were covered in several layers of Enhancement and a thicker Qi membrane. The blades cut deep into her sides right before Michael shot the Qi into Lig. The Qi membrane, reinforced by Enhancement, disappeared inside Lig, where it exploded, tearing a chunk of Lig's upper body apart.

Lig seemed to ignore the pain. Instead of retreating, she punched Michael in the face, only to encounter a fierce gust, highly compressed and incredibly fast, colliding with the side of her gauntlet, forcefully altering her punch's trajectory. The gauntlet missed Michael's face by a hair's breadth. It was too close if anyone was to ask Michael, but it was enough for Michael to twist his body, grasp her gauntlet, and use Lig's accumulated momentum against her.

He hurled her over his shoulder in a single – fast and smooth – motion. Lig should have smashed hard on the ground with her back, bleeding severely from the missing chunks of flesh, but her wounds had already healed, the chunks of flesh healed without leaving a trace of the injury. However, that was not all. Lig managed to twist her body mid-air when Michael threw her over his body. She circulated curse power through her veins and utilized the momentum of Michael's throw to land on her feet.

Michael noticed something was wrong when he felt her soles touching the ground. He let go of her and released several earthen spikes to smash heavily into her thighs and abdomen while leaping into the distance. The ground cracked, and the earthen spikes fell apart when Lig stood there.

She spun around on her axis and smiled at Michael.

"I never knew it was possible to be this strong as a newly ascended High Awakened. But then again, you are a Fang. Hesta is also a monstrous talent," Lig said, her attitude far too nonchalant for Michael's liking. Something was off, "I think you are more of a monster than Hesta, though. I was forced to manifest a bunch of Cursed Seals while you're still using your Soultraits, of which you have too many. Who in the cosmos has that many high-ranked Soultraits to use in the first place?!"

Michael shrugged lightly, "That should be me."

He smiled at Lig, who snorted.

"I don't like people with powerful Soultraits."

"That's a shame," Michael responded, "I have many powerful Soultraits."

"Indeed... What a shame," Lig agreed while the presence around her intensified.

The air crackled, and Michael's Spirit Eyes detected that the fabric of reality displayed signs of being under too much pressure. It didn't take much more to tear the fabric of reality apart. That was something new to Michael.

He tensed up and possessed to circulate origin energy through his body to calm down.

All of a sudden, a massive amount of curse power erupted from Lig. The ground around her ripped apart as if a bomb impacted. Rubble and debris were hurled in all directions, creating a thin smokescreen that shrouded Lig, whose body expanded.

Michael swallowed hard as he observed her grow stronger. He could have attacked, but his instincts told him to stay away.

'Are we going all out?' He questioned himself, only for Danny to answer instead.

[Of course, we are!]