

Extract 797

Chapter 797 Guidance Punching Bag

"You weren't desperate enough to go all out, but that's enough for me," Selena said lightly before giving him an approving nod, "You have surpassed my expectations."

The Nest Leader didn't expect too much from the way it looked. If his short spar with Ligno'vsh was enough to take her by surprise, Michael wondered what Selena would say once he got used to his body and new powers. He guessed that his combat prowess would skyrocket once he figured out the limit of the Major Seals, his Soultraits, his body, mind, and soul, and how to control curse power.

He was in charge of the Seals but had yet to learn how to control curse power properly. It shouldn't be too difficult for him, but Michael never bothered trying to control curse power because he was never in charge of the Seals in the first place. The Wolf Curse and World Serpent had to grant him access to their powers before he could use the Seals before. If they blocked him, Michael wouldn't have been able to use their powers. That was slightly different now.

"What do you think?" Michael asked Selena, who said he'd exceeded her expectations, only to look like the last 10 minutes bored her to death.

"Your Major Seals seem useful. They're compatible with your fighting style and allow you to grow even stronger. Other than that, you are stronger than I expected. My guess was off the charts. I'm almost sad. Ligno'vsh should have wiped the floor with you, yet you prevailed."

Selena shrugged. Despite saying that her guess was off the chart, Selena wasn't smiling anymore.

'What the hell is that woman thinking? I cannot get into her mind,' Michael cursed inwardly, trying to figure out what the Nest Leader was thinking. He hated not being able to understand what was going on in someone's mind.

"The Prowess Log is accurate, right?" Ligno'vsh asked, her eyes darting to one of the holographic screens. A screen showing Michael and various statistics revolving around his combat prowess.

"Michael Fang – Higher Lifeform – Elite Plus," Michael mumbled, tilting his head. He considered himself to have the same combat prowess as a Mythical Existence when he was at the 3rd Tier because he was

strong enough to fight Tier-4 Higher Lifeforms. The Elite Plus tag didn't shock him too much. However, Ligno'vsh reacted differently.

"Did you really just ascend?" She asked, which Michael confirmed lightly, "It has been a few hours since I completed the last bits of my ascension."

"A...few hours?!" Ligno'vsh stared at Michael for a good while, her black eyes studying him intensely from head to toe. She looked over to Selena for confirmation. All Selena did was nod, but that was enough for Ligno'vsh.

"A recently advanced Higher Lifeform already has an Elite Plus rating. Where is justice?" She cursed, "Fuck this shit..."

Ligno'vsh got up and excused herself before leaving the arena. Her mood was in the gutters. Today's training was over. That was for sure.

"Do you need help adjusting to the changes in your body?" Selena asked, not minding Ligno'vsh storming off.

"In a spar?" Michael asked, curious how strong Selena was.

However, the Nest Leader laughed and shook her head, "You can go all out against me while I block your attacks. I'll give you some useful pieces of advise as you attack me. My pressure will be more than enough to force you to adapt faster to your body's changes."

Michael felt like asking about Danny's vessel and the likes, but he decided to postpone asking. He was not sure that Selena would break her promise. Something about Selena's attitude and eyes told Michael he could rest at ease.

"That sounds great," Michael responded instead.

Selene clasped in her hands, "Perfect. Your guidance punching bag is waiting for some feisty hits!"

Michael changed into a combat stance while Selena didn't move.

The first of many training sessions began.

Little did Michael know that the 'guidance punching bag' was a lot fiercer than the name suggested.

**

Several long, seemingly never-ending days passed, yet Michael was still in the arena with Selena.

Eren chose to visit them once every day to check on them and see if the Nest Leader had killed Michael or if Michael had broken down. However, Michael was still alive and well—as a young man overflowing with anger and frustration could be.

Michael had transformed into a miserable entity. His hair was messy, and his clothes were drenched in sweat. At this point, Eren didn't know if the sweat was old or new. Maybe it was both. Michael had probably been sweating a lot for the last few days, as everyone was when they went through the same terrifying procedure.

Selena called herself a guidance punching bag, but her actions were not even an inch short of being considered torture. Maybe calling it torture was better. It suited the situation well.

The Nest Leader didn't allow Michael to leave the arena until he struck her once. Unfortunately, Michael's attacks never reached her. Well, that wasn't entirely true. The attacks reached Selena sometimes, but she had to lift merely one finger to block and destroy Michael's mightiest blows.

At first, Michael was excited. He was overly motivated to use Selena as a punching bag. He'd hoped to force her into revealing more of her power, to see what she was capable of. The initial excitement died down quickly once the Nest Leader blocked a handful of attacks nonchalantly with a single finger. She

wasn't even trying to make it look like the attack affected her. It wasn't difficult. Catching Michael's attacks was the complete opposite of difficult. There wasn't anything easier in the whole cosmos.

That was how Michael felt after the first few hours passed. Michael grew additional frustrated as time passed. At some point, desperation, alongside anger, of course, added to the equation.

"He is improving," Eren noted, a sliver of curiosity flashing through his eyes.

Eren never stayed long to watch Selena torture Michael. He was not a fan of the Nest Leader's initial tests and avoided staying too long. Nonetheless, one of the commanders was forced to check on them once every 24 hours to intervene and rescue the newly ascended Curse User when his battle spirit was about to shatter into smithereens.

That wasn't the case for Michael just yet. If anything, Michael was getting angrier and additional motivated to strike the Nest Leader as hard as possible. His anger and spirit didn't help him actually hit the Nest Leader, but they aided his improvements. Michael improved rapidly. He was doing much better than expected. Not many could continue attacking the Nest Leader without any sleep or major breaks for several days.

Michael's biggest advantage was that he never retracted the Extraction Aura. He didn't care about the damages the Extraction Aura caused to the Nest. He was angry and used the Extraction Aura to ensure his Energy Pillar was always filled. That way, his attacks would always be fully charged – not that this helped to deal with Selena. It merely helped Michael adapt to the changes in his body much faster than expected.

Still, Michael was driven into insanity. He was getting additional desperate as more time passed...just like everyone Selena had tested – tortured – before. She continued blocking Michael's attacks easily and acted like an ant's bite would be more harmful than Michael's attacks.

"You realize I will keep you here until you break my defense, right?" Selena asked, laughing lightly, "Or if you force me to use additional than one finger."

She glanced mischievously at him, "Isn't that a great concession? Maybe you can make me move a little because this is getting boring."

[What a bitch,] Danny murmured, [Didn't we want to go to the Origin Expanse to inspect the changes? You have yet to call Alice and your friends as well...]

Michael grit his teeth, a growl escaping his lips.

"I know!"