

Extract 833

Chapter 833 Wild

A wild fight ensued.

Michael's claws swiped past Selena's throat, missing it by a hair's breadth. His left kicked out, ready to crush her head. Simultaneously, the serpent tail swept forward, prepared to pierce the Nest Leader's stomach.

Curse power coursed through Michael rapidly, enhancing his physical prowess and control of the Curses' body parts, but that wasn't enough to injure Selena.

She didn't retreat but stepped forward instead. Selena strode toward Michael, blocked his high kick, and slapped the serpent tail away with a grin.

"Not bad," Selena said, a shit-eating grin forming on her lips, "But not good enough."

She appeared before Michael, grasped his left leg before he could pull it back, and snapped it. Michael roared in pain, yet he didn't stop moving. On the contrary, Michael kicked the ground with his remaining leg to lift from the ground and spin around his axis.

The left leg was still in Selena's grasp, but Michael forcefully expelled the serpent scales around his leg to push her arms away. Selena could have resisted this action, but she complied. She allowed a tiny gap to form. It was enough for Michael to spin around and properly free his leg.

He could have backed off to regenerate his leg, but he pulled the broken bones in place with brute force instead. His leg had already started healing.

Following the tremendous pain, Michael found himself in a tricky situation. He was still in complete control of his body, but his vision blurred, and a thin red hue shrouded his sight. As if his body and the Wolf Curse responded to the red hue, Michael's physical strength was just like that wildness that spread through his mind. It occupied a significant portion of his mind and affected him tremendously.

It allowed him to ignore the pain and push forward.

'Is adrenaline merging with curse power?' Michael asked himself with the last bits of his rational mind as he emerged before the Nest Leader, flashing his fangs in a vibrant smile. His slashes, kicks, and tail attacks intensified, and it was only a matter of time before he would be used to having another appendage. Michael could perceive his mastery of curse power and the Curses' body parts skyrocketing.

He was getting used to them.

Michael twisted his body and leaned backward as Selena threatened to punch him in the face with terrifying force. His tail helped him stay stable and fully control the situation as he leaned back. He kicked Selena in the back of the head and pressed the tail more against the ground, pushing his body from the ground to leap backward in a beautiful roll.

Michael felt his foot connect with Selena's head, but the impact wasn't strong enough to do considerable damage. If anything, Michael realized – once again – that he wouldn't be able to harm Selena. His foot hurt from kicking Selena's reinforced head. Her skull was too hard.

'Bloodhound is an ant compared to you!' He screamed in his mind but continued smiling. The less likely he was to win, the more intriguing the battles.

Michael had fought and won many 'impossible' battles. Even though he knew he wouldn't win this one, it didn't matter too much. It wasn't a life-and-death battle, and Michael had yet to use his Soultraits actively. He hasn't even used the Major Seals' powers yet, either.

Why? Because his mastery of Curse Fusion and close combat mattered more.

Michael tapped into the combat experience of the thousands of people who were awakened he'd killed, and their memories imprinted into his mind. Yet, he never gained a significant advantage over Selena. If anything, Selena allowed him to execute a bunch of attacks, knowing very well that she could have blocked them with a simple gesture.

At first, Michael thought that Selena's high body regiment and her War Rune's Tier were the reason for that, but he was wrong. Selena was far more experienced in combat than Michael.

Of course, the Nest Leader was at a higher Tier, her body refinement technique had long since crossed the threshold of a Divine Lifeform, and she had far more expertise with everything Michael could do. However, that didn't mean Selena relied on those advantages, except for her experiences and raw physical prowess, with the latter being restricted to being on equal terms to Michael's physical strength.

The red hue in Michael's field of vision was growing more prominent as the battle continued. Their spar intensified as the wilderness within Michael took over.

But that didn't mean Michael was winning. On the contrary, he lost faster than before as Selena executed a series of quick but still incredibly impactful punches. Michael's scale armor tried to accept and distribute the impacting force, but the scales cracked and crumbled into countless fragments.

Once Selena started initiating the series of wild attacks, Michael lost miserably. His scale armor shattered faster than it could regenerate under normal means, and one bone after another broke. Less than 60 seconds after Selena went into offensive, Michael found himself gasping on the ground, wondering if any of his bones had been spared.

Selena moved casually to Michael, flickering her hair back, and studied Michael for a few seconds.

"Your Curse Fusion hasn't dissolved even after I did all of this? That's decent enough," Selena nodded, ignoring the popping sounds that echoed through the surroundings as Michael's bones pulled back together.

There was still enough healing serum from the River of Vigor in his body, but Michael was beyond exhausted. He could barely nod toward Selena.

"You deserve a break," She said lightly, resulting in Michael's smile. His lips parted, but the Nest Leader was faster than Michael.

"We will continue in ten minutes."

Michael's mouth shut tightly. He barely restrained from throwing curses at Selena, who turned around to check the Spring of Abundant Life.

"Your brother is doing fine. His vessel should be completed soon," She murmured, turning back to Michael with a familiar devilish smile, "That means we have to move up our schedule. You're too slow."

"Slow?!" Michael shouted, ignoring the stinging pain in his chest.

'You are telling me that I'm too slow?!? What is wrong with you?'

The Curse Fusion dispersed momentarily as the Wolf Curse and World Serpent roared and hissed. Even Selena could hear the sounds escaping from the bottom of Michael's being. She raised an eyebrow, and her shit-eating grin transformed into one of surprise.

Selena regained composure quickly. She cleared her throat and teased Michael.

"Looks like your Curses agree with me. You're way too slow. How about we increase the intensity of your training?"

Her eyes pierced into Michael.

"Why did you disperse your Curse Fusion? You're only given a short break. That's it."

Michael gasped for air, trying to keep his emotions in check.

He forced his body from the ground and got up slowly, ignoring the pain.

"I will start using my Soultraits."

Michael's declaration was met with a smile.

"Obviously. It would be a shame if you acquired to maintain your Curse Fusion but lost your ability to use your Soultraits and Soul Techniques simultaneously," Selena nodded, "That would be embarrassing, wouldn't it?"

Michael pressed his lips together but nodded.

'I swear, I will beat you in the future!' He swore to himself, and the Wolf Curse and the World Serpent joined him.

[Beat her up until she cannot acknowledge herself in the mirror!]

The Wolf Curse yelled in agreement.