

## HELL DIFFICULTY TUTORIAL

### Chapter 3

The window breaks and the wolf sticks its head inside, ignoring the broken glass, and tries to bite the older woman nearby. Fortunately, he only bites the hem of her sweater, and the fabric tears as he tries to pull her outside. The woman falls down while screaming.

I move slightly to the side, holding an iron pipe and a piece of glass in my hand. Then, I notice a man on the opposite side of the wolf, reaching under his jacket and towards his armpit.

Don't tell me...

I step a bit closer to the wolf, and its eyes turn towards me. It shifts its head slightly, totally ignoring the broken glass. Its eyes are almost as if glowing.

As I get its attention, the man pulls out a pistol, and for a second, our gazes meet. I give him a little nod and step a bit closer to the wolf.

I am standing just a meter or two away from the wolf, and I feel my heartbeat speeding up. My muscles feel warmed up, and my heart aggressively circulates blood in my veins, and my mind clears.

There is only me, the wolf, and the man with the gun.

I don't hear screams anymore, nor do I feel pain from my scratched forearm or cut palm of my left hand. I squeeze the piece of glass.

How long has it been since I felt so alive?

Did I ever feel so alive?

#### **[Focus - lvl 1 > Focus - lvl 2]**

I feel the corner of my lips lifting up slightly as I lower, calculating how far the wolf can reach and how fast it was before. Just to be sure, I add some amount to its reach and double its speed.

I can feel my muscles squeezing and exploding as I dash towards the wolf.

It looks almost as if it is smiling as it opens its big mouth with teeth as big as the palm of my hand.

I stop just in time, and its mouth claps just a few centimeters away from me.

Realizing my terrible miscalculation, I add more to its speed and reach in my mind. I move my right hand and try to stab the blunt piece of iron pipe into its ear while predicting the wolf's dodge.

The pipe hits its eyebrow, and the wolf lets out a deep growl and instantly attacks again.

But I am not there anymore.

Its maw claps this time a bit further from me, and I slash with my left hand, scratching its upper lip slightly.

I jump back, and the wolf keeps trying to push its head towards me. The iron plates of the bus creaking and groaning.

Finally, I hear five quick and loud explosions. Inside the bus, they are deafening, and for the first time, the wolf lets out a loud cry and quickly pulls its head outside. I hear two more shots, and the wolf jumps backward. I notice a slight limping as it does so, and it cries once again, following it with a loud growl and deepening its stance.

It looks wounded but not fatally.

It starts slowly walking backwards with its attention turned towards the guy with the handgun. I can see blood dripping down the wolf's face. It looks like a few bullets hit the right side of its face and some of its leg as it is limping.

My gaze once again moves towards the text above its head.

## **[Wolf - lvl 2]**

The monstrous wolf is slowly moving towards the forest when...

"Fuck."

I put the glass and pole on the seat next to me and quickly pull down my shirt.

"Fuck me."

I tie the shirt around my left hand and grab the piece of glass once again. This time, my grip is stronger and without the glass cutting into my palm.

I lodge the tip of the pipe under the seat and try pulling and pushing it. When I get it out, I step on it a few times with my full force, trying to sharpen the tip of it at least a little bit.

My breathing is heavy, and I can hear my blood pumping in my ears.

Somehow, I feel stronger and more alive than ever before in my life.

The wolf is already near the forest, slowly turning around when I jump out of the window and dash towards it.

Bare-chested, dirty, and holding my makeshift weapons in my hands.

Shaking.

Scared.

Intoxicated.

The wolf turns towards me, and my mind is clearer than ever before.

I slow down into walking while lowering my body, and the monster lets out a deep growl.

I decide not to lower its speed in my mind. Underestimating him could be a big mistake.

It looks weaker, acts weaker, and it's bleeding and running away, but I decide not to underestimate the monster.

Sure. I wouldn't go after it if it didn't get shot and probably heavily injured, but this isn't an animal from the Earth.

If it's like I think, we can level up if we kill such monsters. Get skills, get stats. Become stronger and survive until the forced return activates.

Just like a game.

A fucking game.

I know I am risking my life here, but I don't think I will get a much better chance than now.

If the wolf dies, it will probably count as if the guy with the handgun killed it, so I have to damage it at least a little bit and hope it will do something.

It might survive, and not even the guy with the gun will get anything, and in the worst case, it will come back with more of them.

On Earth, wolves are social creatures.

Wolf slowly moves towards me, and I start moving to the left, the side where it got shot. Slowly, carefully. The wolf is bleeding, so I have an advantage over it.

My senses feel sharp, and I can hear my heartbeat. I am not even blinking as I watch the wolf's legs and shoulders, waiting for it to telegraph its next move.

Here.

I quickly sidestep to the left and then once more, thrusting with my left hand to try to stab its eye with a piece of glass. It doesn't connect, but I leave a deep wound over its eye.

The wolf instantly turns around, trying to bite after me, but I am already moving backward and swinging with my right hand, hitting its nose.

The wolf quickly attacks again, and this time I move to the right and slash once again, trying to hit its left eye. It connects, and with a loud cry, the wolf jumps backward with a piece of glass lodged into its left eye.

I bend my knees and dash slightly to the left, and while grabbing the pipe with both of my hands, I hit its left eye, destroying the shard of glass and injuring it even further. I dodge its next attack to the left, its blind side, and hit its blinded eye once again as strong as I can.

The wolf lets out a painful cry and some of its blood splashes on me.

It jumps backward, but I dash once more.

My body feels strong and light.

My hands aren't shaking anymore, and I feel like I can't see anything else but the wolf. Its movements, twitching muscles, telegraphing its movements. Its paws burrow into the ground as it prepares its attack.

I stab the wolf's blinded eye with the tip of the pipe and jump back.

My body feels like it's burning, and my heart is beating like crazy.

I try to gulp, but my throat is parched.

I slowly take a deep breath.

I don't think I am going to lose.

The wolf is stronger, faster, and much more resilient.

But I don't think I will lose.

I dash, but this time towards its right side. The wolf attacks to the opposite side, probably expecting me to attack its blinded eye once again, but instead of that, I lift the pipe over my head, and with all the strength I can muster, I hit its left eye.

It's not blinded, but there is blood flowing from a deep wound over the eye, partially blocking its vision.

The hit connects, and as a few times before, the wolf cries and jumps back.

Expecting that, I am already dashing towards its right side and hitting it once again, finally blinding even its other eye.

I stop.

While the wolf thrashes around, biting towards all sides, I take a deep breath.

Calm down.

I breathe in.

Focus.

I breathe out.

Focus.

### **[Focus - lvl 2 > Focus - lvl 3]**

I take a deep, slow breath, calming down my rapidly beating heart. My body feels like it's burning, and my muscles hurt. I feel lightheaded, and there is a deep scratch on the left side of my chest.

I didn't even notice it.

I look at the wound, slightly surprised.

The wolf stops attacking and starts letting out quiet cries while shifting and baring its teeth.

While untying the shirt from my left hand, I move towards its right side. I make a ball from my bloodied shirt and throw it to the right. After waiting one second, I dash towards the left side while grabbing the pipe with both hands and pointing the slightly sharpened side towards the ground.

The monster jumps towards the shirt, its mouth letting out a horrifying noise as it bites with its massive mouth.

While trying to stay as quiet as I can, I lift my hands high in the air and thrust downward with a pipe in my hands, aiming for the wolf's left eye.

The monster wolf let out a horrifying noise as I push the pipe as deep as I could before letting it go and jumping away from it. I watch the wolf thrashing around while growling, biting, and dashing towards random directions.

I grab my shirt from the ground and start walking back to the bus while not letting my eyes off the wolf monster.

It sniffs and then starts running towards the forest while growling and limping. The monster hits one tree but ignores it and enters deeper into the forest with the steel pipe still lodged in its eye.

The world slowly comes back into focus as the wolf disappears, and I can hear the people from inside of the bus.

Pain hits me in waves.

My wounds.

My burning muscles.

My head feels like it's about to explode.

Out of nowhere, I don't have any more strength in my legs, and I almost fall to my knees, only my will keeping me standing.

My heartbeat slows down, and the world...

The world feels ordinary again, once more

#### Chapter 4

When I turn around, I see a few people getting out of the bus. The man with a handgun is one of them.

"I've never seen such a dumbass in my life," he shook his head unbelievingly.

I just nod, totally agreeing with him.

I try to force a smile on my face, but it doesn't work. I just keep nodding instead of talking. Not like there are a lot of people who want to talk to the bloodied guy who chased a wolf as big as a small car.

I can't see why.

"No, I am not suicidal," I answer one guy. Isn't it kind of rude to ask something like that?

"Yes, it was dumb," I answer an older lady. What are you, my mom?

"Yes, it hurts a lot." No shit.

"I just thought I had to." Let's act like a good little boy.

Blah, blah.

I just try to force out answers people want to hear and look as normal and harmless as possible. I am guessing we won't be coming back to Earth anytime soon, so it isn't bad to try to make some "friends". I just can't sleep with my eyes open, and there might be things other people are better at than me.

After a few minutes of questioning, I start feeling uncomfortable because of people surrounding me and asking questions. My energy drops even more than after a fight with a wolf.

I know I am not particularly social, but I try to not let it be too obvious, so I answer a few more questions, give a few pieces of advice, and then tell them about "status." That finally makes them shut up, and they just stare into the air a few centimeters in front of their face. As I thought, their windows are invisible to me.

I sneak away to the opposite side of the bus and sit down on the grass, resting my back against the tire.

Sigh.

Who knew that even in another world, surrounded by monsters, the most dangerous beings are extroverts.

A few minutes later, I feel much better without people surrounding me.

I slowly lift my shirt from my side, dried blood slightly gluing it to the wound. Fortunately, I am not bleeding anymore, and the wound doesn't seem as bad as I thought.

A sigh leaves my mouth as I put the shirt back on my wound. It could be worse. Much worse.

I should be able to find a first aid kit on the bus, but there is something more important now.

What was that?

What the hell was that?

I am not even talking about the giant wolf, nor about two suns in the sky, or these goddamn holographic windows and text over the wolf's head.

I am sure I can adapt and survive it. As always.

But.

Once my decision-making goes the wrong way, I am dead. One small mistake can mean death.

So.

Why did I do that?

I close my eyes and reflect on my actions.

Sure, I did feel some boredom back on Earth. Lack of excitement or change. Something to strive for.

But that doesn't sound like a good enough reason to charge a gigantic wolf.

It's not me. I don't act like that. I know myself well enough to say it with certainty.

So let's think about it.

...

Could it be some kind of mind manipulation? Is someone controlling my feelings or at least giving me impulses to charge at the wolf? I already noticed two new skills in my "status", and I am more than sure that there are many more.

I look at the people around the bus. One of them?

I did get two skills at the start, so what if...

I try to replay the whole fight in my head, from the start to the end.

At first, I just wanted to get the wolf's attention so the guy could shoot it. That feels like something I would do as it's helpful for my survival and not too risky. Not for me. During that part of the fight, I started feeling strength filling my body as I increased my focus. I felt as if I could control my body to an unusual degree and even gain more strength from it than usual. I bet that's the skill called Focus. More testing is needed, but I am pretty sure of that.

It's possible that someone manipulated me during the fight. I have no way of knowing if it was just something like sending me some impulse to fight longer in hopes of killing the

wolf or someone unable to control their skill. Some scared passenger sent me to my death.

Another option is for them to realize the skills they have and use them on me while not caring if I die or live. That sounds also plausible.

Then there is also a chance that's something the Wolf did, but looking at how he ended up...

I sigh and open my eyes to look at the sky. I need more information, more testing, more time.

For now, it will be best to watch my feelings and impulses.

One mistake can lead to my death, so I would rather think twice and analyze everything I do.

I will find the responsible person, and if I can't use them, I will have to kill them.

Yes, let's do that.

My mind is mine and mine only.

I feel anger rising up deep from inside me, the anger I pushed to the back of my mind.

This time, I didn't even bother to think if this impulse is me or someone manipulating my feelings.