

Lightning 38

[Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

Chapter 38: Tempered Skin

Gravis sat under the waterfall for many hours. Since the Skin-Pills nutrients also allowed him to skip meals, he never left in all that time. Some people arrived in those hours and also tempered their skins. Most of them just sat under the waterfall, and when they saw Gravis taking out a Skin-Pill, they just looked at him in envy. Yet, they didn't do anything.

Unfortunately, even though most of the new arrivals ignored him, the pond's skeleton count had been increased by another two. One guy tried to attack him directly. The other guy offered him some poisoned food. Gravis didn't like deceit or people trying to kill him, so he had no scruples killing the two. Heaven was continually sending him weak enemies, and Gravis was starting to get annoyed.

Finally, after many hours, he had successfully tempered his skin. It had taken so much to get here. He had killed a mid-grade demonic beast, four low-grade demonic beasts, and countless ferocious beasts. He had been hunting non-stop for basically two whole weeks. If his body were like any others, he would only need to kill a few ferocious beasts to temper his skin. That would have been so much easier.

Yet, Gravis also suspected that his skin was probably harder than the average tempered skin. He had taken 20 Skin-Pills, after all. The nutrients had to go somewhere. His skin had probably been tempered to the best possible state. He had begun with tempered organs and blood, which gave him a far sturdier foundation than others. He grew a little excited when he thought about his muscles' power in the future.

Gravis left the waterfall and walked into the forest. The pressure of the entrance exams' deadline for the Elemental Guilds had made him rush around everywhere. Finally, he could relax a little. When no one was around, Gravis took out his saber and slashed his left arm.

CLANK!

Gravis had used a lot of strength, but the saber didn't break the skin. He had used quite some force, and the slash would, at least, draw some blood from people with tempered skin. Yet, his skin seemed fine. He could only see a faint white mark. He attacked again, this time, using all the force he could muster with only one hand.

CRSH!

The saber drew some blood, but it was only superficial, like someone scraping their arm on the corner of a table. With some cloth, the little blood could easily be wiped away. A normal person wouldn't even bother to use anything to cover the scratch.

Gravis was quite surprised since that slash would have buried his saber around half-way into someone's arm if they had tempered skin. It seemed like taking so many Skin-Pills didn't only have downsides. With this, someone without tempered muscles wouldn't even be able to break his skin. They could only injure him if they landed an attack on one of his orifices. Of course, he wouldn't allow that. He never wanted to be the victim of one of his own ass-stabbings.

Gravis felt happy and relieved. The time-pressure was wholly gone, and he still had around 70 days until the entrance exams. On top of that, he also had a lot of money. He felt like a knot had loosened inside him, and with a smile, he lay on the ground and watched the sky.

It was night-time by now, and Gravis was looking at the unfamiliar starscape. This was the first time where he could watch the stars in leisure while being in the lower world, and his mind wandered. He had been in the lower world for a little over three weeks, by now. With the time dilation, only around half an hour would have passed in his homeworld. This felt so bizarre to him.

Orpheus would have only drunk around two cups of his coffee in that time. Forneus wouldn't even have finished a lesson. The contrast between the worlds was immense. When immortals and Gods in his homeworld cultivated, many years would go by. Gravis couldn't imagine how much a low world would change in that time.

Empires would rise and fall. Generations of families would sink into oblivion. Maybe even new kinds of beasts would evolve. Mortals would rise to immortality, and immortals may even ascend into Gods. Yet, all this changed nothing in his homeworld. The lower worlds could exist for as long as they wanted. His homeworld wouldn't care.

In Gravis' surroundings, he heard some animals walking around. Not every animal was a ferocious beast. There were still all kinds of variety and life in the wilderness. If one looked at the world, as a whole, ferocious beasts were actually very rare. In multiple kilometers around, there may only be one or two, and that was considering that he was in the middle of a lively forest.

As he lay in the grass, Gravis lifted his hand to the sky and gripped, like he wanted to catch a star. "Someday," he muttered to himself. "For the first time in my life, my realm has increased. I've been fighting so much. The practical tests, the bandits, the beasts. I went through so much, just to take my first step towards strength."

Then, Gravis smiled sheepishly. "Well, I have a Will-Aura, and I have incredible amounts of fighting experience. I've also had tempered organs and blood for around 16 years, by now. I'm not sure if there is anyone who has such a solid foundation like me. Just like Orpheus always told me: the sturdier the foundation, the easier the path."

Gravis continued talking to himself. Maybe because of the lack of social contact, he started seeking social contact with himself. He started talking and narrating his experiences like someone stood beside him and listened. Some may think he was crazy, but others would understand him and empathize with his plight. He wanted companionship. He wanted friends, brothers, sisters, uncles, his mother, his father, and maybe, even a relationship. Yet, in this lower world, he was alone.

Completely alone.