

NEW EDEN: LIVE TO PLAY, PLAY TO LIVE

Chapter 5 Choosing A Path, Part 4

The bear kept running after him, barely noticing its fur burning. After a few more seconds of running, they were both back into the glade, where the man was still huffing, barely standing up.

The man looked up at the duo running back towards him and struggled to lift his dagger in an attack position.

As Astaroth ran by him, the man told him in a low voice "Get out of here, kid" and then he let out a loud shout.

The bear stopped in his tracks and turned to face the wounded man.

'Did he just taunt the creature?' Astaroth thought.

He did not want to stay anywhere near that dangerous creature. So he kept running.

He arced towards the path he had come from and exited the glade. As he ran, he felt ashamed of himself for running away.

He knew he couldn't do anything, but he also knew that the man was going to die. There was almost no strength left in him and he still gave himself up for him.

Feeling disgusted in himself, Astaroth came to an abrupt halt.

'I can't let him die.' He thought.

A sharp look appeared in his eyes as he resolved himself to die fighting. He turned around to go back, but a glint flashed in the corner of his eye.

He turned his head to look and saw the sword, still embedded inside the tree trunk. An idea flashed in his mind.

He hurried to the sword and tried pulling it out of the tree. The bastard was well stuck, and he had to use all his weight downwards to free the damned thing.

The sword fell heavily to the ground. Astaroth got a system prompt and skimmed it.

Player level is too low to wield this weapon. Please level up before trying to fight using big boy toys

"Fuck!" Astaroth cursed.

The system was making fun of him too. Astaroth thought back to the old elf from the character creation and thought he might have something to do with that last sentence.

He would not give up though, so he gripped the weapon tightly and dragged it on the ground towards the fight.

As he walked back into the glade, the bear hit the man. He barely lifted his arms to brace for the hit, but he got knocked away many meters, flying away like a cannonball.

He hit a tree, and his flight stopped abruptly. The man was heaving heavily on the ground but could no longer stand.

The Giant Black Bear slowly walked towards the weapon trainer, intent on finishing him. Astaroth had but a few seconds to react.

Unfortunately, he couldn't reach there in time with the sword as it was too heavy, and if he left it there, he would be useless against the bear. He put his mind into overdrive trying to find a way of helping him.

An idea finally flashed across his mind.

Astaroth concentrated on the sword and conjured wind around it, making the blade slowly float up. When it got to eye level, he looked at the bear, which was almost next to the sword instructor, and grinned.

He poured all his remaining mana into his wind creation and used it to propel the sword in the bear's direction.

"FLY!" He yelled.

The man looked at the bear slowly looming over him and thought 'This is it.'

He smiled at the bear and whispered " I hope you choke on my bones, you bastard " and started closing his eyes.

As he closed them, he heard Astaroth yelling, so he opened them back up and barely saw something flying in at insane speeds. The object hit the bear in the neck, and that's when he finally saw what it was.

It was his sword! It had impaled the bear in the neck almost up to the hilt and now the bear was turning around to face the kid he had told to leave.

Astaroth was looking at the bear when the sword hit and he saw the damage number appearing

154!

Giant Black Bear

Level: 36

Grade: Special

Health: 94/44'250

"Shit!" Astaroth cursed under his breath.

The damned bear didn't die on impact. He knew now he had caught its attention but he couldn't do anything more.

Ding!

You have created the spell 'Propel!

As the bear turned around to face him, the man on the ground slowly got back up. It looked arduous.

The Giant Black Bear started walking towards Astaroth and as he did, the man yelled " DIE! " and jumped up to his neck, grabbing the hilt of his sword.

He used his feet as an anchor and yanked upwards, pulling the sword out and ripping the neck of the bear.

Blood gushed out of the creature from the new gaping wound and the man fell back to the ground. The bear died from that last assault and it fell to the ground, hitting it at the same time as the man.

Astaroth was taken aback. Where had the wounded man found the strength to do that, he was nearly dead!

He ran to the man's side, brushing away the system prompts. He needed to help him before the poor guy ran out of blood.

He tore the man's tattered shirt off and bandaged the man up. Once he finished, he laid back and sighed.

"This game is out of its mind." He mumbled.

He had been online for less than 2 hours and already; It had confronted him with a life-or-death situation. Things like that weren't supposed to happen in games, right?

He lay there on his back and started looking at his earlier system prompts.

* You have helped in killing a Giant Black Bear (Special)(lvl36). Exp awarded in function of help given. 60 Exp (Extra 300% for kill 3 tiers higher level) awarded in function to help given on kill (0.42% damage dealt). *

*Level up! Level up! You are now level 3. From leveling; you gained 2 skill points, 2 free Attribute points, and all Attributes increased by 2. *

Astaroth was happy with what he gained out of his folly, but he kept the attribution of those points for later. He first had to rest and get back to town. He felt exhausted.

"Gosh, this was a crazy day already. Can it get more exciting?" He wondered, laying down to take a nap.