

I Regenerate 10,000 Times Faster #Chapter 76 Escape! (Fixed) - Read I Regenerate 10,000 Times Faster Chapter 76 Escape! (Fixed)

76 Escape! (Fixed)

"NO!!!"

A red shadow charged at him and came ramming towards him suddenly.

"BAM!!!"

With a twist of his palm, Tyrion struck the figure who was flying towards him precisely.

But as he was presently still in in his Berserk tiger state, even a casual strike of the palm commanded might that was far beyond what a first stage Super soldier could resist.

The figure charged at him once more.

"BOOM!!!"

His palm stuck directly at the figure's chest.

"Bam!!!"

The figure landed and tumbled on the ground.

"PRIESTESS!" It was actually a woman with red hair and and a crimson cloth.

She seem to have been her personal maid of some sort.

The lady rapidly crawled over and rushed to Alicia' side, her tears falling like rain.

Alicia spat out a mouthful of black blood and grimaced as she looked at the young girl, a weak smile on her face.

"...This isn't your fault... Ling..." The black smoke emitting from Alicia was growing thicker.

The Berserk tiger state brought with it terrifyingly penetrative power.

At the sight of the scene, Tyrion's excitement and frenzy began to die down. Although he was moved by this scene, that was no reason for him to let them go.

They were Devil Worshipper, there was no telling how many people they had killed to grow stronger.

Although Alicia's body was strong, her body had numerous holes and even her shoulder had almost been sliced through by his Thunder blade.

Tyrion's attack could not be overcome by her.

But even then, he needed to finish the job just to make sure.

He went toward two people to finish the job. Expression cold, he struck his palm toward Alicia's head.

"BAM!!!"

A head exploded to mush as brain matter spread outward like bursted water balloon.

It actually wasn't Alicia's head but was the Maid's head. Alicia had hurriedly placed the girl before her, allowing the strike that was meant for her to hit the maid.

Just then, Alicia's body raged with an even intense dark flames.

22:11

She then brought out a relic which looked very much like a talisman. The dark flames around her gushed into her body.

Suddenly, her body started to fade, Ning transparent as though she was being erased like an after image and in the blink of an eye, she vanished like with a poof.

Before she vanished, she let out a cold, naked smile at Tyrion before leaving. Not caring about the headless corpse of the maid.

Tyrion's face changed a little as he watched with an ugly look. He didn't like leaving loose ends. She had been so difficult to deal with now, how would she be in the future?

After a while, he suddenly smiled and turned to his spoils of war.

The huge fire slowly spread towards him as his eyes locked onto the broken dagger.

He picked up the broken shard with the Dark power stone, then glanced at the other street on which they fought. freewebn(o)vel

'Let's see what I can reap from these Alicia and Ligna. These are two geniuses from famous academies.'

Tyrion relaxed his body and quickly turned back into his default mode, which was under two meters tall.

His body started to gradually heal as he activated his regenerative traits. Even his ripped out heart had long since regenerated.

The might of Alicia Tribulation had exceeded his estimation. Alicia had been gravely wounded, assaulted off-guard.

Yet with such a broken body, she had been able to combust herself under the empowerment of the stone and utilize such terrifying power. magic

Now he finally understood slightly why powerhouses, evo beasts and demons so desperately sought these powerstones.

After returning to his usual body size, Tyrion took a step forward and floated to the spot where Ligna had been slain.

The genius was lying dead in the ground. Blood continued to seep out of his body to the ground. From top to toe.

Tyrion sensed carefully as he patted him down. Before long, he dug out a black bag from him. He had hidden it on the back of his waist. To his pity, however, he found no power stone on the corpse.

Inside the pouch were two books, and just two fruits. The fruits looked similar to a walnut, but it was really dried and showed no signs of it being alive. But it

emanated a sensation aroma to the wind, making him quickly place it back in the bag.

At this level of his strength, Tyrion is able to notice things that could make him stronger.

Therefore he knew the fruits were good thing.

The first book was made of some special metal thread on him. It was an actual peculiar Blood Circulation Art recorded on it.

A Blood Circulation Art is very important for Super soldier and can only be used by them also and also useless to Genetic soldier because it's until the entire cells had been activated by a hundred percent would one gain the true ability to control or manipulate their blood easily.

With this ability, humans could manipulate their blood into gaining more power and absorb the 'Dust' present in the surroundings.

Technically they would control their blood and muscles, forming a suction force as they absorb the surrounding 'Dust' but then they would be absorbing oxygen along with other impure elements that could prove dangerous to the body.

Which was how Blood Circulation Art was created.

Despite being unable to read the language of the book, Tyrion could tell that it was an absorbing skill for devil worshipers, which uses human livers to get stronger, it was of no use to Tyrion.

'It might be useful at some point.' He muttered.

Then, he cut an ear off Ligna's body as his trophy.

Last, he surveyed his surroundings. The raging fire was still spreading and thick smoke billowed out of it. Before long, it would surely alert the attention of other powerful beings.

The rain started to pelt down on the fire and then rose up again as a thick mist, as it evaporated into steam.

This chapter is updated by

77 Sacred Blood Demon Art: Air Cannon! magic

New ancient undead country, Fulcrum city.

At the center of the city, a very tall building that was so tall its peak was hidden within the clouds.

Most of the building glasses and metal walls had been stained by grasses and moss and had been eroded by the passage of time itself.

50 meters of the building had been sliced through vertically by something that seem to be a sword.

Before heading to the top of the of the building, Tyrion had contemplated on the accurate cut mark and had determined the cut had been made by a sharp object, like a sword or a blade.

However, the cut mark was over fifty meters tall which means that for a blade to do this, the blade needed to be at least 20 to 30 meters tall and possess the force of a about a hundred thousand kilograms to make such a clean cut but it was simply impossible.

Firstly, no one in their right mind would wield a blade of a about 20 meters tall.

Secondly, no one above the Super Soldier level could New ancient Undead alternate dimension without triggering the dimensional restrictive laws which meant that a Super soldier had left that mark.

Thirdly, the highest level of strength a Super soldier should possess is limited. Granted they could shatter the entire building with their full strength. However, making such clean cut about half a hundred meters without shattering the building itself was impressive.

Such level of control, impressive comprehension of the sword skill and technique. No doubt the person was a FiendGod candidate.

Another potential Fiendgod?

'Fascinating.'

At the topmost floor of the building, the wind howled crazily as mist and vast clouds surrounded building's peak.

Tyrion muttered, holding a single crimson vein that wriggled within his grasp like a worm.

The blood vessel was a blood demon art he had retracted from an ordinary ranged cybernetic zombie.

With his thunder blade technique, he had spent up to three hours killing zombies and also Borged zombies, hoping to receive the demon blood art Alicia had inherited but it was all to no avail.

The drop rate of demon blood arts are incredibly low, not to mention Sacred blood demon art which was rare amongst rare, almost a 0.02 percent drop rate.

But this blood demon art had dropped from an ordinary zombie he had killed when he was clearing this floor. It had no doubt surprised him.

"Status."

[Name: Methuselah Tyrion]

[Specie: Human]

[Innate Traits](100,000):

[10,000× regenerative cells]

[Supernumerary: (100,000)]

[Damage Points: 157,999]

[Life-Level: Super Human]

[Cell Activated: 56%]

[Dust Absorbing Technique: Seven Injection Method]

[Cell Tempering Technique: Demonic Blood Tempering Art(Max lvl) Special Effect(s): Tiger Beast Morph.]

[Combat Arts: Nine Sky Thunder Blade(First level) Phantom Leg Art (Max lvl), Berserk Explosion (Max lvl), Nine Saber Styles(Max lvl), Tiger Beast Morph(Max lvl) [Tactical Retreat(99.1%)]

[Occupation: Open pervert]

[Remark: A frog growing wings]

Tyrion stared at his status and then his eyes focused on Nine Sky Thunder Blade technique and his hearts couldn't help but quicken.

He has finally initiated and learnt the first level of this impossibly hard technique. This was the technique that contain the path of a Fiendgod! If he could upgrade this to the highest level, he might be able to gain the power of Fiendgod!

But first, he hesitate to upgrade it as he stared at the blood demon art vessel in his grasp. Blood demon arts were something very rare. The same could be said for Fiendgod techniques too.

He hesitated between the worm-like creature in his grasp and the Fiendgod path technique for sometime before opening his mouth, immediately chewing it.

The instant it entered into his mouth, the organism wriggled against walls of his throat but Tyrion was having non of it.

His throat muscles constricted and hardened as he swallowed it down.

It was crushed to pieces bit by bit by his intestine and once it reached the depth of his throat, it had been crushed to mush.

Crimson juice flowed from the crushed organism, escaping the confinement walls of his intestine and muscles as it spread to every part of his body.

His blood vessels, arteries, heart, liver, muscles, tissues and every inches of his skin became soaked in that crimson liquid. It was similar to how ink spread when dipped into a bowl of water.

22:13

Tyrion shivered and he felt his gene been altered at a molecular level. In the blink of an eye, the sensation halted as though it hadn't started in the first place.

Tyrion shut his eyes, feeling the changes in his body.

[Blood Demon Arts: Air Blaster]

[Name: Air blaster]

[Grade: Primitive (Upgradable)]

[Description: Manipulating the body cells into creating several thousands suction forces, creating a destructive airwave that knock back enemies.]

"Upgrade to the highest level."

[-1000 damage points]

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[Air blaster(Mutant) —>(Sacred)]

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Abruptly Tyrion's eyes opened up and all of a sudden, his palm blasted out as the air compressed rapidly, converging at the center of his palm. Very quickly, a ball of barely visible rippling airwave formed and instantly explode outward.

"BOOM!"

The violent airwaves erupted forth with an ear-piercing sound.

Waves of air that were visible to the naked eye gushed forth with tremendous might in all directions before Tyrion.

They were akin to a cascading avalanche as they blasted outward.

The reinforced glass wall at the top floor he was in shattered to pieces instantly as they moved together with the violet air wave, making them even more destructive with the shards of broken glasses.

The thick condensed clouds surrounding and slowly moving in the air before the Tyrion instantly cleared, creating a ten meter wide and a hundred meters long clear path.

It was as though a large hand had divided the clouds into two!

Tyrion was shocked as he glanced at his palm which had also shattered due to the power of the demon art.

"Sacred blood demon art sure are powerful." Tyrion mumbled in a daze.

Very busy cause of exams... For your support Flash and everyone!

Chapter 77 Sacred Blood Demon Art: Air Cannon!

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Very busy cause of exams... For your support Flash and everyone!

Chapter 78 Thunder Blade: Fourth Sky, Exploding Stars!

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[Name: Methuselah Tyrion]

[Specie: Human]

[Innate Traits](100,000): magic

[10,000× regenerative cells]

[Supernumerary: (100,000)]

[Damage Points: 46,999]

[Life-Level: Super Human]

[Cell Activated: 56%]

[Blood Demon Art: AirZooka]

[Dust Absorbing Technique: Seven Injection Method]

[Cell Tempering Technique: Demonic Blood Tempering Art(Max lvl) Special Effect(s): Tiger Beast Morph.']

[Combat Arts: Nine Sky Thunder Blade(First level)]

Phantom Leg Art (Max lvl),

Berserk Explosion (Max lvl),

Nine Saber Styles(Max lvl),

Tiger Beast Morph(Max lvl),

Tactical Retreat(99.1%)

[Occupation: Open pervert]

[Remark: A frog growing wings]

...

[Blood Demon Arts: AirZooka]

[Name: AirZooka]

[Grade: Sacred (Upgradable)]

[Description: Manipulating the body cells into creating several millions suction forces, creating destructive air vortex that blasts everything in its path.]

* * *

"A Sacred Blood Demon Art..." Tyrion's shattered and bloody palm began healing rapidly. It turned out his body was unable to handle a Sacred Blood Demon Art and had exploded to a meaty paste but Tyrion's mind wasn't on it and was occupied by the word Sacred.

Wasn't this the sacred demon art that Jason (bless his soul) had said was very difficult to acquire even if one killed and cleared the entire dimensional zones.

The only way to obtain them is through luck and immediately one obtains them, they would immediately sell them to the Alliance for a high price, mainly to avoid trouble as they dared not to use it themselves as there was also a

certain miniscule chance for the blood Demon Art to drop when the human user gets killed.

This just shows how valuable a Sacred Demon Blood art is!

After the excitement of getting a Sacred blood Demon Art faded, Tyrion glanced at the other skill he wanted to upgrade.

The [Nine Sky Thunder Blade]. The moment his eyes focused on it, the explanation was revealed.

[Name: Nine Sky Thunder Blade]

[Rarity: Legendary](Upgradable)

[Level: One] (1000 damage points)

[Description: Created by a Thousand year old master of the Thunder Temple. Hidden within the technique is a secret to gain the Thunder Fiendgod body and unlock immense potential.]

[Remarks: Not for kids...]

"It's Upgradable!" Tyrion was incredibly happy. The technique was just too expensive, there was no way he would be able to purchase the technique from the academy without costing an arm and a leg.

But without seeing the other stages, the system could actually increase his comprehension of the technique.

Without hesitation, Tyrion immediately chose to upgrade the technique. If he wanted to survive heading deeper into New ancient undead country, he needed all the enhancements he could get.

"Upgrade the [Nine Sky Thunder Blade]!"

"Whoosh!"

The system blurred and a new set of information appeared within his line of sight.

[Name: Nine Sky Thunder Blade]

"Upgrade to the highest level."

[-1000 damage points]

[Nine Sky Thunder Blade(First Sky) —>(Second Sky)]

[-10,000 damage points]

[(Second Sky) —>(Third Sky)]

[-100,000 damage points]

[FAILED! (Insufficient damage points.)]

"What!? A hundred thousand damage points?" Tyrion's face changed slightly. 100,000 damage points just to raise the Technique from the Third Sky to the Fourth Sky.

Its almost comparable to the Sacred demon blood art he had upgraded just now.

While he had gained from this, his expression was still a bit sour. Harvesting just about a hundred thousand damage points had almost cost him his life!

If he didn't have a second heart. He might have died in Alicia's hand. But somewhere at the back of his mind, he knew it was impossible. With his reaction speed, how could he not react to Alicia's speed of attack. He only wanted to catch her off guard.

But that was besides the point. The points was that he needed damage points, vast amounts of it. To grow a new organ required 100,000 damage points, to upgrade his Blood Demon Art to the next stage requires another

100,000 damage points and. Most important thing, the system also requires the same amount of damage points to level up.

Right now, he was in need of damage points more than ever and the most place to farm damage points was to head deeper into the New Ancient undead alternate dimension.

It is something even a Super soldier would never consider doing alone but at this point, Tyrion just wanted to get stronger.

Stronger, now that he thought of this word, he could feel his body changing rapidly and could feel his muscles being strengthen and enhanced drastically.

The change started slowly but then feeling started to increase rapidly.

He could feel his outburst rate and reaction speed was also increasing drastically with the reinforcement of his muscles and tendons.

With a twitch of his eyelids, he opened his eyes.

Right now, Tyrion's body was covered in a layer of filth: his body and his face was slightly black. After Tyrion opened his eyes, he stood up and moved his arms around.

His left hand ferociously rubbed his body and got all of the black stuff off of himself, revealing the white colored skin below!

Yes, his skin color changed completely.

As if his skin was in the process of being forged and had not yet been completed, Tyrion's skin color changed from the regular stained yellow to a deeper clear skin!

"What astonishing changes !" Tyrion felt the tremendous power in his body; it was way higher than before.

"Direct 30 percent activated skill... explode!"

Tyrion ferociously smashed into the alloyed wall to his side. With a rumble, the entire building shook but strangely, the wall he struck had no crack whatsoever!

The "Nine Sky Thunder Blade" gets progressively harder! The only person able to complete all nine stages was the old monster Of the Thunder Temple; 'Thunder Monk'.

This ultimate technique is extremely messed up.

The third stage of the technique is your attack strength multiplied by 28! Tyrion's current activated cells had regressed back to 50 percent due to his second heart but his strength was already comparable to that of a peak I Genetic soldier.

Now, Multiply that by 28, and his attack power immediately rivals Super Soldier-4: General!

"My one blade, along with four exertions of force, rivals Super soldier-4: General with four Supercells.

If my Tiger beast morph and berserk explosion assists my Cypher blade and adds a fifth or sixth force exertion..... my blade might have a chance to rival a Super soldier-6! Warlord." Tyrion clearly understood the power of his Tiger beast morph. With the increase in strength and the ultima state of berserk explosion combined, his attack power would be even more destructive.

Your gift is the motivation for my creation. Give me more motivation!

RagingArtPunk

Chapter 79 Solo Hunting

Chapter 79 Solo Hunting

The sky was dark but New ancient Undead dimensional zone wasn't affected by the darkness.

Night time was the time where the dimensional zone gets really active.

Except for a few places with intact neon lights, the streets was entirely pitch black.

A shadow blurred through the street like a ghost. The shadow appeared elusive and most especially illusory.

The surrounding zombies didn't get a chance to react when their heads were chopped off by a fast moving object, accompanied by a low crackling sound that thundered through the streets.

Of course, this shadow was Tyrion. He was using normal Phantom step art and nit the ultima state of the motion technique but even then, his speed had surpassed that of a Super soldier-1.

Only a Super soldier-2: Fighter, could barely keep up with his speed.

"An hunter?" Tyrion's eyes flashed and his hearts thumped loudly as his second heart responded to the threat.

If the others were here right now, naturally, it would have been easier to take care of the beast, sadly, both Jason and Vander were dead while Alicia was some Priestess of an evil organisation.

There was no one to help or assist in taking care of the beast.

However, Tyrion's situation was slightly different this time. His strength ha grown drastically. Moreover, he needed vast amount of damage points and was unkillable... Well, almost.

Without hesitation, Tyrion used his fastest speed to flash before the undead Hunter.

The hunter indeed deserve the name half-step into silver level. Just as Tyrion had raised his Cypher blade upwards, the hunter had quickly reacted due to the massive destructive threat it was facing.

Its mouth opened up in a voiceless screech and it's rotten muscles covered in puss vibrated with it.

Before Tyrion's blade could release the thunderous sound of the Nine Thunder Blade technique, the Hunter vanished into an after image.

In that instant, the Hunter had appeared right beside Tyrion as though it had walked out from the void. It's speed was simply impeccable.

Tyrion's face changed as his pupils shifted to the edges of his eyes.

Before he could react, the air screeched and a piercing claw slapped directly at his waist

"BOOM!"

Tyrion's brain recalibrate and his vision rolled as he was sent flying like a sand bag. His body crashed into multiple buildings, destroying several walls and three pillars before the kinetic energy faded, finally coming to a stop as a wall thick and hard enough turned the kinetic energy into potential energy.

"Cough! Cough!!"

Tyrion fell to the ground with a thud as he spat out blood and dust from his mouth. His hoar was disheveled and his shirt stained with blood. magic

A chunk of his waist had been ripped out due to the Hunter's claw attack.

From a spectator's point of view, it was as though he was made of cake and a spoon had scooped a chunk of his waist out.

From the hole, his intestine fell out and even his kidney could be seen pulsating as blood and internal fluid dripped from the hole.

Tyrion completely ignored pain and stared ahead at the floating text before him.

[Minor injury, +99 damage points.]

Tyrion almost gasped in disbelief. Just 99 points? This sort of injury was enough to kill a normal person, why was the points so little?

Was it because his current strength was enough to kill the beast, therefore it couldn't provide enough damage points to him.

He wasn't able to ponder too deeply when he heard the sound of something smashing into the entrance of the building he was in.

In the blink of an eye, a rapidly moving blur that even the naked eye couldn't track appeared and crashed into him.

"BANG!!!"

It was as though he had been crammed into by a moving train. Tyrion's body was sent flying once more.

The force of the crash sent him soaring out of the street to the next street behind, regardless of the obstacle.

"Bang!" "Bang!!" "Bang!!!"

This time, Tyrion's situation was even more grave. Half his chest along with his left heart and ribs had been ripped/clawed/scooped out from him. Even his left arm had been sliced into two, amputated from his shoulder, leaving only a two inches long arm with white bones and squirming blood vessels that spurt blood in mid-air.

21:38

Buildings were destroyed as Tyrion's body acted like a warhead, passing through them easily as though they were made out of cheese.

Coming out from the other street, his body bounced multiple times on the hard asphalt like a tennis ball as his body rolled on the ground.

Finally, his back slammed into an hover craft, shattering the 12 meters tall aircraft to pieces, the metallic body squeezing into him like a ball as the 2000 kg craft shifted backwards for more than thirty meters before slamming into a nearby Ripperdoc workshop.

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Tyrion didn't try to get free this and only stared upwards at the points displayed right before him.

[Minor injury, +99 damage points.]

"So I am right. I won't gain much damage points from beasts weaker than I am."

Tyrion calmly touched the hovercraft metal surrounding him like a metal coffin with his intact right hand and then,

"BOOM!!!"

The entire metal cracked and shattered like it was made of glass, turning into deadly bullets that spread in all corners of the street, stabbing into multiple zombies, turning them into porcupines as the remaining metal shards stabbed directly to street walls.

The Hunter who was originally circling round the hovercraft with a condescending look was quick to react.

It's body flashed, turning to multiple blurs as it utilized its strength to the fullest.

The Hunter truly deserves the title half step silver level. It's speed at its highest was simply unbelievable.

While the metal shards weren't moving at the speed comparable to a bullets', the metal shards were moving at the speed of sound and it wasn't just one but multiple objects coming at it at the speed of sound.

However, the Hunter dodged them all!

Chapter 80 You Might Have Lived A little Longer If You Weren't So Weak

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Death Gate Academy, Instructor's Mountain, Desire Manor.

Instructor Fabian caressed the red jadeite thumb ring on his thumb as he stood in the garden. The gorgeous display of floral beauty all around him was lost to him, however.

"Still no news?"

"Yes, sir... it's been two days without any reply," An almost baked maid who was kneeling on the ground replied politely from behind.

"Didn't she promise to give me a response immediately? What on earth is the House Of Dark-matter up to?! How about the kid?" Fabian growled.

"He and his team are not yet back from the alternate dimension," the pretty lady replied.

"Keisha's recent behavior is making me uneasy... " Duke Ashoka frowned.

Recently, Keisha had become even more eccentric and domineering.

He understood her behavior and knew that with the internal injury crippling her, dropping her strength to the Demon Symbiosis Fighter level, she almost never left the protection of the academy grounds due to the fact that her enemies are far too strong and many.

If it weren't for the fact that they feared the Dean and the High-instructors, Death Academy would have long been razed to the ground.

But recently, Instructor Keisha had been sneaking out of the academy, her whereabouts as well as her purpose unknown. Those he had sent to track her and investigate have all been burnt to ashes without a single remains left.

This sort of behavior left him really uneasy. She was the woman he wanted, taming her meant wealth, respect, and immense power, the draconic bloodline is envied by many.

Fabian's thoughts went back to Alicia. The mysterious priestess of the Mysterious organization: House of Dark Matter. If only he could tame her... The mission to find out the truth about the kid Tyrion had purely been in the fact that he wanted to get close to her.

With her strength and the numerous relics she would possess, there shouldn't be any threats or irregularities. Her not arriving on the promised date made Fabian feel something was off.

"Contact the other priestess of House Of Dark Matter and get her to gather the local forces to investigate. I doubt they would deny such a small favor seeing as theirs had been lost," Fabian said.

A look of discontent flashed across the maid's eyes. "Your Highness, Alicia is a priestess from an unknown organization, we shouldn't care if she's missing or dead..."

The unhurried sounds of footsteps echoed in the now quiet and destroyed streets.

Tyrion calmly walked out from the wreckage.

As he took his first step, the large hole on his waist started to close up rapidly as though time around his skin had been reversed!

It was like an invisible printer was busy recreating muscles, bones, and tissues, arranging them systematically, how they previously were.

His left heart which looked as though something had taken a huge bite off of it rapidly healed, the s and the tissue regenerating rapidly until it formed a still beating heart.

He took his second step and his intestine squirmed as they rapidly regenerated, then his ribs elongated and reassembled from the shattered part, curving as they constructed the perfect symmetrical ribs, protecting his heart.

Then it was his veins, red white blood cells, muscles, and then his skin. In that second, Tyrion had gone from definitely dead to brimming fine.

He took his third step, and instantly, his shattered shoulder also started to heal up, regenerating along the wounded parts.

His remaining left arm which was about six inches long elongated as veins, blood, bone, muscles, tissues, and flesh began regenerating, his arm regenerating at a speed visible to the naked eye.

"Pop!"

The air gave out a subtle pop as his arm regenerated all the way to his fingers.

Seeing all this, the Hunter's arrogant, malicious look had changed drastically.

It didn't dare to close in on Tyrion and could only stare incredulously.

Feeling its fear oozing out, Hunter went berserk. It was the most feared predator around this part of the city, apart from Arasaka Tower, when had it ever felt fear!? magic

Letting out a soundless screech that distorted the air, it was about to move when it heard Tyrion say.

"Peaked at 99 points, You might have lived a little longer if you weren't so weak."