

## 145 Let the fun begin [3]

Ureff's temporary identity had become John of a lower sect named Pattern Bloom. Ellisa was now Sarah, and also from the same sect. Even with how average their faces were, they still bloomed among other flowers for some unknown reason. <sup>1</sup>

But currently, that wasn't the case, as they were annoyed by the fact that even though they had entered the field, they weren't facing any fun.

"Should we change the definition of our kind of fun?" Ureff mumbled as they had been crawling in the swamp for almost half an hour.

The female captain of their team was strict and even though they wanted to revolt, they couldn't as they feared exposing their real identity. They aren't that uncontrollable, so acting like someone should be easy for them.

However, not this one... they had been doing this nonstop.

"Hey, Brother Ureff, don't you think it is too boring right here?" Ellisa whispered to Ureff.

Ureff raised his eyebrows, and Ellisa continued what she was saying.

"I mean, we have been doing this nonstop and it is too tiring. I at least want to fight with some of



the "geniuses" from other sects. Don't you think it would be better to do it?"

Ureff then clicked with what she was talking about, and as he got interested, he faced Ellisa with a smile.

"We get to have a connection now, Sister Ellisa," Ureff said.

"Connection, huh? Well, you could say that. I am starting to understand you now." Ellisa replied.

"Enemies in range, scatter with covers, and listen to my messages." The captain said.

Ellisa and Ureff were piqued by the call, and as they heard that there were enemies nearby, they then looked at each other. They looked for the enemies together, not listening to the orders of the captain.

Because of it, they were called out for it.

"Hey, I said listen to my orders." Their captain hissed.

Ureff just retorted to it, "Who follows your cowardly commands?" Then he faced Ellisa, who was also preparing her magic circles.

"Let's go." She said, with a grin on her face.

Ureff just chuckled, then in the next few seconds, he started dashing in the direction of

the enemy. The enemies of 15 cultivators have noticed him because of his ferocious and hostile presence.

They then started preparing their swords, but Ellisa, hiding behind Ureff, used magic to weaken their arms, eventually dropping them. Ellisa laughed at how baffled they were. Because of their delays in preparations as well, Ureff had time to slash them quickly.

Dashing from one side to the other, with a dagger made of blood in his grasp, he slits their necks with his deadly movements. And just before a minute passed, Ureff and Ellisa wiped out a sect by themselves.

This event left their teammates dumbfounded, looking at them with doubts as they tried to assess how the fuck they did that.

Those quick movements were so profound and amazing that they couldn't help but praise them.

'H-How did they do that? How come they were this strong?!

"Fuck! Those superb movements, how can you do that John?!"

However, even with those questions, Ureff ignored them and shifted his face to Ellisa, who was looking in every direction to look for more enemies.

"Hey, Sister Ellisa, shall we go for another round? While I kill them, I enjoy looking at their expressions. Too bad that I can't absorb them." Ureff said.

However, Ellisa was silent while staring somewhere. Looking at it, Ureff was also curious. He then approached Ellisa and tapped her shoulders to get her attention.

"Why are you so preoccupied? Had you eyed something?" he asked, and Ellisa just nodded.

"Hey, John, Sarah! Why aren't you answering us?!"

Ureff just shoved them away as he was waiting for Ellisa to answer.

"Hmm...?" Later on, Ureff slowly learned what Ellisa was staring at. Then, he chuckled.

"A familiar essence? The same as I had felt before..."

Ellisa nodded at him and, afterward, a smile curled up on her face.

"Let's go."

As if they had their own world, Ellisa and Ureff ignored their teammates and rushed to the location where the familiar essence was. And because of their actions, their teammates were left stunned.



"At least they helped us have a score." Their captain mumbled while shaking her head.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the map, just where the familiar essence is, the Southern Link was having a hard time controlling Pearl. In some cases, she also retaliates against them.

It was some kind of mental disorder, having an episode, being aggressive and violent. And just as they were unable to control her, they were also vigilant about the tentacles Pearl had. It has become physically present, and hitting themselves with it won't help.

"Pearl, we need you to calm down..." the captain begged, but as the next seconds passed, another presence of a sect arrived, which made him devastated.

"Fucking shit, what a strange coincidence to come across the Souther Link." One said from the other sect, smugly and arrogantly.

The leader of Southern Link sighed in disappointment. Just bad luck to meet with the arrogant disciples of the Southern Edge, the number one rival and enemy of their sect.

"Wow... look at those tentacles. Are they real?" one of the disciples of Southern Edge asked in a teasing manner. He then approached Pearl and tried to hold one of the tentacles, but it



aggressively reacted to it, launching an attack.

However, this attack by Pearl was easily defended. He raised his sword. His eyes were dilated in surprise, and he was also in disbelief.

"Fucking bitch!" The disciple swung his sword and cut one of Pearl's tentacles, and slowly, Pearl calmed down for some reason.

Pearl's eyes were calm, and she was unaware of what had just happened. It seems that the ferocious beast has just calmed down.

Pearl looked in every direction. Her eyes were so flustered that it made her look like she didn't have any recollection of what was happening in her surroundings. She then moved backward, looking for her teammates.

But on the other hand, the person that cut Pearl's tentacles was still irritated with her that he initiated the attack.

"You bitch!" He raised his sword and launched it at Pearl. However, as soon as it hit her, their captain had already raised a defense array.

"Pearl, a retreat for a second to them." The captain pointed to the other disciples of the Southern Link.

Their captain was named Julios, and as he was the captain, he held the most responsibility for



them. So, just as he wanted to protect Pearl, he also thought of protecting their team's existence in the round.

"Oh..." The Southern Edge's participants booed as Julios successfully defended that attack, but the insult wasn't for Julios, but for the person who launched the attack.

"Brother, you were stopped by a mere protective array? That kind of sucks." One sneered from behind him.

In their team, there seemed to be no captain present, but their captain was only blending with their personalities to remain hidden. It is one of their strategies. This just stands them to the title that their sect holds, "The Tacticals."

"Enough with the plays, we will erase this sect's participation in this round." All of them pronounced that the cultivator of the topic stopped reacting to the insult. He then calmed down and turned his face back to the Southern Link Sect.

On the other hand, Julios knew how they seemed to be able to pronounce exact sentences.

'Mind Communication Technique... They seem to be hiding their captain, huh...'

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Pearl was as if she was floating in nothingness. Around her, people were fighting. However, she was unaffected by it. Her mind was flying. She just looks in any direction, and her eyes were so unstable that she couldn't even stand to stay in one place.

As clueless as she was, she bumped into one of her teammates, but she was still unaware of it like her mind was preoccupied. Her mind was so lost.

"Trying hard, even if you are just at the fifth rank, you won't win against us!"

Southern Edge was the top one, so, a result in this fight is already expected. With the strategies of the Southern Edge Sect, Southern Link was unable to protect themselves as their current condition wasn't good.

First, they were scattered as the events that Pearl had resulted in affected their formations. Second, and least, they were unprepared for the sudden power of the Southern Edge.

Their sword techniques were so superb that their illusionary arts and array formations couldn't handle them. Each of the Southern Edge's individual attacks needs three disciples of the Southern Link to defend.

It is impossible at this point, and at some point,



Pearl bumped into another co-disciple.

"Pearl! Get a grip!"

Pearl was still preoccupied, but as she was exposed to a threat since she had been unattended, she was hit by debris. A rock slit her arms, and as she felt the pain, her eyes slowly looked at it.

Blood...

"Blood..." Pearl mumbled, and as she remembered what blood looked like, some memories flashed in her mind.

"My virgin blood..." Pearl was terrified as she saw herself lying on the floor with the slit between her legs bleeding.

"Ahhh!!!" Just as she couldn't handle the fear anymore, she lost control of the berserk nature she had inside, and in another second, tentacles appeared again.