

## The World 100

### Chapter 100: The Battle At The Black Market, Part 2 (3)

Norman's POV

This chick was insane. I'd never seen anyone grin like that while getting sliced up. Not even Sara Quinn, the current King's executioner, was this twisted. This woman's madness was on a whole other level.

And her killing intent? It was off the charts. How many lives had she snuffed out to reach this level of bloodlust? It was downright terrifying.

Realizing the gravity of the situation, I knew I couldn't afford to mess around any longer. The cramped confines of the bar were working against me, making it difficult to maneuver. It was time to take this outside, where I'd have more space to fight.

With that thought, I activated my Portal Creation and teleported both of us outside the bar.

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Shredica's POV

In an instant, the world around us shifted and twisted. The sudden change of scenery left me feeling disoriented, but I swiftly regained my bearings and focused on defending myself. We continued our

dance of blades, the clash of steel ringing out in the air like a haunting melody. After what felt like an eternity of relentless combat, he finally relented his assault.

Seizing the moment, I launched myself forward with my sword aimed to strike at his neck. But in a blink, I found myself back where I had been standing moments before. His teleportation skill was proving to be quite the nuisance.

"Whoa, ease up there, sweetheart," he remarked. "We've been at this for a solid thirty minutes straight, and a guy can only take so much, ya know? I get it, you're not your average gal. Hell, I'm starting to wonder if you're even human. But me? I'm just a regular Joe, and I need a breather."

It's only natural I'd need a moment to recuperate from all that. Give me a sec to catch my breath, will ya?"

For all the bluster he put on, there wasn't a hint of exhaustion in his demeanor.

I aimed the tip of my sword squarely at him. "In a life-or-death struggle, there's no luxury of pause. Take a breather, and you might as well be signing your own death warrant. You'd be a goner by now if not for your damn space-warping trickery."

"Oh, really?" he retorted, his tone laced with a smugness that irked me. "Well, if it weren't for my soft spot for you, you might have found yourself in a similar spot."

As he spoke, I maintained a razor-sharp focus on his every move, ready to react at a moment's notice. Being out in the open was a disadvantage for me, especially considering his skill flourished in

environments where mana flowed freely. His abilities fed off mana, and out here, he could absorb it continuously, enhancing the potency of his attacks.

I had to remain vigilant, attuned to even the subtlest fluctuations of mana swirling around us.

Suddenly, a subtle ripple in the air alerted me to an impending attack. I braced myself, expecting the flash of steel from his blade. But instead, something unexpected materialized before me--it was Miss Arianne.

I barely managed to halt my sword in time before it cleaved her in half.

"Eep...!" She let out a startled shriek as my blade hovered dangerously close to her.

Meanwhile, Norman diverted his gaze from me and glanced into the distance. In the blink of an eye, he vanished.

"Tsk!" I clicked my tongue in frustration as I scanned my surroundings.

I wasn't the first to spot him. It was Miss Arianne who noticed first. "Over there!" she exclaimed.

Following her pointed finger, I witnessed someone hurtling from the sky several meters away, as though they had been abruptly expelled from the heavens themselves. It was Norman. He'd used his Portal

Creation to create a portal from his location, connecting to the sky to reach there. Another figure, with orange hair, accompanied him.

"Wha...?"

I glanced back to where Miss Arianne had been standing just moments ago, only to realize she was gone. Norman had used his Portal Creation again to whisk her away into the sky.

"Tsk!"

With a surge of mana, I propelled myself forward, leaping into the air to catch Miss Arianne. I cradled her in my arms as I descended back to the ground.

"Hey there!" a voice called out from behind me. Norman stood there, his sword arcing down in a swift strike.

I held Miss Arianne close to me as I deflected the blow with my blade, though I struggled to maintain my balance.

"What's the matter?! Huh?! Your movements have dulled!" Norman taunted, swinging his sword with reckless abandon.

"Guh...!" Despite holding onto Miss Arianne, I tried to hold my ground and fight back, but I was at a severe disadvantage. Miss Arianne met my gaze, sensing the predicament I was in because of her.

"Throw me aside, Shredica! I can handle myself."

Before I could even entertain her plea, Norman vanished into thin air.

"Your back's wide open!" he jeered from behind.

In a flash, he materialized diagonally behind me, his sword aimed at my vulnerable back. But in a split-second decision, I lunged forward, clutching Miss Arianne tightly in my arm. Norman's blade sliced through empty air as I narrowly avoided the attack. I'd managed to predict his teleportation destination by sensing the fluctuations of mana around me.

It seemed I was finally getting a handle on his ability.

Yet, this ability still remained a daunting obstacle. If I dared to release Miss Arianne, she could fall prey to his relentless assault. Unlike me, she hadn't fully grasped the intricacies of his ability. Releasing her now would be akin to signing her death warrant.

While pondering my next move, I sensed another presence approaching us. I turned to see a fiery-haired woman sprinting toward us at full tilt, charging straight at Norman.

"Leader!" Miss Arianne exclaimed in relief.

Our missing Leader had returned, wielding a whip with fierce determination.

"Raaaaah!" she roared, poised to strike with her whip.

"Tsk!" Norman clicked his tongue in annoyance. In an instant, I detected a sudden shift and fluctuation of mana in front of the Leader. He intended to send her somewhere else with his portals again. However, the Leader swiftly dodged, evading the portal that had materialized in her path.

"What?!" Norman exclaimed in surprise at her evasion. His portals were invisible to the naked eye, making it impossible for anyone to discern their presence unless they could sense the subtle fluctuations of mana where the portals were summoned. This meant that the Leader could also anticipate the location of the portals now by sensing the fluctuations of mana.

"This is for teleporting me to who-knows-fucking where, Norman!" the Leader roared, her whip arcing through the air like a vengeful serpent poised to strike.

I felt the crackling surge of mana once more as the Leader's whip descended, only to be met by the sudden materialization of a lifeless body, intercepting her attack with a sickening thud, as if fate itself had intervened.

"Son of a bitch! Another pain in the ass just dropped in!" Norman's voice dripped with venom, his eyes ablaze with fury as he fixed his gaze on the Leader.

"You're gonna fucking regret messing with my crew, Norman."

"Is that the warm welcome you give an old friend, Eris? No 'long time no see' or any of that shit?"

"Who the hell said I'm your friend? The moment you turned your back on us, any pretense of friendship went out the fucking window..." the Leader growled, her voice dripping with venom. "There's no old buddies here. You're gonna meet your maker."

"Die? Me? Ha!" he scoffed, a smirk playing on his lips. "You really think three of you can put me six feet under? As if!"

In a flash, Norman's eyes locked onto me, and before I could blink, I sensed the mana surge again, this time emanating from behind me. With adrenaline coursing through my veins, I lunged forward, but little did I know, Norman had something other than his blade in mind.

"No, Shredica!" the Leader's cry pierced the air, but it was too late. With a swift motion, I managed to hurl Miss Arianne to safety just before the blast hit me.

It turned out Norman had unleashed a bullet. A crimson tide stained my clothes as agony shot through my body, my hand instinctively grasping at the wound, the metallic tang of blood filling my senses.

Suddenly, my mana began to fade, slipping away from me like sand through my fingers. My knees buckled under the weight of it all, and a searing pain ripped through my chest, climbing up to my throat.

I tried to swallow it down, but it surged back up, spewing forth from my mouth in a violent torrent of blood.

"Hahahaha!" Norman's laughter echoed around me. "That's what you get for thinking you've got me figured out, sweetheart. You thought you could sense my portals, but you didn't count on me having another trick up my sleeve. It's a damn shame on your part. And that bullet I put in you? Coated with poison.

Nasty stuff. It'll eat away at your mana, then your insides, until your heart just gives out. You've got an hour, maybe two, before you kick the bucket!"

I lifted my head, defiance burning in my eyes. With every ounce of strength left in me, I forced myself to stand tall, pointing the tip of my blade straight at Norman.

"If I'm going down, you're coming with me, you son of a bitch."