

The World 99

Chapter 99: The Battle At The Black Market, Part 2 (2)

All eyes in the dimly lit bar turned toward the figure who'd unleashed those two deadly bullets. The air hung heavy with tension as the smoke from the discharged gun drifted lazily through the air. Despite the violence, the atmosphere remained eerily calm, as if the world had paused to witness the aftermath of the gunshot.

I'd known Shredica for five long years, during which time she had morphed into a lethal force to be reckoned with. In the beginning, I only thought of her as just a young recruit, but her prowess with every weapon she laid her hands on was nothing short of astonishing. She exuded strength, a raw power that surpassed even my own.

Even though we found ourselves in a very precarious situation right now, I knew for sure that it would be going to be alright, and I felt a little relief, even though seeing Shredica here was somewhat weird considering the Leader and I hadn't disclosed our plans to assassinate Norman to anyone in the Silver Blades.

Just an hour or two. That's all we needed. If we could just hold out until then, the Leader would return from wherever Norman had teleported her.

Perhaps it would take even less time, given the Leader's formidable combat skills. If we could just endure, weather the storm of chaos that threatened to engulf us, then perhaps, just perhaps, everything would be fine.

"Oh, here's the purple-headed bitch! I've been waiting for you to come out, you know?!" Norman exclaimed with a gleeful, almost sadistic smile. His voice echoed ominously in the dimly lit establishment, mingling with the lingering scent of gun smoke and blood.

He didn't seem bothered by the fact that his two men had just met their end right before his eyes, their lifeless bodies sprawled on the ground.

Shredica turned to look at him, her expression unchanged. But then, in the blink of an eye, a palpable aura of bloodlust enveloped her, thick and suffocating, like a dark cloud descending upon the scene. It was as if she had transformed into the personification of a devil, her very presence radiating danger and menace.

There was no hint of emotion on her face, only an intense, primal urge for violence. It was a chilling sight, one that sent shivers down my spine and made me question everything I thought I knew about her.

In that moment, I realized that I was witnessing a whole new side of Shredica, one that was far more terrifying than anything I had ever imagined.

Shredica's POV

In my world, and even in this one, we use the term bloodlust to describe the power that allows a person to emanate their own killing intent. A strong killing intent can have various effects, from instilling fear and paralysis in victims at its simplest level, to causing them to hallucinate their own deaths in a macabre manner, or even leading to actual fatalities in severe cases.

Those who know how to wield it can sense the killing intent of others, allowing them to track and predict their opponents' movements. They can also suppress and control their own killing intent, entering a state of apathy that conceals their motives and prevents them from being tracked by their enemies.

To wield such power, one must have spilled blood--a lot of it. To learn the ways of bloodlust, one must have killed many, and to truly master it, even more.

As my overwhelming killing intent permeated the air, the people around me realized the danger I posed. Some screamed in terror, others tore at their hair, and a few even lost control of their bladders, leaving puddles on the floor. It was clear: they saw me as a threat, a looming harbinger of death.

I stole a glance at Miss Arianne, who stared back at me in shock. This was her first encounter with my bloodlust, so her reaction was understandable. The strength of one's bloodlust was directly proportional to the number of lives they'd taken. Sure, she'd witnessed me end many lives, but she had no idea of the extent of my past atrocities in my world.

As I walked, some snapped back to attention. Despite the thickness of my bloodlust, there were those with great resistance who didn't cower in fear. They knew I was dangerous, yet that didn't deter them from attempting to attack me. Still, they remained wary.

Ignoring them, I strode towards the blue-haired man.

"What, you think you can come at me like that?" he sneered, unfazed by the palpable bloodlust I directed at him. He remained remarkably calm.

One of his cronies stepped forward. That's when it happened. The man's head dropped to the ground, followed by another, and then another, in quick succession as I advanced towards the blue-haired man. A fountain of red sprayed from the severed necks, raining blood onto the floor with a sickening splatter.

"W-What the fuck is happening...? I didn't even see her draw a fucking blade, and yet she's taking us out one by one...!" exclaimed one of the men, panic lacing his voice.

"This chick is fucking trouble, boss! Real fucking trouble!" another man chimed in, his tone tinged with fear.

I watched as a visible unease crossed the blue-haired man's features.

"Tsk!" he clicked his tongue in frustration.

Suddenly, I felt his killing intent surge within me. I swiftly dodged to the side to evade an incoming attack, but not without feeling his blade graze my cheek, leaving it bloodied. The blue-haired man smirked at my pain, then continued slashing the area around me. Despite not being within arm's reach, he could still attack me from a distance, likely due to his skill, Portal Creation.

I wasn't about to make the same mistake twice. I deflected each of his strikes with the blade I had drawn earlier, the same one I used to decapitate his cronies. With each clash, sparks flew, illuminating the darkness with fiery bursts of light.

However, the blue-haired man's prowess with the blade far surpassed mine. I couldn't rely on my handguns against him, knowing he could effortlessly redirect the bullets with his Portal Creation skill.

Despite facing overwhelming odds, instead of succumbing to fear, a thrill of excitement surged through me, manifesting as a devilish smirk upon my lips.

This was the moment I lived for. The exhilarating rush of adrenaline, the intoxicating dance with danger that ignited every nerve in my body. It had been five long years since I last tasted this sensation, and now it coursed through my veins like a wildfire, consuming my senses.

Though the man's swordsmanship surpassed mine and some of his slashes found their mark, slicing through my flesh and drawing blood, I remained confident in my ability to emerge victorious.

As I faced off against the blue-haired man, Miss Arianne took on her own adversaries. The thugs who had set their sights on me now found themselves grappling with her in the chaos of battle. Armed solely with her bare hands, she unleashed a flurry of strikes with the precision of a seasoned martial artist.

Despite being outnumbered and facing opponents armed to the teeth, I had unwavering confidence in her abilities. Though trust didn't come easily to me, I chose to place my faith in her, allowing myself to focus solely on the fight before me.

My eyes remained fixed on the man standing opposite me, his blade gleaming menacingly. Any of his lackeys foolish enough to draw near found themselves met with swift and brutal retribution. Limbs were severed and heads rolled as our deadly dance unfolded, a macabre symphony of violence and skill.

Each blow struck with lethal precision, whether delivered by my hand or his, as we engaged in a battle of wills, locked in a deadly struggle for supremacy. It had become a battle of wills—a test of endurance. The one who grew weary first would lose this deadly exchange.

However, neither of us yielded. Our slashes and swings escalated into a frenzied dance of steel, the clang of our blades echoing through the establishment. With each passing moment, the intensity of our exchange heightened. One minute. Four minutes. Ten minutes.

Twenty. Still, our stamina showed no signs of waning.

Amidst the chaos of our battle, his voice pierced through the cacophony, carried along by the symphony of clashing metal. "...Who the fuck are you?" he demanded, his words laced with a mix of curiosity and disbelief. "I've never encountered a woman with such endurance, especially one with a delicate fucking physique like yours.

And I sure as hell ain't heard of anyone like you among the ranks of the Silver Blades."

"You don't need to know who I am," I shot back. "Before long, you'll be kissing the pavement."

"Kissing the pavement, huh? I'd rather kiss you instead. I'm drawn to a woman with such a defiant fucking personality like yours," he countered, a twisted smirk playing across his lips. "How about it? How about you betray the Silver Blades and become my woman instead?"

"Don't jest with such a comical expression," I replied icily.

"You fucking woman...!" he snapped.