

~ Day 80 ~

Towering a whole head taller than me, a figure who's toned and ripped muscles that even gave Bob a run for his money, stood imposingly with the sun behind them creating a corona of sunlight demarcating their large figure.

Time slowed down to a crawl as my mind went to overdrive, trying to not only figure out how the actual fucking hell such a large monster managed to sneak up on me, but also what my next move should be. This could mean life and death, so I took in the sight of my foe.

Smooth and slightly tanned skin, toned muscles, massive thighs, bulbous but taut ass, huge jugs that would put even the Mistress to shame, a mighty mane of long wavy brown hair running over her shoulders and down to the small of her back, a strong angular face, and lastly, two small round cute ears on the top of her head that reminded me of a bear.

What stood before me was a herculean beauty; something I never thought I'd say. I wanted to list her off as a beastkin, but she looked *too* human compared to the other beastkin I've seen.

She was only wearing sparsely clothed beast furs that covered her more than generous bosom and nether regions. I honestly wasn't sure how it all held together as it seemed that her curves struggled to spill out of the furs, but it did. To be honest, I had never seen anything quite like her.

But those thoughts aside, I didn't have any time to be wondering what exactly this odd and terrifying woman was. As her face was twisted in a perpetual frown, I doubted she was here with any kind intentions. With instincts kicking in, I had was already activating **Appraisal**.

-Appraisal!-

Appraisal - Ursa

| Information | | Attributes | | Traits, Titles, and Skills | |
|--------------|-----------------|------------|-----|----------------------------|-----|
| -Name- | "Ursa" | STR | ??? | Skills | ??? |
| -Race- | Beastkin | VIT | ??? | Traits | ??? |
| -Sex- | Female | AGI | ??? | Titles | ??? |
| -Rank- | C- | DEX | ??? | Resistances | |
| -Level- | 102 | INT | ??? | | |
| Health | 1455/1455 | CHR | ??? | Phy. Res. | ??? |
| Stamina | 885/888 | WILL | ??? | Mag. Res. | ??? |
| Mana | 286/286 | MAG | ??? | Men. Res. | ??? |
| Class | | | | Tier | |
| -Main Class- | Shaman | 5 | | | |
| -Sub Class- | Student Brawler | 2 | | | |

Swallowing the lump that had formed in my throat, I tried to make heads or tails of this status. Although it was definitely her insane numbers that made the largest impression, however, something else really caught my attention.

She wasn't a monster?

Her status says beastkin, but now that I remember, those 'beastkins' I've seen up until now, they've all been named different specific races; like Lycan or Fealas. Did this mean that actual beastkins were something entirely different, I mean, she literally has a class.

Speculation and pondering aside, I was still facing a foe way beyond my ability. But what could I possibly do?

She clearly had better capabilities than me, even in terms of speed and stealth if she managed to so easily sneak up on me despite her ridiculous stature, but the fact she hadn't immediately attack could mean that escape wasn't the only option.

Trusting my inner instincts, I stopped myself from just spinning on my heels and turning tail. I didn't drop my guard though, instead straightening my back and posture as I met her burning gaze. Those auburn eyes with her long wavy locks of brown hair and defined features combined with her stunning physique truly did create a bombshell of a beauty.

Honestly, I could only say one thing about it;

-Oh, momma bear.

My change in demeanor from shock to wary defiance elicited a grunt from the imposing woman. If it was of approval or disdain, I didn't know. But as I was about to break the silence, the beastkin-ish woman beat me to it; her voice feminine but deep and firm.

"Elf." - Ursa

She simply said, her Rathian pronouncing rather rough.

Cringing at being called an elf for the umpteenth time, even that chief Frenn also having thought I was one, I wanted to sigh if not for the dire situation I found myself in.

"Not an elf." - Me

Scrutinizing me like she didn't believe my words, she pointed to my ears.

"Elf." - Ursa

She said once again as if stating a fact.

Uhh...?

I was a bit speechless, but as I didn't detect any hostility from her, I decided to play along.

"Uhm - I might look like one, but I'm not..." - Me

I wasn't sure what to make of this woman. While she was terrifying as hell, she genuinely seemed just to be a bareboned honest person. It was only with mild curiosity that she looked at me, the previous frown gone.

"What are you doing here - not elf." - Ursa

Cracking an awkward smile, I wasn't sure if I liked my new title, but I didn't have the luxury to protest. I was just happy that the change in the atmosphere promised no conflict.

Trying to come up with some story that might get me out of this situation, I stopped myself before I croaked out any words. I realized that this woman seemed to be of honest nature, inherently not hostile, by just how she held and presented herself.

So starting to lie to her seemed like a recipe for my own demise.

In the face of her blunt personality, I wasn't going to try and say anything but the bare truth. Resigning myself to whatever reaction she might have to whatever I was going to say, I was ready for it to go either way as I really didn't have any other option.

"I came here with my tribe in hopes of wiping out the clan of greenskins that had settled her and its leader. Our tribe is currently migrating and-" - Me

As I was talking, I cut myself off because I noticed that the bear-woman's face suddenly darkened. Not sure if I had said something really bad, I got ready to use all my cards to

escape. However, looking closer, it was evident that the hatred in her eyes wasn't directed at me, but something else.

Was it the clan? But what could they possibly have done to anger such a powerful being?

It must have been her that laid waste to the entire clan, with signs telling a tale of it being clearly one-sided slaughter.

"Annoying flame man." - Ursa

She growled, revealing some short but sharp canines as she flashed her pearly-white teeth. Although her fury wasn't directed at me, I felt my heart skip a beat with the pure animosity in her voice.

"If you don't mind me asking; what did they do?" - Me

Retraining her gaze onto me, the anger in her eyes turned to irritation.

"Flame man and stupid orcs tried to take over my home." - Ursa

My heart sunk.

That she had annihilated that greenskin clan for simply trying to inhabit this place, the exact same thing I had wanted to do with my tribe, I returned to be on guard once more.

"Um -This place is yours...?" - Me

I said with no small amount of trepidation.

"No. *This* is Ursa's home" - Ursa

She said shaking her head and pointed out to the island in the distance.

Calming considerably down, I thought carefully over my next choice of words.

"Ursa? Right? I'm very sorry to have inconvenienced you, and it has been very nice to meet you, but I really do have to return to my tribe." - Me

With that said, I tried to forcibly cut off this conversation as I wanted nothing more than to get myself and my followers the fuck out of here. Beautiful bear women who can crush me be damned.

"Wait." - Ursa

Stopping in my tracks, I threw a cautious glance at the beastkin as she seemed to try and formulate a sentence in her head.

"You said you want to kill flame man?" - Ursa

She finally said.

"Uh - yes?" - Me

"But you're weak. Flame man much stronger." - Ursa

I gave her an annoyed glare at the sudden disregard, thinking it was rather uncalled for. But as no mockery was in her voice, only bare honesty, I could only sigh self-deprecatingly.

"That doesn't matter anymore, you've obviously taken good care of them all." - Me

I said gesturing to the widespread destruction all around and tried to take my leave once again.

But to my surprise, she shook her head with annoyance in her eyes.

"Flame man still alive. Hiding." - Ursa

I could hardly believe that. With her strength, she should be able to easily kill just about any great orc, high-leveled mage or not.

"How is he still alive? I doubt that you're weaker than him." - Me

"I-am-not." - Ursa

She growled, clearly offended by the sheer idea of her being inferior.

"Then why?" - Me

"Humph - his fire burn Ursa's hair." - Ursa

She said, pulling forth a few locks of her long mane that were slightly burnt and singed.

Stupified at the reasoning for why she hadn't taken out the mage, I could barely restrain myself from laughing as her expression had turned from one of anger to embarrassment and irritation.

However, as I thought, I realized that a great opportunity lay right at my feet.

"Say, Ursa - If I took care of this mage, then would you mind if my tribe settled here? Of course, I would give you my word of honor that we wouldn't disturb your home or land in any way." - Me

Hearing this, she pondered the offer.

"You're too weak." - Ursa

She said simply after some consideration, making me wince at the head-on blow my pride just took.

"Ahem - that may be so, but I have my means. It doesn't really matter to you if I die or not, does it? If I die, nothing changes, but if I win, you have one less fire mage to worry about. So how about it?" - Me

"Fine, not an elf man." - Ursa

She conceded after only a brief ponder.

"Xavier - my name is Xavier." - Me