

~ Day 53 ~

The initial ambush with the fireball from Ireli had instantaneously taken four peak-leveled orcs completely out of commission. Two of them killed upon impacts and the other two severely burned, rolling on the ground while screaming in agony. This was proof of just how powerful a mage truly could be and why they were so rare.

-Appraisal!-

Appraisal - Ireli					
Information		Attributes		Traits, Titles, and Skills	
-Name-	"Ireli"	STR	14	Skills	???
-Race-	Human	VIT	24	Traits	???
-Sex-	Female	AGI	15	Titles	0
-Rank-	E+	DEX	20	Resistances	
-Level-	38	INT	43		
Health	167/167	CHR	17	Phy. Res.	6
Stamina	58/65	WILL	15	Mag. Res.	4
Mana	15/32	MAG	32	Men. Res.	4
Class				Tier	
-Main Class-	Senior Fire Mage	3			
-Sub Class-	None	None			

Ireli was merely just ranked in the E+ rank compared to the three other officers who were all ranked D-. However, she had actually managed to dispose of four E+ threats in an instant, something I doubted even an ordinary D- human could accomplish. But that wasn't to say that she could keep pulling off such tricks.

In that one fireball, which should've been her strongest and most mana-draining attack, she had spent more than half her mana pool. That meant in general that she could only fire that spell once or twice in fights, and even pushing it to two could put her at the point of collapse

if she did it in a succession of each other, simply due to the mind-debilitating effects of mana fatigue and mental exhaustion.

My speculation didn't seem much off that mark seeing as the petite young woman was now panting heavily behind the shrubbery of half burnt bushes that had unfortunately found themselves in the path of her fiery magic. I apparently wasn't the only one that had discovered her location and bedraggled state as the more intelligent of the two greenskins, the great orc, was now quickly closing in on her.

It was obvious that the great orc had already determined the lethal threat of a mage in the battle and wanted to get them out of commission as quick as possible. However, it appeared that it wasn't meant to be. Halfway to small fire mage, the great orc was suddenly stopped in its tracks by the guy called Oren and his long spear. One of the three officers of Azure Claw had made his move.

Oren was a thin and lanky guy, his face reminding you of someone ratty and without a backbone. But funnily enough, he was almost the exact opposite. He seemed to be extremely loyal to their leader Adran and friendly with the two girls, and while he did act like someone who would abandon all honor and decency when faced with a calamity, when things turned serious he would become as stout as a man could be.

Or, that was at least what Elora told me...

Blocking the charge of the great orc, Oren was forced some steps back, but to my surprise, he actually managed to halt the large and imposing form of the great orc in its tracks; something that completely betrayed his weak-looking figure.

-Appraisal!-

Appraisal - Oren					
Information		Attributes		Traits, Titles, and Skills	
-Name-	"Oren"	STR	30	Skills	???
-Race-	Human	VIT	41	Traits	???
-Sex-	Male	AGI	35	Titles	???
-Rank-	D-	DEX	48	Resistances	

-Level-	49	INT	18		
Health	301/305	CHR	10	Phy. Res.	10
Stamina	102/132	WILL	18	Mag. Res.	3
Mana	0/0	MAG	2	Men. Res.	5
Class				Tier	
-Main Class-	Senior Spearman			3	
-Sub Class-	None			None	

It was an interesting phenomenon to see when one's body completely belied its actual stats and strength, exactly like how I was. It just wasn't before now I've really seen somebody else do the same since monsters' bodies usually do reflect their stats and power pretty obviously with their monstrous body structures and appearances.

But that was also probably because of how attributes seemed to effects monsters much better than they did on humans due to the limits of the human body. Instead, humans excelled in skills, something they seemingly had a lot more of and could more easily train in than monsters could.

A perfect example of this would be the skill that Oren had just activated. While I didn't manage to notice the skill he used when he halted the great orc's charge due to not paying particular attention to him, but I could now see he had activated another skill as his spear started leaving streaks in the air.

It was almost as if his spearhead started glowing, and while the streaks left behind in the trail of his spear didn't do anything, his spear was slowly moving faster and faster; with such grace that left even me intrigued. The skill was a little flashy, but I simply chalked it up the skill's appearance upon activation.

Although the great orc was now in a bind, and even with the orc's insanely high natural affinity with weapons it was still hard-pressed to keep up with Oren's control over his spear, I could see that this skill of Oren's was heavily draining his stamina and that he wouldn't be able to keep it up for long. Luckily for him, he didn't have to.

From the side, Elora, another one of the three officers, jumped into the fray with the lumbering great orc. She was wielding a sleek-looking and slightly curved one-handed sword that very much fit her lithe and agile figure.

-Appraisal!-

Appraisal - Elora					
Information		Attributes		Traits, Titles, and Skills	
-Name-	"Elora"	STR	20	Skills	???
-Race-	Human	VIT	24	Traits	???
-Sex-	Female	AGI	50	Titles	???
-Rank-	D-	DEX	52	Resistances	
-Level-	45	INT	20		
Health	202/202	CHR	22	Phy. Res.	8
Stamina	78/85	WILL	12	Mag. Res.	3
Mana	0/0	MAG	1	Men. Res.	4
Class				Tier	
-Main Class-	Senior Fencer	3			
-Sub Class-	None	None			

Noting her class, her weapon should be some kind of sabre. However, I was quite surprised when I had originally seen her class seeing as from my knowledge, Fencing was a sport and not used for actual combat. But seeing it in action, my thoughts were proved wrong apparently. She was extremely nimble and moved with a dazzling speed that caused her long hair to whip around her body causing an even more sensual scene of her body dancing around her opponent.

Now that she had joined the fight with Oren, the great orc was looking at a very dire situation, barely able to hold on. And when the petite Ireli managed to restabilize her mental state and mana flow, she joined the two officers in their onslaught with small balls of scorching flames and waves of fire; sealing the greenskin's fate.

All across the monster caravan escort, there was fighting and carnage, and from the looks of it, the humans were winning decisively. While monsters held a slight advantage over humans

in the same ranking of power due to their strong bodies and physiques, they were getting heavily overwhelmed and their champions were falling.

By the time the three officers managed to fell the great orc, the leader Adran, killed the ogre he was facing alone. Him killing an ogre on his own in the same amount of time it took for his three officers to slay their D- ranked monster was a testament to his power as a leader. He was from the looks of it, just a normal swordsman, but a swordsman who's reached very high in his ability with the sword.

-Appraisal!-

Appraisal - Adran					
Information		Attributes		Traits, Titles, and Skills	
-Name-	"Adran"	STR	50	Skills	???
-Race-	Human	VIT	45	Traits	???
-Sex-	Male	AGI	49	Titles	???
-Rank-	D-	DEX	38	Resistances	
-Level-	60	INT	21		
Health	311/398	CHR	15	Phy. Res.	10
Stamina	58/203	WILL	19	Mag. Res.	3
Mana	0/0	MAG	1	Men. Res.	6
Class				Tier	
-Main Class-	Master Swordsman	4			
-Sub Class-	Apprentice Captain	1			

By now, the fighting had mostly died down. With the subsequent killing of both of the strongest monsters in the caravan coupled and with having a majority in number, the remaining monsters quickly followed suit and met their brethren in the afterlife. Immensely satisfied with the display of how humans fought, showing their weaknesses and strength, I got down from the tree I had used to oversee the battlefield.

"Wow, that was an impressive battle, well-fought." - Me

Startled upon hearing my words, almost everybody turned to face me.

"Micheal? What are you doing here? It's dangerous you know." - Elora

I had given them my old name to these guys instead of using my new name since even though I doubted they would cause me trouble in the future, it was just a minor precaution.

"I got bored waiting in the wagon, I wanted to see you guys fight." - Me

Sharing an incredulous look between the four figureheads of the mercenary group, the lanky Oren suddenly guffawed out loud.

"Kukuku - I'm starting to like you, what's your level, wanna join our group?" - Oren

I had no intention of joining their little group, however, before I could even answer the angry voice of Adran sounded out.

"Stop fooling around, we aren't done, there's one more inside the carriage." - Adran

If anything, it was obvious that this guy Adran had no kind feelings towards me, and definitely didn't want me to join this group. But I wasn't surprised seeing as I guessed that he had the hots for that mage girl, who couldn't help but blush anytime she laid eyes on me. I could only sigh at the situation, not that it really mattered anyway.

Collectively turning to the carriage, everybody besides me was now in fighting positions and ready for whatever threat would come out.

"Be careful now, okay?" - Elora

Giving me a sly wink, she walked closer to the carriage with her weapon drawn. Smirking at the wily woman, I took some steps back and let the humans do their work.

"Come out monster." - Adran

To my surprise, the words he spoke were in Rathian now. While it shouldn't be surprising that he knew some of the language since their mercenary group seemed to specialize in fighting with greenskins, his ability in the language was actually quite good.

Following his words, the creaking of the carriage's floorboards sounded out, and the door was succinctly opened wide. In the opening stood a tall and young orc woman with a gloomy expression on her face. While she definitely wasn't strong but it was obvious that this orc woman was a lot better than ordinary peak-levelled orcs.

From my guesses, she was some kind of important character or descendant of a powerful family.

-Appraisal!-

Appraisal - Orc					
Information		Attributes		Traits, Titles, and Skills	
-Name-	"Merilyn"	STR	65	Skills	???
-Race-	Orc	VIT	42	Traits	???
-Sex-	Female	AGI	25	Titles	0
-Rank-	E+	DEX	20	Resistances	
-Level-	35/35	INT	18		
Health	342/342	CHR	16	Physical Resistance	10
Stamina	148/150	WILL	24	Magical Resistance	4
Mana	0/0	MAG	2	Mental Resistance	6

"How dare you humans attack a personal escort of one of Ebongrave's noble houses?" - Merilyn

Hearing this, Andran merely scoffed condescendingly.

"Orc-bitch, you really think you can just trick me with such silly boasting and deceit. You think I was born yesterday?" - Adran

It was obvious that the orc woman had apparently lied about her and this caravan's status in an attempt to frighten Andran. While I didn't know how powerful or important these so-called nobles houses of Ebongrave were, but from the sound of things they should be some rather strong entities if she tried to use their names to save herself.

Knowing that any semblance of retreat and escape had been thoroughly crushed, she could only draw a longsword from her hip and clench its hilt tightly in her firm grasp. Seeing that she was just going to fight to her death, I sighed as I was rather interested in this Ebongrave and would've liked to have the opportunity to speak with her.

However, I wasn't going to blow my cover just to get that trivial information which I probably could get somewhere else. But just before she went to charge at the line of humans surrounding her, she stopped in her tracks and suddenly locked gazes with me. An utterly baffled and confused expression found its way onto her face until her eyes widened and she started speaking with an unbelieving note in her voice.

"Y-you! you're that little slav- kluek" - Merilyn