

Chapter 375: Charge and Chop

Derek reappeared in front of the remaining army. He was standing between them and the line of fire that Silvi had made that had finally begun to calm down. As soon as the soldiers up front saw him appear, they came to a rapid halt—some even crashed into the others. The next instant, Derek felt the light weight of Silvi appearing on his shoulder once again.

“I’m telling you,” Derek said to the soldiers in front as he cracked his knuckles and began to walk forward. “The second I see one of you trying to slip by to join the other fights or you target anyone other than me or my companion is the final second you will spend in this life. However, if you step down and go back to your city or homes, I won’t stop you. It would be better for you that way.” He gave them a warning that he hoped they would understand. If they needed to fight to not default on any contracts or oaths, that was fine. However, if they tried to get past him to join the other fights, he’d show no mercy.

Unfortunately, it didn’t look like there were going to be any takers. Many people looked around nervously and some seemed to want to retreat with all their might, but it seemed like they were unable to do so without serious consequences. Derek shook his head in disappointment, then, with his right arm stretched out by his side, Harbinger magically appeared in his hand. He spun the glaive around a couple of times and slashed the air before resting it on his free shoulder. “Well, what are you waiting for? If you kill me or my companion, you can go.”

‘Remember, Silvi. Try to hold back... no instant kills if you can manage it. Though don’t put yourself in a bad situation by trying to hold back. If it comes to that, you’re free to do as you wish,’ Derek sent to Silvi one last time.

‘Got it,’ she sent back, then the weight on Derek’s shoulder disappeared.

The leading soldiers and guards all looked at one another before nodding in agreement. All at once, those with close ranged weapons began to charge and those with ranged fired their attacks at Derek. Others from the group of soldiers and guards cast buffs all around, and Derek was even hit with a few debuffs.

That’s a new feeling, he thought as he felt his strength lessen and his mana grow heavy. With whatever skills he was hit with, it felt like he’d gone back to the days when his wisdom wasn’t quite caught up to his intelligence. He’d trained and fought plenty while like that, so it didn’t seem like it was going to be too much of a burden for him.

Silvi, however, was fortunate enough not to be hit by any debuffs. She had disappeared just before any of the spells went off. Before the first close ranged fighter even clashed weapons with Derek, soldiers in the back began to cry out.

Derek half-smiled, then reached down with his left hand and grabbed hold of the end of his glaive. With both hands now gripping Harbinger, he prepared for the upcoming assault.

The first soldier arrived ahead of all of his allies—both hands grasping the hilt of his greatsword. With a heavy swing down, the blade of the sword fell onto the middle of Derek’s glaive. When the blade

crashed down, Derek's legs bent at the knees and his arms almost buckled. If he had to guess, the man leading the charge was built up a bit like Avery—with all his stat points pumped into his physical stats.

At least, Derek was confident that the man's overall strength was higher than his own—even without the debuffs. The man leading the charge was a human with a rather big build. It was safe to say that he'd probably broken through the third threshold in his strength stat. Though, his disproportionate build also seemed to suggest that he hadn't quite made it there with his dexterity.

Seeing his attack work and that Derek was even being pushed back, the soldier's eyes gleamed and a small grin broke out on his face. Derek knew the look—it was the look that seemed to think that everything had been for show and that he wasn't actually as strong as he led them to believe. With a light snort, Derek opened his left palm.

The slight shift caused him to be less braced from the weight bearing down on him, but that didn't matter. Opening his palm freed most of his hand up, and soon, his hand glowed purple before a lightning bolt came shooting out and into the big man's chest.

I hope he can withstand it, Derek thought. I'd hate to give that speech to Silvi, then be the first one to accidentally kill someone. He was banking on the man having a high vitality and endurance to go with his close range fighting style—it wouldn't make sense if he didn't. Hopefully, since he was using Silvi's Void Lightning Bolt instead of his own max level Channel Void, it wouldn't be fatal.

Like always, Derek's opponent looked down in confusion at where the lighting had entered his chest. Not seeing or feeling anything wrong, he tightened his grip on his greatsword and pushed harder. But just as his reinforcements arrived to help in the assault, all the weight bearing down on Harbinger disappeared.

A spear and a second greatsword came swinging down at Derek, but only managed to hit air as he disappeared. Reappearing ten feet away from the attack, Derek focused on the big man with the greatsword. He'd fallen to his knees and was clutching at his chest. Other than the extreme difficulty that he seemed to have breathing and the blood running down his face from his mouth, the man seemed to be entirely not dead.

Not two seconds after the man fell, a green glow appeared around him, and his heavy breathing lessened while the blood pouring out of his mouth slowed. *Looks like they have some healers who are able to keep up with everything, Derek thought. That's good. That means I won't have to hold back as much.*

Behind the army, an entirely different scene was playing out. While Derek enjoyed fighting up close and slowly in the beginning to get a feel for his opponent, Silvi did not. No, his companion much preferred the tactic of hitting hard and hitting fast. Staying in one spot too long meant that her cloak risked getting damaged, and she didn't have the seemingly endless amount of clothes that Derek did.

If it was more than a Cleaning skill could handle, Silvi had to go to Brandi to get it fixed or even to get a new one made. Silvi hated going to the maniac crafter for favors. Maybe she could ask that big blacksmith to make her a cloak out of that dragon material. He seemed much easier to talk to.

So, while Derek played around up front, Silvi sped around the back of the army, terrorizing anyone she came across. Silvi, however, was a smart bunny. Derek had told her to hold back and try not to kill, so that's exactly what she did.

There was no doubt in her mind that if she used her Void Lightning skill on an enemy's head or even their heart, that they would die. Her skill was, after all, not locked at level 10 like it was for Derek, and she'd recently gained a few levels in it. So, with her smart thinking, she thought about the pretty elf man that nobody would let her cook.

All it took was a well placed Charge attack to the back of his head, and it had exploded. Who was to say that she couldn't do the same things with limbs? And carrying people around in her void created pots had given her a bunch of ideas. If she could make pots and pans, why wouldn't she be able to create knives and cleavers?

Not to mention, Silvi didn't need to be touching anything or anyone to use her Void Creation skill. So, with her Telekinesis and Mage Hand abilities, she had everything she needed to Charge and Chop. Unfortunately, this was another battle that she wouldn't be able to use Cook What You Kill. One day, and hopefully soon, she would be able to find out how good that skill actually was.

So, with her strategy set, Silvi used her powerful back feet and sprang off the ground with an immense amount of momentum. A perfectly shaped cleaver appeared horizontal, to her side, grasped in the perfect sized Mage Hand, and she disappeared just before a fireball hit her. In the next instant, she appeared behind the fireball caster and used Charge to increase her speed even more.

She aimed her horn at the back of the hooded mage's knee and the void created cleaver at the other. Just before her horn hit the mage's limb, she activated Chop. The cleaver pulled back and swung forward. Her horn was the first thing to hit.

The mage wasn't wearing much in terms of armor, and Silvi's horn penetrated the back of her knee—ripping through tendons and ligaments—before coming out the other side. Just as the horn penetrated all the way through, her void created cleaver made contact with the other leg.

The cleaver didn't cut as smoothly as Silvi would have liked, and got stuck about midway through the shrieking woman's leg. Luckily, her Charge had been more than enough to lightly explode the lady's leg, so she hadn't gotten stuck in the woman like she had the stupid ice wall. Fortunately, her cleaver was still being held by the Mage Hand, so with another thought, she activated Chop again.

That Chop and a level in the skill later, and Silvi had managed to remove both limbs of the stupid fire mage without overly harming her or putting herself in too much danger. She was happy that she found a less fatal way to fight in such a battle. Derek would be proud of her. She was also very excited that she was able to level up her cooking skills while fighting. She never thought that she'd be able to do that. Cooking really was the root of everything.

Silvi quickly dodged an arrow as a bunch of the fire mage's friends ran over to help the not dead woman that Silvi had graciously gone easy on—if she could level her Chop skill up a few more times, it would be even easier on the mages. She didn't even mind the names they were calling her. In fact, she knew that she was a beast, and many would even consider her a monster, so she didn't take offense at it.

It was being called a pet that she truly didn't like. She wasn't a pet; she was a companion—a bonded companion. She was equal to Derek. If he wasn't her pet, then she wasn't his pet.

If Derek would have let her, she would have been fighting that stupid icicle man, not the sandy old elf. Then she wouldn't have had to hold back. That was one of the people that everyone said needed to die.

Silvi teleported back and forth as she watched the fire mage's friends wrap her stubs in cloth. One of the bigger, tougher looking men in armor charged at her with an axe, but Silvi fired a quick Void Lightning Bolt at his belly, then shifted away. From above, she saw the man fall over, clutching his stomach, but he was okay too. For the stronger-looking ones, Void Lightning Bolt would do if she made sure to only aim for the belly.

A light healer had already started to attach one of the fire mage's legs back, too—the one that was cut off with Chop. The woman's other leg was a bit worse for wear, but as long as Silvi didn't completely destroy it and only exploded it a little, they would be able to reattach it—it just might take them a little more time and effort.

Another attack flew by Silvi's head, and she dodged easily. She knew that her small size was an advantage in fights like this, so as long as she kept moving and using Active Void Shift, it made it hard for anyone to keep up with her. Finding the person who just attacked her, she set her sights on a new mage. Mages were squishy, as Derek called them, and they were the perfect target for her new set of skills.

The more time everyone spent defending and healing the helpless mages, the better. They were, after all, just biding time while everyone else fought against the real opponents.