

Funny how at some point fighting for your life can become 'routine'.

At the risk of jinxing himself, Hugo felt that after the hundredth run-in with aragami the monsters were not as much of a danger to experienced AGEs like himself or any of his friends. Not to discount the threat level the monsters possessed, any misstep could be the difference between life and death. Not to mention the higher class aragami that could pop out would be a serious challenge for God Eaters like them.

But given this was a standard recon mission, Hugo mostly took it like a nature walk.

Of course, 'nature' in this instance meant a landscape filled with lapidated ruins and ruined patches of land where the Ash Storms had passed by. But it beat the dull greys of the home base.

The winds rushing through his hair, his jacket gently billowing, the feeling of his greatsword cutting through aragami like a hot knife through butter. It was as exhilarating as it was relaxing. Perhaps because this was his purpose, to fight monsters. Knowing you can die the next day makes life all the more sweeter.

Fighting aragami in the heat of the moment was fun. And while usually Hugo would be concerned by the people they could potentially rescue, mission parameters stated there was no human activity around this area.

Seeing the vast expanse of arid ground, the rucks that jutted out the ground, some of them glowing with energy, pointed to that truly being the case. This area wasn't fit for human habitation, but the ruins of houses he spotted scattered around the region indicated that had been the case once.

Aragami had taken so much from them, and then the Ash Storms made even communication extremely difficult. Hence their mission to scout ahead and establish a network for their shorter-range radio signals. With the Ash Storm having devastated long-range networks, relying on a shorter relay system was one of the steps required to go around creating a whole new network.

Impaling a quadruped aragami with his greatsword, he then let the sword impale on the ground as the God Arc did its job of severing the Oracle Cells and effectively killing the monster. He reached into his jacket and pulled out his communicator, checking the signal he found they were about to enter a dead zone.

“Hmm, I’d say we can head a couple of miles north to find a good spot for the next relay point” He called out to his friend and partner, removing the sword from the ground and cleaning it with a single swipe in the air. Hugo looked further up the hill to spot Luca engaged with a few aragami still.

There was something mesmerizing about how the platinum blonde fought. Wielding that monstrosity of a God Arc always looked cumbersome to him, which said a lot considering God Arcs were enormous weapons in the first place. But the Heavy Moon type took the cake with its size and intrinsic design.

And yet Luca wielded it so masterfully.

She moved around in a blitz of speed, darting from foe to foe swinging the oversized crescent blade like it weighed nothing in a display of masterful control. Her form was nimble yet strong, lean, and athletic limbs were highlighted by the lack of sleeves, the form-fitting fatigues pants, and the *very* skintight bodysuit.

When Luca switched her God Arc to its axe form, lifting it overhead, Hugo was once more reminded that his companion was a *woman* as shown by the decently-sized breasts covered almost too perfectly by her bodysuit.

He cleared his throat, looking away embarrassed for a moment. After pretty much growing up together, Hugo wasn’t used to seeing Luca *that* way.

Even if her unyielding will and masterful battle prowess were very... alluring to him.

A single swing of the weapon and three aragami surrounding her ended up in pieces.

“You done?” He called out.

Luca turned to face him, one steely grey eye looking at him while the other remained hidden by a long bang of hair. She curtly nodded, “Yeah”

“Like I said, we should head out a few miles north. See if we can find a better spot” He said as the two walked closer.

“Sounds sensible” Luca commented without any objection to the plan. She was always succinct with her words, but one shouldn’t mistake her silent ponderous nature for stoicism or lack of interest. She was reserved like that.