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Chapter 331 The New Chief Instructor

Patrick was visibly annoyed.

The bunch of rascals might not have recognized the photo of the new chief instructor, but there was no way he would not have.

Besides, as the lieutenant commander of the Dragon Scale Guards, it would be a total disgrace if he did not recognize Asura.

These rascals may laugh at him for being young, but once they find out he's the legendary Asura, I bet they'd be so petrified that they'd pee their pants!

Sadly, Andy had specifically warned Patrick not to divulge Jonathan's identity before their arrival.

Otherwise, Andy would punish his lieutenant commander severely, even if it meant having to hunt the latter down to the ends of the world.

In any case, Patrick was sure his troops would be in for a rude shock.

These smug bastards don't even have respect for me, so one can only wonder how much trouble they'd be in when Asura gets here! Just then, the roar of a plane rang out in the distance, prompting everyone to look up at the sky. "Look, guys! There's a plane flying toward us. Do you think our new chief instructor has arrived?" "Ha! I call bullshit on him being the chief instructor! How is he qualified to train us when he's just a young brat?" someone in the crowd scoffed. "Shall we teach him a lesson when he gets here?" "What are your plans?"

"You'll find out once he's here. Watch me!"

The next second, everyone started discussing ways to put the new chief instructor in his place. Patrick, on the other hand, merely listened and chuckled to himself.

You rascals are in deep sh*t! The more intense your discussions are, the more you'd have to pay for your insolence!

Meanwhile, Jonathan had closed his eyes in the military helicopter, looking as though he was fast asleep.

A middle-aged soldier sat beside him, with a gaze full of confusion and doubt. He could not fathom why Andy would pick someone who could still pass off as a university student to be the chief instructor of the Dragon Scale Guards.

Wouldn't the new guy be courting death?

The soldier might not be from the Asura Guards, but even he was aware of how troublesome the rascals in the Dragon Scale Guards could be.

On top of that, there were more than a hundred thousand people in the Dragon Scale Guards. Apart from Andy and Patrick, who else would be capable enough to keep a rein on the troublemakers?

In an attempt to wake Jonathan up, the middle-aged soldier announced, "Mr. Goldstein, the area in front of us is the Dragon Scale Guards' base!"

His eyes, however, were filled with utter shock.
How can this guy still sleep at such a crucial time?

Jonathan merely hummed an acknowledgment as he slowly opened his eyes and looked out the window.

Outside, the wind was cold, and even the clouds in the sky had shrunk, turning ominously dark.

"Mr. Goldstein, the helicopter will stop mid-air in a few minutes," the soldier stated as he took out a parachute, handing it to Jonathan. "Here, this parachute is for you. Once the helicopter stops flying, you can jump right out of it. I suppose you know how to use a parachute?"

"I don't need it," Jonathan replied while waving it off.

Dumbfounded, the soldier stammered, "D-Don't need it?"

Before he could say anything else, Jonathan walked to the main cabin and pulled the door open.

Naturally, the soldier was shocked beyond measure. "Mr. Goldstein, what are you doing?"

"I'm jumping down," responded Jonathan matter-of-factly.

"Are you joking, Mr. Goldstein? You haven't even put on your parachute!" the soldier hollered. We're at least a hundred meters from the ground, for goodness' sake! Falling from this height would smash him into a pulp!

"I've already said I don't need it!"

Not wanting to waste his breath on the soldier, Jonathan instantly put one foot out and jumped down from mid-air.

"You've lost your mind!"

Of course, the soldier was scared out of his wits, but it was too late for him to remedy the situation.

Back on the ground, many Dragon Scale Guards had their eyes glued to the sky.

As soon as they saw a man leaping from the helicopter, one of the guards yelled, "Look! Someone just jumped down!"

Another guard chimed in, "Hey, he's not wearing a parachute."

Only then did those with sharp eyes realize that the man had jumped without a parachute.

"That's our new chief instructor? That kid's not crazy, is he? He just jumped from a height of a hundred meters, and he didn't even bother to use a parachute? Isn't he afraid that he'd end up as minced meat?"

"Let's have a bet, shall we? Do you think he'd land on his head or his feet?"

"I say he'd land head first!"

"I'm betting on his feet!"

The crowd became increasingly boisterous as they betted on how their new chief instructor would meet his demise. To them, his life and death were not important at all. As Dragon Scale Guards, they came across countless dead bodies every day.

Furthermore, they had lost count of the number of enemies that had died at their hands. Because of that, a human's death, in their eyes, was as inconsequential as that of an ant's.

To put it simply, they had become desensitized to death.

However, just as the guards continued to whisper among themselves, a black silhouette suddenly plummeted from the sky and hit the ground.

A loud bang instantly rang out.

The impact sent dust and dirt flying everywhere, and cracks began to appear on the ground.

The next moment, a figure strode out from the clouds of dust.

As the dust settled, Jonathan's face gradually came into view.

Alas, the crowd had yet to recover from their shock.

How is that possible? How could anyone survive a hundred-meter jump from the air? He's still in one piece! How is that humanly possible?

In the end, the curiosity and astonishment were too much to bear, and someone had to ask the question on everyone's mind, "Does this kid have a body of steel? Or has he learned a skill that gives him some form of armor protection?"

"Didn't someone remark earlier that the kid hasn't even hit puberty? What? Are you feeling scared now?"

“Oh, shut up. I’m not afraid of anything! I refuse to believe he has a body of steel. But so what if he does? Can he stop the bullet from my gun?”

Although the troublesome bunch had just witnessed Jonathan’s impressive feat, they remained unconvinced and recalcitrant.

Unfortunately, their impression of him only worsened when they saw how young he was.

If they had not seen Jonathan do the hundred-meter jump with their own eyes, they would have thought he was a university student who had gotten lost and needed their help.

With Jonathan’s good looks, they would have also believed it if he said he was a male idol from Koandria.

After all, when had any soldier looked like a pretty boy?

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Chapter 332 This Is The Dragon Scale Guards

“Be quiet, all of you!” roared Patrick.

At that, the crowd fell into silence in an instant.

“Commander, I am Patrick Xander, the lieutenant commander of the Dragon Scale Guards. I’m here to report to you along with a hundred thousand soldiers of the Dragon Scale Guards!” Patrick’s hand was slightly trembling as he held it up in front of Jonathan. Asura! He is Asura!

To Patrick, Jonathan was as good as God.

Throughout the past three years, Patrick had spent every second dreaming that one day he could stand before Asura and call him Commander, just like what he was doing at the moment.

He wished for nothing other than to become closer to the god in his heart.

“You’re Patrick?” Jonathan glanced at him indifferently.

“Yes, Commander!” Patrick shouted at the top of his lungs as if he was using all the strength in his body.

“I heard about you from Andy. Not bad,” said Jonathan gently. However, his words had caused a huge stir among the people.

After all, Patrick was the lieutenant commander of the Dragon Scale Guards, who was in charge of everyone except the commander.

Moreover, he had control over hundreds of thousands of Dragon Scale Guards, not to mention his great power.

In the whole of Chanaea, he was one of the most important people. However, as powerful as he was, he was only considered “not bad” in Jonathan’s eyes.

“Oh, you flatter me, Commander!” The moment Patrick heard Jonathan’s comment about him, his eyes turned red at once.

Patrick had murdered countless enemies in his life.

There were so many times he had been on the verge of death and hell, but never once had his eyes reddened.

Yet, when he heard Asura, the god in his heart, saying that he was not bad, he almost lost control of his emotions.

My life’s worth it now!

“This is the Dragon Scale Guards?” asked Jonathan as he nonchalantly glanced at the soldiers in front of him with contempt in his eyes.

At his irreverent gaze, flames of fury were ignited among the soldiers of the Dragon Scale Guards.

He’s obviously challenging us! An immature brat’s challenging us!

“Commander, are you looking down on us?” yelled someone in the crowd all of a sudden.

Every soldier of the Dragon Scale Guards had fought through deaths, so of course, they would not be able to take provocations like this.

“What if I am?” retorted Jonathan flatly as he looked at them.

His reply induced a greater commotion among the soldiers.

If not for the rules of the troop, the soldiers would have beaten him to the ground on the spot for what he said.

They would not allow anyone to humiliate them. After all, they were the Dragon Scale Guards, one of the eight Asura Guards.

“I know you’re feeling frustrated, but what can you do about it? Is there anything you’re able to do? If not for Andy, who begged me and kneeled before me again and again, do you think I’d be willing to come to such a god-forsaken place?” Jonathan eyed them, unfazed.

Then, he added, “Truth be told, you’re just a group of rubbish. You’re not even qualified to be trained by me!”

What did he say? Rubbish? Did he say we, the Dragon Scale Guards, were rubbish and not qualified to be trained by him?

At once, almost every soldier of the Dragon Scale Guards at the scene instinctively tightened their grips on their guns.

If not for the rules they had to obey, they would have already shot Jonathan.

Naturally, the soldiers of the Dragon Scale Guards would not allow anyone to insult their pride.

"You snob! What did you say just now? How dare you call us rubbish!" The sturdy man with a body built like a mountain was the first to jump out of the crowd.

"Bloody Slayer, shut your mouth up!" shouted Patrick angrily.

Bloody Slayer was that man's code name, for he had slain a lot of people with his bare hands.

Since he had joined the Dragon Scale Guards, a lot of people had lost their lives in his hands, and their corpses could be stacked up to form a mountain.

Therefore, people gave him the code name Bloody Slayer.

"I won't! Lieutenant Commander, I want to challenge him!" he uttered through gritted teeth as he stared at Patrick.

As his words fell, he turned to Jonathan with fury eyes and asked, "Hey, snob. Do you dare to accept my challenge?"

"You? No." Jonathan glanced at him calmly before shaking his head.

"Huh, you're scared, aren't you?" Bloody Slayer instantly sneered at Jonathan's reply.

"I'm scared that you might die," replied Jonathan.

Taking another cold glance at Bloody Slayer, he continued, "However, if you insist on looking for death, I shall grant your wish by giving you a chance."

With that, Jonathan gestured at Bloody Slayer. "You, step forward!"

"I'll let you know how powerful I am!" Bloody Slayer cracked his knuckles, looking as though he wanted to crush Jonathan's head into pieces. Behind him, the group of the Dragon Scale Guards was watching them as they cheered, "Bloody Slayer, if you don't break his head today, don't you call yourself a member of the Dragon Scale Guards!"

"Crush his head! Give him a taste of the power of the Dragon Scale Guards!"

Roars were coming continuously from the crowd. Even so, Jonathan did not even bother to spare them a glance.

What a bunch of losers! I'll have to teach you a lesson so that you know your place.

"Go to hell, boy!" roared Bloody Slayer.

With that, he charged toward Jonathan and punched the latter in the face. He put so much strength into that single attack that it could destroy a slope of a hill and create clouds of dust.

However, as Bloody Slayer's fist was coming for Jonathan, the latter did not dodge at all as though he did not see it.

Standing there, Jonathan placed both his hands on his back and remained motionless.

Chatters burst out among the crowd again. "Is that brat stunned from shock? Why isn't he moving at all?"

"That's impossible. That kid dares to jump off from a hundred meters in the air. How can he be afraid of Bloody Slayer's fist?"

"Perhaps he's bearing some bad ideas in his head!"

The soldiers of the Dragon Scale Guards stared unblinkingly at the scene unfolding in front of them. At the same time, Bloody Slayer's fist came nearer and nearer toward Jonathan.

The moment it almost punched Jonathan's nose, Jonathan lifted his eyes abruptly.

Waving his hand lightly, he flicked two of his fingers. The next second, it was as if Bloody Slayer had been crashed by a high-speed train as a loud bang was heard.

Bloody Slayer's body, which seemed like a mountain, was smashed onto the ground heavily, sending dirt and dust into the air.

"I told you. You're unqualified," stated Jonathan as he eyed Bloody Slayer on the ground indifferently.

Withdrawing his right hand, he placed it behind him again.

He had purposely gone easy on Bloody Slayer and used not even thirty percent of his strength. Otherwise, the latter would have turned into a corpse after his attack.

For a moment, dead silence ensued as no one from the crowd made a sound. They could not believe that the battle was over this quickly.

The soldiers were in shock because they did not expect Jonathan to beat Bloody Slayer to the ground with only one attack.

They knew well about Bloody Slayer's capability. In the Dragon Scale Guards, he was one of the top ten strongest soldiers.

With his fist alone, he could penetrate a city wall and break his enemy's ribs.

Yet, how could he not stand a single attack from Jonathan?

The soldiers were in utter disbelief.

At that moment, hostility gradually replaced the contempt in the soldiers' eyes.

Jonathan had jumped from a hundred meters in the air but was not injured at all.

Furthermore, he defeated Bloody Slayer with merely a flick of his fingers.

It seemed that the boy in front of them was not as weak as they had imagined.

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Chapter 333 No You Cannot

"I've lost!" Struggling and trembling, Bloody Slayer got to his feet. His entire body was covered in mud, and the arrogance he had beforehand had been wiped off his face. Whether or not he wanted to admit defeat, it was the reality he had to face. He could not even block a single hit from Jonathan!

In a matter of seconds, Jonathan was able to slam into Bloody Slayer like a high-speed train, nearly blowing the latter's body to pieces. Such overbearing power was not something Bloody Slayer could hold his own against.

"Is this what all you Dragon Scale Guards have?" asked Jonathan, looking down at the soldiers in front of him coldly. It was dead silent.

At that moment, among the hundreds of thousands of soldiers, no one made a sound. "Who else is unsatisfied? Whoever wants to challenge me can present themselves!" Jonathan yelled as he took a step forward. Instantly, the whole place was shrouded in his domineering aura. It was so strong that everyone became a little breathless. "Me!" shouted the soldier previously standing behind Bloody Slayer, who was as skinny as a beanpole. Walking out of the crowd, he added, "I'll challenge you!"

"No, you can't!" rejected Jonathan without hesitation while glancing at the soldier nonchalantly. He then looked back at the crowd and asked, "Who else?" "Me!" Another soldier stepped forward. "Me too!"

In the blink of an eye, dozens of soldiers rushed out of the crowd. Even when faced with those soldiers, Jonathan still did not see them as a threat. Instead, he shot them a look of indifference and remarked, "All of you come at me together!" What? He wants to fight against many of us at the same time?

Hearing what Jonathan said, the crowd erupted in sneering laughter. Who does he think he is to fight dozens of us single-handedly? Does he think the Dragon

Scale Guards are street hooligans whom he can easily go against alone?
"Are you sure?" asked the extremely thin soldier, taking a quick look at Jonathan.

"Cut the nonsense!" replied Jonathan. In frustration, he looked at the group of soldiers and repeated, "Come at me all at once!"
As soon as he finished speaking, the soldiers stopped hesitating in the least.

If he wants to play with fire, we shall fulfill his wish!
In a flash, they pounced at Jonathan simultaneously, ready to attack him, especially the pencil-thin soldier.
The first attack he launched was lethal, leaving Jonathan with no mercy.

As one of the Dragon Scale Guards, what he was best at was not combat. Rather, it was murder.
In a split second, the bony soldier raised his fist and aimed it at Jonathan's temple. The rest of the soldiers hurriedly followed, targeting his chest and legs respectively.
Even if Jonathan dodged anyone's attack in this situation, he would immediately be sandwiched by the others.

This time, Jonathan would definitely lose.
"What a piece of cake," he scoffed, disregarding his opponents. Perhaps to others, their speed and tactics were fast and deadly. Yet, in Jonathan's eyes, the soldiers were as slow as a snail.
Their weak spots were exposed everywhere.

Right then, Jonathan slightly lifted his right hand and rushed forward. Curling his fingers into a fist, he struck downward in lightning speed.
He was so fast that his opponents failed to see his moves clearly. They only saw his afterimages, which flashed past them.
The next second, loud noises reverberated.

Several front-line soldiers were suddenly blasted into the sky like a kite that flew away from its broken string. Then, they flopped to the ground.
Before the soldiers next in line could even react, Jonathan leaped into the air again and punched his fist downward.
Boom!

A deafening sound was heard. Before the remaining soldiers could come back to their senses, half of them had already collapsed to the ground.
W-What happened?

The crowd gasped at that sight.
Dozens of soldiers were defeated before having the opportunity to even determine

Jonathan's tactics.

While the crowd was still in shock, Jonathan made another move, leaving only his afterimages.

Thunderous noises rang out once again when the soldiers could not even so much as catch a glimpse of Jonathan's strategies.

In mere seconds, the rest of them sprawled on the ground. Not a single soldier was left standing.

It only took Jonathan a minute, or precisely speaking, less than a minute, to take them down.

The soldiers did not even manage to touch the corner of Jonathan's shirt when they were all already collapsed on the ground.

Not a single person was spared.

"Impossible!"

"Is there something wrong with my eyes? How could I have not seen anything?"

"They lost? Did they just lose?"

"How is this possible?"

The scene caused an uproar right away.

They did not expect dozens of Dragon Scale Guards, who struck at Jonathan all at once, would fail to even lay a finger on the latter.

Moreover, they did not even see when the man retaliated.

This was an utter disgrace.

To the Dragon Scale Guards, it was a great humiliation.

Meanwhile, the sole person who did not have a hint of surprise on his face was Patrick. Not only was he not taken aback, but he found it reasonable that the soldiers would lose against Jonathan.

Just because these brats killed several people on the battlefield before doesn't mean they can challenge him. They were asking for it!

Even Patrick himself, the lieutenant commander of the Dragon Scale Guards, who obliterated an army of his enemies effortlessly, would never dare think of challenging Jonathan in the slightest.

He would rather end his own life than do so.

At least, in that way, he could still choose his own way of dying.

"I'm going to kill you, you brat!" At that moment, as a loud boom ensued, the scraggy soldier landed on a military tank unexpectedly.

His face was covered in blood, yet his eyes were wide open, filled with bloodlust.

"Tyson, what are you trying to do?" Patrick's gaze turned frosty when he saw the soldier's moves.

"I want to kill him!" Without another word, the soldier named Tyson scrambled into the tank. Immediately after, the roar of engines filled the air, and the gun barrel of the tank was aimed directly at Jonathan.

"Tyson, do you know what you're doing!" exclaimed Patrick in rage as his expression turned grim.

Tyson has gone mad! How dare he aim the gun barrel at Jonathan! Does he want to die? At the same time, Tyson, who was inside the tank, seemed to have not heard Patrick's shouts. It was as if he had gone berserk.

Right then, he was only thinking of one thing—killing Jonathan.

Since the day Tyson joined the Dragon Scale Guards, he had killed countless enemies along the way. No one knew how many enemies had died in his hands.

Yet, little did he know he would be mortified on this day.

He faced humiliation in front of hundreds of thousands of the Dragon Scale Guards' soldiers, and he could not let this slide.

Out of the blue, another ear-shattering boom sounded.

The continuous track of the tank began propelling as the tank moved forward, speeding in Jonathan's direction.

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Chapter 334 This Is An Order

This is insane! He's gone mad!

Seeing the scene in front of him, Patrick could not help but shout furiously, "Tyson, this will be the last time I command you! Get down now!"

As his words fell, Patrick tilted his head and cast a command toward those Dragon Scale Guards behind him without hesitation. "All the soldiers of Dragon Scale Guards, listen up! Enter the first-level alert mode! Aim your guns at Tyson. Fire right away if you discover any danger!"

"Lieutenant Commander!" Upon hearing Patrick's command, those Dragon Scale Guards could not help but stare at him.

Tyson is one of the Dragon Scale Guards! Does he want us to kill each other?

"This is an order!" Patrick said coldly.

"Yes, sir!"

At his command, none among the Dragon Scale Guards dared to say anything else.

After all, in the army, the military order was above everything else.

They had no choice but to obey it.

In the blink of an eye, all the guns were directed toward Tyson. As soon as Patrick gave an order, they would fire without any hesitation.

"Get out of the way!" roared Jonathan all of a sudden while all the guns were pointed at Tyson.

"Commander?" Hearing Jonathan's command, Patrick turned to look at the former.

"This is an order!" Jonathan glanced at him faintly.

"Yes, Commander!" Patrick got up and made way without delay.

This is an order! It doesn't matter if it is inside the battlefield or outside the battlefield. A soldier is meant to follow orders!

All the while, the tank did not show signs of stopping at all.

Yet, Jonathan did not evade it. Instead, he took a few steps ahead and stood right in front of the tank barrel.

Right then, the barrel was pointing at him and might open fire anytime.

With all eyes on him, everyone was thinking about the same thing.

What is he up to?

"Do you think you have the chance to defeat me by hiding there?" uttered Jonathan in a cold tone as looked at the military tank indifferently. "Or do you think you can kill by hiding in there?"

Tyson did not say anything. He was way over in his head and was eager to take Jonathan's life.

However, since countless guns were pointing at him, his mind had calmed down a lot.

What am I doing? Am I out of my mind? So what if I kill Jonathan? Am I going to survive through this?

Nonetheless, while Tyson was hesitating whether to give up, Jonathan suddenly shouted, "It's useless! Even if you hide in there, it doesn't change the fact that you're trash!"

With that, Jonathan took a step ahead. With both hands grabbing the barrel of the tank, he raised it with force.

In that instance, the tank, weighing several tons, was lifted into the air by Jonathan's hands.

Everyone was in awe upon seeing the scene.

The crowd stared at Jonathan in disbelief, their gazes filled with amazement.

How could he possibly lift a tank weighing several tons merely by his hands? Is he even human?

When everyone was still overwhelmed with bewilderment, Jonathan swung his hand forcefully and threw the tank into the sky.

Tyson, who was hiding inside the tank, fell right out of the tank.

Thump!

The second Tyson fell onto the ground, the tank in the sky fell right toward him as well.

"No!" Tyson's eyes were filled with terror as he saw the tank was about to crash onto him.

If the tank crashed on him, even if he did not die, he would be terribly disfigured.

At that split moment, Tyson could not help but close his eyes fearfully.

One second passed.

Two seconds passed.

The tank fell at a shift speed.

However, right before the gruesome scene occurred, Jonathan suddenly made a move.

Reaching his right hand out, he grabbed the rolling belt of the tank while his left hand grabbed the chassis of the tank. With a loud bang, the ground cracked instantly under the intense vibration, leaving countless cracks in it.

With that, the tank stopped in the middle of the air.

It fell heavily into Jonathan's hands and stopped moving.

It was just a matter of seconds before Tyson would have gotten squashed into flesh.

Staring at that terrifying moment, everyone froze on the spot as their minds went blank.

The next second, Patrick regained his sense and immediately ordered, "Soldiers! Apprehend Tyson and lock him up!"

Upon hearing that, the Dragon Scale Guards immediately approached Tyson, who was still in shock, and captured him.

Bang!

On the flip side, Jonathan swung his hand casually and threw the tank to the ground, forming a huge pit.

"Commander, are you all right?" Cold sweat broke out on Patrick's forehead after witnessing the scene.

"I'm fine."

As if it was not a big deal, Jonathan shifted his gaze toward the Dragon Scale Guards. "Who else is not convinced and wants to challenge me?"

As expected, no one dared to speak a word or make a sound.

Only the sound of the chilly breeze passing by was heard.

Seeing no one dared to speak, Jonathan took a step forward and stared at the Dragon Scale Guards. "Keep my name in mind. I am Jonathan Goldstein. From today onward, I will be the worst nightmare for the rest of your lives! And from today onward, the Dragon Scale Guards only have one commander, and that's me, Jonathan Goldstein! From now on, you Dragon Scale Guards will only receive orders from me! Do you hear me?"

"Yes, sir!" Their voices echoed through the mountain.

In the army, there was only one way to win others' respect—by becoming stronger than them.

After all, this was a place where the strong reigned supreme.

Today, Jonathan had shown them what strong truly meant.

"What was that? I can't hear you!" Jonathan yelled coldly.

"Yes, sir!" This time, they shouted with all their might.

"Bear this in mind. I will only give you half a month. After half a month, I want you guys to defeat the seven Divine Dragon Guards and regain the first place! Do you hear me?"

Half a month? Defeat the seven Divine Dragon Guards and regain the first place? How is that possible?

The second Jonathan spat out those words, everyone thought the same thing.

How is that possible? It's been a full three years!

Ever since the eight Asura Guards were founded, the Dragon Scale Guards had had no fate being the top three.

The best result they had ever achieved was the fourth place.

How could we possibly rewrite a three-year history within half a month?

They knew Jonathan was beyond powerful.

Despite so, it would need a miracle to defeat the other seven Asura Guards and regain the honor within half a month.

It was simply impossible.

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Chapter 335 The Nightmare Begins

“Commander, isn’t half a month a little too short?” Patrick could not help asking.

He dared not underestimate Jonathan’s capabilities.

However, how could he not know that Jonathan was overestimating the group of little twerps?

Forget half a month, even with half a year’s time, they would not be a match for the seven great Asura Guards!

“It’s not,” Jonathan said indifferently, “They only have two weeks. Once those two weeks are up, I will leave the Dragon Scale Guards.”

“Leave?”

Hearing the word made Patrick’s eyes flicker open in surprise.

Andy had only told Patrick that Jonathan was coming. There was no mention of him leaving in two weeks.

“That’s right!” Jonathan went on to say, “So, they only have half a month to prepare.”

“Using half a month to defeat seven Asura Guards is a near-impossible task!” Patrick blurted out.

Even though he knew Jonathan’s strength, Patrick still felt that it was like squeezing water from a stone.

Half a month to make a comeback! How is that humanly possible?

Patrick was well aware of the Dragon Scale Guards' standards. In fact, he knew better than anyone else that the difference between the Asura Guards and Dragon Scale Guards was worlds apart.

This was even more so when compared to the top three teams – the Anima Dragon Guards, Eagle Dragon Guards, and Divine Dragon Guards.

The Dragon Scale Guards were at a huge disadvantage.

“The word ‘impossible’ doesn’t exist in my dictionary!” Jonathan exclaimed. “I’ll admit that before I came, you guys had no chance to defeat the seven Asura Guards, even if you had half a year to prepare. However, from the moment I came here, your fate has already been decided.”

What an arrogant and conceited man who clearly doesn’t know his place!

All the Dragon Scale Guards present instantly had a poor impression of Jonathan.

Two weeks to defeat the seven great Asura Guards and take home the trophy? Who does he think he is? God? Heck, not even God is capable of pulling off this feat!

“Remember, you guys only have two weeks. If you don’t take home the trophy after the two weeks, then you Dragon Scale Guards do not deserve to exist. You might as well disband! If you can’t even win a championship, what right do the Dragon Scale Guards have to be part of the eight Asura Guards?”

As soon as Jonathan finished talking, he did not even bother looking at them anymore. He turned around and left.

An hour later, a huge shipment was delivered to the military warehouse.

Long ago, Andy had arranged for the air shipment of countless wooden barrels and medicinal products.

Looking at the abundance of barrels and medicine occupying the warehouse, Patrick asked curiously, “Commander, what’s all this?”

“You don’t need to know,” Jonathan said as he shot Patrick an unconcerned look.

“All you need to know is that from this day onward for the next two weeks, you will have someone brew these medicinal herbs every day. They must cook medicinal broths using the exact ingredients and follow the exact instructions according to these two

prescriptions. The broth will then be fed to each and every one of the Dragon Scale Guards. Do be extra mindful because one prescription is for an oral medication, while the other is meant to be used as a medicinal bath. Don't confuse the two."

"Got it, Commander!" Although Patrick did not know what Jonathan was planning to do, he had to follow the man's orders.

This was his troop.

He need not ask any questions. All he had to do was carry out orders.

"Also, everyone gets a copy of this booklet. Cultivation will be carried out twenty-four-seven." While saying that, Jonathan retrieved a booklet from his sleeve. The booklet was compacted with tiny words and some pictures. Red lines were drawn to highlight the eight major meridians of the human body.

"Commander, are these cultivation techniques?" A look of confusion appeared on Patrick's face as he looked at the booklet.

As the lieutenant commander of the Dragon Scale Guards, cultivation techniques were not a new thing to him.

In fact, Patrick had seen it many times before.

It was just that he never believed in this technique.

Patrick had defeated countless enemies in his lifetime, relying solely on his own bloodthirsty strength, not some superstitious mumbo jumbo.

If the person in front of him was anyone else other than Jonathan, Patrick would've taken the booklet and thrown it at their face.

What era does this man live in for him to believe in this kind of thing?

Jonathan nodded and said, "Yes. These are some basic cultivation techniques. When used in conjunction with those medicinal herbs, and with my training, there won't be any problem for you all to win the championship in two weeks."

What they didn't know was that this booklet given to Patrick was the first half of the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique.

Moreover, no one knew better than him just how useful the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique was.

Although this booklet only contained about ten percent of the first half of the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, it could undoubtedly increase their combat power immensely in a short period of time.

“Well, Commander, can I also train with these techniques?” Patrick asked. He gulped nervously and looked at Jonathan with expectant eyes.

If these words were to come out of anyone else’s mouth, Patrick would not believe them. However, those were Jonathan’s words. Hence, Patrick did not question him.

No one else could convince Patrick as Jonathan did.

It was because the man standing in front of him was Asura.

Jonathan was practically a like a god to him.

“Sure.”

Jonathan looked at Patrick indifferently. “However, you’re not that young anymore, so your cultivation progress won’t be as quick as theirs. If they need half a month, you would probably need at least one whole month.”

“One month is fine. Commander, this won’t stop me!” Patrick was in high spirits.

One month was nothing to Patrick.

Even if it took a year, Patrick would do it.

He had all the time in the world.

In the following two weeks, the Dragon Scale Guards truly understood what it felt like to be living in hell on earth.

It felt like they were living in an endless nightmare.

Did they have to ascend a three-thousand-meter-high mountain within an hour while carrying more than a hundred kilograms of weights on their backs?

Perhaps, they had to climb a steep mountain with nothing but their bare hands under the scorching sun?

Or were they left for dead traversing a desolated jungle with dangerous beasts lurking around at every corner?

No!

Compared to their training, those were all child's play!

Their training was so excruciating that they even missed the previous training where they were constantly on the brink of death!

At least, they were only on the brink of death back then.

Now, they could not even see themselves surviving this training.

Training under Jonathan was like living in a nightmare devised by the devil.

Out of the twenty-four hours in a day, only one hour was for sleep. In the remaining time, they were either training or making their way to the training.

Before the two weeks were up, several Dragon Scale Guards had collapsed during training.

One would think that the training would end if they collapsed.

But, no!

Instead, a basin of cold water would be splashed on their faces, and they would be forced to get up and continue.

"Commander, is the training a little too cruel for them?" Standing under the blazing heat, even Patrick could not take it and was beginning to feel a little light-headed.

Jonathan shot him a cold glare. "Cruel? Whoever thinks that it's cruel is welcome to leave right now!"

Jonathan continued, "However, remember this. On the battlefield, you won't have a chance to back out. Your enemy will not put down the weapons in their hands and spare your life out of pity!"

