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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 bullsht 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.

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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.

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"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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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"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!”

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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.

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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?”

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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.