

Lord of War 37

Chapter 37: .duel

Hank's pupils shrank slightly, his furious face gradually disappeared, and his gaze turned from Sean to the long sword in his hand.

The sword has brilliance, and the green, blue, and yellow light shines on the sword from time to time. Although it is very weak, it is dazzling enough for everyone present.

Magic weapons!

Hank's right fist slowly retracted and dropped, and his eyes returned to Xiao En's body again.

A few drops of blood emerged from the back of the first section of the four fingers of his right hand.

It was a very small wound.

This wound is so subtle that even if you ignore it, the epidermis will heal automatically after a few seconds—in Hanke's physique.

But the appearance of this wound represents an extraordinary meaning.

Because it is a real wound.

"It turns out that there is a magic weapon, no wonder you dare to be so arrogant." Hanke snorted coldly, but he was not stupid enough to continue his reckless attack at this time.

He is very aware of his own advantages. Although his burly size and strength are indeed his advantages, he does not even have a weapon to take advantage of. As a guard of the Chamber of Commerce, he can live to the present. In addition to the hard work in his hands, he does have a bit of head. In this situation, he will never attack a man with a demonized weapon. People launch an offense.

Even if this is only a small-effect bronze-level magic weapon.

"Luck is also part of strength."

Cecilia, who has also stood up at this moment, just stood beside Sean, raising her head slightly so that her eyes could face Hank's face. Obviously just a child, but Cecilia's feeling at this moment is not looking up at Hank, but looking down at Hank with a condescending aura and taste. At this moment, she was born in the possession of an ancient nobleman. That kind of arrogance to the bones of temperament was completely revealed in Cecilia's body.

"Of course, humanoids like you must be unable to understand the meaning of this sentence. Anyway, we did not try to make you understand the profound language and literature of human beings from the beginning." Cecilia will be "humanoid." The four words are very hard to bite, but the crisp childish voice has an endless mockery. Just a single sentence makes Hank enter the critical point of violent again, "If you just want Sean to put down the weapon in his hand and you If you have a fight, then I advise you to cancel this idiotic idea as soon as possible."

After that, he stretched out his hand and patted his clothes: "Really, I don't know if idiots will be contagious."

The aristocracy's meanness and ridicule, Cecilia really performed extremely well.

Hank, who had already calmed down, clenched his fists once again. If he could, he really wanted to punch the little girl to death.

He looked away bitterly and looked at Sean with a sneer: "So? You said that in a battle with me, you took the weapon, but I didn't take the weapon? Hey, it really deserves to be able to cross the forest of the stars. Mercenary."

This kind of Tucao intensity, compared with Cecilia, is simply the kindergarten level!

Sean looked at Hank, a burly man, and couldn't figure out whether his brain was really bad. He was obviously a muscular man who was not good at language, but he wanted to work with Cecilia, a genuine nobleman and talented magic. Shibi's language logic and ridicule ability are no different from suicide.

"There are people who can be stupid to this degree." Cecilia's eyes opened wide and made an exaggerated facial expression, "Oh, I'm sorry, I forgot that you are not a human. I really don't You

should force the IQ of a humanoid." After that, he turned his head and looked at Ron, with a pitiful expression: "Isn't the Black Cat Chamber of Commerce selling smart medicines? Why only give him a name but not give him a regular Provide a bottle? Is it really impossible to save it?"

There was a gnashing sound.

"Cecilia, if you continue like this, he will be ruined by you." Sean chuckled, looking at Cecilia with some dozing, but when his gaze turned to Hank again, But there is only endless killing intent, "Go, I know you must have camped outside the city to get your weapons. After I deal with your bastard, I will come to the Black Cat Chamber of Commerce to talk about remuneration."

Ron suddenly felt a chill. He turned his head to look at Fox a little sluggishly, but saw the latter shaking his head and smiling bitterly.

The development of things has completely deviated from their expectations, and this duel is inevitable.

"Okay!" Hank's eyes condensed, and the same murderous intent appeared, "I will let you know that the weak should have the posture of the weak!"

The two parties involved turned around and left without paying attention to Ron, the righteous master.

The temporary camp rebuilt by the Black Cat Chamber of Commerce is indeed in the outskirts of Arthur City. This is just a simple temporary camp. There are less than 30 people in the entire camp, and nearly half of them are more or less injured. .

These people all spontaneously greeted Hanke and others when they came back, but when they felt the murderous aura on Hanke, few of them dared to approach rashly. Obviously, Hank does have a certain degree of authority in the minds of these people. Perhaps this is the reason why he firmly holds the commander status.

Only at this moment, Sean has no intention of thinking about Hank.

In the beginning, he really just waited for Ron and the others to come back to him after a loss, so even if there were suspicious thoughts, he stayed in the hotel and did not leave. Afterwards, although the development of the matter was slightly unexpected, the final script still proceeded in

the direction that Sean thought. Therefore, he wanted the command of the team just to make it easier to attack the dungeon. But now it has evolved into a duel situation, it is Xiao. Eun was really angry.

The last thing Hank should not be is to try to do something with Cecilia, because he has long regarded Cecilia as a relative.

Family is Sean's reverse scale.

Hank got into a camp that was big enough for four people, and after a while he walked out with a long-handled heavy hammer. Just as Sean had expected, Hank was indeed a strong man with long weapons.

In fact, when Ron yelled Hank's name in the hotel before, he had already fully understood the detailed data of the enemy in front of him.

[Name: Hank]

[Race: Orcs (Bear Clan)]

【Combat occupation: Lux (third-tier)】

[Personal attributes-strength: 33 (35); endurance: 25 (28); agility: 16 (22); wisdom: 15 (18); will: 20 (23)]

Luxury, tenth level [Warrior] Normally advanced class, known for its powerful strength.

Sean is almost familiar with the various stages of the profession in "Miracle", so he just glanced at Hank's personal attributes, and he has inferred how thin his bloodline is. The strength limit of a normal adult is ten, while the strength growth limit of a normal bear tribe orc is 30. As a bear tribe half-orc, there will be a fluctuation value of 18 to 25, but according to the strength growth limit of a tenth-level warrior After twelve o'clock, after deducting the power limit growth of first-tier mercenaries and second-tier fighters, Hank's racial power growth limit was only 14 points.

This bloodline power is so weak that it almost disappears.

On the other hand, Sean, although he has already taken a position [Scholar], but because there is no experience point to assign, this profession is still level zero, but he also has 22 power points when he counts the increase in various attributes of the equipment. , Sixteen-point endurance, twenty-point agility, fifteen-point intelligence and fifteen-point will. This attribute seems obviously no way to compare with Hank's attributes, but the problem is that his current fighter level is only level 5, and he is still a Tier 2 profession, but his agility has steadily surpassed Hank.

This is enough for a person who uses swordsmanship.

Charles' sabre slowly unsheathed.

The ring worn by Sean on his hand [Thinker] emits a faint light that is invisible to outsiders. At this moment, Sean has completely calmed down. All the voices from the outside world have disappeared at this moment, and the whole world is in his eyes. Only Hank was left.

Focus!

It is difficult to have anything to distract you (not easy to interrupt when casting a spell).

This "not easy to interrupt when casting spells" is not only useful for mages. If it is in the game, there will be a more accurate description, but it is now a reality! In this real world, as long as it is fighting, it can be regarded as "casting time", so this effect is also effective for the current Sean.

As long as you are not disturbed by the outside world, and you will not be distracted by it, it will naturally be "not easy to interrupt".

"You beg for mercy now, and there is still a chance." The tranquility of Sean's heart made Hank feel a little unnatural. He subconsciously opened his mouth, but didn't realize that this was a hard-working man. "If it really starts to fight, I won't Show mercy!"

"Don't worry." Sean waved Charles' saber a few times, looking for some touch, and replied casually, "I'll be merciful to you."

"Since you want to die so much, then I will fulfill you!"

Hank clenched his right hand, and the whole person immediately rushed towards Sean, the appearance of stepping like a violent bear running wildly.

The momentum is amazing!

But Xiao En's eyes did not fluctuate at all from the beginning to the end. This astonishing momentum was like a grandstanding harlequin in his eyes, and it did not cause any waves in his heart. He just stared at Hank, silently counting the distance between each other.

Ten meters!

Eight meters!

Six meters!

Four meters!

When the distance between the two sides was only four meters, Sean finally moved.

It is moving like a gust of wind and thunder!

I saw Sean rushing towards Hank like a bolt of lightning. For him, the distance of four meters seemed to be a step forward!

Sprint!

In this distance, Sean can control his own action at will, and the sprint momentum and speed bonus can also be used. But on the contrary, because Hank wanted to keep running and accumulate his own momentum, at this moment there was such a flaw that would never appear!

Stop! Zama! Short! Quite a sword!

Target, throat!