

## Star Gate 58

### Chapter 58: An Eager Little Inspector (I)

“The Night Watchers can’t do anything about it either?” Li Hao frowned. “She’s a commissioner inspector of the agency! How much power can the Night Watchers have if they won’t take revenge for the death of a higher ranked’s family? If they can’t do that, what does it matter that they’re an official government organization?!”

He hadn’t thought that the Night Watchers would stay their hand out of reservation for these supernatural organizations. How could they subdue the land if they wouldn’t take revenge for a commissioner inspector whose family had been killed?

With Li Hao’s personality, he’d find a way to secretly make an example of the culprits, if not open vengeance. His authority would be nonexistent otherwise!

There was abruptly only sympathy left for Liu Yan. The captain’s meaning was very clear—this rose with thorns would do anything for anyone who could inflict revenge for her.

It was quite pitiable. She was a senior executive officer and he only a third rank inspector. They were many ranks apart, yet her dire issue remained unresolved.

Liu Long sighed again—he was sighing many times today. He shook his head with resignation.

“The supernatural domain is much more complicated than you think! Let’s put it this way, the Night Watchers aren’t weak, but neither are they the strongest in terms of overall strength! Certain organizations either rival or surpass them. They also need to consider the fact that they’re a government agency and require prudence in all action. They cannot casually engage in life or death struggles because they also need to oversee the various cities!”

Simply speaking, too many limitations hampered the Night Watchers. Offending a massive supernatural organization or eliciting backlash from others on behalf of a commissioner inspector was more of a loss than a gain to the senior council. It was understandable from their perspective, but incomprehensible from Li Hao and the victim’s perspective.

“So there’s nothing that can be done about Sis Liu’s cause?”

“Nothing, unless we become supernatural powerhouses. We can seek vengeance in our own names then and not the Night Watchers’...” Liu Long answered calmly. “As the team captain, I have some plans in mind. The prerequisite is that I cross over first.”

Otherwise, it was all bullshit and pure imagination. The one who’d killed Liu Yan’s husband was now peak Darkmoon and poised to break through to Sunflare. That was a high level personage in any organization. A regular Sunderer could do nothing against a character like that.

Li Hao nodded quietly, voicing none of his myriad of thoughts. The other team members came to mind.

“Chief, what about the others?”

“Them?” Liu Long laughed. “Everyone has their own story, why poke at their scabs? I gave you a reminder about Liu Yan only because I see her placing high hopes in you. You absorbed mysterious power so quickly that she really is thinking a thing or two. I don’t want you to be tempted by women, get in over your head, then end up in disgrace.”

“You’re overly concerned, chief!” Li Hao shook his head. “I’m not that type of person!”

Liu Long said nothing. Little fella, you may say that you’re not that type of person, but it’ll put me in a difficult position if Liu Yan really does take you to bed. Helping her or not will be a hard call then.

“Wang Ming...”

The team captain shook his head when Li Hao mentioned the newcomer.

“Ignore him!” he muttered. “I’ve already looked into his identity—yep, he’s from the Night Watchers. Pretend to know nothing and I’ll take care of everything!”

Li Hao nodded, comfortable with the deputy chief’s arrangements. The man appeared brash and crude, but was actually very thoughtful. He wouldn’t conduct this private conversation about Liu Yan otherwise.

The young man had no further matters to bring up and parted ways with Liu Long after momentary discourse. Instead of rushing to leave, he headed for the showers and a change of clothing.

The basement was vast and the facilities comprehensive. There were showering stalls and a bunch of new inspector uniforms in a nearby closet. Plainly, Liu Long and the others were lazy. Any uniform that was dirtied or torn ended up in the trash—Li Hao saw several sets of clothing in the trash can.

As expected, the chief of the law enforcement team could flex some muscles. He had his pick of whatever wardrobe he wished.

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Much refreshed after a shower and a brand new outfit, Li Hao found that the benefits of a strengthened spleen were starting to be apparent. Faster circulating blood ensured that even casual punches snapped through the air; the resonance of bones and meridians was particularly noticeable.

The young man barely left the basement that day. He focused on digesting mysterious power and sparring with Wu Chao and Chen Jian. They were easier opponents compared to Liu Yan and Yun Yao, whereas Liu Long was so busy that he was nowhere to be found. Of the two men, one was skilled in defense and the other in escape—perfect opponents for Li Hao.

He reaped great benefits over the course of a day, while Wu Chao and Chen Jian felt that the young man was absolutely perverse! They could see a tangible rate of improvement!

Li Hao hadn't been completely familiar with the New Book of Five Styles before, but now he demonstrated confidence and accuracy in every gesture and movement. Apart from lacking experience with practical combat and needing to hone his killing intent, Li Hao really did seem like a true Slayer of Tens now.

In the past, a Slayer needed to actually kill someone; the battlefield was where most Slayers could be found. With the advent of supernaturals in Li Hao's era, such tests became rare for martial masters.

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The night winds arrived when Li Hao returned home on the 15th. It was a cool night amid the scorching hot summer. For the young man, this change in weather meant that the rainy season was almost here. It wouldn't be long now.

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At the same time, outside Silver City.

Bloody shadows manifested in the night—not one, but many. A person in a mask stood behind each shadow.

“The rains are almost here!” said one of the Ghostfaces in a haunting tone, both expectant and regretful. “It's time to harvest the sword of the Lis!”

Some chuckles answered him while another said, “The Demon Hunters of Silver City are involved this time, possibly Yuan Shuo as well!”

“Heh!”

“The Demon Hunters? Liu Long and his idiots, right? I know him! He’s a Sunderer of Hundreds who offended the Night Watchers! They saw that he possessed decent potential and held hopes for him to ascend as a Sunflare genius. Not only did he fail, but he ran his mouth and said that martial masters are not necessarily less than supernaturals. He can protect the land just as well from Silver City. Hah, what a joke!”

“How laughable. I hear they’ve secretly killed a few supernaturals over the years, some of them Darkmoon. But those are just wandering supernaturals. The merry band of fools would’ve died a long time ago otherwise!”

“Everyone, it’s best to stay alert even though Silver City is a small place. While it’s so insignificant that not even Night Watchers visit, that doesn’t mean there are no threats here. We need to give it a little respect as it still boasts of a few Sunderers!”

Sunderer of Hundreds!

“We’d be better off staying alert against hot weapons,” laughed a Ghostface. “A Sunderer will die as soon as they show their face! This is the last of the eight bloodlines, which means it is our last mission in Silver City! Everyone, we might not ever come here again after completing this operation!”

“Understood!”

“Don’t worry, although the city is ready and there are Night Watchers present, what can they do? We know about them, they don’t know about us! Let’s make this quick and eliminate the Li remnant with the fastest possible speed. The plan to collect the eight bloodlines will be complete after we obtain the sword of the Lis!”

“What about the blade of the Zhangs?”

“Don’t worry about it, that’s much less important after we have the sword. We might be able to replace it with something else. It hasn’t surfaced in all this time, so it might really be lost!”

“Understood!”

Scarlet shadows vanished into the darkness as shouts of assent echoed through the air. Ghostfaces followed suit. Just as Li Hao thought, there was more than one shadow and more than one perpetrator!

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July 16. A hot and muggy day. It was so muggy that one could barely breathe. Those in the know recognized it as a sign of impending storms.

Morning.

Li Hao kept one hand on the handlebars and one on his breakfast bun, leisurely riding his bicycle to the Inspectorate. All had been quiet last night. There was no scarlet shadow, no one from the Demon Hunters came for him, his teacher didn't call him, Wang Ming didn't harass him... Even Panther was very calm and docile.

It was a rare night of peace.

Cars whooshed by the bike.

S 7219.

A familiar license plate.

Li Hao carelessly swept a gaze to the side as he bit into his bun, brimming with youthful vigor and a smile that one would expect from a young man. This had been the car that followed him a few days ago when he made a report of the self-immolation cases. Here it was again.

Are they feeling some urgency?

Were they worried that he'd run off if they were keeping him under surveillance during the day? Wouldn't it be fun if he suddenly did flee for safety?

Of course, that might be more dangerous and ruin some of Liu Long's preparations. It wouldn't win more time for his teacher either.

Yes, time.

Li Hao wished to stall for time. Although his teacher was a Dominator now, he needed time to absorb the blade's energy. That weapon's power was too ferocious; even Yuan Shuo might not be able to induct too much in one go.

It required time for the professor to grow into his strength.

"Tender affection springs to see flowers bloom and wilt..." Singing during his morning commute, Li Hao seemed to be in a great mood today.

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Inside the car.

It was the same man and woman from before. The open window admitted strains of the young man's singing when they passed him. It grated on the ears!

The car drove for a while before the woman in the passenger seat chuckled, “People are so pitiful sometimes!”

She meant Li Hao. He had no idea he was about to die, and in a very gruesome manner to boot. Look at him, singing on his way to work. How sad!

The middle-aged man in the car also smiled. “This is normal. That is the sorrow of being mortal!”

The car slowly rolled to a halt—something seemed to be broken. Both occupants alighted after parking the car by the side of the road, waiting for Li Hao.

They had clear-cut orders from above to ignore everything during these two days and follow the young man. He was not to leave their line of sight. They could wait outside the Inspectorate when he arrived at work—there were other arrangements in play inside the building.

Moments later, a bike passed by.

Li Hao abruptly cut off his song and braked, looking at the car off to the side. He flashed a very honest and simple smile.