

Star Gate 62

Chapter 62: A Victorious First Battle (II)

The battle lasted less than three minutes and ended with man and woman on a ground strewn with puddles of blood. Panting heavily, Li Hao knelt on one knee and watched the two warily as he adjusted his breathing.

He seemed to come back to his senses upon confirming that they couldn't move. The young man paled as he looked at the bloody floor, then at the people walking out of a corner. Fear struck him only now and he regarded the team with alarm and panic.

"That was terrifying, these two are so strong and savage! That woman almost ran a dagger through my brain!"

"....." Liu Long stared silently at the young man.

"Do you mean that, Little Hao?" Liu Yan smiled stiffly. Are you putting on a show?

Li Hao looked blankly at her—of course he meant what he said! That fight was too awful! Real combat was so dangerous. He would've been stabbed to death if he'd been a little more careless or reckless!

Just look at him...

The rest of the team found the sight incomprehensible. Li Hao seemed to be serious, but, dude, do you see what you've done?

Your two opponents are bleeding messes on the floor. Who knows how many ribs Zhou He has fractured? His foot is crushed, his kidneys are pulped, and the scratches on his arms run straight to the bone!

The woman is beyond describing. Her neck may be broken, her hand is crippled, and she has too many broken bones to be counted. But you're the one who says you're afraid?? Are you even human?

Liu Long said nothing and didn't mind the possibility that Li Hao might be putting on an act.

"Is this your first time in actual combat?" he growled.

"Yep!" Li Hao bobbed his head rapidly. "Actual combat is so scary. I learned the New Book of the Five Styles because I'm a martial arts fan. But I use it for exercise and didn't expect it to be so vicious in battle!"

A martial arts fan's first battle!

"If this is your first battle, how come your movements were without hesitation?" Liu Long looked oddly at the young man. Li Hao's blows were so decisive that it didn't seem like his first fight! He'd been too resolute!

It was a characteristic that only veteran martial masters possessed, and from those who had experienced life and death. Only those martial masters could make snap decisions without dithering and take down the enemy first!

"Hesitation?" Li Hao shook his head after some thought. He really hadn't felt any uncertainty. "I don't sympathize with them because I know they're the enemy. My teacher taught me that if I start fighting, I need to take out the enemy before thinking of anything else! The stronger the opponent, the more ruthless I must be or I'll be the one struck with misfortune!"

Alright then! Liu Long hadn't thought that Li Hao would listen to his teacher so fully. Yuan Shuo said that because his opponents were all powerhouses and they shared blood feuds. But Li Hao...

Well, perhaps this was a good thing in the end. The little guy that he thought of as a rookie gave a better than expected showing in his first battle! He'd caught a Slayer of Tens and someone close to

being a Slayer off guard. When battle ended in three minutes, the two were so heavily injured that they were on the verge of death whereas... only the skin had broken on Li Hao's knuckles!

Indeed, he'd punched with so much force—and one of his blows connected with Zhou He's exposed bone—that his knuckles were bleeding from where he'd scraped them.

Other than that, there was nothing else on Li Hao!

These were the results of battle from a rookie newly ascended into Slayer of Tens!

Liu Long could say with certainty that almost none of the martial masters he knew could achieve this feat. Even he hadn't been able to do so when he first broke through to Slayer. His first opponent had been another Slayer and he was the one to almost die! The other had almost beaten him to death!

"Bro, you're really something!" Chen Jian stuck his thumb up. Heartfelt respect!

This young fellow was frail, soft-spoken, and sometimes blushed furiously when Liu Yan teased him. Their shy little brother had beaten two martial masters into quivering puddles during his first real battle!

"Thank goodness you weren't this vicious when you sparred with us before!" The skinny Wu Chao looked around with fright. The kid ripped off chunks of flesh whenever he grabbed someone!

Chen Jian was fine since his defense was so strong, but Wu Chao was hardly on the same level. If Li Hao hit him with the same blows, his paltry kilograms of flesh would be long gone!

"They're bad guys and we're justice!" Li Hao explained bashfully. "When I attack villains, I'm upholding justice! How would I ever attack one of us?"

“Justice!” Liu Long and the others blinked, turning toward the young man. Liu Yan tittered so gleefully that she bent forward, breaking into gales of laughter. A massive, shining expanse loomed into Li Hao’s line of sight.

“Sis Liu, your top isn’t buttoned!” he couldn’t help but raise.

The premises immediately quieted down.

Liu Yan immediately straightened up and looked at the young man with shock. “Are you a man??” She jabbed an accusatory finger. “You choose to remind me that my top isn’t buttoned at a time like this??”

Li Hao looked around innocently. What? Couldn’t he do that?

Liu Long and the others burst into laughter when they looked at each other. True mirth poured from the rest of the team.

“Vice Captain Liu, it looks like not everyone likes the show you put on!” Even Yun Yao joined in the fun.

“Pfft, it’s not like you have any!” Although Liu Yan was wary of Yun Yao, she couldn’t help a retort. I do whatever I want! Do you have what I have?

Yun Yao instantly fell silent and looked at Liu Yan with an odd look. It seemed to promise that she would find an opportunity to beat Liu Yan’s head in!

Li Hao couldn’t be bothered with them. He glanced at the two still vomiting blood and asked, “Should we take them in for questioning? Let’s see what we can learn from them. Sis Yun Yao, can you take a look at them since you’re a doctor? We won’t be able to question them if they die!”

“You’re coldhearted alright!” Liu Yan chortled. This

was what the little guy was focused on? Not bad, not bad!

Li Hao laughed drily and heaved a sigh as he stood up. “Real battle is very different, it’s so exciting! It’s more nerves that got to me than anything—I was so nervous just now! I was really afraid that they’d come at me at the same time from front and back. Chief, how do you normally handle those types of situations?”

Liu Long looked wordlessly at him. What do you think? Didn’t you handle it just fine just now? Cripple one with your full strength, then take care of the other! How else are you supposed to handle it?

The kid seemed to be asking for it with his questions!

“Chief,” Li Hao continued sincerely. “Something else that my teacher didn’t teach me—my claw attacks aren’t that strong and my movements are affected if blood touches my hand. Gore is messy and blood is sticky. My holds kept slipping as the fight continued. What should I do then?”

“I don’t have time to wipe my hands off,” he asked with the air of a student consoling a teacher. “Thank goodness I wasn’t using a weapon or I’d probably lose my grip on it. How do you usually do it, chief?”

“.....”

Everyone was quiet. This was a... special question. So out of the ordinary that Liu Long was momentarily lost in thought. Li Hao disdained his claw attacks not because of the pain or injuries they inflicted on the enemy, but because they dirtied his hand. Weapons and grips were hard to maintain when his hand was slippery.

Was this a question about battle?

It... counted, right?

But no one had ever asked this so matter-of-factly as Li Hao. The young man asked with unfettered confidence of wanting to resolve the issue.

“Li Hao, are you... not feeling guilty at all?” Yun Yao couldn’t help but ask. “Not guiltiness from having done something wrong, but it’s normal to feel a certain degree of guilt and self-reproach after your first battle—especially one like this.”

Was something mentally wrong with Li Hao? Or was he by nature cruel and uncaring?

“I’m not burdened by anything because I know they’re villains,” Li Hao answered after some thought. “They’re bad people who want me dead! As for feeling guilty... I do feel a bit guilty, but this has nothing to do with my question, right?”

Yeah I am feeling a bit guilty, but I’m more bummed that you guys are looking at me with those eyes! You’re all old hands, is there a need for this?

Liu Long and the others didn’t say anything because they didn’t find anything untoward. They were more considering that Li Hao was a natural battle machine and possibly a bit cold-blooded.

“Your claw technique causes your hand to be covered in blood,” Liu Long addressed seriously, setting everything else out of his mind. “Under these circumstances, you can... One, find a chance to wipe your hand off on the enemy. Two, find a chance to rub it against the floor, especially against some dirt! Three, avoid grabbing arteries—those will spray you with blood. Four, run the enemy through and wipe yourself clean when you yank your hand back. Five, be so fast that no blood sprays before you’re done!”

The other looked strangely at Liu Long. Well well, one guy is bold enough to ask a nutty question and the other is crazy enough to answer! And give him five solutions to boot!

Li Hao listened intently. He'd always felt that he was too fresh behind the ears and needed to learn from martial seniors. The fifth point that Liu Long mentioned was fantastic—be as fast as possible!

Be so fast that when he retracted his claw, the enemy's blood wouldn't have time to spray forth. That was all he needed to do! Blood wouldn't be a worry if he was fast enough!

Li Hao looked at the captain with veneration. No wonder the rest of the team weren't Sunderers! Just look at how they regarded him instead of answering his question. It made absolute sense that the captain was the strongest.

Liu Long didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Li Hao was a promising talent. In the olden days, an elderly martial master accepted disciples like him as a way to ward off old age. As martial masters aged, they were less able to fight. Ruthless students like Li Hao were necessary to fend off the enemies that would come knocking. He was brutal, vicious, merciless, and thought there was nothing wrong with what he was doing.

A final disciple!