

Visible World chapter 28 read online

Chapter 28 Wielding the Force

Looking at those wooden logs that piled up to mountains, Anthony could not help but be reminded of a poem by Hai Zi. 'Feed the horses, cut the logs, wander the world... The ocean is before you, flowers blooming in the springtime warmth...'

Nevertheless, he thought about his new and improved body and figured that the task might just be bearable after all. Anthony knew that there must be a reason to Master Louis' assignments.

"Alright!" Anthony agreed and promptly picked up the ax. He erected one of the half-meter-long logs in one swift action, swung his ax, and split it into halves.

As he was picking up the second log to continue his woodcutting, Louis lightly shook his head and said, "When I ask you to cut these logs, I didn't mean to chop them up like a butcher! Watch closely, let me show you how it's done... How much of it can you learn depends on you alone!"

As he spoke, Louis grabbed the ax from Anthony's hand, steadied his footing, and assumed a perfect posture. He then gracefully swung the ax with his right hand, and in one swift movement landed it squarely on the wooden log.

To an untrained eye, the movement was nothing out of the ordinary. However, Anthony had unlocked his Carnelian vision, which slowed down the entire sequence. In the milliseconds that mere mortals would usually miss, Anthony discovered the true secret behind Louis' movement...

When he began, Anthony could clearly see a subtle, almost invisible force emanating from the back of his torso. It gradually moved upwards while gaining momentum and finally accumulated on Louis' arm. As he made the final downward swing of the ax, the force seemed to have cut through the air as well, making distinctive gushing noises like the wind.

"Did you see it clearly? This is a fundamental step. Once you're able to wield the Force at will, you'll be all set!" Louis paused for a moment before demonstrating once again to Anthony. "I'll give you some time to digest. If you have any questions, ask me again tomorrow!"

Upon finishing his sentence, Louis chucked the ax onto the floor and made his way back to the mansion as he let out a big yawn.

As for Anthony, he repeatedly replayed Louis' every move in his mind. This is a fundamental step, you'll need to be able to wield the Force.

Anthony picked up the ax and imitated Louis' posture before swinging it once again. At the same time, he was figuring out a way to utilize the Force within himself, just like how Louis had done.

I have to say, cutting the wood this way would indeed save quite a lot of energy. Its potential is huge. Nevertheless, Anthony did not have good fundamentals to begin with. The Chakras that had been set free within his being were powerful, and he could personally feel it pulsing through his veins. Alas, he still had to figure out a way to wield them effectively.

Fortunately, Anthony was a man of dedication. Plus, he had the advantage of the Carnelian vision. How could he give up just yet?

If he could not do it once, he would just have to do it twice.... Thrice...

A hundred times, a thousand times, a million times...

Anthony spent the entire night studying and deconstructing the fundamental step of cutting a simple log of wood. As he cut through his fifty thousandth log, he felt a sudden tingling in his waist. With wooden log number fifty thousand and one, he actually saw a subtle stream of golden beam pulsing through his body to his arm!

Had he done it? Anthony's heart leaped with joy. At this moment, his arm felt like it was shackled to the floor – he could barely lift it. Nonetheless, Anthony knew he was already behind with the fundamentals and needed to put in extra hours to catch up.

After a moment's rest, he picked up a new ax and started swinging it on logs once again!

Sixty thousand pieces... Eighty thousand pieces....

Once he hit the hundred thousand mark, Anthony had seen two streams of Meridian lines gushing from his waist.

At his hundred fifty thousand mark, Anthony found six more distinctive streams pulsing through his body.

As he struck the two hundred thousandth log, sixty-four majestic Meridian lines were orbiting his entire being. He looked almost celestial.

Nonetheless, he did not stop. Through the night, he continued to cut the wooden logs like a robot. He even forgot that he had to sleep with Poppy that night...

While Anthony was contentedly chopping down wooden logs at the Riverside Drive mansion, Justin Hammel brought Joel's body back to the family home in absolute horror. The entire Hammel family spiraled into shock and despair.

Old Master Jonathan Hammel questioned Justin gravely, "Are you sure you heard correctly? A man named Logan Howell, an Orbtagon's Varangian, killed Joel?"

Justin sat on a chair with bitterness on his face. His body was still shaking from the trauma. "Grandpa, for the last time! Joel was in a battle with Anthony Stewart. He was injured and fell on the floor. Right behind him was the self-proclaimed Varangian, Logan Howell, who grabbed Joel and smashed him into the front of my car. You've seen it for yourself the condition of the hood..."

Master Jonathan was silent for a moment. Finally, he let out a long sigh, "Since it was the Varangians who had done this, I'm afraid we have to let it go!" He struggled to understand why a poor student such as Anthony Stewart could be affiliated to Jonah Jones, and have the Orbtagon on his side.

Needless to say, from a series of happenings, it was clear to him that there was more to Anthony Stewart than met the eyes. He might not know everything, but the might and influence of the Orbtagon was something he could attest to.

Ten years ago, an old family in Brooklyn committed an unpardonable crime, but even then, openly refused to cooperate with the Intelligence during the investigation. In the end, the higher management sent two Varangians to manage the situation. The next day, the family was annihilated with no surviving members.

The Orbtagon was gargantuan – the Hammel family could not afford to oppose its orders.

Nevertheless, the untimely death of Joel Hammel could not simply be accepted by Justin's second uncle, Jack. He pleaded, "Father, do we just let Joel die in vain? We need to avenge him..."

"Nonsense! Who do you want to seek revenge from? The Orbtagon? You may be suicidal, but do not drag the whole family down with you... I still have a few good years ahead of me!" Master Jonathan felt the apprehension rising within himself. He gave everyone in the room a good stare, "Listen to me! There will be nothing more to be done about Joel's death. Don't bring calamity upon the Hammel family, do you understand me?"

"Father, we might not be a match for the Orbtagon, but why do we have to fear that Stewart bastard? I won't be able to rest until I step over his dead body!" Jack Hammel was infuriated. Joel was his only son – young, brilliant, and full of potential. His death was impossible to swallow.

Master Jonathan was so enraged by his words that he threw his walking cane at him, "Bastard, didn't I make myself clear? You'll be the death of me! This incident ends here and that's final. The Orbtagon had stood up for Anthony Stewart – do you still think he's a nobody? All of you are hopeless! How did I end up with a bunch of weaklings?"

Before Master Jonathan could continue any further, Jack bellowed to the guards, “You two, come and help Master Jonathan to his chamber! He needs to rest.”

“Let me see you try!” Master Jonathan slammed his hand on the table, “I am still not dead! You want to start a coup?”

Chapter 29 A Human Guinea Pig

The two guards jumped in surprise – they could not help but shift their line of vision sideways towards Justin’s father, Jackson Hammel. They knew that Jackson was now the real head of the Hammel family. Any business within the family was directly under his purview and required his approval before further actions.

Jackson raised his eyebrows before barking, “Go on! Master Jonathan is frail. He can’t stand the cold wind for long!”

The guards did not know what to make of the order. We are in the middle of summer – what wind is this man talking about?

Nonetheless, the order came from Jackson, and they had no business questioning it. Both of them carried old Master Jonathan and hurried into the room. Master Jonathan continued with rage, his lips moving lividly underneath his wispy mustache, “You fools, you are going to destroy the Hammel family... This... This will be the end of me...”

Once the old man was out of the way, only Jack, Justin, and Jackson remained in the living hall. “Jackson, we have to do something about this! The only reason Joel got into the fight was to defend our pride! We need to bring him some justice!” Jack stared piercingly at Jackson.

Upon hearing these words, Jackson could not help but furrow his brows. He had a part to play in Joel’s standing up for Justin. After all, Justin had indeed suffered great humiliation during last night’s banquet. Today was worse – to be raped by a man... It was impossible for Jackson to do nothing about it.

“Jack, I understand where you’re coming from. You’re right, we can’t just sit by and do nothing. But at the same time, we can’t be too forward with our counterattacks. Why don’t we do this. Prepare an exquisite gift, bring it up to Mount Beastial, and hand it to Master Xavier Charles. After all, Joel was the collateral disciple of the Beastial Sect. If the masters from Mount Beastial wanted to avenge the death of their disciple, it would be entirely their own decision to make. The Hammels have no say in that matter, have we?” Jackson stroked his beard wistfully. His eyes twinkled with a flash of cunning.

One should know that the leader of the Mount Beastial Sect, Xavier Charles, was a Class B Reiki Master. If he did seek Anthony Stewart for revenge, the latter could well be on the verge of his demise. Plus, even if the Orbtagon questions the Hammel family, we would be able to steer clear effortlessly...

Hearing Jackson's plot, a glimmer of light flashed across Jack's eyes. "That's right! You're brilliant, Jackson! Why didn't I think of that? Hmm, letting the people from Mount Beastial do the dirty work will leave the Hammels untraceable. I'll head there first thing tomorrow!"

Seeing that his father was on board with the plan, Justin was wildly ecstatic. With Xavier Charles in the picture, chances of Anthony surviving would be close to zero! Oh Anthony, we shall see... Don't worry, once you're gone, I'll take good care of your woman. Ha ha!

On the other hand, Anthony was completely oblivious of the schemes unfolding at the Hammels. He spent his entire night cutting up wooden logs. As the cutting came more naturally to him, he almost forgot his own, bare existence and entered a state of transcendence!

The next morning, Louis was awakened by the repeated noise of wood-chopping. Another sound was most familiar to him – the sound of the Force slicing through the dimensions. Louis was taken aback and immediately sat up straight. He muttered to himself, "That's impossible... The bloke can already wield the Force?"

He jumped out of bed and rushed to the backyard. There Anthony was, his movements as quick as lightning, chopping up the wooden logs one after another. His every maneuver was clean and smooth like moving water.

This... This isn't just simply wielding the Force anymore! This is becoming one with the Force – it's the art's true mastery...

Louis Darcy could not believe his eyes. His face was full of disbelief. Is he a warlock, as the legend has it? It had taken him six months to be able to wield the Force, but to become one with it, that nearly took him a year! And this bloke did it in one night?

This is unacceptable! Should I be happy or sad about this?

Anthony turned around and saw Louis gawking at him from behind. He coyly asked, "How did I do, Master? Was it okay?" Ten carts of wooden logs with twenty over thousands of cuttings were finished by Anthony in one night. The will power and ability demonstrated by him was nearly inhuman!

Louis rolled his eyes while sweeping them across the backyard, admiring the firewood cuttings that were stacked orderly along the fence. Okay? This is not 'okay'? This is amazing, magnificent even!

But he was not about to admit all that! Suppressing the tidal waves of pride and awe in his heart, Louis tightened his face before saying, "Yes, that will do. Not too shabby for a beginner." After pausing for a second, he continued, "Since I'm accepting you as my apprentice, I will not hold back any knowledge that I have and teach you everything I

can. We shall begin with the Great Divine Peasant's lost art of the Eight Divine Needles. With your recent Chakra awakening, the application might just be out of this world!"

The Eight Divine Needles was one of the ancient healing art from the Great Divine Peasant. Louis wanted to wait until Anthony had mastered the fundamentals before passing it down to him. Since he was already able to immerse himself in the Force so naturally and function as one, it was time for him to advance further.

As for Anthony, his innate Chakras were already potent in the first place. Coupled with the Eight Divine Needles, he could well be able to bring someone back from the dead. Louis had been seeing a lot of patients lately. It would be of great help if Anthony could master the healing art and helped him with some of the business.

"Thank you, Master!" Anthony's eyes were gleaming brightly. Eight Divine Needles – the name in itself is sick to the core! If I can master it, it's going to be incredible!

The two of them were deep in conversation when Logan Howell's voice was heard from the other side of the mansion, "Master Healer, Anthony, I'm here with the insignia!" Logan was exceptionally jovial.

Louis's lips curled into a cheeky smile as he heard Logan's voice from down the hall. "Well, well... I was thinking who we could practice on. Looks like a human volunteer has just presented himself!"

Louis brought Anthony along to meet Logan at the entrance, and his twinkly eyes were gleaming with mischief. Logan noticed his peculiar expression and began to feel uneasy. At last, he asked warily, "Uhm... Master Louis, Anthony, what are you two up to? If... If there's nothing else, I better be on my way... Goodbye!"

Upon finishing his sentence, Logan was ready to turn around and make a run for it. The incident with this Master-Apprentice duo yesterday was traumatic enough as it was!

Anthony erupted in laughter, "Oh Logan! Look at you. It's barely dawn, and you are already here bearing the insignia. How could we ever repay you? Come along, I must return the favor..."

"Return the favor?" Logan looked at Anthony and Louis with apprehension. He could not help but feel that the two were up to no good. "Oh rubbish, I'm just performing my duties, that's all! So yes, no need for pleasantries. No need to return the favor. I'll head out now!" Logan already had one foot out the door.

Alas, Louis was quick as lightning and grabbed him by the neck. Like a puppy, Logan was dragged all the way to the backyard. "See what I mean? I can't be soft with you sometimes – it always has to come to brute force. Why are you so afraid of us, anyway? It's not like we're going to eat you up! Now take off your clothes, quickly!" Louis

managed to get Logan on the lawn. In his other hand were three silver needles, ready to strike.

Looking at the silver needles and the looming Anthony Stewart, Logan immediately understood what was happening. I'm about to become a guinea pig, aren't I? This is just my luck!