

Menu 439

Chapter 439: Heavenly Delicacy...?!

From morning to afternoon, Jason was practicing [Thrust] on the open ground outside of town.

In the middle of the day, people from 'Hydra' delivered a standard sixty-person portion of lunch.

Jason ate fifty portions, and Aras ate ten portions.

Then, the two of them occupied opposite ends of the open ground, each working on their individual goals.

Bang!

Aras punched out, her blow jetting forth like a shotgun's spray; within a 60-degree angle and a fifteen-meter distance in front of her, the air howled past, and the turf danced into the air once again.

As the air settled, Aras looked at the destruction she had caused but slightly furrowed her brow.

She was somewhat dissatisfied.

"The charge time can be disregarded now, but after increasing the coverage area, the power has dropped quite a bit."

"Indeed..."

"Am I too weak after all?"

Aras subconsciously glanced at the open ground that had nothing but a large tree, the surroundings completely cleared.

She very easily discerned the gap between herself and Avent.

With Avent bearing a sword, she could hold out for, at most, three moves.

Against Avent unarmed, she was confident of knocking Avent out with one punch.

But Avent, a 'Sword Saint', how could he not bear a sword?

Alternatively, if she came up against an enemy skilled in the use of bladed weapons, how could they possibly agree to 'please fight unarmed' if she made such a request?

"My fists are still not hard enough!"

"If only I could be like my mother..."

Aras began to reminisce about her mother unconsciously.

Her father had a variety of techniques, but her mother would always knock him down with a single punch.

Especially those more elaborate moves, the more intricate they were, the more miserably he'd be defeated.

Without any fancy techniques, just one punch and her father would hit the ground.

The only difference was the manner in which he knelt.

"How can I increase the power of my fists?"

Aras thought silently, then, unconsciously, her gaze shifted to Jason.

At this moment, Jason was still familiarizing himself with the basics of [Thrust], all various tricks and vital points he had clearly noted down, but getting his body to remember these tricks and points was not an easy task.

This required coordination of breathing and layers of muscle.

Jason was polishing it bit by bit.

Swoosh!

Another thrust was launched, swift and fierce, yet he didn't control the muscles on his arm well, causing his hand to tremble and the long sword to fly out of his hand.

Clap!

The long sword fell to the ground.

Throughout the practice from morning until now, Jason had lost count of how many times he had dropped the sword, so he walked over as usual, picked it up, and continued his practice.

Aras had seen it before but hadn't thought much of it.

However, at this moment, her eyes lit up.

"The improvement of my fists must be done step by step, as my mother said."

"But that doesn't stop me from making my opponent 'fight unarmed'!"

"As long as... I disarm them of their weapon!"

"That's right!"

"Dad seemed to have taught me a technique like this, called..."

"Disarming Blade with Bare Hands!"

Aras thought, her eyes becoming brighter and brighter.

As she pondered, she began to move her arms, hands, and the muscles of her entire body started to stir with this activity. She then imagined Avent as her opponent, slashing at her with a sword.

Clap!

Her hands clapped together, and amidst the crisp sound, the 'long sword' became even faster.

But Aras did not give up; she started to recall her father's words even more meticulously.

'Fight techniques, well, they're actually there to compensate for talent.'

'Your mother has immense talent, so she doesn't need techniques, but my talent is average, so I must develop more techniques to face different enemies.'

'Those sword bearers, they're actually quite easy to deal with, you can go for their swords.'

'Can't grab them?'

'No problem, just break their swords!'

Break!

Aras stood up straight once again, imagining Avent slashing with his sword. This time she sidestepped to dodge and followed with a punch.

However, the 'sword' didn't break; instead, another diagonal slash came.

'Can't break the sword?'

'It's okay.'

'If it doesn't break, just wait a bit. When your fists are harder, they will break.'

'Eh?'

'You want to break it now? Indeed, you're just like my daughter, so persistent. Just like when I first saw your mother, that kind of heartbeat told me she was the woman I'd love the most for the rest of my life.'

'Since the 'sword' can't be broken, let's bind the 'sword'!'

'Breathe, use the 'Xin' from your breath to bind it!'

'Don't use the nose or mouth, but breathe through your pores!'

'Then, gather them!'

'Concentrate them into both hands!'

Breathe, inhale.

Breathe, exhale.

In her mind, her father's increasingly clear teachings quickly calmed Aras down. She began to close off her mouth and nose from breathing. She had been practicing [War Tattoo Breathing Technique] from childhood and, nearly without any difficulty, achieved a minor transcendence at this moment.

Huff!

A burning breath sprayed out from all the pores of Aras's body.

Then, they concentrated on Aras's hands.

The next moment, she flung these gathered breaths out.

She flung them onto Avent's 'sword'.

Although it was just a momentary obstruction, Aras wore a delighted expression.

She seemed to have succeeded!

Then, a clearer memory surfaced.

'Don't be proud or complacent. I know thousands of such techniques, but when facing your mother, I still got knocked down with one punch. So their purpose is only to provide you with temporary convenience, not for you to rely on. The only thing you can rely on is your fists!'