



## 218 The Monsters

A huge golden laser beam was directed at Adam, and that could only make his eyes close from the terror he was feeling. His skin was starting to feel cold as well as his blood. And feeling that death was near him, he took out a jade slip and immediately left contact with the main quarters of the dynasty. **1**

TCH was far away from him, giving him a time before the beam reach him and eventually kill him. And putting the jade slip near his mouth, what he could only say were simple words. "At least bring someone who could defeat a man who is in the King Spirit Realm."

And it was there that the golden light finally reached him, with the effect of reducing him to ashes.

TCH, at the moment, was smiling, but deep inside he was disappointed with the result of the encounter. He thought that Adam was at least a good opponent he could devour, but it turned out to be an anti-climatic experience for him as he easily defeated Adam.

"What a lame..." TCH looked at how the light was starting to dim. He looked at his wounds and they started to close. The next second, he let out a sigh. He felt relieved after that, and looking



below, the dust disappeared.

TCh could clearly look at what was in the land, but his deep eyes trembled in surprise as he saw a half of his men dead.

"Turns out that his last resort wasn't used in vain," TCH commented, his teeth gritted in anger.

"Why are you looking nonchalant, bastard?"

TCH's eyes widened in surprise as he heard a voice looming in the direction where he had sent his beam. 'He survived that? No, it is impossible. The voice also sounded different. '

Later on, three human figures appeared, until they were fully exposed. Pilitro, in his human form, was holding Adam, who was currently at death's door, while Quatro, who was also in human form, was standing in front of the two.

"Who are you?" was the question that came into TCH's mind. But, thinking that it would be only a waste of time if he gave them time to speak, he vanished from his place and reappeared at Quatro's side. But, Quatro had a sword prepared for where TCH was about to appear, so when he totally did, he was sliced.

'He predicted it?'

TCH moved a huge distance backward and



assessed Quatro. 'A bald man who was good with a sword. Then, you are a good opponent for me.' He then gritted his teeth as joy came over his system again.

"I can see that you are good with swords. I praise you for that, and that makes you worthy to be my opponent. You were able to wound me, but alas, it wasn't enough for you." TCH's wounds healed back.

Quatro firmly looked at TCH without any worries and just left a word for Pilitro. "Too bad, Brother Pilitro. You have to attend to Junior Brother there, and look out for him. He is dying."

"Yes, you can trust me with it, Brother Quatro." Then, Pilitro disappeared.

Quatro just stood straight, nonchalantly looking at TCH, who was also unbothered like him. Both of them had confidence in their minds and souls. And as the wind breezed towards them, silence covered the whole sky.

Quatro raised his sword in his left hand and disappeared. He sliced at TCH when he just appeared behind him, but TCH seemed to have predicted it as well, defending himself from it.

"You are quick, but it is not enough!"

A crimson light appeared, which gave TCH a sword. With it, their fight was now equal, but



Quatro didn't care if he had plenty of ways to defend himself; he just sent him a barrage of attacks.

Normal slice and thrust were blocked, which gave Quatro an idea to coat his sword with his Magique Qi. And as he did it, his blows became more formidable. It was so strong that every clash with TCH's crimson sword was a force that could make the land tremble.

In the skies, it was as if two celestial beings were fighting. Sparks of red and golden color appeared in the sky, drawing each of the soldiers' attention. They were forced to stop and watch their superiors fight with each other.

Their eyes were flickering in awe, and without consciousness, they were rooting for their superior. They didn't know who Quatro was, but as he was equally fighting with TCH and was defending them, they knew that he was their superior.

The Regional Council, who had no other job, watched the sky turn into a battle place for two entities. The pressure they were under was also heavy, making them pant for some time.

"It is impossible. The Cannibal Hero was having an equal fight with a mere unknown of this land. A worthless person was able to keep up with our general?"



"There is no way that is possible. My Lord might be just playing with that worthless person."

"That is plausible, but what could happen if not? If My Lord was to be defeated, we should retreat and use the treasure to teleport back into our land."

The Regional Council couldn't help but worry. However, their soldiers were different as they were still mocking Quatro, who was obviously stronger than them.

On the other hand, Quatro had looked for TCH's weak points, but he could not see a clear one. All of them were blurry to him, giving him another idea to locate his weakness.

"Is this all you got? I can keep up with it." TCH's roared and moved backward, preparing a huge copy of his sword within the snap of a second. A huge crimson sword was not in his grasp, but he was able to control it freely.

TCH could swing the huge sword with ease, making Quatro click his tongue in annoyance.

"His defense became stronger, giving me no hints at all. But, his attack should be easy to defend."

Huge arches from every slash of the gigantic crimson sword TCH were created. Quatro was dodging and moving from small movements to

bigger movements for him to not be injured by the relentless barrage of arches.

Quatro hissed. "I have no other choice but to expose my appearance."

Quatro moved backward and then changed into his monster form. And just as he completely did it, TCH's attacks stopped and he was blankly looking at him. TCH was obviously surprised, others as well. They were in disbelief as they looked at a huge eye that appeared in the sky in exchange for Quatro's previous human form. They were clueless about what had happened.

However, TCH was well aware of what happened. He saw Quatro change into an eye monster and, realizing it, added fuel to the flame in his heart. He was more excited about this fight.

"So, you were a magical beast, huh? Of what kind are you? I am interested in capturing you instead and making you my pet."

Quatro's appearance became a bored one, his eyes narrowing. But, the purpose of it was to look at the weakest spot TCH had, and now that he was in his monster form, he could use his full potential.

Ping!

Quatro successfully determined where TCH's

weaknesses were, and all of them were his joints. "Time for round two!"

**Bang!**

A red laser beam went out from Quatro's iris, attacking each location where TCH would appear when he dodged it. TCH's face was showing extreme delight at it. And as he watched every red beam coming at him, he couldn't enjoy it more.

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**[Lucas's Point of View]**

**There it was again. I could feel that the emergence of my new identity was near. I could see the clash of two huge individuals. Perhaps the war of the fake legacy was now starting, but I still couldn't wake up.**

**Things appeared to need to be filled in an unknown condition. But what?**

**Ahhh... I don't care anymore. I could just think of it as something unnecessary to be bothered with. At least now, I knew what to focus on, and it was to beat the legacy and become the ambassador in no time.**

**I'd like to think that times have changed. I only have dantian-core, which would put me in a difficult situation since I don't have the useful**



abilities to perform huge magic spells. I could still do it, but I'd have to devote a significant amount of my energy to it, which means I'd have a difficult time perfecting it without the assistance of my proper ability.

But, let us just say that I could remain cool and perfect the techniques I have in mind, for example, the martial techniques from the Heavenly Demon Sect. Jeric's sect had plenty of useful things, just like the hilt with a small blade.

I could just modify the techniques as well, and master them in a short time, which was my latent specialty since birth. Memorizing is a piece of cake for me.

For now, let us take a rest and feel my whole body become the best version of me, even though I am in a deep coma.

What a worthless life it is now.