

## 273 Transition [2]

"Can you help me with my training?" Brian asked Alfred as soon as they went out of his house. 1

Alfred just faced him without much thought and shrugged. "Sure. What do you want? How can I help you?"

"Just be my sparring partner. I want to see how much I have progressed in these days of nonstop training and tasks."

"Okay... I don't have much to do today. I can help you. But, I want to ask you, Brother. Why do you want to push yourself too hard? Being a successor is already given, but, why do you want to rush things?"

It was a question that made Brian think for a couple of seconds. Really, why did he want to rush things? Would it benefit him more? But, rushing things wouldn't benefit him since it could make him careless, unintentionally overlooking some important matters.

However, as Brian had this idea in his head, it just stuck without making anyone learn about it.

"Are you interested in learning it?"

"Yes, I am. But, why are you hesitating?"

Brian scoffed and then just shook his head.

"I am not hesitating. I just don't want you to hear it since it is a personal matter. Sorry."

"What? Now, you are hiding something from me? Tell me why are you rushing, Brother Brian!"

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Brian and Alfred stood on the training ground with each of them holding wooden swords in their grasp. Both of their faces had a dignified expression, and they were also resolute in their heads.

"Why are we serious? This is just a spar." Brian jokingly asked, breaking the silence between them.

Alfred then scoffed and looked at the rising number of people around the training grounds.

"This is our first sparring match in the history of White Lead. It is just reasonable for the two of us to be serious since their expectations would be halved."

"Yeah, I can understand you. But, this is just a sparring match, right? We are not going to kill each other, right?"

Alfred lowered his head and went silent. Then, a creepy smile appeared on his face before answering.

"I just don't know. How about we see it till the

end?"

Baam!

Brian was caught off guard. He was suddenly attacked, and instinctively, he blocked that attack from Alfred.

"You immediately attacked me," Brian mumbled.

"Of course, why would I not attack you?"

Alfred abruptly sent a barrage of attacks, pressuring him and not giving him a second to breathe. Brian just focused on blocking the attacks as well as dismissing the sword technique that Alfred wanted to perform. And just as he noticed that Alfred was preparing something, he moved backward and pushed himself to have more force in his legs.

He dashed to Alfred, surprising him with a heavy swing of his wooden sword. However, Alfred was able to catch it by raising the wooden sword slightly. But, Alfred didn't know that it would be too heavy for him, which caused him to lose his balance and weaken his grip on the hilt.

'How did he immediately put that pressure on his sword? It was heavy.'

Alfred went back to his balance and faced Brian, but Brian just suddenly disappeared. He paused and sensed every direction without facing it. He

waited for Brian to create a sneak attack, but he didn't accept one.

'Where is he?'

Hysterically, Alfred shifted his head in every direction to look for Brian.

"Where are you?!"

He then looked up and still didn't see Brian.

"Fuck!"

The audience was shouting. They were panicking at the moment as there was some that bet on Alfred and some on Brian.

The sparring match became a gamble for the audience. The side that bet on Alfred was panicking, shouting to coach him to where Brian was. On the other hand, Brian's bettors were shouting with an excited tone, cheering for Brian as he made Alfred a fool on the training ground.

Alfred was doing everything to look for Brian. He had already spent half a minute, but he always fails every second.

Brian, on the other hand, was smirking as Alfred's back was in front of him. He appeared to be invisible to Alfred by slipping behind him and remaining as quiet as possible. Alfred was slashed behind his right ankle just as he was pushing himself harder to find Brian.



He immediately looked behind him while Brian jumped with his sword above his head as well.

And just as Alfred looked behind him, he saw a shadow above him, just about to slash him with the wooden sword.

Swish!

In immediate response to it, Alfred dashed to the side to dodge Brian.

'Just how was he able to be so silent? It was above my skills in stealth. How...? Is this how good Advisor Jake is?'

Alfred was at a dead-end in his thoughts. He couldn't think properly as Brian seemed to be playing him. But, as he fixed his thoughts immediately, his eyes turned different.

'Fuck. I can't let Brian play the way he wants. There is no way that I can let him be! I am older than he, so he should follow me while I protect him!'

Alfred's aura raised so intensely that it made Brian cover his eyes from the pressure coming from him. And as he was about to breathe, he stopped and saw Alfred by his side with a deadly stare at him.

"Fuck!" Taken aback, Brian received a slash as he dodged. He intended to be safe, but he wasn't

able to be completely safe.

He endured the pain and intended to create a counterattack. But, Alfred went to send a barrage of attacks, much stronger than earlier, and now infused with Qi.

Brian had no choice as well. He put Qi into each of his movements, to strengthen his actions. However, he was already overpowered by Alfred. The overwhelming pressure that Alfred created couldn't have any holes anymore to dodge or counter.

"This is too crazy! Why are you so fast?!"

**Baam!**

Brian's wooden sword flew away, and just as he was about to move forward, Alfred's wooden sword's tip stopped on his neck.

He awkwardly smiled and released a broken laugh. "You got me."

"Wooooaaah! That was intense!"

The audience's attention was caught. After that intense match the two brothers had, no matter who won, everyone was content.

"The way the Third Young Master blocked those heavy slashes by the Second Young Master. Even here, at my seat, I felt the pressure of his attacks."

"It was too heavenly! How could that kind of basic attack exist? This is just a sparring match, but I felt their determination as if they were putting their lives at risk."

"Crazy, right! I want to be stealthy like the Third Young Master!"

"I want to learn how the Second Young Master puts more weight on his attacks!"

Brian let out a sigh and then faced Alfred, who had the victor's smile. He was now more confident, but what was obvious on his face was that he was proud.

"There was no way that I could win against Brother Alfred with the current power I have. However, I was able to fool him for a few seconds, which could be used on anyone with equal power to him. I was told that I would not be alone. I have Brother Jake at my back, looking out for me. However, I can not depend on him every time. He was just there to support me, but not to be my bodyguard. That is why I need to get stronger and find the cause of my return to White Lead."

"That was good, Brian. But, you are still 10 years too early to defeat me." Alfred jokingly said, boasting about what he had just achieved in their sparring match.

Brian then lowered his head. "I know, Brother. Thank you as well; now I know some of my flaws."

"You don't have to. I also want to thank you since you made me realize that I am still not good at sensing. My senses are not still enhanced as I thought, so to make up for it, I will train more in my senses."

"It was already good. You even noticed me immediately."

Alfred smirked, his head shaking in frustration.

"No, I am still bad at it. You already know that I am practicing Stealthy Movement Techniques, so to not get easily beaten by others who use the same category of movement technique, I should enhance my senses."

"Okay, I understand. Then let me have my leave, Brother. I will prepare myself for the announcement of the condition the board made for me to give me the opportunity to be a company leader."

Alfred tapped Brian's shoulder. "Yes, that is right!" With a wide smile, he cheered for Brian. "Good luck. I am also about to receive my next task, so let us do our best in each of our responsibilities."

"Yes, thank you for your guidance, Brother. See

you later." Then, Brian turned his back and went straight to his house.

Meanwhile, in Alfred's eyes was an expression that couldn't be explained if it was worrying about Brian or being jealous of him. He then let out a sigh afterward and met with the other White Lead members that bombarded his path with their cheers and greetings.

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*Creation is hard, cheer me up!  
Your gift is the motivation for my  
creation. Give me more motivation!*

—  
**yohananmikhael**

Creator's Thoughts