

## ARMIPOTENT Chapter 108

At the drill ground

Tang Shaoyang was standing in front of Lu An separated by five meters.

"Are you sure, Boss?" Lu An was hesitating as he asked for confirmation. This was just the usual morning routine, but this morning his Boss asked him for sparring.

"Yes! Come to me with all you have! Don't try holding back or you will regret it!" Tang Shaoyang motioned his hand to Lu An to come at him.

Since the last fight against the Death Reaper, he found out that he was weak against a monster with a fast movement. Lu An was one who was the fastest in the base, sparring against Lu An might help him.

"Alright..." Lu An took a deep breath. He was in a state of excitement and nervousness at the same time. Tang Shaoyang was someone he looked up to, he admired the Boss but at the same time, he also wanted to know how strong His Boss was. This sparring might be his chance to know that.

Swoosh!

He did as Tang Shaoyang told him to, not holding back. He charged forward as fast as possible. Because this was a spar, they fought with their fist. Lu An sent his fist to Tang Shaoyang's chest, that was the plan before he saw his Boss's fist aimed at his face.

He stopped right before the fist could hit his face and moved to the side. The young man created a distance from his opponent, shock could be seen on his face. He did not expect Tang Shaoyang to read his movements.

The latter merely smirked at him, "You can use your skill if you want," the taunt did not work at Lu An. He was standing still on the spot, trying to analyze what just happened. But he could not think of another possibility aside from his movement being easily seen by his Boss.

'Let's find out if it was luck or Boss actually could see my movements,' with those thoughts, Lu An rushed over again. He was not holding back with his speed.

Swoosh!

His figure blurred once again as he prepared another fist. This time, he changed his target to the face of Boss. But the same scene was getting repeated as a fist was ready to greet him in the face. Lu An was prepared for this, he ducked his head and rolled down on the ground to avoid the fist. He managed to dodge the fist but a kick landed right on his belly.

Bugh!

The kick was hard and it produced a loud noise in the field. Zhang Mengyao who watched the sparring from the side had a change of expression when she heard the sound. She was sure the kick was hurt a lot.

Lu Na was rolling down on the ground while clutching his belly. His body only stopped when he hit the trunk. The tough Lu An did not immediately stand up, he was clutching his belly in pain as he was coughing so hard.

"I told you, you will regret it if you don't go all out!" Tang Shaoyang was controlling his strength so he was sure that Lu An should be fine. He was taunting the young man instead of checking his condition.

Lu An slowly got up with one of his hands still on his belly. The kick was so hurt badly, he heaved out his breath roughly as he looked at his Boss in shock. This time he was so sure that his Boss could see his movements.

Looking at Lu An's expression, Tang Shaoyang could not help but let out a sigh. Lu An was more inexperienced than him in fighting, he overlooked this fact. Did he see Lu An's movements? No, he just saw Lu An's blurred figure, it was too fast that his eyes failed to catch the whole movement. However, he learned something new from the last fight against the Death Reaper. Lu An's move was a straight line toward him which was basically very easy to read so it was very easy to counter as well.

"You are not fighting against the zombies or the beast. They might not be able to see and predict your move, but me, I can't see your movement as well but I can predict yours! You should try to attack from a different angle or try to feint your move as well! Come again!" Tang Shaoyang motioned the young Lu An to come at him with his hand.

Lu An understood his Boss's words, but he was stubborn with his thoughts, 'Can you predict this then?'

[Dash]

He activated his dash and his figure flashed toward Tang Shaoyang. This time, Tang Shaoyang was caught off guard by Lu An's speed.

Bugh!

Lu An's fist successfully landed right on Tang Shaoyang chest. From the impact, Tang Shaoyang grunted heavily as he was forced to take a few steps backward. But that was it, the fist only managed to push him back.

"Don't you dare to daze in the middle of fighting, you may lose your life!" Despite the suffocating pain in his chest, Tang Shaoyang managed to hold his foothold and countered with a spinning kick to Lu An's waist.

The young man tried to block the kick with both of his arms, but the overwhelming force from the kick dominated him. He was sent flying to the side once again as throbbing pain assaulted his wrists.

This time, the young Lu An immediately stood, and once again he activated his skill.

[Dash]

Tang Shaoyang prepared for this attack, but he missed the timing as Lu An's fist hit his cheek. It was followed with another uppercut to his chin.

Swoosh!

Tang Shaoyang's reaction was getting faster as he caught Lu An's wrist. With a swing, he threw Lu An's light body to the side.

"He is weak!" Zhang Mengyao heard a rough voice from the side. She turned her head and saw Pride was standing next to her. Demonic Ape's tone contained arrogance.

"Who?" She knew the person talked about, but she nonetheless asked to break the awkward atmosphere between the two. "The lean young man, he's weak! With such a punny strength, it will be almost impossible to beat Master! Zero chance!" The ape expressed its opinion honestly.

Hearing that, Zhang Mengyao turned her gaze toward the battle. Just like Pride said, Lu An's punch brought no harm to Tang Shaoyang. She saw punch after punch landed on Tang Shaoyang's body, but that was it. The punch now could not even push Tang Shaoyang again. Just like a sturdy tower, her man was standing still despite the punch he received.

"But he can use his speed to run from Master, not bad ability, at least, he will not die if he meets someone like Master," Zhang Mengyao did not know the ape was being sarcastic or truly praised Lu An, but the words were not pleasant to hear.

The sparring continued for another fifteen minutes. After fifteen minutes of sparring, Tang Shaoyang got used to Lu An's speed whether he used his skill or not. All of his punches were either blocked or dodged, none of them hit the target which was Tang Shaoyang.

At the end of the sparring, Tang Shaoyang caught Lu An and pinned him down on the ground. He twisted the arm to the back and sat on top of the young man, "You need to learn more, boy!"

"Alright, that is for today. We have an expedition the day after tomorrow, let's not overdo the training," Tang Shaoyang messed up Lu An's hair and got up from the body. His face was bruised red here and there.

"You are relying too much on your speed, that's not a good fighting style. If you face someone like Mengyao, you will be miserable," that was his advice after the spar.

If he was having a quick reaction because of his fighting expression, Zhang Mengyao's talent let her predict her opponent's movement. It could be said she was Lu An's nemesis.

Lu An flipped his body and looked up to the bright sky. He was not disheartened with the result of the sparring. He had predicted that he was going to lose, so he was not upset with the expected loss.

In fact, he was smiling happily for some reason. Tang Shaoyang noticed his smile and could not help but shake his head, "What a weirdo," his lips however formed a smile.

"I am going to win our next spar, Boss!" That was Lu An's declaration that received a hearty laugh from Tang Shaoyang.

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Since the morning routine was over, Tang Shaoyang went back to the base together with Zhang Mengyao and Lu An.

Both had washed up and currently having their breakfast in the room. While drinking his soymilk, Tang Shaoyang remembered something, "Oh, I have a gift for you,"

He walked to an open space in their room and took the set of Fallen out of his inventory. Mo Wei's incident caused him to forget to give the set to Mengyao. Since they were about to go for another expedition, he remembered he had the set.

"A gift for you, do you like it?" Zhang Mengyao finished the steamed bun in her mouth and walked toward him. At the sight of a cool looking set of the Fallen, Zhang Mengyao's eyes brightened.

She came over and picked up the lance with her right hand and had the shield in her left hand. She just needed her armor then she would be like a knight.

Zhang Mengyao did some poses that a knight would do with her new weapon set. She was quite happy with the gift, "I love it!" She stored the weapon into his inventory and kissed her man's lips.