

Creator 1611

Chapter 1611 Toying

Two days later.

A city on a completely different planet.

Sam and his friends are walking together in a street and entered a restaurant.

They sat in a private booth while Sam let out all of his shadow mice and specter to get some information from the surrounding talks.

"You didn't tell us what kind of guy this third target is."

"Arrogant and jealous."

"Just like the first one then."

"Not exactly. This guy is not jealous of outsiders. He is specialized in combat and he is really good at it. The only reason he ranked fifth is because of his cultivation level. But he still believes he should have been ranked third.

And he believes that the only reason he ranked lower is that the Mountain master didn't acknowledge him because of the bias. In his opinion, the mountain master values the network Saint created with his skills and nature of the job than this guy's effort at keeping their enemies in check.

He runs all the expeditions for the resources the mountain master and the three disciples need. He fights everyone that comes at them. But he feels unappreciated for his effort and he blames his fellow subordinates for it."

"So, he is jealous of his own companions. What about the rest of the world? Does he not get jealous if someone beats the crap out of him in combat?"

"No. He accepts it, swallows it, learns from it, and improves. He is only jealous of his fellow subordinates, which is actually a really good thing for us."

"What are we going to do now?"

"Just as we planned. First, we need to gain his attention. For that, I have an idea. As you already noticed, there is an arena in the city. The favorite pastime of this guy is to check out the arena for interesting fights.

And everyone tries to get his attention through these arena fights, because of the rewards he gives out. Sometimes, he even invites people to the expeditions he leads for the Divine formation mountain.

So, we are entering the arena and caused enough commotion to make him interested in our performance. When we get a chance to meet him, we are going to execute the rest of the plan."

"Are we going there separately or together?"

"Of course, we are going separately. We will try to attract his attention by ourselves and whoever gets the first chance at meeting him, will execute the plan.

Anyway, there is not much we need to do in this place. We don't need to risk our lives or set some traps as we did with the other two.

This is going to be easy."

With that, all four of them finished the meal and waited for the shadow mice and the specter to get the information they needed.

They got the info on who is currently trending in the arena at different cultivation levels. If they target famous people that are on the same level as them, things will become a lot easier.

After getting the details, they all left the restaurant and went to the arena to register separately.

Philip managed to get the first fight and luckily his opponent is one of the more prominent ones.

He entered the large arena filled with cheers from the audience.

The opponent is half-naked with his upper body completely bare. He held twin sabers in his hands as he looked at Philip.

"A first-timer."

"Yeah."

Philip nodded as he took in the whole celebratory atmosphere of this place.

"Why are you wearing a mask in an arena? If you are here, then that means it is for the fame. So, what is the point of wearing the mask? Remove it."

The opponent said casually as he held one of the sabers on his shoulder.

"No need. I am comfortable this way."

"Your wish. It is not like you are going to get what you want anyway. It is your bad luck to fall in the same pool as me for the first time.

Your first time might just be the roughest time in this arena."

As he spoke, he lunged forward with his twin sabers.

Philip extended his hand and metal elemental energy surged into it. His arms turned to metal and it extended to become a large shield that blocked the two saber strikes.

CLANG *CLANG*

He didn't even move from that spot. He just stayed there as if nothing happened. He still looked around the arena as if he is curious about the crowd's behavior.

"This feels nostalgic. It has been a while since I was in an arena. Maybe I should participate more back at home."

He muttered to himself as he constantly blocked the saber strikes that are coming at him.

He is quick on his feet and he didn't even use any of his fire elemental energy. He just danced around with his metal shield up as he gracefully blocked every saber strike.

The crowd that was cheering for his opponent slowly calmed down. At first, they thought, Philip was unable to attack, but as time passed, they realized they couldn't be any more wrong. Philip is playing in the arena.

He is controlling his opponent like he is playing with a toy.

After ten minutes of this display. The opponent understood that he is being played around. Which of course he didn't like. But no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't find a proper opening.

He stood still as he started thinking of a way to go past that shield.

"Don't tell me you are done. I am just getting started."

"You bast..."

Before the opponent could even finish that sentence, Philip lunged forward. The shield that stuck to his arm until now, suddenly changed into a large metallic spike as he jammed it straight into his abdomen.

"ARRGHH..."

The opponent screamed in pain as he tried to get himself out of the situation. But before that, Philip just raised his arm along with the guy into the air as he waved him around.

"You were saying something?"

"You..."

Philip just swung him around and threw him to the other corner of the arena.

"You didn't finish saying it."

Philip said as he looked at him from far away.

The referee went to check on the opponent and after noticing that he definitely fainted, he ended the match with Philip's win.

Philip went out of the arena with the audience's cheers.

"Do you really have to do that? You could have cut him some slack."

"Well, it is not like I have a choice. I have to fall in the eyes of the boss here. So, this is the least I could do.

If that guy was a bit stronger, I would have done much more than that."

"Yeah, if he was a bit stronger, all you could have done is get your ass kicked and it is technically doing much more than what you have done."

Watt said from the side.

"What did you say, you punk? You want another beating?"

"Another? I don't remember getting one in the first place."

"Of course, you won't. I beat you so much, that you repressed it so deep after that. Let me just remind you."

Philip and Watt started bickering out of nowhere. Sam slapped his forehead and said.

"We are still in disguises you fools."

He then turned to Jack whose fight was up next.

Without many surprises, Jack won the fight very easily. He didn't even take much time to deal with his opponent. Unlike Philip who toyed around with the opponent, Jack was straightforward and respectful.

"A swordsman is a swordsman after all."

Watt said with a slight smile.

"Oh, you like that behavior so much? Are you going to follow that?"

"Nope. I am not a swordsman."

Watt grinned as he went to the arena for his fight.

The opponent faced the worst nightmare of his light that day in the arena.

If Philip could be considered overboard for toying with his opponent like that, then Watt is on another level.

He first acted as if he is weak and directly let his opponent have free shots. At least that is what it looked like, but Watt used wind elemental explosions to launch himself away from the spot every time a hit was about to land.

To put it simply, not a single attack landed when the opponent thought, he landed every single hit.

As if that is not enough, when Watt started attacking back, he attacked with very minute moves. He didn't go for a critical hit, instead, he went on to dismantle him.

He made his legs go immobile and then went on to move to his arms which finally made him faint in pain.

"Damn, you. Psychopath. Why did you do that to him?"

Philip couldn't hold back and yell.

"The same reason as you did. To get more attention. You hear the crowd?"

Chapter 1612 No move

Sam just shook his head and walked out into the arena.

"So, what do you guys think he will do? Toy around?" Philip asked.

"Maybe. But the question is to what extent?" Watt asked curiously.

All three of them exchanged a glance and spoke in unison.

"Wager?"

"Okay, two years of train duty back at home. My bet is that he will flex a few of his cool moves and his energy efficiency without breaking a sweat and toy with the opponent." Watt said confidently.

"I will say, he will also act like a psycho like you did." Philip added his prediction.

"One move. I think he will finish it in one move." Jack added.

"Really? One move? You are really going with that?"

"I think he will just go with some extravagant one move that will be so flashy and cocky. Like a declaration."

"Let's see."

The three of them waited eagerly.

Sam just casually walked into the arena with both of his hands in his pocket.

He looked unbothered. Even though people can't see his face, his body language said it all. He cannot give two shits about this whole thing.

His opponent came forward and he is wearing some gauntlets. He seemed to be a person who is skilled at hand to hand combat.

He looked at Sam's demeanour and frowned.

"It seems like you are very relaxed about this. Are you that confident that you can win?"

The opponent asked as he looked at Sam coldly.

Sam didn't speak anything. He was just looking at his opponent with intense disregard. He didn't care about what the other party said. He just stood there.

"I hope you don't regret that attitude."

As he spoke, the opponent lunged forward and aimed the fist straight at Sam's face.

The fist is covered with spiritual energy. It manifested into a large fist that came at Sam with full force. The surrounding spiritual energy was riled up and all of it was focused on Sam.

All the audience stopped cheering as they eagerly watched. But right before Sam was about to get hit, all of a sudden, the fist stopped.

It stopped right in front of his face. The spiritual energy was dissipated. The opponent also stopped and his expression changed.

He wanted to push forward, but he couldn't. Then he tried to pull back, but he couldn't do that either. He was just stuck there as if some invisible force is holding him there.

As if that is not enough, he started feeling a very sharp sense of pain his arm which slowly extended to the rest of his body.

It spread evenly causing a lot of pain and before he could even groan and scream, his voice was gone and he fainted on the spot.

The crowd was dumbfounded. Even though so much has happened in that one particular instant, the audience doesn't know that.

Sam has controlled the spiritual energy in the body of his opponent. It is very subtle and along with the spiritual energy inside the body, he controlled the external energy also to stop him in his tracks.

And then he made the other party faint with simple energy manipulation. Sam discovered these attack methods when he was in Sivan's body.

He couldn't do much in that crippled body, so that opened new doors in his thought process.

The referee came to the opponent and after noticing that he really fainted, he declared Sam as winner.

Sam came back to the room while the crowd was discussing what had happened.

Sam didn't even make a move. He didn't even flinch. Nobody saw his arms come out of his pocket. He just stood there and his opponent fainted.

This is not an everyday occurrence.

Sam walked back to his friends and said.

"All three of you lost. So, all of you go and do train duty for six years."

They were even more shocked and didn't even know what to say.

"What the hell? How did you know about the bet?"

Sam just smiled at Philip who was outraged and a shadow mouse climbed on to his shoulder.

"There is no privacy for us. This is violation of basic human decency."

"Yeah, whatever. You losers. From now on, keep your mouths shut and not carelessly make useless wagers. Otherwise, I will make sure that all three of you will lose."

Sam then looked at Jack and said.

"These two really changed you a lot, didn't they?"

Jack smiled in embarrassment. Since the start, he was obviously a lot more put together than the other two, who just likes to goof around a lot. But recently he started not just enabling their shenanigans, he even played along with them continuously. This is completely unlike him.

That is why Sam pointed that out.

Sam just smiled and didn't bother them anymore.

They all decided to get out this place to eat something. For them, that day's battles are over.

While they are trying to relax, the whole city was lit with the fire of rumours. Everyone is talking about Sam. The guy who defeated his opponent without even making a move.

As if that is not enough, some of the attendants in the arena asked the opponent who lost about what happened. And the answer was also spread.

"I felt like I was commanded and held by some kind of superior force, which made me unable to move my fist any further."

Hearing those words, someone said that is bullshit and this is just some stunt at making Sam popular. They are completely ready to believe that they can truly defeat Sam and started throwing challenges around.

"Fucking hell. Why did you become so known in the city all of a sudden?"

"Of course, I would be. I defeated a person without even making a move. How could they not be interested?"

"So, are you sure you can meet the boss here with that?"

"No actually. I am sure we need to go through more battles."

Chapter 1613 Attention

The fights went on.

For the next three days, Sam and the trio just went on with their battles.

After the first day, all of them had three fights a day for the next three days, which made a total of ten matches each. Which is actually pretty significant as they are considered kind of regular fighters in the city arena.

In these three days, they already created a reputation for themselves. Particularly Sam.

He never spoke to anyone. Neither in the arena nor in the restaurant or any other place within the city.

All this while, he walked into the arena with his hands in his pockets, stood there without a change of expression, and took his opponents down without a single move. That is all he did. No fight, no battle, not even a fancy move.

The other three also consistently followed their own fighting style that they established at their first battle.

Of course, as the news spread and they became popular, it also reached the attention of the person they care for in the first place.

The boss of the place. The team decided to refer to him as the Muscle. Because that is what he is of Divine formation Mountain.

Muscle heard of the four newcomers that are causing waves in the arena and on the fourth day, he decided to see it for himself.

So, he started pitching some special matches for the four. He picked some of his best fighters within the cultivation level the team is playing at and made them fight.

To his surprise, the team managed to keep the fighting style as it is even in that difficult situation. The one thing that surprised him, even more, is that Sam still managed to stand still no matter what kind of attacks came at him.

So after the first matches of the fourth day are over, Muscle was amused and interested. It could be said half of the mission has been accomplished with that.

Muscle went into his office during break time and called for a small meeting with his special team.

"So, what do you guys think? The four newcomers. What do you think about them?"

The team members are all wearing special attire. The fabric is black with a purple hue and there is a bloody aura emanating from all of them.

One of the women who stood at the front of the team raised her hand and spoke.

"I like the style of the wind elemental user. The guy who is toying with his opponents is like that. He has the personality of the apex predator. A predator that is not just sure that the prey will fall, but a predator that is so confident that it could let its prey play as much as it wants just to bring its hopes down.

I like that quality.

If you are planning an expedition, I will take him on my team."

"You like him that much?"

"If not for the fact that we are not recruiting, I will take him directly into my team permanently. I am even thinking of asking your permission. You just put this meeting, making things easier."

"Damn, I didn't think you liked him that much. He is not bad. So if you really want to, you can try and poach him. But I doubt he will join as a permanent squad member."

"I like the guy with metal elemental energy." A guy was sat at the corner of the room and spoke."

"I figured as much."

Muscle nodded with a smile and looked at another guy who sat on the chair with his sword in his arms.

"I assume you want to fight that swordsman."

The young man nodded in affirmation.

"I am surprised that none of you mentioned the fourth guy. The guy with no moves."

"I don't understand him and that scares me a little bit."

The woman who spoke first said it directly. Her expression revealed that she is genuinely confused.

The others also agreed with her point.

"I think that is what makes him most interesting.

I want one of the team members who are at the same level as him to fight him.

Try to bring out what it looks like if he makes a move. I want to see the full extent of his battle."

"So, what will you do if you did that? Are you going to poach him?"

"I don't know. But I will definitely have a chat with him. He is really an interesting fighter that ever set foot in that arena and I am looking forward to meeting him.

"I will do it."

One of the guys who has been silent all along raised his hands and spoke.

His voice sounded a bit eerie and cold.

Muscle smiled and said.

"Are you sure you want to do this? I mean, you never fought in the arena no matter how many times we have asked you."

"I wasn't interested before. But now, I am."

"Why the change of heart all of a sudden?"

"For this guy, I don't have to hold back."

They all just exchanged a glance and Muscle shrugged it off.

"Alright, you can have a go. I think you will be a suitable opponent for him too.

So, we will arrange this match this afternoon. Then the rest of the guys, who is fighting with who. Of course, the swordsman is reserved for our in-house swordsman. So, you guys only have two more slots to fight for."

For the next few moments, the room turned chaotic.

That evening, Sam and his friends came back to the arena for their second fight of the day.

Watt got his first and went into the arena.

The person that came to fight him is a woman. Not the same woman that wanted to poach him, but a woman who bore an uncanny resemblance to that one.

She looked at Watt coldly and said.

"You can put on quite a show. But let me see if you are really as good as people believe you to be."

"I doubt you will be able to bring that much out of me."

"You dare look down on me? Is it because I am a woman?"

Watt rolled his eyes at her words.

"I don't know where you came from. But we are cultivators, it doesn't matter if you are a woman or a man. As long as you can kickass, you are better. Anyway, some of the women that I know are people that I am truly scared of."

Watt said as he remembered his wife, then Sirona and then some other women he had met within the academy, and even Giyon and shook his head. He continued.

"I just think you are weak. It has nothing to do with your gender."

The woman growled and lunged forward with her sword.

Watt threw a wind blade at her and dodged the sword attack.

The wind blade and the sword clashed. The wind blade split as if it was made of some solid material, and half of it went to a different side.

Watt who was standing on the side turned around before taking out a pack of metal cards. He swung them hard in the air. Wind blades enveloped each card as they flew in large curves.

"Idiot, why waste your energy on the attacks that are not even aimed at me? Half of those cards are a waste. You just want to showboat."

The opponent spoke in a condescending tone.

But Watt just smiled.

The cards really did move in different curves as they sliced through the wind. The opponent dodged multiple attacks while blocking a few as she moved to different spots. She is sure that half of the cards are completely out of trajectory, so she didn't care much for them.

But all of this happened in just an instant and within this instant, something else happened. The wind blade that was split and the half that went to a different side clashed with four cards.

The cards slid on the wind blade as if it is some kind of physical object and sliced towards the opponent. The wind blade acted like guideways as they went to hit the opponent when she least expected it.

She had to take a hard turn and dodge the cards with the utmost difficulty.

Watt smiled and said.

"You are good. But if you think that doing showy tricks is all I can do, then you are in for some serious wake-up call. And if you think you can defeat me with that attitude of complacency, then you will die right here."

"You bast..."

Watt threw another bunch of cards at her.

At the same time, another set of wind blades flew in different directions. The cards were hit and shot towards her with utmost speed and accuracy.

The opponent couldn't even finish her words before she had to get in position to dodge and block the attacks. But no matter how fast she was, she couldn't dodge all of them.

Chapter 1614 Special Battles

The cards flew everywhere. They were like falcons manifested out of pure wind elemental energy as they slashed the opponent from all directions.

A bracelet on the opponent's hands started glowing and a barrier enveloped her.

The cards hit the barrier and were destroyed on the spot. When the dust settled, Watt took out another pack of cards and got ready to make his move again. But the referee raised his hand and declared him as the winner.

He was a bit surprised as the opponent is still standing, but the referee didn't even bother explaining before declaring his win once again and signaling him to leave the arena.

Watt looked at the opponent one last time and the woman also looked at him coldly. But along with that hostility, there is a sense of fear, which she couldn't hide.

Watt shrugged this off and went away.

"It seems like we are already noticed by the upper echelons here. Some special opponents are coming."

"What's so special about her? You defeated her pretty smoothly. I would say she is average at best."

"The only reason I beat her smoothly is because of our fighting style. We won't let the opponent have the freedom to make their own moves. That is the only reason we always win."

This is one is cocky and arrogant. Add some ignorance to the mix and this is the perfect product of it. She just let her guard down completely.

But anyway, you be careful. If my guess is right, you will also meet some difficult opponents."

"Well, even if you can handle it, I am sure I won't have any problem. I won't even break a sweat."

Philip said as he walked into the arena.

"This asshole. I hope he gets his ass kicked."

Watt said grudgingly.

Jack and Sam chuckled at his words. There is no way that Watt ever means those words. But they are still amused by how he would feel if Philip really gets his ass kicked.

The reaction would be amazing and they are already sure what would happen when Philip wins. He is going to rub this on Watt's face.

This is like an everyday thing to them at this point, but they still can't help but feel amused by it.

Philip's opponent is another guy with a metal element.

He is wearing the same attire. Black robes with a purple hue.

He looked at Philip and said.

"I have seen your previous matches. I really admire the way you control your metal elemental energy. It is very precise, clean, and elegant."

"Thank you."

"I hope to see what else you can do though. Because if you have already shown all you can do, then there is no way, you would be able to beat me."

As he spoke, his two fists turned into metal and some small but sharp spikes appeared on them.

He looked at Philip with a smile before he made a move.

Philip took a step to the side and turned on his feelings as he blocked the first punch and countered the second.

The metal fist hit the opponent squarely in the face.

BANG

The metal clashing sound came as the opponent's face turned metal as well. He looked so unbothered about the punch to his face as he tried to step back and take on Philip once again.

The battle went on swiftly and it soon turned into a boxing match.

Of course, it is not exactly a proper boxing match. They exchanged fists but sometimes the fists turned into large spikes all of a sudden and some other times, they turned into large hammerheads that were about to hit the opponent in the head.

Another time they turned into sharp ax heads that almost slashed the slices off of the opponent's flesh.

They just turned into different forms upon the whims and wishes of the wielders.

The battle started gaining more and more cheers from the audience.

Soon both of them couldn't keep on dodging the attacks and had to resort to blocking mostly. Both of them started to defend themselves. The body parts are changed to metal elements occasionally as they blocked the opponent's attacks.

The battle was pretty neck to neck and went on for fifteen minutes. Everyone thought that it would end up a draw, but after another five minutes, things became a bit unbalanced.

The battle slowly started moving in Philip's favor.

They noticed that Philip's opponent albeit being as strong as Philip doesn't have the same endurance.

The opponent is really not used to manipulating energy into that many different forms and shapes all the while trying to make sure they are not killed by an accidental hit. This is complicated and difficult to do. Particularly, maintaining a certain level of energy while doing this continuously is not really something easy to pull off.

While for Philip, this is second nature. He is a dual elemental user. In fact, not just metal, he can even add the fire elemental energy into the attacking patterns and finish this off even faster. It is that easy for him.

But he just wanted to play along with his opponent. Giving them hope that they are equals and cutting them down while making them realize that this hope is nothing but a false one.

He wanted to hammer it down with this match.

While the opponent is getting tired by every passing second, Sam is completely unfazed and unwavering. He maintained his strength and usage of energy constant as the battle slowly progressed further.

Within the next ten minutes, the opponent took five clean hits without being unable to dodge, and another five minutes after that, the opponent took six more hits and that led to a chain reaction in the next two minutes in which they took every single hit that Philip has thrown.

The battle became singlehanded. Philip won the battle and he is barely panting.

"You made me work more than I thought I would need to. Good job. I hope we can fight again."

Philip said as he landed his final blow on the chin of the opponent making him faint before he left the arena.

"Lame."

Watt said as soon as Philip stepped inside the room.

"I won't care for your stupid opinion."

Philip retorted.

"But you did take longer than expected and you did break more than just some sweat. You are literally panting and half of your energy was emptied out. This is definitely not one of your best battles.

At least not according to your standards." Jack said calmly as if he is just saying something normal.

But in fact, he is trying to fuel the flames. It worked wonders as Watt grinned as he held on to that line.

"Did you hear that, you asshole? You are pathetic. You can't even meet your own standards, much less meet mine. Loser."

"What the fuck did you just say? Do you want to go right now? I will kick your ass to desolate."

"Yeah, yeah. I believe you. With your tank half empty, I dare you to even try."

As the bickering started Jack chuckled silently. He looked at Sam who is smiling helplessly.

He just shrugged as if he couldn't help himself and left the room to go to the arena.

There another person in the same black and purple uniform stood with a sword.

Jack walked with a serious expression.

He could sense the sharp sword intent from his opponent.

As he stood there with his hand on the hilt of black meteorite sand, Jack waited for his opponent to make the first move.

"Your sword. I like it."

The opponent spoke calmly.

"I like yours as well. It was well made."

"Thank you. Let's have a good fight. It has been a while since I met a pure swordsman."

"Alright."

Jack drew his sword and the opponent did the same as well.

His opponent uses a rapier that Jack rarely saw in the past few days. But he was really excited as he felt his opponent's sword energy.

They clashed.

The battle is a battle of pure swordsmen. They forgot about the crowd, showboating, competition, and the arena.

All they had in mind at that moment is to show that their swordsmanship is better than the other party. They wanted to come out as the better swordsman out of the two and they are ready to give it they're all.

The crowd that was expecting a normal exciting battle first went cold. Their initial moves are too bland. They just did some fencing as they tried to reach each other. This is not what the crowd wanted. They wanted a fierce battle that risked the lives of the participants in a very high-profile way.

The problem is, even though the two swordsmen are battling in such a circumstance, they are not flashy and the crowd is not smart enough to distinguish that. Except for a select few.

But this situation only lasted for a few seconds as the balance broke.

Chapter 1615 Special Battles II

Fifteen minutes later.

Jack stood there panting like crazy. He held the sword tightly as he looked at his opponent sharply.

The other party is also in the same situation, but that guy is anting harder and there are a couple of slashes on his body. His robes were torn in those places as there were some small cuts on his flesh at the exact same spot.

Jack lunged forward as he stabbed the opponent.

The other party tried to block it, but Jack kicked the ground at the last moment right before the two blades met. He tilted his body just so slightly. The black meteorite sword's tip slid over the body of the other party's blade as he moved forward and nicked the hands of the opponent.

The opponent felt the concentrated sword aura attacking his arms and he almost lost the grip of his sword.

But with a lot of effort, he managed to hold on to it, even though he started bleeding profusely. Jack once again stopped as he locked eyes with the opponent. The black meteorite sword gave out a very chaotic but controlled sword aura.

The opponent felt the aura and sighed.

He changed his position and stood normally.

"I surrender."

The crowd cheered immediately.

For the past fifteen minutes, the exchanges were like this. As soon as the balance broke, Jack gained a slight upper hand. He wanted to maintain that and push forward while the opponent wanted to bring the balance back. Their moves are still not flashy and eye-catching, but these quick one-move exchanges really attracted the crowd and their attention.

Jack also heaved a sigh of relief. He respectfully thanked his opponent for a great fight and went back to his friends.

"Damn, you almost got your ass kicked didn't you?" Philip provoked with a grin.

"Yes, I did. But I was confident that the probability is not very high." Jack answered calmly, without showing any signs of frustration or anger. This made Philip tongue-tied. He wanted to get revenge on Jack for fueling the previous argument with Watt.

But when the other party decides to ignore the provocations there is no point in him continuing these arguments.

It would be no fun whatsoever.

"See? That's how you deal with this problem child."

Sam said to Watt before he walked into the arena.

"Oii, who are you calling a child? Huh?"

Philip almost yelled out loud. But Watt caught him and stopped him from doing that.

"You stupid, it is already bad that we are behaving as if we knew each other. The plan was to pretend like we don't know each other at all. But with your shenanigans, we already couldn't do that.

Just don't give them the image that we are close friends."

"Yeah, yeah. Cut me some slack alright. Look at that guy, not even respecting his elders."

"Elder? Who is that?"

Watt looked around in confusion.

"What the fuck is that supposed to mean? Of course, I am talking about me. I am a few months older than him."

"Yeah, and he practically raised you. You stupid brat. Stop trying to pull that stupid age card again and again."

The bickering once again began.

Meanwhile, Sam moved out into the arena in the same fashion as before. He had his hands in his pocket as he looked at the opponent who is waiting for him.

Unlike the previous three opponents, this guy didn't speak with Sam. He just waited there for the match to begin and as soon as the referee gave the signal, he made his move.

He lunged forward as his body turned into a shadow. He disappeared from his spot and reappeared behind Sam.

The punch almost landed on Sam's nape, but right before it could, an energy barrier stopped it for him. But the opponent didn't stop there. He disappeared again and again as he appeared at different spots, throwing all kinds of attacks on Sam.

But all Sam did was block the attacks with an energy barrier, he didn't even make a move to dodge the attacks.

After a dozen or so moves, the opponent stopped and looked at Sam keenly.

Sam also looked at him to understand his opponent's next move. It has been a while since he saw someone use shadow element this good. The twin sisters in his team are really good at it, but they used the space element in conjunction with the shadow element which is not completely the same.

But this guy is using pure shadow which is something that Sam really liked doing himself.

The only problem he noticed is that the fighting style is not exactly optimum. If Sam actually moved instead of not keeping this aloof appearance and posture, he would have caught the other party multiple times.

But that could also be a trap by the other party, trying to tempt him to make a move. Whatever the case, there are a bunch of openings.

He is really tempted to catch one and beat the crap out of this guy, but for that, all the images he had built up until now will be gone. So, he is thinking of a better way to fight this person.

As he was thinking, he suddenly sensed something from behind even though the opponent is coming from the front. He frowned and a small invisible ripple of energy emerged from his body.

It extended in all directions. The opponent felt it and his momentum lapsed. Sam diverted his senses to his rear and he noticed a shadow coming at him.

Shadow necromancy. He shook his head slightly as he saw the shadow's momentum get toned down by the ripple as well.

The opponent regained momentum as he tried to move forward and hit Sam. But once again an energy barrier blocked the attack. The exact moment, that punch landed, the shadow that was behind Sam suddenly exploded.

BOOM

The shadow that was about to make a move just exploded into a puff of black smoke.

The opponent was stunned. Sam looked him right in the eyes. They are cold and calculating. This was the first time Sam showed any expression against his opponent in this arena.

The opponent stepped back and made some hand signs.

His shadow spread around widely and a bunch of shadow undead came out of it. Sam looked at him calmly as the undead surrounded him from all sides and the opponent came directly from the front.

The energy around his body was spread to a large radius as he created a solid barrier. This is the first time Sam's defense was even visible to the naked eye. So the crowd was really left in awe.

This is the first time someone pushed Sam to this level, so they are clearly surprised.

The undead creatures ran forward along with the necromancer as they aimed to finish off Sam quickly.

They are prepared to break down the barrier completely, but as they touched the barrier, all they felt is some very high resistance as if they are moving against a very forceful current of water. They didn't feel anything else.

Their punches just went through after they faced some resistance and the momentum was reduced.

But as they were coming through the barrier slowly, Sam manipulated the surrounding energy. He created very small energy bullets around him as he shot them at the undead creatures.

BOOM* *BOOM* *BOOM

Even though the explosions are not exactly powerful, they created a lot of fuss as they destroyed the shadow undead.

The whole barrier is filled with black smoke. The opponent was about to land a strike on Sam but was unable to. He felt like some kind of chain locked him up in that one spot as he tried to move forward and his senses suddenly blurred.

A small explosion occurred right at his feet making his legs take the full brunt of an energy bullet's explosion.

The barrier was opened, and the black smoke was cleared. The opponent crashed to the ground with his leg in pain.

He couldn't believe what had happened. He thought he would at least make Sam move. At least a little bit.

But all of his shadow undead are crippled just like that. Even if he wants to maintain them, the problem is, that he wouldn't have too much energy left.

He would be sitting ducks if Sam really made a move at that point.

While the opponent is thinking about how to proceed, Sam is also thinking something similar.

The number of undead the other party used is way too many. They are far more than what Sam usually used. And to explore them all at once with energy bullets is no small matter. He is definitely not in Sivan's body at the moment to have done that easily.

Currently, he is in his own body and even if the energy control is good in this one, it is definitely not better than that of Sivan's body. Making energy bullets and using them all at once is still a bit much for him.

But to keep up that image, he had done so.

Now, he is thinking of giving that image up. This is the last attack he could land while staying still. If the opponent still comes at him, he decided to make a move normally.

Chapter 1616 Muscle

There is a massive silence in the arena. The crowd stopped cheering. They are completely silent.

It is so anticlimactic. That is why nobody wanted to even make a sound.

The opponent in front of Sam, who is yet to receive a critical hit is standing there with his hand raised as he surrendered.

All he had was a wound on his leg. Apart from that everything is completely normal, but he directly surrendered which baffled not just Sam, but even the rest of the audience.

Muscle who has been watching the match smiled wryly as he looked at the situation. He kind of expected this situation when he noticed how easily Sam countered all the moves thrown at him. He was still, confident and more importantly still didn't reveal any of his other moves.

His subordinate is a person who calculates every move carefully. And he never tried to value his pride too much to win a battle when is unsure that there is a chance of winning.

Sam is way too strong and has way too many cards hidden in the subordinate's opinion, so he just quit the match, before things got serious.

Sam was really surprised by this development. He was really thinking of ways to maintain his image while still winning the fight. He is even thinking of using some of his elements to do that. But it seems like all of his brainpower was wasted.

The opponent seemed to have thought more than him and left the match.

Anyway, this made Sam's life easier as he went back to the room.

Watt already went and asked the management if they had third matches that day, but the answer was negative. Even though they don't have any matches, they were still asked to stay though.

They understood what that meant. They are finally going to meet their third target. Muscle might want to meet them.

They were directed to a special room where they were told to wait.

The room is large. It could house at least a hundred people. It is that huge and as they waited a bunch of people came in.

They were all in black uniforms that have a purple hue. The same uniform the team's opponents wore.

Sam looked at them with a frown. He could see that many of them are looking at them with slight hostility. The remaining members are looking at them with mixed expressions.

He obviously didn't like this. He stepped forward as he matched their gaze with a sweeping glance. He got ready for a confrontation. Because almost all of the subordinates are of similar cultivation level and even the few that are stronger than him are only at the initial stage of the Astral Plane consummate stage.

He didn't believe that he will lose if shit hit the fan. He could kill more than half of them with his team and all four of them can escape easily without any critical damage or injuries.

They can do it easily.

But his thoughts were halted when someone else came into the room. It is the person they are trying to meet from the start. The third target. Muscle.

"Don't need to think too much. These are all of my subordinates. They are just a bit mad that all four of you beat the crap out of them.

That's it.

You can relax. You are here as my guests. I promise you that as long as you are within this city as my guests, no harm shall befall you."

"It is easy to say words," Philip said casually.

Muscle smiled at these words instead of getting angry.

"You can count on my words, my friend. I value them more than my life. So, they have their worth and you can trust me."

All four of them took their seats, while Muscle sat across them.

"So, are four of you friends?"

"We became friends after we came here."

"Oh? I have seen arena creating archenemies, this is the first time I saw it creating friends."

"When there is no challenge or competition in our sight, what can we do? We can just talk with people on the same wavelength.

I must say, the reputation of your arena is just that, a mere reputation. Completely undeserving and unflattering. It is just so-so." Watt said casually as if he is some kind of bigshot wasting his time in some backwater place.

Muscle just grinned again.

"Of course, your opinion is completely true. From your perspective. After all, the difficulty is the most relative thing.

It is easy for you, but tough for the rest that came. Anyway, one of my squads wants to recruit you. Do you want to join?"

"No."

Watt rejected directly.

Muscle looked at the remaining three and asked.

"Any of you guys? All four of you have offers from different teams. You can join if you want to."

"I am not interested. I am not here to get recruited."

Sam spoke for the first time.

"So, you are here for something specific?"

"Yes. I would like to have a match with you. Constraint your cultivation level to mine and we can fight. I want to see if I can win against you."

Everyone in the room was shocked. They didn't expect something like this from Sam. Even the trio was a bit surprised. They knew that they will find a way to stay close to the Muscle for a few days and break the news to him, but to think that Sam would ask something like this.

This is completely out of their expectations.

"What would I get if I fight with you? If you lose, it would be an expected thing. Nobody would credit me for it. They will credit the natural order of things. But if by some minuscule possibility, you win, then I will be made fun of.

This is a lose-lose situation."

"Then how about to wager. A wager that makes it worth it for you.:

"What is it?"

"If I lose, I will join one of your teams."

"Then what if I lose?"

"We can decide that after that. Are you in?"

Muscle thought for a moment and said.

"Sure, why not? It is not a bad idea. I want to see how good you are by myself and it has been a while since I fought someone interesting. I will do it. Then what will you get if you win."

"Protection."

"Protection?"

"Yes, I want you to use your strength and all of the strength of you can muster through your manpower, to protect me and the other three. No matter what happens, what kind of situation it is. You shouldn't back off."

"Really? Do you need that kind of promise? Just what kind of enemies did you make?"

"Enemies that are going to die soon."

"I need details of the enemies. What region do they belong to?"

"This region only."

"This region? Then there is no way anyone could ever do anything to you if you are under my protection. But why the other three? I thought you became friends here only."

"We have some common enemies. It works for us if we stay here together under your protection."

"Alright. Deal."

"Do you want to do this in the arena?"

"No need. This is not for exhibition. It is our personal match. We can just fight on my training grounds. Do you want to sign an oath before that? Just for your assurance?"

"If you want me to. Then sure. I would like that."

They went on to sign the Gandharva oath and Sam looked at Muscle with a smile. The plan went smoother than he thought. The other party's pride made him unable to see such a simple trap that even some middle school kids back on earth could have seen from a mile away.

And here a person like this is ruling a realm and commanding the authority over the life and death of so many people.

He shook his head with a sigh as they walked towards the training grounds.

Muscle removed his upper robe and stood there with his bare chest. He looked at Sam who just stood there. But this time, his hands are not in his pants. He took out staff and held it on his shoulder.

All of Muscle's subordinates were surprised. They didn't expect such a thing from Sam. They all thought Sam must be some kind of mage with a weird constitution. But for him to take out staff is definitely a surprise.

"A staff? Never would have thought you to be a warrior."

Sam just shrugged and lunged forward. His whole body turned silver as he activated partial lightning elemental fusion. He dashed towards his opponents while filling the whole area with lightning crackling.

He slammed his feet at one spot right before Muscle got ready to counter. He was high in the air as he aimed his fall while swinging down the staff.

BAM

The explosive lightning and the staff stuck Muscle in his arms as he tried to block the attack. A large silver flash covered everyone's vision.

Chapter 1617 Vs Muscle

The silver flashes of lightning cleared out.

Everyone saw Sam standing on the ground with a small crater under his feet. Muscle also stood there.

His arms are blocking the staff and he had a slight smile on his face. There is a much larger crater under his feet.

"You are good. With how still you were in your previous matches, I thought you are a mage. But it seems like you are more of a warrior. That attack is really good. I like it."

Sam didn't reply and just looked at him calmly. He tried to push the staff harder to suppress Muscle, but he wasn't able to do anything. Muscle just threw his arms away and Sam felt an intense force throwing him off the ground.

He somersaulted backward before slamming his staff into the ground and holding himself in place.

As he tried to balance himself in the spot, Muscle already lunged forward and got ready to throw a punch.

Sam jumped up with the support of the staff and gathered lightning to his feet to land a two-legged kick to Muscle's face.

Muscle who almost ran straight into Sam's feet because of the momentum, tried his best to control the momentum and halted in his tracks.

As if he had already anticipated this, the lightning gathered at Sam's feet was shot straight at Muscle's face.

He flinched and stepped back. Sam landed on his feet and pulled the staff out of the ground as he continuously slammed it on Muscle's head.

Of course, Muscle blocked it with his arms, but each strike pushed him back a little.

The subordinates of Muscle were shocked to see this. Even though they didn't see muscle fighting someone in a suppressed state, they definitely saw him fight people on the same level. But no one managed to push him back like this, except for one person.

And Sam became the second.

They assumed Sam was good, but now its not just good or even great. That seems like levels below Sam's strength. They wouldn't have expected a scenario like this at the start of the battle in a million years.

As for why they are so surprised, it is because Muscle has a weird tendency of dominating the fight at the start. Particularly when he is fighting with something on the line. He never backs down at the start of the fight.

He always starts it aggressively and then plays around carefully for a while before finishing off the opponent spectacularly. It is his blueprint for fighting with people. It is so evident that everyone knows about it.

Even the people in the city surrounding them knows about it. Anyone on the street can vouch for it.

But for him to be beaten back at the start of the fight is a completely new thing and a surprising thing for them.

Sam on the other hand actually knew about this. That is why he took such an aggressive start at a very strong opponent.

In general, he would have taken a much milder approach and picked his opponent apart. After all, his motto is to be efficient.

But his current actions are completely against it.

He is fighting aggressively and his goal is to dominate Muscle. Not just win against him barely. He wants to defeat him in his own forte. A mixture of brute force with minimal but refined technique.

He will do that and will use all of his elemental energies if necessary to do that.

The battle went on for a while with Sam landing blows on Muscle's head which is barely being blocked by his arms.

As it almost entered a stalemate-like situation, Sam kicked on the ground with earth elemental energy.

A trap formed right under the feet of Muscle and took him by surprise.

The trap was not made to hold him on the spot though, it actually just tripped him a bit and then the earth pushed him a bit upwards. His arms that were over his head and were ready to catch the attacks coming at him missed the mark.

Muscle hurriedly moved his head to the side and the staff landed on his shoulder.

BAM

The lightning flashed once again and made everyone blinded for a moment.

Muscle groaned in pain as she stepped backwards to be out of Sam's attack range, but as if he already anticipated this, another earth trap appeared there and this one is designed to capture his leg completely.

Sam swung the staff from the side, aiming for the head.

Muscle blocked it with his hands once again and threw a punch at Sam at the same time. Sam dodged it to the side and swung the staff again. This time, Muscle focused on blocking it, but the staff changed its direction at the last moment.

It directly went to the muscle's trapped leg.

Muscle gritted his teeth and hurriedly used all of his strength to break through the trap and used the same leg that has all the built-up momentum to kick the staff.

Sam was blown back a bit from the force that came from the leg. The kick was too strong and forceful. But he wasn't injured. He balanced himself pretty well and blocked another attack that came from Muscle.

He continued with the battle.

The blows became fiercer. The subordinates who are witnessing the battle are being riled up with excitement. They are amazed by how well, Sam has been handling this and how easily Muscle is able to counter to everything.

Another five minutes of this.

Sam jumped into the air as he tried to land an overhead hit on Muscle's head. This time, the staff is a bit different from the previous one. In mid-air, Sam swapped it with another one in his storage.

Muscle didn't pay too much heed to that change as he got ready to block the attack. But right when they were about to make contact, the lightning disappeared and metal energy enveloped Sam.

The staff suddenly changed its shape. The staff's body turned into thin strips of metal. They are like flexible swords all joined together.

Blade aura surged through Sam's body as he swung it downwards harder.

The sharp edges of dozens of metal strips dug themselves into Muscle's arm. Some strips are even stuck in the arm. Wind energy surged through the strips as Sam pull them out. Muscle fibers were torn apart with just a single pull and blood scattered everywhere.

Sam stored the weapon back in the storage before taking out a large battle ax.

Even before Muscle can relax, Sam already made a move with the ax.

A large slash of spiritual energy went from the ax as he swung it towards Muscle.

Muscle blocked it. But in the process opened up his already existing wounds.

The bleeding increased.

Before he could come back to it, Sam swung the ax again. The attack landed perfectly without any mishaps this time. The ax dug itself in the flesh and almost off the hand and the shoulder clean.

At first, the match started with both of them exchanging blows. But now it became a bit one-sided. Sam has a solid attack pattern. But that was tailor-made for this situation only. So, Muscle has boasted such prowess. is getting thrashed at the moment.

The surprise turned into shock and then shock turned into disbelief.

But after another three minutes. All of a sudden, Sam's ax was blocked cleanly. There is not even a hint of a scratch. He pushed the ax backward.

"You are good. Better than I thought. But if this is all you have, then it would be impossible for you to defeat me."

As he spoke, Sam watched as wounds quickly started healing on Muscle's body.

"There is a reason why I was able to stay at the top for so long. It is not that difficult to injure me, but the problem is making my injuries affect me is the real challenge.

You did a great job demonstrating your strength like this, but too bad it is going to end up a failure. Get ready to be part of my team from now on."

Sam who stood there in front of him, was surprised. After all, self-regeneration is a very rare skill. Even among the healers, there are very few people who recover this quickly.

Muscle's strength went way ahead of the charts in Sam's mind. And after the initial surprise, his face gave out a very faint but definite smile.

It might be difficult to damage Muscle significantly because of the regenerations, but that doesn't mean, it is not going to be fun. In fact, this is a very thrilling experience for Sam.

To beat such a person who can wield such power is going to be much more fun. Particularly if that person is way above you in terms of skill set and physical strength etc.

This is not just fun for Sam, even for the audience who are witnessing the fight.

"Things just got way better. This is very interesting. Very interesting indeed."

Chapter 1618 Reveal

Sam activated complete metal elemental fusion as he lunged forward.

Muscle also lunged forward and it became a slugfest.

Both of them threw punches at an incredible pace. They didn't care about defense anymore and started hitting each other recklessly. It looked like two street thugs fighting with no regard.

But if one observed closely, they could see that there is a certain finesse to their techniques.

Muscle's every punch is being targeted only at specific spots on Sam's body. He is targeting the shoulders, the ribs, and the liver most of the time and if it is not possible to go for them, he is going for the chest, specifically near the heart.

His punches never missed those specific parts. Of course, Sam managed to see through that, and his metal elemental fusion body is trying its best to guard himself against the situation. But still, Muscle continued on like that.

Meanwhile, Sam is using a completely different approach. He is currently using ripple style to make the energy control of Muscle go astray.

Muscle is precise, strong, and fast. Sam wanted to disrupt his precision first. The strong momentum he is building up will be messed up and leave a lot of openings to Sam as long as he is not precise and his flow of actions were disrupted.

He is taking advantage of these openings and started using metal spikes that are extending from his arms to attack his opponent.

Along with that, what Muscle noticed is that every time Sam punched him, there is a weird sensation in his body.

The ripple style is actually distributing his metal elemental energy along with disrupting the energy flow of Muscle.

Muscle doesn't know what exactly is happening with the metal energy, but he could sense that it wouldn't be any good.

The only reason, he didn't stop and deal with it instantly is because Sam is letting his hits connect most of the time and this made him believe that he will be able to defeat Sam before anything serious happens.

But after two minutes, he realized something is wrong. As he was about to punch Sam in the shoulder, he suddenly felt a sharp pain in his own shoulder.

He stopped moving his arm. This pain is much more than Sam's punches or kicks. It was internal. He quickly let his spiritual sense go wild to take a peek at his own shoulder. Meanwhile, he tried to hold Sam off a bit with his other arm.

But Sam didn't even bother to attack him directly. Instead, he slightly extended his hand and pulled in thin air.

Muscle felt some piercing pain in various parts of his body. He couldn't make sense of it. The pain is too immense for him to focus on the spiritual energy to understand what is happening.

But after much effort, he looked through it and was surprised to see what was in there. He had a dozen small metal pieces that seemed to be in the shape of a rhombohedron and each edge and point of that piece is extremely sharp.

They are currently spinning rapidly while moving around within the body. They are destroying the muscle fibers slowly. But that is not what scared him. As they are spinning a weird attractive force came from the pieces and the blood is being attracted to them.

In a way, Sam is currently changing the flow of his blood within his body while simultaneously trying to destroy the muscle and bone.

Muscle was terrified by this. He couldn't think of a possible technique that could do this. Having metal pieces that could kill him but are being controlled by someone else while they are still in his body. This is scenario is not pleasant for anyone.

Muscle tried to charge his energy and expel these things but Sam just smiled and controlled the metal pieces. They sent out small ripples of energy from their location and they disrupted the charging energy coming at them.

Muscle was shocked. He looked at Sam in amazement and horror at the same time. He tried a couple more times before he couldn't take it. All of a sudden energy surged through his body. His cultivation limit was broken. Sam lost control over the metal pieces completely.

He was pushed back by the force of energy. The trio got worried. They wanted to move towards Sam so that they could all escape together. But Sam waved his hand and stopped them.

He knew that situation might turn dangerous. But that is the case if it is anyone else they are facing. But the person in front of them is muscle. So, he is confident that he can handle this situation.

Muscle stomped his feet hard and the dust-covered up everything. When it was cleared, he is standing there panting as he looked at his body.

He looked at Sam coldly. But within just a few moments, that cold look turned to a smile.

"You are good. You are the second person who defeated me this fast at the same level."

"Yeah, I know. I heard that Gail was the first."

"Oh? You know Gail?"

"We are pretty close actually. I am mostly friends with his daughter and nephew though."

"You are friends with Giyon?" A woman spoke up. She is the same person who wanted to recruit Watt. She walked towards Sam and asked coldly.

"You are friends with Giyon?"

"Yeah. I am. Is that a problem for you?"

Before she could speak, Muscle raised an eyebrow and gestured for her to get back.

He looked at Sam and said.

"So, you won. Now is it okay for you to tell me what you need the protection from?"

"Of course. Actually, I will tell you a lot more than that."

"Let's start with who I am."

Sam then removed his mask and spoke.

"I don't know if you have heard of me. But my name is Sam and these three are my friends. Watt, Jack, and Philip."

Muscle shook Sam's hand with a smile. But one of the subordinates lost of their smile as he ran towards Muscle and whispered something into his ears.

Muscle's body froze a bit and he looked at Sam.

"You are..."

"Glad that at least you know of it. The protection I need from is the rest of the Divine formation Mountain. And my enemies are the three disciples of the Mountain master. I hope you do remember your promise."

As soon as Sam said those words, the whole room turned silent. The trio looked at each other with wry smiles. This is actually part of their pre-discussed plan. But they are still a bit taken aback. After all, who will reveal their own identity right in the middle of their enemy's core circle?

That is literal suicide. But Sam figured this is the best path.

After the initial shock was worn out, all the other subordinates in the room got ready to make a move. But Sam whipped out his copy of the contract and said.

"The oath you have sworn. Don't tell me, you are going to relinquish it now?"

As soon as those words came out, everyone halted in their tracks.

Muscle was stunned and didn't know what to say. He took a deep breath and said.

"I don't know what your enmity with the three young masters is. Can you tell me?"

"Of course. They interfere in my battle with someone else and took that enemy away. I need to find that enemy and kill him."

"So, there is no other clash?"

"No."

"Your enmity only extends until young masters. Not the mountain master?"

"I have never come in contact with mountain master and I don't believe that I have done anything that could upset him."

"Then, fine. As long as you stay in my place, you are my guest and as per the discussed duration you shall be under my protection."

"Thank you. Anyway, I have something else to say to you."

"What is it?"

"Your two colleagues. Saint and Smith are currently suffering from something critical. It must have festered quite a bit by now, so they are in their weakest states without many of their abilities. And I caused it."

"What? Saint and Smith are injured?"

"I won't say they are injured. But something similar. They think they are recovering, but the thing is, it is impossible unless I save them myself."

"Saint is a great healer. I am sure he can figure that out himself."

"Well, it is true in a general case. But this time, Saint wouldn't think that there is a problem with his body. At least he wouldn't be able to look for the problem in the right place and cannot take the right approach.

He will suffer from not thinking straight. And Smith wouldn't even recognize that he had a problem until it is too late. Which is right about now as we speak.

So, your colleagues are in a pickle and they are desperate to find a cure."

"Why are you telling me all of this?"

"One of the reasons is that your boss, the Mountain master doesn't know of it yet."

Chapter 1619 Muscle's Plan

"How can Mountain master doesn't know about it? They must have already reported you guys."

"Like hell, they would. Do you really think, everyone is as righteous as you? They are scared shitless that they will be tortured by your master if he knows that they are defeated like this."

Saint is already hard-pressed to find them because his defeat was public. I not only defeated him in a healer competition, but I also managed to kick his ass with a small parlor trick of mine.

The word must have already spread here. He might even be shaking in his legs as we speak. He won't be able to hide it for long.

And he is currently useless at this point since he cannot heal at all. He is just an overgrown brat at this point. He might be planning his escape at this point.

Which he also should have realized is impossible at this point of time."

Muscle frowned. He didn't like Saint one bit. In fact, he might be happy if Saint died right now. Because he fought Saint countless times and kicked his ass. He worked like a mule for the sake of the organization.

But he is always underappreciated. On top of that, Saint, who has this reputation of being saintly is secretly an asshole.

His true nature was never revealed, but he is the one Muscle hate's the most as he is always righteous. On the other hand, Saint is an asshole, grumpy, greedy and every other word that could be of similar meaning.

He is a deceptive person who makes everyone believe that he is something that he is actually not.

And for a person like that to be ranked higher than him and valued higher than him, praised higher than him is something he cannot swallow.

He has been a mule for the Mountain master for so long.

He never complained about the work he had to. He never complained about the tasks he has to accomplish. He has always delivered whenever he has to. But this made them take him for granted.

He could never blame the Mountain master for this though, so he blamed the rest of the candidates that deemed themselves as more useful than him. He wanted to get back at them. He couldn't find a chance until now though.

But now he got a chance.

He couldn't get a better chance than this. Particularly when it comes to Saint.

All he has to do is let the truth spread as far and wide as he can and make it so that people from different places know about this.

This will hit Saint where it hurts the most.

There is nothing that works better than losing a reputation to a person like Saint.

His obsession is way too high and his position is heavily linked with his reputation.

"You told me this to help me out?"

Muscle asked Sam.

"Not really. I told you this to help myself."

"What goal do you have that you need this kind of help?"

"You will know soon enough. Anyway, according to our deal, you can't kill me and you have to protect me and my friends.

I will take full advantage of this situation and throw some random facts that will tempt you. Whether you act on it or not, is completely up to you.

But from now on, you will get as many opportunities as you want to screw over your peers and I will sit back and watch if you are going to take advantage of that."

With those words, Sam paused and asked.

"Who is arranging our accommodations? It would be great if it is a bit more comfortable. We have been through too many forests these days, I am craving a nap in a soft bed."

Muscle shook his head and sighed before he gestured to one of his attendants to deal with the accommodation situation.

Sam and the trio left.

Muscle looked at his subordinates and asked.

"It seems like you all got something to say? Why are you hesitating? Just speak your mind."

"Are you sure this is a good idea? If what he said is the truth and he really is an enemy to the three young masters, things might just blow way out of proportion. We are going to be in big trouble if things go sideways.

In fact, if his presence here is known all of your peers will come running to take him and his friends down. Even if it is just to kiss the ass of the three young masters.

I don't think it is good for us to stay in the middle of all of this."

"Well, you have a point. So the first precautionary measure to not let shit go sideways is to make sure this news doesn't leave this room.

We are going to keep his and his friends' existence a complete secret.

And after that, I need your advice on dealing with Saint.

Do you think we should take advantage of this situation and drown him? Particularly if we inform his situation to the Mountain Master directly, things will really tilt in our favor."

"But is the risk worth the reward? If what he is saying ends up being false, we will be in deep trouble.

Even if it is true, we might be suspected of accurately knowing what is going on with Saint. How are you going to prevent that?"

"I have a plan for that..."

Muscle started explaining all the details of your plan and the subordinates felt shocked.

"Isn't it too risky?"

"That much risk is bearable. We need to do that. Anyway, since Sam is with us at the moment, let's take full advantage of this situation."

"But how are we going to deal with him after that?"

"We will see what we can do when it is needed. Currently, everything is perfectly good. We can't lose the chance."

"If you say so. You are the boss. But I am worried if it will bite us in the back."

Muscle didn't reply and they proceeded with the plan.

He immediately left the room and went to meet Sam.

"This is faster than I expected. You are not as indecisive as people said."

"You are expecting me?"

"Of course, it is hard not to. Anyway, tell me what do you want?"

"I need some help with the plan I am about to execute. I want my subordinates to enter a semi-ill state. They should appear injured or sick but they shouldn't suffer any real harm. But Saint shouldn't be able to discover this.

It would be better if it appears like something he could cure, but only he could cure instead of his subordinates."

"So, you are trying to make Saint rat himself out by making sure that he cannot cure your subordinates, even though he should have been easily able to. You are using that as evidence to rat him out and make him fall out of your Mountain master's favor.

Not bad."

"That's basically it. Do you have something like that?"

"Yes, I do. What do I get in return though?"

"What do you want?"

"How about some information?"

"About what?"

"I want to know if my enemy, the person that was taken away by your three young masters is doing okay. I need him to be in full health when I cut his neck off.

He must be severely injured because of the small gift I left behind. I want to know how far the recovery process has gotten."

"That is impossible. There is no way, the young masters are going to reveal that information to me."

"Well, figure out a way. I will pay you upfront anyway. Even if you don't do it, nothing much is going to happen to you in this plan. But for the next plan, you might not get my full cooperation."

"What makes you think that there is going to be the next plan?"

"If there is a first, there is going to be a second. It is the nature of things."

"Well, your understanding of things around here is not sound yet. So, don't be surprised, if you turned out to be wrong. Anyway, I will try my best to get what you asked for. But I can't make any promises."

"Alright."

After that, Sam took out something from his storage and gave it to Muscle.

"Use this and you will get what you need."

Muscle thanked him once again and left the room.

After a couple of hours, the muscle used a secret space gate formation in his estate along with a few of his subordinates and left the planet.

He went to Saint's area and requested an immediate audience with him.

"Sir, Saint is not feeling well. Is it okay for you to come back at a later time?"

Muscle took out a few badges and placed them on the table.

"I am invoking my special privilege today as a fellow subordinate of Divine Formation Mountain. My subordinates need urgent care. Tell him to come immediately."

Chapter 1620 Mutated poison

The subordinate of Saint who came to greet Muscle was stunned.

This is on top of the shock that came with Muscle's visit.

Muscle is a person who is very stubborn and stayed very true to his words. He hates Saint's guts and nobody is unaware of that. He made sure that everyone who comes into contact with him from within the organization understood that.

For that reason, Muscle never even bothered to come and get healed by the hands of Saint. Every fellow subordinate gets a special token from Saint because of the rule from Mountain master.

When that token is used, Saint has to come and heal no matter what. No price taken, no charge, no excuses.

That token could be used on themselves or any other people they wish to use it on.

Muscle who has never visited Saint to get healed, has a ton of tokens left. And it seems like he is utilizing some of them at the same time. Which is actually a really bad news to Saint.

Now, Saint has no probable cause to reject this. In fact even if he had a probable cause, he has to suck it up and heal these people here.

But Saint can't heal them at all.

"May I know what the problem is?"

"They were sent on a mission as part of their training and they all got infected by some weird poison. I don't know the details, but it seems like a special mutated fruit. They brought the seed of the fruit, the fruits are all gone.

We even have some roots and leaves if you would like that."

The subordinate didn't know what to say, but he tried to calm himself down and asked.

"Can you give me the samples, I will assign people to do the research."

"I am not doing it. I will only hand this over to Saint and tell him to get his ass out here. Do you really think these tokens are a joke? I can go and complain to Mountain master even if he more than ten minutes late without a probable cause.

Do you know what happens if I do that?"

"Please don't be angry, Sir. As I said Saint is recovering at the moment."

"What is he recovering from? Being too full of himself? I don't believe he is going to get rid of that disease any time soon.

If you don't bring him here within the next two minutes, I will go in and grab him by his neck.

Unlike your boss, I actually like my subordinates and I am willing to do anything for them."

"P... Please wait Sir."

The subordinate gulped nervously as he mustered enough energy to say this sentence out loud.

He ran inside and went to meet with Saint.

knock *knock*

He knocked on the door nervously.

At this moment, inside the room, Saint is lying on a bed. He looked weak. Even though there is no significant difference, if one observed keenly, they would know that he lost some weight.

His eyes are way too lifeless and it seemed like he has been crying for a long time.

When he heard the knocking sound, he couldn't help but feel a bit frustrated.

"Who the fuck is it?"

"Sir, something came up."

"I told you to not disturb me. Do you want to die that badly?"

"Sir, Muscle came here and he brought the Saint tokens, I can't do anything in this situation. He is threatening to come in and drag you out if you don't show up. Please come and visit him."

Saint sat up abruptly in shock.

He ran to the door and kicked it off.

BAM

The subordinate who is standing on the other side crashed into the wall along with the door. This is one person that he doesn't want to see at the moment. It is almost right up there meeting with the mountain master and his disciples.

Muscle is one of the last few people he wouldn't want to tell his situation about.

Saint picked his subordinate up and asked.

"Is what you said truth? Did he really come here with the tokens? Why?"

"It seems like his subordinates are poisoned by some weird mutated fruit, he brought some samples of the trees.

His subordinates are currently still standing. But they are deteriorating as we speak. Things might get serious with time. So, he is in kind of a hurry."

"Why the fuck is this happening now?"

BAM

Saint muttered as he slammed the subordinate into the ground. The fault with the situation, definitely didn't lie with the subordinate, but unfortunately he is the one that got punished.

He fainted on the spot with some serious injuries.

Saint who came to his senses a bit, looked at the scene and sighed, he looked around and called some attendants.

"Take this idiot to get some treatment and send him back quickly to the reception. I am going there now. Make sure he is not seen by anyone else. Particularly that Muscle."

"Yes sir."

The attendant replied before taking the subordinate away.

Saint tried to calm himself down and slowly walked to the main area.

There Muscle is standing along with around ten of his subordinates.

"Long time no see, Saint. How long are you planning on letting us wait here? I even came with these stupid tokens that you often brag about so much.

Another minute I would have gone directly to the Mountain master."

"It is just a couple of minutes, what are you threatening me for? Why did you call me here? Your subordinates' situation doesn't seem that bad now does it?

Your regular healers might have already found a way to cure them if you hadn't dragged these poor bastards here. Now get lost. You can even save some of these tokens."

Saint turned around and was about to talk away.

"Thirteen healers. That's how many people I have met before I came to you. Nobody managed to figure out the reason.

We don't have the fruit. All we have is the seed and then some roots and leaves.

There is not even a tree left behind there because these idiots thought they shouldn't let others benefit since they couldn't take the tree from there.

They destroyed it.

Anyway, you are the only guy who has enough reputation for me to entrust my subordinates.

I am even using these stupid tokens to make you work. If you don't cure them now, I will kill you. I am not even kidding. If you don't even try with everything you have got, I will break your fucking neck with a single strike."

Saint halted in his tracks. He didn't turn around and look at Muscle. But his body became tense and he involuntarily touched his neck in fear of what would happen if Muscle gets pissed at the moment."

"I will cure them, but it will take some time."

"I don't care. But they should be ready within a week. That's your deadline. I don't know why a big shot like you who always brags about it asked for time before even diagnosing the situation. You are even avoiding to heal them. Is there anything you are not telling Saint?"

"Stop with your nonsense and get the fuck out of here. I will get your subordinates back to you in one week.

You better keep that attitude in check the next time you ask for my favor."

"Favor? Who is asking for a favor you fucking prick. This is your duty. You owe this to me."

Muscle waved the token and walked away after bidding farewell to his subordinates.

Saint looked at the tokens on the table and then at the subordinates. He gritted his teeth in anger. He wanted to kill someone so badly at that moment.

But he cannot.

All he can do is suck it up and do his job.

He looked at his subordinates and spoke.

"Go and get all of the healers and researchers. I want everything related to this poison uncovered as soon as possible. Not a single detail should be missed and every subordinate that came here with it, should go as good as new.

Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

The subordinate went and informed of Saint's orders,

The healers and researchers immediately started the tests. They didn't slack off since Saint was so serious about this and when they learned the situation about Muscle, they became even more careful.

They knew that falling into Muscle's hands at the moment is the worst thing that could happen to their boss.

But after the next three days of constant work, there are no results whatsoever. They couldn't figure out what kind of mutated fruit that is since there is nothing left of it. The leaves and roots can only get them so far.

They didn't even begin to understand what kind of mutation this tree has gone through and what changes occurred. Particularly, not before they could learn the characteristics of the tree before they mutated.