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Chapter 334 This Is An Order

This is insane! He's gone mad!

Seeing the scene in front of him, Patrick could not help but shout furiously, "Tyson, this will be the last time I command you! Get down now!"

As his words fell, Patrick tilted his head and cast a command toward those Dragon Scale Guards behind him without hesitation. "All the soldiers of Dragon Scale Guards, listen up! Enter the first-level alert mode! Aim your guns at Tyson. Fire right away if you discover any danger!"

"Lieutenant Commander!" Upon hearing Patrick's command, those Dragon Scale Guards could not help but stare at him.

Tyson is one of the Dragon Scale Guards! Does he want us to kill each other?

"This is an order!" Patrick said coldly.

"Yes, sir!"

At his command, none among the Dragon Scale Guards dared to say anything else. After all, in the army, the military order was above everything else. They had no choice but to obey it.

In the blink of an eye, all the guns were directed toward Tyson. As soon as Patrick gave an order, they would fire without any hesitation.

"Get out of the way!" roared Jonathan all of a sudden while all the guns were pointed at Tyson.

"Commander?" Hearing Jonathan's command, Patrick turned to look at the former.

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"This is an order!" Jonathan glanced at him faintly.

"Yes, Commander!" Patrick got up and made way without delay.

This is an order! It doesn't matter if it is inside the battlefield or outside the battlefield. A soldier is meant to follow orders!

All the while, the tank did not show signs of stopping at all.

Yet, Jonathan did not evade it. Instead, he took a few steps ahead and stood right in front of the tank barrel.

Right then, the barrel was pointing at him and might open fire anytime.

With all eyes on him, everyone was thinking about the same thing.

What is he up to?

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“Do you think you have the chance to defeat me by hiding there?” uttered Jonathan in a cold tone as looked at the military tank indifferently. “Or do you think you can kill by hiding in there?”

Tyson did not say anything. He was way over in his head and was eager to take Jonathan’s life.

However, since countless guns were pointing at him, his mind had calmed down a lot.

What am I doing? Am I out of my mind? So what if I kill Jonathan? Am I going to survive through this?

Nonetheless, while Tyson was hesitating whether to give up, Jonathan suddenly shouted, “It’s useless! Even if you hide in there, it doesn’t change the fact that you’re trash!”

With that, Jonathan took a step ahead. With both hands grabbing the barrel of the tank, he raised it with force.

In that instance, the tank, weighing several tons, was lifted into the air by Jonathan’s hands.

Everyone was in awe upon seeing the scene.

The crowd stared at Jonathan in disbelief, their gazes filled with amazement.

How could he possibly lift a tank weighing several tons merely by his hands? Is he even human?

When everyone was still overwhelmed with bewilderment, Jonathan swung his hand forcefully and threw the tank into the sky.

Tyson, who was hiding inside the tank, fell right out of the tank.

Thump!

The second Tyson fell onto the ground, the tank in the sky fell right toward him as well.

“No!” Tyson’s eyes were filled with terror as he saw the tank was about to crash onto him.

If the tank crashed on him, even if he did not die, he would be terribly disfigured.

At that split moment, Tyson could not help but close his eyes fearfully.

One second passed.

Two seconds passed.

The tank fell at a shift speed.

However, right before the gruesome scene occurred, Jonathan suddenly made a move.

Reaching his right hand out, he grabbed the rolling belt of the tank while his left hand grabbed the chassis of the tank. With a loud bang, the ground cracked instantly under the intense vibration, leaving countless cracks in it.

With that, the tank stopped in the middle of the air.

It fell heavily into Jonathan's hands and stopped moving. It was just a matter of seconds before Tyson would have gotten squashed into flesh. Staring at that terrifying moment, everyone froze on the spot as their minds went blank. The next second, Patrick regained his sense and immediately ordered, "Soldiers! Apprehend Tyson and lock him up!" Upon hearing that, the Dragon Scale Guards immediately approached Tyson, who was still in shock, and captured him. Bang!

On the flip side, Jonathan swung his hand casually and threw the tank to the ground, forming a huge pit.

"Commander, are you all right?" Cold sweat broke out on Patrick's forehead after witnessing the scene.

"I'm fine."

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As if it was not a big deal, Jonathan shifted his gaze toward the Dragon Scale Guards.

"Who else is not convinced and wants to challenge me?"

As expected, no one dared to speak a word or make a sound.

Only the sound of the chilly breeze passing by was heard.

Seeing no one dared to speak, Jonathan took a step forward and stared at the Dragon Scale Guards. "Keep my name in mind. I am Jonathan Goldstein. From today onward, I will be the worst nightmare for the rest of your lives! And from today onward, the Dragon Scale Guards only have one commander, and that's me, Jonathan Goldstein! From now on, you Dragon Scale Guards will only receive orders from me! Do you hear me?"

"Yes, sir!" Their voices echoed through the mountain.

In the army, there was only one way to win others' respect—by becoming stronger than them.

After all, this was a place where the strong reigned supreme.

Today, Jonathan had shown them what strong truly meant.

"What was that? I can't hear you!" Jonathan yelled coldly.

"Yes, sir!" This time, they shouted with all their might.

"Bear this in mind. I will only give you half a month. After half a month, I want you guys to defeat the seven Divine Dragon Guards and regain the first place! Do you hear me?"

Half a month? Defeat the seven Divine Dragon Guards and regain the first place? How is that possible?

The second Jonathan spat out those words, everyone thought the same thing.

How is that possible? It's been a full three years!

Ever since the eight Asura Guards were founded, the Dragon Scale Guards had had no

fate being the top three.

The best result they had ever achieved was the fourth place.

How could we possibly rewrite a three-year history within half a month?

They knew Jonathan was beyond powerful.

Despite so, it would need a miracle to defeat the other seven Asura Guards and regain the honor within half a month.

It was simply impossible.

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Chapter 335 The Nightmare Begins

“Commander, isn’t half a month a little too short?” Patrick could not help asking. He dared not underestimate Jonathan’s capabilities.

However, how could he not know that Jonathan was overestimating the group of little twerps?

Forget half a month, even with half a year’s time, they would not be a match for the seven great Asura Guards!

“It’s not,” Jonathan said indifferently, “They only have two weeks. Once those two weeks are up, I will leave the Dragon Scale Guards.”

“Leave?”

Hearing the word made Patrick’s eyes flicker open in surprise.

Andy had only told Patrick that Jonathan was coming. There was no mention of him leaving in two weeks.

“That’s right!” Jonathan went on to say, “So, they only have half a month to prepare.”

“Using half a month to defeat seven Asura Guards is a near-impossible task!” Patrick blurted out.

Even though he knew Jonathan’s strength, Patrick still felt that it was like squeezing water from a stone.

Half a month to make a comeback! How is that humanly possible?

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Patrick was well aware of the Dragon Scale Guards’ standards. In fact, he knew better than anyone else that the difference between the Asura Guards and Dragon Scale Guards was worlds apart.

This was even more so when compared to the top three teams – the Anima Dragon Guards, Eagle Dragon Guards, and Divine Dragon Guards.

The Dragon Scale Guards were at a huge disadvantage.

“The word ‘impossible’ doesn’t exist in my dictionary!” Jonathan exclaimed. “I’ll admit that before I came, you guys had no chance to defeat the seven Asura Guards, even if you had half a year to prepare. However, from the moment I came here, your fate has already been decided.”

What an arrogant and conceited man who clearly doesn’t know his place!

All the Dragon Scale Guards present instantly had a poor impression of Jonathan. Two weeks to defeat the seven great Asura Guards and take home the trophy? Who does he think he is? God? Heck, not even God is capable of pulling off this feat!

“Remember, you guys only have two weeks. If you don’t take home the trophy after the two weeks, then you Dragon Scale Guards do not deserve to exist. You might as well disband! If you can’t even win a championship, what right do the Dragon Scale Guards have to be part of the eight Asura Guards?”

As soon as Jonathan finished talking, he did not even bother looking at them anymore. He turned around and left.

An hour later, a huge shipment was delivered to the military warehouse.

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Long ago, Andy had arranged for the air shipment of countless wooden barrels and medicinal products.

Looking at the abundance of barrels and medicine occupying the warehouse, Patrick asked curiously, “Commander, what’s all this?”

“You don’t need to know,” Jonathan said as he shot Patrick an unconcerned look.

“All you need to know is that from this day onward for the next two weeks, you will have someone brew these medicinal herbs every day. They must cook medicinal broths using the exact ingredients and follow the exact instructions according to these two prescriptions. The broth will then be fed to each and every one of the Dragon Scale Guards. Do be extra mindful because one prescription is for an oral medication, while the other is meant to be used as a medicinal bath. Don’t confuse the two.”

“Got it, Commander!” Although Patrick did not know what Jonathan was planning to do, he had to follow the man’s orders.

This was his troop.

He need not ask any questions. All he had to do was carry out orders.

“Also, everyone gets a copy of this booklet. Cultivation will be carried out twenty-four-seven.” While saying that, Jonathan retrieved a booklet from his sleeve. The booklet was compacted with tiny words and some pictures. Red lines were drawn to highlight the eight major meridians of the human body.

“Commander, are these cultivation techniques?” A look of confusion appeared on Patrick’s face as he looked at the booklet.

As the lieutenant commander of the Dragon Scale Guards, cultivation techniques were

not a new thing to him.
In fact, Patrick had seen it many times before.

It was just that he never believed in this technique.
Patrick had defeated countless enemies in his lifetime, relying solely on his own bloodthirsty strength, not some superstitious mumbo jumbo.
If the person in front of him was anyone else other than Jonathan, Patrick would've taken the booklet and thrown it at their face.

What era does this man live in for him to believe in this kind of thing?

Jonathan nodded and said, "Yes. These are some basic cultivation techniques. When used in conjunction with those medicinal herbs, and with my training, there won't be any problem for you all to win the championship in two weeks."

What they didn't know was that this booklet given to Patrick was the first half of the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique.

Moreover, no one knew better than him just how useful the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique was.

Although this booklet only contained about ten percent of the first half of the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, it could undoubtedly increase their combat power immensely in a short period of time.

"Well, Commander, can I also train with these techniques?" Patrick asked. He gulped nervously and looked at Jonathan with expectant eyes.

If these words were to come out of anyone else's mouth, Patrick would not believe them. However, those were Jonathan's words. Hence, Patrick did not question him. No one else could convince Patrick as Jonathan did.

It was because the man standing in front of him was Asura.
Jonathan was practically a like a god to him.

"Sure."

Jonathan looked at Patrick indifferently. "However, you're not that young anymore, so your cultivation progress won't be as quick as theirs. If they need half a month, you would probably need at least one whole month."

"One month is fine. Commander, this won't stop me!" Patrick was in high spirits.
One month was nothing to Patrick.

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Even if it took a year, Patrick would do it.
He had all the time in the world.

In the following two weeks, the Dragon Scale Guards truly understood what it felt like to be living in hell on earth.

It felt like they were living in an endless nightmare.

Did they have to ascend a three-thousand-meter-high mountain within an hour while carrying more than a hundred kilograms of weights on their backs? Perhaps, they had to climb a steep mountain with nothing but their bare hands under the scorching sun?

Or were they left for dead traversing a desolated jungle with dangerous beasts lurking around at every corner?

No!

Compared to their training, those were all child's play!

Their training was so excruciating that they even missed the previous training where they were constantly on the brink of death!

At least, they were only on the brink of death back then.

Now, they could not even see themselves surviving this training.

Training under Jonathan was like living in a nightmare devised by the devil.

Out of the twenty-four hours in a day, only one hour was for sleep. In the remaining time, they were either training or making their way to the training.

Before the two weeks were up, several Dragon Scale Guards had collapsed during training.

One would think that the training would end if they collapsed.

But, no!

Instead, a basin of cold water would be splashed on their faces, and they would be forced to get up and continue.

"Commander, is the training a little too cruel for them?" Standing under the blazing heat, even Patrick could not take it and was beginning to feel a little light-headed.

Jonathan shot him a cold glare. "Cruel? Whoever thinks that it's cruel is welcome to leave right now!"

Jonathan continued, "However, remember this. On the battlefield, you won't have a chance to back out. Your enemy will not put down the weapons in their hands and spare your life out of pity!"

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Chapter 336 Rigorous Training

On the battlefield, every bullet fired was fatal.

Was it cruel?

Jonathan certainly did not think so.

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The cruelty they faced today might become the will for them to live on one day.

"Ah..."

"It's so tiring!"

Unable to endure the training any longer, Bloody Slayer fell to the ground on the training field, feeling out of breath.
He did not want to move at all.

At that moment, even his breathing was labored.
He had to practice the drills over and over again for more than 20 hours daily, surmounting all kinds of immense dangers and difficulties.
Each day, he thought he had performed to the limit of his capabilities.
However, the next day, he would still grit his teeth and plod on.

“Bloody Slayer, can you stop whining like a girl? Look at how fragile your body is. You should quit the Dragon Scale Guards. Don’t be a laughing stock to our chief instructor.”
The other Dragon Scale Guards burst out laughing and sneered when they saw Bloody Slayer sprawled lifeless on the ground.
Having gone through half a month of training, their resentment for Jonathan had grown into admiration.
The person they used to call a snob was now their chief instructor.

He lifted a tank with his bare hands.
He fell from 100 meters in the air and came through unscathed.
Any one of these moves was a test of the human limit.

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In an army, only the fittest deserved to be respected and revered.
Jonathan was the strongest of them all. He was God to them.

“Gosh, why can’t you let me rest for just one minute? You are stricter than the chief instructor.” Even though Bloody Slayer ranted on, he jumped up instinctively, ready to challenge himself again.
Not only Blood Slayer, but all the Dragon Scale Guards could certainly feel themselves getting stronger over the last two weeks.
They started to believe what Jonathan had told them.

Perhaps, it was possible for them to defeat the seven Asura Guards half a month later and win the champion trophy.
So what if they were the Asura Guards?

With the chief instructor around, the Dragon Scale Guards would be able to crush them with ease.
“Tell me. We’ve put ourselves through this grueling training with only one hour of sleep every day, but why don’t I feel tired at all? Instead, I feel more alert.”
“Me too!”

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Everyone shared the same thought. On normal days, after training, their bodies would be aching so badly as though they had been ripped apart. Once they hit the sack, they would fall asleep almost immediately.

Although they expended more energy over the last two weeks as their training intensified, they did not feel tired even at night. Instead, they were full of vim and vigor. “Do you think the chief instructor added some stimulants into our medicine?” “Don’t spout nonsense. Otherwise, I’ll rip off your mouth.”

As soon as someone spoke ill of Jonathan, a Dragon Scale Guard immediately jumped to his defense. How dare they defame the chief instructor? Are they tired of living?

“Why do all of you have so much nonsense to talk about? Do you find the training too easy? Do you want a more rigorous training?” Patrick interrupted them with a grim expression.

At that instant, the Dragon Scale Guards kept quiet and lowered their heads. They started their training once again. Half a month flew by.

Their training had been so brutal that their bodies were all battered and bruised. Their faces were sunburnt, and their skin was peeling. Their bodies were covered with bruises and scrapes. Even their mouths were full of abscesses. Yet, no matter how demanding the training was, none of the Dragon Scale Guards thought of quitting. Even though they were on the verge of collapse at any time, they refused to give up.

“Everyone, fall in now!”

A voice boomed out.

The guards immediately stopped their training and stood to attention.

“Commander, the Dragon Scale Guards have all assembled. Please give us your orders.” Patrick stood upright in salute to Jonathan.

“All right.”

Jonathan nodded as he looked at the guards.

The men stood in silence as no one said a word.

Over the half month, their disdain for Jonathan had turned into respect. Now, they held him in awe.

The more they trained, the more they realized how terrifying his strength was.

What Jonathan could accomplish easily was something they might not be able to achieve even after half a month of arduous training.

For instance, he could fall from 100 meters unscathed, lift a tank with his bare hands, or singlehandedly defeat dozens of Dragon Scale Guards in a minute.

“Today is your last day of training. After tonight, I will leave this place.” Jonathan’s

announcement caused an uproar in the crowd.
Their minds went blank immediately.

What?

Jonathan is leaving?

Had two weeks passed so quickly?

In the beginning, they resented and even despised Jonathan. They regarded him as a boy, still wet behind the ears. They did not think he was fit to be their chief instructor. However, when Jonathan was finally leaving after the two weeks of training, they found it difficult to cope with the truth.

“Chief instructor, can you not go?” Bloody Slayer cried out.

Back then, Bloody Slayer was the first to pick on Jonathan. Now, he was also the first to ask Jonathan not to leave them.

“No, I can’t.” Jonathan replied without hesitation.

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“Chief instructor, I’ve yet to challenge you!” Bloody Slayer clenched his fists tightly. Although he knew very well no matter how many times he challenged Jonathan, the result would still be the same.

Nevertheless, he wanted Jonathan to see how much he had improved after half a month.

“Chief instructor, please don’t go.”

“Chief instructor...”

Soon, all one hundred thousand Dragon Scale Guards tried to stop Jonathan from leaving.

“Shut up!” Patrick hollered when he saw how the men were whimpering like women.

“Look at you now! You’re all behaving like wimps. Do you dare call yourselves Dragon Scale Guards? Be a man and stand upright! Don’t let the chief instructor despise you!” Everyone kept quiet as Patrick bellowed angrily at them.

However, their gaze was still fixed on Jonathan, trying to express how they felt with their sorrowful looks.

“Commander, can you please not leave us?” Patrick suddenly spoke out, breaking the silence.

At that instant, Jonathan could not help but glance at him.

When he first arrived, the men were belligerent and unwelcoming. After half a month, he had come to realize that the rascals meant no harm.

They only despised the weak.

However, they had the utmost respect for the strong.