

TECHNOLOGY 1251

Chapter 1251 - The Silver Fox Leader

Everyone glanced at their leader and secretly felt bad for their Brigade Commander.

Archangel Jonah.

He was also a person who trained in the ways of the Shaolin.

And honestly, no one told him to shave his head, but he did. He shaved it all, smooth and clean.

In the barracks, they didn't per se shave their heads completely.

There were specific hairstyles that were allowed.

And Landon had dictated what hairstyles that would be.

For one, he approved of hairstyles that looked like Captain Roy Mustag in FullMetal Alchemist. Or those like Maes Hughes, King Bradley or any that could always keep their hair in short ponytails.

Yup!

These were medieval people who had long been fighting with their hair intact.

So why tell them to shave it all off?

Even assassins, Pirates and the rest had long flowing hair. So why bother?

On the contrary, these people took their hair as an external limb of some sort.

So if an enemy were trying to hit one's arms, wouldn't one try to dodge it?

The same logic worked for their hair. They had been trained to avoid any hair pulls.

And that's why even with their hair intact, it was hard and rare for one to grab someone's hair during battle.

It was just so hard... Especially when some people had turned their long ponytails into weapons.

.

That's right.

Some people placed hidden spear ends at the bottom of their ponytails and would then use their long ponytails as a role, slashing and killing their enemies when need be.

Sigh...

Some could even do all this without touching their hair and only relying on twisting their necks around.

That is, they had mastered the control and weight of the hidden spear end, knowing how to make their entire ponytail dance like a moving serpent.

So how can this not be impressive?

No one thought it was necessary to shave their heads.

So it wasn't any rule or something.

Thus, Jonah, who had shaved his hair full bald, was indeed an eye-sore to many.

He just felt like shaving it all off one day. And so he did.

He took it all off and honestly looked like a monk... Especially whenever he palmed his hands together and prayed here and there.

He was also a very gentle soul, liking to be one with nature and often drank tea too.

And one shouldn't forget his ever-smiling face that never wrinkled even when he was pissed.

Of course, it was his ever-smiling face and gentle nature that confused the enemy and even several other military personnel too.

However, if one underestimated him, then the results would be too dire to bear!

.

Jonah the archangel of the Silver Fox Brigade.

He was also the real reason why the Silver Fox Brigade commander was secretly growing white hair too early.

This guy always placed his life on the line while trying to experiment with his thoughts instead.

As many might already know, he was an exceptional soldier that many had acknowledged.

And when he was out on several missions, there had been countless times that he alone had tricked the enemies and made them kill themselves just like that.

He was very witty, intelligent, and a quick thinker who was always on his feet.

There was no denying that his military points and escapades were great.

But what made people want to cry was that despite his faith, he was a real troublemaker!

You see, if they had to flee, Jonah would of course do his part to ensure everyone's safety.

However, after the coast was clear and he had made sure that everyone under him was kept safe, rather than staying in one place, this bastard liked to go out to weather the storm on his own.

Only the heavens knew what was going on in the bastard's brain.

And every time he was questioned and reprimanded by his commander after his missions, he would only smile and say the same one-liner that had now become his famous slogan.

[Brigade Commander, as a peaceful person, I never take risks that I'm not sure of.]

(-_-)

The Brigade Commander has had countless nights of sleeplessness because of this bastard.

So one could understand why their Brigade commander was going off like that.

In truth, if possible, he wouldn't want to send Jonah for the HUNT. But they were the closest around the scene. So what could he do?

He could only send them before quickly getting back to over.

And all these calculations were just because of a certain archangel!

.

Tup...

The communication device went off.

And everyone's face turned even more drastic as they secretly analyzed the situation in their heads.

For now, they weren't fully equipped for the HUNT, seeing that they were called out while doing private training.

Nonetheless, they weren't overly panicked.

Yes!

They had been drilled on how to act and complete their tasks even when at a disadvantage.

Things might not go off as smoothly as they would hope, but they damn sure wouldn't lose within their territory that they had mastered!

Everyone clenched their fists in determination.

And amongst them was young McKenzie.

Bubuum. Bubuum. Bubuum!

McKenzie's heart continuously drummed against his chest very loudly.

This was it! This was it!... This was his first-ever battle with SS-class assassins.

He was confident that he could take down an S-class enemy. But a double S-class one was something he had never thought he would be facing so soon!

This... This... This...

Was he truly up to the task yet?

Gulp.

The 26-year-old McKenzie swallowed hard while accessing his strength.

Doubt, uncertainty and a few other emotions weaved themselves into his mind.

But soon, he quickly snapped out of it all after seeing the confident looks on the faces of his colleagues.

Very quickly, his eyes brightened up yet again.

That's right. They were proud Baymardians who had the advantage of technology on their side.

And just as their Brigade officer had said earlier on, if it was too much, then flee!

But more than anything else, if their lives were in absolute danger, take the shot and kill.

No need for hostages!

Chapter 1252 - The Ready Hunters!

~Tup...

The communicator went off, and everyone, including McKenzie, silently waited for their leader's instructions.

But what was their leader doing?

Jonah clasped his palms together while still maintaining his ever-smiling expression.

"My oh my!... How honourable it is to have SS-class visitors in our home." He said harmlessly before suddenly reading a dangerous aura around him.

And instantly, everyone had cold sweat form on their backs.

No one said anything, only listening to their leader's eerie voice.

"How unexpected that they would pay us a visit this late into the night. Not only is it rude, but it also disrupted our training. And you know, after training, is my favourite time of all... Meditation!"

Swish!

Jonah slashed his wooden sword fiercely, creating a powerful slash deep into the tree before him.

Shiver. Shiver!

McKenzie and a few others felt a shiver crawl up their spines when they saw the damage caused by Jonah's seemingly casual move.

Lying trough! Their leader was able to make such a sharp-blade mark with a wooden sword?

So, could this be the power of the Shaolin's?

(°?°)

.

McKenzie's brain took off in shock while replaying what just went on in his mind.

F***!

You know, he had only recently joined the Silver Fox brigade and hadn't seen Jonah's full potential yet.

For one, the silver Fox brigade, just like the rest, had a mixture of several talents from several sectors.

This meant that talented Shaolins were also selected and could join the brigades as well.

Bottom line, Shaolins could choose to join the Brigades too.

The Shaolin sector was very mysterious, as though it were an organization of some sort.

No! It was more like a sect that only members of the Shaolin could enter.

And this meant that they were no doubt the celebrities of the place... Just like how those in the Special forces were army celebrities too.

A clean deep cut exposed itself on the tree as though some carpenter or lumberjack had diligently carved it out.

The precision and angles were so defined that McKenzie's throat couldn't help bobbing in disbelief.

And before he could fully pull himself back, Jonah's cold words quickly woke him up from his stupor.

"Follow the plan and begin the Hunt!"

'Hmm!' Everyone hummed in acknowledgment before taking off like lightning!

~Swish!

Like so, they were off!

.

The air grew tense as they now dashed through the foggy terrain.

The night which was supposed to feel hot, now felt slightly colder than usual, with everyone's mind focused on the upcoming battle!

And, of course, McKenzie felt the same as well.

Woosh!

His body moved like paper flying in the wind as he hastily tailed his seniors diligently.

And the closer he got, the more tremors he felt within him.

SS-class! SS-class!

McKenzie's body moved according to the rhythm of those ahead of him.

And the more he followed his superiors, the more he felt very lacking.

It was true! Like a fish out of water, he was still struggling to fully grasp the various new techniques he had learnt within the Brigade.

Heh. Within the brigade, they also learnt various Upper-rank Assassination skills as well.

And the shocking thing was that most of these skills were invented by his Majesty himself!

That alone was a mind-blowing fact.

From the Praying Mantis techniques to the Crane, so many were never before seen techniques.

Of course, the Assassination and Scouting skills varied, as one could pick offensive skills, defensive skills, learn different steps or movement skills and whatnot.

Even breathing techniques were all created within the barracks.

.

One had to know that within the barracks, everyone else learnt basic and intermediate assassin skills for essential scouting, spying, performing missions and whatnot.

But, it was important to also know that the more challenging stuff was all within the Shaolin sectors, the Brigades and other uprising restricted sectors.

McKenzie glanced at the people around him who only left after images of themselves and couldn't help analyzing their techniques even more.

INPO- the sacred art of hiding in plain sight... which means that one must take advantage of every possible object to conceal themselves.

It was a basic Ninjutsu skill that made it seem like one vanished into thin air!

And looking at the group of seniors, some were using the Air, Wood, Earth, Water methods... And the hardest of all, the Fore method!

Some even switched from one method to another like crazy, which almost made McKenzie kneel in awe.

I'll go! He was still trying to fully grasp the Upper skill Earth method he picked out from the Special library dedicated to all Brigades.

So seeing people jump from one primary method to another, how could he not feel helpless?

Could it be that he was an idiot or something?

(+w+)

.

McKenzie was truly struck hard the longer he watched.

That is, Earth methods referred to techniques that required one to master the art of hiding like a quail in small gaps between 2 objects.

The primary consideration there was that one had to completely fill the space between the objects.

And in this way, one might easily avoid detection as the observer would scan, overlook and walk by without noticing it.

Even then, one has to constantly think fast on their feet to improvise with whatever objects were before them.

He had seen people manage to strategically hide within a pole and a few bushes before as if it were nothing.

It wasn't magic or anything of that sort.

No. one could say that it was creating an illusion of any vanishing act instead.

They could blend seamlessly with nature, as though they were ordinary leaves on the trees.

And the more McKenzie thought about it, the more he felt like a waste after realizing that he had only barely managed to master just one Earth Method technique since he got to the brigade.

Dammit!

With the earth method, there were over 200 styles or what his majesty called manuals, that were being kept away for those with access to them.

Of course, the most challenging Primary skills came from the manuals that focused on the Fire method.

.

The Fire method itself could make one completely erase sound and shadow.

It basically entails always moving behind a light source in such a way that it would avoid casting shadows and getting recognized by the enemy.

And while doing all this, one had to eliminate sound, as if they were a ghost.

For this primary method, there were fewer manuals allocated for it... Like the famous Shadow Clone technique. Or the shadow illusion techniques. There were only about 30 or so manuals on it since its difficulty level was generally too high for many to master.

However, Jonah the Archangel had completely mastered 2 Fire methods and could use the moonlight or any other light source to his advantage, as if he were a vampire or something.

So how cool was that?

(°0°)

Mackenzie watched and came to this realization in awe.

Alright, he felt more and more pumped up for the Hunt!

Chapter 1253 - The Confident Intruders!

~Swish!

Very quickly, some leaped like raccoons using the Air method, climbing the trees and jumping from tree to tree at an incredible speed.

Some chose to move within the bushes instead, completely vanishing from his sight.

And others quickly got into the man-made swamp within Bushy valley and once again vanished from his sight.

Like so, the gang hastened up and abruptly stopped at a certain position within Bushy Valley.

And in a flash, their silhouettes disappeared like ghosts, leaving the surrounding region clear... As though they were never here in the forest place!

Good.

Now, they wait.

.

~Cricket! Cricket!

~Croak! Croak! Croak!

The sounds of the night creatures singing in tune echoed out across the entire scene as the intruders all dashed through the weirdly mushy terrain at full speed.

The place was truly bizarre, giving the feeling of it being haunted.

Tonight had been a very hot summer night, with little or no breeze this far.

But the moment they got close to this region, a strong wave of cold air seemed to have engulfed the place mysteriously, creating a thick blanket of fog all around them.

Instantly, everyone's heart speeded up uncontrollably.

Their senses were heightened, focusing more on the sounds around them rather than sight.

Com'on. Com'on... All their training so far had prepared them for any occasion.

And subconsciously, they also took out their sharpened kitchen daggers while focusing their ears on the sounds of the frogs, crickets, or other nightly creatures around.

You look left; I look right.

You look up; I look down.

Their eyes moved around in that manner.

And using their special technique, they moved as if dancing across the strangely mushy terrain.

Smush! Smush! Smush!

They found that within the valley region, some people were swampy, other places were dry, some just plain muddy, and some areas were rocky instead.

It was a mix of several terrains all in one region, making them switch their movements now and then.

And now, feeling the hairs on their body stand at attention, several people couldn't help frowning hard at the strangeness of the night.

.

"Boss... Why is it so foggy? There were no such troublesome clouds earlier on. So isn't this strange?"

"Yes, boss. I think it's a little troublesome. So should we go back and choose another route?"

"No way. We have to continue forward because if the fog is here, then it means that all the other regions ahead are also foggy as well. So it doesn't matter which way we go in the end. We won't be able to escape the Fog!"

Several people made a few comments with whispered tones that were lower in tune than the surrounding sounds of nature.

Scarface listened with an expressionless face before picking up his place again.

Of course, he was indirectly indicating that they had to keep advancing without retreating too.

Yes! When they thought about it again, their leader's decision seemed to make the most sense.

For one, nightly fogs didn't have the habit of just creeping up on one.

No... Just like the rain, it moved from location to location via the clouds, ever so slowly.

So maybe because of the cold, approaching rains or anything of that sort, the fog might've probably started a very far distance ahead, travelling downwards towards their way instead.

.

Anyway, fog was a natural phenomenon.

So they didn't believe that any enemy could do such a thing.

That said, after analyzing things, this meant that the fog had come from above and should soon spread all across District B.

Meaning that no matter where they went ahead, there should be fog there too, no?

Of course, they weren't astrologists, astronomers or anything of that sort.

But from all their missions and outings, they had a reasonably good understanding of the weather.

So if the fog was here, then this meant that even the prison they were headed to should already be covered with fog by now.

Thinking of it like that, several people couldn't help grinning cruelly.

With this sort of thick fog, wouldn't their job of rescuing their target and fleeing be way easier?

Who knows... Maybe they might also be able to save the prisoner Morg genius too.

The intruders all chuckled playfully while feeling too blessed for words alone.

Look! Even the heavens were helping them.

Meaning, it was all destiny!

So it was a fact that whatever they, as Morgs wanted, would always come to them no matter the cost.

This alone was a sign of their infinite blessings from above.

So how could they not feel overly confident?

Everyone grinned hard while still following their leader too.

No more time-wasting.

They had to take advantage of the fog and rescue the target fast!

.

Suddenly, Scarface stopped before whistling to his men, creating a mind-blowing sound that would shock anyone from modern-day earth.

He rolled his tongue, tightened his throat, sucked in his jaws, controlled his airflow and blew gently.

~Wheewh~

The whistling sound completely blended in with the sounds of nature, making one feel that the sound was similar to a steady breeze slowing mildly.

But if one listened hard and had enough skills, they could easily pick out the slightly out-of-tune pitches in it.

And in just a few moves, 2 intruders quickly jumped onto 2 nearby trees and ascended high up, trying to get above the fog's level.

~Tap. Tap. Tap!

They squinted their eyes hard for a bolt, doing a 360-degree sweep.

Sadly, the trees weren't towering enough for them to stand above the fog. So they couldn't see too far ahead.

Nonetheless, they were still able to see a few things, as well as gather several clues on what direction they had to head towards.

Thup-

The scouts descend in 3 moves, landing before Scarface and Poison Blade: "NorthWest!"

Hmmm...

Everyone nodded and continued advancing past the valley terrain, not knowing that they were already in viewing range of the hunters.

And by the time they noticed something, it was already too late.

Jonah held his trusty wooden sword heroically.

The prey was closing in fast!

Chapter 1254 - How Was This Possible?!

With his trusty wooden sword in his hands, Jonah slowly held it up as though holding a spear.

The closer his prey approached, the tightened his grip on its handle.

And just like himself, a few others at close range to the enemy also started aiming towards their targets too.

Hehhehehe!

Within the swampy waters, a few people had large leaves over their heads, with frogs jumping over them at times.

The men only had their eyes above the water surface while keeping tiny reddish bamboo-like tubes in their mouths as well.

The swamp was filled with these tub-like grass stalks that had enabled them to breathe plenty of times during training in such conditions.

The soldiers within the swamp all had their tubes in their mouths, as their eyes shone brightly with a strange light in them.

Com'on... Get closer... Get closer already!

All hidden hunters watched their prey generously while trying to confirm the urge to lean forward in wait.

Yes! They were indeed ready for action.

And soon... Their prey had finally reached their marked spot.

And like hunted animals, their prey seemed to realize their predicament.

But sadly, it was too late by then!

.

Eh?

Scarface, Poison Blade and a few others suddenly felt their bodies grow heavy after picking up several weird sounds across the scene.

Danger. Danger. Danger!

Countless warning bells rang within their heads, causing a few of them to jump and roll away like lightning.

Dammit!

"Everyone, take co--"

-Thup!

"Gaghhhhh~~."

What???

Scarface hadn't even finished reading yet, and already, the sounds of a few people choking to death had caused their bodies to go cold.

How? How come they didn't notice these bastards yet? What the hell was going on here?

No! They should've been able to recognize their presence long ago before these bastards had the chance to ambush them.

So who can explain what was going on here?

Did these lowlifes also get their hands on their precious Morg breathing and sound masking techniques?

How were they so capable of masking their sounds and presence so adequately, as if they had learnt some higher-ranked skills?

Scarface felt like he was going crazy the more he thought about it.

Pyno generally had lower ranked skills, with just a handful of people getting lucky enough to get their hands on intermediate rank skills.

That so, Pyno was a Waste!

And even other continents like Tenola and Veinita had mostly intermediate skills.

So imagine how much of a Scumbag Pyno was?

Don't even say that their Pyno T.O.E.P members could've gotten such skills and shared it out because that alone would be too impossible to believe!

.

One should remember that after every certain number of years, members had the privilege of training a fraction of their men within Morgany as agreed.

But you see, the Morgs had secretly capitalized on the world in order to keep everyone in their rightful place.

Think about it. If they allowed everyone to train and learn Upper or higher-ranked skills, then wouldn't these people someday overtake them?

Heheheheh!

They kept Pyno within the lower tank categories... Occasionally giving them intermediate rank skills.

But you see, even at that, the reason why most Pyno people are pleased is simply because within each skill rank, there were still skill levels/grades within them too.

That is, within Pyno, their skills could generally be classified between grade 1 to grade 3 Lower skill sets.

And bear in mind that Lower ranked skills had up to 7 grades.

So when training in Morgany, they could throw in Grade 4 or even 5 level manuals and techniques to these people, as if feeding dogs with bones.

And wouldn't you know it? Those from Pyno who got the chance to learn these skills were so happy and in awe instead.

In fact, the only people in Pyno who had ever been granted access to learn Grade 1 to 2 intermediate skills, was the late Alec Barn and his special group of hidden guards.

He was the one to break Pyno's cycle.

Hehehhehe!

But even at that, he still couldn't completely master all the skills correctly.

Of course... because they didn't want him to do too well, they tended to add a few crumbling methods in the mix too.

.

In short, there were many reasons and moves they had pulled off to keep order in this world.

So how could Scarface and the others not be shocked by the skill display of these Baymardians just now?

Or, wait!

The Baymardians were only lackeys.

So these people were probably from the other Pyno empires, right?

Then... Didn't this mean that they had somehow collectively stolen a few Higher ranked techniques from Morgany?

Did they steal some moves off the genius Morg they had captured?

After all, it was customary for genius Morgs like this to be trained hard.

So it seemed likely that they would pry information about his technique from that Morg or maybe the Genius Morg's Guards that they killed or captured.

Yes! Yes! It seemed like this was the truth.

But the realization of it all was what was choking them whole.

.

Everyone's body trembled with the thoughts of vengeance at heart.

What arrogance! What impetus!

How dare these people steal from them so much?

Rebellion? These none notes were trying to rise to the top. And they sure as hell had to report it all!

So of a B**ch!

Several people hastily took cover while secretly cursing these people in their hearts.

And as for their fallen, 4 had already died from these sneaky attacks.

One died unjustly by having a long wooden stock pierce through his chest as if it were a sword.

And from the technique, the wooden sword had managed to slide through the spaces between the chest bones(rib bones), piercing through his heart instantly!

And as for the others, they had been murdered in cold blood by a few of these bastards who had hidden within the swamp!

And now, their bodies were floating on the water lifelessly.

Scarface quickly took cover with a sunken heart.

This was not the plan!

Chapter 1255 - Change Of Plans

This was not the plan.

Scarface hastily took cover before whistling twice in another bizarre manner.

And those who heard it understand what he meant

[Abort mission.]

This was their only way out now.

At least, these sons of b**ches didn't know who they came for and didn't know anything about themselves or their organization.

So it was best to flee, replay, regroup, as well as send word of their thievery too.

But not to worry.

The debt these people owed would definitely get collected by a hundred folds because no one could kill a T.O.E.P member and get away with it.

No one!

.

With cold murderous eyes, the members all scattered around in various directions with all their might.

But even at that, how could the Baymardians let them go?

~Splack!

Mud rose from the ground, avoided a sweeping kick by jumping away with his front hid his enemy.

And the enemy he fought quickly chased after him while throwing all sorts of attacks to him.

~Pap. Pap. Pap. Pap!

With very swift actions, their legs and hands blocked each other's moves as if they were in some Martial arts movie.

The air around them grew heavier the fiercer the attacks turned.

And right from the beginning, anyone with a discerning eye could see that the intruder had long overpowered the guard, making him land several hard blows at his legs and ribs at lightning speed.

Bam!

The guard was pushed back so much that he left several deep lines in the mushy grounds after blocking the attack with a cross-arm move.

Pain. Pain. Real pain!

The guard felt his arm almost getting shattered from all the attacks he had managed to block.

And at this point, he had to admit that these intruders were truly something else.

The guard stared at his opponent fiercely.

SS-class Enemies... Their prestige was indeed well deserved!

But, he had a duty to uphold. So he quickly shook off his pain and followed the enemy as fast as he could.

.

~Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!

The intruder kept twisting his body and dodging all attacks for the guard.

And after landing another solid hit to the guard's face, he quickly fled the scene feeling gleeful.

Heh. So what if they learned good masking techniques?

They were still weaklings when it came to his Iron Leg technique.

It's a skill he had been enhancing for the past 7 years and had never failed him, not even once!

Bahahahaha!

The intruder felt as though he had let out a little steam just now.

And seeing the distance he managed to put between himself and the guard, he couldn't help chuckling hard.

But just as he was about to vanish well into the foggy night, something made him stay frozen in place.

What???

The man trembled in shock after staring at the cold object that pierced him deeply.

What... What was this?

His mind went into disarray only briefly before quickly gaining its brutality again.

Dammit!

With no time to waste, he twisted his body around in hopes of delivering a deliver sweeping slash towards the enemy behind him.

However, he was a step too late.

And next thing he knew, a strange amount of energy glowed through his body, causing his hair to stand as though he were possessed.

.

Zzzzzzzzz!~

"Grahhhhhhhhhhhhh~::~."

The intruder's muffled cries echoed out faintly, with his eyes rolling towards the back of his head.

F*** me! What the hell was going on here?

No. His cries were so weak that even his mouth felt too heavy to be kept open for long.

Bubuum! Bubuum!

The man's heart throbbed harder, giving him the feeling that it would flee from his chest any moment now.

And what was up with all the pain he was feeling?

Bloody hell. The pain was all his brain could register.

As well as the feeling that someone had reached for his inner vitals (organs) and kept squeezing them as hard as they could over and over again without giving him so much of a single moment of rest.

Saliva oozed from the corners of his mouth after the numbness took over.

And one shouldn't even get him started on the fact that he had lost control of his limbs too.

At this point, he would be fortunate enough to be able to do something as simple as clenching his butt cheeks.

The feeling was something he had never experienced in his life and was just too hard to describe at all!

But the most awful thing was that his entire body kept twitching hard, leading to all the pent-up fluids within him getting released without mercy.

~Shwahhhh~

" - "

The man's mind went blank with shame.

So... Was that pee or sweat?

The intruder felt as though his entire life was crashing before his eyes as shame quickly engulfed him whole.

Lying trough. How could a well-established assassin like himself wet his pants?

Why? If word went out, how was he ever going to mingle in the assassin work again?

This had to be a nightmare, right?... RIGHT?!!!

Zzzzzzzzz~

(:T^T:)

.

Like so, the intruder felt himself crying without any tears in his eyes.

And the soldier behind him calmly retracted the taser before dragging the intruder away from the scene.

What? They realized the possibility that some of these people might be stronger than them.

So if one couldn't handle it, they could secretly lead a few others towards others that were hidden away instead... Or, they could lead these men towards the traps found all across Bushy Valley.

That is, mother nature here was also wild. So if they could lead the enemy towards mother nature's warm embrace, then wouldn't that be great?

~Shrrrrr~

The soldier dragged the intruder's body, returning the scene to how it was before.

In this manner, the hunt went on with a handful of hunters staying hidden while the majority remained visible for the enemies to see.

And of course, Jonah was within the visible team too.

Chapter 1256 - A Good Offer

With brisk steps, Jonah quickly chased after Scarface as fast as he could.

Boom!

Their fists clashed, sending both parties flying in the opposite direction.

And after rolling on the ground for a bit, Scarface quickly stood up again, staring at Jonah with hidden shock in his eyes.

No. If one looked at his fists carefully, one would be able to see several streaks of blood oozing off his knuckles, as if someone had fiercely bashed his hands with a large stone.

Likewise, Jonah's hand was bleeding as well.

The Duo looked at each other as if seeing mirror images of themselves.

As they say, game recognize game.

And at this moment, their full force fist punch had made them more or less understand just how powerful they were.

It was just that this organization alone once again added more hatred onto the Baymardians when Scarface realized that a mere Pyno bastard had the same strength as he does.

Hahahhahahahaha!

Scarface's eyes turned red with undescended emotions in his eyes.

A lot of it was fury, but... As messed up as it was, there was a fire of excitement hidden underneath those dark eyes.

It was the mystery of uncovering a great secret... Pyno's greatest secret

And all this information would definitely score him several points to climb up the ranks within the organization.

So, he was both thankful for the enemy, as well as fuming mad at the guys of these lowly worms.

Dammit! The loss they had encountered today, he would pay them all back sooner or later.

But for now, only one word came to mind... FLEE!

.

Thinking of things clearly, Scarface fixed his gaze on Jonah, like an unhinged animal, ready to pounce his way out if need be.

But who was Jonah the archangel?

He too also revered his paws, oozing out a frightening aura that alarmed Scarface's senses altogether.

No!... No!... Did he have a moment of fear for this lowlife just now?

Impossible!

Scarface shook the silly thought out of his head and quickly adjusted his emotions yet again.

And with a cold, indifferent tone, he stared at Jonah with scorching eyes that could set an entire forest ablaze.

Dammit! He didn't have time for this unimportant puppet piece.

"Move, if you know what's good for you!"

"Oh?"

Jonah calmly picked up a nearby twig, whipped it in the air as if testing it out, before once again advancing towards Scarface with a broad yet warm smile on his face.

"You know stranger, you're really funny. In case you haven't noticed, I'm here to capture you. So why should I let you pass?"

Twitch!

Scarface looked at Jonah's seemingly friendly smile and so badly wanted to hack this bastard to death.

But he knew that he didn't have time for this.

Very quickly, his mind went to work.

And with his most honest voice, he faced Jonah as if looking at a comrade.

.

"Look! I don't have time for this! And seeing that they were of equal strength, I could end up fighting you for hours, which could be your plan to stall things and wait for backup. And even if I choose to flee, you'll still be able to catch up with me at every step of the way from the looks of things. So... Why don't we strike a deal?"

Jonah paused, looked at the ground for a bit before gazing at Scarface yet again with curiously written all over his face: "Talk... What do you have to offer?"

Ding!

The nonexistent light bulb went on. And Scarface's lips broadened underneath his mask.

"I have an offer that you'll be interested in. A man of your kind must be yearning for absolute power. After all, you went through painstaking efforts to master so many Morg techniques. So it's a given that you like power, isn't it?"

Jonah raised his brow in intrigue: "Go on..."

Scarface looked at him arrogantly and secretly sneered.

Heh. Typical Pyno bastards!

Give them a messily and vague offer, and they would be scurrying over one like a dog on a rope.

What nonsense.

Did this fool think that he would genuinely keep any offer after he escaped?

No way! For killing a T.O.E.P member, there was only one possible outcome he would get to experience... Death!

But... All this was in his head now.

And the words that came out of his mouth were the stark contrast to his dark thoughts.

.

"A man of your calibre shouldn't be put here with these people. So... Why don't you come with me, friend? Come with me, and I'll show you just how small Pyno Truly is. Think about it... What choice do you have? Sigh..." Scarface shook his head pitifully: "You know, the people behind us know of our coming here. So do you think that there's any hope for Baynard after this? No. Even the entire Pyno would be finished by then. So... Why not play smart? Follow us out of this sh**hole."

"Sh**hole?... So your place is better than here?"

"Of course! It's way better and stronger than this dump! We have all your towering buildings and technologies as well!" Scarface said while lying through his teeth.

"Really?... So even electricity?"

"Yes! Isn't electricity what you put on bread? We have it everywhere!"

"What about your ships? Are they just like ours?"

"A hundred times bigger... Bottom line, if you escape the city with me, I'll take you to my organization and introduce you to the brotherhood."

Scarface wasn't a talkative person by nature.

But if he needed to act while on a mission, he would do it with ease.

And so, he shamelessly lied without blinking an eye, mastering the assassin art of lying to one's opponent at every turn.

"In our organization, all your desires will be fulfilled!... Money, property, women, servants... Titles, POWER!... All these and more will be given to you at a snap of your fingers after we flee from here. So... What do you say?"

.....

Chapter 1257 - A Desperate Situation

"So... Why don't you come with me?"

....

Scarface stretched his hand towards Jonah, waiting for his answer.

But even though he seemed calm, he was secretly anxious as well.

Time. Time... He had spent roughly 2 minutes talking over this.

So it was time to put an end to it all and flee while they still could!

Of course, he was very confident that this guard would choose to follow him because, for one, Pyno was indeed a dump.

And Morgany was the dream location to many. So even though he didn't particularly say he was from Morgany, he was sure that a person as intelligent as this guard should be able to guess that he was either one of the powerful continents in the world.

However, it was just unfortunate that Jonah's response was the complete opposite of his expectations.

"Come with you?... Sure, I'll go with you. Hmhm... I'll personally escort you to the prison where you belong."

"You! You! You!... Hahahaha! If this is your choice, then don't blame me for being ruthless!"

With that, Scarface ran up to Jonah at full force.

And as he ran, he kept swiping the kitchen blades in his hands, ready to charge up his fist, prepared to attack with his famous duo-blade style.

And even after seeing the glorious display of blades get closer to him, Jonah still stood unmoved, not even flinching for a moment.

.

'Swish!'

Jonah lightly jumped high up into the air like a graceful month, looking calm and one with nature.

And before Scarface knew it, Jonah had somehow landed on top of his leading blade hand, standing on it like a praying monk.

Pah!

Scarface hit landed right on the face, pushing him back a little.

Ahhh!!

His blood boiled crazily as he tried to center himself again.

Lying trough! This guy had definitely learnt their Morg techniques. Or else, how could one explain the fact that Jonah's kick had loosened a few of his teeth out?

He even felt that the kick might be more powerful than his. So what technique did they steal?

Hehhehehe... If Jonah could read his mind, he chuckled in glee because all his lives now were those learnt from the Shaolin sector.

He could smash stones with his feet if he used his full force. And even a few metal pieces could be crushed by him.

Heck! If one smashed a block on his bald head, it would break instantly.

But training to get to this point was the most challenging part of all.

.

Pfff~

The amount of blood in Scarface's mouth caused him to rip a small incision around his mouth and so it out, as well as the cracked pieces and freed teeth in his mouth.

Son of a b**ch!

He massaged his jaw for a bit and spat out a mouthful of blood in a manly manner that didn't look weak.

Tsk!

He had really underestimated the thievery of these people.

But if they think that this would be enough to take him down, then they lie!

Bastards!

Pah! Pah! Pah!

Bam! Boom! Slash!

The duo fought for a bit with both sides getting hit at least once.

Jonah had been hit 5 times, and Scarface took on 8 hits instead.

What was funny was that his last attack was deflected by Jonah's first, causing him to stab himself in the thigh accidentally.

Dammit!

The desperation in his eyes now grew even stronger after realizing how much time he had lost.

But the most annoying thing of all was his scum opponent, who kept fighting with a smiley face.

What? Did this motherf**ker look down on him so much that he would smile during battle?

F** you!

Scarface gripped his sword tightly and tried to calm himself down.

"Alright! You've really forced my hand. Now, I'll have to use my famous Eagle Claw attack on you! It's my ultimate move! So you better be happy that I'm using it on you to deliver a quick death... This only shows that you're worthy. So take this as a parting gift and just die!"

With that, Scarface ran as fast as he could towards Jonah with his fingers arched into claws.

Make no mistake. His eagle claw attack was a terrifying move that could pierce through the first 3 skin layers from one solid move!

And if he added another attack to the same spot, he would be able to pull out one's insides with no problems.

And with such a move, the neck was by far the best place to start!

.

Din! Din! Din! Din!

Scarface rushed towards his opponent with his ultimate move.

Jonah stayed on one foot while closing his eyes as if deep in prayer.

Scared much?

Well, it was too late for that!

If eyes could kill, he would've been long dead by now.

'Bastard! So what if we have more or less the same strength? It all boiled down to technique. And I don't believe that you're very ass can toaster what we, the masters, have been doing for years!

Bahahahahaha! I'll rip your throat open, pull your insides out and shove them down that smart mouth of yours once and for all. So... Why don't you just die? Die! Die! Die for me!!'

With dark thoughts, Scarface stretched his claws with a crazed look in his eyes, inching his way towards his prey diligently.

But when his left claw was about to make its mark, Jonah suddenly opened his eyes, gripped Scarface's claws and fell backwards in one swoop.

Eh?

" "

Everything happened so fast that before Scarface could react, he was juggled and sent flying at an incredible speed!

Bam!

His chest collided with the other, almost shattering his ribs from the impact alone.

And at this moment, his mind was in complete disarray.

What went wrong? What the hell went wrong with their operation?

The other guards at the District border hadn't even noticed them. So could it be that they were just too unfortunate and had come across some elites here?

No! He had to escape! He had to flee now!

Chapter 1258 - Plan C

Flee! Flee! Flee!

Scarface gritted his teeth and hauled his aching body off the tree in the nick of time.

Bam!

A loud sound echoed out, and all that could be seen on the tree was a deep hole made by Jonah's fist.

"Damn you!" Scarface exclaimed after rolling away from that brutal attack.

Jonah, on the other hand, calmly turned around with a smile still on his face.

Scarface's heart sank while trying to run as fast as he could away from the scene.

One might think that they had been fighting on the same spot, but that was a lie.

Since their battle, he had been running and battling this Pyno bastard before him.

Dammit!

He gritted his teeth and hastily dashed away from the scene as fast as he could.

But how could Jonah let him go just like that?

Boom!

Another attack hit the ground with Scarface dodging yet again in the nick of time.

"Stranger... Can't you see that you've already lost?"

Lost? Lost? LOST?

Blood pumped into Scarface's brain as his entire body was unwilling to admit that he had lost to such inferior species.

No! He hadn't lost!

The match will be temporarily placed on hold until when he comes next.

Hmhm.

How could someone of his calibre lose to this thieving bastard?

He admitted that today things went in disarray.

But that didn't mean he lost, okay?!

Scarface was extremely desperate, and the duo hastily ran about, fighting here and there across the scene.

But no matter how far he ran, Jonah was right behind him, giving him no time to rest.

.

Boom! Bam! Pah!

Scarface's entire body felt distorted, as he was both desperately trying to flee, as well as trying to dodge or block countless attacks.

And this meant that Jonah was the one with the most advantage, had he had a full range of opportunities to attack, knowing that his enemy wouldn't stop to reciprocate things.

Jonah looked at Scarface's anxious silhouette and finally let out a long sigh.

Well, he was done experimenting and trying out all the new moves.

So, why not end things now?

Jonah quickly took out his silencer and mercilessly aimed at his opponent.

Puee! Puee!

The bullets tore through the air crazily, making their way towards its target's calves in a blink of an eye.

And what happened next was something that Scarface himself would never be able to understand!

Bam!

"Ahhhhhhhh~ Mother F***er!"

Scarface fell to the ground in one swoop, holding his legs and shaming vigorously in pain.

Son of a b**ch!

What the hell was this?

Sweat quickly poured out of his face, chest, back and even his neck as his body kept trying to fight under his condition.

But the most shock he received definitely came from his brain.

Eh?

Where were the arrows?

He thought that maybe he had been hit by some poisonous arrow because this pain was like nothing he had felt before.

However, after forcing his heavy eyelids to look at the source of his pains, he couldn't even see any arrow beside him.

And even if one were to shoot a dart or other hidden weapons at him, it would hang outside his flesh.

Again, he was already immune to a large variety of poisons.

So what the hell had attacked him?

.

"Grahhhhhh~~~"

Scarface's cheeks trembled underneath his mask after gritting his teeth so hard.

The pain was just too brutal to bear. And the blasted cold air entering his wound only made him feel like someone was constantly stabbing him with a knife all over his body.

No! He felt like he wouldn't even describe the kind of pain he was feeling right now.

His breathing became 50 times heavier, making him truly feel like he would be dying any moment from now.

Lying trough. What exactly did these people do to him?

At least with an arrow injury, believe it or not, because the arrow stick would still be in place and attached to one's body, some of the pain got shielded off... Until one yanked the arrow out of their body.

He had received arrow injuries before, so he knew how they felt.

But this one right here... This injury right here was a whole other ball game.

Instantly, fear inched into his heart after looking at his legs in horror.

This sort of pain might make him crippled for life, right?

Scarface's eyes dilated at an incredible speed.

His legs! His precious legs!

What was an assassin without their legs?

What would his future be like without them?

Of course, it was normal for anyone in this situation to think like this because when plagued with something new and unheard of, this meant that the possibility of recovery might be extremely low.

So the odds were against them.

And in this case, the pain Scarface felt made him feel as though his entire leg was broken into a million pieces.

Maybe it was his imagination, but he felt like his entire bones were scattered completely.

So in that case, then what about his career?

Boom!

A crazy explosion went off in his mind, causing him to release all his pent-up rage onto Jonah.

"Damn you? Damn you, you wild, ignorant, scum, son of a b**ch! How dare you do this to me? Do you know who I am? Do you know what you've just done? Years of hard work all gone down the front by you bastard!"

Jonah shrugged and looked at Scarface innocently: "Stranger, I told you to stop when you had the chance. So why look at me with those eyes?"

"Bastard! Your retribution will surely come!"

"Yes, yes... My retribution will surely come... But brother, why don't I tell you about the joy of being a good person?"

" "

...

A good person?

Was this scumbag actually preaching to him now of all times?

Scarface felt like talking to Jonah was like talking to a stone wall.

But soon, another thought pierced through his mind, making him smirk confidently.

Heheheheh!

They still had their Plan C!

Chapter 1259 - The End Of The Hunt

Plan C!

It looks like he would have to pull that card off if he wanted to leave it intact.

Jonah also saw his expression and decided to see what other tricks he had in store for them.

Scarface gritted his teeth, fighting back the pain, while squarely looking at Jonah dead in the eye.

"You think you've won? How foolish do you think we are? Because your weak empire rejects people from entering the entering with weapons, then shouldn't we take precautions when coming in here?"

"You mean poisons?" Jonah asked playfully.

Of course, he knew that the chances of one entering with poisons was low because of the Chemical detecting devices that could detect several harmful substances based on onerous factors.

But even at that, there was always a possibility that one day, a criminal might be able to miraculously bypass the system.

Humans were an ever-evolving and intelligent species.

So one day, it might be possible.

Well, if he were back on earth and had watched the {Now, you see me, now you don't} movie, then he would fully understand why Landon always wanted them to stay sharp and not rely on machines all the time.

For now, ever since the various detectors got made, they hadn't had someone get in with poison.

But that didn't mean that they would lax their guards down.

No. They still treated death assassins or other assigns the same too.

Because even though they managed to stop these people from people in arrows, seasoned weapons and psions, these people still managed to make do with what was already within Baynard.

That said, even though Jonah felt that the probability of these people having poisons on them was low, he still gripped the gun behind his back hard, ready to take any shots if need be.

After all, he wasn't about to let this guy kill himself after successfully catching him.

So what was their Plan C?

.

Jonah decided to play the frightened card.

And seeing his anxious look, Scarface grinned amidst his pain as though he had already won.

"For an inferior species, you're good. Heh... Do you think that I would infiltrate this zone without any form of collateral?"

"You... what did you do?"

"Bahahahaha! Now you know fear? I tell you this! If you don't take me out of here, then you can kiss the hostage goodbye!"

Eh? Hostage?

The words resounded in his ears, making him recall the previous discussion with his brigade commander.

Hmhm.

The police had long suspected that this might be the case. So they had long begun their search across Baymard.

But because his communicator was off, he hadn't heard any feedback from them.

Then... Did they find the hostages? Were they safe, injured or already killed off?

Jonah quickly turned on his Walkie Talkie and immediately called his Commander amidst Scarface's evil laughter.

.

"Hostage situation confirmed. Intruder requests to leave in one piece in exchange for information about hostage whereabouts. Commander, we must agree to the intruder's plans, or the hostage will be in danger!... And lastly... This is a Code Black Swan."

[Archangel, what are you... Eh?... Code Black Swan?]

"Yes, Commander. Code Black Swan."

[Then in that case, I think you're right. For the hostage, we must give the intruder what he wants. But first, give me some time to talk with those above.]

"Not a problem Commander, I will Stand by for further instructions."

Tut...

The communicator went off again, but Scarface wasn't worried.

Hahahahaha!

He heard the talk between both sides and felt mighty calm even though his pain was a nightmare!

Good Scarface.

He inwardly patted himself on the back for his quick thinking.

The weaknesses of these bastards were their people.

They valued the lives of lowly peasants so much that they would risk their very lives over such worms.

It was a stupid thing to do, one that would only lead them to their doom.

However, for their enemies, it was the perfect leverage that he wouldn't mind taking advantage of.

To him, they would soon let them go. So why should he be bothered?

.

Jonah hastily placed his walkie-talkie away and looked at Scarface with an anxious expression on his face.

"Those people are innocent. So why harm them? Look? We will surely let you pass. So why not just tell us where they are?"

"Tell you where they are? What the hell do you take me for? Stupid? I'll only tell you after you've sent me to the nearest pirate ship! Now, listen to my conditions: ...blah, blah, blah, blah... And finally, I want only 1 ship to escort me over. Not the big ships, but the little ones I saw running about the place."

The Coast Guard patrolling ships?

Jonah tried his best not to roll his eyes while still maintaining his anxious look.

At the same time, he also began first aid treatment, cutting a few leaves around Bushy Valley and taking out a few first aid patches and items that he always carried around... Especially during training.

"Ahhhh~... Damn you! What the hell are you doing?"

Jonah quickly worked, distracting Scarface with the pain of his injury, as well as the hostage situation.

And sure enough, his Walkie Talkie came to life yet again.

Of course, the moment he heard his commander's voice, he already knew the outcome of it all.

For sure, the Hostage had been found.

Situation controlled!

.

What?!!

Scarface's entire body went numb from shock when he heard the words from the person on the other end.

How? How did they find the hostage so fast?

It should even take at least 3 or 5 days to find everything. So how? What sort of sorcery was this?

He just told them about the hostage situation a few minutes ago.

So even if they could fly? How could they find every possible information in such a short time?

Impossible! Impossible!

Jonah looked at the crazed Jonah and chuckled lightly before taking up his Walkie Talkie again.

"Airforce 3... You're free to land."

[Roger that. Pick up in 4 minutes!]

With that, the hunt was officially over!

Chapter 1260 - Prisoner Secured

All the time Jonah had been subduing Scarface, the rest of his team had been busy taking out the other men around.

McKenzie was clearly at a disadvantage, getting stabbed over 3 times in different positions, while his opponent hadn't even received any fatal injuries.

And at that time, he felt like he was too close to death.

So he thought of pulling out his weapon and taking the shot.

But he knew better than to rely on guns heavily.

Thus, he decided to wait things out for a bit and try a little harder before stopping.

And soon enough, something fell upon his sight that gave him a brilliant idea.

Then, with a clear plan formed, he secretly led his opponent where he wanted them to go by acting desperate.

And it played out just as he planned.

1, 2, 3... Checkmate!

The opponent didn't know how it happened, but soon enough, he was carried and restrained by several bluish vines that seemed to lock him in place, restricting his actions.

That is, the harder one struggled, the tighter the vines would while onto them.

And again, the vines had a remarkable effect on any who sniffed it.

There was a reason it was nicknamed the Sleeper.

Once one was in its warm embrace, it was inevitable to take in the air around the plant, which was typically akin to a high sleeping substance.

They found that the substance was somewhat liquidy and slippery.

And after being embraced by this thing, it could cause a person to sleep for 30 minutes at most if it was a teenage plant. The adult plants could make one sleep for 1 and a half-hour instead.

Luckily, another thing about the plant was that it needed time to recharge and release its sleepy substance.

For teenage plants, it needed just an hour to recharge... and for adults, it required 2 hours to replenish itself before putting its next victims to sleep.

This was good because after those trapped would wake up 30 minutes later, they would have time to flee before being put to sleep yet again.

But one shouldn't think that fleeing the abt would be easy.

Yes! The moment they wake up, they will see that the vines aren't even holding them anymore. But any sudden movements will make the vines firmly grip them yet again, trapping them for the next sleep cycle.

So if one wasn't careful, they might end up sleeping in the plant's embrace for months without food or water.

And this will inevitably lead to their deaths.

That's why in many regions around the world that housed these plants, one would be able to see skeletal corpses and bones of animals and humans around the plants.

This type of death was truly a gruesome one to behold.

Of course, these plants only did this as a defence mechanism for those who liked cutting or destroying them.

How many times have people plucked flowers from the ground, how many times have people trampled on uses or other foliage?

How many times have people cut lines to use as ropes?

Hey! Plant lives matter too, alright?

These plants, as well as many other plants in this world, had their defence mechanisms in place for such actions.

Typically, Blue, red, purple and yellow vines are the most violent vines of all, with some stinging their victims like scorpions in the desert.

So many humans and animals had realized that only green and silver vines were safe to stay around. Of course, silver vines were incredibly medicinal and very scarce too.

That said, even though those outside might not fully understand how to free themselves from these vines, the Baymardians had realized that the only thing that frightened these vines was Fire.

And that's why they moved with lighters even when training here.

Fire will make the vines open up and even push their victim away in horror.

So, as a rule of thumb, one had to constantly move with a lighter.

And one had to hold it smartly because after getting pinned, if they couldn't even light up the fire, then what's the use of it all?

.

Like so, McKenzie had sent a fire kick towards his opponent, knowing fully well that the guy would dodge it.

And wouldn't you know it, the guy jumped back, directly falling into a very close range to the vines.

Woop! Woop!

The vine first grabbed his legs in fear before stretching the rest of their vine tentacles to grab his hands, neck, stock and so on.

And just like a snack, they kept moving and curling around even after grabbing him hard.

Of course, the opponent was alarmed for only a brief moment, as he genuinely didn't see the vine behind him.

No! It could be said that he hadn't placed attacks from mother nature in his mind.

That is, within this thick foggy blanket, he primarily focused on listening to the sounds all around in hopes of defending himself if someone or some creature wanted to ambush him.

But McKenzie, who knew Bushy valley like the back of his hand, had long known that the vines should be somewhere here.

So after spotting a very faint image, he immediately came up with the perfect plan.

And just like that, the intruder got trapped.

Of course, he, being an assassin, knew about vines such as these.

But without any source of fire, how could he free himself from these things?

....

Like so, Mckenzie had managed to deal with his opponent thanks to mother nature.

But he wasn't the only one using this approach.

Others led their targets to fall into pits, muddy quicksand, and so on.

There was a reason why Bushy Valley was famous and well used for training.

Heh. It was because of all it offered.

And in this way, they had managed to subdue the many SS-class opponents.

Because with the injuries some of them had, heaven knows that without their knowledge of Bushy valley, they wouldn't have won their opponents this easily.

But now, it was time to close the curtains and take the prisoners away!