

## Visible World chapter 29 read online

### Chapter 29 A Human Guinea Pig

The two guards jumped in surprise – they could not help but shift their line of vision sideways towards Justin’s father, Jackson Hammel. They knew that Jackson was now the real head of the Hammel family. Any business within the family was directly under his purview and required his approval before further actions.

Jackson raised his eyebrows before barking, “Go on! Master Jonathan is frail. He can’t stand the cold wind for long!”

The guards did not know what to make of the order. We are in the middle of summer – what wind is this man talking about?

Nonetheless, the order came from Jackson, and they had no business questioning it. Both of them carried old Master Jonathan and hurried into the room. Master Jonathan continued with rage, his lips moving lividly underneath his wispy mustache, “You fools, you are going to destroy the Hammel family... This... This will be the end of me...”

Once the old man was out of the way, only Jack, Justin, and Jackson remained in the living hall. “Jackson, we have to do something about this! The only reason Joel got into the fight was to defend our pride! We need to bring him some justice!” Jack stared piercingly at Jackson.

Upon hearing these words, Jackson could not help but furrow his brows. He had a part to play in Joel’s standing up for Justin. After all, Justin had indeed suffered great humiliation during last night’s banquet. Today was worse – to be raped by a man... It was impossible for Jackson to do nothing about it.

“Jack, I understand where you’re coming from. You’re right, we can’t just sit by and do nothing. But at the same time, we can’t be too forward with our counterattacks. Why don’t we do this. Prepare an exquisite gift, bring it up to Mount Beastial, and hand it to Master Xavier Charles. After all, Joel was the collateral disciple of the Beastial Sect. If the masters from Mount Beastial wanted to avenge the death of their disciple, it would be entirely their own decision to make. The Hammels have no say in that matter, have we?” Jackson stroked his beard wistfully. His eyes twinkled with a flash of cunning.

One should know that the leader of the Mount Beastial Sect, Xavier Charles, was a Class B Reiki Master. If he did seek Anthony Stewart for revenge, the latter could well be on the verge of his demise. Plus, even if the Orbtagon questions the Hammel family, we would be able to steer clear effortlessly...

Hearing Jackson’s plot, a glimmer of light flashed across Jack’s eyes. “That’s right! You’re brilliant, Jackson! Why didn’t I think of that? Hmm, letting the people from Mount

Beastial do the dirty work will leave the Hammels untraceable. I'll head there first thing tomorrow!"

Seeing that his father was on board with the plan, Justin was wildly ecstatic. With Xavier Charles in the picture, chances of Anthony surviving would be close to zero! Oh Anthony, we shall see... Don't worry, once you're gone, I'll take good care of your woman. Ha ha!

On the other hand, Anthony was completely oblivious of the schemes unfolding at the Hammels. He spent his entire night cutting up wooden logs. As the cutting came more naturally to him, he almost forgot his own, bare existence and entered a state of transcendence!

The next morning, Louis was awakened by the repeated noise of wood-chopping. Another sound was most familiar to him – the sound of the Force slicing through the dimensions. Louis was taken aback and immediately sat up straight. He muttered to himself, "That's impossible... The bloke can already wield the Force?"

He jumped out of bed and rushed to the backyard. There Anthony was, his movements as quick as lightning, chopping up the wooden logs one after another. His every maneuver was clean and smooth like moving water.

This... This isn't just simply wielding the Force anymore! This is becoming one with the Force – it's the art's true mastery...

Louis Darcy could not believe his eyes. His face was full of disbelief. Is he a warlock, as the legend has it? It had taken him six months to be able to wield the Force, but to become one with it, that nearly took him a year! And this bloke did it in one night?

This is unacceptable! Should I be happy or sad about this?

Anthony turned around and saw Louis gawking at him from behind. He coyly asked, "How did I do, Master? Was it okay?" Ten carts of wooden logs with twenty over thousands of cuttings were finished by Anthony in one night. The will power and ability demonstrated by him was nearly inhuman!

Louis rolled his eyes while sweeping them across the backyard, admiring the firewood cuttings that were stacked orderly along the fence. Okay? This is not 'okay'? This is amazing, magnificent even!

But he was not about to admit all that! Suppressing the tidal waves of pride and awe in his heart, Louis tightened his face before saying, "Yes, that will do. Not too shabby for a beginner." After pausing for a second, he continued, "Since I'm accepting you as my apprentice, I will not hold back any knowledge that I have and teach you everything I can. We shall begin with the Great Divine Peasant's lost art of the Eight Divine Needles. With your recent Chakra awakening, the application might just be out of this world!"

The Eight Divine Needles was one of the ancient healing art from the Great Divine Peasant. Louis wanted to wait until Anthony had mastered the fundamentals before passing it down to him. Since he was already able to immerse himself in the Force so naturally and function as one, it was time for him to advance further.

As for Anthony, his innate Chakras were already potent in the first place. Coupled with the Eight Divine Needles, he could well be able to bring someone back from the dead. Louis had been seeing a lot of patients lately. It would be of great help if Anthony could master the healing art and helped him with some of the business.

“Thank you, Master!” Anthony’s eyes were gleaming brightly. Eight Divine Needles – the name in itself is sick to the core! If I can master it, it’s going to be incredible!

The two of them were deep in conversation when Logan Howell’s voice was heard from the other side of the mansion, “Master Healer, Anthony, I’m here with the insignia!” Logan was exceptionally jovial.

Louis’s lips curled into a cheeky smile as he heard Logan’s voice from down the hall. “Well, well... I was thinking who we could practice on. Looks like a human volunteer has just presented himself!”

Louis brought Anthony along to meet Logan at the entrance, and his twinkly eyes were gleaming with mischief. Logan noticed his peculiar expression and began to feel uneasy. At last, he asked warily, “Uhm... Master Louis, Anthony, what are you two up to? If... If there’s nothing else, I better be on my way... Goodbye!”

Upon finishing his sentence, Logan was ready to turn around and make a run for it. The incident with this Master-Apprentice duo yesterday was traumatic enough as it was!

Anthony erupted in laughter, “Oh Logan! Look at you. It’s barely dawn, and you are already here bearing the insignia. How could we ever repay you? Come along, I must return the favor...”

“Return the favor?” Logan looked at Anthony and Louis with apprehension. He could not help but feel that the two were up to no good. “Oh rubbish, I’m just performing my duties, that’s all! So yes, no need for pleasantries. No need to return the favor. I’ll head out now!” Logan already had one foot out the door.

Alas, Louis was quick as lightning and grabbed him by the neck. Like a puppy, Logan was dragged all the way to the backyard. “See what I mean? I can’t be soft with you sometimes – it always has to come to brute force. Why are you so afraid of us, anyway? It’s not like we’re going to eat you up! Now take off your clothes, quickly!” Louis managed to get Logan on the lawn. In his other hand were three silver needles, ready to strike.

Looking at the silver needles and the looming Anthony Stewart, Logan immediately understood what was happening. I'm about to become a guinea pig, aren't I? This is just my luck!