

“Explode!” Brother Gou’s eyes went wide as he roared. He wished he could expend every ounce of strength in his body and kill the lunatic.

But he knew that monsters like the lunatic weren’t so easily slain.

A loud explosion erupted.

The lunatic was flung into the distance. He rolled across the ground and finally came to a stop after some time.

The thick smell of blood filled the air. Brother Gou and the wolves grew solemn and immediately surrounded the lunatic.

Their battle tactics had been honed to perfection after numerous battles. They had long mastered the art of moving as one.

They had landed a hit on the lunatic in their first attack. That had been when the wolves had realized the extent of their progress.

Their bodies had been utterly transformed. There were no words to describe how amazing it felt.

They could sense that their bodies had become stronger. Their strength, their speed, their agility and their senses had all dramatically improved.

“Watch out! He’s going to attack!” Brother Gou reminded the rest.

He was right. The lunatic got up then. His hair was disheveled and his eyes had turned blood

red.

He was livid.

He couldn't believe that an insignificant nobody had landed a blow on him.

"You've made me...very angry!" the lunatic howled, whipping his long, loose hair around wildly as his thunderous voice filled the air.

He moved suddenly and as quickly as a tornado. The thick smell of blood filled the air once again. They nearly choked on the smell.

KABOOM...

The stone under his foot shattered as the lunatic transformed into a blur that charged forward and headed for his first target, Brother Gou.

"Watch out!"

Number Five and Number Six moved immediately and adjusted their formation, transforming it into a defensive formation. The six men joined forces and met lunatic's fearsome attack head on!

BAM!

A loud explosion erupted. The six men held their ground. Even though the lunatic had managed to drive them back a few steps, he had not managed to breach their defense.

Shock filled the lunatic's eyes. This was impossible!

This wasn't happening!

That punch of his would have killed the ordinary man. But they remained standing. It had not taken them down.

How was that possible?

The lunatic stared at the wolves with utter incredulity. How could ordinary men like them survive his attack?

What was going on?

The lunatic's hair flew wildly in the wind. He watched as his enemy's formation changed tirelessly, switching between offense and defense at startling speed. He was given no opportunity to retaliate at all.

"Kill him!"

They charged at him once again and unleashed a flurry of attacks.

The lunatic did not expect someone else to attack him this time. He had been expecting Brother Gou, but the person throwing a punch at him this time was Number Six, who had been serving a defensive role all along.

His fist packed a greater punch than Brother Gou's.

BAM!

The lunatic went flying again. He had no time to

react at all.

His eyes kept moving as he stared at the group of men before him who was on the constant move. He wanted to grab one of them but he failed to. They moved as one. There was no loophole in their strategy and their formation.

The sight was out of this world.

“Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!”

The voices of the wolves filled the air. They had to kill this ancient monster as proof of their metamorphosis.

Their voices flooded the air unceasingly and rushed at the lunatic from all directions. It was a terrifying scene to behold. The lunatic felt as if he were facing down an army of ten thousand men.

“Kill me?” the lunatic thundered. “You’re going to kill me?”

“That’s right! They’re going to kill you!”

A voice rang out from the distance.

Peter Pan strode in slowly with his hands folded behind his back.

Alarm flickered across the lunatic’s face.

He wasn’t threatened by any of the wolves or Heifeng or any of the other mighty warriors of his time. But this was Peter Pan...why was this freak here?



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“You’re awake too?” The lunatic clenched his jaw. “Heifeng woke you up too?!”

“That’s right. They told me that you’ve been a bad boy and told me to kill you,” Peter Pan said with a cheeky smile. The grin was replaced by a look of utter disdain the next second. “Well, you’re not worth me dirtying my hands.”

“You!”

The lunatic was furious but he dared not voice his displeasure. Peter Pan was unquestionably one of the three most powerful fighters amongst them all. In fact, if Mr Lang had not resorted to unscrupulous means, he would have been killed by Peter Pan then.

“They’ll be the ones who kill you. Don’t underestimate them. I consider them my disciples in principle.” The aura exuding from Peter Pan changed suddenly. Waves of power rushed at the lunatic and locked him in place. “If you hurt any one of them, I’ll be forced to take you down.”

The lunatic was speechless. The old man was driving him crazy.

Peter Pan was being completely unreasonable.

How could he command these men to corner and attack the lunatic while forbidding the lunatic from retaliating and injuring or killing them?

He had threatened the lunatic that he would take him down personally if the lunatic hurt any one of these men. Should he just stand there and let

Brother Gou kill him then?

There was no way he was getting out of this alive!

“You’re being unreasonable!” the lunatic snarled and gnashed his teeth furiously.

“What are you going to do about it? Fight me? Do it then!” Peter Pan laughed out loud. “You can’t beat me, can you? Well, since you can’t beat me, you’ll have to do what I tell you and fight them! Remember, hurt any one of them and I’ll step in and take you down personally!”

Peter Pan waved his arm.

“Kill this scum!”

The wolves went wild when they heard his order. The deafening sounds that they made resembled the sound of hot oil landing on water.

What a pack of wolves!

They were wolves that had been armed to the teeth and who had the protection of the king of wolves. The lunatic’s eyes filled with despair.

“I’ll kill all of you!”

He had come here so that he could have a brief taste of heaven. He had not expected to be killed by these men!

He was going to kill a few of them in return before he went down.

A fierce battle broke out the next moment.

The lunatic was incredibly powerful. Prior to their metamorphosis, the wolves would have been killed instantly in a fight with the lunatic. They wouldn't have had any chances of survival.

Not today though. The lunatic felt as if he had fallen into a vortex. His strength left him completely and in its place was utter agony.

"Ah!" the lunatic howled. His cries of pain were eventually drowned by the flood of attacks unleashed by the wolves.

The lunatic was the perfect opponent for them. He brought out their full potential.

They had felt similarly when they had fought other opponents in the past. But this time, their abilities and potential were drastically boosted.

KABOOM...

Another deafening explosion erupted. The lunatic cried out in pain as he flew into the distance. Number Eight's punch had shattered the lunatic's jaw.

The lunatic landed heavily on the ground. Before he could get up, countless fists began punching him in the head.

BAM!

BAM!



BAM!

Everything became quiet again.

The lunatic was dead.

The ground was a mess. The lunatic's face was beyond recognition. Blood stained the ground, its red a glaring sight against the green weeds.

The wolves heaved heavily. There was blood on their faces and the rest of their bodies. No one could tell whose blood it belonged to anymore.

Their fingers were still trembling and the backs were still heaving. Their eyes were red. It was then that they finally realized that they had killed the lunatic.

That fearsome beast had died by their hands.

They were truly changed men.

Brother Gou's lips trembled. He was so excited that he could not speak. They...could stay by Jiang Ning's side once more. They could help Jiang Ning and share his burdens.

THUD!

The group of men turned and stared at Peter Pan and, with a loud resounding thud, fell to their knees.

"Thank you, senior!"



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