



Lu Niang Lan

Perfect Dragon

Lu Niang Lan, the assassin who takes on summoners who casually call in the gods using only her fists.

Born into a family that tries to create the ultimate humans through selective breeding, she was kept as a pet vessel by the greatest summoner of his time but eventually freed herself by killing him at an opportune moment.

Such started her history as a trader and assassin of Illegal, a group made from a collection of 330 criminal organization who rules over the underground and makes up the equal and opposite faction to Government, a group founded by 60 governments and other big organizations.

Lu Niang Lan, a beautiful woman in a modified China dress, made that comment while holding an umbrella below the never-ending rain.

Her eyes were too blue and her skin too shockingly white to be stereotypically Chinese, but that was hardly surprising. Her “family” had married and “crossbred” with all the peoples of the planet in search of the most superior form of the human body. Lu Niang Lan had been one of the leading candidates among her “family”. The other candidates included a black boxer with an afro and a Native American nature girl who claimed she could speak with animals. It was the kind of “family” that could fill out the roster of a fighting game all on its own.

As such, Lu Niang Lan and her “family” did not belong to any nation or homeland. No one knew anymore where they had first come from.

(Volume 2)

Physicals

In Volume 2 Opening X-02 she does the following to a armored vehicle.



That's a decently sized dent.

She also sends people flying considerable distances with simple punches.
Here Isabella:

The modified China dress beauty's head was somewhat lowered as she silently entered the room.

However...

"Ah."

Isabelle, who was closest to her, must have tried to say something, but not even Shiroyama Kyouzuke could tell what.

With a surprisingly gentle sound, the Perfect Dragon's fist sank halfway into the center of the military girl's flat chest.

Time seemed to stop.

The fist slowly twisted about ninety degrees while embedded in the girl's chest.

Only after a short delay did a great roar of impact burst from the girl. Even if she was small, she was still a 150cm and 40kg mass, and yet she flew straight across the living room and over the open kitchen's counter. Loud destructive sounds came from the back of the kitchen.

(Volume 3)

Isabelle had broken through a table and the cabinet door below the sink. He crawled over and slapped her cheek, but she did not respond. She seemed to have a concussion. Even if he used an Incense Grenade, he would not be able to use a Material.

(Volume 3)

And here Kyouzuke:

She made a heavy counterattack much like a roundhouse kick and it mercilessly stabbed into his exposed torso.

The impact sounded like a giant drumbeat and Kyouzuke flew across the large living room.

Yes.

He took the exact same course as his vessel Isabelle had earlier.

Loud sounds of destruction sounded once he landed.

“Bh!? Cough!!”

(Dammit, I knew it was coming and even lured her into it, but I still couldn't counteract the full impact!?)

Isabelle had done the same thing. If she had not jumped backwards herself, the impact would likely have wreaked havoc inside her body and caused all of her organs to rupture.

Kyouzuke looked around while half buried in the mess that had been a kitchen.

(Volume 3)

Note how both actually moved to mitigate the impact they received. A full hit would have been worse.

Then we have tree trunk destruction using a rope:

She did not let him guard with his arms, she wrapped the thick rope around his neck, and she tugged him toward her.

The modified China dress beauty used enough force to snap a tree trunk as thick around as her own waist.

(Volume 6)

She's strong enough to imbue a series of attacks with enough force to break people's arms even if they block with a shield:

He had not shed a single drop of blood. Even if most of them had been to deter him from action, just how many hidden weapons had she sent his way? Each and every one of them had contained enough force to slay the average summoner or vessel before they could move a finger. Even if they had desperately guarded themselves with a bulletproof shield, the attacks had delivered enough weight to snap their arms.

(Volume 6)

Speed

Lu is able to take out five vital spots of a Liger faster than a summoner can snap her fingers.

"I don't want to hear that from an old woman who's past her prime but still gets by with hidden weapons and not a hint of the occult," said Aika. "It probably took many long years to get that kind of skill."

"Ahh, my shoulders sure are stiff. Breasts really do get in the way."

"This old woman is provoking me with the standard golden word!!
Liiigerrrrr!!!!"

"Heh heh heh hah hah. That cute pet might be an excellent beast and an excellent vessel, but I'm confident I can destroy five of its vital points before you can snap your fingers. Please don't underestimate the Perfect Dragon,

okay? Being flat as a board is one thing, but it's painful to look at a washboard whose ribs are poking out. Also, who are you calling an old woman?"

(Volume 1)

Can do a bunch of stuff in the span of a single breath.

"Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

-----"

Lu Niang Lan pressed her thumb against her smartphone.

All of the security cameras ceased to function.

She reached inside her China dress.

She pulled out a gorgeously decorated fan.

She disassembled its frame.

She grabbed more than twenty assassination needle darts.

Kyousuke charged toward the man with his gun aimed at the girl's head.

She supported him by throwing three each toward all of the enemies in seven directions.

The masked men finally peered down their gun sights.

Their thick tendons and joints were pierced and they collapsed after a short delay.

"-----
-----ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!!"

It all happened in the span of a breath.

(Volume 2)

Scaling

Lu is in terms of physical combat skill and ability repeatedly acknowledged or shown to be stronger and better than the protagonist, Kyousuke. And also better in hand fighting than other summoners.

He could get involved in the world of summoning ceremonies and yet return alive without summoning a single Material. He could return with at least a single person in his arms. And he did not have the muscular strength of some ferocious beast, he was not a kung fu master living deep in the mountains, and he was not using the world's greatest prototype weapon that a stranger had given him.

Then again, he was not the same as Lu Niang Lan who was feared as the Perfect Dragon. He was not an expert in slaughtering veteran summoners using only his own body and hidden weapons instead of Materials.

But when in a bind, he knew enough about this small field to put together a workable strategy on the fly that would let him fight without a Material.

(Volume 1)

Shiroyama Kyousuke clearly had no intention of smartly making an escape.

Having concluded that, she applied a merciless blow to the back of Kyousuke's neck.

"...Ah..."

Kyousuke could not support his own weight and helplessly crumbled to the ground.

Lu Niang Lan supported the boy with one arm.

To safely escape the airport and completely lose pursuit in a car chase, she grabbed the attache case, placed the boy over her shoulder, and ran out onto her battlefield.

It was unclear if she was using her full strength, but no one could outdo Lu Niang Lan when it came to a purely unarmed fight.

(Volume 2)

Not even Kyouzuke can defeat Lu Niang Lan in an unarmed battle.

(Volume 2; Facts Section)

At the same time, the five meter white liger and Shiroyama Kyouzuke, who pulled his Blood-Sign from his back, dashed toward Lu Niang Lan from the left and right.

One of them was a ferocious beast with 300kg of weight behind her claws and fangs. The other was a veteran summoner who could run circles around a summoner in the 600s or 700s without even using a Material.

But...

Even so...

“ _ _ _ _ ”

Lu Niang Lan started by sending a fist toward the leaping white liger's nose as a cross-counter. With a great roar of impact, the five meter beast fell straight down. This exposed her back to Kyouzuke, but the Perfect Dragon did not even look back as his Blood-Sign thrust in like a spear. She twisted around and lowered her upper body, but not to dodge it. She allowed it to rest on her hips and then she used her back to knock it upwards.

“!?”

It pulled Kyouzuke's arms up along with it, leaving his upper body entirely defenseless.

She made a heavy counterattack much like a roundhouse kick and it mercilessly stabbed into his exposed torso.

(Volume 3)

No normal attack could hit Lu Niang Lan. No matter what he tried, he would only end up receiving a cross-counter with twice the force behind it.

But that just meant he needed an attack that could not be dodged.

And that meant an attack that would fill the entire room.

“ _ _ _ _ _ ”

Lu Niang Lan was quick to respond.

She did not try to stop Kyouzuke or take control of the gas main.

As soon as she detected the odor, she kicked over the pen holder on the glass table, kicked up the stainless steel scissors from the office supplies scattered on the floor, and used a double kick to send the scissors flying forward. The scissors stabbed into the distant floor like a knife-throwing trick.

The slight spark blew everything away.

The Perfect Dragon's plan was as follows: reduce the damage by triggering a smaller explosion before the room fills with gas.

After a bright flash, an explosive noise and shockwave swept across the room.

Only the modified China dress beauty remained standing.

(Volume 3)

We've seen this with Imagine Breaker in another series, but the people who fully rely on a supernatural power are especially shocked when it's taken from them. Perhaps an elite summoner like Azalea would have easily fallen into Ellie Slide's trap? If so, we can only pray for her old butler's luck in battle. On the other hand, I think Lu Niang Lan would have destroyed her with a single karate chop and a smile on her face.

(Volume 3)

“Oh, is that so? You could tell that much?”

“If that girl had really reproduced what you can do, I would've died at that zoo. She couldn't even land a surprise attack, so she clearly hasn't reached your level.”

He was not being figurative or modest. If he was unable to use the Summoning Ceremony, then he would be helpless against that modified China dress beauty. That was one situation he never wanted to plan for.

(Volume 6)

And Kyouzuke himself is one of the best summoners in the world, having faced and matched leaders of both Government and Illegal, as well as being trained by the greatest summoner of all time.

Additionally take into consideration that Lu can only win against summoners due to taking them out before they can summon, so it's a requirement that her skill and strength is a class above them. So here are a number of feats she may scale to.

Biondetta's tail decoration had been swaying as she raised her Blood-Sign. But she was not holding it like a summoner would. She pressed the bottom against her shoulder, placed her gaze along the side of the long rod to aim, and prepared her finger to flick a clasp that stuck out somewhat. It looked a lot like someone aiming a sniper rifle.

“Nee hee☆”

Scorpion 11 saw a smile.

The waitress demon was targeting his vessel Ayaka instead of him. Did she think she could crush the girl's human body before the Material could be summoned inside it?

But...

“...”

The rifle bullet did not pierce the young girl's face.

An extended high-pitched vibration shook the air. Scorpion 11 had held his Blood-Sign in front of the girl's eyes to slightly divert the bullet's path.

(Volume 3)

It was an extreme close-range fight. The opening ritual was the breaking of the three-dimensional Rose made of White Thorns, but they interfered with even that.

“Bang☆”

Biondetta acted first. With an explosive sound, she fired a sniper rifle round at close range.

She had yet to unfold her Blood-Sign, so she pulled the trigger in that state.

Kyousuke forcibly kept it away with his Repliglass Blood-Sign and rotated the Blood-Sign to let the force escape. He swung the long rod around for a powerful blow, but Biondetta used her folded gun barrel to hold it back and forcibly grabbed the heated joint of hers. She ignored the disconcerting sizzling sound as she unfolded the Blood-Sign. A second and third exchange followed.

(Volume 3)

Kyousuke’s flipping body obscured the lab coat and riding suit man’s vision and he moved to the side as guided by the man’s recovery technique.

And once he was out of the way, the helmeted man saw something else instead: Biondetta’s bolt-action sniper rifle.

A dry blast rang out.

The recoil ran violently through the alluring body contained in the waitress uniform.

The fact that the man managed to draw the blade and block the rifle proved his skill really was the best of the best.

(Volume 7)

The men in black under their command did not hesitate to draw handguns.

And a dry sound rang out.

However...

“Too bad♪”

Sinceria held a hand in front of the knight's face. That hand held a timer Incense Grenade that resembled a platinum pocket watch and it had a bullet embedded in it. It was clearly made from a cheap alloy, glass, and other inexpensive materials, but its value had been increased past the limit by royally appointed craftsmen. There was no need to turn the watch crown to set the dangerous hands because a 20m cubic Artificial Sacred Ground was already opening around it.

(Volume 8)

Even now, the world seemed to be spinning around and around as their footing moved to new walls, floors, and ceilings. Each time they moved to a building, bridge, attraction rail, or pillar, all of the preconditions crumbled away.

Before even thinking about landing, it should have been difficult to make any sense of one's shaken vision. And yet...

“It's simple.”

Kyousuke raised his Blood-Sign and spoke as if he had read Hayato's mind.

And he landed on the new footing almost more nimbly than Hayato, the supposed master of this place.

“It's just like the long jump or the high jump. The athletes don't start preparing for their landing only after making their jump. They determine how to position their body before the jump and even before the approach run. They only start moving after deciding on their target.”

“You don't mean...”

“Your breathing, the movement of your eyes, the tension in your muscles, the adjustments to your balance... All the information I needed was right there in your body. All I had to do was read that and I knew when and where the next footing would be.”

In a world turned 90 degrees on its side, Kyousuke and Hayato landed on streetlight and a traffic light poles.

“And the calculations for the moving Petals are simple too. ...I just have to think of it from a starting point of 45 degrees. If I hit a moving Petal at a right angle with a White Thorn moving at the exact same speed, the Petal will continue at a diagonal angle of 45 degrees. That’s an easier calculation than determining the position of the sun with the hands of your watch.”

That was nonsense.

It was nothing more than a theoretical value. If he did not perfectly hit the center of the Petal or if either one had even a slight spin to it, the Petal would veer off course.

But Kyouzuke had actually done it.

He had the power needed to do so.

But Hayato could not accept it.

(That just means he’s intercepting my behavior patterns to predict our footing and the movement of the Petals. Even if he could catch up like that, he couldn’t pass me.)

“No, wait.”

The assassin boy looked down at his own feet.

He finally grasped something as he stared at the traffic light pole that had become something like a log bridge.

(Is this like shogi or chess? I get to choose our next footing, but my choices aren’t unlimited. I have to create the Artificial Sacred Ground relative to where I next place my feet, so I can’t use any location I can’t reach on the first step.)

Which meant...

(The summoner’s location, the cost and sound range of the Materials, and the terrain conditions... If you could accurately analyze all that, you could create a tree diagram of the possible courses we could take. Then this wouldn’t be the same as a highly random game of rock paper scissors. So...did he...see through all of that?)

“Is something the matter?”

Hayato heard a voice.

He heard the voice of a summoner who had likely predicted their next footing before the assassin boy himself had.

“Did you figure something out this late in the game?”

(Volume 2)

The Repliglass soldiers thought they knew the situation but actually knew nothing, so they rushed in to attack. The scorpion tail parts had 2 meter Japanese swords attached and electricity scattered from those. Those divine weapons could slice right through a tank like a hot knife through butter and more than 30 of them rushed in at speeds and angles far surpassing the greatest swordsman.

But with Blood-Sign in hand, Kyouzuke took an extremely simple action.

He took one flowing step to the side.

That was all.

And despite that being all, the countless slicing lines failed to reach his body as they rushed in like a storm. Of course, this would never occur by pure coincidence. Even if the action had been simple, the process had involved extremely complex calculations.

Meaning...

“Even if those are divine weapons, they are equipped on Repliglass and are being controlled by mere humans.”

A light sound followed.

The tip of his Repliglass lightly tapped the slender feminine arm of one of the Emperor Scorpions.

“You are trapped by the concepts of distance and time, you follow your designs, you cannot escape your joints’ range of movement, and you cannot surpass the limits of inertial Gs.”

“Gh, ah!?”

The elbow and the shoulder.

The Blood-Sign immobilized the joints and swung them around to shake the Emperor Scorpion. The tail was also swung around wildly...and the sword of Takemikazuchi sliced through the air.

The damage mostly spread to the other Repliglass soldiers. Some had the arm or leg armor cleanly cut away and some had the feminine upper body shallowly split open vertically. And as the armor or helmets fell away, the surprisingly slender and cute girls inside were revealed.

“So it’s simple. With the Blood-Sign method, I need excellent spatial awareness and I need to determine the enemy summoner’s range of movement by observing their joints, muscles, and center of gravity. Those techniques are just as valid here.”

A powerful wind followed.

The Emperor Scorpions rushed toward Kyouusuke in a state of panic instead of using a controlled fighting instinct. Kyouusuke spun the captured one around and shoved it into the enemies after a single beat. He was trying to get them to destroy each other. He would guide a scorpion tail to stab into another one or he would use his Blood-Sign to knock one off balance such that it knocked another one down as well.

This was no longer a battle.

It was nothing more than a group of nails being pulled around by a magnet.

“You probably needed a human being as a summoner to summon the Divine-class weapons, but that worked against you.”

Kyouusuke spun his Blood-Sign around.

He rested his weapon on his shoulder and spoke.

“If you had thoroughly eliminated all human elements and sent in entirely unmanned machines that ignore the human limits of inertial Gs, muscle strength, and skeletal structure, you might have been able to kill me pretty easily.”

He was surrounded by a pile of rubble.

And despite the storm of cuts, not a single soldier had been bisected or lost an arm or leg. They had all been defeated while just barely avoiding any injuries. They shuddered at the thought of those perfect calculations and slumped to the floor.

(Volume 4)

They had a variety of advantages, but the biggest was how difficult their movements were to predict. Using the traits of existing plants and animals gave you a treasure trove of data to work with, but it was also easy to imagine just how a mantis model, grasshopper model, or hornet model would move. A Released Creation did not have that. And in battle, calmly observing and putting together a new plan would require placing the chips of human lives on the table. When faced with bizarre, never-before-seen, and supersonic movements, waiting was the same as standing still while you were killed instantly.

Yes.

Unless your brain had greater calculation power than a supercomputer like Kyouzuke's did.

"...I see."

Without any actual data to work with, he could only make general calculations, but with that much Repliglass muscle fiber bundled together into those tentacles, they could likely make jabs that surpassed Mach 2.5. He estimated them to be heavily-equipped models that weaponized their power and speed which could grab and crush their enemy with instantaneous speed rivalling a fighter jet's top speed and could knock down every last bullet when a Gatling gun was fired at them head-on.

Once they stood on the same stage as you, the Repliglass had essentially already won, whether they wanted to restrain you or simply behead you. The end effect would be little different from having them move freely while time was frozen for you.

[...]

As soon as he finished speaking, everything set in motion.

But the Repliglass weapons should have noticed that control of this place had already secretly shifted to the Freedom 900 levels.

Modern warfare compressors sliced through the air from multiple directions with enough intensity to break the sound barrier, but the greatest weapons of those Alphas – as Kyouzuke dubbed them – were the seven pairs of tentacles and those failed to reach the summoners' heads.

They had misread Shiroyama Kyouzuke.

He took a step to the side so as not to get the old lady involved, but they should have noticed just how far he was planning ahead with that action.

A great crashing sound soon followed. The deadly stretching weapons grabbed at the heads and torsos of their supposed allies and the Repliglass weapons tore each other apart.

“You mechanically lock on using microwaves or infrared. At speeds surpassing Mach 2.5, the human pilots themselves can't hope to visually follow the action from beginning to end.”

If a more cheerful color had seeped into Kyouzuke's soul, he might have hummed a tune.

As seen with a tightrope walker crossing between buildings, it was while relaxed that humans could draw out their greatest performance. You only hurt your chances if you let your muscles tense up from the nerves of brought on by great danger or a major challenge.

The summoner continued his one-way conversation while surrounded by a unique aura similar to “the zone” for a golf or shogi player and while constructing a world into which no one could enter.

“So I can intervene all I want during that ‘blank period’. I don't have to face you head-on and stop you. If I give a slight push on your joints with the end of this stick to shift your movements just a little bit, those tentacles will end up going somewhere else entirely.”

However, this strategy should only work if he could accurately predict where those tentacles would go while moving with speed rivalling an afterburner and

if he could reproduce precise movements akin to touching the side of a flying bullet with his finger.

Nothing could be more unreasonable than a subsonic object repeatedly controlling supersonic objects and guiding them to destroy each other.

But this was the proper form of a summoner.

A summoner was a puny human who controlled the higher Materials. You could not discuss their essence without mentioning the absurdity of a lower being exceeding a higher being.

The high-spec Alphas surrounded the slender and puny human and swung down their many tentacles and powerful arms in unison, but they suddenly found themselves turned to the side and destroying their fellow units.

The area sounded much like a scrap factory, the masses of special armor were tossed into the box seats and windows, and the entire car soon fell silent.

(Volume 7)

Weapons and How to Use Them

Lu carries tons of weapons hidden under her clothes... which is quite amazing, considering that she is slim and wears skin tight China dresses.

“Um, Lu-san? Are you sure this is okay? Isn't this an airport block? You have weapons hidden all over your body, so I get the feeling you'd be cuffed right away if the police stopped us.”

“The police focus on checking people's bags and checking for drugs, so I'll be fine. This country puts a lot of focus on civil liberties, so they can't just tell me to strip naked because I look suspicious. Oh, I'm so glad I was born a woman.”

(Volume 2)

She is very skilled with throwing needles.

She pulled out a gorgeously decorated fan.

She disassembled its frame.

She grabbed more than twenty assassination needle darts.

Kyousuke charged toward the man with his gun aimed at the girl's head.

She supported him by throwing three each toward all of the enemies in seven directions.

The masked men finally peered down their gun sights.

Their thick tendons and joints were pierced and they collapsed after a short delay.

(Volume 2)

She has a Feizhao.

They ran into a group of two on patrol.

Kyousuke swiftly silenced one with his Blood-Sign and Lu Niang Lan silenced the other by swinging around an assassination tool called a Feizhao that was a metal rake on the end of a rope.

(Volume 2)

She knows acupuncture.

“That China Dress is using acupuncture to slow down the progress, but it's really only buying us a little more time. She says we'll be lucky to get even a few extra hours out of it.”

(Volume 1)

And she has and uses... all of this stuff:

Lu Niang Lan placed a hand on the counter, leaped over it, and then sent her foot toward the side of the man's head. No, she did more than that. While almost entirely upside down, she reached for the chest of her modified China dress and pulled out every hidden weapon she could. She threw several fork-shaped Fei Cha up toward his jaw, threw a Wan Ren Di (a dried mud container full of explosives) to the floor to create a smokescreen, and performed a side

flip to right her body while using the centrifugal force to swing a Fei Zhao (claws attached to the end of a rope) toward the side of the man's head. It was all a single flowing motion. This was truly the full ability of the Perfect Dragon who could slay summoners without relying on a Material.

"That was sudden."

But.

Even so.

"But surely there was more you could have done. You should know you don't get a chance to prepare before every battle."

"...!!!???"

He spoke calmly. Blocking her opponent's view with the smokescreen seemed to have actually made the monster's silhouette appear larger. Lu Niang Lan took a few steps back while throwing several Liu Ye Fei Dao throwing knives and also swinging around a Liu Xing Chui, fist-sized stones attached to either end of a long rope. It did not matter if her opponent was in a smokescreen, if he was an Award 1000 monster, or if he was a ghost returned from the depths of hell. She did not let him guard with his arms, she wrapped the thick rope around his neck, and she tugged him toward her.

(Volume 6)

She also has this Saryuda.

The girl tried to pull a handgun from her hip like it was the natural thing to do.

But with her palms still pressed against the ground, the modified China dress beauty spun herself around like she was breakdancing. This time, she made a

horizontal rotation. The vessel just barely managed to jump back to keep her slender legs out of reach and she pulled the trigger, but a dull impact hit the side of her head.

The artificial mist was swept several meters to the side.

Lu Niang Lan had used a Saryuda.

That was a binding tool made by attaching anchor-like clasps to the end of a metal chain. Instead of swinging it around to grab at a fleeing opponent's clothing, she used it to extend the reach of her spinning kick.

It only took the one hit.

The blow from the side shifted the handgun's aim, so the bullet blew a hole in the mist sprayer's water pipe instead of Lu Niang Lan.

With a low watery gurgle, a puddle quickly formed.

The vessel girl collapsed to the side without as much as a scream. Lu Niang Lan sighed while returning the metal chain to her modified China dress so smoothly it looked like a snake moving on its own.

(Volume 9)

Techniques and Skill

Lu also has some notable techniques not relying on weapons. Most notably her shockwave techniques for example. She can take out machinery by creating bubbles in the gasoline or the batteries... or take out people by doing it in someone's lungs.

The glass wall next to them shattered and an avalanche of glass shards rushed toward them. And a mass of composite armor pushed its way through that to enter the building.

It was an eight-wheeled armored vehicle.

And it was the special one with a tank gun attached to the roof.

“ _ _ _ _ _ ”

Kyousuke heard a sharp whistle-like breath.

Then the attache case was thrown his way.

By the time he heard the whistle and caught the airborne case, Lu Niang Lan was already running forward with frightful speed. Her red modified China dress fluttered around her. She shot forward like a laser beam, circled to the side of the armored vehicle, and slammed both palms against a single point.

A deep noise shook Kyousuke's gut.

A moment later, the twenty ton armored vehicle came to a stop as if it had stalled.

This was the Perfect Dragon.

Monsters that ignored the laws of physics were perfectly normal in the world of the summoning ceremony, yet this heretic among heretics made her way through that world without relying on any form of the supernatural.

After instantly transforming the armored vehicle into a steel coffin, Lu Niang Lan gestured Kyousuke over. He ran to her side and asked an honest question.

“The gasoline tank?”

“The battery acid. If I only stopped the engine, the electrically powered turret could still turn.”

Of course, no matter how much one trained their body, the human fist could not break through an armored vehicle.

But a slight impact would pass through.

Whether it was an armored vehicle or a tank, it was still an automobile.

In that case, one only had to provide a slight vibration with a certain pattern.

Engines were reliant on the ratio of air to liquid in the fuel, so mixing some air bubbles into the gasoline could be fatal. That would trigger an imperfect combustion and the engine would stall.

Lu Niang Lan had gone a step further and wrapped a bunch of air bubbles around the electrodes soaking in the battery acid. That created a “wall” which significantly reduced the efficiency at which electricity was drawn from the acid.

“It was originally an assassination technique that created bubbles in someone’s lungs through their thick armor☆”

Finally, hatches and cargo doors opened all over the armored vehicle and masked men poked their heads out, but by the time their machineguns filled the wall with holes like a giant sewing machine, Kyousuke and Lu Niang Lan had already escaped around the corner.

(Volume 2)

Lu can completely hide her presence, to the point of becoming invisible:

Aika pulled the pin and rolled the Incense Grenade at her feet.

Lu Niang Lan did not speak a word.

Nor did she make a mad dash to grab the Incense Grenade and throw it out the window before it detonated.

The Perfect Dragon’s outline simply vanished into thin air.

“Wha-...!?”

Aika’s target should have been standing right in front of her.

In fact, she most likely was still standing there.

Nevertheless, Aika had lost sight of Lu Niang Lan. The woman had utterly hidden her presence. And the Artificial Sacred Ground could not be set up if the target could not be seen with the naked eye when the Incense Grenade detonated.

It did not matter if the target was standing right in front of the summoner.

Aika had not even considered the possibility of that failing, so her thoughts ground to a halt. Lu Niang Lan took advantage of that by reappearing in front of her. Her fists and legs were now well within range of the swimsuit girl.

(Volume 3)

Lu is deadly even when she lets her guard down and seemingly has a talent for intimidating animals.

...Aproned Lu Niang Lan had both her hands full and her back to a wild animal while giving off a mouthwatering aroma, but the 5m white liger only shrank down even further. The modified China dress beauty was only humming and fixing some lunch, but the liger's animal instincts told her something. It was not that Lu Niang Lan did not have her guard down. She was dangerous even when she had her guard down. Trying to play with her from behind right now would probably only get the liger's jaw broken by her heel. The strike would be even harder than a racehorse's hind leg.

(Volume 8)

Good at jumping.

She stopped speaking, swished the bottom of her modified China dress around, placed a hand on the bridge railing, and immediately jumped out into empty air. She was about 150m above the ocean surface, but there was no need to calculate that out. Not all of the bridges were at the same height. They crossed over each other in a complex three-dimensional arrangement, so she had only jumped down onto one a level lower.

That placed her right in front of Club Resistance.

She did not take her time to land, prepare, and then attack the enemy.

She did it all in one flowing motion. She placed her legs on the shoulders of the man she was attacking, squeezed his neck, and then made a vertical half rotation. With a windmill-like movement, she slammed the top of his head against the asphalt floor.

The shaking sent cicadas flying from a nearby roadside tree.

“Bwah!?”

She was now below a mist sprayer to provide some relief from the heat.

She did not bother introducing herself to the vessel girl who was unsure what to do now that her summoner had been taken out so quickly.

Without the Summoning Ceremony, the vessel was no more than a human.

The girl tried to pull a handgun from her hip like it was the natural thing to do.

(Volume 9)

Strongest Move

Gonna make a short subsection just for her strongest move. So, there is that guy called Elvast Toydream, one of the strongest summoners in existence. In fact, probably just one other in the novel that may rival him when it comes to direct combat.

That guy is so strong that he can just tank a bunch of Lu's attacks without even defending himself.

Lu Niang Lan placed a hand on the counter, leaped over it, and then sent her foot toward the side of the man's head. No, she did more than that. While almost entirely upside down, she reached for the chest of her modified China dress and pulled out every hidden weapon she could. She threw several fork-shaped Fei Cha up toward his jaw, threw a Wan Ren Di (a dried mud container full of explosives) to the floor to create a smokescreen, and performed a side flip to right her body while using the centrifugal force to swing a Fei Zhao (claws attached to the end of a rope) toward the side of the man's head. It was all a single flowing motion. This was truly the full ability of the Perfect Dragon who could slay summoners without relying on a Material.

"That was sudden."

But.

Even so.

"But surely there was more you could have done. You should know you don't get a chance to prepare before every battle."

"...!!!???"

He spoke calmly. Blocking her opponent's view with the smokescreen seemed to have actually made the monster's silhouette appear larger. Lu Niang Lan took a few steps back while throwing several Liu Ye Fei Dao throwing knives

and also swinging around a Liu Xing Chui, fist-sized stones attached to either end of a long rope. It did not matter if her opponent was in a smokescreen, if he was an Award 1000 monster, or if he was a ghost returned from the depths of hell. She did not let him guard with his arms, she wrapped the thick rope around his neck, and she tugged him toward her.

The modified China dress beauty used enough force to snap a tree trunk as thick around as her own waist.

But...

“Wha-...!?”

The one who was tugged forward was Lu Niang Lan herself.

The man had not moved a step the entire time. With more surprise than despair on her face, the Perfect Dragon watched her own smokescreen gradually clear.

It was not just that his neck had not snapped.

He had not shed a single drop of blood. Even if most of them had been to deter him from action, just how many hidden weapons had she sent his way? Each and every one of them had contained enough force to slay the average summoner or vessel before they could move a finger. Even if they had desperately guarded themselves with a bulletproof shield, the attacks had delivered enough weight to snap their arms. And yet the monster named Elvast had no apparent weapons and had not taken any sort of defensive stance. His hands were casually stuck in his pockets, several ropes were wrapped around his neck, and his face only contained a look of pity.

(Volume 6)

Not just that, he and his vessel can even tank an (likely indirect) hit from a bazooka without breaking a sweat.

Another explosion came from outside.

Rubble and dust filled the shop and flowed over Kyousuke and Lu Niang Lan's heads as they lay down on the floor. Elvast's unknown (and possibly truly

nameless) vessel in the tattered riding suit was still standing, but Kyousuke seriously doubted this was enough to defeat them. He doubted they had even braced against the impact of the first bazooka blast. She was overshadowed by Elvast, but the blonde vessel was a monster herself.

(Volume 6)

But Lu's strongest technique can kill him.

He slowly crouched down.

He held his weakened target of longing in his arms.

She was an obedient doll, a zombie in the original sense of the word, and someone who had received the same shock as seeing her god slaughtered before her eyes. The cowardly man was only able to reveal his feelings to her after tearing her down to this level, but that was why he spoke the undiluted truth now.

"I will hone you again or as many times as it takes, Niang Lan. I will ensure you can reach the choice that someone as weak as me never could."

He pressed two objects into her back: the Diamond Master Key and the Golden Treasure Chest.

Combined with the ancient map on the brown girl's back, they would take one to the Founder's Gallery. Someone who had broken their bonds to the Summoning Ceremony and the White Queen might think up another use for them.

"But if I asked you to do this all again, it would probably break you. So this is a hint and some bait. Use it as you wish and then come to kill me. ...If I showed you my own personal collection, I doubt you would be able to break your bonds to me. This distance is just right."

Elvast respected this woman more than anyone but he spoke softly to her like he was trying to get an unruly child to listen.

But then something else happened.

The sound was actually very quiet. But oddly enough, the strange sound rang endlessly in the long-haired and stubbly man's ears. No, in the center of his chest.

“Ah?”

The sound came from Lu Niang Lan in his arms.

More accurately, from her small fist.

Elvast looked down in surprise and saw her fist embedded in the center of his chest. It was only a few centimeters, but the pressure was devastating. As he watched, her fist smoothly rotated and released all of its built up power.

She did not have her feet planted on the ground and she had not spun her hips to build up power. She had used only the strength of her arm and she had only swung it blindly. It was a truly tiny attack that only used the short distance between her fist and his chest.

But it exploded.

The pressure on his heart sent immense pressure to all of his blood vessels. His sternum and ribs shattered in the blink of an eye and the spine behind his heart snapped with a solid sound. Already covered in blade cuts and bullet holes, his jacket tore and violently burst.

What happened to his heart goes without saying.

“Oh...bh...?”

He forgot to breathe in his surprise, and that may have been the only reason he did not spew blood everywhere.

Lu Niang Lan had lost the Summoning Ceremony. She had received a mental shock equivalent to seeing what she unquestioningly believed to be a god slaughtered before her eyes. For more than 24-hours, she would repeat the same action endlessly and she would be unable to resist outward stimuli, no matter who they came from. So it should have been impossible for her to make an attack after intentionally tricking him into lowering his guard.

So what was this?

What was the meaning of this refreshing barehanded attack that had instantly killed Government Award 1000 without using the Summoning Ceremony in any way?

“Ha ha.”

A laugh spilled from his lips.

That breath brought an explosion of fresh blood flowing up from his torn lungs and out his mouth. Even so, Elvast did not stop laughing. In fact, tears of joy welled up in the corners of his eyes.

After losing the Summoning Ceremony, people’s normal masks were torn from them to reveal their exposed souls.

Was that what this was?

If Elvast Toydream approached her, she would not hesitate to slay him, even at a subconscious level. The Summoning Ceremony was irrelevant. It was Lu Niang Lan’s soul that she had continued to hone all this time.

(Volume 6)

Now, the whole pressure on the heart thing of course circumvents regular durability to an extent, but his ribs and spine also shattered. At that was basically a 1 inch punch without firm footing. Quite impressive for sure.

Additionally, Lu was in a half-unconscious mind-control like state, where she would usually be unable to even think of her own and would follow any command given. But, as is later on confirmed in the Facts-section, she has trained herself to even subconsciously kill enemies that approach her so that she can even do it in such a state.

Lu Niang Lan is skillful enough to subconsciously kill her target even after losing the Summoning Ceremony. Elvast had always been bound by the Summoning Ceremony, so he left the world trusting in the human strength he felt there.

(Volume 6)

Tech, Tech Skills & Intelligence

Lu has a laptop.

Lu Niang Lan messed with the laptop on the used goods store counter while recommending him all sorts of equipment. That included a short-bladed knife for handicraft work, fine waterproofed sandpaper, and instant glue.

(Volume 1)

And she knows how to use it to gather information on opponents and environment.

“Well, the internet is certainly convenient, but being too convenient can be a problem,” said Lu Niang Lan. “You can easily search for satellite photos and you can freely explore 3D models of the pyramids. That’ll have really limited the number of beds the gods like so much.”

(Volume 1)

Lu Niang Lan belonged to Illegal, which was (according to Government Middleman Aika) a collection of criminal organizations. That was why she could acquire anything one might need. And that included the software or specialized groups needed to accurately analyze the “flow of data” on the internet that could not be fully grasped even by a company worth billions of yen that managed both the advertisement and search business.

“When Illegal is manipulating stock prices or dabbling in the kind of land speculation that doesn’t require any violence, then we’ll purposefully spread rumors online like this. But this one has nothing to do with us. And yet it has a very Illegal smell to it. Guard of Honor might be doing something while making it look like our doing.”

(Volume 1)

“Lu-san, I get that Meinokawa Renge is purposefully letting people see her, but is there a pattern to where and when she shows up? To put it more bluntly, where will she show up next?”

“Eight next morning in Block G.”

“Eh? Wait... Um, how do you know that?”

“Well, I’ll admit three data points is too little information to say for sure, but this city has twenty-six blocks from A to Z. If you convert the letters to number, compare them to her past appearances, and do a biiit of calculation, a simple pattern shows itself.”

“Material is summoned by spelling out the name with the Blood-Sign... I guess that is a summoner-esque dying message.”

(Volume 1)

“To be blunt, this would never work out if we tried to turn things around after arriving at the stage Bridesmaid had already set for us. It would be like starting a chess game while already in checkmate and trying to turn it around from there. But things are different if we sneak around and make a surprise attack when the pieces are still scattered and the checkmate is not yet complete. We can reclaim control of the situation.”

Coming up with the actual methods was a job for Aika in Government and Lu Niang Lan in Illegal. A projector displayed the data they had gathered onto the ceiling. This was one of the self-indulgent items installed for the swimsuit shut-in to surf the web while lying down.

“This is a crime prevention map that Government updates in real time.”

“And this is a map of the patrolling police officers that Illegal keeps tabs on.”

“This is a map of the areas controlled by the different factions within Government.”

“This shows the territories of the different organizations and families that make up Illegal. Think of this map as the underground version of that last one.”

“Honestly, Illegal’s search system looks so dangerous.”

“I don’t want to hear any talk of righteousness from a group that used to be led by a scumbag who kept his vessels in animal cages.”

“You’re getting off topic,” pointed out Kyousuke for a gentle course correction.

There were plenty of areas people rarely went, but comparing the 2 data sources eliminated most of those. People apparently already controlled the harbor or warehouses at night, as well as the party spaces at fancy restaurants or hotels. They looked private but were actually casually monitored, so no outsider professional would go there.

(Volume 6)

Lu deals in information, actually.

He pulled out his smartphone as he continued.

“Aika and Lu-san. It looks like I’ll have to buy some information from the usual sources. ...Although being too indebted to those two could seriously be a matter of life or death.”

(Volume 2)

Of course, Lu can also simply use her Laptop to video chat.

On the video chat, the modified China dress beauty named Lu Niang Lan spoke with exasperation in her voice.

(Volume 9)

Lu also seems to have some knowledge on making drugs.

“They contain homatropine, a parasympathetic nerve blocker. It’s an over-the-counter drug you can buy at a train station drugstore, but I had Lu-san’s help concentrating it a fair bit. It’s a mydriatic...which, simply put, causes your pupil to dilate unnaturally wide.”

“?”

“Basically, it gives you really good night vision, but in exchange makes you more susceptible to camera flashes and the like. Anyway, you don’t have any eye diseases like glaucoma, do you? This is a concentrated version of a drug you can’t give people who have things like that.”

(Volume 1)

“That’s what it means when those of us in Government hire someone from Freedom, right? And didn’t you know the risks when you took the job?”

“That mysterious stomachache is turning out to be surprisingly expensive. Of course, part of that was due to relying on Lu-san’s Chinese medicine which is about as rare as a jewel...”

“?”

(Volume 3)

“I didn’t just hide Blood-Signs and Incense Grenades. The original incenses were a mixture of plants and minerals that would put people in a trance. Lu-san really ripped me off, but mixing up a downer incense that knocks people out is quite easy.”

(Volume 6)

Lu Niang Lan of Illegal had brought them some information.

She leaned over the counter and waved a report held together with a metal clip.

“I didn’t find anything on Claude Magentarain, but a search for 3A did turn up something. That stands for All-Around Armament, right? Is this her?”

Claude Magentarain. Kyousuke and the others had visited C Block’s Chinatown to pick up the “product” they needed to lure out that unseen opponent.

And while they were there, the modified China dress beauty rested her elbows on the counter of her shop, squished her large chest against the counter, and explained what she had found.

“Of all the things you could’ve run across, it turns out she’s like a later model of me. The Perfect Dragon was only unintentionally created, but this project analyzed me from a variety of angles and attempted to stably mass-produce more of me. That’s the Illegal-sponsored 3A project. And this girl seems to be a successful product of that.”

With her glossy black hair and clear blue eyes, Lu Niang Lan was not pure Chinese, European, Indian, Latina or anything else. She was one candidate for the creation of a truly superior race by mixing bloodlines from every race around the globe. She was an excellent vessel and she also had the skill to slay a top rate summoner without using the Summoning Ceremony. And she had in fact killed Government Award 1000 barehanded.

(Volume 6)

And is knowledgeable enough to process spectral analysis data.

Finally, he pulled his body out, attached a thin cable to the glass tube, and connected that to the bottom of his smartphone.

Then he called someone.

“Lu-san, I’m about to send you the results of some spectral analysis. It’s most likely remnants of the materials used to make Incense Grenades. Those are made to order for each and every summoner, so a close examination of these parameters might turn up some useful information.”

“Okay,” replied Lu Niang Lan. “But don’t forget this means you owe Illegal one. This might lead us to the unknown’s identity.”

(Volume 2)

Lu has a smartphone modified to also be able to enter dark web stuff.

Meanwhile, Lu Niang Lan was messing with her smartphone while more or less leaning up against Kyouzuke to hide behind the same column.

However, she was not searching the normal internet. She was using strange devices and connections unique to underground assassins in order to view information that was normally impossible to find.

“Oh, here we go, here we go. Within twelve hours, they want their comrades released from the various prisons they’re being kept in and they want three hundred million yen for each of them sent to an anonymous bank.”

(Volume 2)

She can use it to stop cameras from working.

Lu Niang Lan pressed her thumb against her smartphone.

All of the security cameras ceased to function.

(Volume 2)

Awards

Awards are basically achievement in the world of summoners. They are engraved in the souls by some of the most power entities in the verse. They have the benefit that all those who do not have them are unable to remember those that do, unless the person is in the field of view. That even applies to indirect ways of remembering their existence, like finding hair of them at a crime scene or reading one of their comments on the internet.

“The name Black Wings has got to be a bluff. We vanish from people’s memories as soon as we leave their field of vision, so the fact that they could ignore that rule and put together an attack plan means they still have their memories. ...My guess is a summoning ceremony group is pretending to be someone else.”

(Volume 2)

Her information could not reach anyone without some help from someone below Award 100 who would not be forgotten by normal society. Even if she bought something online, the order would be forgotten if she did not use one of those people.

(Volume 2)

“Club Resistance has lots of communication equipment which is officially for streaming online concerts. Summoners and vessels have difficulty with the internet since normal people forget about us when we aren’t in their line of sight, right? So nothing we post gets a response. Renting online videos which only requires interacting with another machine is fine, but orders from online stores that require people to pack them up and ship them out will be completely forgotten. That’s why we use intermediaries who have stayed at less than Award 100.”

(Volume 9)

They no longer disappeared from ordinary people's memories and awareness, but that was not always a good thing. It would now be a lot harder for the outlaws to avoid the police. A single hair left at the crime scene could be a fatal mistake now.

(Volume 10)