

Lazily 44

Chapter 44: Onslaught

On the other hand, Shen Qui was standing in front of the stage where the duel was scheduled to happen. He honestly never expected that there would be a lot of people here today. Were they here to see him lose? Shen Qui lowered his gaze as he sneered.

"Hey you!" a man who was about six foot tall called him out. He was wearing a white bodysuit that looked like the uniform that one would wear to a fencing tournament, except this one did not have the helmet that protected one's head. "You dare show your face here?" the man's arrogant words reached his ears. Shen Qui didn't react. He just stood a few inches from the stage, scrutinizing the man in front of him. "You still dare come here after knowing that I have waited for more than thirty minutes now?"

Shen Qui raised an eyebrow. The duel was at one in the afternoon. Before stepping into the arena like hall, it was still twelve fifty, meaning the man had been here just after twelve. Shen Qui stopped himself from laughing as he wondered if this man was joking. He ignored the glaring man and walked towards the stage.

"Hmp! You think I will let you off?" the man continued. Now that Shen Qui was already on the stage, he could clearly see that the man was standing in the middle as stiff as a statue. Does this mean that this guy had been standing just like this for thirty minutes now? Unable to stop himself, Shen Qui chuckled. This young master should be twenty three just like him and yet he was acting like a toddler. "You Are you laughing at me?" the man asked.

"If I'm not laughing at you then do you think I am laughing at your mother?" Shen Qui taunted, beaming. Almost instantaneously, the man's face reddened. He pointed his sword at Shen Qui.

"You You dare disrespect my mother? I will kill you!"

"I can't kill you." Shen Qui said as he held the sword that he carried on his back. "Lyca said I can't."

"You" the man in front of him trembled with rage. Why did this man sound so sad when he said he couldn't kill him?

"Master Ma cripple that man!" One of the men from the audience shouted. "Cripple him for disrespecting you!"

"No! Kill him! Kill! Kill!" Another voice chanted from the side.

A few other students inside started shouting profanities and telling the Sword Master to cripple him. Shen Qui was obviously surprised. In his simple mind, rich people were supposed to be elegant and gentle. So who were these foul mouthed people watching them now? But then he remembered the shameless Lyca and immediately reminded himself that he was still angry because of what happened earlier.

"Alright." A man wearing black suit with white gloves suddenly walked to the stage. He looked at Shen Qui and the Master Ma. "No killing inside the school. We do not take responsibility for any of this. If you want to kill each other do it secretly and not inside the school." He said sternly. "When it comes to the duel, the rules are simple there is no rule. As long as you don't kill the other party then we are good. Once one of you says that they surrender, then the fight will automatically stop. If the other party doesn't stop the attack the moment the other party surrenders, then we will intervene. Both will be punished, money will be taken, suspension and maybe even expulsion. Do you understand?" the man raised his arm. He didn't wait for any of them to respond before he said. "Start." Then he walked out of the stage without sparing them another glance.

Seeing this, Shen Qui suddenly smiled at the man a few feet away from him. "Why are you so red Master Ma?" He taunted, still Shen Qui didn't unsheathe his sword. He merely held it on his left hand.

"Hmph!" Master Ma snorted before he tightened his hand around the hilt of his sword. "If I don't cripple you today then I am not a sword master anymore! I swear by my" he wasn't able to continue his words when he saw Shen Qui disappear from where he was standing. Shen Qui actually attacked without waiting for Young Master Ma to finish his words.

The sound of two swords clashing immediately echoed inside the area. It was of course followed by cheers and whistles. The people here already knew that Young Master Ma who came from a clan of sword masters would win this fight. There was no question about that.

When they saw Shen Qui's untrained posture that was nothing but full of brute force, the faces of the audience started to morph into disdain. Young Master Ma was clearly an expert, his arms so fluid and quick, his eyes wait why was Master Ma seem to struggle to defend himself?

When everyone started to realize that the man they called Master Ma was forced to take a step back to defend himself, they immediately realized that something was wrong. Why was he Why did it seem like Young Master Ma's face was losing its color!?

Panic arose inside the hearts of the crowd. This Master Ma was a national champion in sword fighting! At the tender age of nineteen he was already considered an unmatched expert. How could a mere commoner who was trained in using their brute strength even compare to Master Ma?

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More and more people started wondering why Master Ma was not attacking. Why did he always defend himself against Shen Qui? Why was he not attacking his opponent? What the hell was happening?

"It's not that he is not planning to attack." One man wearing all white said as he sighed.

"What do you mean?" the man beside him was wearing purple, again. He frowned at Long Yi. Naturally, this man is Young Master Xie. "What do you mean? What is happening?"

Long Yi just shook his head as he stood and started walking out from the VIP room to the arena. "He can't. Master Ma can't fight back." Under the onslaught of those deadly attacks that targeted his fatal points, Master Ma cannot launch a single attack without suffering a serious injury. "Let's go. It will be your turn next. Let's see what that poison is capable of doing." Long Yi spoke before leaving the room.