

Lazily 66

Chapter 66: Is This It?

Their discussion was interrupted when Lyca strode inside with Shen Qui. Both dressed in black, face stern. "Miss Lyca Huang" A man with a huge bulging stomach greeted, his voice reminding her of a eunuch. Lyca just looked at the people sitting in luxurious leather chairs, wine in their hands as they laughed and talked. Her entrance had interrupted all of their conversations.

Seeing the look in Lyca's eyes, her grandfather didn't tarry and approached her. "Are you sure about this?"

"Hmmm." She nodded. "Please tell them to start as soon as they can." She walked next to her father, sitting calmly as if she didn't let these people wait for thirty minutes. Lyca didn't bother to apologize or had any interest in talking to anyone here.

She was tired. No scratch that, tired was an understatement. She badly needed her bed, she needed to sleep and wake up the next day. Alright maybe she needed her food first. She glanced at the coffee table in front of them and grabbed the peeled grapes. Ignoring everyone else's gaze, Lyca started eating.

"Alright since Miss Lyca is finally here. We should start?" Patriarch Long was not happy nor excited about this competition. But what could he do about it? Old Man Huang insisted on trusting his granddaughter. He could only grit his teeth in anger. He was sure that everyone here knew what his real goal was. Despite knowing this, Lyca still managed to find a loophole and used his righteous words against him.

This made him extremely irritated. However, since he was afraid of losing face, Patriarch Huang was forced to agree to her arrangements. One versus three. He hated this idea.

This would not let him show off the ability of his people and will not entice the guests to invest in his security company. If that happens Patriarch Long hid the malicious glint in his eyes as he stared at Lyca. Smiling, he continued. "The rules are simple. We will follow what Miss Huang said. There will be three rounds. Three minutes per round, followed by three minutes of rest. The first one who surrenders will win."

Lyca nodded as she ate her grapes.

"Alright first one is Chuck. Twenty three" This time Long Yi spoke as he started giving them Chuck's background and accomplishments. "Black belt in judo and karate, a sharpshooter, an expert as a commando" He eyed every potential investor before he finally looked at Lyca. The woman appeared calm and relaxed as she continued eating. She didn't even spare him a glance and treated as if she hadn't met him before.

Slowly his gaze landed towards the good looking man standing beside Lyca. Shen Qui. Was it because of this man? Long Yi couldn't help but wonder if Lyca would finally look at him once this Shen Qui died. "Since we cannot predict what will happen inside the ring, every fighter can do whatever they want." He gave a meaningful gaze at Chuck. If he could kill this Shen Qui then that would be better. Either way, they needed to get rid of this man.

Chuck's lips thinned. He stood, eyeing Shen Qui that was still standing beside Lyca. There was a reason why he switched companies and that was because of the high tech training that they had. "How about weapons?" He asked Long Yi.

Long Yi shrugged and looked at Lyca, asking her thoughts about the matter.

"Up to you." Still Lyca didn't bother looking at him. This made Long Yi extremely infuriated. He had planned this to embarrass the Huang Family. Then they could publicly declare that the Long Family would protect the Huang's and to seal this promise, Long Yi would marry Lyca.

This was an elaborate plan that his father had schemed. However, this woman was just really hateful. He couldn't help but start to wonder if he was not good looking enough in her eyes. Again, he blamed the good looking commoner behind Lyca. This was not jealousy. This was hatred something that screamed at him to kill Shen Qui before Lyca would develop any emotions towards this man.

"Then since Miss Lyca has no problems with weapons then you can choose whatever you like." He immediately signaled Chuck to get his weapon. "As long as it isn't a gun then it should be fine." Long Yi gave a look of ridicule to Shen Qui. Chuck was known for his expertise in daggers. With his quick reflexes and the training that the Huang Family had provided, Chuck's potential was already awakened.

Lyca lazily tilted her head and looked at Chuck who removed two daggers from his boots. It seems that their enemy had come prepared. She smiled and snapped her finger, "Sister Yi'an." She called out. In a few seconds, Yi'an who was wearing an all black suit strode inside the room as she dragged a heavy suitcase behind her. Thirty minutes ago, Lyca had already told her to bring her weapons to Huang Security.

Beaming, Lyca tugged Shen Qui's pinky finger. "Choose the whip." She said.

"What is that?" Patriarch Long asked when he saw the woman start to open the large suitcase in front of Lyca. "Weapons?"

"Oh Personal collection." Lyca was planning to take advantage of this opportunity to introduce to these people the things that the Huang Family could do. After all, she was planning to snatch all these investors from the Long Father and son duo. She started smiling, "Made by my Huang Family."

Everyone just nodded and waited for Shen Qui to pick his weapon of choice. Under everyone's gaze, Shen Qui picked a peculiar looking whip with a lot of thorn-like spikes. Just the mere presence of the whip was enough to intimidate someone.

Surprisingly, Lyca stood when she saw Shen Qui finished picking up the weapon. "You already saw this, yes?" She uttered. These were the weapons that she had in her training room. He nodded in response.

"Then you should know that every spike is laced with poison." Lyca said in a soft voice as she touched the whip in his hands. "Don't let it hit you. Make sure to cripple your enemy." Since her voice was low, not even Huang Sheng Hong could hear her words. Lyca's father could only frown as he looked at his daughter standing in front of Shen Qui, talking to him as if they were extremely close.

Is this it? He couldn't help but ask himself. Will his daughter marry this man now? Will she move to her own house and create her little family? Huang Sheng Hong lowered his gaze. Should he prepare a wedding suit now? Surely, he wouldn't want to look ugly at his own daughter's wedding, right?