

Nano Machine |

Chapter: 2

"Even if you have peasant blood, we will not dishonor the blood of our Lord."

The boy then became filled with anger. The words he hated the most were the words that insulted his mother.

'Damn bastards!'

If he was going to die anyway, he might as well try to fight back. He pulled out a dagger. He had never learned martial arts, however. All he knew was whatever he observed from watching his guard, Warrior Jang.

"Hmm? A dagger? Did you learn something from Jang?"

Sadly, he didn't. If he really did learn it, the skill would have been very useful here.

"Crude. But your blood speaks for itself, that you do not cower away at your death."

The masked men seemed to be very happy. It was better for them to kill someone who would not give up than someone who would beg.

"Kill him."

One of the men gave the order and the other four attacked the boy at once. He thought he would hold them off for at least a bit, but that wasn't the case.

"Haaaa!"

"ARGH!"

One of the masked men used his sword hit to strike the boy's wrist and he dropped the dagger to the ground. His face grimaced and he glared at the masked man, but the man grabbed the boy's neck.

"Argh..."

"Is it over?"

The boy's face turned red, but his eyes had not given up yet.

At that moment, another man shouted, "Watch out!"

"What?"

"The dagger!"

A dagger stabbed the man's chin. The boy had been hiding another dagger, and the attack killed the masked man at once.

'What...? A mere boy without any martial arts training killed one of my fighters?'

The leader of the masked men who was watching became intrigued. It seemed like the boy was aiming for this from the beginning.

"Damn kid! Get him!"

Another man charged in and kicked the boy, swinging his sword down the boy's stomach.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!"

The boy had never felt such pain in his life. A searing pain shot up from his stomach and blood soared up from his throat.

'Dammit... so it didn't work twice.'

But killing at least one of them made him feel better. He was going to die anyway.

"Aaaaagh..."

The masked man stepped on the boy's punctured wound and the boy screamed in pain. The ground was drenched with blood. The man could have killed the boy at once, but he seemed to be giving the boy as much pain as possible.

