

## 48 Deathmatch

After demonstrating his abilities and completing the assessment test, Lucas left the arena and turned to face the observer. With a nod, he conveyed his gratitude. 1

As Oliver stepped forward to take his turn, Lucas flashed a smile and gave him a reassuring pat on the shoulder.

"Good luck," Lucas said, though Oliver hardly needed the encouragement.

"Thanks," Oliver replied.

"I'll be heading out now. I still have things to do," Lucas said before turning toward the exit.

"Sure, thanks for everything," Oliver replied, nodding his head in gratitude.

Lucas raised his hand above his head and turned towards the exit, ready to leave. However, before he could take a step, his path was blocked by a young man wearing the same robe as him. The man was supposed to be an inner court disciple and he glared at Lucas with hostility, his

jaw clenching.

"I challenge you to a deathmatch."

As soon as the young man spoke, those around them gasped in surprise, looking on as if they were watching a play.

"Excuse me, do I know you?" Lucas asked, trying to understand the reason for this sudden confrontation.

Without hesitation, the young man replied, "You're a hypocrite. I challenge you to a deathmatch, and you cannot escape because you will die anyway." He followed his words with a sinister smile that sent shivers down Lucas's spine.

Lucas couldn't help but feel like this was a life-or-death situation. He wondered if he should agree to the challenge or kill the young man.

As he struggled to come up with an answer, the young man laughed mockingly, "Are you scared of a deathmatch? You're not just a hypocrite, but also a coward. I follow the rules that state that one cannot harm a fellow disciple outside of a



deathmatch or a normal duel. But I don't think you're going to follow the rules. If someone challenges you, you must accept it. Being a disciple of the Heavenly Demon Sect is a point of pride!"

Lucas was disgusted by the young man's words. He couldn't believe how unreasonable he was being, and how he kept talking without any regard for his surroundings.

As he took a step forward, Lucas asked, "Who are you?" His voice carried an intimidating tone, but he made sure not to accidentally leak any of his pressure.

People around uttered in disbelief, "He doesn't know Richard Li? How did he become an inner court disciple if you don't know our pride?"

Lucas overheard a whisper, causing him to raise his eyebrow.

"This one is a popular kid. But I don't really remember offending anyone who had a face like him."

Lucas sighed and raised his arms in the air.

"Okay, I accept your challenge, but let's not make

it a deathmatch. A regular duel will suffice," he said.

Richard Li sneered. "Tsk, coward," he said, and the people around him started to trash-talk Lucas as well.

Lucas closed his eyes and calmly responded, "I admit it, I'm a coward. Let's settle this peacefully if you have a problem with me."

Lucas was using reverse psychology, Richard realized. He had called Lucas a "coward," and now Lucas was agreeing with him to throw him off his game.

Richard gritted his teeth, surprised at how easily Lucas had accepted the insult. Was he really that fearless, or was he just courting danger? Richard felt a twinge of confusion.

As he watched Lucas, Richard noticed a slight twitch in the corner of his eye, and he wondered if Lucas was hiding something. Maybe he was more afraid than he let on. Richard made a mental note to stay alert and not let Lucas's bravado fool him.

"Let's go?" Lucas asked, sounding more like he



was tempting Richard rather than being threatened.

"Tsk!"

"MOVE! CLEAR THE ARENA! A DUEL IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!"

As a roar suddenly pierced the air, all eyes in the arena turned toward the source of the sound.

Those familiar with Richard had already pegged him as the victor. He was a source of pride for the inner court, and one of its strongest members.

But there were those who harbored a dislike for Richard and hoped to see him beaten by Lucas. Though they knew little of Lucas, they rooted for him nonetheless.

The arena's overseer quickly halted the assessment and ordered everyone to vacate the area.

For Lucas, this was nothing new. In his previous world, he had grown accustomed to receiving challenges from strangers. But this new world was different; he had no established reputation



or name.

Richard, on the other hand, relished the chance to take down this hypocrite before him. He despised those who were sly and cunning while acting as if they were paragons of kindness and benevolence. It wasn't so much Lucas's features that bothered him, but rather his disingenuous personality.

In the world of cultivation, every cultivator must be self-centered to improve. Without this mentality, they would never be able to breakthrough to the level they desire. It is the main point for those who want to cultivate quickly, become strong, and earn respect. However, Richard was still at the bottom and had not yet faced the peak. Despite this, he believed he knew everything about the cultivation world.

But how did he become so self-centered? Richard thought everyone should be this way, but he had yet to experience the full extent of the cultivation world. He had much to learn.

"Now, shall we begin?" Lucas asked.

"I'm going to teach you a lesson, you hypocrite! You can't just hide behind your kindness



anymore!" Richard snarled as the duel began.

Lucas felt a sudden unease as if he'd heard the word "hypocrite" before. Suddenly it clicked - Richard was the one who had hired an assassin to kill him.

"Aha! You're the one who tried to have me killed!" Lucas realized, his anger boiling over. He couldn't let Richard get away with it.

He knew that if he let Richard go unpunished, he would just try to harm him again.

"Manifesting A Mountain Into A Sword!" Richard swung his sword with a swift motion, unleashing a burst of intense energy that obliterated the floors of the arena. The spectators, who were quick to assess the situation, couldn't help but let out a sigh.

"That's the signature move of the Li Family. This kid doesn't stand a chance," one of them murmured.

"I'm out of here. The debris from that attack will be intense," another added.

But to everyone's surprise, Lucas managed to



endure Richard's attack and expertly blocked it. "Blocked! Hahaha! Nice move!" he exclaimed triumphantly.

Richard's jaw dropped with a mix of astonishment and annoyance.

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