

49 I Hate Slavery

Lucas quickly erected a barrier in front of him, shielding him from the impact of Richard's attack. The ground around them was littered with a large crater, except for the spot where Lucas was standing. Richard couldn't help but feel even more frustrated. 1

"How did he manage to protect himself from my attack?" Richard thought to himself. "Just earlier, he was taking an assessment for that crappy movement technique. That means he is way behind me! But how..."

Before Richard could ponder further, he stopped attacking and a grin spread across his face. He had a sudden realization.

"You're hiding a treasure, aren't you?" Richard exclaimed, his face filled with excitement. "You think you can survive my next attack just because you have a protective treasure? But you should know that they can only be activated once!"

Lucas couldn't believe he was dealing with such



a troublesome person like Richard again. Hearing his absurd reasoning, Lucas widened his eyes and decided to play along. He frantically stammered as if it were real.

"H-how? You already saw my tricks! I was just about to show off, but you... you saw right through me?!" Lucas said, pretending to be shocked.

Lucas had learned various social skills, including acting, to escape from conversations, but this time he decided to use his acting to his advantage.

As he noticed Richard falling for his act, Lucas secretly smiled to himself. "Yes, these kinds of people are so easy to manipulate. Self-centered idiots who can't see through other people's mindsets."

Richard launched another attack, but it was the same as before. Lucas snorted in amusement before swiftly creating another barrier.

"Is creating a barrier really necessary? It doesn't seem like it's doing much, considering it's just destroying the cement," Lucas wondered.

The attack hit Lucas's position once again, covering him in a cloud of dust. As the dust cleared, everyone was astonished to see that Lucas was still alive.

"NO! I USED MY TREASURE AGAIN! HOW CAN I ESCAPE YOUR ATTACK?" Lucas cried out in desperation.

The onlookers wondered if Lucas had some sort of powerful treasure to have survived the attack.

"You must be rich to afford such a treasure. But are you really that weak?" Richard taunted.

Lucas hung his head in shame, tears welling up in the corners of his eyes. "Yes, I am weak. I was only confident earlier because of my treasure. Please spare my life," he begged.

The audience watched in silence as they observed Richard bullying someone weaker than him. They couldn't help but pity Lucas, but they also couldn't ignore the fact that he was being challenged by Richard Li.

Lucas noticed the pitying gazes from above and realized his plan was having an effect. He had used reverse psychology not just on Richard, but

also on the audience, who had started to feel sorry for him.

"Sympathize, bitches," he thought to himself.

Richard watched as Lucas shed tears, feeling a twinge of guilt for bullying someone weaker than himself. He couldn't help but wonder, though, where was the powerful person that his best assassin couldn't kill? It was absurd to think that the assassin may have mistaken a treasure for a technique, but the outcome was still unreasonable.

"Perhaps that idiot just misinterpreted it. He's an idiot anyway!" Richard thought to himself with a derisive snort.

"I'll spare your life, but on one condition. You'll be my slave for the rest of your days," Richard declared, accompanied by a light laugh.

Lucas remained silent, his gaze fixed on the ground with a solemn expression.

Richard grew more agitated. "Are you finally realizing it? Too late! I'll have your life!" he exclaimed, his words falling on deaf ears.



As the crowd watched, their voices murmured like mosquitoes, expressing pity for Lucas. His fate within the sect seemed sealed.

Suddenly, Lucas spoke, his voice hoarse and laced with a hint of intimidation. "Does that mean you'll own me?"

Richard felt a surge of unease in his chest, but he was determined to make Lucas's life miserable.

"Yes, it does. Now, give me your life!" he yelled.

Before he could continue, a sudden gust of wind from Lucas's position moved toward him. Only then did he realize that Lucas had abruptly appeared before him.

"Too bad. I don't want to become your slave," Lucas sneered.

In the next moment, Lucas swayed his sleeve, and with a swift punch from below, hit Richard's stomach, sending an invisible ripple of force throughout his body.

Richard flew several meters above Lucas and, while still airborne, passed out.

The audience was stunned into silence. They



couldn't comprehend what had just transpired. In the blink of an eye, Richard had been sent flying several meters away from Lucas. Even those who were confident in their reaction time were dumbfounded, unable to make sense of what they had just seen.

"Why do you have to mention slavery? I didn't abolish it in my world for no reason," Lucas mumbled, changing his robes back into his casual attire.

'Tsk! Playtime is over. I'll just settle things with Jeric after this. It leaves a bad taste in my mouth.'

Everyone remained silent, unsure how to react. What they had just witnessed was incredible. How could anyone in the inner court possess such incredible strength?

Looking at Richard's motionless body, it seemed that he could be assumed dead.

Lucas glared at Richard's body and threw a small amount of energy from his healing magic.

"That'll be enough to fix your bones," he mumbled as he mended Richard's bones.



A beam of wind suddenly appeared, but this time it wasn't from Lucas. It descended from the sky and aimed directly at Lucas's position. He shielded himself as the wind battered against him, leaving the arena in a terrible condition.

Jeric's eyes widened in shock as he ran towards Lucas. "Young Master! What have you done? What happened here?!"

Lucas just shrugged and pointed at Richard. "Ask him. He challenged me to a fight. Maybe he thought I was a disciple because of my disguise. I was thinking of observing everything in the inner court, but my mask was removed."

He looked at Richard with a hint of annoyance, "Though, it was my fault for not letting him go."

Jeric looked at the arena and shook his head. "I can fix the arena if it's naturally built, but from what it looks like, I don't see any hint that I can reverse it at the moment."

"Don't worry about it, Jeric. They can fix it. Instead, let's go for a meal. I've prepared a special set for you."

Lucas smirked as they took off towards the



innermost sect. As they flew, Lucas's demeanor changed, and his presence became more mature and dominant. If anyone had the ability to sense this, they would instantly think that Lucas was the older one.

"Is that so? Then I won't be humble," Lucas said.

Jeric just nodded with a proud smile on his face.

As they left, the crowd in the arena was left dumbfounded. "Did the sect master just call him Young Master?"

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