

Hammer God 644

Chapter 644 Metaphors

The eyes of the Disciples widened in shock.

What did he just say?!

Did he just seriously speak the words that initiate a life-and-death duel?!

Their Senior Disciple was a once-in-a-thousand-year genius!

He became a Primal at the age of 300, and that was 600 years ago!

Right now, he was a 7/12 Primal!

Even more, he knew a Complex Level 2.5 Law!

The Exchange Seeker was a mere 0/12 Primal!

"Good, good, good!" the Core Disciple shouted with laughter. "Truly, a newborn hare doesn't fear a tiger!"

Then, the Core Disciple snorted in derision. "An emperor can not be called by a peasant. You have not proven yourself. Defeat ten other Disciples first. Only then will I accept your challenge."

Kyle just remained silent.

'The mandated warning time of ten seconds should be over by now,' Kyle thought.

The Core Disciple just kept sneering at Kyle arrogantly.

The two of them were barely ten meters away from each other.

BANG!

The Core Disciple turned into a cloud of blood as Kyle's hammer struck him.

The pieces of blood and gore landed on the Core Elder's body since he stood right behind him.

Everything fell into total silence.

The Disciples looked at Kyle with widely opened eyes.

The Core Elder looked at Kyle with shock.

For just two seconds, nobody said anything.

Then, the entire world seemed to turn black as the Core Elder activated his Momentum.

"JUNIOR, YOU DARE?!" he shouted, his voice shaking the surroundings.

At that moment, Kyle summoned the funny pamphlet he had gotten when he had arrived, and he pointed it at the Core Elder while pointing at one passage.

"The Heavens are unfair, and so are the myriad tribulations of life," Kyle quoted before he paraphrased the next parts. "It says here that battles are not consensual affairs. A battle to the death does not have to be accepted! I just have to give my opponent a couple of seconds to get ready!"

"I gave him like ten to fifteen fucking seconds! That's more than enough time! I specifically quoted the words that initiate a life-and-death duel! I fucking told him that I would kill him, and he still wasn't able to react after I gave him fifteen fucking seconds!"

"Someone who doesn't react after such a long time would be called retarded by even Mortals!"

The Core Elder grew angrier.

Even his beard and hair started to stand up.

"Junior!" he shouted as he pointed an accusatory finger at Kyle. "You speak flowery words, but your actions stink of dung! The Heavens might be blind, but I am not! I can!"

"I speak YOUR founder's words!" Kyle shouted, pointing at the pamphlet more aggressively. "This is what HE said! Are you disparaging your founder's words?"

"That was not an honorable duel!" one of the Disciples shouted aggressively.

"That was a sneak attack!" another Disciple shouted.

"You have no honor!"

"You have no respect!"

"You are a dog!"

All the Disciples rose higher as they shouted accusations at Kyle.

Kyle quickly leafed through the pamphlet until he arrived at another passage, which he pointed at the Disciples.

When they saw that, they became silent.

The passage talked about the rules of a duel to the death, and Kyle specifically pointed out one part.

As long as someone was attacked or disrespected, someone was allowed to initiate a duel to the death. There were only two exceptions.

One, one of the parties was an Elder.

Two, someone in a higher Realm was not allowed to challenge someone in a lower Realm.

In these two cases, the Elders would make a judgment.

"The next person that verbally attacks me gets challenged to a duel to the death," Kyle slowly said. "I have the lowest Realm here. I can kill any fucking one of you. Right here. Right now. It doesn't matter. You fuckers all disrespected me."

"As far as I am concerned, I can give the Constitution Sect a whole new set of Core Disciples."

"It will just take an afternoon."

The Disciples gritted their teeth, but none of them spoke up.

The Core Elder also gritted his teeth.

In his mind, Kyle was taking advantage of the vague wording of their philosophy to commit acts of barbarism!

Yet, he couldn't publicly disagree with their founder's words!

Meanwhile, Kyle looked at the Disciples.

The next moment, a smirk appeared on his face.

When the Disciples saw the smirk, their hearts stopped for a moment.

"You don't believe me," Kyle stated.

Then, he looked at the strongest Disciple who had insulted him earlier.

"Dirt upon honor may only be washed with blood."

Kyle pulled out his hammer.

"You have ten seconds."

Everyone looked over at the Disciple.

It was the third-ranked Core Disciple.

"Don't you dare, junior!" the Core Elder shouted as he arrived between the Core Disciple and Kyle.

"I spoke the words!" Kyle shouted. "I'm at a lower Realm! I've been disrespected! He owes me a head! Or, at least, a cloud of gore that used to be one."

"Do you have no shame? !" the Core Elder shouted. "You are bullying the weak! That's against the rules!"

Kyle pointed at the pamphlet. "It says Realm! It does not say strength! The wording is unambiguous!"

"Rules are dead, while people are alive!" the Core Elder shouted as he tried to suppress Kyle with his Momentum.

"Fuck your shitty ass metaphors!" Kyle shouted back. "You want to talk about living people?! I've killed more people than you have talked to, and that's not an exaggeration!"

"You want metaphors? I'll give you one! The blood I've spilled today is a mere drop in the ocean of gore I've created!"

Kyle activated his Momentum as well, and the eyes of the Disciples widened in horror.

"I am not joking," Kyle spoke slowly.

Despite his crazy and unrealistic claims...

Neither the Disciples nor the Elder felt like Kyle was lying.

"Ten seconds are up," Kyle said.

Kyle's grip on his hammer tightened.

The Core Disciple's eyes widened in terror.

The Core Elder gritted his teeth.

And then...

A long sigh echoed throughout the world.

A moment later, an old man with white hair and a long white beard appeared between Kyle and the Core Elder.

The eyes of everyone opened in shock before their expressions became relieved and excited.

"Greetings, Sect Master," they all spoke as they bowed reverently.

The Sect Master wordlessly looked at the Core Elder before he shook his head.

"Life is unpredictable," he said, looking at Kyle.

"No fancy metaphor?" Kyle asked.

The next moment, all the belongings of the dead Core Disciple flew over to Kyle before the Sect Master summoned another bottle of pills, which he also sent to Kyle.

"We do not have the capabilities to... deal with you," he said. "Please, take your things and leave."

"Huh," Kyle said as he pocketed the resources. "Sure, if you say so. Thanks! You're pretty cool, senior!"

The Sect Master took a deep breath but didn't answer.

Silence.

"Anyway, Imma go. See ya!" Kyle said before flying away.

After Kyle left, the Sect Master was inundated with protests and questions from the Disciples.

He listened to them for a while before he sighed again, which prompted all the Disciples to shut up.

"Rules are dead. People are alive," he said. "That phrase doesn't mean that people can easily adapt to inflexible rules, like some of you believe."

Some Disciples looked at the Sect Master in surprise.

But... wasn't that how the Elders always used the phrase? "It means that rigid rules should not override human judgment or real-life needs."

Several of the Disciples looked at the Core Elder, who had an expression like he had just eaten a pile of shit.

He also hadn't known that.

He had simply heard the Elders before him use that phrase, and he had thought that he knew what it meant.

When the Sect Master saw that the Core Elder obviously didn't know the meaning of such a common phrase, he could only sigh.

'Maybe we should avoid the metaphors and speak plainly,' he thought.