

154 The Punishment [2]

"Hey, what do you desire? Money? Power? I can give it to you! Just let me go! With! This! Tie!" Long shouted, trying to resist the strength of the tie that was around his wrists. 1

Lucas just looked at him and then smiled. Acting as if he had been piqued by his desperate offering, Lucas lowered his stance and then gave him a smile full of hope.

It is incredible for Long to offer Lucas those kinds of things when, in the first place, he doesn't have the capability to give them.

First, the money. How can he give money if he is in that condition? If he possessed plenty of money, he should've had a strong security system to protect his wealth and himself. It was only common sense, yet he had offered where things were flawed.

Second, and most importantly, power? How can he give him the power if he doesn't have the wealth that he wasn't capable to perfect earlier? Plus, if he has power, how could he be put in this state?

It's nothing for Lucas, but those thoughts just circled in his head as if they were natural. Lucas could merely laugh at it.



"Money? You can give it to me?" Lucas mumbled with his eyes full of motivation.

When Long saw it and interpreted it as Lucas's greed, he immediately took the bait and moved his body near Lucas with the desperation still on his face.

Long was pushing himself to the greatest extent just to escape this predicament. He swore that if he could loosen the tie, he would strike Lucas and give him the punishment he deserved.

"Yes, money. I will give it to you. The money that you want!" Long pronounced with intense pleasure.

"But, how about I desire power? Will you give it to me?"

"Naturally, I will give it to you as well!"

Lucas almost laughed when he saw how desperate Long was. He wasn't even playing with him to his own extent. It was as if Long had just been fooling himself. He doesn't see what's in front of him because he's focused on a goal and doesn't even know which variables he should pass.

'He is not terrified of me. Then, he must be thinking of something...' Long was expecting something that Lucas deduced and then decided to do.



"Okay, then I will remove the tie. Therefore, promise me that you will do what I asked. I want money and power." Lucas suddenly said that added wideness of Long's smile.

'Hahaha! What a pushover! Just remove this tie, and I promise that I will serve you what you deserve!' Long cried inwardly as Lucas started to loosen the tie.

And as he completely removed the tie, a grin appeared on Long's face.

When Long could feel his Qi starting to circulate again, he was confident that he could make Lucas suffer from his rage.

'So that tie was only a treasure!'

And as he thought of those words, Lucas had his back facing him. That eventually gave Long an idea of retaliation.

"You've made the wrong decision, young man." Long confidently pronounced as he started to make a swift attack on Lucas, intending to kill him in an instant. However, just before he could touch his way to Lucas's back with his reinforced hands, out of nowhere, blades started flying across his hands.

Slash!

It was swift and had passed through his hands,



eventually creating a horizontal line in his two arms. When he saw it, his eyes widened and trembled in fear.

"Waaahh!" He cried out loud as, in the next seconds, his hands fell off and blood started gushing out.

And with that, Lucas turned his back, confronting Long this time with uninterested eyes, gazing at him as if bored of the play that was currently going on.

"Oh... I was longing for those eyes. Why did it come so late?" Long was still shouting in despair, looking and feeling his hands pierce the pain that he had never felt before.

And, unexpectedly, his Qi began to vanish, leaving him with no other way to alleviate the pain he was experiencing.

"What have you done? What have you done?!" Those were cries that he had been shouting for almost half a minute, but Lucas had only turned deaf in front of him.

"Oh... I thought that you didn't know what "fear" was. Now that I can feel it, I think I was wrong that you don't get frightened of something."

Long looked at Lucas with his eyes drowned in tears. His lips were now wet as well as a snort was forming in his nose. Lucas suddenly



grinned, creeping Long out as it was unexpected.

"Hahaha! Look at how your hands disconnect from your filthy hands!" Lucas laughed, making him feel more of the pain, as Lucas's laughter was making him uncomfortable.

Blood saturated the ground as Long fell as well, still shouting at his arms that had no arms by now.

"Why...? Why are you doing this to me?" Long asked, but no answer reached his ears.

Alternatively, Lucas's foot was raised above his hands, and as he saw it, he feared that Lucas would step on his wounded arms.

"No..."

However, before he could make another shout, Lucas's hand forced his foot into the open wound, giving Long another pain that almost drained his energy from shouting.

He was starting to feel numb as minutes had passed and his open wounds were merely lying there with his blood flowing.

"Your filthy hands shall never be forgiven," Lucas mumbled, then created a fire, scorching the two hands that had disconnected from the wrist.

"No..." Long uttered another cry, but his voice



was resisting him from shouting too much. His throat had become heavy as his voice had become hoarse as well.

Lucas looked at Long with a stoic face, and then lowered his stance again, facing Long.

He looked at his eyes then sweetly smiled, "Do you want me to explain why I am doing this?" Lucas asked.

Long desperately nodded as no voice was getting out of his mouth. And with his answer, Lucas merely maintained his smile and then started to open up his thoughts.

"Well, you have this one sin that I truly dislike. It wasn't slavery, but I truly hate slavery. Do you know why? Well, it is because r*ping them is possible." While his arms were still in pain, Lucas merely said, that gave Long nothing but dire confusion.

"You look puzzled? Does this not sound familiar to you? R*ping?"

And just pronouncing those words, Long became frozen, and Pearl's face flashed in his mind. His lips started trembling when he recalled Pearl, and slowly, he looked up at Lucas.

"I am sorry... I won't do it again."

Lucas nodded, looking at how Long had been



sorry. His eyes were now heavy as tears had drowned those two eyes. Then, Lucas stood up and continued talking.

"So, those two, I strongly don't appreciate those." Lucas sighed wearily. "But I am not a saint. I kill and scheme. I also try to extort and trample on someone, but isn't it normal? Personal dignity was still there. At least for me."

Lucas's face went back to facing Long on the ground and then sat on him, forcing his body further to the ground. That caused Long another pain. It was now in the back, now that Lucas had made sure that he would weigh 100 kilograms.

"I have a story... It is about my second wife. Do you want to listen to it?" Lucas uttered.

Even with no energy to be used, Long pushed himself to nod to Lucas, which obviously made him delighted.

"Thank you for allowing me to open up," he said, then continued. "My second wife was a strong-willed person. He had faced plenty of wars with various countries. But do you know what happened when his commanding order was defeated?"

At a critical moment, Lucas became silent as he recollected some of his terrible memories.

"She was r*ped and sold as a slave. And at that

moment, I promised myself that I would punish everyone who would like slavery for some kind of sexual pleasure. I promised it to myself."

Lucas sighed, then continued talking. "However, here you are. You didn't only torment my friend's daughter, but also violated her. Don't you know that I absolutely hate it?"

Long was completely silent. He couldn't reply and had no energy as his consciousness was beginning to get hazy as well. And as the silence provided Lucas with the sign that Long wasn't hanging on, he cast a spell on him.

"Great Heal." Long regained consciousness and a pale light enthusiastically embraced him, promptly returning him to his previous state, but his wounded arms didn't grow new hands.

Long's shrewd eyes became wide as what he had just witnessed was stunning. The heaviness in his body disappeared as well, as the blood stopped flowing out of his body.

He smiled in peculiar delight as he had seen that he wouldn't die by now. But at that moment, when he looked at Lucas, he encountered his spiritless eyes.

Just by looking at those eyes, he recognized what healing was supposed to mean for him.

"Why aren't you hanging on? I am still not good



with my story.*

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Creation is hard, cheer me up!



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Creator's Thoughts