1703 Courting Death

Sunny's words hung in the air, contrasted starkly against his polite smile. The two young Masters seemed frozen, as if unable to digest what they had just heard.

Mercy of Clan Dagonet let out a stifled breath.

At the same time, Ascended Tristan's eyes widened.

His face, frozen in a state of stunned disbelief, was slowly contorted by a grimace of righteous wrath.

Trembling in outrage, he bellowed:

"You dare?!"

Sunny couldn't quite believe it. He held his breath, his heart beating wildly.

'Is... is he going to say it? He's going to say it! He totally is!'

His smile remained perfectly pleasant.

"I do dare. Why, wasn't that obvious from my remark? Or has your Flaw made you deaf? Goodness gracious... dumb and deaf. What an unfortunate fate. You have my sympathy."

The young Master stared at him, mouth agape. After a few moments of silence, Tristan pointed a trembling finger at Sunny and hissed:

"You are courting death, mongrel!"

'He said it!'

He had really said it. That was... Sunny had no words. It was really too astonishing.

He struggled to suppress a burst of laughter.

'Amazing. But also, what is it with Legacy brats and calling people mongrels?’

Sunny kept his composure with titanic effort, and shrugged.

"Funny you should say, but I am indeed somewhat of a mongrel."

His smile widened, which seemed to send the young Master into a spiral.

With his face turning a concerning shade of red, Ascended Tristan outstretched a hand and growled:

"You've gone too far, scoundrel... you need to be taught a lesson. I, Tristan of Aegis Rose, hereby challenge you to a duel!"

Sunny blinked.

"Huh?"

No, he was just speaking metaphorically when he suggested that the fool had been dropped on his head. But now, it seemed like maybe there was some truth to the statement?

By now, their spat had attracted a lot of attention. The people in the courtyard were all gazing at them with strange expressions. Master Mercy had abandoned his attempts to drag the second Legacy away and was now looking around helplessly.

'A duel, huh…’

Sunny erased the smile from his face and said in a solemn tone:

"I refuse."

Tristan grinned.

"Great! Then summon your... huh? What? You refuse?"

Sunny nodded.

"Yes. I refuse. What, are you really deaf?"

The young Master seemed flustered. He stared at him in confusion for a few moments, then asked in a trembling voice:

"How can you refuse? That's cowardly! D-don't you have any honor?"

Amused, Sunny simply shook his head.

"That's right, I am a coward, and I don't have any honor. In fact, I wouldn't be caught dead having honor. Such a distasteful thing."

After being accosted by an arrogant young master and asked if he was courting death, all Sunny had to do to experience the entire triumvirate of clichés was to slap Ascended Tristan across the face. However, he had no intention of doing that...

Who knew, perhaps the poor fool was really suffering from a character Flaw. His behavior was too outrageously hot-blooded to be explained by simple foolhardiness. Plus, it wouldn't be a good look for Sunny to go around beating children - not to mention that his meticulously cultivated harmless persona was not supposed to be able to win a duel with a Legacy Ascended.

No matter how much he wanted to teach the loud brat a memorable lesson.

Ascended Tristan huffed and pussed, staring at him with angry eyes. Then, a mocking smile suddenly twisted his lips.

"Don't be too afraid, coward, I won't kill you! We'll just duel to first blood. I... I refuse your refusal! Summon your weapon and face me!"

Sunny stared at him incredulously for a bit.

'Ah, to hell with it…’

He sighed.

"To first blood? Fine... I accept."

His smile turned a little sheepish.

"But, uh... I don't have a Memory weapon. So I can't summon any."

Hearing these words, young Master Tristan paled:

"You... you don't even have a single Memory weapon? And you call yourself an Ascended?"

Sunny scratched the back of his head, his face full of embarrassment.

"I do call myself an Ascended... but not all Ascended are like you, scions of storied Legacy Clans. Personally, I manage a small café and a shop... the last time I was in a battle, I had to run away and barely escaped with my life..."

It had been a battle against a Cursed Tyrant, but they didn't have to know that.

Master Mercy seemed relieved. He let out a long sigh and said tentatively:

"Then, let us just drop this matter. Tristan, he is clearly not a..."

But his friend shook his head furiously, summoning a Memory.

"No, I simply can't let this matter rest! I demand satisfaction!"

Soon, a heavy greatsword manifested itself from sparks of light. He scoffed contemptuously and shoved the sword into Sunny's hands.

"Here. This sword is called the Heart Breaker, and it is a family heirloom of my clan! I'll lend it to you for today. It is your privilege to be able to hold it, knave!"

With that, he shook his head and mumbled under his breath:

"This, really... I just don't understand why Lady Nephis would associate with such a profligate wastrel... he must have deceived her with his looks, the scoundrel....

Sunny held the greatsword awkwardly and rested its tip on the ground. No, really, what was this situation? Why was the person who had challenged him to a duel supplying him with a powerful weapon to fight that duel? Was Master Tristan actually brainless?

At the same time, the young man in question summoned another Memory, this one a much lighter arming sword. From the looks of it, he was giving his opponent an advantage - a better weapon with a longer reach.

He also dismissed the outer layers of his armor, leaving only a gambeson jacket behind.

"Here! I won't use any enchantments, so you won't be at a disadvantage! Are you ready?"

Sunny remained silent for a moment, then shrugged timidly.

"I guess I am?"

Young Master Tristan grinned.

"Then, here I come! Prepare to be humbled, wimp!"

He brandished his sword and lunged forward.

Under the dubious gazes of everyone gathered in the courtyard, the duel started.