The two combatants stood a few feet away from each other with arms extended in defensive forms. Each fighter had knees bent as if ready to strike at any moment. Chen, the warrior in white, was surprised when his opponent attacked first. He noticed his adversary shift his left foot back before racing forward to deliver a powerful punch. The subtle movement gave Chen enough warning to dodge to the side. With arm still outstretched, the aggressive fighter in salmon colored clothing swung his fist at his opponent’s face only to have it reach nothing but air. Akutagawa the wushu master left no room for pausing.

The taller man in white had ducked the blow and was ready when three more punches went for his abdomen. His hands came down just in time to intercept each of them. A higher strike swiped at the side of his face, forcing him to duck again. Barely escaping the sweeping hammer fist, three more followed. He moved back to avoid them and caught the last one on his forearm in a defensive block.

The man in salmon coloured clothing gave no indication of slowing down and the defender showed no sign of weakness under the onslaught of flying fists. Another high punch delivered, another block.  The defender moved to the side and watched as two more rapid fists missed their mark. He was actively searching for opportunities to breach the rapid chain of strikes targeting him.

Crossing his forearms to catch his opponent’s next set of strikes, the man in white attempted to take control of the battle. Applying his strength and weight, Chen forced his adversary’s arms downward. With their arms locked together, the attacks did not cease. Instead of punches, a chain of low kicks kept him busy enough to release his grip and back up against the stone railing behind him. The angry assailant cried out as he lifted his leg in slower but stronger kick. Strafing aside, the man in white was lucky to avoid it. A loud crashing noise was heard as the stone railing received the full force of the attack. Pieces were sent flying. Another object was damaged when a punch missed its mark and blasted through a nearby flower pot.

Akutagawa was getting angrier and angrier. His fighting style changed to a set of high kicks to keep Chen on his toes. Chen had yet to even strike back since the fight began and the wushu master wanted to keep it that way. When the two were at a shorter distance he switched back to a rapid set of punches. Chen was backed against a tall rack of weapons and chose to hold his ground. Big mistake. Locking forearms with the man in white, Akutagawa kicked his opponent in the shin and then threw him hard across the courtyard.

Chen flew through the air but managed to land horizontally on one arm and both legs, distributing his fall evenly. A yell alerted him that there was no time to recover. Akutagawa kicked at his stable arm, trying to flatten Chen. The downed fighter rolled into a standing position and incepted a jump kick but was too off balance to defend against the next two hits. Chen took a punch and a kick to a chest, forcing him backwards until he could regain footing.

Akutagawa assumed a defensive stance with his fists in front of him, allowing a moment of pause. Chen looked back at him silently, slowly walking up until the two were inches from touching. Akutagawa yelled out and started his attack again. With great focus, Chen intercepted each hit and redirected his opponent’s hands back down to his torso. After doing this several times, he raised his fist right fist and paused with an angry expression on his face. It was a clear message that stated he could have hit his opponent back at any time but was showing restraint. As if to reinforce this he feinted a punch to the stomach and face after another defensive counter. The high punch drew enough force to blow wind into Akutagawa’s face. There was a very brief moment of fear in the wushu master’s eyes but rage quickly replaced it. He lashed out fiercely without holding back any further.

Caught off guard, Chen took a few punches to the chest before he could start defending himself. A kick to his midsection sent him flying backwards onto the hard stone flooring. He flipped back onto his feet and there was a commotion of noise behind him as onlookers started to shout words of encouragement. Catching a glimpse of Akutagawa, he was ready for when the man in salmon tried to rush him. Chen jumped up in the air and sent a deceiving back kick into his charging adversary.

Akutagawa fell back onto his hands and knees, staring at Chen in disbelief. He stood up and assumed a different fighting stance. The man in white stared at him silently, shaking out his hands to loosen the joints. Chen started to encircle Akutagawa using fancy footwork. Akutagawa responded with carefully adjusting his position and stance. He left no opportunities for flanking and surged forward to attack when he felt there was an opening.

Chen’s footwork and speed kept him away from a chain of punches. He was moving and acting like a seasoned boxer. He delivered his own set of punches which each hit their mark effectively. Akutagawa fall back into a weapons stand and knocked it over. He struck out in retaliation but again missed. Chen took the opportunity to deliver a punch to the back of the fighter’s head, forcing him to run back to the center of the courtyard.

Following his injured opponent to the centre, Chen bounced back and forth on the tips of his feet nimbly. With every attempt to hit him failing, he was ripe with opportunities to counter. Every dodge or parry would be followed up with a more effective strike. Akutagawa’s nose was starting to bleed now. No matter what he did he could not land a hit and he was starting to take a beating. His face was swelling with fresh bruises.

Studying the boxer’s movements, Akutagawa finally landed a kick when his opponent was shifting his weight and it sent Chen to the ground. The wushu master spun in the air, driving great force behind a powerful kick. Although downed, Chen still dodged remained unscathed. He lifted his entire body onto an unexpected hand stand and drove a revenge kick into Akutahawa’s head.

The hit had dropped the shorter warrior for a moment but he stumbled back to his feet dizzily. He was clearly suffering unexpected kick. It was time to end the fight. Chen landed a few more kicks, sending the stumbling man into the stone railing. He tried to get up but fell back down in exhaustion. The onlookers rushed in, each tending to their master.

Chen had won the fight.