

Re: God of Formation.

#Chapter 1: Prelude: The Jun Clan - Read Re: God of Formation. Chapter 1: Prelude: The Jun Clan

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An archipelago stretched across the horizon, a series of verdant islands rising from the sapphire waters like emeralds scattered upon a sea of glass.

Each island was unique in its beauty, yet all shared a common feature: towering forests of ancient trees, their thick canopies casting deep, dappled shadows over the lush, untamed undergrowth.

At the heart of the archipelago, on the largest island, stood a mansion unlike any other.

It loomed over the forest like a titan among mortals, its dark spires piercing the sky.

Inside the grand hall, the tension was palpable, hanging thick in the air like a storm on the verge of breaking. The ornate chamber, usually silent in its imposing grandeur, now buzzed with an undercurrent of hostility.

At the center of this storm knelt a young boy, barely eighteen, his slight frame trembling ever so faintly as he lowered his head in submission.

His knees pressed into the cold floor, his hands clenched into fists at his sides.

He did not dare to look up. The weight of the many gazes upon him was suffocating, as though their fury alone could crush him.

Around him sat the elders, their eyes burned with accusation, each glare sharp enough to cut through the silence, as if demanding the boy's very soul be laid bare for judgment.

At the center of the grand hall, seated on elevated platforms, were three older men, their presence commanding yet unnervingly serene.

Dressed in plain Daoist robes, they sat with their hands resting gently on their knees, their eyes half-closed as if already detached from the trivialities of the world around them.

Their calm expressions, devoid of any sign of passion or wrath, gave a distinct impression that nothing—neither life nor death—could stir them.

These were the Grand Elders, the silent pillars of the Jun Clan, their wisdom was feared as much as their judgment.

In stark contrast to their serenity, Jun Qigang stood before them, his voice booming through the hall with righteous indignation as he spoke.

"Grand Elders, I suggest we banish this traitor from our clan. Such vermin must be dealt with thoroughly so that their fate serves as a warning for others to learn from."

The accusation hung in the air, cold and final, like the swing of a blade.

As clan leader, Jun Qigang's words carried the weight of iron, unyielding and forceful. His mere suggestion had already poisoned the room, shaping the outcome of this so-called deliberation.

The elders around him, many of them old and proud, shifted in their seats, the intensity in Jun Qigang's voice stirring their hidden thoughts.

But none dared to openly oppose him.

After all, to suggest leniency where the clan leader saw only punishment would be akin to inviting disgrace upon oneself.

The boy remained kneeling, the hall felt smaller, as though the walls were closing in on him, and the weight of judgment was pressing down, suffocating.

Behind Jun Qigang's cold words was a deeper implication—banishment for one branded as a traitor was a slow death sentence.

The cruelty of the situation was undeniable, a heartless spectacle playing out before the clan. The boy, kneeling on the cold, gleaming tiles, was not like the others.

From birth, he had been different. His mind had never fully developed, a tragic twist of fate that had left him intellectually disabled—mentally retarded.

While his peers trained in cultivation arts, and pursued knowledge and fame, he had struggled to comprehend even the simplest of tasks.

Most days, he acted like a child, lost in a world too vast and complex for him to understand, relying on the loving care of his parents to guide him through.

To survive eighteen years in a clan as ruthless and demanding as the Jun had been nothing short of a miracle. It was not strength or skill that had kept him alive—it was love.

Yet, even with this cruel twist of fate, Jun Qigang did not hesitate. He stood before the Grand Elders and the gathered assembly of elders, advocating without a shred of remorse for the boy's banishment.

The ease with which he suggested it as if the boy were nothing more than a stain on the Jun Clan's honor, was sickening.

What cruelty?

Where was the sense of kinship?

Where was the empathy?

And for what? For burning a few clan core techniques?

The grand hall was eerily quiet, the silence pressing down on the room like a vice. Yet no one dared to speak, not even a whisper.

The air was thick with unspoken thoughts, a mixture of fear, calculation, and anticipation swirling in the minds of the elders.

Everyone understood that this moment was not simply about the boy's fate—no, it was a message. A carefully orchestrated warning, aimed at specific individuals, though no one dared to say it aloud.

The tension in the hall climbed with each passing second, tightening like a drawn bowstring, threatening to snap at any moment.

When the tension reached its unbearable peak, the sound of a single movement broke the stillness.

A man rose from his seat, drawing the attention of every eye in the room. His face was unreadable, his movements slow and deliberate.

He was strikingly handsome, with sharp features and quiet strength that radiated authority.

His presence alone was enough to shift the atmosphere in the hall, though his expression remained frustratingly neutral, giving nothing away.

It was Jun Chang, the boy's father.

And yet, as he stood there, looking down at his trembling son on the cold, hard floor, it was as if the boy had nothing to do with him.

His eyes, dark and piercing, revealed no flicker of emotion, no sign of the turmoil boiling beneath the surface.

But inside, rage burned like a wildfire, threatening to consume him whole. A father's rage. The kind of rage that, if unleashed, could tear this entire clan apart, piece by piece.

Yet he did not move. His face remained expressionless, a mask of cold indifference, hiding the storm that raged within.

He could not afford to show weakness, not here, not now. To reveal the fury that seethed inside him would be to hand his enemies the weapon they needed.

All eyes were on him now, waiting for him to speak, to give his judgment.

Would he plead for mercy?

Would he stand against Jun Qigang's decree and fight for his son's life?

Or would he remain silent, choosing the path of detachment, sacrificing his son to preserve his standing?

He stopped just a few feet from his son, his shadow falling over the trembling boy.

The hall was so silent that even the faintest breath seemed loud, the tension wound tighter than ever.

Jun Chang raised his head, his expression still as unreadable as stone, and looked directly at Jun Qigang, locking eyes with the man who had called for his son's banishment.

The room was waiting, poised at the edge of something explosive.

"I have two children," Jun Chang began slowly, his voice crisp and steady, each word measured and deliberate.

It was as if he were speaking about something trivial, a matter of little significance.

To the untrained ear, it might even sound detached, and dispassionate.

But those who knew Jun Chang—those who understood the depths of his fury when pushed—could feel the tremors beneath his calm exterior.

They gripped their seats tightly, hearts racing with a dread they dared not show.

Jun Qigang frowned, his brow furrowing as a chill crept up his spine. Something about Jun Chang's unhurried tone, the way his voice seemed to carry the weight of unspoken menace, set off alarms deep within Qigang's gut.

And yet, he pushed the fear down. 'What could he possibly do?' he thought, his lips curling into a sneer. 'He's nothing more than a paper tiger.'

Jun Chang's gaze swept the hall, his eyes hard and unreadable, as if taking in each elder, without truly seeing them.

"I have two children," he repeated, his tone growing even colder, the faintest hint of steel threading through his voice now. "And one of them, my son, kneels before you today, trembling under your judgment."

"If it was to banish my son, I accept. But it won't be my son alone" His unhurried voice sent a shiver down the spine of everyone. "Five elders and ten of your children must be ready to face the same judgment as my son."

"Jun Chang! What nonsense are— "

"Do you want to tell us about your talented son or should I?" Jun Chang interrupted Jun Qigang, his voice crisp and unhurried.

"Jun Chao and Jun Qian An, should I talk about you two?" He asked, turning to a middle-aged man and woman.

"Banishment, is a good punishment for my son but I wonder what would be your punishment?"

Jun Chang had become a demon that all the elders feared greatly.

Wherever he looked, the elders cowered in fear. Who would have expected, Jun Chang would unearth all their dirty secret?

Now, no one cares about the trembling kneeling boy any longer but to keep their dirty secret. Without hesitating, an elder stood up, his name was Jun Tan An.

"Banishing such a poor boy would be inhuman of us. Besides, it was not his fault but those useless guards. All the guards must be punished for failing to perform their duties."

In a blink, the situation inside the grand hall had taken a drastic turn with all the elders fighting for the poor boy.

Unbeknownst to those in the grand hall, the boy, who had been condemned for his mental incapacity, was undergoing a profound transformation.

Deep within his sea of consciousness, his soul absorbed the illusory figure of an ancient old man.

This soul, radiating the wisdom and power of long-forgotten times, merged with his own at a rapid pace.

The boy's once feeble soul began to expand, growing from a mere few centimeters to over a meter in height, its strength and presence intensifying with every passing second.

Suddenly, a transparent panel appeared in his sea of consciousness,

[Congratulations! You've passed the test.]

Chapter 2: An Helpless Father

The Jun Aristocrats were one of the hidden hegemonies of the Western Continent, a force whose influence stretched far beyond what any common man could ever hope to comprehend.

Their power, shrouded in secrecy, was like a spider's web—delicate yet unbreakable, reaching into the farthest corners of society and the martial world.

Like any great aristocratic clan, the Jun were not immune to the endless cycle of schemes and power struggles. In fact, it was the lifeblood of the clan.

Generations of family members plotted against one another, their ambitions fed by a history of betrayal, manipulation, and cutthroat tactics.

The Jun Clan had become a crucible, where only the strong, the cunning, and the ruthless could thrive.

What had unfolded in the grand hall earlier—the confrontation between Jun Chang and Jun Qigang—was just the tip of the iceberg.

Beneath the surface, deeper currents of conflict and intrigue churned.

Every smile masked a knife, every gesture of friendliness was an invitation to treachery. The hall, once a symbol of unity and strength, had long since become a battleground.

But not every corner of the clan's vast sphere was consumed by these endless schemes.

Far from the heart of the clan's power center, on a small, secluded island surrounded by a dense forest of towering trees, stood a magnificent mansion.

The estate, nestled deep within the tranquil embrace of nature, seemed a world away from the chaos and intrigue that dominated the main family's territory.

In the quiet courtyard, Jun Chang stood motionless, his gaze fixed on his son with a mix of profound love and deep helplessness.

He had fought fiercely for his son in the grand hall and stood his ground against the ruthless Jun Qigang, but he knew too well that today's victory was only temporary.

He could protect his son today, but what about tomorrow?

Next week?

Next month?

His enemies were relentless, their hunger for power insatiable, and they wouldn't stop.

Jun Chang clenched his fists, his nails digging into his palms. Anger and sorrow marred his once-stoic face, emotions he had kept buried now threatening to overwhelm him. As powerful as he was, even his strength had limits.

He couldn't be everywhere, couldn't shield his son from every blow, every sneer, every shadow that loomed over him.

He let out a heavy sigh, the sound of a man burdened by the weight of his powerlessness. The anger in his chest roiled, but so did the grief—grief for the son he could not fully protect, grief for the life his child would never know.

Jun Chang turned to his son, his gaze lingered on his son's face, which remained blissfully unaware of the storm that brewed around him.

"Son," Jun Chang whispered, his voice cracking under the weight of his sorrow.

"Father is sorry for being useless." The words tasted bitter in his mouth, a confession he never imagined he would have to make.

He had always been a man of action, of strength, of resolve, but now, faced with the one thing he could not control, he felt small. Powerless.

His son didn't respond, didn't even look up. He was lost in his own world, and Jun Chang knew that world was one he could never truly enter.

"But as long as I live," Jun Chang continued, his voice firmer now, the sorrow tempered with a steely resolve, "I will try my best to find you a cure."

The determination in his words was unshakable. He could not protect his son from every danger, could not fight off every enemy—but he could promise this.

"Father will find a way," he whispered, more to himself than to the boy. "I swear it."

With that final thought, Jun Chang turned and departed the courtyard, his steps now filled with a newfound resolution.

As he approached the courtyard gates, his gaze landed on two figures standing before him—his most trusted retainers, the ones he had left in charge of his son's safety.

Their eyes widened in fear as he stopped before them, his presence like a towering storm.

"If anything happens to him..." Jun Chang's voice trailed off ominously, leaving the rest unsaid. But his cold, piercing gaze finished the sentence for him.

The unspoken threat lingered in the air like the sharp edge of a blade. His son was his reverse scale, the one thing no one could touch without invoking his full wrath.

The retainers understood this truth all too well.

With a sharp nod, Jun Chang turned away and strode off with large, purposeful steps, each one echoing his resolve. He disappeared from their sight, but the weight of his words remained.

Unbeknownst to him, his son who had been unresponsive turned and looked at his departing father with a smile full of love and determination.

As for the two retainers stood frozen for a moment, shivers running down their spines. Wiping away the beads of sweat that had formed on their brows, the two exchanged a nervous glance.

No words were needed between them; they both understood the gravity of the situation. Silently, they entered the courtyard, each hiding their thoughts deep within their hearts.

When the two retainers thought the tension had passed and their ordeal was over, they were startled by an unexpected voice—a voice they had never heard speak coherently before.

"What are your names?" Jun Wu asked, his tone calm but laced with an underlying authority that immediately sent a chill down their spines.

The retainers froze in place, their eyes wide with shock. The boy before them—the one they had always known to be mentally disabled, lost in his own world—was speaking.

Not only that, but his voice carried a sharpness that cut through the air like a blade. Gone was the vacant, confused expression they were accustomed to.

In its place was a gaze so piercing, so filled with clarity, that they found themselves unable to respond for several moments.

Jun Wu's transformation was nothing short of extraordinary. Moments ago, his soul had been weak, unable to grasp the complexities of the world around him.

But now, everything has changed.

Deep within him, his soul had recovered, becoming more powerful than that of any ordinary human.

The fog that had once clouded his mind had lifted, and for the first time, he saw the world for what it truly was.

As he watched his father depart, filled with sorrow and helplessness, Jun Wu felt a surge of emotions he had never been able to process before.

He had seen how his father had spoken to him—broken, filled with guilt—and how he had shielded him from the vipers in the grand hall. But no longer would his father bear that burden alone.

The helpless boy his enemies had once scorned was no more. The moment his soul had fused with the ancient power within him, everything had changed.

No longer mentally retarded, no longer naive, Jun Wu now understood the depth of the struggles his father faced.

The cruelty, the schemes, the endless plotting—he saw it all with sharp, newfound clarity. And now, he would make every last one of his enemies pay for coming for him.

The retainers, still reeling from the shock, finally snapped out of their stupor. They glanced at one another, silently seeking reassurance.

This was not the boy they had known for years. Something had changed. The fierce intelligence in Jun Wu's eyes unsettled them deeply as if they were suddenly in the presence of someone far beyond their understanding.

"M-My name is Zhang Wei," one of the retainers stammered, bowing deeply. His heart raced, the weight of Jun Wu's gaze making him feel as though he was being scrutinized down to his very soul.

"And I'm Mao Yun," the other retainer quickly added, also bowing. They could feel the atmosphere shift and a silent tension filled the courtyard.

They had no idea how to respond to this sudden transformation, nor could they fathom the consequences it would bring.

Jun Wu nodded slightly, acknowledging their answers but paying little mind to their reactions.

His focus was elsewhere—on the future.

Since he arrived at the courtyard, he had been planning his future and how to make use of the vast ocean of knowledge seated in his soul.

Consuming the ancient being soul had granted him a vast knowledge that was far advanced than what this world could comprehend. While also, the horror that would appear in the future.

From the memory of the ancient being, he realized the old man was a reincarnate, coming to the past to undo the future of this world. Unfortunately, he chooses the wrong body.

He caught sight of the devastation they would be thrown into, the destruction of many powerful clans, including the Jun clan which baffled him.

The current peaceful world was the peace before the storm and the incoming storm, the world was far from prepared.

Throwing all the heavy thoughts to the side, he knew the first thing to do was to understand his clan.

"I want all the information about the clan." He commanded, looking into the distance.
"Make it discrete"

"As for me regaining my sense..." He turned to look at his two retainers, "You know what would happen if I find out..."

Chapter 3: New Beginning

It had been a week since Jun Wu had recovered, and he had been absorbing knowledge like a sponge. He never left his mansion, studying with fierce determination.

To understand the intricacies of the Jun clan, and the world he lived in, and to face his enemies, he knew he had to be prepared.

In addition, his vast wisdom granted him experience far beyond his years, and he understood the importance of patience.

With everyone still thinking he was mentally disabled, he couldn't miss such a rare opportunity to get stronger. Unfortunately, his enemies were more sinister than he had ever imagined.

In the courtyard, an old man with a head full of white hair, carrying a box, looked at the quiet Jun Wu and sighed.

"Sir, the young master cannot cultivate. I can't treat him," he said.

He was a renowned physician from Jade Spirit City.

His abilities were widely known, and people called him "The Healing Touch." With his hands, there was hardly any ailment he couldn't treat. Yet, he was helpless against Jun Wu's condition.

Mao Yun stared at the physician and asked, "Why? What is the problem?"

Zhang Me nodded. He too wanted to know why the son of the Jun clan could not cultivate. Even Jun Wu, who had been silently listening, was curious.

"I've heard rumors about a deadly poison that renders someone useless. The poison severs their meridians permanently," the physician spoke in a grave voice.

He was shocked when he detected such an inhuman poison in Jun Wu's body and couldn't fathom why anyone would poison him with something so deadly.

"Doctor, are you saying...?"

"Yes. The young master has been poisoned since he was a child," the physician confirmed with a nod.

Instantly, the atmosphere became heavy as the two retainers exchanged subtle glances. They had previously thought Jun Wu was simply unfortunate to be mentally disabled, but who would have expected that he had been poisoned?

They sucked in a cold breath and looked at Jun Wu from the corners of their eyes, only to see an emotionless expression.

'What kind of expression is that?!' they cried inwardly.

Still, they recovered quickly and turned to the physician.

"Doctor, is there anything you can do?" Mao Yun asked in a pleading tone.

The old man sighed heavily and shook his head. "There's nothing I can do. This is a deadly poison with no cure."

"Thank you for your time," Zhang Mei bowed. "Please, don't forget our agreement."

"You can rest assured, the secret is safe with me," the physician replied.

With that, Mao Yun followed the old man out, leaving the courtyard in silence.

Once the physician was gone, Jun Wu's previously vacant eyes regained clarity as he looked toward the horizon. The thought of being poisoned didn't shock him.

He had expected his family's enemies to try to root him out completely—and indeed, they had. However, he wasn't bothered. He began pondering how to circumvent his current predicament.

After a moment of contemplation, he stood and departed, leaving a simple command behind. "I'll be in my study. I do not want to be disturbed."

"Yes, young master," Zhang Mei responded with a bow.

Inside the study, Jun Wu squinted. He had just recovered from mental retardation, and now he was confronted with the revelation of a deadly poison destroying his meridians.

'There must be a solution in that old man's memories...' he mused, sinking his consciousness into the ancient being's memories.

Quickly, like a fast-moving film, memories flashed through his mind—cultivation techniques, martial skills, and other valuable knowledge. Suddenly, he saw a scene where the old man encountered an ancient book.

'Primordial Heavenly Formation.'

The 'Primordial Heavenly Formation' described how Heaven and Earth were vast arrays of formations, and to understand how Heaven worked, one had to cultivate the Primordial Heaven Meridian.

Unfortunately, cultivating the Primordial Heaven Meridian was easier said than done. Out of billions of people, only one might have the luck to cultivate it. Even then, the chances of progressing were slim.

In ancient times, it became the stuff of legends, lost in the river of time. Luckily, the old man had found the 'Primordial Heavenly Formation' in a ruin.

Unfortunately, he couldn't cultivate it himself but had kept it as a memento.

When Jun Wu saw the Primordial Heaven Meridian, he knew this was his opportunity.

Quickly, he grabbed a pen and began writing out the process of cultivating the Primordial Heaven Meridian on a piece of paper.

Ten minutes later, he stopped writing, noticing his body drenched in cold sweat. Trying to recall the process from the depths of his memory had been taxing on his mind.

Still, a bright smile crept across his face.

Holding the paper, his hand trembled with excitement. He knew this was a long shot, but he was willing to take the risk.

Suddenly, a notification echoed in his mind.

[Deduce the Primordial Heaven Meridian Technique?]

[Cost: 100 gold coins.]

'What?!'

Jun Wu was stunned. He had forgotten about the mysterious system since he had been busy with his studies and thoughts of cultivation.

But now, seeing the notification, a rare smile plastered his face. As a transmigrator, he knew this was his cheat.

'Others might not be able to cultivate the Primordial Heaven Meridian, but who says I can't?'

Filled with renewed vigor, he summoned his retainers.

"Get me one hundred gold coins," he commanded.

"Hmm!"

Mao Yun and Zhang Mei exclaimed in shock. One hundred gold coins was a huge sum, even for the Jun clan. But seeing Jun Wu's piercing gaze, they dared not refuse.

"Young master, your father did not give you such a large amount. He only left you with ten gold coins," Zhang Mei responded.

Jun Wu frowned. "I need one hundred gold coins immediately. How can I get it?"

The two retainers exchanged confused glances, not understanding why he needed so much money.

"Is there anything in this house you can sell to get me the money?" Jun Wu asked.

"Yes," Mao Yun nodded.

"Then what are you waiting for? Get to it immediately," he commanded, his voice filled with impatience.

"Yes... Yes..."

Quickly, the two men sprang into action, gathering some of the most expensive items in the mansion to sell.

An hour later...

Jun Wu sat in his study with a large pouch of gold coins in hand. Staring at the floating panel before him, he took a deep breath and said, "Deduce."

Instantly, the one hundred gold coins disappeared from the pouch, and a series of notifications appeared before him.

[Deducing...]

[Deducing completed.]

Immediately, a new, simplified version of the Primordial Heaven Meridian technique appeared in his mind, complete with annotations.

Previously, he hadn't understood much about the Primordial Heaven Meridian, but with this optimized version, he grasped its principles and the materials needed to cultivate it.

To cultivate the Primordial Heaven Meridian, he needed to create an artificial meridian on his body using beast blood.

Quickly, he commanded Mao Yun to acquire the most powerful beast blood from the market. Though the beasts available in the market couldn't compare to those in the Jun clan, they needed to be discreet.

Stripping naked, Jun Wu began drawing strange symbols on his body using the beast's blood. In a matter of minutes, his entire body was covered in symbols.

When the last symbol was connected, a pulsating sound echoed in his mind, but he didn't dwell on it too long.

He had just completed the first step, and the second step was the most crucial part of cultivating the Primordial Heaven Meridian.

Without hesitation, he stepped into the bathtub filled with beast blood and began running the cultivation technique.

Instantly, the beast's blood began to boil, steam permeating the air with a sizzling sound.

"Ahhh!"

Jun Wu groaned in pain, gritting his teeth as sweat poured down his forehead like a broken dam.

Deep within his body, earth-shaking changes were taking place as a new meridian was born.

This was no ordinary meridian—it was the Primordial Heaven Meridian, a legendary meridian that had not appeared in eons.

Three hours later, Jun Wu came out of the bathtub, his body pulsating with strong blood vitality, his muscles well-toned and proportional like an athlete.

Deep in his body, he could feel the existence of the primordial heaven meridian but not only that, he felt he had gained some ability.

"Is this what I'm thinking?" He muttered, his face contorted into a rare smile and anticipation.

He knew this was supposed to be impossible as he had yet to become a Martial Artist but this feeling was impossible to be false.

With nothing to lose, he decided to give it a try. He ran the primordial heaven technique and felt the strong pulsating energy in his meridian and instinctively he instantly cast an array formation.

An array formation formed before him and shot out a deadly wind attack.

Boom!

The bathroom shook vehemently, the bathtub shattered to pieces and Jun Wu's jaw dropped to the ground.

Chapter 4: Breakthrough - Third-Rated Martial Artist.

Seated under a wormwood tree, Jun Wu's hair swayed gently with the breeze. He knitted his brow, his face full of concentration.

Since he had realized he could cultivate and gain the ability to defend himself, he was elated.

The Wind Formation Attack was a deadly formation, but unfortunately for him, he couldn't use it more than once before he was drained of his Qi blood.

His primordial heaven meridian was still fragile, and he needed to become a Martial Artist to strengthen it.

Therefore, he couldn't wait to become a Martial Artist as he continued to cultivate, trying to advance to a Third-Rated Martial Artist.

The known Martial Artist ranks were: Unrated Martial Artist, Third-Rated Martial Artist, Second-Rated Martial Artist, First-Rated Martial Artist, Master Martial Artist, Expert Martial Artist, and Grandmaster Martial Artist.

Each rank is further divided into four sub-stages: Initial, Intermediate, High, and Peak.

Beyond the known ranks, from the ancient soul's memories, were Martial Saints and Martial Kings.

Suddenly, his Qi blood boiled, and his vitality increased at a visible speed.

Boom!

An invincible barrier was broken in his body, and strong vitality rushed through his meridians, pulsating to every fiber of his being.

"Huh! Did I just become a Third-Rated Martial Artist?!" he uttered in shock, his eyes filled with amazement.

He knew the primordial heaven meridian was powerful, but he did not think it would be this heaven-defying.

"Young Master! Did you just become a Martial Artist?!" Mao Yun and Zhang Wei rushed over when they felt the strong vitality emanating from him.

He raised his head and smiled. "Yes."

"What?! How is this possible?!"

Even the most talented individuals in the martial world would take three to six months to become a Third-Rated Martial Artist, while the less talented ranged between two to four years.

And yet, he accomplished it in less than a day. With this, he couldn't be referred to as a genius but a monster.

A week ago, their young master had still been considered retarded but had mysteriously healed from his sickness.

Yesterday, he was diagnosed with a potent poison with no cure. Once again, he did the impossible and cultivated when the doctor said he couldn't.

What in the heavens was going on?!

Looking at their dumbfounded expressions, Jun Wu could understand their thoughts and smiled. "I guess I'm no longer the weakest person in the clan?"

"Young Master, have you been hiding your talent all this while?" Mao Yun couldn't help but ask.

"No..." He shook his head. "But my talent is different from others."

He walked to the field at the center of the courtyard and said, "Let me show you..."

Filled with curiosity, his two retainers followed him and stopped a couple of steps behind him, their faces filled with curiosity.

"I've got a better idea. One of you should spar with me." He turned and looked at them.

"Really?!"

"Yes."

"Then, Young Master won't mind if I become your sparring partner." Zhang Wei stepped forward and stopped a couple of meters from Jun Wu.

Jun Wu stared at him calmly, his back straight without taking any fighting stance. Suddenly, the air swirled around, and he waved his hand gently.

Instantly, a powerful wind formation appeared out of thin air, creating a deadly wind strike.

Whoosh!

Mao Yun and Zhang Wei widened their eyes when they saw the deadly wind strike. Though shocked, Zhang Wei recovered quickly and sidestepped the wind attack.

Before he could take a moment of respite, two more powerful wind strikes were already before him.

Seeing this, his heart skipped a beat, and he quickly increased his strength and retaliated with powerful punches.

Bang! Bang!

He shattered the wind strikes with ease and raised his head to look at Jun Wu.

"What do you think?" Jun Wu asked, his mind filled with pride.

For a moment, the two did not know what to make of Jun Wu's strange and terrifying power.

His attack was much stronger than that of an Initial Third-Rated Martial Artist, bordering on the Initial Second-Rated Martial Artist level.

"Young Master, what type of fighting style is that?" Mao Yun asked in confusion.

"Array Formation."

"Array Formation!"

"Yes."

"I've never heard of Array Formation being used like this. This is an eye-opener, and it's terrifying," Mao Yun responded.

"Haha. With the Young Master's strength, your father won't have to worry about your safety any longer," Zhang Wei added.

While they were happy about Jun Wu's newfound strength, they heard a loud bang at the mansion entrance. Instantly, their expressions changed, and his two retainers rushed to the door.

Standing at the mansion's gate, two young men dressed in luxurious robes shouted furiously.

"If you dare stop us again, I'll tell my father to break your leg!" Jun Hui shouted, pointing at Mao Yun.

Mao Yun looked at the young master without any change in his expression. "Young Master, please don't disturb the master's rest. Please leave."

"Hmph! What do you mean we shouldn't disturb his rest? He should be happy to see his brothers. We came to play with him. Open the door now," Jun Wuhan shouted from the side.

Their mission was to probe the situation of the retarded fool, and they wouldn't leave without completing their task. They all expected him to be dead by now and couldn't understand why he was still alive.

Zhang Wei sneered at the two. "Please leave. If you keep disturbing the Young Master, I won't mind breaking one of your legs."

Zhang Wei wasn't as accommodating as Mao Yun and wouldn't hesitate to get physical with these rascals.

Watching Zhang Wei's piercing gaze, Jun Hui and Jun Wuhan felt a cold shiver down their spines and subconsciously took a step back.

"What?! You dare attack us?" Jun Hui shouted, furious that a mere peasant dared to talk back to a Jun.

"This isn't over. We'll tell the elders you're trying to harm us and preventing us from seeing our nephew," Jun Wuhan said, dragging Jun Hui away as they left.

Watching their retreating figures, Zhang Wei clicked his tongue in irritation. "If not for the Jun clan's power, how dare these puny Third-Rated bastards look down on us," he spat.

"Next time, don't attend to them. And if they try to sneak in, break their legs," Jun Wu's voice came from behind, and the two men turned quickly.

"Young Master..." they called, paying their respects.

"Young Master, breaking their legs would do more harm than good," Mao Yun said.

"Do you think these bastards will stop because of your intimidation?" Jun Wu shook his head. "Not until they see my dead body will they stop trying to kill me. So why should we be passive against them?"

He turned and headed back inside, leaving his voice trailing behind. "Besides, we can't continue to stay here. Start making preparations—we're leaving this prison in a week."

Chapter 5: Grade-1 Array Formation Master.

The Jun clan was a hegemonic force in the Soaring Cloud region, their influence reaching every nook and cranny of the land.

On one of the Jun clan's islands, a magnificent building stood at the center, surrounded by powerful martial artists on patrol.

Yet, two young men rushed into the mansion without a glance at the guards and burst into the grand hall.

"Elder Brother..." Jun Hui shouted, disregarding his composure.

"Young Masters, your Elder Brother is in training. Please wait for him to finish," an elderly butler appeared and said respectfully.

"Ha! How could we forget Elder Brother would be training?" Jun Hui slapped his forehead in exasperation.

"It's nothing; we just need to wait for Elder Brother to finish his training so we can report that bastard to him," Jun Wuhan replied in annoyance.

They couldn't stomach Jun Wu's retainers' condescending gaze directed at them. They were members of the Jun clan—how dare some commoners look down on them?

Taking their seats, the two waited impatiently, glancing at the entrance frequently.

Finally, after an hour, a handsome young man in his mid-twenties entered the grand hall.

"Elder Brother..." Jun Hui called out happily.

"Why are you shouting? Act like sons of the Jun clan," Jun Jiahao chided with a light smile.

"Elder Brother, you know we only act like this around you," Jun Wuhan replied calmly.

"Good. Have you seen that fool? How is his health?" Jun Jiahao asked.

"Sorry, Brother, those commoners didn't let us enter his mansion," Jun Hui responded with annoyance. "One promised to break our legs if we dared sneak in."

When Jun Jiahao heard this, he squinted, his blood boiling with anger. 'How dare those mongrels threaten my younger brothers?'

'I guess his father's last display of power has given them some confidence. Humph! Let's see how long that lasts.'

"Keep going there every day, and send some men to keep an eye on the mansion."

Inside a pavilion, Jun Wu was busy studying an array formation with full concentration. 'Array formations are not as easy as I imagined,' he thought, rubbing his temple.

Although the Primordial Heaven Meridian allowed him to instantly cast the Wind Formation Attack, learning to set it up manually was another matter.

Still, he'd made some progress over the past three days.

He had almost comprehended the concepts and patterns of a Grade-1 Array Formation. He looked at the papers scattered around him, picked one up, and began writing another Grade-1 pattern.

Each pattern had a meaning, and the arrangement had to be perfectly aligned. A Grade-1 array had hundreds of strokes and eight patterns.

Jun Wu focused on each precise stroke, beads of sweat trickling down. "Finally," he whispered, satisfied with the complex pattern on the page.

He had succeeded.

[Deducing Grade-1 Defense Array Formation.]

[Cost: 100 Copper Coins.]

Seeing the notification, Jun Wu's smile brightened, and he took one hundred copper coins from his pouch. Money was the least of his concerns.

"Deduce."

Immediately, the money disappeared, and a series of notifications echoed in his mind.

[Deducing...]

[Deducing complete.]

A new, optimized Grade-1 Array Formation appeared in his mind, with all errors corrected. The hundreds of strokes and eight patterns were reduced. The improved defense formation now had only seven patterns.

Jun Wu didn't hesitate and practiced the newly deduced defense array formation. After a few attempts, he fully understood the array's workings.

Without further delay, he rushed out of the pavilion to the open field and began setting up the Defense Formation on the ground.

In the distance, Mao Yun and Zhang Wei watched their young master curiously and confused.

"Mao Yun, attack me!" Jun Wu called as he completed the formation.

"Young Master, are you sure?" Mao Yun asked hesitantly.

"Yes..." Jun Wu nodded, adding, "But don't use your full strength."

To be cautious, he decided to take it slow.

Without hesitation, Mao Yun rushed toward Jun Wu and threw a powerful punch.

Whoosh!

Jun Wu held his breath as the punch neared and activated the Grade-1 Defense Formation.

Instantly, a blue light erupted, forming a protective shield around him and deflecting the attack.

Bang!

The shield trembled but did not shatter. Mao Yun, stunned by the sight of the shield, attacked again.

Bang! Bang!

Finally, after the third strike, the shield shattered. Jun Wu wiped the sweat from his forehead and grinned, seeing the stupefied expression on Mao Yun's face.

"Is that a defense formation?" Mao Yun asked, his voice trembling with shock.

"Yes," Jun Wu replied proudly, then strode back toward the pavilion.

Zhang Wei approached Mao Yun in amazement. "How strong was your attack?"

"Intermediate Second-Rated Martial Artist!" he replied, still in disbelief.

Zhang Wei sighed and muttered, "The Young Master has become a freak."

"Yeah...it's scary."

For the next three days, Jun Wu concentrated on inscribing the Grade-1 Defense Array Formation onto his meridians.

The process was much more challenging than the physical setup, but he managed to finish on the third day.

Now, he could instantly cast two array formations in seconds. With this formation, he felt confident he could protect himself when he left the clan.

Outside the mansion, a magnificent carriage was parked. Today was the day Jun Wu had decided to leave the clan.

Over the past few days, the harassment from his nephews hadn't subsided but had instead increased, and he knew it was only a matter of time before they snuck into his mansion.

He boarded the carriage, with his two retainers in the coach driver's area. As the carriage rolled away from the mansion, shadows moved in pursuit.

A voice commanded coldly, "Follow. Leave none alive."

AN: Like it! Support this book with your power stones.

Chapter 6: Ambush.

Passing over the long bridge that connected the Jun archipelago with the mainland, Zhang Wei and Mao Yun tensed, knowing their enemies could attack at any moment.

"Young Master, be careful. The enemies might attack at any time," Mao Yun reminded Jun Wu in a grave voice.

"I'm waiting..." Jun Wu grinned, unfazed by the imminent threat.

He was not worried about the enemies; it was quite the opposite. He was expecting them, a wicked grin plastered on his face.

Inside the carriage, he had been busy creating another formation. Apart from his ability to instantly cast a formation, he was preparing a new surprise for his enemies.

The carriage traveled quietly for another ten minutes before fifty men in black appeared, blocking their path.

"Hand over the Young Master, and we'll spare your lives," a rough voice shouted.

"Enough with the nonsense. Let's fight and see who keeps their lives," Zhang Wei, hot-tempered, immediately jumped off his horse.

"Humph! Fool."

"Attack!"

The fifty men rushed forward, unsheathing their weapons, eyes filled with killing intent.

Their mission was clear: kill everyone, leaving none alive.

Zhang Wei sneered at the Second-Rate Martial Artist leading the group and brandished his saber.

"Die!" he shouted.

Ahhh!

Instantly, agonized screams filled the quiet road. Each of Zhang Wei's strikes harvested the lives of the assassins.

"Your opponent is me..." their leader shouted, charging forward and swinging his sword.

"Shadowless Strike!"

The strike was swift, appearing before Zhang Wei in a blink. But Zhang Wei was ready.

"Viper Fang Saber!" he countered with a deadly saber strike.

Bang!

Hmm?

The assassin leader was stunned as he staggered back a few steps, his hand trembling under his robe.

He and Zhang Wei were First-Rated Martial Artists, but from the initial exchange, he realized his opponent was at the high stage, while he was at the intermediate stage.

'Damn!' he cursed inwardly.

The battle had just gotten more difficult, but instead of fear, he grinned.

Unbeknownst to him, Zhang Wei followed up with more powerful saber strikes, quickly suppressing his opponent.

While Zhang Wei was busy with the assassin leader, some assassins charged toward the carriage.

The usually quiet Mao Yun took his spear and jumped off the carriage.

"Insignificant ants. Die."

He swung his spear, slicing through the nearest assassin, and his attacks didn't stop as he continued to kill the assassins one by one.

Suddenly, a new group of assassins appeared behind the carriage, led by a First-Rated Martial Artist.

"Mao Yun, I told you before, serving Jun Chang would be your end," the First-Rated Martial Artist shouted.

"Shui Peng, don't be so confident. Who dies has yet to be determined," Mao Yun responded, charging toward Shui Peng.

"Lunar Crescent!"

Shui Peng wasn't intimidated by the incoming spear strike and met it head-on.

"Moonlit Blade!"

Bang!

A resounding echo filled the street as the two clashed. Though Mao Yun wasn't as hot-tempered as Zhang Wei, his attacks were much more ruthless.

After only a few exchanges, Shui Peng had sustained a deep gash on his shoulder.

"You've gotten stronger!" Shui Peng exclaimed as he dodged another deadly strike.

Mao Yun didn't respond, instead continuing his relentless assault. While Zhang Wei fought the assassin leader, Jun Wu was left defenseless against the swarm of assassins.

Two men in black quickly rushed toward his carriage, eyes burning with killing intent. They planned to keep his two protectors busy while they finished him off.

When they pulled back the curtain, an enchanting woman gazed at them seductively.

Instantly, they swallowed lumps in their throats, their hearts racing, their mission momentarily forgotten.

Who could see such a captivating seductress and still think of killing?

Slowly, they approached the naked woman, their little brothers responding enthusiastically. Just as they reached out to touch her, a sword materialized out of nowhere and sliced their throats cleanly.

Ahhh!

They clutched their necks and stumbled back, eyes filled with disbelief and confusion. They collapsed to the ground, never to rise again.

The remaining assassins, seeing the two men fall, were baffled. 'What happened?'

On the other hand, Shui Peng's situation became dire. He was covered in injuries from head to toe, barely clinging to life.

Watching the ambush fail, he wanted to cry, but there were no tears in his eyes.

Ah!

In the distance, a pained scream came from Zhang Wei's direction as he landed a deadly blow on his opponent.

Seeing the situation deteriorating, another group of assassins rushed toward the carriage, determined to complete the job.

Unfortunately for them, their fate was no different; they were all slaughtered.

Against Jun Wu's Illusion Formation, they were like fish on the chopping board.

The few remaining men in black were now too frightened to approach the carriage, uncertain of what was killing their comrades inside.

Ahhh!

Shui Peng let out a miserable cry as a spear plunged deep into his chest. He looked at Mao Yun, his eyes filled with unwillingness.

This was supposed to be an easy mission; why had everything gone wrong?

Until the very end, he couldn't understand what was killing his men inside the carriage.

With Shui Peng out of the way, the remaining Second-Rated Martial Artists trembled, abandoning any thought of continuing the mission as they tried to escape.

But there was no escape from a First-Rated Martial Artist. In less than ten seconds, Mao Yun killed them one by one.

At that moment, Zhang Wei ended his battle, killing his opponent.

"Is it over?" Jun Wu stepped out of the carriage.

He looked at the scattered corpses without a change in his expression. 'This is just the beginning,' he thought inwardly.

"Young Master, how did you do it?" Mao Yun asked, intrigued.

"That's a secret..." Jun Wu grinned, returning to his carriage. "Let's go."

Mao Yun and Zhang Wei exchanged glances with newfound respect in their eyes. Their young master was more formidable than they had ever imagined.

Now that he had escaped the watchful eyes of his clan members, he could plan his future, find out who had poisoned him, and make them pay dearly.

Ten minutes later, a group arrived at the scene, shocked by the carnage, and was unable to find Jun Wu's body.

"Damn! The mission failed."

AN:

Join my discord server: <https://discord.gg/ckmtX6Yac7>

Chapter 7: Arriving At Silver Star City

Inside a courtyard, Jun Wu was training his body, practicing a body-refining technique, with sweat dripping off him like a broken dam.

It had been two days since they arrived in Silver Star City. It took them seven days of non-stop travel to arrive, escaping the influence of the Jun aristocratic clan.

On the surface, Silver Star City was a neutral city belonging to no power and was far from the Jun clan's reach.

Here, he planned to make his comeback against his enemies.

"Young Master..." Mao Yun called, entering the courtyard.

Jun Wu stopped his training and raised his head to look at Mao Yun. "Did you discover anything?"

"Yes..." he nodded. "The city is controlled by the Liang clan. Also, there are two other medium-sized clans with some influence here. And one more thing—the Gong clan has a branch here."

The Gong aristocratic clan was the second hegemony of the Soaring Cloud Region but was much weaker than the Jun clan and a secret rival.

"Interesting..." Jun Wu mused, a small smirk playing on his lips.

Now that he was no longer weak, all he needed was to get stronger quickly and plan his revenge.

"Let's spar..." he said, staring at Mao Yun with battle intent.

"Young Master, you're too weak to defeat me." Mao Yun shook his head and took a fighting stance.

"Let's find out."

Instantly, a Wind Formation Attack appeared before him, shooting a wind strike at Mao Yun at breathtaking speed.

Compared to a week ago, his control over the wind formation was much smoother.

Mao Yun's expression didn't change as he evaded the wind strike with ease. Taking a step forward, he tried to close the distance between them and deliver a decisive blow.

Jun Wu took a quick, short step back in a strange pattern and released another wind attack.

Bang!

Mao Yun shattered the wind strike and appeared before him with a punch. Before the punch could hit, a blue shield formed around Jun Wu, deflecting the attack.

Jun Wu took another step back and attacked with two wind strikes. Using his movement skills, Mao Yun shattered one strike and leaned back to dodge the second.

"Young Master, you're getting stronger, but you still can't defeat me." Mao Yun grinned and increased his power.

In a blur, he appeared before Jun Wu, trying to catch him off-guard before he could cast his defensive formation. But he underestimated the power of the Primordial Heaven Meridian.

He was fast, but Jun Wu was faster; a shield appeared just in time, deflecting the punch.

However, Mao Yun wasn't bothered and followed with a roundhouse kick. The defensive formation shattered under the powerful kick, and Jun Wu took a rapid step back, sweating profusely.

Mao Yun didn't give him a chance to catch his breath, following with another punch. But instead of panicking, a wicked smile appeared on Jun Wu's lips as he stomped the ground.

This confused Mao Yun, but he ignored it, ready to end the fight.

Suddenly, the ground lit up, and a formation trapped him.

"What's this?!" Mao Yun exclaimed in shock.

"Trapping Formation!" Jun Wu responded with a wild grin. "Do you still think I can't defeat you?"

"Young Master, although you're a genius in Array Formation, this is still far from trapping me," he replied confidently.

"I knew you'd say that." He grinned as a Wind Array Formation appeared before him. "Let's find out."

Whoosh!

Four powerful wind strikes shot out of the formation toward Mao Yun. Seeing this, Mao Yun lost his confidence and tried to break the Trapping Formation.

Boom!

With a powerful fist strike, the trapping formation trembled before it shattered, but the wind strikes were already upon him.

Bang! Bang!

"Ahhh!"

A miserable scream escaped his mouth as he was sent flying. He crashed into the distance, a mouthful of blood escaping from his mouth.

Wiping off the blood, he raised his head and looked at Jun Wu with slight trepidation. From the beginning, he realized Jun Wu had been setting him up, and he had fallen for it like a fool.

If this had been a real battle, he wouldn't know how he died.

"Are you OK?" Jun Wu asked with genuine concern.

"I'm fine." Mao Yun got to his feet, his face full of pride—pride in serving such a talented young master.

Suddenly, rapid footsteps approached from the entrance, and Zhang Wei entered.

"Young Master, we have visitors from the Liang clan," he announced.

Inside the main hall, a young man with two powerful guards stood quietly. This was the second young master of the Liang clan.

Creak!

The door opened, and Jun Wu entered.

When Liang Chun saw Jun Wu, his eyes widened in shock. It was no secret that Jun Wu had been mentally impaired from birth, but the current Wu looked dashing and confident.

Jun Wu took his seat at the head of the room and looked at Liang Chun. "Young Master Liang Chun, what brings you to my humble abode?"

Liang Chun recovered from his daze and cleared his throat. He bowed deeply, paying his respect.

"Young Master Jun, my family learned of your arrival and wished to welcome you."

His guards immediately brought numerous gifts and respectfully placed them in front of Jun Wu.

"This is a small welcoming gift, and I hope the young master will not look down on it."

"Thank you..." Jun Wu barely glanced at it before looking at Liang Chun. "Is there anything else? I need to sleep."

Despite Jun Wu's cold response, Liang Chun's expression didn't change, and he replied politely.

"Then, I'll leave you to rest." He bowed and prepared to leave.

"Oh, before I forget, a ruin was recently discovered near Bright Pear Village, and only those below First-Rated Martial Artist rank can enter it."

Everyone in the world knew the importance of discovering a ruin, so he didn't need to elaborate. After informing Jun Wu, Liang Chun departed from the mansion.

"The Liang clan was quick to notice us," Zhang Wei said as he appeared beside Jun Wu after Liang Chun left.

They realized that the Liang clan's influence in the city was more terrifying than expected. In two days, the arrival of Jun Wu had been noted by the Liang clan.

Liang Chun's appearance sent a clear message—they knew Jun Wu was in the city, and their eyes were on him.

Jun Wu smirked. "They're curious, and curiosity can be dangerous."

"What should we do?" Mao Yun asked.

"For now, we're not going to do anything. Let's see how the situation unfolds," Jun Wu replied calmly.

"Young Master, what about the ruins? It might be a trap."

"Do you think they dare lay a trap for a Jun?" Jun Wu shook his head. "They wouldn't dare."

He got to his feet and muttered, "For my revenge, I must seize every opportunity. Prepare, I'm leaving for the ruins tomorrow."

Chapter 8: The Ruin

Jun Wu and Mao Yun reached the entrance of Bright Pearl Village, where they saw a crowd of young and old people frantically rushing into the village.

From this, they realized the news about the ruin was true. Exchanging glances, they urged their horses to move faster.

Five minutes later, they arrived at the northern part of the village, a sparse area with only a single hill in view.

Hundreds of people with expectant faces gathered in front of the hill. Some notable young men wore uniforms, signaling they were from martial halls.

Apart from academies, martial halls were the most common institutions in the world. To receive a complete martial inheritance, one had to enroll in either an academy or a martial hall.

Enrolling in a famous academy was extremely difficult, but to enter a martial hall, one only needed to pay a large fee.

Jun Wu and Mao Yun watched the scene quietly without making any moves, listening to whispers from the crowd. They learned that the entrance to the ruin could only open periodically.

A new group of students from the famous Mystic Path Academy arrived as the crowd waited for the entrance to appear.

Leading them was a tall, bright girl with a face filled with confidence and pride. Behind her were four other young people.

They glanced at the crowd, snorted, and took a corner to wait.

An hour later, a powerful fluctuation came from the foot of the hill, and an entrance appeared.

"The entrance has opened!" a voice shouted.

Instantly, the crowd rushed toward the open entrance.

"Young Master, be careful," Mao Yun advised, watching as Jun Wu joined the crowd, rushing into the ruin.

Inside, they arrived at a long, dark passage. Jun Wu looked around, realizing the ruin was protected by a powerful array formation.

He clicked his tongue in fascination.

Throwing thoughts of the array out of his mind, he focused on the narrow passage.

He walked forward with long strides, ignoring the sounds of battles coming from the sides. The dark passage had many doors leading to other parts of the ruin, but those were not his target.

His goal was the deepest part of the ruin.

This was the ruin of a small ancient clan. No one knew why ruins from ancient times began to emerge one after another.

Arriving at the end of the passage, he found a small courtyard covered in dust, broken pillars, and a dried pond.

A dilapidated house with massive doors stood on the other side of the courtyard and a group of people gathered in front of it.

When Jun Wu arrived, they looked at him momentarily before ignoring him.

"We need to break the formation," a tall young man said.

"I agree. Let's attack it together."

The dilapidated building was protected by a powerful formation that hadn't depleted.

Quickly, the group began attacking the formation with all their might. Jun Wu stood back, watching quietly as they assaulted the building without joining in.

The protective formation shook violently, and cracks began to appear. Seeing the cracks, the group grew excited and increased their power.

Ten minutes later, the protective formation shattered.

"Finally!" The tall young man grinned evilly. "Thank you, everyone. You can leave now. This place belongs to my clan."

"What do you mean? Get out of the way!" a boy shouted.

He was the leader of the martial hall team, Yuan Lim.

Furious, Yuan Lim pointed his sword at the tall young man. "Step aside now, or else..."

"Or what?" the tall young man sneered.

From the crowd, ten young men stepped forward to stand behind the tall young man. They were all from the same clan—the Gu clan.

The tall man was Gu Cheng, the third young master of the Gu clan.

Yuan Lim and the few remaining people were furious when facing Gu Cheng and his clansmen.

Gritting his teeth, he said, "If you think you can intimidate us, you're wrong. Attack!"

Yuan Lim lunged at Gu Cheng, swinging his sword. Gu Cheng sneered and retaliated with a powerful fist strike.

The entrance of the dilapidated building was soon filled with the sounds of battle. Although the Gu clansmen were fewer in number, their fist technique was terrifying.

Only the disciples from the Verdant Blade Hall could fight toe-to-toe with them.

"Ahhh!"

A boy was sent flying, his chest punctured from a powerful fist strike. With one person dead, others quickly followed, and the scene grew more brutal.

All this had nothing to do with Jun Wu, who watched the battle with fascination.

From the start, he had sensed the Gu clan's schemes and decided to observe how things unfolded. While he watched, another group arrived.

They were from the Mystic Path Academy.

The girl in the lead glanced at the calm Jun Wu, a flicker of surprise in her eyes.

"What a bunch of fools," a boy from the Mystic Path Academy said disdainfully.

His fellow students nodded in agreement. Why would they attack each other without knowing what was inside the dilapidated building?

The battle between Gu Cheng and Yuan Lim was fierce, but neither gained the upper hand.

"Enough!" Gu Cheng retreated, knowing that continuing to fight Yuan Lim, especially with the new arrivals, would be futile. "I'll allow everyone to enter—except for that bastard."

He pointed at Jun Wu.

Looking at the calm Jun Wu, the crowd, fighting moments before, turned their anger toward him.

"I agree," a disciple from the Verdant Blade Hall spat in anger.

While they had been fighting, this man stood by like a bystander, enjoying the show. As for the Mystic Path Academy students, they dared not provoke them.

The Mystic Path Academy students wore prideful expressions and marched toward the dilapidated building with no one daring stop them?

The crowd sneered at Jun Wu, preparing to enter the building when they saw him approaching.

"Stop!"

Jun Wu ignored them and continued moving forward. Furious, Gu Cheng shouted, "Kill him!"

At the entrance of the dilapidated building, the Mystic Path Academy students paused to watch the fight.

Two Gu clansmen charged at Jun Wu, throwing powerful punches, their faces filled with disdain.

Suddenly, the air swirled, and a powerful wind blade appeared before them.

"W-What..."

Bang!

The wind blade cleaved through their chests, killing them instantly. For a moment, everyone froze on their spot. They held their breath, their eyes wide in disbelief.

"W-What just happened?" a Gu clansman asked, heart pounding heavily.

They thought he was easy prey, but now they realize he is the hunter. Gu Cheng sucked in a breath and clenched his fists, realizing his miscalculation.

As for Jun Wu, he didn't stop and continued toward the dilapidated building. This time, no one dared to stand in his way.

Watching him, the girl leading the Mystic Path Academy muttered, "Interesting..."

She entered the building, understanding that whatever they found inside would not be taken without a serious battle.

Chapter 9: Inside the Ruin: The Treasure Vault

Inside the dilapidated building, cobwebs, cracks, and dust were scattered everywhere, and the walls bore old, faded paintings.

Everyone kept silent as they rushed to find a room. Jun Wu purposefully moved toward the door at the far end.

Since hearing about the Bright Pearl Village ruin, memories of the ancient being had flashed through his mind, and he knew that if he wanted to grow stronger quickly, he needed the inheritance hidden within the ruin.

Opening the door, he found steps leading downward. At the end of the passage was the ancient clan's treasure vault.

However, instead of rushing to the vault, he examined the seemingly ordinary walls and breathed cold.

Behind the walls were deadly traps.

These traps might be challenging for others, but not impossible for him. He cast a defensive array formation without hesitation, creating a shield around him.

With the shield in place, he raced toward the vault.

Whoosh!

From the walls, dozens of arrows shot toward him at breathtaking speed. Jun Wu did not dare underestimate the attack and strengthened the defensive formation.

The arrows bounced off the shield but left several cracks in it. Halfway through the passage, a terrifying fire burst from a hidden hole, blazing toward him.

"Damn!" he cursed, increasing his speed.

'I need to create a formation that increases my speed,' he thought, gritting his teeth as the heat pressed against the shield.

Sweat dripped from his forehead, and his heart pounded as he watched the shield on the brink of shattering.

"Huh!" He sighed in relief as he escaped the flames.

Passing through the traps, he heard them retract into their hidden chambers, and everything grew quiet.

"I hate ruins." He clicked his tongue and turned his attention to the open vault.

"I guess whatever happened here prevented them from emptying the vault."

Entering the vault, he saw many empty shelves and moved from one to another, noting that some still held old manuals.

But when he touched the manuals, they disintegrated into dust.

This was expected; only the heavens knew how old these manuals were.

When he found weapons instead of useless manuals, his eyes lit up. There were various weapons, some worn and some still usable.

He gathered the weapons and continued his search. On the last shelf, he saw a small box made from special wood.

Moving to the box, he opened it.

Inside were small, shiny stones, along with two manuals.

Seeing the stones, a rare smile appeared on his face. This was why he had come to the ruins—for these stones. These were no ordinary stones; they were Spirit Stones.

Spirit Stones were rare cultivation resources found only in ruins. Whenever Spirit Stones appeared, bloodshed was sure to follow.

Without hesitation, he closed the box, ready to leave the vault.

Ahhh!

Suddenly, a miserable scream echoed from the passage leading to the vault. Jun Wu furrowed his brows and left the vault.

On the other side of the vault, disciples from the Verdant Blade Hall stared at him, their eyes brightening.

"Captain, look, he has rare weapons," a young man shouted, his gaze filled with greed.

Yuan Lim looked at Jun Wu in shock. Jun Wu's loot was far more valuable than anything they had found in the ruin.

"Kid, why don't you leave some weapons for us? Then we won't have to fight you," Yuan Lim threatened with a smile.

"Come and get them," Jun Wu replied coldly.

"Fine!" Yuan Lim's face darkened, his blood boiling in anger. "Three of you, go."

He commanded three of his fellow disciples, who rushed into the passage. They tried to dodge the deadly arrows but were killed shortly after reaching the center.

Watching the disciples' deaths, Jun Wu sneered. The vault would have been emptied long ago if the trap were that easy.

Yuan Lim gritted his teeth as he looked at the corpses. With so many dead, he couldn't return to the hall without sufficient resources.

Determined, he vowed to take everything from Jun Wu.

"There's only one path out. Let's see how you escape," he sneered, folding his arms and waiting for Jun Wu.

Just then, footsteps approached, and soon Gu Cheng and his clansmen arrived at the underground vault.

"What do we have here?" Gu Cheng grinned evilly.

Ignoring Yuan Lim, he stared at Jun Wu.

"Hand over everything, and you may keep your life," Gu Cheng said arrogantly.

He would have rushed to kill Jun Wu, but the bodies in the passage gave him pause. He could only resort to threats.

Jun Wu ignored him and approached them. He was a Peak-stage Third-Rated Martial Artist, while Yuan Lim and Gu Cheng were Initial Second-Rated Martial Artists.

As Second-Rated Martial Artists in their youth, they were geniuses with bright futures and filled with pride.

How could they let a nobody trample over them and take the rare resources from the ruin?

As Jun Wu closed in, their smirks grew, greed overflowing.

To them, he was as good as dead.

But when Jun Wu was only a few feet away, he attacked.

He was decisive and ruthless.

The Wind Attacking Formation appeared before him, and two wind strikes flew toward Gu Cheng at breathtaking speed.

Shocked!

Gu Cheng felt his hair stand on end and quickly took a defensive stance, delivering a powerful fist strike.

Bang!

He tried to shatter the wind strikes but soon realized they were more powerful than he had imagined.

Ahhh!

The first wind strike left a deep gash on his arm, while the second hit his chest, causing a severe injury and sending him flying.

In a single exchange, Gu Cheng was defeated, leaving everyone stunned. But that was just the beginning—Jun Wu wasted no time, sending two powerful wind strikes at Yuan Lim.

Prepared, Yuan Lim used his movement skill to dodge the wind strikes and, in retaliation, threw a hidden dagger at Jun Wu. His movements were fluid, leaving no chance to evade.

But Jun Wu didn't intend to dodge.

A shield appeared around him, deflecting the attack.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Jun Wu retaliated with four deadly wind strikes.

"Damn!" Yuan Lim cursed, his heart pounding in his chest.

This was the first time he had encountered such a bizarre fighting style. Without a second thought, he fled the narrow passage.

Unfortunately, his fellow disciples were slower couldn't escape quickly and were cleaved in two by the wind strikes.

Outside, covered in sweat, Yuan Lim looked back at the door leading to the underground vault, furious and gritting his teeth.

He turned to the students from the Mystic Path Academy, an evil glint flashing in his eyes.

Chapter 10: Inside the Ruin: Jun Wu Battle.

Jun Wu emerged from the underground vault only to find various gazes directed at him. Standing near the Mystic Path Academy students was Yuan Lim, glaring daggers at him.

"Kid, drop everything you have and disappear immediately," a boy from the Mystic Path Academy shouted, his face filled with disdain.

A gloating smile appeared on Yuan Lim's face. Since he couldn't defeat Jun Wu, he figured he could borrow another weapon to do his bidding.

"Are you talking to me?" Jun Wu asked coldly, turning to look at the boy.

"Who else if not you? Drop everything and get lost," the boy named Hu Zhou sneered.

How could a nobody dare go against him, a student of the prestigious Mystic Path Academy?

But to his surprise, Jun Wu ignored him and continued walking toward the exit. This show of confidence left everyone stunned.

Why wasn't he afraid of the Mystic Path Academy student?

Even Yuan Lim was taken aback for a moment before his face twisted into a sardonic smile.

Hu Zhou was furious. He gritted his teeth and prepared to attack Jun Wu when the cold girl stopped him.

"Do you look down on us, or do you simply not know what's good for you?" Jiang Yawen's voice was icy.

Although Jun Wu piqued her interest, it was just that—interest, nothing more.

Anyone below the level of a First-Rated Martial Artist meant little to her, so she hadn't taken anyone in the ruins seriously.

When Jun Wu heard her, he stopped and turned to face her. "And who the hell are you to tell me what's good for me? Idiot."

He hated pretentious people like her.

She wanted to steal from him but acted self-righteous.

Jiang Yawen was stunned for a moment before her expression darkened. How dare he call her an idiot!

Before she could reply, Hu Zhou charged at Jun Wu, swinging his sword to kill him. His ruthless intent was evident in his movements.

Jun Wu's expression didn't change as he quickly dropped the weapons and box and cast a formation.

He wasn't someone who liked being passive. He had been passive for the past eighteen years, and now, anyone who stood against him would be attacked ruthlessly.

Instantly, two wind strikes appeared out of thin air and flew toward the furious Hu Zhou.

Seeing the two swift wind strikes, Hu Zhou's heart skipped a beat. He dodged the first strike but failed to evade the second in time.

Bang!

"Ahhh!"

Hu Zhou's miserable scream filled the air as the wind strike cut deep into his thigh. He crashed to the ground, wailing in pain.

Though an Initial Second-Rated Martial Artist, Hu Zhou had thought himself strong. But Jun Wu, a Peak Third-Rated Martial Artist, was far stronger than him.

Seeing how easily he defeated Hu Zhou, everyone was stunned. Jiang Yawen quickly recovered and dashed forward.

Her speed was impressive. She unsheathed her sword and unleashed a martial skill: Crimson Jade Slash.

Seeing the deadly slash, Jun Wu didn't get complacent. He cast a stronger formation, summoning four wind strikes that flew swiftly toward his attacker.

Confused and surprised by the four wind strikes, Jiang Yawen thought, 'What type of fighting style is this, and where are these wind strikes coming from?'

Still, she didn't hold back. Her blade cut through two wind strikes, and she evaded the other two. She closed in on Jun Wu and aimed a killing strike.

Bang!

Her sword was deflected, sending tremors through her body, and forcing her to step back.

"What!"

Everyone in the room was stunned by the sudden appearance of Jun Wu's shield. Yuan Lim, who thought it would be easy for the Mystic Path students to kill Jun Wu, now felt fear creeping up from the depths of his soul.

As for Jiang Yawen, her expression turned solemn as she looked at Jun Wu. All traces of pride vanished; she realized she had met a strong foe.

Jun Wu didn't care about their thoughts. He stepped forward and cast four wind strikes. These were faster and stronger than before.

Danger!

Jiang Yawen's mind screamed, but she wasn't scared. She split the first two wind strikes, only to face two more.

A wind strike nearly cut her neck, but she managed to lean back in the nick of time

A bead of sweat dripped from her forehead as she dodged the second sneak attack.

'That was close.'

Still, she dashed toward him, increasing her speed to the limit, leaving a gust of wind in her wake.

Bang! Bang!

The Crimson Jade Slash struck swiftly, delivering three deadly blows at Jun Wu in the blink of an eye. However, his shield deflected all her attacks.

She wasn't ready to give up, pushing herself to the limit.

Within minutes, she and Jun Wu exchanged hundreds of attacks.

Watching the terrifying battle, everyone in the hall held their breath. Hu Zhou felt his heart pounding heavily in his chest.

He knew that if Jiang Yawen lost, his life would be over. He wasn't the only one thinking that.

"What are you doing? Support Senior Sister!" he shouted.

The other three students snapped out of their stupor and rushed instantly to join the battle. Normally, Jiang Yawen would have stopped them out of pride, but now, she didn't.

Each strike brought her closer to death. She truly needed help.

Seeing three more people join the battle, Jun Wu knitted his brows and stretched his defense, moving in a strange pattern.

His clothes were drenched in sweat, and his breathing labored. Maintaining both a defensive formation and attacking took a toll on his body, and his blood Qi was nearly exhausted.

'Just a little more... just a little more,' he cried.

If he could hold out for another ten seconds, the fight would work in his favor. But his enemies believed they were winning.

"Increase your attacks! His tortoise shield is about to break," Hu Zhou shouted excitedly.

Quickly, everyone intensified their attacks when they saw cracks spreading across Jun Wu's shield.

In the back, Yuan Lim's smile deepened as he sighed in relief.

'Hmph! What if you're strong? You're still naïve.'

Everyone was focused on the shield, failing to notice the strange patterns briefly appearing on the ground before disappearing.

At the last minute, Jun Wu stopped retaliating and focused solely on defending while inscribing a pattern on the ground with his feet.

"Die!" Hao Zan shouted, hurling his spear.

He was Hu Zhou's friend and was furious seeing him lying in a pool of blood.

Bang!

Jun Wu's shield shattered, defending against the spear attack. But something else appeared in the hall.

Before the Mystic Path Academy students could celebrate, the ground lit up, and a formation appeared around them.

"What the hell!" they all cried in panic.

Jiang Yawen looked at the blue light surrounding them and realized things had taken an unexpected turn for the worse.

"This is nothing! Let's rush out and kill this bastard," Hao Zan shouted bravely.

But to his dismay, no matter how much he struggled, he couldn't escape the confinement of the trapping formation.

"Fool. You're trapped. Now it's my turn," Jun Wu announced, his face filled with a ruthless glint.

Realizing they were trapped, fear gripped their hearts.

"Impossible! You can't trap us," Jiang Yawen shook her head in disbelief.

'How could a weak Third-Rated Martial Artist trap us?'

She prepared to attack the trapping formation when a sound came behind her.

"Ahhh!"

A miserable scream tore through the air. Her junior sister clutched her throat, emitting guttural sounds as she fell to the ground, blood pooling beneath her.

She was dead.

"You killed her! I'll kill—"

"Ahhh!"

The boy shouting didn't anticipate the ruthless wind strike that sliced his body in two. Dead.

"No... please, don't kill me!"

Realizing things were spiraling out of control, Hao Zan dropped his weapon and fell to his knees, begging for his life.

"Ahhh!"

Trying to evade the oncoming strike, Hao Zan found insufficient space and was cut down from behind. Dead.

Jiang Yawen trembled, fear gripping her heart. She hadn't expected things to turn out like this. She realized none of this would've happened if Yuan Lim hadn't instigated them.

She looked around for him, but he was long gone. 'That snake used me and thought he could escape. When I catch him, he'll regret it,' she vowed.

Gritting her teeth, she looked at Jun Wu and said, "This isn't over..."

She took an ancient talisman from her pouch, tore it, and vanished from the ruin.