

Re: God of Formation.

**#Chapter 111: Brewing Incoming Storm - Part 2 - Read
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Storm - Part 2**

Chapter 111: Brewing Incoming Storm - Part 2

In an unknown location, hidden far from the eyes of the people, stood a chamber drenched in shadows.

The place was dimly lit, its silence oppressive, as though the air itself carried the weight of unspoken secrets.

At the heart of this chamber sat a middle-aged man upon a towering throne. His features were obscured, shrouded by a veil of darkness that seemed almost alive.

Everything about him was cloaked in mystery.

Beneath the throne, a man knelt on one knee, his head bowed low.

His entire frame trembled faintly, as though the very thought of meeting his lord's gaze was unbearable.

"What do you mean the boy invoked a heavenly blessing?" the mysterious man asked at last, his voice low yet carrying the force of thunder.

Shock colored his tone, though it was quickly buried beneath a layer of authority.

"My Lord, that is exactly what happened," the kneeling man replied quickly, almost stumbling over his own words. "Thousands of people witnessed it with their own eyes."

"The purple mist that descended from the heavens—it was not a curse, but a blessing. Those who could not cultivate before found themselves able to sense Qi the moment it touched them. And those who were already martial artists... nearly all experienced breakthroughs."

He hesitated, his throat dry.

"Right now, the news of the heavenly blessing is spreading across the region like wildfire."

The mysterious leader did not reply immediately.

Instead, silence reigned, broken only by the faint tapping of his fingers against the throne's armrest.

His unseen expression grew dark.

The notion itself sounded absurd—mortals being blessed by heaven when the world's spiritual energy had long thinned to near extinction.

Even in eras when spiritual energy flowed like rivers and the air itself pulsed with vitality, heaven had never directly blessed the people.

But now, when the world had grown barren and hostile, such a thing had happened.

"And you say it was all triggered... by a mere lecture?" he asked again, his tone edged with disbelief, as if needing confirmation that his ears had not deceived him.

"Yes, My Lord," the messenger confirmed, his forehead pressed even lower to the cold ground.

"It was during the lecture that it happened. Jun Wu was enveloped in a cocoon, as though chosen by heaven itself."

A heaven's chosen...

"Interesting," the man on the throne murmured, his tone heavy with contemplation.

At first, their interest in the boy had been limited to the array plates and the secrets he might carry.

But now, his value has multiplied beyond measure.

A person who could invoke such a phenomenon... could not be left to grow freely.

"We must have him," the mysterious man decided, the words chilling in their finality. "By all possible means."

Though his face remained hidden, the temperature in the chamber plummeted, the air itself turning sharp and biting. The messenger flinched, his breath clouding in the sudden frost.

"Relay my command," the lord continued, tapping the throne in a strange, deliberate rhythm. "Three Masters are to depart immediately. The boy must be brought to me without delay."

He paused, as if weighing something. "And send one Expert Realm cultivator as well. For emergencies."

The messenger's eyes widened.

He dared not raise his head, but his heart pounded furiously.

Such a force had never been dispatched for a single mission.

Three Masters and an Expert Realm cultivator? That was enough to crush an entire clans.

Still, the more he thought about Jun Wu's supposed miracle, the less strange the order seemed.

"Yes, My Lord," he answered, voice steady but his soul trembling.

...

Far away, in the grand hall of the Gong Clan, news of the heavenly blessing had struck like lightning.

"A heavenly blessing..." the Gong Matriarch whispered, her eyes wide, her usually unshakable demeanor momentarily shattered.

She turned to the Elder of External Affairs who stood before her.

"Yes, Clan Leader," the elder said solemnly. "Many of our people benefited from it personally. The entire city is in an uproar. Everyone is calling it a miracle. Clan Leader, what are your orders?"

Around them, the elders of the Gong Clan sat in silence, their faces grave.

The atmosphere was suffocating.

Jun Wu was not following the script.

While they schemed to abduct him for his array plates, the boy had instead ascended to an entirely new height—invoking heaven's blessing.

The shock had not yet subsided, and already his name spread far and wide.

The uproar over the array plates had barely quieted, and now this storm arrived to dwarf it.

The great hall was as silent as a graveyard. Elders exchanged uneasy glances, but none spoke.

Previously, they target Jun Wu discreetly but everything has changed....

He was talented, yes, but his value had been within their grasp.

Now, after heaven recognized him, his worth was immeasurable. One boy was tipping the balance of power in the entire region.

At last, the First Elder broke the silence. His voice was as cold as the edge of a blade. "Clan Leader, I say we strike immediately. Kill him before his rise cannot be contained."

"I agree," said the Third Elder, a woman whose eyes burned with ruthless resolve.

"This is not the time to hesitate over appearances. We must end his life before his influence grows any further."

The Matriarch's expression hardened, her features cold enough to chill the room.

Had Jun Wu been from an insignificant family, perhaps they would have ignored him.

But he bore the Jun name, and for that reason alone, they could not allow his existence to blossom.

"Dispatch five Masters," she commanded.

Her voice was flat, but the air itself seemed to quiver at her words. "And send one Supreme Elder in case of unforeseen events."

The hall fell even colder, as if winter had descended in an instant.

"There is no room for failure."

"Yes, Clan Leader," the elders answered in unison, their voices subdued beneath the weight of her command.

...

Meanwhile, within the Jun Clan, the atmosphere was equally tense but vastly different in tone.

Inside the main grand hall reserved for the most critical decisions, elders gathered in full attendance.

Some faces were solemn, others conflicted.

Seated at the highest seats were the three Ancestors of the Jun Clan, their expressions calm and unreadable, like still waters undisturbed by storms.

At the center, the current Clan Master, Jun Qiqang, gave a nod. "You can tell everyone the urgent news."

Though most of the elders had already learned of the event through whispers and witnesses, protocol demanded that the matter be declared officially in the Council of Elders.

The External Affairs Elder stepped forward and bowed. "Jun Wu, son of Jun Chang, received heaven's blessing during his open lecture."

"People are calling him... the Heavenly Son."

Gasps filled the room.

Several elders sucked in sharp breaths, and a few shivered despite themselves.

Jun Qiqang exchanged glances with others, his eyes complicated.

They had targeted Jun Wu since his birth, always labelling him as trash, a stain on their clan's prestige.

Now, heaven itself had recognized him.

How could this be?

Confusion merged with envy and fear in their hearts.

The External Affairs Elder ignored their turmoil and turned respectfully toward the Ancestors. "Ancestors, what should we do?"

The hall descended into heavy silence.

Then, at last, an aged voice broke through, resonant and steady.

"Since the heavens bless my Jun Clan, this proves we are not forgotten."

The words carried a weight that pressed upon every elder present.

"Send five Golden Falcons to bring him back."

Chapter 112: Becoming A True Cultivator - Master Realm.

Inside Jun Wu's mansion, silence reigned except for the faint hum of spiritual energy circulating through the cultivation chamber.

While the entire city buzzed with his name and some preparing for the incoming storm. He was different.

After returning from the lecture, Jun Wu had been unable to calm himself.

His mind swirled with strange and profound information, knowledge far beyond what he thought possible for someone at his level.

Yet instead of confusion, there was clarity.

His thoughts were sharper than a blade, every detail falling into place with uncanny precision.

Seated cross-legged in the dim glow of the cultivation chamber, he slowly digested the flood of knowledge streaming into his consciousness.

At first, he could scarcely believe what he was experiencing.

Only a few days ago, he thought setting up a Grade-2 Array Formation was beyond his reach, only those at the Master Realm could do it.

He had accepted the so-called limitations of the mortal body as truth.

But now... those shackles had been lifted.

His soul energy had strengthened immensely, radiating with vigor, and he knew with unshakable confidence that he could now construct a Grade-2 Array Formation without faltering.

Yet, this newfound ability was not the most shocking revelation.

Within his mind, etched deeper than memory itself, rested an array formation of a complexity he had never seen before.

It pulsed with dao rhymes, every strand brimming with ethereal resonance as if it were woven by the heavens themselves.

He tried to comprehend it, but his thoughts blanked the moment he touched its essence.

He tried again and again, only to fail.

Finally, he gave up with a bitter smile.

Though he could not understand its mysteries, he somehow knew how to construct it and recognized its sole function.

It was an array meant to test for the chosen one.

At first, the notion seemed absurd.

But the longer he digested the information, the more the purpose behind it unfolded in his heart.

The world was moving toward impending disaster.

Salvation would not come from heaven itself, but through bearers of light—teachers who would spread knowledge, guiding cultivators and mortals alike through the looming calamity.

Jun Wu inhaled sharply, his breath cold. *The way of heaven is beyond the way of man...*

Since heaven had laid this mandate upon him, he would not reject it.

But before fulfilling such a monumental task, he needed to sift through and organize the torrent of knowledge filling his mind.

His understanding of arrays had increased by leaps and bounds, but that was not all.

His runic mastery, once only a supplement to his blacksmithing—had also ascended.

"Perhaps," he muttered to himself, "mortal weapons should no longer be called simple blades or spears. A true Artifact is born under the hands of a Grade-1 Blacksmith—no, an Artifact Refiner."

Just like arrays, runes were the very language of the heavens, capable of channeling unfathomable power.

What mortals played with was nothing more than the faint shadow of true divine script.

Hours passed as he sorted through every fragment of insight.

When he finally turned his focus on his body, his breath caught. His body had transformed.

He had always been considered handsome, but under the baptism of heaven's blessing, his appearance had transcended mere beauty.

His aura was no longer simply noble—it was otherworldly.

Those who saw him would not just admire him; they would bow in reverence.

His cultivation had surged as well.

From the Early Stage of First-Rated Martial Artist, he had leaped directly to the Peak Stage of First-Rated Martial Artist.

With the slightest push, he could step into the Master Realm.

Under normal circumstances, such rapid advancement would create a weak and unstable foundation.

But now... his foundation was as firm as a mountain.

Every impurity in his body had been purged, leaving behind skin so tender it seemed fragile, yet beneath it lay terrifying strength.

With his physique alone, he could crush a Peak First-Rated Martial Artist.

If he chose to unleash his Wind Blade technique, his enemies would perish before they even realized what struck them.

Rising to his feet, Jun Wu clenched his fists and whispered, "I guess it's time. I can attempt my breakthrough to Master."

His instincts urged him forward. This was the best moment, and he could not afford to miss it.

The difference between martial artists and cultivators was like night and day.

A martial artist trained body and blood Qi, but a cultivator... a cultivator birthed a dantian, the vessel to harness heaven and earth's spiritual energy.

Forming this dantian required more than willpower; it required a visualization technique.

The dantian was not a physical organ—it was a metaphysical construct woven into existence by the cultivator's consciousness, recognized and blessed by heaven and earth.

Without it, no martial artist could take the step into true cultivation.

Standing before the mural etched in his chamber wall, Jun Wu fixed his gaze upon it.

Slowly, the world around him shifted.

He no longer stood in his chamber. He stood before a colossal tree, its trunk so vast it pierced beyond heaven itself.

Its countless branches stretched infinitely in all directions, and upon each leaf shimmered a world of its own.

Life, endless and boundless, rippled across its surface.

Jun Wu's chest tightened as his heart pounded furiously.

He felt as though the mysteries of existence itself were unraveling before him.

The vision twisted, and suddenly he stood at the bank of a river.

To call it a river was an understatement.

Its waters stretched endlessly, so vast that even oceans would pale in comparison.

The gentle current flowed serenely, carrying whispers of eternity, while a cool breeze washed over him, soothing his mind and soul.

Back in reality, Jun Wu's body began to undergo visible transformation.

The few spiritual stones placed in the chamber cracked, then shattered into powder.

Their energy surged into him, coursing through his meridians like a flood seeking its destination.

At last, the energy found its target—his forming dantian.

Like a starving beast, the dantian devoured every wisp of spiritual energy, swelling and solidifying with each pulse.

The process repeated without pause, autonomous and unstoppable.

Energy continued to pour in, weaving threads of heaven and earth into the newborn core within him.

The chamber quaked under the intensity, yet Jun Wu remained still, immersed in the divine vision.

His journey as a mere martial artist had ended.

The path of a cultivator had begun.

Chapter 113: More Surprises

Five hours later, Jun Wu slowly came out from his trance.

The stillness in his chamber felt different now, as though every particle of air carried a meaning that only he could perceive.

Without even consciously examining his body, he knew something fundamental had changed.

His very perception of the world had sharpened, transcending the limits of his five senses.

The world appeared brighter, clearer, richer in detail than ever before.

For his sight, his eyes now functioned like polished crystals.

He could make out the faintest movements, such as tiny ants crawling diligently across the cracks on the walls.

His hearing became so acute he could detect the faint hum of the wind brushing past the roof.

His nose twitched involuntarily, drawing in a storm of scents that had previously gone unnoticed—metallic traces of iron, the faint musk of dust, the subtle scent of ink from the scrolls stacked in the corner.

For a moment, the influx was overwhelming.

"What is this smell?" Jun Wu muttered, wrinkling his nose as he pinched it shut.

That was when he noticed the black soot covering his body like a second skin.

His expression twisted in disgust.

"What's this?" He brushed at it lightly, and the stench instantly became unbearable.

A wave of nausea rose in his throat, making his stomach churn.

Without hesitation, he turned toward the bathroom.

But the moment his foot touched the floor, the stone tiles beneath him cracked with a deep, thunderous sound.

"What!" His eyes widened in shock.

He stared at the long crack spreading across the floor where he had stepped.

Never in his wildest imagination had he expected such strength from a casual movement.

When had he become this powerful?

Closing his eyes, he immediately sensed it—the pure spiritual energy coursing vigorously through his body.

And deeper still, he felt the presence of a dantian faintly glowing with power.

For a heartbeat, he froze in place.

Then, slowly, his gaze drifted back toward the strange mural on the wall.

"I was right," he whispered, a grin tugging at the corner of his lips.

Controlling his steps more carefully this time, he made his way toward the bathroom to cleanse himself.

His gamble had paid off.

He had suspected that the strange mural was more than decoration, that it held the key to breaking through into the realm of true cultivation.

And he had been correct.

To become a cultivator was to cross the great divide.

In the Soaring Cloud Region, Master Realm warriors were considered the true pillars of power.

Any clan with even a single Master Realm cultivator could endure for generations, becoming a hidden family with the strength to survive for hundreds of years.

They were the backbone of every great clan in the land, the unshakable foundation upon which wealth and influence were built.

And now, he has joined their ranks.

When he finally emerged from the bathroom, scrubbed clean and dressed in fresh robes, he paused before a mirror.

"Why do I look... younger?" he whispered, tracing his reflection with narrowed eyes.

In truth, he had indeed grown younger.

First, he had undergone the baptism of heaven's blessing.

Then, he had shattered the mortal shackles upon breaking into the Master Realm.

Both events had rejuvenated his vitality and life force, restoring his body to a state of youth and vigor.

If he continued to shatter more mortal shackles in the future, his appearance would remain eternally young.

After indulging briefly in his vanity, Jun Wu's gaze once again returned to the strange mural.

He had intended only to glance at it, to appreciate its mysterious aura for a brief moment before leaving the chamber.

But the instant his eyes locked upon it, everything shifted.

He was pulled into a trance into the depths of another vision.

This time, he heard a mantra, faint at first, then louder, echoing directly into his soul.

It was as though an ancient sage, older than heaven and earth, was standing beside him, whispering truths beyond comprehension.

"Huh!" Jun Wu gasped aloud as he snapped out of the trance, drenched in sweat and breathing heavily.

He staggered, staring at the mural with his mouth slightly open.

He had thought he understood the mural's purpose, that it was merely an item to help in becoming a Master.

But now he realized how wrong he was.

The mural was toying with him, testing him, perhaps guiding him.

With little effort, he steadied his breathing.

Shaking his head, he turned away from the mural. He could not afford to lose himself again.

He had more pressing matters to address.

The mysterious sage in his vision had imparted something priceless—a cultivation technique.

Jun Wu hurried back to his study.

Taking up an empty scroll, he dipped his brush into ink and allowed his hand to dance across the paper.

The words flowed without hesitation, as though etched directly into his memory.

The name of the technique: Thousand Petal Lotus Technique.

A technique so profound it could be cultivated beyond the Master Realm, carrying cultivators into higher realms.

Minutes later, he finished transcribing the technique. Gazing at the still-drying ink, his lips curled into a bright smile.

Previously, he had planned to dig through the ancient soul's memories to unearth a suitable cultivation method.

Now, however, he had found something better—something that felt tailor-made for him.

Before he could enjoy the joy of the new cultivation technique, a chime echoed in his mind.

[Do you want to optimize the Thousand Petal Lotus Technique?]

[Cost: 100 Gold Coins]

[Yes | No]

Jun Wu blinked, stunned for a heartbeat, before laughter bubbled up in his chest.

The Thousand Petal Lotus Technique was already extraordinary.

What would happen if he optimized it?

His anticipation surged as he pulled out 100 gold coins from his storage pouch.

'Yes.'

The coins vanished instantly, dissolving into nothingness. A torrent of new information poured into his mind like an open dam.

Five minutes later, the stream stopped.

His eyes snapped open, gleaming with excitement.

Without delay, he grabbed another scroll and began writing furiously.

When he finished, he stared at the parchment with trembling hands.

The technique had changed.

Its new name: Thousand Mind Petal Lotus.

Jun Wu's heart pounded heavily against his chest filled with uncontained excitement..

The old version of the technique could only be cultivated beyond the Master Realm.

But the new, optimized version could be cultivated beyond the Expert Realm, carrying him all the way into the Grandmaster Realm.

"Hissss!" He sucked in a cold breath, overwhelmed.

"This is insane..."

What made the technique even more astonishing was its effect on the mind.

With every breakthrough, his soul energy would strengthen, sharpening his comprehension.

And comprehension. whether for cultivation, runes, or arrays.

It was the true measure of genius.

As an Array Master, was there technique better suited for him?

He grinned foolishly, like a child holding his very first gift.

It took him half an hour just to calm the storm of joy swelling in his chest.

Then, his stomach growled loudly.

Startled, Jun Wu laughed wryly.

He hadn't eaten since before his seclusion. In fact, he wasn't even sure how much time had passed.

Creak!

He opened the chamber door and stepped out.

Outside, Zhang Wei and Mao Yun stood with worried expressions etched across their faces.

Their young master had entered his chamber since yesterday and had not come out.

They battled their anxiety, clinging to the little hope, but they had already decided.

If Jun Wu did not come out by today, they would break in no matter the consequences.

When they finally saw him, their relief burst out uncontrollably.

"Young Master!" they cried in unison.

Jun Wu smiled warmly. "Sorry to have you worried."

He realized, belatedly, how selfish he was.

He was immersed in his own discoveries while forgetting the concern of those who cared for him.

"Young Master, it's nothing," Mao Yun said quickly, waving a hand.

Their little worries were insignificant compared to Jun Wu's safety.

Since the night of the heavenly blessing, Mystic City had been in upheaval.

Hundreds of people had flocked, seeking an audience which gave them more headache than worrying about him.

"Y-Young Master!" a soft voice called suddenly.

Xinyue rushed into the courtyard, her eyes red with relief. Before anyone could react, she threw herself into Jun Wu's arms.

Jun Wu froze, stunned.

The shy and reserved Xinyue rarely revealed her emotions so openly.

"Haha. Don't tell me you were worried about me?" he teased gently.

"Mm." She nodded into his chest, too embarrassed to raise her head.

Hao Ran, watching from the side, let out a quiet sigh of relief.

He had witnessed how restless and listless his sister had been during Jun Wu's absence.

Seeing her now, clinging tightly to him, he could only smile.

Jun Wu chuckled softly, patting her back. "Don't worry. Nothing will happen to me."

She nodded again, then slowly stepped away, her cheeks crimson. She lowered her head, as though trying to bury her face in her own chest.

Everyone laughed at her actions.

"Xinyue," Jun Wu said, smiling kindly, "I've missed your cooking. Will you make something for me?"

Her heart swelled with pride at the request.

"Young Master, give me a few minutes, and I'll prepare your favorite dish!" she said eagerly, then rushed off, dragging her younger brother Hao Ran along with her.

As she disappeared, Jun Wu turned back to Mao Yun.

"Where is Elder Peng?" he asked.

Mao Yun chuckled. "Elder Peng was too worried to sit idle. He's been channeling all of his energy into forging. I wouldn't be surprised if he hammered out a dozen blades by now."

Chapter 114: A Meeting With The Two Academy Deans.

For the next three days, Jun Wu buried himself entirely in upgrading his array mastery.

He barely left his study, only pausing to eat a few meals and drink water before returning to his work.

Before he had stepped into the Master Realm, Jun Wu had already copied countless fragments of knowledge from the ancient soul that once resided within him.

Much of that information had seemed incomprehensible then, like a library locked shut, its doors beyond his reach.

But now, with the advancement of his cultivation, those doors have opened one after another.

With his foundation stabilized, everything was falling into place.

His comprehension in array formation advanced with terrifying speed.

Each time he practiced, his mastery in array formation improved by leaps and bounds, far beyond what anyone of his age should be capable of.

By the third day, Jun Wu could fully set up a Grade-2 Array Formation with ease, as though it were second nature.

Without hesitation, he moved to upgrade the defensive formation surrounding the mansion.

The old protective array formation had served its purpose, but it was too weak now.

Only a Grade-2 defensive array formation would give him a true sense of security.

After some thought, he chose the Mountain Shield Array Formation.

The Mountain Shield was famous among formation masters. At the Grade-2 level, it stood among the strongest.

A single Master Realm cultivator could hit at it all day and achieve nothing.

They wouldn't leave a crack, not to talk of breaking it.

Even an Expert Realm cultivator would need to unleash at least three full-powered strikes to break it apart.

It was not invincible, but it would buy time... and time was all they needed to survive any danger.

Originally, Jun Wu wanted to set up a killing array as well.

a hidden formation to slaughter intruders the moment they breached the gates.

But he couldn't.

The stream of visitors to his mansion never ceased.

They came in waves, representatives of academies, associations, and noble families, all eager to meet the young prodigy who had received Heaven's Blessing.

Thus, despite his desire to add a killing array formation, Jun Wu had no choice but to pause his work and meet them.

....

On the third evening, inside the grand main hall of the mansion, a group of important people had already gathered.

The old dean of Mystic Path Academy was there, a renowned elder whose calm bearing carried a quiet authority.

Beside him sat the Dean of Frostwind Academy, a woman whose beauty defied her apparent age.

Though she appeared to be in her mid-forties, her real age surpassed a century.

Her cultivation kept her young, her eyes sharp, and her presence commanding.

Alongside them were the presidents of several associations from both Mystic City and Frostwind City—the Array Association, the Alchemist Guild, the Blacksmith Union, and more.

Their combined influence represented the very foundation of knowledge and power in the region.

To an outsider, it might have seemed strange.

Why would such important people gather, waiting patiently for a single young man?

But the answer was simple.

To the academy deans, Jun Wu represented hope.

He was a chance to revive their declining region, to resist the shadows of doom pressing closer with each passing year.

Unlike the clans, the academies pursued no political power.

Their mission was knowledge and survival.

If Jun Wu truly carried Heaven's mandate, then he was their way out of the impending doom.

To the association leaders, Jun Wu was no less important.

His growth meant progress for them all. For their professions and mastery would rise alongside his knowledge.

The hall grew silent when the sound of approaching footsteps echoed from outside.

Creak. Creak.

Jun Wu entered with unhurried grace, his expression calm and unreadable. At once, all eyes turned toward him.

For those seeing him for the first time since his transformation, the sight was stunning.

His skin was smooth and flawless, glowing faintly under the dim light, tender as jade.

His features rivaled that of the most beautiful women in the region.

There was an otherworldly aura clinging to around him now. A presence that seemed to command both reverence and attention.

"The rumors did not lie..." the Frostwind Dean murmured inwardly, her heart stirring despite her age.

She might have been old, but she was still a woman...and all women loved beauty.

She was not the only one shaken.

The president of Mystic City's Alchemist Association stared, nearly dumbfounded.

'How can a man look like this...' she thought, unable to wrap her head on Jun Wu's divine bearing.

If she was a young woman, she would have expressed her emotion right away. He was the dream of every woman.

It took a lot of mental battle for her not to reach out to touch him.

Even the men were quietly stunned.

Jun Wu offered a polite nod and spoke, his voice steady. "Sorry for keeping everyone waiting."

"Young Master, it is nothing. We understand your time is not your own these days," the president of the Mystic City Array Association said warmly.

"Let me make the introduction." He added with a light smile.

Jun Wu listened attentively, but when he was introduced to the two deans, his composure faltered for a moment.

He had not expected such prominent figures to come to him in person.

Rising slightly, he cupped his hands in respect. "It is an honor to meet the two esteemed deans."

"It's nothing," the Mystic Path Dean replied casually, his demeanor free of the airs often worn by experts.

"But I must say," the Frostwind Dean added with a smile, her gaze sharp, "You are even more handsome than the rumors claim."

Jun Wu returned the smile politely. "Thank you. I'll take that as a compliment."

After a brief exchange of pleasantries, the conversation shifted.

The Mystic Path Dean leaned forward slightly, his eyes gleaming. "Kid, can you tell us about Heaven's Blessing? We are all...curious."

Jun Wu had expected this question.

He folded his hands, his expression thoughtful. "Dean, before I respond, may I ask one question first?"

The old dean inclined his head. "Go ahead."

"Please, can you tell me about our world? About its true history?"

The hall fell silent at once.

Everyone was surprised by his question.

They expected a lot of questions from him, but they never thought he would ask about the world's history.

The two deans exchanged a glance.

Then, with a sigh, the Mystic Path Dean began to speak.

His voice carried the weight of centuries as he recounted the fragmented history of their region—the rise and fall of empires.

The various mysteries surrounding their region and some rumors about the outside region.

The hall remained silent, every word sinking deep.

At last, after nearly ten minutes, he completed his history lesson.

"Kid, why do you ask about the world's history?" the old dean asked, curiosity plain in his tone.

It was not only him; everyone in the hall leaned forward, eager for Jun Wu's answer.

Jun Wu's gaze turned distant. "Like everyone else, I once thought only of exploring the ruins to grow stronger. But what happened in the Tier-2 Ruin... was a wake-up call. It made me realize the danger we face is greater than we imagined. I wanted to know whether our history holds the key."

He shook his head with a sigh. "Unfortunately, the more I know the more questions that are left unanswered. "

The Frostwind Dean nodded solemnly. "You are right. None of us truly know the full truth. Perhaps other regions may, but here... we only know fragments."

The others murmured agreement.

When the silence settled again, all eyes fixed on Jun Wu. They were waiting, for the heaven secret he alone could provide.

Jun Wu could sense their anticipation, but instead of speaking immediately, he asked another question.

"What is the relationship between your two academies?"

The question startled them.

Why avoid the matter of Heaven's Blessing?

But after a pause, the Frostwind Dean answered honestly. "Our academies share the same root. The founders were disciples of the same master."

A ripple of astonishment spread through the hall. Even many association heads had not known this secret.

Jun Wu nodded slowly. "I see."

His voice grew calm, steady. "I know many of you are curious about my questions. Let me explain."

The hall held its breath.

"The academies and the associations have been entrusted with heavy responsibilities. Just as I have been entrusted."

He paused, gathering his thoughts, then spoke with quiet weight. "Heaven's demand is not the pursuit of power, but the spreading of knowledge. Teaching people the truth of the world."

Shock spread across everyone's face.

No one expected the Heaven-bestowed secret to be so... simple.

Seeing their disbelief, Jun Wu continued.

"This is not like teaching within academies. Those chosen to spread Heaven's knowledge must first be recognized by Heaven itself."

"What?!" someone exclaimed, unable to contain their shock.

"These people are called Master Teachers," Jun Wu said softly.

To everyone in hall, his last statement felt like thunder.

Chapter 115: Master Teachers

"Master Teacher?!"

The Frostwind Academy dean exclaimed, her eyes widening in disbelief. Beside her, the old dean of Mystic Path Academy was equally stunned.

At their level, very few things could shake their composure. Yet today, they had been shocked more times than they had in decades.

For the others in the hall, their astonishment was written clearly on their faces. This was the first time any of them had heard such a term.

Master Teacher.

Jun Wu regarded their stupefied expressions with calm understanding. "Like I said before, Master Teachers are beings recognized directly by Heaven. Unlike other professions, they exist solely to enlighten the people of this world."

He let his words sink in before continuing. "It is through enlightening others that they themselves grow stronger. Allow me to use myself as an example. I am a One-Star Master Teacher. This means I can guide others in comprehending anything that falls within the One-Star domain."

"A domain," he explained patiently, "It encompasses everything we know about this world. Every art, every craft, every law of Heaven and Earth—each belongs to a domain. A Master Teacher's purpose is to help people grasp these truths in the shortest possible time."

He gestured lightly to himself. "I am an array master. This is my domain. I can solve any problem relating to arrays and guide others to mastery. But if I wish to expand my reach, I must dedicate time to studying other professions, learning their principles, and understanding the Heavenly laws that govern them."

Jun Wu paused deliberately, giving everyone time to digest his words. The silence was heavy, punctuated only by the faint crackling coming from the outside.

After a long minute, realization began to dawn on their faces. Yet even so, they could sense that there was far more to this revelation than what Jun Wu had shared.

At last, one of the association heads could not restrain his curiosity. "Young Master... Can anyone become a Master Teacher?"

This was the question burning on everyone's mind. To be recognized by Heaven itself—what greater honor could there be? The thought of attaining such a status set their hearts racing.

Jun Wu shook his head. "No. There are restrictions. Only those between the ages of eighteen and fifty can become Master Teachers. Furthermore, you must have achieved something noteworthy within your own field of expertise."

He let his gaze sweep the hall, ensuring each word landed with weight. "Even then, even if you meet all the requirements, most will never be chosen. Heaven does not grant its recognition lightly."

A hush fell again.

The weight of his explanation pressed down on them, tempering their excitement with sobering reality.

The old dean finally raised his head, his eyes steady.

"What, then, is the importance of Master Teachers to us? Our world teeters on the brink of destruction. If Master Teachers do not play a decisive role in resisting that doom, I fail to see their necessity."

The Frostwind Dean nodded firmly in agreement, her expression serious.

Around the room, the various leaders shared the same sentiment.

All of them were desperate for hope, but none could afford to place their faith blindly.

Jun Wu was silent for a moment, as though arranging his thoughts. The others waited, not daring to interrupt.

This was the crux of everything.

At last, he began to speak slowly. "Since you have yet to see the true importance of Master Teachers, allow me to enlighten you further."

He shifted his gaze toward the two deans. "For example, let us take individual cultivation strength. If I am not mistaken, the two of you are both in the Expert Realm?"

Neither tried to deny it; they nodded calmly.

"Good," Jun Wu continued. "Then you understand well the difficulty of advancing further. To reach the Grandmaster Realm requires unimaginable resources, as well as cultivation techniques of the highest caliber. Am I correct?"

They nodded again.

That truth was undeniable.

"This," Jun Wu said, his voice firm.

"Is where Master Teachers come in. Techniques are created by men, but not every man can create them. However, a Master Teacher specializing in cultivation can, with Heaven's blessing, develop techniques far superior to ordinary ones."

He leaned forward slightly, his eyes sharp. "Many techniques circulating in the world are riddled with flaws. These flaws hinder progress, waste potential, and cause cultivators to stumble at bottlenecks. But with the rise of Master Teachers, such flaws can be corrected. What you now see as impossible mountains can be reduced, step by step, into smooth paths."

His next words solidify everything. "More importantly, as the number of Master Teachers increases, the spiritual energy of our world will slowly begin to recover."

Hiss!

The collective gasp echoed through the hall as everyone drew in a cold breath.

Now they understood.

Truly understood.

Master Teachers were not merely another profession.

They were keys—keys to survival, to progress, to restoring the vitality of the world itself.

A rare smile spread across the faces of the two deans.

This was the revelation they had longed for.

They exchanged a glance and saw the same bright relief shining in each other's eyes.

As long as there was a path forward, no matter how difficult, everything else could be endured.

Unknown to them, the invisible weight that had long pressed upon their shoulders seemed to vanish.

With hope restored, they could already see their bright future which was worth fighting for.

Jun Wu observed calmly as the leaders of academies and associations brightened, their earlier tension melting into smiles.

He understood their emotions well.

The burden they carried was immense, the fear of extinction unbearable.

No one wished to vanish into the annals of history without leaving even a trace behind.

An enemy that could erase the ancient beings themselves was not one to be underestimated.

But still, with Master Teachers, a spark of hope had been reignited.

This was only the beginning.

The path ahead was still filled with thorns and tribulations, but if everyone worked together, the outcome might yet be changed.

"Young Master, is there something else?" the president of the Mystic Array Association finally asked, his tone eager.

"Yes." Jun Wu nodded.

His simple response made everyone unconsciously straighten, their expressions serious once more.

"We need to establish the Master Teacher Awakening Platform."

Outside Jun Wu's mansion, a shadowy group crouched in silence, their eyes locked on the mansion like hungry hawks circling its prey.

"How long are they going to stay inside?" one muttered, his voice tight with impatience.

"Patience," another hissed back. "As long as they don't decide to live there permanently, he'll soon fall into our hands."

"But still... I can't believe a mere boy could invoke the blessings of heaven," a third voice added, disbelief dripping from every word.

"Who could have predicted that? The ways of heaven are beyond our understanding. Stop talking and focus on the mission."

Their conversation ended as quickly as it began, and silence once again descended on the group.

They remained still, their gazes glued to the grand gates of the mansion.

An hour later, they felt movement from the mansion's entrance. The heavy gates creaked open.

Instantly, the men stiffened and pulled deeper into the shadows.

The sun had long sunk in the west, leaving Mystic City swathed in darkness.

The only light came from the pale-yellow lanterns swaying above the gates, their glow stretching across the quiet street.

One by one, the leaders emerged from the mansion, their eyes filled with anticipation.

In their heart, two words ring like a tolling bell.

Master Teachers.

They climbed into their carriages, eager to return to their organizations and set the plans in motion.

Hidden in the shadow, the men watched closely.

When the last carriage departed into the night, evil grins twisted across their faces. Finally, at last, they could act.

Just as they prepared to move, a firm voice cut through the air. "Wait ten minutes before you attack."

The men froze.

They exchanged glances but obeyed without complaint. With the departure of the two deans, the mansion was no longer secured.

There was no need to rush.

And with their combined strength, Jun Wu had no chance of escaping.

Ten long minutes slipped by.

Then, with calculated calm, the black-robed figures crept from their hiding places.

Each wore a mask to conceal their identity, their steps heavy with confidence as they strode toward the mansion.

"No one should hold back," one instructed in a low growl. "Once we destroy the protective array, one of us will seize Jun Wu. The rest will cleanse the mansion."

The others nodded grimly, bloodlust gleaming in their eyes.

They surged forward.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Five Master Realm cultivators struck simultaneously, unleashing their full force against the mansion.

In response, the Mountain Shield Array Formation flared to life.

A dome of golden light surged upward, forming a radiant, impenetrable shield that enclosed the entire estate.

"What?!"

The five Masters staggered back in shock. They stared at the shimmering barrier, disbelief etched across their faces.

Each of them had poured their strength into the strike, yet not even the faintest crack appeared on the array.

"What kind of formation is this?" one whispered hoarsely.

Confusion swept through them, but their desperation made them recover quickly.

They couldn't afford hesitation.

"Again!" another barked.

Their strikes rained down like thunder, each one fiercer than the last.

The barrier quaked, rippling under the assault—but held firm.

If they delayed too long, the city guards would surely notice.

Inside the mansion, everyone had already gathered outside, their faces tight with fear.

"Y-Young Master, this is bad," Mao Yun said, his voice grim. "They're all Master Realm warriors."

Elder Peng and Zhang Wei shared the same heavy expression. None of them had expected so many Masters to move against them in one night.

Xinyue clutched the hem of her robe with trembling fingers, her entire body shivering at the crashing sounds outside.

Jun Wu, however, stood calm, his gaze steady.

"Relax. As long as they are only Masters, they cannot break through the protective array."

Everyone turned to him in disbelief.

His words sounded reckless in the face of overwhelming power, yet his tone carried unshakable confidence.

Zhang Wei opened his mouth to argue but faltered when Mao Yun shot him a sharp glance and he pressed his lips shut.

Mao Yun, however, couldn't suppress his uneasiness in his mind.

Something about Jun Wu had changed since his return from the open lecture.

He was different now...calmer, sharper, more dangerous.

Though Jun Wu did not have any intimidating aura, Mao Yun's instincts screamed otherwise.

Whenever he looked at him, he felt an inexplicable sense of dread, as though a hidden blade was aimed at his throat.

Could Jun Wu have become a Master?

No... impossible.

The path to the Master Realm required rare and powerful secret technique, guarded by clans.

How could Jun Wu, without returning to the clan, possibly obtain such a method?

Boom!

A thunderous roar tore through the night sky. Everyone jerked their heads upward.

A figure hovered in the air, radiating crushing pressure.

Fear and panic gripped the hearts like a vice.

The man in the sky was no mere Master, he was an Expert Cultivator. A realm beyond the Master Realm.

Jun Wu's face tightened. Even he had not expected his enemies to send an Expert against him.

His mind raced.

The Mountain Shield Array could only withstand three full-force Expert strikes before collapsing.

He had to find a way out.

"Damn it," he cursed inwardly.

"Young Master..." Xinyue's lips quivered, her eyes filled with terror as she clung to him for reassurance.

Jun Wu steadied his breath.

"Nothing will happen. Do you think such a powerful Expert would dare to attack without alerting the deans?"

His words rang with confidence, though in truth it was a gamble.

He refused to believe the two deans could fail to sense such a presence looming so openly above the city.

High in the air, the Expert narrowed his eyes, staring at the radiant array below.

Impossible.

His attack had failed.

"This is... bad," he muttered, unsettled.

With his cultivation, no array should have been able to withstand his strike.

And yet...

A chill ran down his spine.

His skin crawled, every hair on his body standing on end as a suffocating premonition washed over him.

Chapter 117: The Old Dean Strength.

The Expert floating in the sky prepared to unleash a second devastating strike when suddenly, he sensed a powerful aura rushing toward him from behind.

"Damn it!" he cursed, gritting his teeth.

Still, he refused to abandon his mission. Gathering all his strength, he hurled another attack at the Mountain Shield Array.

Boom!

The Mountain shield Array trembled violently, its golden surface cracking under the immense force.

Thin, jagged lines spread like spiderwebs across the barrier.

Inside the mansion, Jun Wu and the others stared at the spreading cracks with grave expressions.

The array held once again, but another attack would certainly shatter it into pieces.

Everyone held their breath, fists clenched tight.

The oppressive tension in the air was suffocating.

Then, from afar, a furious roar thundered across the night sky.

"How dare you?!"

Whoosh!

The atmosphere twisted violently as a horrifying pressure descended, distorting the very air itself.

High above, the Expert cultivator's face darkened. His instincts screamed at him, and he quickly shifted into a defensive stance.

"Humph!" he snorted, trying to steady himself.

But what greeted him was not hesitation, it was a monstrous fist.

Bang!

The strike smashed through his defenses like paper and slammed directly into his chest.

A sickening crunch echoed as his ribs snapped.

The air in his lungs exploded out of him, his organs twisted painfully out of place.

Ahhh!

A miserable scream tore from his throat as his body was flung like a broken doll.

He slammed into the ground with bone-shattering force, creating a deep crater that split the ground.

Dust and debris exploded into the air.

The difference in strength between him was just too great.

Hovering above the mansion, the old dean glared coldly at the remaining Master Realm warriors.

His gaze was sharp enough to pierce bone.

"It seems my academy has been quiet for too many years," he mused in a chilling tone. "Quiet enough for rats like you to dare attack in my city."

His figure flickered and vanished.

The speed was terrifying.

On the ground, the five Master warriors exchanged horrified glances.

Without a word, each turned to escape in different directions.

They knew well that against Expert cultivator, their Master Realm strength was nothing.

"Can you escape?"

The old dean's voice whispered into the ears of the first man before a fist caved his chest in.

His body exploded into a rain of blood.

Cold, merciless, and efficient.

The old dean hunted the others one by one.

Even those who had already fled over a thousand meters were caught within heartbeats.

Each died screaming, their bodies shattered without mercy.

Meanwhile, in the crater, the first Expert cultivator struggled to rise.

His entire body was drenched in blood. Bruises covered him from head to toe, and his robe hung in tatters.

'I need to escape... I can't stay here!'

Panic surged within him.

The old dean's power was far beyond anything he had expected. If he stayed, the only thing awaiting him was death.

Dragging his battered body upright, he tried to launch himself away. But before he could take a single step, the old dean descended from the sky.

The Expert's expression twisted with despair. His eyes widened in disbelief.

"How could this be...?"

He forced himself to stand tall, though his knees trembled.

Desperation twisted into fury as he shouted, "Old Dean, don't force my hand!"

"What if I force it?" the old dean responded coldly. His fist shot forward without hesitation.

The Expert's breath was ragged.

The very air around him constricted, suffocating him like chains.

'Danger!' His instincts screamed.

Desperately, he twisted his body to evade.

Bang! Bang!

He barely slipped past the first strike, but the old dean appeared before him in an instant, unleashing a barrage of punches.

Ahhhh! Ahhhh!

The sound of bones shattering mixed with his agonized howls, echoing through the silent night.

Each blow broke another piece of his body until he was hurled back into the ground, smashing to the ground, creating another crater.

His body was beaten black and blue, his blood soaking the dirt. He coughed violently, regret surging in his heart like poison.

'I can't die here... I can't!' he cried inwardly, terror gripping him.

It had taken him decades of grueling struggle to reach his current realm. He was not ready to see it all end tonight.

Summoning what little strength remained, he prepared to beg for his life. But before he could speak, another aura surged through the night.

A second Expert cultivator appeared at the far end of the street, his presence heavy and cold.

Behind him marched several Master Realm warriors, their steps steady and confident.

The old dean froze mid-strike, turning his piercing gaze toward the newcomers.

"So, there are more of you," he sneered.

The new Expert stepped forward calmly, his voice steady. "Old Dean, I come bearing no ill will toward your city or your academy. I only want the boy, and I will leave quietly."

The old dean's eyes narrowed dangerously. "So, the child is your property now? Something you can claim whenever you please?" His tone dripped with disdain.

The man did not flinch.

The old dean's face darkened.

He despised such hypocrites the most—men who cloaked themselves in civility while preparing their blades.

"Let me make this clear," the old dean thundered, his voice echoing across the street. "That boy is under my protection from this day forward. Anyone who tries any tricks will answer to my fist."

The second Expert's expression hardened. "Old Dean, do you think you alone can stop us? Remember your city. If we target it, do you truly believe you can protect everyone?" His tone was sharp, laced with threat.

Hahaha!

The old dean's laughter boomed like rolling thunder. "Idiot! Do you have any idea how many storms my academy has weathered? And it still stands firm! How dare the fools behind you think you can threaten me with it?"

Whoosh!

He no longer wasted words.

In the blink of an eye, he lunged forward, fist blazing with unstoppable might.

If this man dared threaten his city, then he would carve the lesson into his bones.

"Humph!"

The Expert cultivator sneered and met him head-on, summoning his own power and threw a fist.

Boom!

The two forces collided, creating an earth-shaking explosion.

A horrifying shockwave spread outward, shattering everything on the street.

The old dean merely staggered a single step back.

The other Expert, however, reeled several steps, his balance unsteady.

Beneath his hood, his face twisted in shock.

'How... how could this be?'

'Didn't they say the old dean was injured?'

Chapter 118: Killing The Two Expert Cultivators.

The sound of the raging battle between the Old Dean and the unknown Expert Realm cultivators reverberated across Mystic City, shaking its foundations.

From every corner, powerful clans and associations wore grim expressions as their gazes turned toward Jun Wu's mansion.

Since the descent of Heaven's Blessing, many had already speculated that Mystic City would soon attract countless unknown visitors.

Yet none could have imagined the scale of the chaos unfolding before them tonight.

A life and death struggle between Expert Cultivators.

For most of the gathered clans, merely laying eyes upon a Master Realm warrior had been considered a rare sight.

An Expert Cultivator?

For many, that was a legend spoken of in hushed voices.

Now, three of such beings were clashing with power that shook the heavens, leaving the entire city trembling.

The city, once bustling with life, was now eerily silent. Not a single soul dared cry out, not a single animal moved in the night.

Everyone held their breath; their gaze locked in the direction of the battlefield.

Each strike thundered through the sky, each clash of fists and energy shook the earth so violently that it seemed the entire city might crumble.

"Senior, are you not going to join the battle?" The City Lord asked respectfully, his voice low, betraying a trace of unease.

His eyes flickered toward the calm figure of the Frostwind Academy's dean.

"Why should I?" she replied, her tone neither hurried nor hesitant.

Her gaze never once shifted from the distant battle.

"Do you think those rats stand a chance against your old dean?"

"Eh?"

The City Lord blinked, caught off guard.

He had only spoken to test the waters, to prevent things from spiraling out of control.

Yet the confidence in her voice struck him speechless.

How could he possibly know the outcome when his own strength was insignificant compared to theirs?

He was merely a Peak Stage First-Rated Martial Artist, a frog in a well compared to the vast ocean that was an Expert Cultivator.

The gulf between them was so wide that he could not even begin to fathom the scale of their battle.

As if reading his thoughts, the dean continued casually. "Do not trouble your mind. This is far above your realm. Just watch."

"Yes, senior," the City Lord quickly bowed his head, retreating into silence.

Still, he could not stop his trembling fingers as his eyes strained to follow the chaos unfolding in the night sky, even though he could barely see what was happening.

On the battlefield, chaos was everywhere.

Streets that had once been paved with neat cobblestone were now nothing but rubble.

Deep craters pockmarked the ground as though a meteor shower had rained down upon the city.

Apart from Jun Wu's mansion, which stood protected by powerful arrays.

Almost every building nearby had been reduced to ruin, either half-collapsed or scorched by stray energy.

And yet... the battle continued in full swing.

The Old Dean stood tall, confronting not one but two Experts without faltering.

At first, he had only been fighting the Gong Clan's Expert Cultivator, reducing him to a miserable state covered in blood and bruises.

But when another unknown Expert suddenly arrived, the battered Gong Clan warrior did not hesitate to join forces.

Humiliated, bloodied, and furious beyond reason, the Gong Clan Expert's heart boiled.

When was the last time he was reduced to such a pitiful condition?

Never.

That alone demanded Jun Wu's death.

As long as the Old Dean fell, as long as the boy was killed, he would not care who the stranger was.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Fists collided like meteors as shockwaves tore apart what remained of the streets.

The Gong Clan's Expert staggered back, coughing blood, while the unknown Expert fared no better, retreating several steps as his arms shook violently from the force.

The two exchanged glances, both stunned.

Even with their combined strength, they could barely endure the Old Dean's onslaught.

"What's wrong? Don't tell me you're already tired," the Old Dean mocked, his voice thunderous, carrying across the battlefield. "This is just the warm-up!"

What?!

After exchanging hundreds of blows, his vitality had not reduced in the slightest.

If anything, he seemed fiercer, his aura even more terrifying.

Impossible.

How could one man wield such monstrous strength?

Was his body carved from stone?

The Old Dean sneered coldly. "Enough of this charade. If it's only the two of you, then let us finish it here."

As his words fell, his aura shifted.

It transformed, growing savage, brutal, like a raging beast unshackled from its cage.

Both Experts' eyes widened in horror.

A martial technique.

For cultivators, martial techniques were treasures rarer than spirit stones.

Cultivation techniques could be found in ruins, though fragmented, but martial skills were different.

They were exceedingly scarce.

The few fragments that existed were often incomplete and dangerous.

Forcefully cultivating them could cripple anyone or make them crazy.

That was why most Experts were forced to rely on mundane mortal martial skills which never brought out their full strength.

But now, the Old Dean was displaying one before their very eyes.

"Danger!"

Their instinct screamed of impending death.

The Gong Clan Expert raised his guard in desperation.

Rampaging Savage Fist!

The Old Dean's fists blurred, a storm of strikes descending like a thousand hammers smashing against flesh.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Ahhhh!

The Gong Clan Expert's scream tore through the night as his body was pummeled mercilessly.

His organs burst, his bones shattered, and blood sprayed in a violent arc before he was hurled through the air like a broken doll.

The Old Dean didn't spare him another glance. His gaze locked onto the second rat, who was already escaping.

"Don't you think it's too late to escape?"

Whoosh!

Rampaging Savage Fist was not merely a set of fist strikes—it also contained movement techniques.

In a blink, the Old Dean's shadow appeared before the fleeing Expert.

The man's face twisted in panic. "Don't push me this far! If you kill me, your city will be reduced to ashes!"

The Old Dean did not flinch, did not even acknowledge the threat. His fist simply drove forward.

Bang! Bang!

The man's ribs shattered like fragile twigs, his organs liquefying under the unstoppable fist strikes.

With a final scream, his body was crushed and sent flying to the ground never to rise again.

Chapter 119: Tension. Preparation.

Early in the morning, the news of the battle had spread like wildfire.

What had begun as a whispered rumor between the old dean and two experts quickly transformed into an open war between the Mystic Path Academy and an unknown force.

But with each passing minute, the story was growing beyond recognition.

Some exaggerated it so much that they claimed hundreds of Expert Realm cultivators had descended upon the academy, only to be faced by the old dean alone, who defeated them without so much as a scratch.

Of course, the powerful clans knew the truth behind the attack.

Yet, no one dared to speak recklessly.

The City Lord did not hesitate.

He immediately deployed hundreds of guards to patrol the streets', ensuring order was maintained.

For any hidden master realm cultivators, the Mystic Path Academy deployed five masters to patrol the city in disguise.

The meaning was clear to everyone.

Since the old dean had made his stand plain, the academy was no longer neutral.

They had chosen a side—but the side they chose was something no one expected.

A previous trash of the Jun aristocrat clan.

Who would have believed it?

Many doubted the news at first, but when they recalled the heavenly blessing that had descended during the open lecture, all doubts melted away.

The dean's decision became clear as a day.

After all, who wouldn't support Heaven's Chosen?

....

While the city buzzed with rumors and speculation, Jun Wu was hard at work in his mansion.

The events of yesterday had taught him a harsh truth—his enemies were not going to play by the book. They would come at him in any way they could, shameless and underhanded.

Walking slowly around the grounds, Jun Wu planted Mortal Grade Swords into the earth at precise locations.

Each blade sank into the soil with a soft thrum, forming invisible connections that only an array master would notice.

In the distance, Hao Ran and Elder Peng watched with furrowed brows, confusion etched on their faces.

"Master, what is the Young Master doing?" Hao Ran finally asked, unable to contain himself, his gaze flicking toward Elder Peng.

Elder Peng stroked his beard thoughtfully before answering. "I suspect the Young Master is setting up an array formation."

His words were steady, but his expression betrayed uncertainty. He had followed Jun Wu for some time now, yet this was the first time he had seen him arrange an array in such a bizarre fashion—using swords as nodes.

Minutes later, Zhang Wei and Xinyue returned from the market, carrying heavy boxes.

"Is the Young Master still not done?" Zhang Wei asked curiously, tilting his head as he watched Jun Wu plant the final sword.

No one answered.

Their attention remained fixed on Jun Wu, whose every movement carried purpose.

When the last blade was in place, Jun Wu turned and approached them with calm, measured steps.

"Did you get all the materials?" he asked, his voice even but expectant.

"Yes, Young Master," Zhang Wei replied quickly.

"What about Mao Yun? Has he completed the mission?"

"I don't know. I've yet to hear from him," Zhang Wei admitted.

"Alright," Jun Wu nodded, then turned to Elder Peng. "Elder Peng, I need your assistance."

"Whatever you require, Young Master," Elder Peng said at once. His tone carried no hesitation.

The air grew heavy. Everyone could sense the seriousness of the matter. Even without knowing all the details, they were eager to contribute in whatever way they could.

Just as Jun Wu prepared to leave, he paused and glanced at Zhang Wei. "Send a message to Wei Jiang. I want to know about the second visitor from yesterday."

The old dean had killed the Gong clan expert, and his identity was already known.

But as for the second expert, no information about him and men had been found yet.

....

Tens of kilometers away from Mystic City, in a secluded village surrounded by thick forest, three hundred men young and old underwent grueling training.

This training was unlike the traditional cultivation training.

Bare-chested, their bodies glistening with sweat, they strained their muscles, lifted heavy logs, ran with sandbags strapped to their backs, and sparred until their voices hoarse cries filled the air.

Their groans and shouts blended into a fierce rhythm of determination and passion.

At the highest platform overlooking the training ground, Mao Yun stood silently, arms crossed, his gaze sharp.

'I hope their training is sufficient,' he thought grimly.

He had poured everything into these men—his own battlefield experience, harsh drills, and even techniques he had stolen from the military barracks.

He had copied their manuals, forcing the recruits to endure the same brutal regimens that turned ordinary soldiers into hardened warriors.

And yet, compared to the manual Jun Wu had given him, even those methods felt like child's play.

Apart from the military training, these men had also been taught assassination and torture.

They were not merely soldiers; they were killers and hidden blades.

At first, Mao Yun did not understand Jun Wu.

But now, after the ambush at the mansion and the dean's battle, he understood.

The threats against their Young Master were increasing with each passing day. For his protection, he needed more than loyal guards.

They needed a hidden force that could strike silently and vanish without leaving a trace.

These three hundred men would be that hidden blade.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Suddenly, loud cracks echoed across the training grounds, jolting Mao Yun from his thoughts.

He turned his head sharply and saw a group of young men lying prone on the dirt, each gripping a strange weapon.

This was no ordinary weapon.

It was one of the deadliest creations from Jun Wu's past life.

A Sniper Rifle.

After creating the revolver, Jun Wu had begun working on the Runic Sniper Rifle.

Mao Yun was in charge gathering all the men and resources needed. He had to travel distant cities to recruit skilled craftsmen.

Their role was simple but crucial

They had to produce two flawless pieces of glass for each weapon.

Jun Wu called it a "scope."

At first, Mao Yun hadn't understood its importance.

But the first time he looked through it, he was left amazed.

Objects hundreds of meters away appeared as though they were right before his eyes.

With the scope, the rifle's terrifying potential was fully unleashed.

He had once believed no ranged weapon could surpass the bow and arrow.

But after witnessing these rifles in action, he knew better.

On the training field, the young men fired again.

The specialized bullets ripped through the air, striking small targets set five hundred meters away.

Each shot landed with frightening precision.

Mao Yun nodded with satisfaction, his chest swelling with pride. These men were no longer common martial artists.

They had turned into a cold killing weapon.

"Assemble!" he commanded.

At once, the men leapt to their feet, dropping their rifles and rushing to gather before him in disciplined rows.

It was time for them to leave the village.

Chapter 120: Fight Against Heaven Mandate.

"What did you say?!"

A booming voice reverberated through the dark chamber, shaking its very foundations.

The tall stone pillars quivered; spiderweb cracks spread across the tiled floor, and the faint light of the lanterns flickered, dimming as if afraid of the voice that filled the air.

Kneeling before the towering figure seated on the throne, a man trembled violently.

The soft sound of sweat dripping from his chin onto the cold floor echoed faintly, each drop amplifying the suffocating tension that filled the chamber.

He did not dare raise his head.

His breath came shallow and quick as he waited for the fury of the man seated on the throne to subside.

"Are you saying," the man on the throne growled, his voice seething with fury barely contained, "that the old dean has sided with *him*?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"Good. Good..." He repeated, each word laced with venomous anger and suppressed hatred.

His fingers clenched tightly against the armrest of his throne, veins bulging as his mind burned with rage.

He had just lost one of the key pillars of his organization.

Though there are Expert Realm cultivators that served under him, the loss of even one was a blow he could not easily dismiss.

"Since the old dean has chosen a side," he finally muttered darkly, "then it is time we take sides as well."

His words dripped with sinister resolve.

"It is time to deal with those old fools. Gather the smaller clans and have them strike the academy." His tone was calm now—but that calm was the kind that comes before the storms.

"Let's see if he can still maintain his arrogance when all their students withdraw from the academy."

His eyes gleamed like a beast in the dark. "Also, send someone to contact the Gong clan. It is time we work together."

"Yes, My Lord," the kneeling man replied quickly, bowing until his forehead touched the cracked floor before hurrying out of the chamber, exhaling a long, shaky sigh of relief once he crossed the threshold.

Left alone in the oppressive silence, the figure on the throne leaned back.

His thoughts churned.

Everything had been moving according to plan—until the sudden appearance of Jun Wu.

That name alone made his jaw tighten.

The emergence of a Heavenly Son would give the world hope—hope that could inspire rebellion, unity, and resistance.

Hope was dangerous.

Hope was poison to his organization.

Thus, that light must be extinguished before it could shine too brightly.

...

The Gong Clan

"So, the Mystic Path Academy no longer remains neutral," the Matriarch said coldly, her voice laced with disdain.

Her eyes, sharp and commanding, swept across the gathered elders.

For centuries, the academy had prided itself on neutrality, on standing above mortal disputes.

Yet now, they had chosen to side with a so-called "trash" from the Jun aristocrat clan.

"Since they've chosen a side," she continued, "it's time we remind them who truly controls this region. Withdraw all our people from the city."

She paused, then added chillingly, "Begin the hunts."

The words fell like thunder.

The elders froze.

A murmur rippled through the hall, their expressions shifting from confusion to horror.

They all knew what "the hunts" meant.

It was a ruthless strategy—a purge the clan had only invoked twice since its founding.

Both times had been during crises that threatened their very survival.

To hear those words now, when the clan's existence was not directly threatened, sent a cold shiver down their spines.

One elder hesitated, frowning. "Matriarch... if we launch the hunts now, we risk attracting unwanted attention. The academy is one matter, but what of the Jun clan—our lifelong enemies? Will this not spread us thin?"

The Matriarch's eyes narrowed, her aura flaring. "What? Do you think my decision is rash?"

Her cold snort silenced the room.

"Let me tell you all something," she said slowly, each word carrying the weight of authority. "I've received news of a new profession... one that Heaven itself seems to have acknowledged."

Her lips curled into a sneer.

"They call it Master Teacher."

"Master... Teacher?" several elders echoed in disbelief, exchanging bewildered glances.

They had never heard of such a thing.

A title granted by Heaven itself?

Impossible...or so they thought.

"This," the Matriarch said, her tone rising, "This is a sign of great change. With the appearance of the Master Teacher, all the prestige and authority our clan has built could be threatened."

She leaned forward, her eyes gleaming with madness.

"Tell me....if the Soaring Cloud Region suddenly produces dozens of Masters and Experts, do you think anyone will still fear us?"

Everyone inside the hall sucked in a cold breath.

The implications hit them like lightning.

For generations, they toiled with blood and sweat to rise to their current level and...

If this so-called Master Teacher could awaken potential on a large scale, the entire balance of power would collapse.

Their clan prestige would mean nothing.

They would no longer be at the top.

The elders' faces darkened as the reality sank in.

The Matriarch smiled faintly, sensing their shifting expression.

"Now, you understand," she said coldly.

"This 'Master Teacher' nonsense must not be allowed to flourish. Pass my order immediately. We won't stop until that trash is dead, and anyone who dares follow him shares the same fate."

The hall fell silent.

The decision had been made.

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Unknown Location

In a distant forest untouched by human presence, a dilapidated pagoda stood eerily at its center.

The air around it was thick with death and decay.

Every tree, blade of grass, and flower within a hundred meters had long since withered away.

The land itself seemed cursed, tainted by something ancient and malevolent.

Any living creature that dared to step within that radius had its vitality drained in seconds.

Even the beasts avoided the place, circling far around it.

Inside the pagoda, the atmosphere was even worse.

A group of figures cloaked in black robes embroidered with crimson sigils stood in a loose circle.

The stench of blood and rot permeated the air.

At the center loomed an ancient shrine, its surface etched with runes that pulsed faintly with an ominous energy.

Upon the altar lay hundreds of young men and women, all under twenty.

Their pale, lifeless bodies were covered in shallow cuts, on their wrists, ankles, and chests.

Blood trickled down the altar, feeding into the runes like rivers into a hungry ocean.

"Begin the sacrifice," an old, rasping voice commanded.

Immediately, the cloaked figures knelt and began chanting in a strange tongue.

With every passing second, the air grew heavier.

The chanting deepened, vibrating through the bones, and the flow of blood from the bodies intensified.

Ten minutes later, the sky above the pagoda had turned black.

A swirling mass of dark clouds gathered, crackling with otherworldly energy.

Then, from within the altar, a presence emerged, vast, suffocating, ancient.

A shadow formed amidst the blood and smoke, its voice reverberating through every soul in the chamber.

"Why...do you summon me?"

The voice was neither male nor female. It was the whisper of death itself.

"Speak," it growled, "before I devour you all."

The old man trembled, forcing himself to raise his head.

"My Lord... a Heaven Chosen has appeared."