

Re: God of Formation.

#Chapter 121: The Jun Clan Golden Falcon. - Read Re: God of Formation. Chapter 121: The Jun Clan Golden Falcon.

Chapter 121: The Jun Clan Golden Falcon.

It had been three days since the Old Dean clashed with the Gong Clan's cultivator and the mysterious unknown Expert.

That battle had shaken the entire city, killing tens of Master Realm warriors.

Yet, even after three full days, the Mystic City had not recovered from the shock.

Whispers of the battle could still be heard in tea houses and taverns.

And today... the city received new visitors.

Their very presence made the air heavy, whose arrival made countless people tremble.

"Are you sure it's them?" a man asked from the corner of the bustling street, his voice hushed but full of disbelief.

"Of course it is," another replied sharply, rolling his eyes. "Do you think everyone is blind like you?"

"Ah! I've heard countless rumors about them," the first man murmured, excitement and fear warring in his tone. "But who would've thought I'd see the legendary Knights of the Jun clan with my own eyes?"

"I thought they were just stories," a third man whispered, his face pale. "But now... I know they're real."

While the ordinary citizens gossiped in awe, two figures stood quietly on the balcony of the City Lord's mansion, overlooking the streets below.

The Old Dean of the Academy stood beside the Dean of Frostwind Academy, both looking in a particular direction.

"Do you think they'll try to force him?" The Frostwind Dean asked in a calm, thoughtful tone, though her hands were tightly clasped behind her back.

The Old Dean shook his head slowly, though doubt flickered in his weary eyes.

"I don't think so... As one of the direct lineages, they have no authority over him. Not officially, at least."

"I hope you're right," she murmured, sighing softly as she looked away from the direction.

"How are the preparations?"

"Slower than I'd like," the Old Dean said, his face darkening.

"Those bastards have already begun moving against us. But thanks to you and your city's support, everything should be ready by the end of the day."

The Frostwind Dean frowned, knowing exactly whom he referred to.

She hadn't expected that simply siding with Jun Wu would provoke such chaos throughout the region.

Perhaps they had all underestimated the allure of Heaven's Blessing... or perhaps there was something deeper, something none of them yet understood.

Either way, everything now depended on Jun Wu today's decision.

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Jun Wu Mansion

The air inside was still, heavy with pressure.

Five figures sat calmly in the main hall, yet their presence alone distorted the atmosphere.

Each wore a black silk robe embroidered with a golden falcon — the unmistakable insignia of the Golden Falcons of the Jun Clan.

They were not ordinary warriors.

Though none had stepped into the Expert Realm, every one of them possessed the power to battle them as equals.

Their calm faces hid lifetimes of slaughter, countless life and death battles.

It was on their blood and sacrifice that the Jun Clan's legacy had been built.

Many believed that without the Golden Falcons, the Jun clan would have fallen centuries ago.

Their name commanded fear across the Soaring Cloud Region and beyond. Even the Old Dean himself was forced to treat them with respect.

Seated before them, Jun Wu gazed at the five with a mixture of awe and respect.

This was the first time he had ever seen the legendary protectors of his clan in person.

He had read about them in the clan's library, paragons of loyalty and strength, revered by all.

Even men like Zhang Wei and Mao Yun, both fierce in temperament, trembled in their presence.

"What do I owe the honor of the Golden Falcons visiting me?" Jun Wu asked evenly, his tone respectful yet distant.

Though he despised much of his clan for what they had done to him, these five were different.

The Golden Falcons had never participated in the schemes that had nearly destroyed him.

They had shed their blood for the clan, not for politics.

The thin, bamboo-like man seated at the front began.

"Young Master, I believe you already know why we're here," he said. His voice was soft but carried weight. "Please, prepare your things. It's time to return to the clan."

Jun Wu's expression did not change.

He held the man's gaze for a long moment before speaking slowly.

"Senior, I'm afraid I must disappoint you. I cannot return." His voice was calm but firm. "You all know what the clan has done to me. You know the situation I left behind. So, I cannot and will not go back."

The five remained motionless, their faces unreadable.

Of course, they knew the truth, the humiliation Jun Wu had endured, the countless plots to end his life.

They had watched from the shadows, unable to intervene.

"Young Master," said a mature woman among them, her beauty sharp as a blade, "if you return, you can bring your grievances before the Ancestors. They will decide what is best for you."

Jun Wu chuckled bitterly, his eyes narrowing.

"Decide for me?" His voice rose, the mockery in his tone unmistakable.

"I've shown you all the respect you deserve, but don't insult me with false promises. You should leave, you know you cannot force me."

That was the truth.

The Golden Falcons, for all their might, had no authority over the direct lineage.

Their power was meant to protect, not to command.

"Young Master, I urge you to reconsider," the thin man said, his tone softening. "Our presence here is proof of how much the clan still values you."

"Value?" Jun Wu sneered, his eyes burning with suppressed rage.

"What value are you speaking of?" He rose from his seat, glaring at them.

"When I was treated like filth, where was that value you speak of? When I was humiliated and cast aside, when they pushed me around like a fool, where was your clan's so-called value then?"

His voice echoed through the hall, filled with years of bitterness.

"I achieved everything I have without their help — without the value you speak of. So don't come here pretending they care now. Leave, before I lose the last shred of respect I have for you."

Silence.

None of the five speak again.

Even a fool could see how deeply the clan's action had wound him.

They knew what others had done to him.

How the other factions had tried to assassinate him.

How they conspire against him to banish him out of the clan just to get to his father.

No words could heal such hatred.

No false kindness could erase that betrayal.

The five exchanged brief glances, coming into a tacit understanding.

Then, as one, they stood.

"Young Master," the bamboo-thin man said quietly, bowing his head, "please take care. We shall take our leave."

With that, the Five Golden Falcons turned and departed the mansion.

Their black robes fluttered behind them with grace that commanded respect.

Chapter 122: The Two Deans Schemes.

The sudden departure of the Golden Falcons left the entire city shrouded in silence.

Everyone knew why those five legends had come, yet they had left without completing their mission.

For the Golden Falcons to withdraw so quietly could only mean one thing.

Jun Wu had refused them.

Inside the main hall, the two deans sat across from Jun Wu, their expressions mixed with astonishment and admiration.

Only a handful of kids in the entire region could have rejected such a domineering summons from the clan, especially when delivered by the legendary Golden Falcons themselves.

"Kid, you never cease to surprise me," the Old Dean said at last, a faint smile creasing his weathered face. "I bet the elders of your clan won't believe you actually turned them down."

Jun Wu leaned back slightly, his expression calm. "I don't care how they feel, nor do I care what they choose to believe."

"I can see that," the Old Dean chuckled, stroking his long beard in amusement.

"But aren't you worried?" the Frostwind Academy Dean interjected, her brows knitting with concern.

"You know the kind of authority the Golden Falcons wield. Defying them might anger your clan."

Jun Wu shook his head, unbothered.

"Why would I be worried? It's not as if they can kidnap me. And if they try... Well, it won't be easy." His tone was casual, but his eyes gleamed with quiet confidence.

"Besides..." He added lightly, "They still have my father to answer to."

The two deans exchanged a brief glance.

Watching how effortlessly he dismissed the situation, they couldn't help but reassess the young man before them.

He carried himself with a confidence far beyond his age, and even when faced with his powerful clan, he neither trembled in panic nor bowed.

"You're right," the Old Dean finally said with a nod. "We have nothing to worry about."

After all, both the Mystic and Frostwind Academies had their own ways of standing against the Jun Clan's influence.

As if reading his thoughts, the Frostwind Dean nodded as well.

"Alright then," she said, allowing a faint smile to curve her lips.

"Let's leave that matter aside and talk about what truly matters... the future."

"Indeed," the Old Dean agreed, soothing his beard. "We've wasted enough breath on your clan politics."

Jun Wu nodded in agreement, his demeanor turning serious. "Before we move on," he said slowly.

"I'd like to ask something that's been on my mind since our last meeting. Do you not think there are spies among the various association leaders?"

The question lingered in the air.

It was something he had been pondering ever since the two deans had allowed those association heads to participate in the confidential discussion about the awakening platform.

Why would they risk exposing such a critical secret to so many outsiders, especially when the leaders were merely Peak Stage First-Rated Martial Artists with no true power?

"Of course there are spies," the Old Dean replied with disarming calm.

"But it doesn't matter. We expected as much. It's not as though we could keep this matter hidden forever."

From the side, the Frostwind Dean nodded in agreement.

"In fact," she said. "Their presence serves our purpose. Let them spy. It will help the word spread faster, exactly as we want it"

"With them onboard, it would be easy to control the various organizations to join the Master Teacher era."

Jun Wu's eyes widened slightly as realization dawned.

He finally understood how cunning these two deans truly were.

From the very beginning, they had already laid a trap.

They had no intention of keeping the secrets from them.

Instead, they intended to use them as pawns to spread the message.

And judging by how events were unfolding, their plan was working perfectly.

"Seniors," Jun Wu said with a faint smile, "I still have much to learn from you both."

The Old Dean laughed heartily, his voice echoing through the hall.

"Hahaha! That's nothing but a simple trick. You're already doing far better than we ever did at your age."

The Frostwind Dean rolled her eyes at his shameless boasting.

"Old man," she said dryly.

"Don't get too proud of yourself."

The Old Dean coughed awkwardly, then quickly turned serious.

"Ahem. Enough of that. We've gathered all the materials for the array formation, and the awakening platform's construction is nearly complete. What's next?"

"Next?" Jun Wu turned to look at him.

"I'll begin setting up the formation. But seniors, I must warn you, once I start, I cannot be disturbed until I'm finished. If anyone interferes, even for a moment, the consequences could be disastrous."

"That's easily handled," the Old Dean said confidently. "With the two of us guarding you, no one would dare interrupt. We'll make sure of it"

"Good," Jun Wu said, nodding firmly. "Also, you must understand something, I can only create this platform once. After that... I don't know if I'll ever be able to do it again. Perhaps not even in this lifetime."

His voice was grave.

"Seniors, I believe you understand what that means?"

Both deans exchanged glances, their faces turning serious.

Of course, they understood.

This was their only chance.

If they failed to protect Jun Wu or the process was disrupted, there might never be another awakening platform again.

Previously, they believed it would be easy to replicate the Master Teacher's awakening platform throughout the Soaring Cloud Region.

But now, they realized how naïve that thought was.

The will of heaven was never that simple.

Jun Wu, noticing their grim expressions, nodded with quiet satisfaction. At least now, they understood the gravity of what was at stake.

"Kid," the Old Dean asked after a moment. "Is there anything else we need to know?"

"Nothing much." Jun Wu replied after a brief pause. "However, I suggest we gather all young talents under the age of fifty to attend the awakening ceremony. And make it public for the whole region to know."

He looked between them, his eyes steady. "Anyone who chooses this path without true conviction will lose everything."

"Lose everything?" the Frostwind Dean asked in shock.

Even the Old Dean's eyes widened slightly. "What do you mean by that?"

Jun Wu's tone was casual. "The purpose of a Master Teacher is to spread knowledge, to become a lighthouse for those wandering in darkness. Anyone who betrays that purpose, anyone who walks away from it, will face only one end... destruction."

The two deans were silent for a long while before they both nodded slowly.

They understood.

This was a path of sacrifice, a lifelong commitment with no room for greed.

But the Frostwind Dean still had one last doubt. "If heaven demands commitment" she said softly.

"What of their safety? How does heaven protect those who walk this path?"

Jun Wu wore a mysterious smile. "Dean, do you truly think heaven would abandon its chosen messengers?"

"Anyone who dares to kill a Master Teacher will be cursed," he said calmly..

"They will be cursed by karma of misfortune. Not only the killer but every soul involved in the act will share the same misfortune."

His gaze sharpened as he added.

"So, I dare anyone to kill a Master Teacher."

Chapter 123: Betting Everything On It.

"What do you mean there are bandits on the road?" The City Lord asked, his voice laced with disbelief as he looked at his butler with furrowed brows.

For as long as he could remember, there had never been any bandits on the major roads leading to Mystic City.

The area was under the strict jurisdiction of the Mystic Path Academy. No one dared to disrupt its peace.

So where did these bandits suddenly come from?

"My Lord, I don't know," the butler replied, shaking his head helplessly. His face mirrored the City Lord's confusion.

"Then send our men to chase them away. No—better still, kill them all." The City Lord's tone turned cold, and a sharp glint flashed in his eyes.

For bandits to appear so brazenly near Mystic City, they were not just committing crimes, they were openly challenging the authority of the Mystic Path Academy itself.

If the City Lord didn't make an example of them, others might start thinking the academy had grown weak, an easy target to provoke.

"Yes, my Lord. I'll see to it immediately." The butler bowed respectfully before turning to leave.

Once the door closed and he was alone, the City Lord exhaled deeply and rubbed his temples.

Lines of exhaustion creased his forehead.

Since the arrival of Heaven's Blessing, the city has changed drastically.

Many people were restless.

The balance of power was shifting.

He sighed heavily.

"I hope everything we've done is worth it," he muttered to himself.

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Mystic Path Academy

"Vice Dean, the situation is getting out of hand."

An elderly teacher with a long white beard and tired eyes spoke gravely, holding a thick ledger in his wrinkled hands.

The Vice Dean, dressed in pristine blue robes, looked up from his book.

"Old Guo, what's troubling you? Speak, and I'll do what I can to resolve it." His tone was calm but curious.

"Vice Dean..." Old Guo hesitated before stepping forward and handing him the ledger. "I don't think this is something you can resolve easily."

The Vice Dean frowned and accepted the book.

As he flipped through its pages, his brows gradually furrowed deeper and deeper.

By the time he reached the last page, his expression had completely changed.

From mild curiosity to utter shock.

"How... how could this be?" he exclaimed, his voice trembling slightly as he raised his head to look at Old Guo.

"Everything began three days ago," Old Guo explained gravely.

"One after another, students began withdrawing from the academy. At first, I and several other teachers thought it was nothing serious, but when the numbers kept rising, I knew something was terribly wrong. That's when I decided to report to you."

The Vice Dean's mind raced.

Mystic Path Academy had been one of the most prestigious academies in the region

Why would many students suddenly leave?

"Has the number stopped increasing?" he asked, his tone laced with unease.

Old Guo shook his head gravely.

"No, Vice Dean. The number continues to rise every day. If we don't find a way to stop it soon, by the end of the week we might not have any students left on academy grounds."

'This is bad...' he thought grimly.

"How about the Gong Clan and the Jun Clan?" he asked after a brief pause.

Old Guo sighed. "A few of the Jun Clan's disciples are still here, but most have withdrawn. As for the Gong Clan... they've all left completely."

The Vice Dean closed the ledger slowly and took a deep breath. "I understand. You may return to your duties, Old Guo. I'll handle this matter personally."

Old Guo bowed deeply, concern etched into his face. "Vice Dean, please find a solution soon. The academy's reputation is at stake."

"I will," the Vice Dean replied quietly.

As soon as Old Guo left, the Vice Dean's composed expression vanished.

He stood abruptly, his chair scraping against the floor.

"I need to report this to the Dean," he muttered, striding toward the door.

Outside, a few students caught sight of him hurrying across the courtyard and whispered among themselves.

Even the teachers who greeted him received no acknowledgement. His thoughts were consumed by the growing crisis.

A few minutes later, he arrived at a secluded courtyard near the back of the academy.

It was quiet and serene, surrounded by lush bamboo groves.

He stopped to catch his breath, wiping beads of sweat from his forehead.

Before he could knock, a calm, aged voice drifted out from inside the courtyard. "What is troubling you, Little Peng?"

Creak.

The Vice Dean pushed open the courtyard door.

Inside, the Old Dean sat comfortably on a bamboo chair beneath a large tree, sipping tea and enjoying the warm afternoon breeze.

His white hair and beard shimmered under the sunlight.

"Dean..." the Vice Dean began anxiously.

The Old Dean gestured for him to speak. "Tell me what troubles you."

"Yes, Dean." The Vice Dean bowed respectfully before explaining everything that had happened.

The Old Dean listened quietly, his expression calm and unreadable. When the Vice Dean finally finished, he looked at him expectantly.

"Dean, what should we do?" he asked, trying to sound composed despite the panic swirling inside him.

"Nothing," the Old Dean said simply, taking another slow sip of his tea.

The Vice Dean blinked in shock.

"N—Nothing? Dean, if we do nothing, we'll lose everything! Students are the lifeblood of the academy. Without them—"

"Do you think this is ordinary?" the Old Dean interrupted, finally setting his cup down.

The Vice Dean hesitated before shaking his head. "No... it's not. Someone must be behind this."

"Exactly." The Old Dean's eyes glimmered with a faint light. "Someone is pulling the strings, trying to weaken us. But if they wish to play the long game... then we shall let them play."

The Vice Dean frowned. "But, Dean—"

"Little Peng," the Old Dean said softly, his tone both patient and firm.

"Times are changing. We must adapt quickly if we are to survive the new era that is coming. Do not worry about those who resist change, they will be swept aside in due time. For now, go and prepare to welcome the Frostwind students."

Understanding dawned in the Vice Dean's eyes. He bowed deeply. "I understand, Dean."

As he turned to leave, he hesitated and looked back. "Dean... may I ask one thing?"

The Old Dean raised an eyebrow.

"Speak."

"Why do you place everything on this single gamble?"

For a moment, silence filled the courtyard. Then, the Old Dean smiled faintly, his gaze distant and melancholic.

"Because, Little Peng," he said softly, "this is our last chance to escape from our impending doom."