

# **Grand Ancestral Bloodlines #Chapter 61: Destination - Read Grand Ancestral Bloodlines Chapter 61: Destination**

## *Chapter 61: Destination*

Early on a morning halfway through the seventh month after his disappearance, Ryu's eyes opened with a flash. Air torpedoed through his nostrils and out of his mouth, causing several hundred green leaves to swirl into the air, shooting upward before gently falling to the ground.

At the moment, Ryu sat quietly on a thin branch several dozen meters in the air. The moment his soul awakened, both the Origin Flame and North Heavenly Wind that had been dormant until now manifested themselves. As a result, not only had Ryu gained the ability to replay perfect replications of his memories, he had also gained the ability to become as light as a feather, allowing him to sleep on such a high branch without worry of being found while he rested.

The good news was that until one entered the Spiritual Severing realm, flight without a treasure was impossible. And, obviously, Tor Kingdom couldn't send such experts after him without breaking the rules set by the Immortal Plane.

Everyday, he would wake up the moment the sun appeared in the skies. Beginning with the Tatsuya and Kunan Martial Forms, he would exhaust his body to its utmost limit. During those periods, he would insert teachings of the Ice Phoenix Clan, controlling his breathing and oxygen to the finest detail. Finally, he would use the Fire Phoenix Martial Forms, taking advantage of his torn muscles to increase his flexibility. Then he would use the recoverability Forms to rejuvenate himself during the night.

This sort of pace seems perfect on the surface, something anyone could replicate, but such wasn't the case. A large part of the reason Ryu could keep himself from collapsing was because his bloodlines perfectly complimented these techniques. It was for this reason that he was blessed to have four Ancestral Grade lineages.

Knowing this, Ryu took full advantage. All his life, he hadn't known what it meant to cultivate. He had felt weak and often useless. As a result, he overcompensated with his arrogance and the work he put into his secondary professions. So, now that he had such an opportunity given to him... No. Now that he had forcefully grasped this opportunity for himself, how could he not take full advantage?!

Ryu shifted to move, but suddenly froze. A few dozen meters away, the sounds of quickly moving feet caught his attention.

Smiling coldly to himself, Ryu remained absolutely still. It seemed that they had finally realized that he must have remained close to the Kingdom. Or, rather, they had to

believe that. If they didn't, they'd have to admit that they allowed a frail boy who had just awoken to escape their grasp. Still, he was surprised to see that it was his Third Brother that was here. Him along with his little niece and nephew. Since their mothers didn't have good constitutions for cultivating, they had sent their son and daughter instead.

"... To call me for such a matter." Cayden grumbled. "I say let him take his time to cultivate, I'll crush him either way!"

Ryu's Third Brother had grown to share the same large frame as his father and grandfather. This was to be expected though. After all, he inherited their Skeletal Grade.

Skeletal Grades, also known as Bone Structures, were sometimes spontaneous, but were more often hereditary, much like bloodlines. The special Bones of the Tor Clan were the reason their Sect was known as the Heavenly Body Sect – how else would they have gained the Iron Bone moniker?

Because of his Iron Bones, Cayden was well over six feet tall at just barely sixteen years old. As one might imagine, it was his steps that Ryu noticed first.

Ryu smiled lightly. After awakening his memories, he found these people to be pitiful frogs in a well. If it wasn't for Granny Miriam, he wouldn't have even cared to get revenge for himself. He had more important things to deal with – like finding his wife and parents, for example. Although he didn't know how much time had passed, as long as it was within a few billion years, with their cultivation, they should still be alive.

The truth was that with this cloak, if he was dealing with mortals, didn't need to be activated consciously. Its passive ability was more than enough to hide from even Divine Vessel experts. When Elena described it, she had of course been speaking about its lackluster abilities in the face of Immortals of the Shrine Plane, but there were no such experts here. This was a Mystical Grade treasure, after all.

Ignoring his "family" below, Ryu looked down at himself and shook his head. 'First, I'll make myself some clothes from a few beasts.'

After his awakening, Ryu had found himself stark naked. Aside from his cloak, he had nothing else. But, while this was fine in Tor Kingdom where the weather was always warm, it wasn't for the place he was headed. Although he was now a First Stage Awakening realm expert, it wasn't so exaggerated that he could ignore the weather already.

"For mom's sake, we must find him!" Ryu's nephew grit his teeth. For the past half year, Ryu's First and Second Sisters barely spoke or ate. They had become nothing more than skeletons.

As immature children who believed their parents were always right, Hagan, Ryu's nephew, and Mai, his niece, blamed Ryu. They knew nothing of the reality of matters.

All they knew was that their grandpa and mothers were always doting of them, and now they didn't like Ryu. That was enough.

Although he heard these words, Ryu didn't care. He no longer treated these people as family. His only thoughts were of his task at hand and how he would find out what truly happened in his absence. Though Granny Miriam had shed some light on these matters, it wasn't the full story.

'The Shrine Plane is sealed... But are you all okay?' Ryu closed his eyes, taking a deep breath.

Ryu's soul was connected to Elena's, but it was still too weak to sense her over large distances. Unfortunately, it was also too weak for her to sense him.

The good news was that the partial opening of the Spiritual Entrance Pulse he underwent was a first step toward solving this problem. One day, he would be strong enough to let his wife know that he was here, and this time, he'd protect her.

Ryu descended after the group of three left, unleashing his senses to find the nearest large mammalian animal. After he was finished clothing himself, his next destination would be the ruins of the Natural Order Sect.

#### *Chapter 62: Opes Kingdom*

Ryu glided from tree to tree. The miraculous feeling of one's body feeling as light as a feather was so foreign to him that he almost laughed out loud. Was this what it meant to be a cultivator? How amazing.

While he trained his Martial Forms, he had avoided using his Heavenly Wind. He knew it would give him an unfair advantage in mastering certain Forms, so he banned it from himself all together. But, now that he had unleashed it to the best of his abilities, he felt so free.

The truth of the matter was that what limited Ryu's speed right now wasn't the Heavenly Wind. If it was up to the Wind, Ryu would already be as fast as a lower level Immortal Cultivator even at the Awakening realm. Unfortunately, it was Ryu's body that couldn't handle such speed. If he tried, he would disappear into a cloud of meat paste.

Still, this was plenty fast enough. Ryu doubted that any Pulse Opening realm expert could keep up with him now. Only a lower Qi Refinement realm expert who specialized in speed could.

As his cultivation increased, so would the limits of the Heavenly Wind. One day, he would supply it with enough energy to evolve from its Embryonic phase. When that day came, Ryu would truly become one with wind and would no longer be limited by his body.

Under normal conditions, it would take a healthy, pure bred stallion one year and a half to travel to the Opes Kingdom's territory. But, it took Ryu only two months.

Dressed in the pristine black fur of a mountain panther, Ryu looked quite sinister. He no longer cared to dye his hair, letting it flow in the wind. His frame had grown, matching the stature of the only man he truly saw as a father, Titus Tatsuya. In fact, he stood even taller than Cayden despite being almost three years younger. The frail Ryu no longer existed.

Still, his eyes remained closed. He wanted to get into the habit of doing so. Without his family's backing, exposing the secret of his pupils would be tantamount to death. Until he gained the cultivation necessary to hide it, it was best he continued to pretend to be blind.

However, this wasn't bad. Now that he had partially opened his Spiritual Entrance Pulse, his senses had become far more refined. Although he wouldn't gain true Spiritual Sense until he entered the Soul Birth realm, he still felt like he could see with his eyes closed. He suspected that this was an additional effect of the Origin Flame.

Ryu glided through Opes City unseen, his presence completely concealed by his black cloak. He had no idea where the exact location of the Natural Order Sect was, but what he did know was that it was definitely within range of the Kingdom it protected. Although Ryu could blindly search, he felt like it would be more efficient to steal a Memory Jade from Opes Palace.

The layout of Opes Palace wasn't too different from Tor Palace, but its atmosphere was far heavier. That said, Ryu thought this only because he didn't know the kind of strife his disappearance had caused. If the two Palaces had to be compared, Opes Palace could only be said to be slightly worse off only because they were facing the might of three Kingdoms at once while Ryu was an unknown commodity.

Although the Opes Kingdom had been given a lane to survival, they swallowed it like a bitter pill. Considering the King's mood as of late, even the plants and animals seemed to be walking on eggshells.

Slowly making his way through, checking every room, Ryu eventually made it to the Palace Library.

Ryu paused for a moment, breathing in the smell of endless rows of books. Much of his first life had been spent in such a place, and although this Palace Library paled in comparison, Ryu couldn't help but reminisce for a moment.

Unfortunately, the good atmosphere didn't last very long. Although Ryu had expected it, he was still disappointed to find no information on the Natural Order Sect. This made sense though, such important information wouldn't be left in a place Ministers could frequent at their leisure.

'If there's nothing here, it's likely that the King keeps it either with him, or in a secure place only he could enter. It wouldn't be much of a surprise if this Opes Kingdom had a Kings' Garden much like Tor Kingdom.'

By now, night had fallen. The cold winter wind whipped about as coarse snow fell from the skies. The dreary atmosphere and empty streets said everything about the state of this current Opes Kingdom. While its opponents were celebrating in excitement as the Plane's first Co-Coronation Games approached, they were treating this as a matter of life and death.

"Be firmer in your strikes." The booming voice of a man used to wielding power filled a snow covered garden. Before him, two young men stood in the barest of clothing, brandishing a spear and sword respectively. "Feel the will of your weapon, learn to fade into the environment around you. There is nothing more important in cultivation than the Natural Order!"

It was obvious to Ryu that this man of grand stature was King Opes. The two young men before him were none other than his sons. The spear wielder, First Prince Kalmin. The sword wielder, Second Prince Kwan.

The hopes of their Kingdom rested on the shoulders of these two, so it was no wonder that even deep into the night, their father trained them to the bone. Although the Coronation Games seemed to encourage the building of your own faction, often times, it was those with the strongest cultivation who won.

Unlike the Princes of their three rival Kingdoms, these brothers seemed to be close. It wasn't that Ryu could tell just by watching them for a few moments, but rather that they had to come together for the benefit of their Kingdom now. They weren't stupid. It was obvious that if they experienced infighting, their slim chance of victory would only grow further out of reach.

Ryu watched these scenes silently until the two boys, barely a few years older than him, collapsed. He couldn't help but absorb some of the King's constant propaganda about the Natural Order. Though, he found it odd that he would speak such words so freely despite it was for this very reason his Sect was destroyed.

A while later, the King carried his sons away. It was only then Ryu gained the ability to move freely about the garden.

'This is so odd. Why is this place almost identical to the garden attached to that man's study?' Of course, 'that man' Ryu referred to was King Tor.

Everything he could see matched up perfectly, even the oddly placed fountain in the far corner...

## *Chapter 63: Murals*

Even after a few moments, Ryu could find nothing wrong with his senses. Other than the fact this Kings' Garden had a bit denser qi than normal, nothing was out of place. Plus, for Ryu who was so used to the qi density of the Shrine Plane, he almost didn't notice this minute difference. It wasn't so shocking that his thousand years worth of memories were overriding his fourteen years of experience here.

However, this was a problem only normal individuals would muddle through. Ryu had access to something others didn't: the first ranked set of Heavenly Pupils!

Ryu's eyes flashed open, a cold, silver-blue light piercing through the night sky. The truth of the matter was that the color of one's eyes were irrelevant to whether or not you had Heavenly Pupils. However, when facing experts of high cultivation, it was possible for them to sense the special nature of your eyes by looking into them.

For Ryu, his eyes held the vicissitudes of Fate and the depths of space. He gave those looking at him an unfathomable feeling, like they were looking at the expanse of everything in existence. When on the Shrine Plane, this affect was limited due to everyone's high cultivations, but on these lower Planes, a person could lose their minds looking at Ryu. As such, he needed to be careful.

Almost immediately, Ryu's eyes trained on the old gray fountain, sitting quietly in the corner. Previously hidden formations spun to life, etching complex ancient symbols into the air.

'This language is from the Sky God Era. However, there are small portions that contain inspiration from the Golden Era but are too novel to be counted as such. I assume that these are from the so-called current Martial Era.' Ryu pondered quietly.

From his understanding, there were eight main Eras written into history. Starting from the first, they were the Chaos Era, the Primordial Era, the Ancient Beast Era, the Sky God Era, the Shrine Era, the Blossoming Era, the Pedestal Era and the Golden Era.

After the Shrine Plane was sealed, a new Era was ushered in that was thus coined as the Martial Era. Considering Ryu's analysis, it was likely that Formation Theory had evolved once more in his absence to create this slightly new language. But, it wasn't so exaggerated that Ryu didn't understand. Over time, the language of Formations changed, but it was the duty of a Ruin Master to understand tendencies that survived across all Eras.

'To think that the mortal Plane would have such complex formations.' Ryu continued to observe, his eyes pumping with excitement. It seemed that after not being used for so long, they were happy to finally see the world again. Unfortunately, they were also quickly draining Ryu's stamina.

Ryu had never been able to use his eyes for very long, but now it was even more exaggerated. Without Immortal grade qi to supplement them passively, his pupils were essentially starving. But, it would be enough to complete this job.

'This seems to be a Half-Step Mystical Grade Formation. It would normally be impossible for me to crack without my usual tools, but...' With a thought, a pool of spatial energy appeared from his eyes, revealing a single beautiful dagger that shone under the moonlight.

Its spine was completely black, however, its jagged edges were a see-through crystalline blue, making it seem like more of a work of art than a blade.

Truth be told, if someone of this Mortal Plane heard Ryu analyze this formation as a Half-Step Mystical Grade one, they would either sneer at him for his stupidity or pass out in shock. One had to understand that Mystical Grade formations were the likes of which the largest Sects of the Immortal Planes used to protect their most priceless possessions. Even if this one was still technically a step shy of that, this was still the Mortal Plane!

Ryu didn't think much of it, though. Since he was used to his Clan's Ancestral Grade protective formation, he didn't flinch. Instead, Ryu was deciding how best to approach this break.

'This formation should have formerly been of the Ancestral Grade, but the disconnect between the old and new language left gaps. These were definitely placed here by Immortal Cultivators, but why leave them here for these Kingdoms?'

Taking a deep breath, the dagger in Ryu's hand began to grow with an added fierceness. Why was Ryu so confident in cracking this formation? The answer was two-fold. Firstly, it was a small-scale formation, not a large one. Although this meant its gaps were smaller, it also meant that its flaws had a larger impact. Secondly, Spiritual Qi was the basis of Formation Theory. What better way to combat it than with a blade that could attack with this kind of qi?

'Blood recognition symbols... This should be the newest addition to this fountain. It was adjusted such that only the offspring of the Opes Clan could open it... It also happens to be the weakest part of this formation.'

Ryu's approach changed slightly. Normally, he wouldn't care about anyone detecting him since he was used to dealing with Ruins. But, this case was slightly different. If the Immortal Cultivators who placed these here found out, matters could become troublesome.

Just about three hours later, a sweat soaked Ryu pushed his blade forward one final time. Like an expert lockpicker, his hands remained and controlled, moving his tools to a concentrated rhythm.

He was tired and his body ached, even his Spiritual Qi had run dry multiple times, further slowing the process. But, his diligence was rewarded.

The grey fountain slid back without a sound, revealing a set of stairs below. After checking to make sure there weren't anymore hidden formations, Ryu made his way down, the fountain closing above him.

Ryu followed a long and dark corridor, but there seemed to be a blue light waiting at its end. As expected, this blue light opened to a large inner space totaling about fifty meters in width and length, plus about fifteen in height.

At its center, a square pool with a depth Ryu couldn't calculate sat, filling the air with pure Spiritual Qi. Under normal conditions, this would have been an absolute shock. Dense Spiritual Qi reservoirs were far more valuable than cultivation qi reserves. Even the Tatsuya Clan only had a few of these.

However, Ryu wasn't focused on this at all. His eyes never left the mural on the far walls... The murals that depicted worship of the White Devil Cult.

#### *Chapter 64: Natural Order Sect*

Ryu froze before this scene before laughing. This wasn't a laughter of sadness, nor was it one of grief or remorse. No, it was a laughter of disgust and disdain, pervaded by an uncontrollable killing intent.

In his life, whether the first or this second, Ryu had never killed a person. In fact, he had never felt killing intent toward another. Yet, in just a few months' span, he had felt it not just once, but twice.

From Ryu's analysis of the formation protecting this underground space, the Opes Clan had not opened this hidden area for several thousand years. However, just how ironic was it that the tufts of grass surrounding the Tor Clan's identical fountain was worn dry, scraped from constant usage?

On the surface, King Tor was pushing his own son to the brink of death, forcing him to live a life of despair and anguish, while in reality, he was benefitting from the very Devils he made his son out to be.

Ryu had never seen his father open the entrance personally, but with his intelligence, did he need to? King Tor had already reached the top of his blacklist, a place Ryu never thought he'd improve from. Yet, he had somehow pulled it off.

Taking a deep breath, Ryu calmed himself, the rage on his features dissipating into the cold air.



With a steady gaze, he scanned the room, trying to see through its purpose. Aside from the murals that depicted worship and the pools of Spiritual Qi, there seemed to be a broken piece of Memory Jade at the very bottom of the dense waters. Oddly enough, there weren't any other protective formations to be found, but the truth of the matter was that the Spiritual Qi was its own form of protection.

If Ryu wantonly tried to grasp the broken Memory Jade, his Mental Realm would burst apart. Similar to how substances tended to flow from most dense to least dense areas, so too did Spiritual Qi follow this rule. By giving it an area of low density to flow to in his own Mental Realm, Ryu would be giving himself over to the reaper. It was an ingenious and simple protective mechanism.

By Ryu's calculations, the Spiritual Qi pool was five by five meters. However, it was difficult to tell its depth from how clear the waters were. It could be anywhere from fifty to a hundred meters deep. Such an influx of Spiritual Qi would even shatter the Mental Realm of an expert who had cultivated to the Soul Refinement stage.

As Ryu saw it, there were two methods a normal individual could use to reach the Memory Jade.

The first was to exhaust the Spiritual Qi. Over time, the qi would eventually dissipate. In fact, this was already happening considering the fact there was about a ten-foot gap between the edge of the pool and the water's surface. One could also speed up this process by cultivating one's Mental Realm near this source.

Once the level of the Spiritual Qi lessened to an adequate degree, the Memory Jade could then be retrieved relatively painlessly. However, this would take a very long time, millions of years, potentially.

The second method was one always available in the martial world, and that was to simply be more powerful than the protective mechanism could withstand. If one was at the Soul Quintessence realm, even if this pool was ten or a hundred times deeper, it would still be child's play.

Obviously, Ryu had none of these options available to him. He had only just begun his Mental Realm cultivation and couldn't even be considered to be at the true Spiritual Entrance realm.

'I do not have the time nor the strength to use a third method...' Ryu thought to himself. Looking around, he smiled lightly. 'I'll be back.'

Ryu leapt across the pool, using the Northern Heavenly Wind to clear the five-meter distance with ease.

Making his way to the White Devil mural, his large hands glided across its surface before almost coincidentally pressing downward.

The sound of shifting mechanisms creaked beneath Opes Palace. It was clear that this hidden path hadn't been used for several thousand years... Although Ryu wasn't certain of the details, he had a good guess that this was how things were meant to be.

A burst of cold air greeted Ryu as he walked up another flight of ice-covered steps. This time, however, there was no grey fountain at the other end. Instead, there was an inconspicuous stone, the kind that seemed to have aged for countless eons in the very same spot. If it wasn't for the snow covering its surface, Ryu was certain that the green of moss and various fungi would coat it.

Harsh winter winds whipped against Ryu's frail cheeks, reddening them as he looked into the distance. He couldn't help but feel very content with the results. As expected, that long path had led him to the remains of the Natural Order Sect!

To a casual observer, Ryu was simply smiling toward seven mountain peaks covered in pure white snow. However, Ryu's Heavenly Pupils saw different. In his eyes, those seven peaks became seven Martial Pavilions. Brilliant architecture dotted these natural phenomena, turning an Earthly Wonder into a paradise of cultivation.

As expected of a top Sect, the Natural Order Sect was quite aware of its own appearances. Despite being a mortal Sect, it still held its own pride as a member of the Highest Mortal Plane. Ryu felt like he would find great use for this place. There was a little less than two years until that fateful date, so this would be his home for now.

Ryu's feet began to move in odd patterns. Not wanting to destroy the formation, and also not having the time or strength to manipulate such a large one as he did before, Ryu could only use another method.

Every formation had a backdoor. This so-called 'backdoor' was put in place by the creator just in case anything went awry. It was also a method of self-protection for Formation Masters to ensure that their creations were never used against them, and, at the same time, it was also a sort of signature akin to what an artist would leave behind on his works.

Small scale formations rarely had these backdoors as they were too small to accommodate them. However, they were frequently found in large scale formations like this one. And, for Ryu who had eyes that could see through the Mysteries of all things, taking advantage of these backdoors was as easy as breathing.

Just half a day later, a Ryu's sweat matted body appeared in what seemed to be a complete other world. While the outside was layered in cold and coarse snow, the Natural Order Sect was experiencing a mid-summer's day. Unfortunately, that made the stench of its corpses all the more unbearable.

## *Chapter 65: Paths*

Ryu gasped for breath, unable to mind the terrible smell that assaulted his senses. The illusory formation that protected the Natural Order Sect was of the Middle Earth Grade. Unless one was a Divine Vessel realm expert capable of forcibly breaking the formation, or a Spiritual Severing expert recognized by the formation, you could only use the method Ryu just did. Unfortunately, such a method was very taxing on Ryu's body even after a half year of cultivating. He feared that if the formation was one grade higher, he would have met his death within it.

It was to be expected that Ryu underestimated these formations. He was so used to cracking Ancestral and Origin Grade ones that he looked down on those of the mortal Plane. But, he needed to realize that he no longer had Nuri by his side to help him nor did he have his normal tools.

After collecting himself, Ryu began to walk around the sect, covering his mouth and nose with the sleeve of his cloak.

It was a sad sight to see. Sects like this one and the Tor Clan's Heavenly Body Sect weren't only made up of cultivators, but also their families. While there were plenty of adult bodies, there were plenty of the elderly and children strewn around as well. Ryu's gaze couldn't help but turn cold.

The Ryu without much knowledge of the martial world already understood how arrogant this Sect's name was, so it was obvious that the current Ryu understood even more so.

The Natural Order was arguably the more important aspect of cultivation. While there were three paths to increase one's strength, the Mental Realm, the Qi Realm, and the Body Realm, the Natural Order encompassed all three of them and referred to a study of Heavenly Laws.

As far as Ryu was aware, the Natural Order came in two forms. The first was Mortal Endowment, split into Elements and Birthed Phenomena. Elements referred to matters relating to fire, water, lightning and the like. On the other hand, Birthed Phenomena were teachings created by humans that the Heavens have recognized as on par with its own mysteries. These could include the Way of the Sword or Spear, etc.

The second form was far more enigmatic – Natural Enlightenment. This form referred to abstract concepts such as the gentleness of a spring's water, or the softness of a cloud. These inexplicable aspects of nature could be incorporated into one's martial understanding, bringing the power of their techniques to another level by relying on Heavenly Essence.

While cultivating the so-called Three Realms – Mental, Qi, and Body – was important, what separated cultivators of the same realm was often this understanding of the

Natural Order. This was what decided who were the strong and weak, and who were the mundane and talented.

To make matters more pressing, such comprehensions were often what barred individuals from reaching higher realms. Once one entered the upper echelons of Immortals, it was no longer about absorbing more energy. Cultivation evolved to become a matter of comprehending the Mysteries of Heaven and Earth. It was for this reason that Ryu's Heavenly Pupils were ranked first.

So, one could imagine why an Immortal Cultivator would think a mere Mortal Plane Sect arrogant for daring to take such a namesake for themselves. Still... One would have to be quite the eccentric to go so far.

"Why would an Immortal Cultivator come here..." Ryu mumbled to himself.

Soon, Ryu had made his way all around the Sect and had gained a firm grasp of what it had to offer.

The first and maybe most important part were the Seven Peaks. At the top of each of its mountains, there lay a Martial Pavilion. Respectively, they were known as the Fire, Earth, Wind, Water, Lightning, Weapons, and Human Pavilions.

While the first six are self-explanatory in their specialties, the Human Pavilion was more nuanced. This was where Ryu assumed the healers, refiners and Formation Masters of the Sect came together.

Each Martial Pavilion was separated into hierarchies with higher levels corresponding to a higher ranks. Eventually, the very top of the Peak would be reserved for the Pavilion Master, of which, the Human Pavilion had three.

Obviously, the Human Pavilion was the largest of the seven peaks, not only because it had more disciples and Masters, but also because it was the hub of the Sect. Unfortunately, this also meant that this place had the most dead bodies and the worst stench.

Although Ryu had expected it, he was surprised to find that the Immortal Cultivator really hadn't taken anything. He knew that an Immortal would likely look down on the things that were here, but this was still equivalent to a quarter of the wealth of the Highest Mortal Plane! That was definitely worth something... Even if a Sect or Clan had more capital on the Immortal Plane, the individuals who could boast having this amount of wealth were very few. One had to understand that a Sect's wealth and a person's wealth were completely separate!

After taking a deep breath he immediately regretted, Ryu decided on where he'd head to first and systematically visited every Pavilions' technique vault. Of course, he had to

deal with many more protective formations, so it wasn't until another week had passed that Ryu collected every cultivation and martial technique the Sect had to offer.

Soon after, Ryu found a secluded place away from the stench. He assumed that this hidden Peak was the personal residence of the Sect Master and Elders. Because of the height their cultivation had reached, their corpses didn't give off the same stench.

Ryu fell into a deep state of meditation as he sat before a beautiful scene. The qi here was far denser than his 'father's' King's Garden by at least ten times. The small lake of water spanning just about two hundred meters in every direction gave off a heavenly and relaxing fragrance. Finally, the various colored Memory Jades that lay on the green grass reflected the orange and red hues of the slowly setting sun. The ambience was quite comforting.

The path a cultivator starts with was highly important. However, where Ryu's issue laid was in the fact that he was too talented. With four Ancestral Bloodlines within him, he was capable of following paths of Fire, Ice, and Lightning to their absolute extremes. This didn't even mention the abilities of his meridians and bone structure that laid even outside these aptitudes.

Even still, there was another matter Ryu was still considering... Just what were the abilities of his Second Awakened Spiritual Foundation?