

## Lightning 251

### [Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

#### Chapter 251: The Priest

"Hand over Gravis!" a loud and aggressive shout echoed throughout the whole Lightning Sect. The Sect thundered and trembled with the shout, stopping everyone in their tracks as they all looked at the Sect's entrance. An incredibly powerful person stood at the entrance, radiating unreal power. He wore white robes with gold rims, showing that he was from the Heaven Sect.

He had long red hair, which billowed in an unseen current. It was almost like he was underwater. His red eyes showed a deep arrogance that looked down on everyone in this world. He was a priest, and he was the second most powerful human in this world! No one else could compare.

"He's here!" Old Man Lightning shouted with excitement. "I've been waiting forever for this!" Old Man Lightning shot out of his house and quickly reached the entrance of the Lightning Sect. Lasar, who just came out of the Lightning Tower, smiled happily. Finally, his grandfather had an opportunity to temper himself. Lasar also wanted his grandfather to become more powerful, and even if his grandfather died today, he, at least, had a chance.

Gravis, who was sweating bullets inside the Balzar mine, also looked up. His eyes narrowed as his Spirit inspected the priest that had arrived. By now, he had been punching boulders for four days straight without a break. In some sense, he was annoyed that the priest had taken him out of the flow. Nevertheless, Gravis quickly left the mine. He wanted to see how everything would go down.

"Gravis is part of the Lightning Sect, and I won't allow anyone to kill him inside his home!" the imposing shout of Old Man Lightning came from the entrance, also thundering throughout the Sect. "You have to go through me to get to him!"

The red-haired priest narrowed his eyes. "Insolent! Are you going against the Heaven Sect!?" he shouted.

"So what if I am. What you gonna do about it?" Old Man Lightning shouted imposingly, but Gravis could hear mirth in the shout. Old Man Lightning was really excited right now. After all, he had been waiting for over 100 years for this opportunity.

"Dorian, are you thinking rationally?" the priest shouted at Old Man Lightning as if he had been insulted. "I know that you don't like the Heaven Sect, but are you sure you want to doom the entire Lightning Sect with your foolishness? Think before you act!"

Old Man Lightning sneered. "We are one family, and everyone is ready to go to war to protect one of our kids! If you have a just reason to take Gravis, I won't stay in your way. So, what's your reason for demanding the life of one of my kids?" Old Man Lightning shouted with righteousness.

"Gravis has had a Will-Aura ever since being in the Body Tempering Realm. According to the rules of Heaven, that is not allowed! He must pay with his life!" The priest shouted with fervor.

"That's a lie!" Old Man Lightning shouted, stunning everyone. Was Old Man Lightning questioning Heaven's rules before a Heavenborn?

"How dare you! You dare tell a Heavenborn what rules Heaven follows!?" The priest shouted.

"Hey," Old Man Lightning sent to Gravis covertly. "Is that against the rules of Heaven?"

"No, it's not," Gravis sent back.

"You sure?" Old Man Lightning asked again.

"100%!" Gravis sent back.

Old Man Lightning looked towards the sky. "If having a Will-Aura in the Body Tempering Realm is against the rules, then let Heaven strike me down where I stand!" Old Man Lightning shouted at the sky.

The whole Lightning Sect fell quiet as they all stopped breathing. Was Old Man Lightning suicidal? Did he just invoke Heaven in his conflict against the Heaven Sect? Even if it wasn't against the rules, wouldn't Heaven strike him anyway?

Meanwhile, the highest Heaven had a very close eye on this lower Heaven, and the lower Heaven felt those eyes. It didn't dare act.

Seconds passed, and the sky remained clear. Nothing appeared, and everything remained silent. The face of the priest blanched as he saw that Heaven didn't act. 'What's going on!?' he thought in panic. This was not like Heaven at all! In the past, it struck down anyone that even dared to question it or the Heaven Sect. Why wasn't it acting!?

Old Man Lightning took a covert, deep breath to calm down his emotions. This had been risky! If he didn't fully trust Gravis, he would have never done that. This was basically playing with his life.

After recovering from his fear, Old Man Lightning grew ecstatic and got even more motivation and energy. "You see!? It isn't against the rules!" he shouted while pointing at the priest. "Do you have another reason for demanding Gravis' life?"

The priest gritted his teeth. This was not how this was supposed to go! Whenever a priest went out, every Sect kept quiet and accepted judgment. He had never run into a situation where a Sect didn't allow the Heaven Sect to do whatever it wanted.

"Gravis has killed five Heavenborn and needs to be brought to justice!" the priest shouted.

"Oh?" Old Man Lightning said in a mocking tone. "Then why aren't you bringing me to justice? After all, I killed 14 Heavenborn! Come on, bring me to justice!"

The priest grew even more frustrated. Why was this old man so hard to deal with!?

"Come on!" Old Man Lightning shouted after some seconds. "Why are you staying quiet? Didn't you say it's a crime to kill Heavenborn? Come, bring me to justice!"

"That's not the same-"

"Oh, I get it!" Old Man Lightning interrupted the priest with a loud shout. "Gravis is weak, and I am strong. So, your Heaven Sect only bullies the weak and fears the strong. Is that it? Aren't you the most powerful organization in this world? How can you be stopped by a single person from some measly Elemental Sect? Show some pride and balls fitting the most powerful organization in this world! How

can you fear the strong if you are the strongest!?" Old Man Lightning shouted out one word after another.

"Shut your face, Dorian, or you'll regret it!" the priest shouted in immense rage. He had never been this disrespected in his life, and his rage started boiling! He knew that he shouldn't fight Old Man Lightning, but he was slowly losing his rationality.

"Oh, what you gonna do?" Old Man Lightning mocked while holding up his arms in fear. He slowly started prancing in a circle while wiggling his hands in fear. "Oh no, the big bad bully is going to beat me up. Oh no, what will I do? Oh right, the bully won't punch me cause he is afraid of beating an old man with a stick! Maybe if the old man didn't have a stick, the bully might find the guts to kick the old man in the dick. After all, punching the face is scawwy~."

"Shut the fuck up, bastard!" the priest shouted in absolute fury. He had never been this mad before in his life. This old man was making a mockery of him!

"Or what?" Old Man Lightning sneered. "You gonna stare me to death with those blind-ass eyes of yours that can't even see Heaven's rules? I know the rules better than you, and I'm not even a Heavenborn. How stupid do you have to be to not even know your own rules after living for so long? Are you actually mentally retarded? Are you there to just make up the numbers of the Heaven Sect?"

Gravis watched this with an open mouth. 'The old man is really good in infuriating his enemies,' he thought with admiration.

"That's it!" shouted the priest in absolute fury, taking out his weapon, which was a saber.

SLAP!

The priest shot away as Old Man Lightning slapped him out of nowhere. The priest flew for hundreds of meters, breaking through many trees and creating a crater on the ground with his face. The priest hadn't expected that Old Man Lightning would suddenly attack him. He had just readied himself to start a fight when the fight suddenly came to him. The timing of the slap had been perfect.

"Fuck," Old Man Lightning shouted in frustration. "Now, I have shit on my hands! Thanks a lot," he sneered, wiping his hand furiously on his robe.

"AAAAAH!" the forest exploded with fire as the priest's enraged cry thundered throughout the Heavens.

Then, he shot out with his full speed, creating an afterimage. He shot straight at Old Man Lightning, who smirked in disdain.

The fight was about to start.

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**Chapter 252: The Priest vs. Old Man Lightning**

CLANK!

Old Man Lightning blocked the chop with his cane. It wasn't hard to block such a telegraphed attack made out of rage. Both of them had a body at the peak of Spirit Forming, so their bodies had the same

power. The surroundings exploded, and the body of Old Man Lightning sunk as a crater appeared. Surprisingly, the cane was still in one piece.

Old Man Lightning pulled his left arm back as lightning started crackling on it.

"Lightning Punch!" he screamed with enthusiasm, as the priest quickly changed his attack into a block to stop the punch.

BANG!

The face of the priest froze in pain as a leg had just kicked him between the legs. He felt an unreal amount of pain that completely stopped him in his tracks.

BANG!

The fist of lightning exploded onto the priest's chest, and he got shot away into the distance again. "How did you not block my Lightning Punch? I even announced it! Are you actually really retarded?" Old Man Lightning shouted in shock.

The priest shot out of the forest again, but this time, his eyes were icy instead of furious. He had realized that he shouldn't have gotten angry. Yet, the damage had already been done. His chest bled profusely, and a lot of ribs were broken. The priest channeled his rage into cold hatred.

"You'll regret-"

CLANK!

Old Man Lightning attacked the priest with his cane, but the priest blocked it without a problem.

"Shut up and square up," Old Man Lightning shouted, but then looked like he remembered something. "By the way, that means you should attack. Not sure if you got that."

The priest gritted his teeth but said nothing more. He had to remain calm, or he would die today.

BOOM!

A small explosion appeared beneath one foot of the priest. It wasn't really powerful since he wasn't immune to his own element, like Gravis. Therefore, he could only create a small explosion. Yet, the explosion did the trick and accelerated his kick. Old Man Lightning quickly lifted his knee to block.

BANG!

The kick had been too fast to evade, and Old Man Lightning was thrown back as another small explosion came out of the foot of the priest. The flesh above Old Man Lightning's knee was destroyed, and his visible kneecap had some cracks on it.

WHOOM!

An indescribable pressure hit everything in the surroundings as the priest activated his Heavenly Pressure. Old Man Lightning also activated his Will-Aura, but it was obviously weaker than the Heavenly Pressure. After all, Heavenborn borrowed their Will-Aura from Heaven, which was always as much as they could handle. Right now, the priest was exhibiting the pressure of a level two Unity Will.

Old Man Lightning felt himself slow down as his Will-Aura couldn't compete while the priest summoned a one-meter-long nail before himself. Behind the nail, an explosion happened that shot it forward with incredible speed.

CRK!

Old Man Lightning barely deflected the nail, but the nail's head took his cane with him. Not willing to lose his cane, he kept holding it and barely managed to stop his cane from leaving his hands. Though, not without some damage. Some of his muscles tore due to the stress, making it harder for him to move his arms.

Whoosh!

The priest appeared directly before Old Man Lightning, stabbing him with his saber.

Puchi!

The saber went through Old Man Lightning's thigh, as he barely jumped upward a little. The current posture of his body made it impossible to evade.

BANG!

Before the priest could do anything else, the cane shot at the priest and hit him in the shoulder. The priest had barely lifted his shoulder to block the attack. If he hadn't, it would've hit his head, completely destroying it. Blocking the nail had left Old Man Lightning open, but it had also put him into a position that was perfect for putting all his power into an attack with his cane. The cane exploded with lightning as the priest's shoulder and many more ribs broke.

Old Man Lightning shot after the priest, but he couldn't reach his top speed with the Heavenly Pressure and his injured legs. Yet, Old Man Lightning still managed to close in quickly. He raised his cane high, ready to strike down with all his power. The priest, barely managing to regain his balance yet still staying at a diagonal angle, lifted his saber to block the attack. Old Man Lightning smirked.

Whoop!

The cane disappeared and was replaced by a nearly three-meter-long, incredibly thick, and heavy club made of hardened Balzar. Formation Arrays completely filled the club, leaving nearly no spot empty. A thick cloud of lightning surrounded the club as it shot down with incredible power.

BOOOM! BOOM! BANG!

The blocking saber was annihilated instantly, yet, as soon as the priest saw the club, he had retrieved a jade token from his Spirit Space. After destroying the saber, the club hit the Jade Token, stopping for a moment as the token shone, yet the token was also destroyed in the process. With those two things weakening the attack, the priest lifted his leg and kicked the club away.

Old Man Lightning hadn't expected that his attack would be blocked, which left him wide open now. Another nail appeared directly between them, pointing right at Old Man Lightning's chest. The fire was already building and was about to explode.

BZZ! CLANK!

Lightning appeared on the lifted club, pulling the nail slightly upward. The fire exploded, but due to the nail's changed angle, it missed its target and barely flew past Old Man Lightning's head. However, the nail's broad head hit Old Man Lightning's face, destroying his eyes, some teeth, and pulling him slightly back.

The priest quickly recovered from his nearly falling position and now stood straight again. Yet, his eyes widened at what he saw. Old Man Lightning didn't stop the nail's force and kept himself straight with all his power. Nearly half his face was missing due to resisting the nail, revealing some destroyed teeth and part of his skull that imitated a smile. The lifted club was already slamming down at the priest again.

BOOM! BOOM! Clank!

The priest summoned another saber and another Jade Token. Like the last time, both got destroyed by the strike. Like last time, the priest kicked the club, but he felt nearly no resistance from the club. The club got shot into the distance with incredible speed. This hadn't happened last time.

Pack!

The priest felt his lifted leg and torso being grabbed by two arms. Old Man Lightning bearhugged the priest with a smirk.

BOOOOOOOOM!

Everything exploded in lightning. The clouds in the sky were destroyed. The surrounding 200 meters were destroyed. An impossibly powerful shockwave made the walls of the Sect crumble, and an unreal thunder destroyed everyone's eardrums. This had been a lightning explosion with 70% of Old Man Lightning's lightning. Such a vast amount of lightning created a force of annihilation that hadn't been seen in centuries.

Only people at the Seed-Stage and higher could resist the incredible shockwave, even though they were hundreds of meters away. The newly rebuild buildings crumbled under the force, and if the more powerful cultivators didn't block the attack, everyone at the Energy Gathering Realm and below would have been reduced to chunks.

"Huur!"

Sounds of vomiting appeared as the people in the initial stage of Spirit Forming puked a mouthful of blood since the shockwave had been incredibly powerful! They stood still with their eyes wide open in shock. Was Old Man Lightning still alive?

Whoosh!

Lasar ran to the fighting area, jumping into the colossal crater, quickly followed by Gravis. The explosion temporarily blinded everyone, and the lingering shockwaves blocked their Spirits. They had no idea what was going on.

BZZZ!

The disciples heard some lightning, and quickly after that, Lasar returned with... something. It was a mass of blood and bone. There was only something that appeared like half a torso with no skin and

flayed muscle. One could also see a part of skull above the torso, but if one didn't know that this... thing... had been a human, no one would believe that.

Lasar immediately shot into the Lightning Sect and threw Old Man Lightning at the tree.

BZZZZZZ!

A lot of lightning was released by the tree and hit Old Man Lightning. Gravis and Lasar gritted their teeth in nervousness. They had no idea if Old Man Lightning was still alive.

After some seconds of bathing in Life Lightning, Old Man Lightning's body started to regrow with incredible speed. Lasar and Gravis released a sigh of relief. If he were dead, his body wouldn't have been able to recover. Some seconds and a lot of Life Lightning later, Old Man Lightning fell to the ground, landing on his feet.

"Huur!"

Old Man Lightning puked up a massive mouthful of damaged tissue. After that, he took a deep breath, as if it was the first breath he had ever taken.

"I WIN!" He shouted.

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#### **Chapter 253: Kindness**

"YEEAAAHH!" the whole Lightning Sect exploded with cheers after Old Man Lightning declared his victory. Their Lightning Sect had managed to kill one of the priests from the Heaven Sect, the strongest people below the High Priest. It was supremely rare for any priest to die in combat, which increased their pride and confidence even more.

"Hahahaha!" Old Man Lightning was laughing with fervor. The fight had brought him back to his youth, and he felt the power and enthusiasm of a youngster again. After so long without a fight, he had managed to kill a priest. "I feel it! I can finally feel it!" he shouted excitedly.

WHOOM!

An intense pressure quietened the Lightning Sect. Old Man Lightning had released his Will-Aura, and he was concentrating it. Of course, he still had enough rationality to control his Will-Aura. Otherwise, nearly the whole Sect would fall unconscious. Slowly, the Will-Aura concentrated until it stopped.

"47%!" He shouted with laughter. "I finally have a level two Unity Will!"

The whole Lightning Sect exploded in cheers again. Someone in their Sect managed to ascend. Old Man Lightning only needed to will it for him to reach the Unity Realm. On top of that, he went through the tenth Stage of Energy Gathering and the Self Stage. While there was an ascender every couple of years, those that managed to ascend by going through the Self Stage were incredibly rare. Hundreds of years would pass between each one.

"Congratulations, grandpa," Lasar said with a smile and a small bow. "You have finally achieved your dream. You can finally reach the higher world."

Old Man Lightning nodded. "Yes!" Then he turned to Gravis. "And it's all thanks to this little guy. Without him, I would have never had the chance to fight a priest from the Heaven Sect."

Gravis smiled and shook his head. "It was your strength that created this opportunity," Gravis said. "If you were not powerful enough, I would have brought calamity to the Lightning Sect. Only with enough strength can someone transform a disadvantage into an advantage."

Old Man Lightning still laughed. "Well said, boy! Luck isn't bestowed by the Heavens but created by oneself. With enough strength, every calamity will become tempering, while every instance of good luck will become great luck. With enough strength, there is no such thing as bad luck!" Old Man Lightning shouted.

Gravis felt those words resonate with him, and he realized something about his Karmic Luck. Gravis became absentminded as he thought about his journey so far and his Karmic Luck. 'With enough strength, no Karmic Luck becomes an abundance of Karmic Luck? The more I think about it, the truer it seems. Without my absence of Karmic Luck, I wouldn't have been able to get such a powerful will. I would also not have condensed Destruction Lightning and would have also not adapted my Spirit to Lightning.'

Gravis narrowed his eyes as he looked to the ground, quite the contrast to the other, cheering disciples. 'Is this the reason why my father has reached his current position? Did he always have an absence of Karmic Luck? An absence of Karmic Luck would make it difficult to survive while cultivating. With no Karmic Luck, there are only three options.'

'One, I never cultivate or stop cultivating, and live a life like a mortal. Two, I die on my journey. Three, due to me constantly getting in conflicts, I'm getting tempered more than anyone else, and therefore, have a higher chance than anyone else to reach the peak if I survive. I guess not granting someone Karmic Luck is like going all-in for Heaven. Either the person dies, or they reach the peak. My brother Orpheus probably also has a supremely powerful Will-Aura for his Realm. Huh, it all falls back to my saying: Disadvantages can become advantages.'

Gravis had been silent for a while, and Old Man Lightning had noticed. He knew the expression on Gravis' face. He had seen that expression a lot of times. It always happened when someone realized something important. This made Old Man Lightning even happier. Not only could he now ascend whenever he wanted, but the interesting youngster was also gaining more strength. Just like every teacher before him that had met Gravis, Old Man Lightning wanted to see how far Gravis could go.

"When will you ascend, grandpa?" Lasar asked with a smirk. "Reserve a place for me wherever you go in the higher world. I will join you as soon as I can."

Old Man Lightning hummed for a bit. He had waited for this moment for over a hundred years, and now he could ascend whenever he wanted. He shot a look at the thinking Gravis and smirked.

Old Man Lightning turned to the others. "I will ascend a little bit over one and a half years from now. After all," Old Man Lightning shot Gravis another look, "I still have something to do."

Lasar had noticed the look that Old Man Lightning had shot at Gravis. "Are you sure about this? After all, you've waited for over-"



WACK!

Old Man Lightning's cane was back, and he smacked Lasar on the head with it. "I have waited for over a hundred years, so waiting for one more won't be an issue. I have promised to protect Gravis, and I won't go back on this promise!" Old Man Lightning shouted with annoyance.

Hearing his name, Gravis perked up. When he realized what Old Man Lightning said, he showed an uncomfortable expression. "Please don't interrupt your cultivation journey because of-"

WACK!

Old Man Lightning whacked Gravis on the head. "Shut up!" he shouted. "This is my cultivation and my life, and I will do whatever I want with it. You have no say in this matter."

Gravis rubbed his head, but he wasn't angry at Old Man Lightning. In actuality, he felt a feeling of warmth inside of him. Delaying one's cultivation journey for someone else was the ultimate sacrifice after literally sacrificing one's life. They hadn't known each other for long, but Old Man Lightning was already showing such kindness toward him. Yet, Gravis still felt terrible about interrupting Old Man Lightning's cultivation.

"Thank you, really, but-"

WACK!

Gravis was hit harder than before and flew into the wall of a building. "I said you have no say in this matter! So, just shut up and accept it!" Old Man Lightning shouted with a hint of anger.

Gravis stood up again and looked at the old man. He wanted to open his mouth again, but Old Man Lightning lifted his cane threateningly. After seeing that, Gravis released a sigh as he accepted his situation. "Thank you," he said sincerely.

"Nonsense!" Old Man Lightning shouted. "This is what an elder should do for his disciples! You have granted me this opportunity, and I won't stay indebted to you! You, of all people, should realize how a heavy debt feels."

Gravis nodded deeply. He knew exactly how that felt. Yet, to him, it didn't feel like Old Man Lightning was indebted to him. It felt more like Gravis was indebted to him, instead. 'I guess I can only accept.'

Clap!

"Oh, right!" Old Man Lightning shouted with a clap. "I should check the things that survived the explosion. After all, the priest should have a lot of money!"

Old Man Lightning used his Spirit to look at the crater. By now, the shockwaves had calmed down, allowing his Spirit to inspect the whole area. Yet, he saw nearly nothing. Basically everything, except the two broken sabers, was obliterated in the explosion. Old Man Lightning sneered in disgust as he saw this meager loot.

Yet, he still pocketed the parts of the sabers. After all, they were made of fine materials. There was no sense in wasting them. Of course, he also retrieved his humongous club. Since it wasn't at the core of the explosion, it was still in top condition.

"Alright! Stop dawdling! Back to work!" Old Man Lightning shouted at everyone.

Like scared chickens, everyone scattered. No one wanted to feel Old Man Lightning's cane, but they also scattered with a spring in their steps. Even though Old Man Lightning's cane was infamous in the Sect, everyone still looked at him like he was their grandpa.

Gravis shot one last look at Old Man Lightning and was happy at what he saw.

'He still has all his Karmic Luck. This lower Heaven has really pulled back,' he thought.

Then, Gravis stretched himself and then ran back to the Balzar mine.

'Time to punch more boulders!'

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#### **Chapter 254: Angry High Priest**

Some minutes before.

BZZ! CRK!

A bottle exploded with lightning. One person immediately noticed this, and he gritted his teeth.

BANG!

The throne of pure Energy Stones was destroyed as the person hit the armrest with an angry fist. The Energy Stones flew through the whole hall, hitting the walls and creating a cacophony of loud sounds. Some bricks got dented while the flying Energy Stones were obliterated.

"I told him not to fight Dorian!" the High Priest said with anger and frustration. "Is every single Heavenborn retarded!? Why can't they follow simple instructions?"

"High Priest-"

BANG!

The person that just barged into the room exploded into a shower of blood. "You are supposed to knock before you enter," the High Priest commented to the shower of blood. This had been one of his attendants at the Sapling Stage. Yet, the person didn't even know what happened before he died.

At least that person had served well by being an outlet for the High Priest's rage. After killing the offending servant, the High Priest felt better.

Whoop! Bang!

The destroyed throne vanished as a new one took its place. The High Priest sat down again, less angry than before. He wasn't really angry about the priest's death, but because the priest had ignored his commands. Ignoring the High Priest's commands was an affront to him and Heaven. What was even the sense in keeping all these priests if they couldn't follow simple orders?

"Get here," The High Priest transmitted with his Spirit.

Three other people entered the hall in a matter of seconds, bowing in reverence as they walked. "We greet the High Priest!" they shouted in unison as they stopped before the throne in one line.

The High Priest tapped the armrest with a finger continuously. He was clearly annoyed. "Tell me, why are you not able to follow simple instructions?" he asked them.

"It is our mistake, High Priest! We deserve death!" they shouted in unison. Was that fair? Of course, not! They knew that they were not responsible for the second priest's action, but there was nothing they could do. The High Priest was very unstable and acted out on split-second decisions. After all, he was the most powerful person, and he would receive no consequences. He could do whatever he wanted.

The rhythmical tapping of the High Priest's fingers didn't stop. "I ordered you not to fight Dorian, yet you guys are not even able to follow this simple direction. How stupid can you all be!? Aren't we the blessed children of Heaven? Are you telling me that the blessed children of Heaven have the comprehension of an actual child? Answer!" the High Priest shouted in frustration.

"We have committed a grave-"

BANG!

One of them exploded into a shower of blood. The others shut up and remained utterly unmoving.

Meanwhile, the High Priest sneered in disdain. "I felt your Spirit waver in emotion. You disagreed with me. Now, look at what you made me do. Because of your inability to control yourself, our Heaven Sect lost another priest! You all are really useless!"

The remaining two priests remained completely still. What was the most dangerous situation for a priest from the Heaven Sect? One would think that it was the time when someone at the Self Stage requested for tempering, but that was not true. 90% of the priest's survived that. Yet, when anyone in the Heaven Sect made a mistake, at least one priest would be killed by the High Priest. When that happened, their lives could vanish at any moment.

The High Priest always remained on his throne, not doing anything. He only had two jobs. One was to stop ascendants from committing atrocities, while the other was to listen to Heaven's orders. The priests handled everything inside the Heaven Sect, and if something went wrong, it was their fault.

Back when Aion reported Gravis' matter to the High Priest, he was lucky that he survived. If the High Priest hadn't been distracted by the fact that Heaven wasn't willing to talk about Gravis, Aion would have died on that day.

The hall remained silent for some seconds. "Has Dorian reached a level two Unity Will?" the High Priest asked.

One of the priests spoke up. "We couldn't investigate the issue yet, but the chances are-"

BANG!

The priest exploded in a shower of blood. "Investigate? Chances?" The High Priest sneered. "It's your job to know! If you don't even know about something as simple as that, then what's the point of keeping you alive?"

The High Priest's eyes concentrated on the last priest. "So, tell me."

The priest tried his best to control his emotions and Spirit. Not an ounce of the terror ranging inside him could be shown. If it did, the High Priest would kill him too. "He has achieved a level two Unity Will," the last priest said with certainty.

The High Priest smirked. "You sure?" he asked.

"Yes! 100%!" the priest said with certainty. Of course, he had no idea if Dorian's Will-Aura had broken through, but if he said that he didn't know, he would be killed for not doing his job. It didn't matter that knowing was an impossible task. He could only risk his life on a coin-flip.

The High-Priest's Spirit encompassed the Core-Continent. It encompassed everything, and the High Priest was able to see every detail.

Old Man Lightning, who had just returned to his home, felt something and turned his head to the direction of the Heaven Sect. His face whitened a little. He had never been able to feel the High Priest, but after he felt the inherent connection between his centers of power, his awareness had increased.

For the first time, he was able to feel the High Priest, and the power he felt was overwhelming. Old Man Lightning was sure that even if he reached the Unity Realm, he would have no chance. The gap was just too vast. A fight would mean sure death.

'So, this is the power of Heaven and the High Priest,' Old Man Lightning thought. 'It really is overwhelming. I can only hope that he won't involve himself in this matter.'

Back at the Heaven Sect, the High Priest harumphed. "He has reached a level two Unity Will." Then, he turned to the last priest. "You're in luck. You actually did your job."

The priest didn't move, but inside, he felt a feeling of relief so strong that it seemed unreal. He had managed to survive by betting on the right coin toss. Yet, he was still angry at the second priest for defying the High Priest's orders. If that guy hadn't fought Dorian, he wouldn't be in this mess right now!

BANG!

The priest exploded into a shower of blood. "Might as well get a whole new batch of priests," the High Priest commented nonchalantly. "Your incompetence might affect the new priests."

The High Priest's awareness stretched into the Heaven Sect, and his voice echoed through the Spirit of every Heavenborn. "Priests in Waiting one to four will break through by tomorrow and assume the mantle of priests."

The Heaven Sect didn't react as if nothing had happened, but inside, they felt terror and shock. This meant that the old priests had died. They didn't dare to show any kind of reaction because that could be interpreted as disagreement. They could only keep their terror inside.

Yet, no one felt as much terror as the four priests in waiting. Normally, a cultivator would be happy to get the chance to reach a higher power, but not the people in the Heaven Sect. As soon as they reached the Self Stage, they would be under the High Priest's thumb. One had to know that no priest had managed to survive longer than 20 years. Being told to become a priest was basically a death sentence.

Yet, what were they supposed to do? The High Priest had all the power and could do whatever he wanted. If they disagreed, they would die on the spot. If they fled, they would also die on the spot. They could only accept this soft death sentence instead of accepting direct execution.

The unrelenting tapping of the High Priest's fingers finally subsided. He slowly calmed down and accepted the situation.

Would he attack Dorian? Surprisingly, this was the only thing that the High Priest wasn't allowed to do. After all, the worlds existed to create powerful humans, and an ascender that went through the Self Stage was worth more than five normal ascenders. The High Priest knew that if he attacked Dorian, Heaven would kill him before his attack even landed.

After all, just like the High Priest could make more priests, Heaven could make more High Priests. As soon as Dorian reached a level two Unity Will, it became impossible for him to die in this world. He was just worth too much to Heaven. He was under the protection of Heaven, and nothing was allowed to touch him in its world!

The High Priest rested on his throne, not doing anything else, and before midnight...

Four new priests were already created.

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#### **Chapter 255: The Lightning Tower's Price**

Today was the day when Gravis would use his Destruction Lightning to temper the new disciples. The Lightning Tower had been modified intensely. Initially, it only had one circuit of lightning, which was natural lightning. The natural lightning would hit the top of the Lightning Tower and then get absorbed by the Formation Arrays. Like this, they could store the natural lightning and were able to release it in smaller portions.

Yet, Lasar had created two additional circuits. One was for the Life Lightning of the Freya's Birch, while the other one was for Gravis. The tree had been told that it had to hit a specific spire that pointed towards it. After a lot of unloading, the storages for the Life Lightning had been filled. After that happened, beast corpses nearly swallowed the bottom of the tree. It had used a lot of lightning, and it needed many corpses to make up for it.

The circuit for the Destruction Lightning was an issue, though. There were no Formation Arrays that were able to store such a destructive Energy, which made it impossible to store it. They could only create a room to load the tower, without any storage. This meant that one person with Destruction Lightning always had to remain present. After all, the tower was not able to store it.

The cables going into the different rooms were another issue. The usual material they used had an easy time of moving lightning along its path without much loss, but these materials would get severely damaged if they came into contact with Destruction Lightning. This forced Lasar to look for a new material.

After days of testing, they found one, but they weren't pleased with it. It was able to withstand Destruction Lightning somewhat, but it would degrade over time. After one week of use, the cables

would need to be replaced fully. This created an additional weighty expense for the Sect. On top of that, over 50% of the Destruction Lightning would be lost along the way.

After finding the material and deciding to use it since there was no better alternative, Lasar dug up the Lightning Tower again. Before this, the cables had been buried in the tower, but with the need to continually change the cables, they moved the cables so that they could be replaced more easily. This required the creation of more holes, doors, trapdoors, and similar things.

They couldn't just place the cables inside the corridors since even one jump from the Destruction Lightning would incinerate nearly everyone. Like this, Lasar created cable pipes that went along the corridors. All of this required the Lightning Tower to be more complex and also uglier on the inside. All in all, the Lightning Tower's renovation had eaten up way more resources than they had initially expected.

While the whole construction was underway, the disciples had difficulties finding elders. After all, nearly all elders were inside the Lightning Tower. Important matters had to be handled by a single elder that remained on standby, which made for a prime example of stress. That lone elder had to do the work of five people.

The contribution points that the elders received for the reconstruction was also massive. Many body tempering pills, weapons, and Formation Arrays were bought from those, creating a significant dent in the top treasury of the Sect.

Giving so many missions to hunt beasts for the disciples also hit the treasury hard. The tree needed a lot of corpses, and since the Sect paid with Contribution Points, the smaller treasuries also became a lot smaller. Yet, there was a problem that made all of these things pale in comparison.

Since the Lightning Sect only allowed a maximum power and number of people on the missions, every single mission served as life and death tempering. From the 5,000 disciples of the Lightning Sect, a whole 1,500 had not returned from the missions. This made it hard to refill the storages since there were fewer people doing missions for external clients.

Luckily, the surviving disciples had become more powerful and had received some powerful tempering. Over a hundred disciples at the Energy Gathering Realm had managed to condense their Will-Auras, making them future Spirit Forming disciples. One had to know that of those 1,500 people that had died, only about 30 of those had been in the Spirit Forming Realm. Nearly all deaths came from Energy Gathering disciples.

One would think that this was all worth it, but that wasn't true. While the peak experts were the most important ones, the weaker experts were essential to earn resources for the Sect. After all, sending a Spirit Forming expert to kill an Energy Beast was simply stupid. This would be beneath them and would give nearly no resources in relation to their Realm.

The reconstruction of the Sect due to the tree had also cost a lot of money. Everything was paid in Contribution Points, and reconstructing the center of a whole Sect was a lot of work. Everything had to be paid accordingly, and the Lightning Sect would never refuse to pay, even if they were poor.

While the disciples were ecstatic about the number of missions and Contribution Points they could earn, the leadership was burrowed in a mountain of stress and worry. The disciples saw this as a golden age for the Lightning Sect, while the leadership saw this as an age of worries. The disciples looked at the new

Lightning Tower with reverence and worship, while the leadership saw the tower as a dark, imposing spire filled with the blood of their dead disciples.

The innocent disciples had no idea about the terrifying cost that this new Lightning Tower had brought. They only saw the exciting rise that the Sect would achieve with this tower, unaware of the number of bodies that this tower had demanded.

The construction of the Lightning Tower had also taken longer due to the circuit for the Destruction Lightning. All in all, it took over a month to finish the tower. During that time, the maximum number of people and power required for the missions was also heightened. Tempering for their disciples was good, but they couldn't allow for more of their weaker disciples to die. They had to wait for new disciples to join the Sect.

The deaths for the missions decreased, but not by as much as the leadership believed. Most disciples still followed the old requirements since they wanted to temper themselves. This made the leadership nearly helpless regarding this factor. They couldn't create a minimum power for the missions since that would be damaging to the disciples' cultivation path. After all, everyone had the right to tempering.

In the end, right before the Lightning Tower was finished, they canceled all missions that hadn't been accepted yet. They couldn't keep up with this wild spending. Sadly, this was the only way to keep the Lightning Sect afloat. The disciples weren't happy about that, but they had earned enough Contribution Points in the last couple of weeks, so they didn't protest.

Gravis walked through the Lightning Sect, looking around as he made his way to the Lightning Tower. Nearly every disciple was back in the Sect, yet it almost felt empty to him. Nearly all disciples that Gravis saw were either at the Spirit Forming Realm or the Body Tempering Realm. Energy Gathering disciples had grown rare. Yet, the ones that remained radiated powerful wills.

Gravis had just been told that the Lightning Sect would accept his current shipment of Balzar, but nothing more. Their Balzar storage wasn't full, but they had to save Contribution Points. Balzar was not the top priority now, so the mission for getting Balzar got the axe.

After a while of walking, Gravis appeared before the Lightning Tower and looked at it. To him, the Lightning Tower radiated an aura of chaos. On the one hand, it radiated an aura of power and reliance, yet on the other, it radiated an aura of greed and blood. The tower had claimed a lot of lives and wealth, yet it was about to show its power.

Gravis knew that the Lightning Tower's reconstruction demanded a lot of blood and money, but it would allow everyone to rise. This was a calamity, yet if the Lightning Sect managed to get through this calamity, they would become more powerful than ever before.

Gravis also noticed Lasar standing in front of the Lightning Tower. Lasar looked exhausted, and his face had a couple more wrinkles on it. The Lightning Tower weighed hard on his mind.

When Lasar felt Gravis, he slowly turned around to look at him with bags beneath his eyes. "I'll show you what you have to do," he said with a voice that lacked energy.

Gravis nodded. "Go ahead."

## [Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

### Chapter 256: Tempering Disciples

Gravis walked through the new Lightning Tower as he followed Lasar. They went through a lot of corridors and up some stairs. The corridors appeared bulky at some places since that was where the cables ran through. Gravis also saw a lot of small, open crevices at those spots. He realized that the bulky part of the corridors was closed with removable panels.

After walking for a while, they arrived at a singular door, which was protected by multiple Formation Arrays. Lasar shot some lightning at the Formation Arrays in a peculiar way, and the door opened. Behind the door, Gravis saw a small room. It was not really noteworthy, except for the platform in the middle that was half a meter higher than the floor.

"The platform in the middle acts as a receiver for Destruction Lightning. Your Destruction Lightning only has to hit any spot of the platform to be absorbed," Lasar explained evenly without any motivation or energy. He sounded utterly exhausted. "Sit down in the middle, but don't release your lightning yet."

Gravis nodded and sat down on the platform. "We don't have a way to store your lightning, so you have to release it according to the disciples' power in each room. In total, we have 100 rooms that are only for creating Destruction Lightning. Those rooms have two valves instead of only one. One valve is for Destruction Lightning, while the second one is for Life Lightning."

Gravis inspected those rooms with his Spirit and saw the two valves. "Just like in the normal rooms," Lasar continued explaining, "the valves for Destruction Lightning need to be held down. If someone loses their power, the valve will shoot upward with quite some speed. If the valve shoots up quickly, it will automatically release the valve of Life Lightning for a couple of seconds. If it goes up slowly, the valve for Life Lightning won't open. On top of that, only one valve can remain open at a time."

Gravis nodded multiple times as he heard that. "That's pretty smart," he said with praise. "If people lose their power, they get healed immediately while the people, who still have some strength left, won't waste unnecessary Life Lightning. The fact that only one valve can be opened at a time also won't create the issue of people getting natural lightning since Life Lightning and Destruction Lightning would just fuse into natural lightning."

Lasar nodded in exhaustion. "Exactly," he said. "Regarding the power that is transferred, there is a difference based on the cultivation of the spender. If someone at the Magic Gathering Realm releases Destruction Lightning, the formations will take over the lightning's distribution. Luckily, with you being in the Spirit Forming Realm, we don't need to waste the resources required to operate these Formation Arrays. I assume you have enough control over your lightning to keep the people alive."

Gravis nodded. "Of course. Their survival won't be an issue."

Lasar nodded again. "Just use your Spirit to control the Destruction Lightning and distribute it accordingly. There probably won't be an issue. One more thing, though. Not everyone is craving power and tempering as crazily as you, so try to keep that in mind. You may be fine with having your whole body on the brink of death to gain power more quickly, but most others aren't. Just release less lightning than you want for yourself and raise it slightly. When you see someone take their hand of the valve, remember that and don't increase it as quickly anymore."



Gravis thought about this but nodded. "I guess that's reasonable." Gravis remembered his time when he had cultivated his Destruction Lightning Seed. At that time, he had continuously been close to death, with half his organs entirely destroyed at nearly all times. Most people would probably describe that as a traumatic event.

"Also, remember how you told us about the issue when the inherent lightning reaches around 80 to 85% of Destruction Energy? You told us that it would then start eradicating all Life Energy inside the Lightning Seed. Keep that moment in mind since that will be the most dangerous moment for them. In here, you also have control over the valves for Life Lightning. If you see someone having issues in getting through this, use the valves accordingly," Lasar continued explaining.

Gravis nodded. "Of course. I know very well how dangerous that can get."

"Please, also communicate with the disciples. No one wants to be assaulted by an avalanche of Destruction Lightning if they aren't ready. And please, PLEASE, don't forget to unload your lightning into your Spirit. If you use less lightning than the disciples absorb and your storage fills, one stray bolt from your dantian would incinerate all disciples," Lasar implored.

Gravis nodded. "I won't forget that. After a full month, unloading my lightning has become a reflex. Nothing will happen."

Lasar trusted Gravis' words, but he still couldn't help being worried. After all, a stray lightning bolt would not only kill all disciples in the rooms but also damage the whole interior of the Lightning Tower. The Sect couldn't survive another rebuilding of the tower.

"I'll stay here in the beginning," Lasar said. "When I see that everything's working fine, I'll leave."

Gravis nodded. "Alright."

Lasar nodded back and told the disciples to enter. 100 Body Tempering disciples from all around the Sect gathered in the Lightning Tower and entered their assigned rooms. Some of them tested the Destruction Lightning valve, but nothing appeared.

"Everyone sit down. I will tell you when I start," Gravis transmitted to everyone in the room. All of them nodded and sat down. "Now, everyone pull down on the Destruction Lightning valve."

The disciples all pulled down the valve and held it. "I will start now. At first, the lightning will be very weak, but I will periodically increase the intensity. If the pain and destruction of your body becomes too much, just let go of the Destruction Lightning valve. I will keep that in mind in the future and change the Destruction Lightning accordingly," Gravis explained to everyone.

The disciples all understood and readied themselves. They knew that this would be a long time of tempering. They would be here for probably over a month.

Gravis saw that everyone was ready and released a minuscule amount of lightning. To him, this amount of lightning was basically nothing. The lightning hit the platform and ran through the tower. Gravis quickly used his Spirit to distribute it evenly among the disciples.

**BANG!**

Every disciple was hit at the same time, but they could easily resist it. Yet, Gravis saw eight people that spat some blood. Gravis' eyes narrowed as he saw this. It was impossible that this lightning was too intense since the other 92 resisted it without even really trying. Those eight disciples were somehow different.

Gravis shot a look at Lasar, asking what was going on. Lasar also saw this with his Spirit and grimaced. "Their temperament is not strong enough for such powerful lightning," he explained. "Many people put on a show in the Entrance Exams to appear different than they are. After all, everyone knows about the temperament of lightning. Yet, who doesn't want to shoot lightning out of their hands?"

Gravis nodded. The stronger the lightning became, the more it required a fitting temperament. If the people weren't similar to lightning, their lightning would be harder to control and even run berserk at some point. That was why the temperament was so important. "So, what now?" Gravis asked.

Lasar showed him. The eight disciples were thrown out of the tower and then out of the whole Lightning Sect. Their emblems, clothing, and weapons were confiscated. "I don't want cheating trash in my Sect," Lasar said.

Gravis nodded. In actuality, the thrown-out people were lucky that Lasar hadn't destroyed their Lightning Seeds. They could still continue cultivating, but they would never be part of the Lightning Sect again.

Lasar quickly informed another eight disciples who had been waiting on standby. One of those new eight also showed adverse reactions, which constituted another throw-out. After another disciple entered, everything went according to plan.

Gravis slowly raised the intensity, and after three times of doing so, the first disciples started getting injured. Yet, this didn't come from their temperament, but from the power of the lightning. Starting from now, the disciples were supposed to cultivate their bodies until they had a strong enough resistance to resist the power of their future Destruction Lightning Seed. This alone would take a full week.

Some disciples started absorbing some of the Destruction Lightning into their Lightning Seed, but Gravis quickly threw them out. Gravis had gotten explicit instructions that anyone that didn't follow the routine would be thrown out of the Lightning Tower. Of course, those disciples weren't thrown out of the entire Sect, like the previous ones. They only were thrown out of the Lightning Tower.

Sadly for them, the exorbitant amount of Contribution Points they had paid to get Destruction Lightning was not refundable. This was punishment enough. Those disciples quickly protested in front of the Lightning Tower, but the guards beat them up. Anyone who broke the rules would get their just punishment.

After a couple of hours of watching, Lasar released a relieved sigh. He saw that everything worked accordingly and left. "I'm going to take a long nap," he said. "If there is a problem, and you don't know how to proceed, just ask grandpa. His word is my word."

"Good night," Gravis said.

"Good night," Lasar said as he left the chamber.

Like this, Gravis continued tempering the disciples for a long time.

### [Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

#### **Chapter 257: Not Everyone Reaches the Top**

No more issues cropped up during the tempering of the new disciples. After about a week, everyone had a powerful enough body to resist their future Destruction Lightning Seed. After some hours of rest, the tempering continued. Yet, this time, the disciples were absorbing the lightning into their Lightning Seed.

The creation of the Destruction Lightning Seed took nearly a whole month. None of the disciples had Elemental Synchronicity, which made this whole thing take so long. Yet, after the month, nearly everyone managed to upgrade their Lightning Seeds to Destruction Lightning. Though, accidents happen. Two of the disciples died during the cultivation.

Gravis had no idea how those disciples died. They just died from one moment to the other. Their bodies didn't explode. In actuality, the bodies were still in relatively good condition. Gravis had seen when they died, and it had appeared as if the Destruction Lightning inside them went crazy and destroyed their minds.

After a long talk with Lasar, they came to a conclusion on why this happened. The will of those two disciples had been too weak. This was the only conclusion that made sense, even though it also didn't make sense at the same time. The disciples' wills had been tested before going into the tower, and there were even people with weaker wills than the dead ones.

Initially, Lasar hadn't considered that possibility. After all, how could people with weaker wills still be fine while those two had died? Yet, the way that the lightning killed them was precisely the same as when someone created lightning that was too powerful for their current will.

In the middle of the discussion, Gravis had thought about something that made this whole scene make sense. "What if they were Heavenborn?" Gravis had asked. The Heaven Sect had Heavenborn specifically created to be spies, and their wills appeared the same as the other disciples. Yet, their will actually wasn't that powerful.

Why did Heavenborn not need a will? That was due to their Heavenly Pressure, which borrowed the will of Heaven. The will would create a pressure powerful enough to compress their Energy and make them form their Spirits. Yet, the borrowed will didn't represent their own will.

Gravis guessed that over a month of tempering and pain, the Heavenborn had lost control over their own, personal will. They couldn't control the powerful lightning anymore, and it went berserk. A Heavenborn could borrow the Will-Aura from Heaven, but they couldn't borrow willpower. This was what killed them.

Lasar didn't really care. It actually made no difference if there were spies from the Heaven Sect in the Lightning Sect or not. What were they going to do about it anyway? On top of that, the High Priest could just use his Spirit to look into the Lightning Sect. The death of the spies made absolutely no difference. It just made it slightly harder for the Heaven Sect to gather intel on the Lightning Sect.

Typically, if a power found spies from another power in their ranks, they would become enraged and demand an explanation. Yet, what if the power was the supreme leader over the world? The Lightning Sect would demand an explanation, and the Heaven Sect would just say no. What then? Were they supposed to attack the Heaven Sect? That would be suicide.

The different power dynamics made killing or sparing the spies unimportant. It was the same thing either way.

Lasar and Gravis had had this conversation inside the Lightning Tower after the tempering of the disciples had finished. Every single one of those disciples had already felt the Energy in the air, which meant that they could reach the Energy Gathering Realm whenever they wanted. By the next day, the Lightning Sect would have 98 new Energy Gathering disciples with Destruction Lightning.

After over a month of tempering, Gravis left the Lightning Tower with a sigh. Initially, he had believed that his training speed would slow down while doing this, but that was not entirely true. Yes, his lightning was regenerating slower since he was using it up at the same time. Yet, the output that he kept up had been so small that Gravis' cultivation was only delayed by some hours. During the tempering, he still needed to unload his lightning into his Spirit.

As Gravis stepped out of the Lightning Tower, he saw the Freya's Birch unload some Life Lightning into the tower. The Life Lightning storages were low, so they needed a refill. Gravis watched the tree until it stopped. Then, he saw a lot of disciples entering a giant warehouse and exiting, carrying bodies of beasts.

The corpses surrounded the tree again, but when Gravis saw one of the bodies, he took a shaking, deep breath. It was a gigantic green bird. Gravis could see that it was a low-grade Spirit Beast.

The disciple carrying the body dumped it near the tree and then left. Gravis inspected it, and sure enough, it was Skye's parent. In the beginning, Gravis had feared that it was Skye, but it turned out that it was its parent. Gravis looked at the body with emotion. While doing so, he remained silent.

After a couple of minutes, he took another breath and looked into the sky. "Not everyone can survive the journey to the top," he muttered.

Was he angry? Yes.

Was he sad? Yes.

Did he think Skye's parent deserved this? No.

Yet, was he supposed to kill the killer because they went out to temper themselves? The missions had been created as tempering, and the disciples followed that. He had told no one about Skye or Skye's parent, except for Lasar and Old Man Lightning. Yet, the elders who created the missions didn't know. Therefore, Skye's parent had become one of the targets for the mission and was killed.

'My creation of the tree has such far-reaching repercussions. My cultivation resulted in thousands of beasts dying. Is that bad? Is it good? I don't think it's anything. As I become stronger, my acts will create bigger repercussions. Am I supposed to think about everything I do?' Gravis thought to himself.

Gravis released a small, bitter laugh. 'I could have remembered that Skye and its parent would also fall into the range of targets. Yet, I totally forgot. Though, would it have been right for me to stop this? Skye and its parent wanted tempering, and it had been delivered to them. If I were in its shoes, would I fault myself?' Gravis asked himself.

Gravis slightly shook his head. 'I wouldn't fault the missions. I had a chance of winning, yet I was too weak to change this calamity into good luck. The death of Skye's parent has increased the power of someone else. This is just how the world and cultivation works.'

Gravis saw the body deteriorating at a visible speed as the tree swayed in happiness. The tree had already noticed Gravis and greeted its father with happiness. It was always happy to see its father, and Gravis felt its emotions.

'I am angry, sad, and frustrated, yet what will that change?' Gravis asked himself. 'The fights had been fair, and if Skye's parent had seen such a group of people, it would have probably attacked of its own volition. It is natural to temper oneself. That also holds true for beasts. Am I supposed to kill the disciple or group of disciples because they managed to survive?'

Gravis continued looking at the body neutrally. He remembered how it returned to the tree after the fight with the Fire and Lightning Guild. He remembered his time staying with the two birds. He remembered how it had pushed Skye forward to Gravis. He remembered Skye's reunion with it when they had visited the Wind Guild. Then, he also remembered his talk with it after he had reached the Spirit Forming Realm.

Back then, it had said that it would leave for the Core-Continent in five days. By now, multiple months had passed. It actually made sense that it would already be here. By being here, it obviously, also became a target.

After the body vanished, Gravis contacted the elder responsible for the missions. He asked him who killed the bird, and the elder answered. There was no reason to keep something like that private. Those were public missions, after all.

It had been a group of two Seed Stage cultivators while one of them hadn't returned from the hunt. Gravis asked around and quickly found out who the surviving person was. It was a relatively young man named Deryl.

Gravis searched for Deryl and found him drinking in a pub. There were some pubs around the Lightning Sect. After all, the disciples also wanted to relax and socialize from time to time. After finding Deryl, Gravis walked to the pub.

The pub was black since it was made with Balzar, but the furniture was made with expensive wood. Every single piece of furniture released some Energy, which meant they were probably made out of an Energy Plant.

Gravis found Deryl sitting alone in a corner, continually drinking Spirit Wine. One had to know that due to a cultivator's power, they couldn't drink enough alcohol to get drunk. That was where Spirit Wine came into the equation. It numbed the Spirit of a person, making it harder for them to think. It was mostly used to get a nice party started, but Deryl was obviously not using it for that. He was drinking to forget.

This was incredibly rare since Spirit Forming experts all had a Will-Aura. The will of someone like that was hard to break. Gravis guessed that this was because of the other dead person.

"Can we talk for a bit?" Gravis asked.

### [Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

#### **Chapter 258: Unknowing Change**

Even though Deryl's awareness was numbed, he was sure that he wasn't so numb that he was hallucinating. The mysterious new disciple was talking to him. Nobody in the Lightning Sect knew exactly what was up with this person. He just showed up a little over a month ago and kept hanging around Old Man Lightning and the Sect Master.

This person was also responsible for granting the new generation the Destruction Lightning. On top of that, that person had created the tree in the middle of the plaza. Yet, no disciple had ever talked to him. It was always only the Sect Master or Old Man Lightning talking with him.

In total, all disciples in the Lightning Sect had no idea about Gravis. They didn't even know his name. They didn't know where he came from or why he was here. They only knew that he popped up out of nowhere. Gravis' unique status also created a divide between him and the other disciples.

"Sure," Deryl said absentmindedly. He wasn't sure how to proceed since he was just so shocked that this elusive new disciple was talking to him.

Gravis sat down and ordered some Spirit Wine for himself. For once, he wanted to see why people drank it. Was it a pleasure? Gravis wasn't sure. He couldn't imagine something that numbed his Spirit to be pleasurable. His drinks with Ballor were too long ago, and he was also younger. Maybe one needed some maturity to enjoy it.

"Tell me about your fight with the bird," Gravis said. He wanted to know how Skye's parent had died.

Deryl felt his insides shake. That was a memory that he didn't want to remember. The fight with the bird had been the worst day of his life. "I'd rather not," Deryl said.

'As expected,' Gravis thought. If someone with a Will-Aura didn't want to talk about something, then that something was probably a traumatic experience.

"Then let me tell you a story. Today, you and I are similar. I guess that the second person that didn't return from the mission was someone important to you. I have also lost someone important to me, and I want to tell you about it," Gravis said.

Deryl smiled sadly. "You're right," Deryl said with a shaking voice. "I have lost my love in the fight, and I don't want to remember it. I only want to forget." Deryl drank some of his Spirit Wine. "If you want to share your experience, I will listen."

The Spirit Wine arrived, and Gravis drank from it after looking at it for a while. The Spirit Wine created a burning sensation in his throat, but that was negligible compared to his will. He went through worse pain. The burning sensation wasn't pleasurable.

"When I reached the Middle-Continent, I saw a big green bird in the distance flying around. I wanted to test my newfound power, so I went after it," Gravis started narrating this tale. Of course, he didn't go

into detail. He only spoke about the parts that included Skye and its parent, skipping over everything in-between.

When Deryl heard "big green bird", his insides shook. That sounded exactly like the bird he had killed. Did this person also lose someone close to him to such a bird?

Gravis told him about the fight at the tree but didn't reveal the element or identities of his opponents. That would shift the focus from the birds to why Gravis had killed people from the Lightning Guild.

When Gravis told Deryl about the time he stayed together with the birds, Deryl started realizing that was happening. His heart sank as he realized that the close person that died was the bird he had killed. His inebriation quickly started vanishing as nervousness and fear started building. Was Gravis about to kill him?

Gravis continued telling his story. He told Deryl about all the good times he had with Skye and how close they were. Of course, he also told Deryl about Skye's parent. When Deryl heard that the parent bird reached the level of a Spirit Beast and went to the Core-Continent, he didn't have any more doubt in his mind. He had killed one of the two birds.

Gravis took swigs from his Spirit Wine every couple of minutes, yet nothing happened. He felt no different than before. Gravis guessed that the ingredient that would numb his Spirit was probably destroyed as soon as it came into contact with the lightning inside it. The Spirit Wine wasn't working at all, but Gravis didn't mind.

"And today, I saw Skye's parent again, as a body that has been thrown to the Freya's Birch," he said, "and that's why I'm here."

Deryl was breathing rapidly. His nervousness had long transformed into fear for his life. Yes, he was still in a slump due to his dead lover, but as soon as a threat appeared, that had been forgotten. He thought that he wouldn't care about death, but as soon as danger appeared, his emotions changed.

Seeing that Deryl didn't react, Gravis took the initiative. "So, tell me about your fight with Skye's parent," he said.

Deryl didn't dare slight Gravis, so he finally started telling his tale. "I saw many new missions for hunting beasts, so I took one appropriate to my level. Seline, my love, always joined me in these hunts. We wanted to ascend together, so we always were together. Like this, if one dies, the other one would die too. There was no reason to keep living if one of us is dead. What is power worth if you have no one to share it with?" he said with a nervous but sad look.

"We quickly found our target, but the target also found us. Before we could even prepare ourselves, it attacked," Deryl's voice started becoming shaky at this point. "We fought for a couple of minutes but couldn't win. It's way of fighting was brilliant. We also couldn't flee since it was many times faster than us. We had to win, or we would die."

Deryl took a deep breath and some more Spirit Wine to calm down his raging emotions. "Seline said that she had a plan. She would distract it, and I would only need to release all my power in one slash. I regained hope, and I followed her instructions. She took the initiative to attack, and it attacked back. At

some point, Seline gave me the signal, and I ran forward with all my power while the bird attacked Seline with its beak."

Tears started flowing down Deryl's face as it became harder for him to continue. "At that point, Seline smiled at me and told me to live on. My heart sank at those words, but before I could react," his words started becoming hard to decipher due to his emotions, "she had released all the lightning in her body. She had compressed it inside her body and made it explode. The bird was stunned due to the lightning, and I beheaded it. That's the fight," Deryl finished with tears streaming down his face.

Gravis looked at him neutrally. "So it was a fair fight, and Skye's parent had a chance to win," Gravis said to himself more than to Deryl. With Deryl's inebriation, will, and similar temperament to lightning, he wouldn't lie about something like this. This was not the way of lightning, and if he didn't have a similar temperament to lightning, he wouldn't have reached the Seed Stage.

"Thank you," Gravis said as he stood up and left the table.

Deryl noticed Gravis standing up and leaving with shock. Gravis didn't intend to kill him? Why? "You're leaving? Just like that?" he asked involuntarily. After speaking these words, his fear returned. Why hadn't he just accepted the situation as is?

Gravis didn't turn around. "It was fair tempering, and one party would die. Killing you because you were the stronger one would be hypocritical. Cultivation is like that, and there is no way around it."

With that said, Gravis left the pub, leaving Deryl alone.

Outside, Gravis looked at the sky and released a sigh. "If that had happened about a year ago, I wouldn't even think about all this. I would immediately kill the person that killed my companion. Yet, here I am, not doing anything," Gravis said to himself.

Melancholy took hold as he remembered his personality and thinking of the past. 'When I started cultivating, I promised that I would never become like father. On the day Stella died, I have seen so many people getting killed due to the conflict between Heaven and father. I swore that I would never become this apathetic.'

Gravis released another breath. 'Yet, here I am. My cultivation has involuntarily killed thousands of beasts and many disciples of the Lightning Sect. 1,500 people of the Lightning Sect died in those missions, while thousands of beasts died. Without me or the tree, none of these lives would have been lost.'

Gravis turned his head to the Sect and looked at it. 'Yet, I see that this is how the world works. If something powerful acts, the weak suffer. So many lives had been lost because of father, and now, I am the reason for thousands of lives ending. In the past, I would have felt guilty beyond comparison, but now, I don't seem to care that much. People die on the way to power, and that is how the world works.'

Gravis released a bitter laugh. 'It took the death of a companion to make me see this. I also now realize that I hadn't thought about all the beasts I killed before I achieved my Will-Aura. Were all those beasts in the practical tests out of their own volition? Of course not. Yet, I went through hundreds of them without a guilty conscience.'

Gravis laughed slightly, but it wasn't bitter this time.



'I was really naïve. Times and people change, and I don't know how I will think many years from now. I wonder, would my past self hate my present self?' Gravis asked himself.

Then, he shook his head. 'It doesn't matter. I am me, and that won't change, no matter how much I change.'

### Lightning Is the Only Way

#### **Chapter 259: Seed Stage**

With that short intermission over, Gravis continued training. He actually offered to give the Lightning Sect his mined Balzar free of charge, but surprisingly, they declined. They said that no work remained unrewarded. So, in the end, Gravis was even forbidden from entering the Balzar mine.

With nothing better to do, Gravis decided to test different battle techniques on some wild beasts. He searched around for mid-grade Spirit Beasts and found quite a few. The first beast, he killed with all his power, and the fight had been pretty easy. The beast was pretty fast and powerful, but just as he had expected, it didn't evade when an incredible amount of lightning had built up around him. It fell victim to his Lightning Crescent.

The next beast, he killed without using his Will-Aura, which made it even faster and more powerful. Gravis got a little injured during that fight, but he was still able to win. After that, he found the sweet spot. He wouldn't use his Lightning Bomb or Lightning Crescent but would use everything else he had. Those fights had been pretty exciting.

Sadly, none of those fights could temper his will. After all, as long as he had a weapon that would win the fight, every tempering would become senseless. The will was increased by the emotions and by being forced to break through one's limits. If he always had such a powerful weapon ready, that would never happen, even if he swore that he would rather die than use it. It was just how emotions and the will worked.

Like this, another three months passed, and now, Gravis was back at the Lightning Sect. Even though his will hadn't been tempered, he received more battle experience and finer control over his body. Yet, why did he return to the Lightning Sect?

That was because he was about to have a breakthrough. His Spirit was ready to reach the next level, and he wanted to do that in an environment with no danger.

Gravis sat on the wooden floor inside Old Man Lightning's home. He dumped all his belongings beside him. The old man had said that it would be better to keep his Spirit Space empty during the breakthrough. Old Man Lightning was sitting in the same room but in an armchair. He was also interested in how Gravis would reach the next level.

"It's time," Gravis said and shoved his lightning into his Spirit. By now, his Spirit was so densely packed with lightning that he couldn't even see the individual streaks. Everything was just a mass of white and silver. It basically looked like his Lightning Bomb.

As the new lightning entered his Spirit, he noticed his Spirit shaking. It was almost like it was ready to burst. Suddenly, Gravis felt a stinging pain in his Spirit. It was like someone had stabbed him in the head with a knife. The pain continually seared into his mind, and Gravis even had to grit his teeth.

This pain was incredibly powerful, but nothing he couldn't withstand. Gravis guessed that this was the reason why someone needed a more powerful Will-Aura to advance. The pain he felt right now was a little greater than when he had kept his mind at 99% Energy while using the Pre-Forming Technique, back when he had still been in the Energy Gathering Realm.

The pain was powerful enough to make someone with a newly created Will-Aura go insane, lose consciousness, or abort the breakthrough. Someone could nourish their Spirit with their Energy, but they could also take Energy from their Spirit. If someone couldn't handle the pain, they would probably remove some Energy from their Spirit, thus halting their breakthrough.

Luckily, Gravis' Will-Aura was more than enough to handle that. He noticed the walls of his Spirit Space pulsing like they were injured. Then, slowly, his Spirit Space started shrinking. The lightning became more and more compressed, yet, surprisingly, the pain didn't increase in intensity.

Typically, one would think that by increasing the internal pressure, the Spirit would become more injured and, therefore, radiate more pain. Strangely enough, that didn't happen. 'I wonder why that is?' Gravis asked himself. 'Is it possible that this pain is not actually real pain, but something sent by Heaven to temper the cultivators? After all, Heaven wants powerful people, and if someone advanced with a will that was too weak, they might become too weak in relation to others on their Realm.'

Gravis actually thought that this form of "tribulation" made sense. If that weren't there, most cultivators would just be weak-willed babies that couldn't handle hardships. That might still be okay in the first few Realms, but Gravis guessed that something like this would become a massive issue in the future.

While thinking about the reason for the pain, his Spirit Space shrunk more and more. As the lightning was compressed, it grew more and more volatile. The concentrated lightning made constant screeching sounds, but Gravis wasn't bothered by that. He was lightning, and this was just a form of lightning. The screeching actually made him feel elated, for some reason. It felt like a dear friend was celebrating their newfound power.

His Spirit Space shrunk until it was no bigger than a seed. It remained at that size for a few minutes and then enlarged with rapid speed. In just a second, it reached its old size, but it didn't stop there. It continued growing until it reached the form of a ball with a diameter of ten meters. Of course, this was a separate space. Gravis' head didn't swell to such a ridiculous size.

After the Spirit Space stabilized, Gravis felt his Spirit shudder. Then, his Spirit started expanding outward.

From a radius of 50 kilometers...

To 60 kilometers

70 kilometers

80 kilometers

90 kilometers

And finally, 100 kilometers.

The radius of his Spirit had doubled. One would think that Gravis would now see twice as many things with his Spirit, but that wasn't how circular areas worked. On a 2D plane, the total area that Gravis' Spirit encompassed was about quadruple that of the old one. Yet, if someone also considered the whole sphere, it would become even crazier. Though that was unimportant since there was nothing above a couple of kilometers in the air, and the ground also blocked someone's Spirit somewhat.

So, as long as Gravis' Spirit was big enough to reach the upper emptiness above the world, the increased height of his Spirit became meaningless. Yet, Gravis was thrilled with the size of his Spirit. At the start, he didn't know about the size of others' Spirits, but Lasar had told him that info.

Apparently, someone at the initial stage of Spirit forming would have a Spirit with a radius of ten kilometers. After every breakthrough, that radius would double. So, Seed Stage had 20 kilometers, Sapling Stage 40 kilometers, Tree Stage 80 kilometers, and the Self Stage would break that convention with having around 200 Kilometers. Heaven probably liked nice and clean numbers. After all, it had created cultivation.

With a radius of 100 kilometers, Gravis' Spirit encompassed a bigger area than someone at the Tree Stage but less than someone at the Self Stage. Sadly, his Spirit wasn't more powerful than others. It just encompassed more. Gravis guessed that this was one of the advantages that his lightning-adapted Spirit had over others.

Gravis looked back into his Spirit and noticed that the lightning hadn't widened along with his Spirit Space. It simply stayed at the size of a seed. This also meant that there was no more lightning flying around his Spirit Space. His whole Spirit Space was empty, except for the volatile, shining, little star-like thing in the middle. The little seed illuminated his whole Spirit, making Gravis able to check the walls of his Spirit Space.

Well, they couldn't exactly be called walls. It was more like a transparent membrane. Behind the membrane, Gravis could see that his Spirit Space was surrounded by his own brain. One had to know that someone could transport their awareness into their Spirit Space, which would be just like them standing inside their own head. This whole thing was rather bizarre, and Gravis wasn't sure what he should think about looking at his own brain, which was surrounding him.

Poke, Poke!

Gravis tapped the membrane with his finger, but nothing happened. Then, Gravis used more strength, but still, nothing happened. After that, he willed for his awareness to pass the barrier, but that was also impossible. After all, his "body" inside his Spirit Space wasn't exactly real, but just a projection of himself. It couldn't exist outside his Spirit Space.

After seeing that he could not wander around in his own brain, Gravis went over to the little star thing. It couldn't be called a star since... it just wasn't a star. It just looked a bit like one with all the light.

Poke!

Gravis poked it, and it got flung away like a minuscule marble. Yet, its actual body never touched the membrane. As soon as it closed in on a membrane, a small bit of lightning would halt its momentum and shoot it back at nearly the same speed. Meanwhile, the lightning hit his membrane, then flowed alongside it, and finally reentered the small seed.

"Huh, that's interesting," Gravis said.

Ponk, Pack!

Gravis took the seed into his hand and threw it against the membrane. Like a ball, the seed bounced off the membrane and landed in Gravis' hand again.

Ponk, Pack! Ponk, Pack! Ponk, Pack!

"This is fun!" Gravis said with glee. After catching the seed again, he stopped with a surprised expression. "Wait, would that actually work?" Gravis asked himself. Then, he looked at the seed with interest.

BANG!

Gravis used a strong punch to shoot the seed away. The seed hit the membrane and shot back again with just as much speed. Gravis evaded, and the seed started hitting another part of the membrane. Like that, it shot away again. After evading and watching it for a while, Gravis realized that it wasn't losing much speed. It only lost a little speed when hitting the membrane, but nothing else slowed it down. He guessed that there was probably no air inside his Spirit Space.

"I can use this to train my evasion ability in a chaotic fight!"

### [Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

#### **Chapter 260: Testing the Threshold**

Gravis jumped back and forth while the seed shot around his Spirit Space with unreal speed. Gravis had been hit quite a lot in the past couple of minutes. In the beginning, it hadn't been that hard to evade the seed, but as soon as Gravis started hitting it with more power, it became increasingly more difficult. The seed became nearly unavoidable as soon as Gravis started kicking instead of punching it.

Yet, Gravis had the time of his life right now. He realized that this was an incredible way of training his dodging. Since the seed was round, and Gravis constantly had to dodge it, he decided to call this training Dodge Ball. He thought that this was a fitting name for the training.

"Is everything alright?" Gravis heard the voice of Old Man Lightning reverberating throughout his Spirit Space. He guessed that this was how a sound transmission sounded while inside his own Spirit Space. Of course, that voice distracted him enough to get hit by the seed.

BZZZ!

The seed just released some lightning that entered Gravis' "body" and then halted. The seed was himself, so it obviously wouldn't injure him. Yet, he was a little bummed out that he couldn't break his record of consecutive dodges. After a sigh, Gravis left his Spirit Space.

In the physical world, Gravis opened his eyes and looked at Old Man Lightning. "Oh, everything's fine. I was just training."

WACK!

"And here I thought something went wrong," Old Man Lightning shouted with frustration. "After your breakthrough, you just remained silent, and I was worried that something went wrong. Instead, you immediately went back to training! Try to think of my position for once!"

Gravis rubbed his head, but he realized that he might have worried Old Man Lightning by being silent. "Yeah, sorry," Gravis said nonchalantly. "I was just really absorbed in training."

Old Man Lightning snorted. "What training? You just made a breakthrough, and you have to wait for your Realm to increase again. What could you possibly train while remaining still like a rock?"

Gravis smirked. "I call it Dodge Ball!" Gravis said proudly.

Old Man Lightning had confusion written on his face. "Dodge Ball?" he asked.

Gravis nodded. "Yes, Dodge Ball! I poked my Spirit Seed and noticed that it bounced off the membrane of-"

WACK! BOOM!

Gravis was hit pretty hard by the cane, and his body hit the wall, destroying some furniture. "Are you insane!?" Old Man Lightning shouted with anxiety and rage. "Do you know how fragile a Spirit Seed is? If it breaks, you will fall back into the initial stage of Spirit Forming!"

Gravis stood up and rubbed his head. He looked at Old Man Lightning with annoyance. "What are you talking about? Fragile? I can kick that little ball of lightning with my full power, and nothing happened to it."

"Kicked... with... your... full... power?" Old Man Lightning said in shock between deep breaths. "What nonsense are you spouting!? Even a small poke can injure the Spirit Seed!"

Gravis sneered. "Well, that's not what I saw! I can punch and kick it however I want."

Old Man Lightning looked incredibly confused and agitated for a while, but after seeing that Gravis was alright, he calmed down with a sigh. "Well, your cultivation is different from others." Old Man Lightning sat back down in his armchair. "Tell me what happened."

Gravis snorted once due to being hit twice, but he complied. He started telling Old Man Lightning about his breakthrough and what had happened. When he told him how he used his Spirit Seed for avoidance training, Old Man Lightning became a slight bit anxious, but nothing too much.

After Gravis was finished telling his tale, Old Man Lightning sighed. Then, he looked out of one of his windows into the sky. "I guess Magic and lightning are different," he said slowly. Then, he turned to Gravis. "When a cultivator reaches the Seed Stage, they have created their Spirit Seed, but that seed is still fragile. If it gets hit, it breaks apart and becomes a mass of Magic again. Even though we can control Magic with our Spirit, we can't create enough pressure to keep the Spirit Seed stable if some force acts upon it."

Gravis thought about this for a bit and nodded. "I guess that sounds reasonable," he said. "After all, Energy is very passive. It isn't really dangerous in itself and can easily be converted into many other things. Something like that probably can't be abused without breaking it."

Old Man Lightning nodded. "Yes. Lightning is different in that regard. It is a powerful force that destroys everything that touches it. If Magic is one extreme, then lightning is the other. I guess that, if you hit it, it would rather strike back than break. Yet, since you are one with lightning, it probably doesn't care. After all, it's just you."

Gravis agreed with that statement. If he weren't synchronized with lightning, that little seed would probably unload its whole self into him, trying to destroy him with everything it had. Yet, since Gravis was basically lightning, there was no sense in attacking itself. With the situation as it was, the Spirit Seed could only accept the abuse that Gravis bestowed upon it under the name of training.

This all sounded dramatic, but the Spirit Seed didn't have its own personality or will. It was just an amalgamation of a lot of lightning, after all.

"So, what will you do now?" Old Man Lightning asked.

Gravis thought for a while. "I think I'll buy some pills to make my body equal to my lightning."

Old Man Lightning looked like he remembered something. "Speaking of, you haven't condensed your lightning yet," he said.

Gravis now also showed a look recognition. "Oh yeah, right!"

With a more powerful Spirit, one could condense their Energy further. This was how the Energy of Spirit Forming experts increased. They would press the Energy inside their dantian into a denser form, creating more space for more Energy. Like this, the amount of Energy in their dantian would increase.

Yet, Gravis didn't have any Energy inside his dantian. He only had lightning, and that didn't even conform to his dantian. It was just ignoring it and growing without end. Gravis already knew that his increase in Realm wouldn't increase his amount of lightning. Yet, it would concentrate his lightning more, and therefore, making it not poke out of his body as much.

Gravis used his Spirit to inspect his lightning and then pressed it together with everything he had. This whole thing took a couple of minutes, and after he was finished, the size of his lightning had been reduced by about 50%.

Old Man Lightning saw this and nodded with praise. "Good! Like this, you probably won't unload into the ground anymore. Though, you will probably still unload onto other people if they bump into you. Let's go outside and see where your new thresholds are."

Gravis nodded, and they walked outside. They walked until they left the Sect and stopped when nothing was around for hundreds of meters. Old Man Lightning turned to Gravis. "Alright, how much lightning do you have now?" he asked.

"I'm a little bit below 70%," Gravis answered.

Old Man Lightning nodded. "Alright, let's see."

Pack!

The cane touched Gravis' belly, but nothing happened. "That looks good. Even at nearly 70%, it doesn't hit anything outside your body. Now, let's wait."

Gravis remained silent and looked at his abdomen in interest. He also wanted to know what his new threshold would be. After waiting for some minutes...

BZZZ!

Some lightning came out of Gravis' abdomen and went along Old Man Lightning's hand. Yet, even with the new density of Gravis' Destruction Lightning, it still didn't injure Old Man Lightning's hand by much. His hand was only a little red.

"How much was that?" Old Man Lightning asked.

"About 74%," Gravis answered.

Old Man Lightning nodded. "Alright, try to remain below 70% while being anywhere near the Sect. Now, just to be sure, let's see if it still unloads into the floor."

Gravis also nodded, and they both waited. Old Man Lightning was now standing several meters away from Gravis. After all, he wanted to see if Gravis unloaded into the ground and not onto himself.

After about an hour, Gravis spoke up. "I'm full," he said. Lightning could be seen coming out of his lower abdomen. It enveloped the entire lower part of his abdomen, including everything that was between his legs. The lightning stopped at around half the distance between his abdomen and knees.

Old Man Lightning nodded. "Sounds good. Just a question. You also have your Life Lightning remaining, right?" he asked.

Gravis lifted an eyebrow. "Yes, I do. Why do you ask?"

"I want to feel the power of your lightning," Old Man Lightning said while slowly walking forward. His outstretched hand pointed at the middle of the lightning ball between Gravis' legs.

"Sure, go ahead!" Gravis said. He put his arms on his hip and waited for Old Man Lightning's hand that was coming closer to his lower abdomen.

After a couple of seconds...

BANG!

A violent thunder exploded as all the outside lightning shot into the hand, which was still 50 centimeters away. Some flesh exploded off of Old Man Lightning's arm, and he gritted his teeth.

BZZZ!

Gravis quickly used his Life Lightning to heal the arm. Old Man Lightning's body was powerful, so it took nearly all of Gravis' Energy to heal that single wound.

"How much was it?" Old Man Lightning asked.

"Around 40%," Gravis answered.

Old Man Lightning nodded. "That's pretty impressive. 40% of your lightning managed to injure my arm to this degree. I think, with that power, you can take on some of the weaker Sect Masters."

Gravis rubbed his chin in thought.

"Interesting."