



41 To Heavenly Demon Sect [1]

As Lucas slept soundly in his bed, a figure shrouded in darkness sneaked into his room. The intruder clutched a sharp dagger, poised to strike. But as he raised the blade above Lucas's chest, he encountered unexpected resistance. An unseen force blocked his attack, emanating from Lucas himself. 1

Lucas's eyes suddenly blazed red, and he glared at the assassin with intense killing intent. He activated his Third Eye ability, allowing him to sense the emotions and intentions of his attacker. The assassin was startled, taken aback, and slightly agitated by Lucas's sudden awakening. A surge of heavy pressure pushed him downward, making his knees weakened.

"Ho... an assassin? Tell me, where did you come from?" Lucas demanded, his voice stern and menacing. The pressure continued to press the assassin, pushing him to the limit almost coughing blood.

The assassin roared in anger, "Die! Disgusting hypocrite!" He lunged at Lucas with his dagger,



now coated in a blue light that created three ghostly images of the weapon.

Lucas frowned and moved his fingers, conjuring an invisible barrier that impeded the assassin's movements. "Why don't you learn? Even with your strongest attack, you won't succeed in killing me," he stated calmly. With a swift gesture, the assassin was reduced to ashes.

Lucas was momentarily stunned by the sudden disappearance of his attacker. He wondered if it was a movement technique or if the assassin had simply disintegrated. Someone insignificant like that would pose no threat to him. A hypocrite? He had no inkling of whom he might have clashed with to earn such a label.

Meanwhile, the barely-escaped assassin leaned against the back of the building, panting for breath. He had used an array to escape Lucas's trap, but instead of feeling relieved, he was filled with fear as he recalled the powerful and dangerous figure he had attacked. The assassin's pride as a killer felt utterly shattered.

The assassin knew he had to warn his young master not to cross paths with Lucas. Even in his

sleep, Lucas was formidable enough to conjure a protective array. The assassin disappeared into the shadows, hastening to reach his young master.

Despite the assassin's belief that it was an array, Lucas was no expert in such matters. The protective spell he had cast was simply a reflex, a second nature born from his experience.

The next morning, Lucas prepared to resume his search for the Heavenly Demon Sect. However, before he could approach anyone for information, representatives from the sect approached him.

Five cultivators, clad in pristine white robes, approached Lucas with furrowed brows. Adorned on the left side of their robes was a symbol unfamiliar to Lucas.

"Are you the one searching for the Heavenly Demon Sect?" one of them demanded. "State your name and explain your purpose for seeking us."

Lucas was momentarily surprised but quickly



regained his composure. Anyone who would ask about the sect's whereabouts was surely not from this place.

"Um, I believe you're referring to me. I've indeed been seeking your sect, although I didn't anticipate you finding me so swiftly."

The cultivators exchanged skeptical glances, their suspicion evident. Lucas realized that his true cultivation prowess was veiled, leading them to mistake him for a mere mortal.

'I'll need to reveal a glimpse of my cultivation to dispel any doubts.' Lucas resolved inwardly.

As Lucas began to exhibit a fraction of his cultivation prowess, the cultivators' expressions shifted from skepticism to reverence. Their eyebrows lifted in astonishment, and their demeanor became deferential.

"You're a cultivator?" one of them exclaimed.

"Why didn't you disclose this earlier? We mistook you for an ordinary mortal intruding on our sect."

Lucas couldn't suppress a smirk at their sudden change in attitude. 'So, there is this cultivator



supremacy?' He discreetly assessed their cultivation bases and was surprised to find that they were only at the 3rd level of the Apprentice Spirit Realm.

"They were merely trying to show off," Lucas thought, amused. However, as he contemplated locating the sect, he pondered planting a subtle spell on them.

The cultivators swiftly recognized their misjudgment and offered apologies, bowing their heads in deference. "Please stay safe, brother. Let's depart."

In a flash, the cultivators vanished, leaving Lucas shaking his head incredulously. Onlookers observed the scene, prompting a smile from Lucas.

"It was a simple misunderstanding among cultivators," he mused, still smiling.

After a brisk breakfast, Lucas departed the inn and activated a tracking spell on the cultivators he presumed were Heavenly Demon Sect disciples, sensing their departure from the city.

Lucas closed in on the cultivators associated



with the Heavenly Demon Sect, tracing the spell he had discreetly cast on them. The dense forest encircling the Great Cliff loomed ahead, and Lucas braced himself. He was resolute in his mission to locate the sect and converse with the Sect Master.

Meanwhile, in a dimly lit, steel-barred chamber, a man endured a brutal beating from a young assailant under the watchful eyes of a figure observing Lucas. This man was the failed assassin who had attempted Lucas's life and was now suffering the consequences for warning the young man about Lucas's formidable abilities.

"Do you think I care? I'm an inner disciple of the Heavenly Demon Sect! How dare you address me as if I'm feeble? Know your place, you insignificant fool!" The young man growled in exasperation as he delivered another blow.

The man was rendered powerless, his arms bound to the walls, rendering him defenseless.

"Please, young master... I... gah! I only wished to caution you about his danger," he managed to wheeze out.

Despite his desperate pleas, the young man



merely made a dismissive gesture with his hand, cutting through the air. It signaled to another individual in the chamber, who raised a sword menacingly over the hapless assassin.

In an instant, the assassin's head was separated from his body, blood painting the room in a macabre display.

"Tsk. Revolting. Now I'm aggravated that no one can fulfill their duties competently. Ready my equipment. I shall be the one to claim that hypocrite's life," the young man declared as he turned away from the gruesome aftermath.

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