



42 To Heavenly Demon Sect [2]

Lucas activated a spell to render himself invisible, and in the next instant, he soared toward the location of the cultivators who had recently visited him. They raced through the dense forest, their speed so remarkable that the air seemed to offer no resistance. 1

Lucas marveled at their agility, "Impressive... For cultivators at the 3rd level of the Apprentice Stage, they are remarkably skilled." A sense of pride lit up his features as he observed the young cultivators darting by, reminiscent of toddlers taking their first steps.

Approaching the sect, Lucas advanced and slipped into the center, unnoticed. Being invisible and unfamiliar with the usual entrance protocols, he conjured a robe using creation magic, similar to those worn by the cultivators. This way, he could blend with the sect's disciples.

Donning the robe, he ventured into the unfamiliar surroundings. Disabling the invisibility spell, he surveyed his surroundings



and reflected, "Remarkable... it's truly magnificent. I initially doubted the efficacy of my third energy compared to my mana, but I'm pleasantly surprised by the similar results I can achieve."

As Lucas traversed the area, he searched for a suitable place to seek information. When his efforts proved fruitless, he encountered a female disciple of the sect and approached her.

"Excuse me..." he spoke softly to the young lady.

"Yes?" she responded, turning to face him.

Initially unalarmed by the stranger's approach, the young lady was taken aback by Lucas's striking appearance. She became bashful, her cheeks flushing as she met Lucas's gaze.

"May I ask a question?" Lucas inquired. "Where can I find the sect master?"

Having a specific purpose in mind and aiming to avoid any disruptions, Lucas was determined to address any issues peacefully. However, he hadn't calculated an important matter, which was suspicion to his lack of information.

'I want to speak with the sect master privately,' he mused inwardly, 'It's best kept discreet, without others knowing of my presence'

"Excuse me, but aren't you an outer disciple?" the young lady replied, her tone tinged with skepticism. "Outer court disciples can't meet the sect master on a whim."

Lucas was taken aback by the revelation and inwardly sighed at his oversight. Quickly assessing his options, he realized he needed to change into a core disciple robe or consider alternative methods, like sneaking into the sect master's room.

"May I ask another question?" Lucas asked tentatively. "Where can I find the sect master's personal chambers?" He had no other choice but to sneak in while acting as a core disciple.

The young lady's eyebrow arched at Lucas's lack of knowledge about the sect's protocols, fueling her suspicions. This time, she had escaped from Lucas's charm.

"Is everything alright?" she queried, her expression growing more dubious as she scrutinized Lucas.

Sensing her increasing skepticism, Lucas felt a knot form in his throat but maintained a nervous smile.

"Is it challenging to grasp the Sect's rules?" the young lady pressed further.

He had no choice this time but to act innocent. Lucas nodded, feigning ignorance and giving an awkward grin.

"Yes, it is... Can you enlighten me?" Lucas asked politely, masking his true intentions with curiosity.

The young lady sighed, her frustration evident, mixed with a hint of disappointment. It became clear to her that this charming young man was surprisingly clueless about sect procedures. Possibly, Lucas was still new to the sect or got inside through connections.

She gestured towards the tallest structure within the sect, catching Lucas's attention. His gaze followed her indication, landing on a majestic pavilion nestled in the path leading to the summit of the Great Cliff.

"Only elders and core disciples have access



there," she explained patiently. "Since it's situated atop the Great Cliff, one must possess the ability to fly to reach it."

Lucas offered a warm smile, his eyes twinkling gratefully, and offered a slight bow. He fully understood as well the privilege he could get if he acted as a core disciple.

"Thank you very much," he expressed before taking his leave. The young lady watched him depart, feeling a mix of confusion and a blush creeping up her cheeks.

"He's quite charming and adorable, despite his ignorance," she mused to herself with a smile, continuing on her way.

Lucas activated his invisibility spell and flew directly to the pavilion, his desired destination. Upon arrival, he maintained his concealed presence, ensuring the spell remained active.

Stepping into the pavilion's hallway, Lucas was surprised to find it devoid of rooms, leading to a dead end.

Lucas frowned slightly, his brows furrowed in concentration. Activating his special ability to



see through walls, he detected a hidden space in the dead-end, suggesting a secret door leading to a chamber within the Great Cliff.

A smile played on Lucas's lips as he stood before the concealed entrance, contemplating his next move. With his enhanced mana and various passive abilities now accessible, he had a plethora of options at his disposal. Opting to activate a spell enabling him to phase through shadows, he traversed the solid wall effortlessly, leaving no trace of his passage.

Stepping into the concealed room, Lucas marveled at its contents. This must be the sect master's chamber or a hidden library, he surmised. The walls were adorned with shelves brimming with ancient tomes, a repository of a lifetime's worth of knowledge.

Excitement surged through Lucas as he approached the shelves, his fingers tracing the spines of the volumes. Selecting one, he eagerly delved into its contents. "This technique will be invaluable. With Tranquil Mind, I can memorize this easily," he muttered, a grin spreading across his face.



However, a moment of contemplation ensued. Should he activate his Picture Mind ability instead? It would allow him to capture an image of the book, sparing him the effort of memorization. Lucas shook his head, chuckling softly. "I won't risk my safety for the sake of knowledge," he reflected. "I need to strengthen my core before unlocking such abilities."

With a satisfied exhale, Lucas immersed himself in the teachings of the chosen volume. It was a movement technique, intriguing despite his existing repertoire of motion spells. He sought to comprehend the nuances of creating his own technique and discern the distinctions between them.

"I won't waste time on frivolous pursuits," he resolved. "Even if I can't employ this technique regularly, it offers insight and serves as a valuable reference."

With determination, Lucas absorbed the knowledge from the volume, his curiosity piqued as he turned his attention to the next tome. "A martial technique," he mused aloud. "Perhaps it holds secrets to refine my 'Formless Art' or mitigate its drawbacks."