

43 Heavenly Demon Sect [1]

Lucas delved into another martial arts book, eager to discover a new technique that could enhance his abilities. However, he soon realized that the technique he was reading was one he already knew. Frustration surged within him, as it would be nullified by his Formless Art. 1

He furrowed his brow in annoyance. Should he trust Felicity's advice, or could he use the same sealing technique on his core to disconnect the technique from his dantian? This thought consumed him, prompting Lucas to scour the room for more texts.

He devoured every piece of knowledge he could find, from martial arts to movement techniques, even delving into mystical arts. Despite his efforts, most proved to be of little use. Lucas persisted, determined to learn and grow until the sect master arrived.

Suddenly, the wall at the dead-end opened, revealing the sect master. The old man, with his long beard and aged grey hair, entered the room wearing a red robe with golden linings, his

hands resting behind his back.

As the sect master stepped into the room, Lucas quickly realized he hadn't been detected. Seizing the opportunity, he decided to speak up.

"You seem complacent, sect master," Lucas said, causing the sect master to startle and stagger backward.

The sect master's inward cry of "I didn't sense him!" was evident. Lucas could tell he had caught the man off guard.

"S-Senior!" the sect master stammered, acknowledging Lucas's presence.

The sect master's hands clasped together in uncertainty, unsure of the stranger's identity. He couldn't risk a conflict with someone whose power he couldn't gauge. Was the stranger hiding their strength, or did they possess a unique cultivation base?

Lucas merely smiled and stood up, revealing his face and robe. The sect master was astonished. How did an outer court disciple manage to make it to this sacred place?



"Hm... You are looking at my robe. Did you perhaps think that I was a disciple of your sect?" Lucas asked.

The sect master quickly denied the thought, his posture straightening to convey respect.

Lucas smiled again. "Don't worry, I am not a disciple. You have nothing to fear."

The robe was magical, and Lucas could change its appearance, but he did so sparingly to avoid degrading its quality. He manipulated the robe to its previous state and approached the sect master slowly.

The sect master remained stoic, refusing to show any surprise or weakness. He couldn't let this stranger play him for a fool, especially not when he was proud of his status as sect master.

"I came from the Flower Dark Sect," announced Lucas in a confident tone. Upon hearing this, the sect master was startled and took a step back. He then quickly drew out his weapon, a short sword, from the folds of his robe.

"I'll be damned! Are you the ancestor of the Flower Dark Sect?" The sect master spoke, his



voice laced with a hint of suspicion.

With a slight shake of his head, Lucas denied the accusation. "No, I am not. However, I came here to clarify some misunderstandings. Why did you attack the Flower Dark Sect?" Lucas demanded, his voice carrying a hint of authority.

The sect master glared at him, ready to strike. However, as he tried to move, he found himself restrained by a powerful spell that Lucas had cast.

Try as he might, the sect master couldn't break free from the restraining spell. He was completely helpless and immobilized by the strength of the spell.

Incredulous, he widened his eyes in disbelief at the restraint that held him to the ground.

"This isn't enough!" The sect master roared, swinging his sword at Lucas. A dark violet arc of powerful energy emanated from his blade, aimed directly at Lucas.

Lucas stood confidently, having read all the techniques inside the room, giving him the upper hand in negating any attack from the sect

master. Even without prior knowledge, he was able to protect himself by chanting a few words, summoning a strong barrier of light that covered his body. The attack may have been thwarted, but the aftermath was undeniable. A loud explosion echoed throughout the sect, leaving destruction in its wake.

All eyes turned towards the sect master's chamber, the tension palpable in the air. Lucas, seemingly unbothered by the commotion, calmly addressed the sect master, "You seem to have lost your respect for me, a pity. I had no intention of fighting you. Perhaps you could sheath your sword, or shall I have to immobilize it, like your legs?"

The once-confident sect master's spirits fell, realizing that all his efforts were for naught. "My sect is doomed," he muttered in defeat, dropping his sword.

Unimpressed by the sect master's reaction, Lucas raised an eyebrow and said, "What are you talking about? I am not here to fight with you, nor do I have any interest in destroying your sect. I am here to rectify what you did to the Flower Dark Sect."

Lucas couldn't help but scoff at the sect master's surprised expression, finding it immature. As a result, he removed the restraining spell, showcasing his true intentions. "See? I am not here to fight with you. I came here to settle your grudge. You attacked them because you assumed I was from their sect and that they were planning to attack you?" Lucas inquired, waiting for the sect master's reply.

As the silence lingered, Lucas let out a disappointed sigh. "Well, I guess that answers my question."

Lucas approached the sect master with a gentle demeanor, his eyes searching for a way to connect with the sect master. "May I ask for your name?" he asked softly.

The sect master remained stubbornly silent, his lips pursed tightly. Undeterred, Lucas continued. "What is your name?" he repeated, his voice low and menacing.

The sect master caved under the intense pressure, finally speaking in a quiet voice, "I am Jeric Long."

Jeric felt an immediate wave of shame wash over



him. By giving his name so readily, he felt as though he had sold out his sect for his own safety. His lack of retaliation after just one failed attack was a stark reminder of his failure as a sect master. However, witnessing Lucas's ability to effortlessly defend against his special attack underscored just how powerful his opponent truly was.

Lucas relaxed, the tension leaving his body. "Jeric," he repeated, as if savoring the sound of the name. "I understand that you attacked the Flower Dark Sect. Can you tell me why?"

Jeric's eyes narrowed, a stubborn glint appearing in them once more. "I had intelligence that they were preparing to attack us, with the help of a powerful cultivator. I mobilized my men to create a surprise attack on them, and in the process, their sect master was injured."

"What could you possibly have against the Flower Dark Sect if it's true they were being helped by a powerful cultivator?"

Jeric's eyes flashed with fierce anger, and he clenched his fists tightly. "They killed my son," he said through gritted teeth. "In exchange for their

worthless disciple. I couldn't accept it, so I demanded justice. And as a result, we have a long-standing grudge against them."

Lucas nodded, his understanding deepening. "I see," he murmured, his eyes distant as he processed the new information. "I understand why your sect has not been seen near the Flower Dark Sect. The first team that attacked was a surprise, with the goal of damaging the sect master. After that, they will gather an appropriate number to attack the sect."

Lucas heaved a sigh, his voice gentle as he spoke. "Thomas never intended to harm your son. He did not devise a plan for such an action."

Lucas considered Jeric's response before speaking again, his mind racing with potential reactions. "Lies!" he heard Jeric exclaim.

"Obviously, he lied!" Lucas predicted.

But then he cut off Jeric's words with a firm yet measured tone. "He did not lie. I have the ability to sense emotions and can tell when someone is being untruthful. Now, please explain why you would believe such a thing?"

Jeric was caught off guard, his expression betraying his confusion.

"Did you not realize this is all part of a larger scheme? A conspiracy aimed at pitting two powerful sects against each other?" Lucas added.

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