



## 45 Heavenly Demon Sect [3]

A short while later, Lucas and the others began their descent from Jeric's pavilion. Before they could reach the ground and become visible to the black-robed cultivators below, Jeric instructed his disciples to keep quiet about what had happened. 1

As they began their descent, Lucas spoke softly to Jeric. "I'll continue to follow you. Don't worry if you don't see me in the next few seconds."

Jeric was momentarily stunned, at a loss for words. By the time he could react, Lucas had already disappeared.

As Lucas activated an invisible spell, he couldn't help but feel a sense of unease.

Once they reached the ground, every core disciple in the area approached Jeric, bowing respectfully. "We greet the Sect Master!" they exclaimed in unison.

Jeric acknowledged their greetings with a nod and continued walking, with the others clearing a path for him.



Though the cultivators were still curious about what had transpired, they didn't dare to ask Jeric directly. As mere core disciples, they knew they needed to achieve elder status before being formally associated with him.

As the gathering came to a close, Lucas discarded his cloak, deactivating his invisibility spell. Observing Jeric, Lucas couldn't help but notice similarities between how a Guild Master was revered in his previous world.

"Your following is quite extensive," Lucas noted.

Jeric simply nodded, not particularly proud of the fact.

"They are only here for knowledge. Their true loyalty to the sect will only be tested when it comes to defending it. Those who were gathered for the attack were the only ones I trusted and knew would be loyal." Jeric's tone was matter-of-fact.

Lucas chuckled, adopting a wise hermit persona. "Don't underestimate the power of trust. It's not easily earned," he said.

Jeric responded with a casual comment, relieved



that the pressure from Lucas had eased. "You seem old to sound so meaningful, Young Master," he teased.

Lucas giggled in response. "I am old but not mature, having secluded myself from society."

Changing the subject, Lucas asked, "Where are we headed?"

Jeric paused, considering his response. "I hadn't initially planned anything, but since you're only here for a day, I think I'll take the chance to show 'it' to you. Follow me to the Treasure Hall."

Lucas's curiosity piqued. "What is 'it'?"

Jeric offered a cryptic response. "You'll have to see for yourself."

With a resigned sigh, Lucas followed Jeric, their retinue of cultivators trailing behind. The white linings of their robes were a stark contrast to the surrounding scenery.

Lucas observed the group, his thoughts wandering. "Perhaps they are Sect Elders. They certainly seem older than the general population," he mused.





As they reached the Treasure Hall, Lucas couldn't help but ask about its open doors. "Why is it left open?" he inquired.

Jeric replied without hesitation, "It serves as a shop for disciples who need to exchange their points for treasure. While the Hall is filled with treasures of great value, there are measures in place to ensure their safety."

Lucas was intrigued, "But what if things get stolen?"

"The display glass protecting each treasure is unbreakable, even against the strongest attacks," Jeric assured him. "Our sect has a long history, and we use only the best security measures to provide a safe and trustworthy environment for our disciples."

Lucas pondered the significance of the cultivators inside. "If the display glass can recognize approved individuals, the trustworthiness of those watching over the treasures is paramount. And it seems this place is only accessible to core disciples, while there is another Treasure Hall for inner and outer court disciples," he realized.

Upon reflection, Lucas not only learned about being a cultivator of a sect, but also how a sect master like Jeric operated. As he considered the prospect of creating a similar place, the Treasure Hall, he envisioned an imposing structure that would befit the grandeur of the treasures kept within. The entrance would be marked by two stone lions, their fierce expressions serving as a warning to those who dared to enter without permission. Once inside, the eyes would be immediately drawn to the massive, spiraling staircase at the center of the room, with its steps made of polished marble that reflected the light from the crystal chandeliers that hung overhead.

Shelves would line the walls of the hall, each one adorned with valuable items such as precious gems, rare herbs, and artifacts of unimaginable power. The scent of incense would fill the air, adding to the ambiance of the place.

At the top of the spiral staircase, a special room would be reserved only for the most valuable treasures. Items of great power would be kept here, with their secrets guarded by the elders of the sect. Those who were granted access to this





room would know that they were in the presence of something truly special.

However, Lucas knew that this was merely an imagined grandiosity, the product of someone like himself who expected only the best for a place such as this.

As they entered the Hall, every disciple stopped to greet Jeric with respect.

As the group caught sight of Jeric, they immediately clasped their hands together in greeting. But before Jeric could introduce his companion, Lucas took the initiative and spoke up. "Don't mind me. Let's continue," he whispered.

Jeric was taken aback but had no choice but to nod in agreement. As the group continued on their way, everyone was left to speculate about Lucas's identity. They couldn't help but wonder who this mysterious and handsome stranger was that seemed to be so close to the Sect Master. Did he hold the same status and power as Jeric, or was he a member of the Sect Master's own family?

As they walked, many of the females in the group



found themselves captivated by Lucas's striking looks and air of pride. They whispered amongst themselves, fantasizing about what it would be like to talk to him. But after witnessing his casual familiarity with the Sect Master, they knew that he was not someone they could approach easily.

Lucas interrupted their thoughts with a question. "So... where should we go, Jeric?"

Jeric replied, "We shall go to the highest floor."

"Okay," Lucas responded, his eyes scanning the surroundings with a sense of detached curiosity.

After a long ascent up a winding staircase, they finally arrived at the top floor of the Treasure Hall.

Jeric strode forward, his feet carrying him to the far end of the spacious room. Waiting there was a single object, hidden beneath a voluminous cloth. The elders that had accompanied them earlier were forbidden from following them any further, and had remained behind.

Lucas was curious. "What is it?" he asked.

Jeric's expression was solemn. "This is the



greatest treasure of our sect. It was left behind by our ancestor over a thousand years ago. Yet, despite its great value, nobody has ever been able to unlock its secrets."

"It's a stone?" Lucas repeated in disbelief.

"Perhaps you should see for yourself," Jeric replied, his hands deftly removing the cloth that shrouded the object.

Beneath the cover was a glass display containing a small object that appeared to be a dagger with the hilt of a sword. However, the blade was set within a stone, as if encased in concrete.

Jeric opened the display and carefully retrieved the object. He passed it to Lucas, who felt its weight in his hands. His curiosity piqued, he instinctively reached for the hilt of the dagger, and with a sharp tug, the blade slipped free from the stone.

Jeric's face lit up with amazement. "I knew it! I knew you were the one to unlock the treasure, Young Master!" he exclaimed.