

## 46 Heavenly Demon Sect [4]

As Lucas withdrew the sword from the stone, he was left speechless and dazed. It seemed he wasn't anticipating this outcome as Jeric mentioned how challenging it was to remove the sword from the stone.

"Are you sure that nobody was able to remove this sword from the stone? It felt too effortless to me," Lucas bluntly said, still in disbelief of what just occurred.

However, on the other hand, Jeric was holding himself back. His eyes were fixated on Lucas.

"It was amazing, Young Master. I was right all along. Perhaps this dagger only obeys the most powerful cultivator in the realm, and that is you!" Jeric exclaimed proudly.

"Cut the nonsense. I am not the strongest cultivator in the realm. And you know that."

"No, no, Young Master. You are the strongest because you are not only reasonable and benevolent but also have strong prowess."

Lucas scratched his head and stared at the sword-like dagger in his hands. The dagger was a bit rusty, but in reality, it was smooth, as if it had been well-maintained. The carving on the hilt was particularly made for a sword, and so because of it, Lucas could only wonder why the blade was so small if it was supposed to be a sword.

In that case, he couldn't think of any other term and just called it a dagger.

'Perhaps this is something exceptional that has hidden secrets. Let's see... Maybe Analyzing Eyes has something to uncover.'

Lucas's eyes lit up in different colors, but the result was futile. Even with the use of his eyes' ability, he still couldn't see the value of the dagger.

Lucas furrowed his brow, looking skeptically at the object in his hand. "Are you certain that this is a treasure? It seems to me that it is utterly worthless."

Jeric mirrored Lucas's gesture, his own eyes narrowing in doubt as he gazed upon the dagger.



"The previous sect master claimed that this blade was a treasure among the sect's treasures, but I cannot say that I share his view," Jeric conceded.

"Let us leave it be for now. Place it back upon the display glass. I will examine it more closely another time, once I have furthered my knowledge and understanding of this world," Lucas decided.

Jeric nodded, offering his assistance. "Very well, Young Master. Allow me to show you to your room. The elders have already arranged a space for you."

Lucas looked at Jeric, impressed. "How did you order them?"

"Through Mind Communication. Is that not common practice, Young Master?" Jeric asked, genuinely curious.

Lucas shook his head, "Never mind."

'So telepathy is possible here as well. I am becoming more interested in the cultivation world.'

Jeric didn't seem to acknowledge Lucas's question, instead guiding him to a separate building. The disciples who lined the halls cast curious glances at the two as they made their way down the stairs. Even as they exited the Treasure Hall, the eyes of many followed their movements, a clear indication of the rumor mill beginning to turn.

As they walked through the district, Lucas couldn't help but notice the whispers of those they passed, his lips curling into a small smile. 'It was fortunate that I cast illusion magic to alter my face from their perspectives,' he mused.

Meanwhile, back in the Treasure Hall, the gossip continued to swirl.

"Who do you think that person was that the sect master was speaking with? He certainly has an otherworldly aura and is quite handsome," one disciple mused dreamily.

Another shook their head. "I think he seemed arrogant, like an entitled young master."

A third disciple piped up, "Why do you say that? He exuded confidence because he has power."



A heated debate ensued, but the majority seemed to side with the first disciple's admiration. "He's handsome, and that's all that matters!" they declared.

But their noise was suddenly interrupted by the sound of a door being slammed open with great force. An elder who was in charge stormed into the hall, his eyes narrowed as he looked at the disciples.

The sect elder who managed the Treasure Hall was clearly irked as he snapped at the noisy intruders. "Can't you at least try to be quiet? I am safeguarding a valuable treasure here. If you don't have anything productive to offer, then leave me in peace."

Despite the elder's frustration, the core disciples just snickered amongst themselves.

"The old man has no clue what he's talking about."

"Yeah, he's completely oblivious."

But the manager refused to tolerate such disrespect. He challenged the young disciples with a sharp retort. "What exactly is so

amusing?"

One of the core disciples didn't back down, taking a sarcastic tone. "Well, the Sect Master recently visited with a mysterious young man. Too bad for you, you didn't even bother to greet him."

Though irritated, the manager's composure never faltered. He gave a fierce glare at the disrespectful disciple, who visibly cowered.

"Forgive me," the disciple stuttered.

Ignoring the apology, the manager turned his attention to a disciple standing near him. "Tell me, who was this mysterious guest?"

The disciple hesitated for a moment before responding. "I'm not sure, but perhaps he was a visitor from one of the Five Great Families. We didn't receive any details."

The manager's eyes narrowed as he scrutinized the disciple, searching for any hints of withheld information. Upon finding nothing, he released a heavy sigh, dismissing the disciple without a second thought.

"Get back to your duties," he grumbled. "The sect master has not summoned us for a meeting, so it is not of great importance."

Suddenly, a voice interrupted, its tone bold and confident. "Are you certain about that?" it questioned. "I overheard the sect master and another member conversing about a potential gathering."

The manager's rage ignited, his voice rising to a thunderous roar. "Who dares to speak without invitation? Reveal yourself!" But no one stepped forward, leaving the manager to fume in silence.

With a disdainful click of his tongue, he turned to his assistant, who was also a core disciple. "Handle things here in my absence," he barked. "I will personally seek out the sect master and get to the bottom of this."

"There's no way my brother would leave me behind on important matters!"

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Felicity jolted awake at the sudden brightness that surrounded her. As her eyes adjusted, she found herself standing atop a towering pillar.



Surrounding her were countless other pillars, all leading down into an ominous darkness.

Despite the ominous setting, Felicity couldn't help but feel a sense of determination within her. "As expected," she murmured, a small smile creeping across her lips. "I can complete this trial within a month."

Despite her confidence, she couldn't help but feel a twinge of guilt. "I forgot to inform Lucas about these tests," she muttered, her fists clenching in frustration. "How careless of me!"

But Felicity knew that there was nothing she could do to change the past. She took a deep breath and focused on her trust in Lucas. "He is greater than me, and I know he'll succeed in his trials without my help."

As she gracefully leaped from pillar to pillar, she couldn't help but grasp the ring that Lucas had given her. "I will save you, Mary. Just wait for me," she whispered, the determination in her voice palpable.