

## 47 Shadow Movement

Lucas had already familiarized himself with his quarters. The spacious room featured a wheeled screen divider that split the area in two, and a bed with a uniquely designed canopy that amused him to no end. 1

"Even after repeated viewings, I cannot comprehend the distinctiveness of their art. This world is sure to bring me joy that is different from my own."

As he surveyed his surroundings, Lucas was struck by the lack of repetition and similarity to his previous life. He made a conscious effort to embrace this new reality, rather than rushing off to Immortal Heaven.

Instead, he decided to apply his previous world knowledge to this new realm. It wasn't a bad idea, after all.

In his past life, he had never had the chance to create his own guild, or to be more precise, a guild that he solely managed and built. During his prime, he had become immortal, which left

little room for starting a guild. At the time, he had been an advisor to a country.

But just because he had never started a guild before didn't mean he hadn't thought about it. He had just lacked the inspiration, knowing how exhausting it was to lead a group of people.

But what if he changed his mindset now? Instead of ignoring things that he found too bothersome, what if he tried to experience them instead?

"How about I create my own sect? Yes, I've never tried starting a guild before. Maybe this time, I can accomplish it!" he mused.

Lucas stood up from the bed, having sunk into it earlier upon entering the room.

Leaving the room, he headed straight for Jeric. A smile crept across his face, realizing he had no need to seek permission. With a flick of his wrist, he cast a spell, conjuring an Inner Court disciple's robe.

"Core disciples enjoy plenty of privileges, but I want to see the Inner Court for myself," he thought.



With a graceful sweep of his feet, he soared through walls. He had no intention of being invisible but chose to cloak himself to remain incognito. He wanted to change his mindset, to observe and socialize with others.

After some time, he felt as though he had left the most privileged parts of the Inner Court, taking in the differences between the buildings and the robes. He noticed a group of cultivators dressed in grey robes, as he had expected - Inner Court disciples.

"Perfect, I'll walk with them," he mused.

He descended into the shaded area and deactivated his invisibility spell. But to his surprise, someone had already noticed him and called out.

The man was an Inner Court disciple, sporting glasses and brimming with excitement. "You're amazing, brother! You've already mastered the Shadow Movement! Such a feat is astounding!"

Lucas was taken aback for a moment when he realized there was someone nearby. He suspected that this person had a technique for reducing their presence.

He smiled warmly, choosing not to reveal his true identity just yet.

"Yes, it was an incredible experience," he replied, trying to stay composed.

"Excuse me, but I don't think we've met before. Are you new here, or were you deliberately concealing your presence to practice the Shadow Movement?" the stranger asked.

Lucas cursed internally. He had been caught. "You're right. I was practicing," he admitted. "You must be quite skilled to mask your presence so effectively. I didn't even realize I was in the presence of another human."

It was strange; Lucas had chosen this location specifically because he knew there would be no human presence. He was typically confident in his senses, but clearly, he had underestimated this stranger's abilities.

"Oh, you knew I was here all along," The stranger said, impressed. "I was practicing the second form of Shadow Movement - Fake Presence."

Lucas chuckled. "What a self-explanatory movement technique."



The stranger smiled back, sensing a connection forming between them.

"By the way, what's your name?" Lucas asked.

"I'm Oliver Yang," the stranger replied.

"Nice to meet you, Oliver. I'm Claus White."

"Wei...?"

"Ah! Yes, I'm Claus Wei." Lucas said, correcting himself.

Oliver smiled and gestured for Lucas to follow him down the street, and the two walked together, chatting amiably.

"Why don't we go for an assessment together? I've been afraid to take one since learning Shadow Movement. I didn't want to stand out if no one in my batch had learned it," Oliver said in a slightly subdued tone.

"Don't worry, Oliver. I'll go with you," Lucas replied with a supportive smile, his words infused with brotherly encouragement.

"Really? Thank you so much!"

"Lead the way," Lucas said, eager to learn more

about the life of the disciples and what they did during their free time.

As they made their way towards a wide arena, Lucas couldn't help feeling a bit nervous about the upcoming assessment. But he brushed those thoughts aside, reminding himself that he was here to encourage Oliver.

"It doesn't matter to me either way. But I'm here to support him," Lucas thought, following Oliver's lead as they approached the assessment area.

"We're here," Oliver announced.

Lucas surveyed the area, unsure of what to do next. He considered going first but quickly dismissed the idea. Instead, he decided to cast an illusion on the observer, keeping himself hidden.

"Excuse me, we're here for an assessment," Lucas said, turning to face Oliver.

But before they could proceed any further, Lucas had a question for his newfound companion. "By the way, why do we need to take an assessment test?"

"Are you trying to joke with me, brother Claus?"

"Just Claus is okay."

"Okay. But I'll just play with your joke. We take an assessment test to gauge our progress and give us points if we truly learned our lessons. It was something that every disciple should do so that they could put some credibility and achievement into their records."

Lucas just nodded after Oliver explained.

"Allow me to go first, Oliver. I'll make sure you don't draw any unwanted attention," Lucas said, a reassuring smile on his face. Oliver looked at him with gratitude and amazement.

"You're a kind person, Claus."

Lucas simply grinned in response. He then walked up to the observer, giving him a knowing look. There was no time for conversation as the disciples were expected to put their hands on the totem to check their registry. Lucas quickly activated a series of spells, sending a message to the observer through mind communication.

"Look here, mister observer," Lucas thought, his



voice ringing in the man's mind.

The observer's eyes widened in surprise. "Mind communication?!" he thought, unable to believe what was happening.

Lucas had already cast an illusion spell on himself to alter his appearance, so he felt confident speaking to the observer through telepathy.

"Hey, can you do me a favor?" Lucas asked the observer. "I already passed this assessment, so I don't need to touch the totem. Can I just ignore it?"

The observer narrowed his eyes, clearly suspicious. "If you can use Mind Communication, I suppose I can trust you. Go on."

"Thanks. I appreciate it," Lucas replied with a small smile.

With that settled, Lucas stepped into the arena, ready to show off his abilities. Oliver hadn't mentioned any significant differences between the two assessments, so he assumed the movement technique was meant to be used in the shadows. Lucas made his way to an artificial



tree in the center of the arena and activated his invisible spell.

Meanwhile, a young man sat in the audience, staring at Lucas with disgust. He was also a disciple of the sect, but he felt superior to Lucas for some reason.

"I see you," the man thought with a sinister smile. "Taking an assessment for a crappy movement technique. Lucky for me, I can easily kill you without breaking a sweat."