

## 51 Someone Conspired This

After a few days, Lucas and Thomas, accompanied by some of the sect elders, were on their way to the Heavenly Demon Sect. They were flying, with Lucas being the only one not using any flying treasure. The rest had equipped themselves with such treasure for the long-distance flight. 1

Lucas effortlessly glided through the air, causing amazement among his companions.

Unbeknownst to them, he wasn't actually flying using his Qi, but was using his third energy to activate a flight spell. As he had an affinity with the wind, he faced no difficulties, and the usage of third energy was lessened.

Finally, they arrived at the gates of the Heavenly Demon Sect. They landed in front of the gate, as it was considered rude to descend unannounced if you were only a visitor. However, their descent didn't go unnoticed. As the guards of the gate spotted them, they positioned themselves in battle mode, alarmed by their presence.

Lucas pondered why Jeric didn't notify them of



their arrival, but he remained calm and spoke to the guards. "We are here to have an audience with Fellow Daoist Jeric. You don't need to point your weapons at us," he said, standing in front of the group. But the guards eyed him with an unpleasant gaze and warned him.

"Kids these days are bold. This is a matter for adults, so stay out of it!"

Thomas, who was already irritated by the unpleasant words, was about to pull out his weapon. However, Lucas stopped him and suggested, "Don't bother. They are just weaklings. Hold onto me."

Lucas hesitated for a moment before speaking, "I'm not going to use it, but since the situation has become troublesome, I'll attempt to cast this spell for the first time using third energy. I hope the energy I have will be enough."

As soon as he finished speaking, everyone grabbed onto his shoulders, their eyes wide with anticipation. In a flash, they all vanished from the guards' sight, leaving them in utter disbelief.

"Where did they go?!" the guards exclaimed, frantically searching the alley.



Meanwhile, Lucas had already activated his teleportation spell. He knew that he had to act fast, so he teleported everyone to the quarters where he had stayed during his previous visits. As they landed on the ground, their legs buckled beneath them, and they stumbled forward, trying to regain their balance. Lucas quickly glanced around to make sure that they were safe before taking a deep breath and relaxing his shoulders.

"F-Fellow Daoist Lucas," Thomas hesitated, his voice wavering. "Was that a spatial movement technique?"

Lucas nodded casually. "You can call it that."

The teleportation spell, which is equivalent to a spatial movement technique used by cultivators, can move through space without any limitations or obstacles in the area. However, it is known that only cultivators at the peak of the Emperor Spirit Realm can perform this kind of feat. It is considered a legend because it is not very common.

Thomas and the others expressed their awe and disbelief at Lucas's ability, but Lucas didn't have



much interest in their chatter. He scanned the area with his enhanced vision, searching for Jeric.

After a few moments, Lucas spotted Thomas talking to someone in the inner plaza. "Wait here," Lucas said to them before opening the doors. But, as he thought it might be dangerous if someone saw them, he cast an invisible spell in the area that made them invisible to others' eyes.

Lucas got up from the floor and headed outside. As he arrived at Jeric's location, Jeric had already finished talking to a cultivator.

"Fellow Daoist Jeric," Lucas called him.

In an instant, Jeric tried to find Lucas.

"Fellow Daoist Lucas?"

Lucas revealed himself under a shadow with his hand on his forehead, as if saluting casually.

"Hey, the sect master of the Flower Dark Sect is already here. How about a private meeting?" Lucas said.

Jeric widened his eyes.



"They're here? But why didn't the guards notify me?" Jeric wondered.

"Well, you didn't tell them to greet them respectfully. As a result, I just snuck them in. They are inside the quarters I used a few days ago."

"I see. I understand."

Lucas followed Jeric to confront the cultivator he had been speaking with and then they made their way to the living quarters used by Lucas.

Upon entering the room, the sliding door slid open and a hush filled the air as Jeric stepped in. The Sect Master of Heavenly Demon Sect was here.

"Greetings, Sect Master of Heavenly Demon Sect," Jeric said, bowing his head in respect.

"He really is here. I thought that fellow Daoist Lucas wouldn't be able to persuade the arrogant Thomas," the Sect Master of Flower Dark Sect thought to himself.

The three of them sat down around a square table while the elders of the Flower Dark Sect



remained behind a divider in the room. Even if they overheard the conversation, it wouldn't be bothersome as long as things were settled appropriately.

Lucas broke the silence. "So, how about we start with what happened 100 years ago?"

"Let's begin with the Sect Master of the Flower Dark Sect. What is your defense against the accusation?" Lucas added.

Thomas nodded in agreement with Lucas's words and began to tell his side of the story. Although it was the same as what he had told Lucas before, there were new details revealed such as the identity of the talented cultivator who was chosen to fight Jeric's son. He had only joined the sect a few months prior to the friendly match.

Afterwards, nothing noteworthy happened. Silence became loud, which Lucas had no choice but to break it again.

"Then how did you come to the conclusion that the Sect Master of the Flower Dark Sect planned to intentionally kill your son?"



Jeric began to tell his story, revealing parts that contradicted Thomas's earlier claims.

"Someone who claimed to be a disciple of the Flower Dark Sect, one of the individuals who planned to kill my son, came to me and confessed everything. The Sect Master of the Flower Dark Sect wanted me to suffer Qi Deviation from the loss of my son. Once weakened, their sect would bloom and absorb mine, as there was no other strong cultivator in my sect that deserved to be next in line."

As Jeric spoke about the Flower Dark Sect's new plan, Lucas couldn't help but notice the tremble in his voice. It was clear that Jeric was a man driven by his love for his son, and the pursuit of revenge had consumed him for the past century.

But despite this, Lucas couldn't shake the feeling that Jeric was being played for a fool.

Throughout the entire conversation, Jeric had seemed like a pushover, eagerly accepting any information that was given to him without taking the time to verify its validity.

"Someone tried to have you two fight. It's a misunderstanding. Fellow Daoist Jeric, try to

assess and investigate things. Fellow Daoist Thomas, clear up the misunderstanding by explaining things thoroughly." Lucas spoke up as the two sect masters remained silent.

He continued, "Fix every misunderstanding. If someone gives you evidence from outside your sect, don't listen to them."

Silence once again filled the room as both men gathered the courage to confront the shame they had endured for a hundred years. Finally, with a mutual understanding, they apologized to each other.

"I don't want to meddle with your problems after this. But let me give you some advice on how to catch the perpetrator of this incident. Don't announce that you've already settled. Allow the perpetrator to believe that you're both playing into their hands. Then, be quiet again. Fellow Daoist Jeric, I'm sure they will approach you again to fuel the fire. That way, you can find a hint as to who really conspired this." Lucas concluded his advice to them with a reassuring smile.