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Killua with no affiliation from a known family was a famous yet mysterious immortal in the Cloud Continent. Not just because of his obvious talent with a sword, but also because, despite being immortal, he only uses martial arts rather than mystical ones. 1

Martial Techniques are becoming less formed in Immortal Heaven. As Mystical Arts were becoming more popular with others, they just had a simpler and more powerful impact on the enemies.

Being untalented in mystical arts or limited to martial arts denotes weakness in Immortal Heaven. Immortals discriminate against those who were limited to martial arts because of how the two vastly differ.

When a mystical art form is used, an unexplainable phenomenon can occur. A mystical art attack could be otherworldly and unique in its method of killing.

They could create fire by using Qi, but martial techniques can only make an image but not actually create them. Heat can be felt, but the

actual physical presence of fire is impossible. Those two are different as martial technique is the effect, while mystical art is the phenomenon.

"Master of the Northern Blue Blade, do you still use that name?" Senior Hui asked while they were on their way to the pavilion.

"Yes, Senior. I still use it. Not at all times, however."

"What do you mean by that?" Senior Hui asked.

"That nickname is a complicated matter between the stereotype of martial techniques and mystical arts. As immortals only use formless mystical arts, I tend to try to forget those memories."

Senior Hui just didn't ask furthermore. He knew that Killua paved his career in cultivation with his blood, sweat, and tears. Having this topic any further would also destroy their reunion. He was just happy at this time, and he couldn't destroy it since he thought of Killua as his brother.

"What was the Madam doing anyway? Did she just come back abruptly?" Killua asked.

Senior Hui couldn't help but suppress his laughter.



"Yep. I was taken aback yesterday when she suddenly appeared in front of the gates of the pavilion. She introduced herself to the guards, and I recognized her from her title, "The Immortal Fairy of Unending Falls".

Killua was just silent while Senior Hui was telling him the story. And, just as he was taken aback by Felicity's sudden return, he couldn't help but wonder what had happened.

'Did the Madam come back to do something for her master? Saying that a respectable master was in Mortal Heaven, does that mean Madam came from the lower heaven?' Killua pondered.

But Killua knew that even if he wondered about it, he still wouldn't get an answer. And so, he kept his question to himself and saved it for later.

And just a few minutes later, Killua and Senior Hui arrived at the pavilion where Felicity was.

'Am I ready to meet her again? I am worried about how she'll react when she discovers that I didn't help my family after she left.'

The doors of the pavilion slid open, revealing the interior, where Felicity was sitting at the other end of the room.



There was a painting behind Felicity of some kind of scenery that could be only found on another continent. And as Killua saw it, he gulped in nervousness since he knew what that painting meant.

The painting was actually only of a beach with white sand. But even with how beautiful it was, it holds a great history. The same painting was painted by an artisan that came from Killua's previous family. Killua's previous family, on the other hand, were bloodthirsty murderer immortals.

Not just normal murderers that kill, but disrupters of public order placed by the ambassador of Immortal Heaven. And with them being a terror to the public, their paintings were deemed death threats to other people.

"You're back, Killua," Felicity said and looked at Killua. Her face turned down, concerned about what she saw. "What's with the pale face?"

Killua nervously faced Felicity but was still bothered by the painting. After a few seconds, his knees unintentionally surrendered.

"I greet the Madam," he uttered, like a powerless dog in front of its owner.

"It's okay. But why are you so tense? Did you do something? I heard that you did well in your training." Felicity said, smiling.

Killua was silent for a moment. But then slowly, he raised his head and asked, "Were you having eyes on me again, Madam?"

Felicity didn't reply, instead, she only gave him a mysterious smile, making him more anxious about what would go on to happen.

"Killua, you were a great child. What was your age again, 1400? You're still an adult as an immortal, but with how you act, it seems like you see the legacy as a joke."

Killua gulped once again. He didn't know if she was intentionally making him wish for time to speed up. As Felicity was darting him with a strange gaze, Killua couldn't gather his thoughts properly.

"But Madam, I needed you."

Those were the words he said, and after realizing he slipped, he immediately covered his mouth.

Felicity was breathless for a moment, and she wasn't able to suppress her expression. Her eyes

widened for a moment then turned away bitter.

"Please forgive me." Killua lowered his head.

"I-I... I understand. Please remove the paintings, Senior Hui." Felicity ordered, which Senior Hui followed immediately.

"Look at me, Killua," Felicity said. Killua immediately followed her command and looked at her while keeping his worries checked.

"I played the legacy as a joke. But right now, I am willing to continue it. Do you know why?" Then silence covered them for a few seconds, "Because I found a master."

Killua didn't respond at that moment. He just took things to sink in as he understood why Felicity was showing him some of his previous family's paintings. Anyone would be confused about it. He didn't do anything wrong. At least, he knew he hadn't done something disappointing. However, he was starting to face it confidently, starting with breathing slowly.

He was still nervous, of course, but not to the point that he was expecting punishment. Felicity did her part already. She started to lessen the tension in the atmosphere.

"Killua, will you play a role again to complete my legacy?" Felicity said, majestically emitting an aura. In Killua's eyes, Felicity was covered with a majestic aura, making him blankly stare at her and be mesmerized.

Killua's eyes, on the other hand, sparkled in admiration. He saw the image of Felicity when she was here in Immortal Heaven a thousand years ago. He didn't really expect it, but he once saw Felicity's benevolent self once again.

Killua's eyes teared up as he lowered his head and clasped his hands.

"I accept the responsibility, Madam. Please accept me, I will do my job again."

Felicity smiled as Killua pronounced those words. And as things continued, a light emerged from the ceiling. It was a symbol, a formation Felicity had created. As the formation started radiating more brilliant, Killua's body was now covered with it as well.

Felicity on the other hand also shone brightly. The light as well covered her body, and after a few seconds, they both felt a refreshing and nostalgic embrace of energy.

"From this day, you will be my child again, Killua." 1

Killua couldn't find the words, so he just smiled as tears streamed down his cheeks like waterfalls.

When Felicity saw it, she couldn't help but snicker.

"What an idiotic face is that, Killua? You are not a kid anymore."

"I know, Madam."

A thousand years ago...

A boy with dark hair walked through the woody forest with bruises all over his body.

He was panting as if escaping from someone who was chasing him. It was endless for him. He dashed through sharp-branched woods that intensified the pain in his wounds.

Stings were just what he could feel, and because of it, his face was painted with a grimace. He was grumbling from it.

He continued running away, but his feet met, making him lose his balance and stumble.

Another wound appeared on his face as it hit the ground first. Now, all over his body, there was no



visible space available for another wound, but for the boy, it wasn't even a thing to bother, he just needed to escape.

But how could he escape if he was degraded to this state?

With nothing but a weakened heart, he couldn't help but tear up. His head slowly turned to his back as there were brushing sounds coming from this direction as well.

His face became worried, scared of what would happen to him at this moment. And as the brushing sounds disappeared, his eyes stopped moving and just widened. A shadow just appeared before him.

"You were too slippery for a kid. I praise the effort, but this will be the end of you, tainted blood. Starting with you, we will avenge our family," a man with a hoarse voice said.

The man who was chasing the boy was bald and had a scar across his left eye. His face was intimidating to anyone, but not enough to scare the boy to death since the only thing that feared him the most was the weapon in the man's hands.

"I don't know any mystical arts that can erase



you immediately. But do you know what I know? It's a martial technique that can torture your small body."

The boy didn't have any energy to move. His spiritual energy was already drained by a trap array formation that earlier he stepped on. And as what he feared, this will be the end for him.

"You are scaring the kid."

A voice of a female resonated behind the man, and just afterward, blood splattered across. The blood reached the boy's face, and looking at it, he was slowly digesting what precisely happened before him.

Not anticipating it, the threat disappeared, but who was that person who killed the man, even detaching the head of the man from his body?

"Are you okay, kid?"