

## Lightning 741

### [Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

#### Chapter 741: Everyone Has Their Story

Liran knew exactly what would happen. Yet, he had decided to kill the Core Disciple anyway. Liran knew that this was the most beloved son of the Sect Master of the Punishment Cleaver Sect.

Just as Gravis had expected, the Punishment Cleaver Sect had a relatively weak upper echelon. Their number of peak Immortals and Early Minor Circulation Immortal Kings was far smaller than any other Sect. Yet, their Sect Master was the reason why the Sect managed to hold its ground.

The resources in this area were only bountiful enough to barely let someone reach the Mid Minor Circulation Immortal King Realm. Anything above that would be difficult to achieve or would put a gigantic hole into a Sect's funds.

Due to that, the Sects had agreed that the most powerful person in the Sect would only be of the Mid Minor Circulation Immortal King Realm. Otherwise, if one of them decided to jump out of line and boost themselves to another level, every other Sect would have to follow, which wasn't something that the Sects wanted to do.

That was how the agreement had come into effect. If any Sect decided to break this agreement, the other Sects would force that person to leave the Sect. If they didn't, the wrath of the Sects would descend upon this one Sect.

The Sects were allies, but in truth, they were only waiting for one of them to jump out of line so that they could find a reason to plunder the Sect. On the surface, they acted like they were brothers, but in truth, nearly all of them were snakes ready to strike at any moment of weakness.

Yet, because of this agreement, the Punishment Cleaver Sect managed to stay in their ranks, even with their weak upper echelon.

Their Sect Master could fight a level above himself, something that was rare. He alone could deal with the forces of nearly any other Sect.

This was the Sect Master of the Punishment Cleaver Sect, and he was powerful. Liran knew exactly that killing his son would summon the wrath of this powerful person upon the Unrestrained Sect, but this was just how the Unrestrained Sect was.

The Unrestrained Sect loved freedom, and everyone could do whatever they wanted. If someone wanted to kill someone, they would be allowed to kill them. Repressing one's emotions was not following the path of being unrestrained.

Liran knew that he would die today, and with him, the entire Unrestrained Sect might die too. Yet, he didn't mind. He loved each and every member of his Sect, but he had to stay true to the Sect's philosophy. Every other member would have acted the same.

Gravis' eyes shone.

Whoop!

Then, Gravis vanished into thin air.

With the Sect Master of the Punishment Cleaver Sect appearing, no one paid any attention to Gravis. Not even the guard beside Gravis had noticed that Gravis vanished. There was only one person that noticed Gravis had vanished, and that was Liran.

Yet, Gravis had informed Liran about a plan of his.

A daring plan.

The Unrestrained Sect had shown their mindset and ideology, and Gravis wouldn't allow these kindred spirits of his to vanish from this world. Gravis had already gone all-in in his decision, and he wouldn't back out now.

Sure, if Gravis wanted, he could probably flee together with the guard since the Sect Master of the Punishment Cleaver Sect wouldn't care about either of them. This had also been the plan of Liran, who had already informed Gravis of his plan.

He would give his life to buy time. During that time, Gravis and his son would gather the Unrestrained Sect and follow the protocol for when their Sect was about to die.

Yet, Gravis had a different plan.

He had just formally joined the Unrestrained Sect, and he wouldn't flee when his people were being threatened, even if he had only met two of them. However, only meeting two of them was already enough. The lowest guard and the highest Sect Master followed the same philosophy. This was a Sect perfectly to Gravis' liking, and he wouldn't let something this perfect be taken away from him.

The Sect Master of the Punishment Cleaver Sect looked at Liran from high above with justified rage and condemnation. "I always knew that you savages from the Unrestrained Sect would turn on our alliance sooner or later," he said. "Yet, I would not have believed that you would kill my one and only son."

"If he had died to someone at his level, I would not search for reparations, but you, as a Sect Master, have killed a Core Disciple. This is unacceptable, cowardly, weak, and foolish," he said with fierce eyes.

Liran only sneered. "Tch, as if you would have let anyone kill your son," he snarked. "Stop lying to my face."

BANG!

A powerful lightning bolt hit the ground below the Sect Master as he coldly glared at Liran. "I don't care that you killed my son, but I can't allow the disrespect you have given me by not consulting me before doing it to go unpunished. He was useless anyway, but before you kick a dog, you should first look at its owner."

"You're calling your own son a dog?" Liran asked in shock. "I knew that you were a lying piece of shit, Arthur, but I didn't think you were that low. No wonder your son has grown up to be rotten."

BANG!

Another lightning bolt.

"Do not question my ability as a father!" Arthur shouted. "I have taught him perfectly, but he was simply unteachable. He was born to be arrogant but weak."

The son of Liran looked with an uncomfortable look at the spot where the Core Disciple had died. Was this the reason why the Core Disciple had acted this way? No wonder the Core Disciple never accepted any disrespect from anyone without flipping out. His father's constant criticism, insults, and cold demeanor probably left a permanent scar in his mind.

The Core Disciple probably wanted to gain respect and worship from others since, deep down, he didn't have any of that for himself. He had never been able to live up to his father's expectations, making him feel useless all his life.

Everyone had their own story, and in their own story, they were never the villain.

Did this absolve the Core Disciple from his actions and conduct?

No.

He had been dealt a shitty hand, but it had still been his decision on how to play it. He could have left the Sect. He could have cut off all contact with his father. He could have chased power without looking at others.

Instead, he had decided to repress others. To him, repressing others and feeling superior just felt far too good.

Even Immortals with powerful Will-Auras could fall victim to the sweet enticement of feeling the effect that their own powers had on others. In actuality, Immortals were even more likely to act arrogantly. They had come so far. They saw an ocean of weaker beings below them and only a few stronger beings above them.

They have joined a powerful Sect and were respected everywhere they went. Their power made them superior, and the ocean of tiny Sects that only had Unity Realm experts could only look up to these Gods.

Why spend so much time in isolation to comprehend another Law? They were already Immortal and could look down upon nearly everyone. They would already live for 50,000 years, and in order to live even longer, they would need to break through a total of seven times! Five times was already so long, but seven times? This was far too much work.

Additionally, breaking through the three bottlenecks of the Circulations was far too much work. Understanding two level three Laws to become an Early Major Circulation Immortal? Understanding three level three Laws to become a Peak Immortal? Understanding a level four Law to become an Immortal King?

That was far too much work and would take forever. What's the point of living for so long when one spent all his time just sitting alone in their cave, racking their brains on things they didn't care about?

It was far easier to simply remain an Immortal. Although, reaching the Major Circulation Realm also wouldn't be bad. After all, then, even Immortals would have to look up to them.

Becoming a Peak Immortal? Do you have any idea how hard it is to understand ANOTHER level three Law!? Everyone already understood space, and finishing their first own level three Law was also alright, but finding an additional one? They already comprehended the level three Law they had the best affinity for. The next one would be several times harder. For what? For only a single breakthrough?

Becoming an Immortal King? Pfff, fuck that. Trying to understand a level four Law is just far too much work.

On top of that, to understand any of these Laws, they would even need to temper themselves. What's the point of living so long when you die trying to live even longer? They had fought enough in their life. They didn't need to fight more.

This was the reason why there was a huge number of Cultivators that stopped cultivating in the Immortal Realm. The three bottlenecks plus seven breakthroughs were just far too much work and risk. It wasn't worth the effort.

And all this effort for what? To live an additional 50,000 years for a total of 100,000? They would already have wasted nearly 50,000 years. This meant that their longevity didn't even really increase after becoming an Immortal King. They would still only have 50,000 years left.

The Core Disciple and many others had thought like that, which was also why they put respect, worship, arrogance, and superiority on such a high pedestal. They had worked so incredibly hard to reach this place, and the others damned-well show their respect to this grand achievement!

If they didn't, it would only show that they were idiotic savages that knew nothing of how normal humans acted.

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#### **Chapter 742: Arthur Vs. Liran**

Arthur pulled out his saber.

WHOOOOOM!

His Will-Aura broke the earth as the guards barely managed to flee. Yet, some of them were still caught up in the Will-Aura and couldn't move anymore. This spelled their doom if the other guards didn't act correctly. As soon as Liran and Arthur clashed, they would be reduced to dust.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

All guards that managed to flee immediately cracked an emblem.

SHING! SHING! SHING!

A ton of powerful Immortals appeared. These Immortals were not there to rescue the already fleeing guards but to rescue the suppressed guards. The Sects had an interwoven network of alliances, friendships, trade agreements, rivalries, and enmities. The allied Sects called their powerful Immortals to get their captured allies out of there.

SHING!

These powerful Immortals threw one glance at the sky and quickly retrieved the suppressed guards from their allied Sects. Like this, 90% of all guards escaped unscathed.

The last 10% didn't have allies that were currently free. This meant that they would only be left to die. Even worse, no one would avenge them. The winner of the fight would only need to pay their Sect for their lives.

They were Immortals! They were supposed to be powerful! Yet, their lives could be bought off just like this!? Why had they even cultivated to this Realm if they would simply die like mortals?

WHOOM!

Liran also activated his Will-Aura and directly confronted Arthur's Will-Aura, pushing it just far away enough to allow the captured guards to escape. Liran didn't do this because of some empathy for them, but because he hated it when others were suppressed. He had been suppressed for a long time in his life, and he didn't want others to feel this pain, at least as long as they were not his enemy.

All the guards immediately fled, not even looking at Liran or thanking him. They only wanted to save their own hides.

Yet, Liran didn't mind. He wasn't doing it for them but for himself.

Right now, only Liran and Arthur remained. No one else was there.

Even the son of Liran had seemingly vanished into thin air.

"Do you think that your Sect will be able to escape my wrath, Liran?" Arthur asked coldly. "I will hunt down each and every last one of them. Your so-called Sect won't see another tomorrow. You have killed my child, and I will kill all of your children."

CRRR!

Liran's bow pulled taut with another Suppression Arrow. "Put your saber where your mouth is, Arthur. First, you need to get past me."

"Pff," Arthur spat in arrogance. "Do you honestly believe you can hold on for more than ten exchanges?"

"Maybe," Liran said with a smirk. "Maybe I have a surprise for you."

"Empty boasts!"

BANG!

With that, Arthur shot forward in a lightning explosion.

TWANG! TWANG!

Liran immediately released several arrows, but Arthur destroyed all of them with just the correct amount of lightning. Something like this was incredibly difficult and wasn't possible without the level three Law of Lightning Manipulation.

Liran fought from a distance, but Arthur had the superiority in speed. Arthur easily blocked all attacks and reached Liran after a brief moment.

BANG!

Arthur attacked Liran, and Liran blocked with his bow, but Liran got shot into the distance. They were on the same Realm, but Arthur had a vastly superior body.

Humans generally had similarly powerful bodies. So, how was it possible that Arthur had the edge in physical power?

The answer was one of his two level four Laws. This was the High-Tier Law of Muscle Strength. This allowed Arthur to increase his speed and physical power.

Arthur's other level four Law was the High-Tier Law of Lightning's Explosiveness. This Law boosted his Punishment Cleaver to incredible heights of destruction.

Against humans, Arthur was extremely powerful, but against beasts, he was average. The High-Tier Law of Muscle Strength worked wonders against humans but was basically useless against beasts. If a human went into close combat with a beast, they would lose devastatingly. It didn't make a difference if they lost a little bit or a lot. A loss was a loss.

If Arthur only knew the High-Tier Law of Lightning's Explosiveness, he would only be average. Yet, his High-Tier Law of Muscle Strength made him superior among humans.

Liran was helpless.

With his bow, he needed to fight from a distance. Thanks to the wind element, Liran was also a bit faster than average for an Immortal King, but not by much. The speed advantage of the wind element already started to vanish in the Immortal Realm.

Luckily, Arthur's Will-Aura was only a little bit stronger than Liran's. With Liran's Law of Major Suppression, he managed to slow Arthur by nearly 40%. Sadly, this was still not enough to close the speed gap.

After several losing exchanges, Liran already became injured. In comparison, Arthur hadn't even received a single scratch.

Liran's eyes showed determination. "If I'm going to die, I might as well take you down with me!" he shouted.

WHOOOOM!

Liran put all his Energy and Spirit into his arrow, which started to warp the surroundings. This was his most powerful attack, Sky Suppression!

"Tch," Arthur spat. "You think your pitiful attack can kill me? You know exactly of my power. I wouldn't have taken you for such a fool, but once again, you surprise me with your stupidity."

"Very well," Arthur said as he readied his saber.

BZZZZZZZZ!

Arthur's saber broke out in an unreal amount of Punishment Lightning. He was also readying his most powerful attack, the Punishment Cleaver.

CRACK!

Suddenly, the lightning on the saber crackled with far more intensity as he also infused it with the High-Tier Law of Lightning's Explosiveness.

Usually, this would be a clash between two level four Laws, the Major Law of Suppression and the High-Tier Law of Lightning's Explosiveness.

Yet, Weapon Cultivation was different from normal cultivation.

Elemental Cultivators could only infuse their attacks with Energy and Spirit, but Weapon Cultivators could also add their physical power to an attack. Not even Gravis was able to do this with his Lightning Crescent or Mortality. This was something entirely new.

Sadly, this meant that it was now two level four Laws against one.

"We can clash as much as you want, Liran," Arthur said coldly. "No matter how much Energy you use, I will match it, and I will always come out victorious. Just give up and accept your death."

"Might be," Liran said with a relieved smile like he just felt a weight leave his shoulders. His determined look seemed to have vanished after hearing Arthur's words.

Right now, Liran showed the expression of someone who had given up.

This was the look of someone who had already accepted that they would die.

Liran looked to the side in a forlorn expression. "Yet, if I don't try, I will never know, right?" he said with a smile as he turned back.

"The last desperate gasp before death. You don't realize your own situation even when you stare death in the face," Arthur said coldly. "It seems you need to feel death first to realize your weakness."

Arthur lifted his saber and readied himself for a slash. "In your next life, don't be foolish enough to offend me!"

Silence.

Several seconds passed.

Arthur only glared at Liran with his raised saber while Liran only smirked.

"What? You think I will directly attack after your grand shout?" Liran asked with a smirk. "No, I'd rather watch you hold this pose for a while."

Arthur felt his rage going wild. How dare this weak savage mock him!?

"Ah!" Liran released a brief shout as he let the string of his bow go.

Arthur's body tensed up, and he slashed-

And he stopped again.

Liran had caught the string and arrow of his bow with a smirk, stopping the attack.

"Ah!" Liran shouted, and the same thing repeated itself.

Liran chuckled a bit as the veins on Arthur's forehead nearly exploded.

BANG!

Arthur released his attack first. Originally, he wanted to wait until Liran unleashed his attack to guarantee that Liran wouldn't be able to evade, but he couldn't deal with this mockery anymore!

The attack came with incredible speed and destroyed the space around Liran.

It was too fast to evade.

'Let's see what you can do, little friend,' Liran thought.

BANG!

And released his own attack.

The two attacks shot at each other and hit.

BOOOOOOOOOM!

The surroundings were turned into nothingness as everything was hidden in a storm of destruction.

Arthur looked calmly at the storm. His attack was more powerful and would exit this storm of destruction, hitting Liran directly.

He had won.

SHING!

Suddenly, a weakened arrow came out of the storm of destruction, shooting directly at Arthur.

Arthur's eyes widened in shock.

HOW!?

And then, the arrow hit Arthur in the chest!

BANG!

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**Chapter 743: Finally Over**

BANG!

The arrow hit Arthur's chest and exploded. A fountain of blood and organ pieces exploded into the surroundings, and it was hard to tell if he was still alive or not.

SHING!

Liran charged out of the storm of destruction of their previous attacks as he pulled out a new arrow. In an instant, Liran pointed his bow at Arthur's remains again.

Everything below Arthur's chest was destroyed, but his upper chest, arms, and head were still in one piece.

Arthur was still alive, and Liran wanted to end it.

CRACK! BANG!

Arthur immediately summoned an emblem and broke it into pieces. As soon as he did that, a translucent barrier appeared around him, which blocked the new arrow from Liran.

Liran grimaced as Arthur summoned another emblem and broke it.

SHING!

A seemingly translucent sword cut through the frozen space around Arthur and left behind a deep cut.

"Tch," Liran spat, knowing that he wouldn't be able to kill Arthur today. This madman just spent more money than he was worth. Where did he even get all this money from to buy these two emblems?

Arthur threw one last, cold glance at Liran before he flew into the space cut. In an instant, the cut closed, and Arthur was gone.

"Great," Liran spat. "This will get ugly now."

Liran scanned the surroundings one last time to see if anyone was looking.

SHING!

And then, he vanished.

Ten teleportations later, Liran stopped moving. He looked around again to see if anyone was watching before taking a ring off his finger. If Arthur had paid close attention, he would have known that Liran hadn't always worn this ring. This was something that appeared a bit after Arthur had arrived.

Clink!

Liran flicked the ring away.

PACK!

A hand appeared that caught the ring in midair.

This was Gravis' hand and just beside him stood Liran's son.

What had happened?

When Arthur had appeared, Gravis knew that he could help Liran win the fight if Liran played it right. As long as Liran managed to provoke a clash of powerful attacks, Gravis could consume the lightning from Arthur's attack, weakening it tremendously. At that point, it would be one level four Law against another one.

Of course, that wouldn't be the only thing that would change. Another thing was that taking away the element from an attack would severely weaken it. Like this, Liran's attack would be more powerful than

Arthur's. Due to the clash of the attacks, Liran's attack wouldn't be powerful enough to kill Arthur immediately, but it would injure him heavily. With another attack, Arthur would be dead.

Sadly, Arthur managed to flee by spending a ridiculous sum of money.

How did Gravis manage to stay hidden in front of Arthur?

Simple, he put himself and Liran's son into the Life Ring and gave it to Liran. This had two advantages. First, Gravis would be directly in the middle of the fight and could intervene at the perfect time. Second, Gravis would be hidden inside the Life Ring. Immortal Kings could see Gravis' real body, and Gravis already had a suspicion that humans and beasts were not the best of friends here, based on context clues.

As long as Arthur didn't closely inspect Gravis, he wouldn't notice that Gravis had a beast body. Arthur obviously hadn't done this since he had ignored everyone but Liran. Liran was the one that had killed his son, and the surrounding Immortals might as well not exist.

"I am unsure if I stand in your debt or not, young friend," Liran said with a smile. "On the one hand, you are the reason why all of this happened in the first place, but on the other hand, you saved my life."

Liran suddenly laughed loudly. "You know what? Screw all this complicated nonsense of debt and gratitude. Let's just say that we are friends from now on. Does that sound good?" he asked with a smirk.

Gravis also chuckled slightly. "I don't think so," Gravis said with a smile.

Liran's eyebrows furrowed.

Then, Gravis bowed slightly in respect. "You're my Sect Master, not my friend," Gravis said with a smirk.

PENG!

Gravis felt the flick of Liran's finger on his forehead, but it didn't hurt. "You just arrived and are already teasing your Sect Master," Liran said with a smirk, "but that's exactly how a disciple of the Unrestrained Sect has to act."

"Do what you want! Feel what you want! Say what you want!" Liran shouted. "This is our philosophy for the Unrestrained Ones."

Liran didn't ask how Gravis had been able to influence Arthur's attacks. If Gravis wanted to tell him, he would be happy to listen, but it was Gravis' decision.

"Sounds great," Gravis said with a smirk.

Liran's son came closer to Gravis. "I also want to welcome you to our Sect, senior brother," he said. "I haven't introduced myself yet. I'm Surem, and I'm responsible for getting new recruits," Surem said. "At least, for now. Dad told me I should get out more and talk with others, which is why I'm currently on cultivation break."

Gravis nodded. "Hello, Surem. I'm Gravis, the new Ascender. I'm not used to being inside Sects, so don't mind it when I don't call anyone senior or junior brother. It feels weird to me," Gravis said.

Liran and Surem were a bit confused. "You are not used to being inside a Sect?" Surem asked. "Does that mean that you cultivated alone all your life?"

Gravis scratched his chin. "Not entirely," he said. "I was in a Sect when I was a Spirit Forming Cultivator, but after that, I exclusively lived among beasts for some thousand years or so."

"Is it because of your body?" Liran asked. "Of course, you don't have to answer if you don't want to."

Gravis shook his head. "Kind of, but not in the way you think. If I didn't live among beasts for so long, I wouldn't have this body, but it was also my decision. I'm sorry, but I really don't want to tell you too much about my background since we have just met. This is a world of humans, and far too many humans are fickle beings that lie and change their loyalties."

"Dad isn't like that," Surem said with a frown.

"Surem, enough," Liran said. "He's right to doubt me. He doesn't know me, and I don't know him. Immediately trusting someone you have just met is naïve. Give it some time."

Surem sighed. He knew his father, and he knew that his father was awesome! It hurt him that Gravis doubted his father, but Surem also knew that it was only normal for Gravis to act like this.

"What about Arthur?" Gravis asked as he looked at Liran.

"That's for me to worry about," Liran said with a smile. "You're obviously incredibly powerful, but you can't fight someone like Arthur yet. However, if you agree to be on call if Arthur appears again, I would thank you very much. You don't have to, of course."

Gravis nodded. "No problem. I don't want my Sect to be destroyed."

Liran smiled and nodded too. "Great!" he said. "Well then, I have to talk with the elders about this situation. Surem, would you please show Gravis his new home?"

Surem nodded. "Yes!" he shouted.

Liran nodded. "See you later, you two," he said.

SHING!

Then, he was gone.

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#### **Chapter 744: Truth About Freedom**

"Senior brother," Surem said. "I'll show you around the Sect."

Gravis nodded. "Thanks," he said.

Gravis had already inspected his surroundings with his Spirit, and what he saw surprised him quite a bit. Right now, Gravis was floating high up in the sky, but below him, he could see a ton of buildings.

Yet, surprisingly enough, most of the buildings were wooden huts with mortals tending to rice. This didn't look like a Sect at all. However, Gravis was sure that this was the Sect since he saw several huge

buildings scattered among the wooden huts. These buildings had different art styles and were made out of different materials. Additionally, Gravis felt several Cultivators living in these buildings.

What surprised Gravis was the strength of these Cultivators. The vast majority were Immortals with about half the amount of Law Comprehension Cultivators and just very few Nascent Nourishing Cultivators. In these buildings, Gravis couldn't see anyone below the Nascent Nourishing Realm.

Everything radiated an aura of freedom. The different art styles that didn't follow a common rule, the different distances between the buildings, the fact that so many mortals were here, all of this created an atmosphere of freedom. Seemingly everyone could do whatever they wanted.

Yet, all of this changed if one looked into the distance. Around 50,000 kilometers away from this land of freedom, darkness and pressure existed.

50,000 kilometers away, Gravis saw a mountain range hidden in perpetual darkness. This was part of the Sect, but the aura from this area was the polar opposite of this land of freedom.

All the buildings looked uniform and were made out of the same materials. Everything was grey and hidden in darkness as seemingly no happiness and freedom entered this place. At that place, Gravis could see even more Cultivators than in the other parts of the Sect. Additionally, the Realm distribution was the opposite.

There were no Immortals, some Law Comprehension Cultivators, a lot of Nascent Nourishing Cultivators, and an incredible amount of Unity Realm Cultivators. All of them wore the same clothing, had the same haircut, did the same thing, and learned the same Laws.

Gravis already had a suspicion, but he wanted to wait for Surem's explanation.

"Below us, you can see the Unrestrained Lands," Surem explained. "This is the area where the Unrestrained Ones live. They can do whatever they want, but of course, everyone else is also free to do what they want. So, if one of them annoys another one, the other one can strike back. We don't discourage killing among the Sect. Everyone is free to do what they want."

Gravis nodded. "I presume that the Unrestrained Ones you are referring to are Cultivators that managed to comprehend the Minor Law of Suppression, correct?"

Surem was a bit surprised that Gravis came to that conclusion so quickly but nodded. "Yes. When you know the Minor Law of Suppression, you will formally join the Unrestrained Ones. Then, you are a true part of the Sect."

Gravis nodded. "What about that other area in the distance?" Gravis asked.

Surem shuddered. Obviously, he had been reminded of some horrible memories. "These are the Restrained Lands," he said with a sigh. "I was once part of these lands, and I absolutely hate and despise them."

"Yet, they are a necessity," he said. "To appreciate and know freedom, one must first learn suppression. Freedom is the absence of suppression, and only when you know something very intimately can you evade it perfectly."

"How do the Restrained Lands work exactly?" Gravis asked.

"Our Sect is popular among Cultivators," Surem explained. "Many Cultivators want to join us. Living inside a Sect without any duties and being allowed to do what you want? Who wouldn't want to be part of such a Sect?"

"However, first, you need to earn your place in the Sect by comprehending Suppression. So, before someone joins the Sect, we will inform them about what will happen. If they are willing to join, they will sign their freedom and individuality away. They will join the Restrained Lands and will go through the most extreme suppression imaginable."

"Over 90% of applicants don't agree to join as soon as they are told what would happen, and that's their choice. If they don't want to join, that's fine. The remaining 10% believe that they can take the Suppression and join anyway."

"Yet," Surem said with a sigh. "I have never met a single person in this Sect that doesn't regret their decision. The pains of the Restrained Lands are things that no common person can imagine. After just several days, basically everyone already tries to flee. They say that they don't want to be part of the Sect anymore and want to formally leave."

"Sadly, true suppression can only be taught when you are under true suppression. They are held prisoner and will be forced to do everything we tell them to. We force them into fights we want. We deliberately create unfair fights to demonstrate our power over them. If they win a fight, we will confiscate all the spoils."

"The Cultivators reach new Realms when we want them to. The Cultivators fight when we want them to. The Cultivators say what we want them to. The only thing we don't touch is their mind since they still need to be their own person inside their mind to comprehend suppression. If we even touch their minds, they would become lifeless husks."

"And all of this will continue until they either learn the Minor Law of Suppression or die. There is no in-between," Surem said. "95% of Cultivators never learn the Minor Law of Suppression, and they will live the rest of their lives in the most extreme suppression possible until they eventually die."

Surem looked at the Restrained Lands with a forlorn expression.

"I have been part of the Restrained Lands for 567 years," he said.

Gravis sighed. 567 years of living like this was something Gravis almost couldn't imagine. Sure, Gravis had fought the middle Heaven for around 700 years, which could be described as a similarly weighty suppression, but it felt different.

If one had to associate a color to Gravis' time with the middle Heaven, it would be black and red. There was death around every corner, and Gravis basically only had to survive the entire time. Meanwhile, the Restrained Lands would be grey. There was not much life and death pressure. There was not much action. There was not much fighting. It was simply a grey life of monotone routine.

If it were up to Gravis, he would prefer fighting the middle Heaven any day over being part of the Restrained Lands. However, one would have to remember that not everyone thought like that. Most people would probably prefer the Restrained Lands. After all, at least their lives were relatively safe

during that. Being under the constant threat of death for hundreds of years was terrifying to most people.

"It's their choice," Gravis said. "They knew what would happen, and they decided to take the chance. Was it a mistake to make this decision? In their minds, certainly. Yet, this is also part of freedom. Freedom means you can also make mistakes."

"That's something I learned thoroughly," Gravis said with narrowed eyes.

Gravis remembered how he had decided to fight the middle Heaven even though he was wholly underprepared. Even now, Gravis was still weaker than the middle Heaven! This had been a mistake, but Gravis had committed it. Then, Gravis had decided to use his Law of Freedom as his Avatar. Was this a mistake? Gravis wasn't sure yet. Only the future would show if it was a mistake or not.

Surem sighed. "I'm uncertain," he said. "When you are young, and you think you know something, but you don't, is it okay to destroy their lives because of one decision?"

Gravis looked over at Surem. "Freedom is not kind," Gravis said.

Surem frowned. "What?" he asked.

"Freedom, like everything else, is neither good nor bad," Gravis said. "You can do what you want and live life to the fullest, but you are also free to make as many mistakes as you want. When you make a mistake while you are free, nobody will be there to protect you."

"When you are suppressed, you can't live life to the fullest. Yet, being suppressed means that someone more powerful than you is suppressing you, and this more powerful person is able to keep danger away that you can't deal with."

"Of course, almost everyone would still prefer freedom, me included," Gravis said.

"Yet, living according to total freedom is something nearly no one is willing to do, me included," Gravis said.

"What do you mean?" Surem asked.

"Freedom and suppression is a gradient, Surem," Gravis said. "Freedom doesn't mean that you must live completely free, but it means that you can choose where you want to live on the gradient."

Surem wasn't sure what Gravis meant. All of this sounded a bit complicated.

"If you live with 100 freedom and 0 Suppression, it means you are free of suppression, but one part of suppression is responsibility. Responsibility is also a form of suppression."

"So, living in true freedom means not caring for the ones you love. You are not under any responsibility for them. If they die, they die. It has nothing to do with you," Gravis said.

"When you have a family or weaker loved ones that you want to protect, you can feel the pressure sometimes. If something happens to you, your loved ones might die. If you commit a mistake, you might not only ruin your life but also all the lives of your close ones."

"Responsibility is a weight that stops you from doing what you want," Gravis said. "Responsibility is part of Suppression."

Gravis looked at the sky. "My goal is not to live in total freedom but to have the freedom of choice. I want to decide if I want a family or not. I want to decide what can suppress me and what can't."

"Being free doesn't mean living free," Gravis said.

"Remember that, Surem."

[Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

#### **Chapter 745: Long Means Dragon**

Surem fell into thought. On one hand, all of these things clashed with a lot of his beliefs, but on the other hand, they made sense.

Yet, it wasn't so easy to change one's entire outlook.

"Thank you for your teachings, senior brother," Surem said respectfully.

"Don't mind it," Gravis said with a smile. "I'm only talking to myself mostly. Is there anything else I should know about the Sect?"

"There isn't much you need to know about the Sect," Surem said. "You can live anywhere you want in the Unrestrained Lands, and you can talk with whomever you want. However, we have a central hub for miscellaneous things."

Gravis felt his Spirit Sense being pulled to another mountain. There, he saw some huge buildings made out of stone.

"This is the central hub," Surem said. "If anyone inside the Sect or outside the Sect wants to commission someone from the Sect, they can put up a notice there. Of course, it's up to the individual if they want to accept or not."

Gravis nodded. "That's exactly what I need right now," he said.

"Weapon Cultivation, right?" Surem asked. "You said that you wanted to learn Weapon Cultivation."

Gravis nodded.

"Actually, I'm still in shock about this whole thing," Surem said. "Someone with your power doesn't even know how the basics of Weapon Cultivation work. It's so unreal."

"However, you also explained that you lived among beasts for a really long time, which makes this whole thing more understandable. Weapon Cultivation doesn't exist among beasts since it requires a Spirit and a Will-Aura," Surem said.

"That's the main reason why I have no idea about Weapon Cultivation," Gravis said. "I fought beasts for over a thousand years, and I haven't even seen a human during that time. After around 2,000 years, I returned to the human world, but I didn't really fight anyone else after that. I simply concentrated on learning more Laws."

"Speaking of," Surem said. "If you don't mind me asking, how old are you?" he asked.

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"About 4,000 years old," Gravis said.

"4,000 years!?" Surem asked in shock. "Sorry, I didn't mean any disrespect, but 4,000 years is a really long time to become an Immortal."

Gravis didn't take it as an insult and only chuckled a bit. "What? Do you think you can reach my Battle-Strength in only a thousand years or so? I have actually been an Immortal for around 2,700 years."

"2,700 years, and you haven't raised your Realm?" Surem asked in shock. "How can you stand that? I would feel stifled in your situation."

"Understandable," Gravis said. "Everyone else would have long reached the next Realm, but I don't compare myself to others. My Battle-Strength is still not powerful enough. I need even more."

"Even more!?" Surem shouted. "Why!? Killing someone an entire Circulation above yourself is something that hasn't even happened in the legends. I'm certain that you have the most powerful Battle-Strength for your Realm in the entire world. Why would you want even more?"

"Sorry, but I can't tell you that," Gravis said. "I have my goal, and I want to reach it."

"Oh, okay," Surem said with some disappointment. "Anyway, regarding your Weapon Cultivation, I can teach you."

Gravis scratched his chin in thought. "Sure, why not? What do you want in return?" Gravis asked.

"Oh, nothing," Surem said. "You saved my life, and I would be happy to teach you."

Gravis only smirked. "We'll see about that later, but sure, I would be happy to learn Weapon Cultivation from you."

"Great!" Surem shouted with a smile, "but there's something else we have to talk about first if you don't mind."

"Oh?" Gravis uttered with a raised eyebrow.

"Well," Surem said in discomfort as he rubbed the back of his neck in embarrassment. "Dad said that after I show you the Sect, I should ask you if you would be willing to speak to the elders."

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"Why?" Gravis asked.

"I don't know," Surem said with a shrug. "So, do you want to or not? It's your decision."

Gravis scratched his chin. "Eh, why not? He's my Sect Master from now on. If he had ordered me, I would feel disinclined, but since he gave me a choice, I'll accept it."

"Great!" Surem said with a smile. "This is my home," Surem said as he pointed at a house made of wood with quite a sizable garden. "When you're done, you can find me here. We can start with your lessons any time."

Gravis nodded. "Sure. See you later, Surem."

"See you later, Senior Brother," Surem answered.

Then, Gravis slowly flew to the central hub of the Sect. He didn't want to teleport since he wanted to take in the general feeling of the Sect more. It simply felt great to watch all the people talking to each other. Immortals were even talking to mortals from time to time.

Gravis also smelled a sweet fragrance. This fragrance was present throughout the Sect due to all the different gardens of the Cultivators. A lot of Cultivators that lived free liked to hold plants and watch them grow. It was a hobby for them. Additionally, selling expensive plants could also bring them a lot of money without needing to kill others.

"Hey, you!" a shout came as an Immortal appeared in front of Gravis. "You new?" he asked.

The guy had brown hair and looked rather gruff. One would think that he was a smith.

"I am," Gravis said. "I just joined."

"Great!" the guy said with a smirk.

Then, he went into a battle stance and clenched his fists.

"Sadly, you have horrible luck!" he said as he did some quick practice punches in the air. "You ran into the powerful owner of these lands, Long Johnson! Today, you-"

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"Pfffft!" Gravis couldn't help himself as he broke out into laughter. "Long Johnson?" he asked.

Long Johnson was seemingly used to this and frowned. "Yes, laugh it up. I didn't choose that name! My father came from a distant land, and they have weird names there. Apparently, Long is an old word for dragon where they come from, but my mom came from here, and she wanted to give me a normal name. That's how I got my name."

Gravis still had to laugh. "Fucking Long Johnson," he shouted.

"Anyway," Long Johnson said. "You will pay for your crimes of disrespecting me!"

"Why?" Gravis said, still smiling. "You gonna beat me up?"

"Exactly!" Long Johnson said. "People who don't know to respect their elders will be beaten up! Then, I will take part of your money! However, you can also just directly pay to avoid the beating."

"Wait," Gravis said. "So, you, Long Johnson, will beat me up unless I give you my lunch money?"

"Well, I wouldn't call it lunch mon-"

"AHAHAHAHA!" Gravis shouted as he laughed again. "Man, you're a treat. Here!" Gravis shouted as he threw an Immortal Stone over to Long Johnson. "Keep it as payment for entertaining me."

Long Johnson looked in shock at the Immortal Stone. "An Immortal Stone!?" he shouted. "You don't have to pay me that much, you know. I would feel bad if I took so much from you."

Gravis didn't care and simply passed Long Johnson. "Don't mind it. Your performance was worth the money."

Long Johnson wasn't sure how to react. "Ehm, thank you, junior brother?" he said in uncertainty.

"No problem, dude," Gravis said as he continued flying to the central hub.

Originally, Gravis wanted to punch this guy and be done with it, but after Long Johnson pulled out his secret weapon, his name, Gravis just became helpless. How could he bear to beat up poor old Long Johnson? The guy was already punished enough.

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The third person that Gravis met in the Unrestrained Sect already made him laugh.

The more Gravis stayed here, the more he liked the Unrestrained Sect.

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**Chapter 746: Weapon Avatar**

Gravis flew slowly, so it took him about an hour to arrive. Several other people also appeared in front of him, asking him if he was new. They introduced themselves and told Gravis that he could come over to their place and talk.

Gravis was quite surprised about why so many people came to him, so he asked one of the later arrivals why everyone was so friendly. Apparently, the fact that Gravis slowly flew through the Sect and didn't teleport gave others the impression that he wanted to start a conversation but didn't want to intrude. It was like someone waiting politely near someone's home.

Gravis didn't mind and decided that he might as well get to know more people of the Sect. Everyone was rather forthcoming and polite, except Long Johnson. Apparently, from what Gravis had heard from others, Long Johnson loved being a kind of schoolyard bully. He thought that it would spice things up a bit in the serene and boring surroundings.

Gravis had to agree that Long Johnson's conduct really spiced things up. That guy was hilarious!

After Gravis arrived at the central hub, he quickly entered the largest building he could see. The building wasn't isolated by Formation Arrays, which allowed everyone to look and listen in. Gravis thought that this was quite nice and transparent of the upper echelon of the Sect.

There were no guards or anything similar in front of the building, and Gravis could enter without being stopped. Probably any member of the Unrestrained Ones could enter if they so chose to. The Sect really embraced freedom.

There were no doors in the entire building, and Gravis stepped into a relatively small hall with a couple wooden chairs. Gravis could see a total of twenty chairs, but only seven were in use right now. There were even tables filled with drinks and different kinds of fruit.

Yet, in comparison to the simple surroundings, the people being in there were nothing but simple. Liran sat in one of the chairs, seemingly at random. If one entered this room, they wouldn't know who the leader was based on the position of the chairs.

On two other chairs, Gravis saw two other Immortal Kings, but in comparison to Liran, they were in the Early Minor Circulation Realm. Those were probably Vice Sect Masters.

The remaining four people were Peak Immortals. Those were probably the elders.

"Hey, Gravis," Liran said with a smile. "Glad you could make it. Grab a seat."

Gravis shrugged with a smile and simply took a seat close to the Sect Master.

"It's actually scary how well you fit into the Sect," Liran said with a chuckle.

"Why?" Gravis asked.

"You think just any new disciple would dare to sit closer to the Sect Master than the Elders or Vice Sect Masters?" Liran asked with a smirk. "Even if they knew our philosophy, they would still be nervous about where to sit."

Gravis grabbed one of the fruits on the table and ate it. The taste was sweet but also kind of thick. It was like biting into a piece of meat that tasted like fruit.

"I know why you called me," Gravis said unceremoniously after swallowing. He skipped the small talk and directly went to the topic at hand.

"Why?" Liran asked.

"You want to know about freedom," Gravis answered as he grabbed another fruit.

Liran smiled in embarrassment. "Yes, that's why I asked you to come," he said. "Could you show us your Avatar?"

"You've already seen mine," Gravis said after he ate even more fruit. These things were great! "I want to see yours first."

The people in the hall looked in confusion at each other. This whole conversation already confused them, to begin with. Gravis could show his Avatar? Did this mean that he wasn't a Weapon Cultivator?

"I can't," Liran said.

"Why not?" Gravis asked as he stopped eating. He had expected that Liran would agree. This didn't conform to his impression of Liran and the Unrestrained Sect.

Liran sighed. "You really know nothing about Weapon Cultivation. This is so hard to grasp for me."

"What's it got to do with your Avatar?" Gravis asked.

"Well, this is my Avatar," Liran said as he took out his bow and showed it to Gravis.

Gravis furrowed his brows as he looked at the bow. "I don't get it," he said.

"Us Weapon Cultivators fuse our Avatar with our weapon," one of the Vice Sect Masters said. "This increases the connection between our normal Laws and our Weapon Law. Taking out our Avatar from our weapon takes a lot of time and Energy, as is putting it in a new weapon."

"Huh," Gravis commented as a lot of things made sense now.

The guy that killed himself when Gravis took away his spear?

Gravis hadn't just taken the weapon away from the guy but also his Avatar. Putting one's Avatar in a weapon probably came with a ton of risks, and one of these risks was probably that the Avatar could be stolen and couldn't be easily called back.

Having one's Avatar in their weapon meant that the Avatar was physical and could easily be broken and stolen. Taking the weapon away from that one guy probably broke the connection between the Avatar and him. He probably even forgot all the Laws inside his Avatar.

The fact that Liran and Arthur fought without their Avatars even though they tried their best to kill each other?

That also made sense now. It wasn't that they hadn't used their Avatars, but that they had fought with them from the very beginning.

Another problem with this action was that weapons could be destroyed. If a weapon broke, the Avatar would also break. Yet, was that really a disadvantage? A normal Avatar could also be attacked, and it was definitely not as resistant to an attack as a weapon.

Gravis knew because Gravis had eaten the Avatar of the middle Heaven. Gravis would probably still be fighting against the middle Heaven right now if its Avatar had been inside a powerful weapon.

So, on one hand, one couldn't fight without their Avatar anymore, but on the other hand, they could use the full power of their Avatar the entire time without fear of it being destroyed by a sneak attack.

'No wonder all these Weapon Cultivators are willing to sell an arm and a leg for a good weapon,' Gravis thought. 'When I operated the Gravitas, most of my customers were Weapon Cultivators, and they always wanted the best.'

"That's weird, but I get the use," Gravis said.

"Yes," Liran said. "I would show you, but I need to be at my peak at all times due to Arthur. He could come at any moment."

"Or he could be outside, trying to raise his Realm," Gravis said.

"Or that," Liran agreed with a nod, "but I can't find out which it is. If I also go out to increase my Realm, he might attack while I'm not here. I know Arthur, and I'm certain that when I'm not here, he will destroy the entire Sect."

"Additionally, when I increase my Realm, I would only have a very limited time remaining before I had to leave. Otherwise, the other Sects get angry. Then, Arthur would have free reign over the Sect again."

Gravis nodded. Arthur had the initiative, and Liran could only react. All in all, Liran was in a disadvantageous position right now. If Liran were willing to also annihilate the entire Punishment Cleaver Sect, both of them would be on neutral ground. Sadly for Liran, he wasn't willing to do so.

Kindness was a luxury that was hard to afford.

"So, can you show us your Avatar?" Liran asked.

Gravis ate another fruit.

"You know," Gravis said.

"This is exactly why you don't know the Law of Freedom."

### [Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

#### **Chapter 747: Lesson in Freedom**

The entire atmosphere changed with Gravis' words. The kind and casual atmosphere transformed into one of annoyance and indignation.

If this had happened in any other Sect, at least one of the Elders or Vice Sect Masters would have jumped up and cried about disrespecting one's elders, but not this Sect. Individuality and freedom were important here, and when someone was disrespected, it was their job to handle the situation.

Everyone looked at Liran to see how he would react.

Liran closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

"Please elaborate," he said slowly. Obviously, that comment had also riled him up, but he wanted to hear Gravis' explanation first.

Gravis grabbed another fruit. "Suppression and freedom," Gravis said. "Two opposite things on the same spectrum, yes?"

Liran nodded.

"Suppression and freedom are opposites like light and darkness," Gravis explained. "Yet, as you all know by now, light and darkness are still the same thing. There is only a gradient of light. One end is what we call light, and the other end is what we call darkness."

"Freedom and suppression are the same thing, basically. Both are things that only exist in the perception of an intelligent being. A rock can't be suppressed. A rock might be put under physical pressure, but that's an entirely different thing. Only when you're alive and smart enough to perceive your current situation will you be able to feel suppression or freedom."

Blub!

Gravis summoned some water that floated above his finger. "Microorganisms, or the things that we call Life Energy, are living things. Yet, they are not smart enough to comprehend suppression or freedom. I could keep one of them isolated, and it wouldn't feel a difference."

"Get to the point," an Elder said from beside Gravis.

Gravis looked at the Elder and smirked.

"Eh, I don't want to anymore," Gravis said.

Then, he stood up, grabbed another fruit, and began walking out of the room.

The entire hall became shocked. Gravis was leaving just like that?

"Siegfried! Calm down!" Liran shouted.

"But-"

"No! Sit down, Siegfried!" Liran shouted again.

Suddenly, Siegfried's gaze changed. "I'm not following any orders. I'm free to do what I want!" he shouted as he teleported in front of Gravis.

Gravis only looked at Siegfried while chewing his fruit.

"You will tell me, now!" Siegfried ordered. "I have been chasing freedom for my entire life, and my goal is just within reach. I won't be stopped so close to my goal!"

Another fruit started to float over to Gravis from the table. Gravis only opened his mouth and took another bite.

Several seconds passed, the only sound being Gravis' chewing.

Siegfried glared at Gravis.

Then, after nearly 20 seconds of tense silence, another fruit levitated over to Gravis. Gravis opened his mouth to take a bite.

BANG!

The fruit was slapped to the ground by Siegfried as he looked at Gravis in fury.

Gravis only looked back at Siegfried in a bored manner.

"I don't wanna," Gravis said.

Siegfried's glare intensified. "You have no choice," he said.

"Or what?" Gravis asked.

"Or I will suppress you until you tell me," Siegfried said.

Gravis looked around the room to watch how the others would act. Most of them only held neutral expressions. Two others were uncertain. Liran, specifically, looked like he was hesitating. His philosophy and emotions were in conflict.

Liran believed that he should grant Siegfried his freedom to do what he wanted. This was the Sect's philosophy. Yet, he also felt like it would be unfair to push Gravis into suppression by only watching. Liran had no idea what he should do.

Gravis looked around and waited for some seconds. When he saw that no one stepped up, Gravis only shook his head in disappointment.

"You call yourself the Unrestrained Sect," Gravis said. "Yet, none of you have any idea about freedom."

All sympathy the people had for Gravis vanished with this comment. They had felt bad for him due to his weakness, but now, when Gravis faced someone much more powerful than himself, he was still disrespecting them.

Liran's mind was going wild. Why was Gravis acting this way?

Liran took another deep breath. "Gravis," he said quietly. "Why are you acting this way? Wouldn't it be easier to just tell us?"

"I know that you hate being suppressed. We all do," Liran said. "I try to follow the Sect philosophy, but everyone wants freedom so badly. For nearly a million years, we have searched for the secret of freedom, and now it's directly in front of us. I don't know if I can let such an opportunity go just because you don't want to."

"Is that what you want?" Gravis asked.

Liran shook his head. "No. If it were up to me, I wouldn't force you to do anything."

CLAP!

Suddenly, Gravis clapped loudly into his hands.

"And there we go!" he said. "This is why you don't know freedom."

The present people became confused again. Was Gravis saying that they had to help him to understand freedom? That sounded ridiculous!

"You asked me why I was acting this way," Gravis said, "but then you answered your own question without even realizing it."

"Because I don't want to," Gravis said.

"Do I need another reason?"

The hall fell into silence again.

"You know," Gravis said. "Ironically, the person seemed closest to the mindset of freedom is Siegfried."

Siegfried was taken aback. He had just stopped Gravis and threatened him, but Gravis was praising him?

"Look at all of you," Gravis said. "Freedom is doing whatever you want. Meanwhile, judging by your uncomfortable expressions, you are not doing whatever you want. 'For the good of the Sect,' you're doing things you don't want to."

"Liran," Gravis said. "You wanted to save me so badly, but you didn't do it. Was this what the Unrestrained Sect is all about? To constrict your own freedom so that others might be free?"

Gravis shook his head.

"Siegfried," Gravis said as Siegfried tensed up a bit. Gravis didn't feel like some mere Immortal to him. For some reason, Gravis felt superior to Siegfried. "You stopped me, knowing full well that I would most likely continue talking at a later date, even without you stopping me. Stopping me was literally counterproductive."

"Yet, you did it anyway. Why? Because you wanted to. Was it because of shame that I left because of your words? Was it because of your ego due to your superior power? Was it entitlement?" Gravis asked.

"It doesn't matter," Gravis said. "You did what you wanted. Isn't that what freedom is all about?" Gravis asked with a smirk.

Siegfried felt like his eyes had been opened. His perception of freedom changed utterly.

Yet, he had not comprehended the Law of Freedom.

Gravis' earlier seemingly irrelevant explanations would all have culminated in one argument.

Suppression was something that an intelligent being felt when another being had a suppressive effect on them. Freedom was the opposite, which meant that it was something an intelligent being felt when no other being had an effect on them. This meant one thing.

Suppression was something that required other beings to learn.

Freedom was something that could only be learned by oneself.

Freedom couldn't be taught. Freedom was something that someone had to grasp themselves. Freedom couldn't be granted but only obtained.

That was why Gravis had said that this was the reason why Liran didn't know the Law of Freedom. Liran had asked Gravis about teaching him freedom, something that fundamentally didn't work.

Gravis suddenly leaving was also a lesson in freedom. Gravis showed that he could do whatever he wanted without any other interference. So what if he felt like he was indebted to Liran for saving his life? If Gravis wanted, he could abandon the debt.

This was freedom.

However, one had to remember that Gravis didn't feel indebted or anything. This was simply an example.

Silence returned to the hall.

"I do whatever I want," Gravis said. "You don't."

"Now, move out of my way, or you will be dead within the hour. I promise you that," Gravis suddenly said to Siegfried in a cold tone.

What?

No one could believe what they had just heard. They knew that Gravis was incredibly powerful, but Siegfried was an Elder. He was a Peak Immortal!

Gravis' Law of Honesty filled the room, and everyone realized that he was speaking the truth. Yet, only Liran was able to see that it was the Law of Honest at work and not the Law of Lies or Deceit.

Gravis wasn't lying?

Did this mean that Gravis fully believed that he could kill a Peak Immortal in simply an hour? How was this possible!?

Yet, if it weren't possible, Gravis' Law of Honesty wouldn't have been triggered.

Was this true? Could Gravis kill a Peak Immortal?

Right now? No.

In an hour? Yes.

Why?

One had to remember that Gravis was a human, not a beast. In the middle world, Gravis had cultivated as a beast, which meant consuming other beasts. Yet, that didn't mean that Gravis couldn't cultivate like a human. The reason why Gravis didn't cultivate as a human was due to the absence of relevant resources in the middle world.

How did humans cultivate?

Most humans used natural treasures, but there was also a less efficient way to raise one's Realm.

What resource?

Immortal Stones.

Absorbing Immortal Stones took some time, but they would increase one's Realm if one absorbed enough of them. This was also why Immortal Stones were so highly valued amongst all humans.

Now, with all of that said...

How many Immortal Stones did Gravis have again?

[Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

**Chapter 748: Teacher**

Gravis had long since made his calculations. If Gravis were to absorb all the Immortal Stones he had left, he would be able to become a Late Minor Circulation Immortal King. That was a jump of an entire Realm!

Wait, an entire Realm?

Wouldn't that be more than an entire Realm?

No, it would be exactly one Realm.

There had been one detail that one might have overlooked.

When Arthur had attacked Liran with his strike, the lightning had vanished. Where did that lightning go?

To Gravis, obviously.

Yet, Gravis had to keep this a secret. Gravis trusted Liran, but he didn't fully trust him. Because of that, Gravis kept his growth a secret.

Right now, in Gravis' Life Ring, there was a second Gravis with the power of a Late Minor Circulation Immortal. Without noticing, Gravis had already broken through twice. With one more breakthrough, Gravis would be an Early Major Circulation Immortal and would, therefore, be powerful enough to fight Siegfried.

Sadly, Gravis' breakthrough came with a disadvantage. Gravis' Battle-Strength that was nearly able to jump five levels, was now firmly placed in being able to jump four levels. Five levels were no longer possible. This was the inevitable disadvantage of growing one's Realm.

Siegfried was taken aback by Gravis' threat, but instead of feeling offended, he felt respect.

This weak Immortal was doing what he wanted, no matter what anyone said. Earlier, Siegfried would have believed Gravis to be arrogant, but not anymore. With his new understanding of freedom, he was able to see Gravis' actions for what they truly were.

Free. Without any outside interference.

Nearly every being would say that Gravis' threat was foolish and arrogant. After all, did he truly think that he was powerful enough to kill a Peak Immortal?

Yet, this assessment took into account that Gravis believed to be more powerful. Instead, Siegfried was sure that Gravis knew exactly how much more powerful Siegfried was. However, even when Gravis knew exactly that he couldn't win, he still did whatever he wanted.

He was unaffected by consequences, and no one could stop him from doing what he wanted.

Siegfried bowed politely to Gravis, shocking the others. "Thank you for your teachings," he said with respect.

The other people in the hall were shocked. What happened to the willful Siegfried? Why was he suddenly so respectful?

"I didn't teach you anything," Gravis said. "I'm just doing what I want. If you profit from it, good for you."

Siegfried nodded and let Gravis pass.

Gravis stepped forward but stopped. Then, he turned around to Liran. "One last thing," Gravis said. "I might not be able to teach you freedom, but I can tell you how I obtained it."

Everyone listened intently at what Gravis was about to say.

"I was in the deepest depths of despair," Gravis said. "I had no control over my life and the lives of my loved ones. My greatest enemy had full control over everything I was and owned."

"At that moment, I gave up the most important thing in my life, control. Control over my life and control over the life of my loved ones. All control left me, and I had no other choice but to follow whatever my greatest enemy wanted from me."

"And only then have I been able to realize freedom," Gravis said.

SHING!

And with that said, Gravis was gone as he teleported away.

Silence reigned in the hall.

"I don't understand," one of the Vice Sect Masters said. "The circumstances Gravis has described sound like the polar opposite of freedom. They sound like Suppression. How can one comprehend freedom in Suppression? The disciples always only comprehend Suppression by Suppression."

Liran slowly shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "I only know that whenever I see him, I feel like I can't touch him. It's like whatever I do won't impede his freedom. I feel like, even if I did my absolute best to constrict his freedom, he would still be free. It's bizarre."

"I could restrain him, lock his Will-Aura, Energy, and Spirit. I could force him to be unable to cultivate and to be unable to move for thousands of years," Liran said. "Yet, I feel like he would still be free. I can see the Suppression I could create. I could see the restraints on his freedom until he has no control over himself anymore. However, these restraints just don't seem to be real."

"The restraints exist. I can see them. I can feel them. Yet, in front of him, they seem illusory, like they don't exist."

"I can't explain," Liran said.

Everyone else became silent again as they fell into thought.

To them, Gravis was a walking paradox. Gravis was something that they couldn't judge by normal means, no matter how hard they tried.

Meanwhile, Gravis appeared at Surem's home.

Finally, he could learn more about Weapon Cultivation!

Gravis looked down, but as soon as he did, he became shocked.

Wait, what?

Where was Surem's home?

Where was he?

Gravis was sure that he had teleported to Surem's home, so why...

Was he suddenly in the clearing of a forest!?

Gravis stretched his Spirit Sense to the maximum, but he only saw forest no matter where he looked.

Gravis couldn't even find the Unrestrained Sect!

This was impossible! Gravis could only teleport as far as his Spirit Sense reached, which meant that he had to still be in the range of the Unrestrained Sect.

But he wasn't!

WHOOOM!

Suddenly, time around Gravis stopped. The animals stopped moving. The wind disappeared.

Nothing was moving.

Yet, Gravis could still move however he wanted, like he hadn't been influenced by the Time Stop.

Time Stop?

This was not something that the level three Law of Time could do. This was something that only the level six Law of Time could do.

A level six Law?

One could only comprehend a level Six Law when one had the Will-Aura of a Peak Immortal Emperor!

Was someone of that power around?

"Greetings, Gravis," a voice spoke from Gravis' right.

Gravis turned to his right and saw a young blonde man with two short swords.

As soon as Gravis saw the man, he knew that this was the person responsible for Gravis' current situation.

Gravis wasn't able to feel the power of this man, which meant that he was, at least, a higher Immortal King, probably even an Immortal Emperor.

"What do you want?" Gravis asked. Gravis didn't stay on politeness since his life was in the hands of this person anyway. This person had abducted Gravis against his will. Politeness wouldn't help him now.

SHING!

A white emblem appeared before the blonde man, and it floated over to Gravis. Gravis looked at it and saw that it had a big, powerful eye inscribed on it.

"This is an invitation from my teacher," the man said with a smile. "This emblem acts as a two-way teleportation. With one crack, it will transport you to my teacher, and with another crack, it will bring you back."

Gravis looked at the emblem. "Why would someone of your teacher's caliber be interested in a mere Immortal?" Gravis asked.

"Teacher isn't part of any kind of Sect," the man said with a smile. "Teacher is a kind of hermit, you could say. He likes to be alone, but he also likes to guide lost children."

"I, for example, have been brought out of slavery by teacher," the young man said.

"What? Is your teacher some kind of selfless saint?" Gravis asked with sarcasm.

"Actually, that's pretty close," the man said, surprising Gravis. "Teacher doesn't have any interest in all the conflict of the world. He also only accepts untalented people with tragic backgrounds. Exiles from Clans, rejects from Sects, wild Cultivators without any background, teacher accepts all of those. Teacher creates a home and school for these people."

Gravis raised an eyebrow. "That doesn't really sound like me."

"It doesn't," the man said, surprising Gravis again. "The more powerful the background or Battle-Strength a Cultivator has, the less likely they are to ever meet teacher. You are part of a Sect, and your Battle-Strength is far too powerful. You are about as far away from the normal recruitment criteria as it gets, Gravis."

"Yet, teacher has still invited you."

"However," the young man said, "I also know that your invitation is different from all the others."

"How so?" Gravis asked.

"Because I'm supposed to give you a message as well," he said.

"Oh, what message?" Gravis asked.

"The message is that you will not join our school," the young man said. "This invitation is only for a talk, nothing more. After the talk, you can return to your Unrestrained Sect again."

"Of course, it is up to you to decide if you want to meet teacher or not. However, if you decide to meet him, it would be better to go before you truly start to focus on Weapon Cultivation."

"Why?" Gravis asked.

"Because you might receive incomplete or incorrect knowledge about Weapon Cultivation," the man said. "For some reason, teacher is very interested in your power. I presume that he has seen your incomparable Battle-Strength and doesn't want you to become mediocre because of a bad teacher."

Gravis thought about this for a bit. Then, he pocketed the emblem.

"Duly noted," Gravis said. "Now, can you return me to the Unrestrained Sect?"

The young man nodded.

SHING!

And with that, Gravis was gone from the clearing and reappeared in front of Surem's house.

Meanwhile, the young man furrowed his brows as he looked at the ground.

"I really don't get what teacher wants from him," the young man muttered. "He feels far too different from all the other recruits I have met. He doesn't radiate this feeling of loneliness and gloom. Instead, he seems rather comfortable in his life. Additionally, he is far too powerful for a recruit."

"I have no idea why teacher is so interested in him."

The young man sighed again and teleported away.

Meanwhile, Gravis looked at the emblem with uncertainty.

"I wonder what that's all about."

### [Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

#### **Chapter 749: Training Ground**

Gravis decided to use the emblem later. He wasn't really worried that the guy had some kind of trap in mind. After all, the guy was powerful enough to use a level six Law. Someone with that power wouldn't need to use any kind of scheme on Gravis.

Gravis was quite interested in this teacher that the Immortal Emperor talked about. This teacher obviously had to be an Immortal Emperor, at least. Usually, Gravis would have believed that this person wanted Gravis to join their Sect, but the things that the Immortal Emperor said made this improbable.

First of all, he said that his teacher didn't have any Sect. Second of all, he said that his teacher only searched for weak and lonely Cultivators.

When a normal Cultivator heard that claim, they might believe that this was due to an altruistic reason. After all, why else would someone only accept the weakest and loneliest souls into their midst?

Ordinary Cultivators might also come to the conclusion that this was some kind of exploitation. After all, the weakest and loneliest Cultivators would do nearly anything to get some kind of place of belonging or something similar.

However, Gravis' horizons were vast. He had come into contact with the absolute elites of the Cosmos, and he knew how they usually thought. Gravis doubted that this teacher character did it out of goodwill or exploitation.

Instead, Gravis was certain that this teacher simply did this out of boredom.

Gravis guessed that this teacher person was probably one of the most powerful people in the world, maybe even the most powerful. This meant that this teacher probably had no way to find entertainment in the world except for understanding more Laws.

Gravis guessed that getting the weakest Cultivators and teaching them until they became the most powerful was probably some kind of challenge or entertainment for this teacher. This was also the main hobby of most peak Cultivators in the highest world.

Why did all these Divine Gods and Heaven's Magnates create all these Sects?

The Sects couldn't further their Cultivation.

Status? Maybe that was a minor reason.

However, the biggest reason was to compete with others. All these peak Cultivators already knew their powers in relation to other Cultivators. Fighting them made no sense, especially since it might not even help them in increasing their Realm.

Due to that, many powerful Cultivators, which were forever stuck before a bottleneck, created Sects. They could get invested in new disciples and let them live their life for them. One could call it a reliving of the past.

'I'm not certain that I got everything right, but I'm sure that I got the general gist of it,' Gravis thought. 'The only question is what such a person would want from me. Maybe they want to implant themselves in my life by teaching me some stuff so that I won't ever forget them? That would be kind of like what Gorn had wanted to do in the lower world.'

Gravis shook his head. 'No reason to think about it now. I don't have enough information to arrive at a definite conclusion yet. First, I want to learn the basics of Weapon Cultivation from Surem. After that, I might visit this teacher person and talk to them.'

Gravis put the emblem away again as he looked at Surem's house. Surprisingly, Surem's house didn't fit him at all. It was black and made of something that looked like obsidian. Additionally, it was very spiky.

In contrast to the house, the garden around it looked tranquil and pristine. It was like a small wonderland of flowers and nature.

Gravis scratched his chin as he looked at the house. 'Is this some kind of representation about his dark past but optimistic mindset?' Gravis thought.

But then, Gravis shrugged. 'Or it could also just be that he likes spiky black things and flowers.'

"Oh hey, you're back!" Surem said as he appeared in front of Gravis with a smile. "What do you think of my house? Cool, huh?" he asked.

Gravis nodded. "It looks like the castle of some evil overlord," Gravis said. "It doesn't really fit you."

Surem laughed loudly. "I know. I've heard that many times before. But hey, I like spiky black things. Who cares what others think?" Surem said with a proud smirk.

Gravis also laughed a bit. "True," he said.

"So, you ready for your lesson, senior brother?" Surem asked with excitement.

Gravis nodded. "Yes, and thank you for teaching me."

"No problem!" Surem affirmed. "Man, teaching someone more powerful than me about the very basics of Weapon Cultivation will be so weird, but I'm excited. Who else has the opportunity to teach something to the most powerful Minor Circulation Immortal?"

Gravis only chuckled a bit. "Where to?" he asked.

"Right over here," Surem said as Gravis felt a pull on his Spirit Sense. Surem was pulling his sense over to a certain spot and requested synchronized teleportation.

SHING!

Both of them teleported and appeared far outside the Unrestrained Sect.

This was a vast desert without any dunes. It was several thousand kilometers long, and it was incredibly even. It was almost like this desert served as some kind of training ground.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Which was actually the case. Gravis spotted a ton of disciples from the Unrestrained Sect fighting in this place. However, none of them fought seriously. They were only sparring.

The problem with sparring vanished as soon as someone went through enough life and death fights. At some point, one would never lose their edge again. After that, sparring wouldn't dull their senses of danger anymore.

Obviously, anyone at the Nascent Nourishing Realm or higher went through enough life and death battles. These were no longer beginners uncertain in their own path.

However, not everyone was fighting. Gravis also saw some disciples kneeling on the ground with their weapons resting on their laps. These disciples appeared very respectful to their weapons. It was almost like they worshipped them.

At the edges of the desert, Gravis could also see a troop of 5,000 people, all doing the same thing and wearing the same clothes. This troop was overlooked by some Law Comprehension Cultivators that dressed differently.

This troop was obviously from the Restrained Lands. The leaders probably made them train here to show them what they could have in the future, which would increase their desire to break through the Suppression.

Just a bit beyond the desert, Gravis saw a ton of trees with radiant, green fruits growing on them. As soon as Gravis saw them, he could feel the sheer Life Energy inside of them. After some seconds, Gravis saw one of the fruits being teleported away to a person in the middle of a spar.

The person ate the fruit, and their injuries recovered nearly immediately.

"Do people have to pay for these fruits?" Gravis asked.

"Yep!" Surem confirmed. "Tyler grew these plants himself, and they belong to him. However, he specifically grew them here so that other disciples could keep sparring without having to pause. Of course, they have to pay for every fruit."

Gravis nodded. "I presume this place is kind of the official training ground?" Gravis asked.

"Exactly!" Surem affirmed. "You can train wherever you want, but most disciples decide to train here. We are one Sect, and we are a community. Training among others feels better than training all alone in

a cave or something. If you are confused about something, you can also just ask others who are training here."

Gravis agreed that he would also prefer comprehending Laws among company instead of alone. Sadly, the issue was that not everyone wanted to comprehend the same Law, which made it hard to comprehend the same Laws among company.

Gravis had only comprehended Laws among company twice in his life. One time was with Ferris, who had constantly bothered him with new Laws. Another time had been when Morus was his slave.

'Oh right, that guy!' Gravis thought as he remembered the lizard.

'I totally forgot about that guy. I took him back to the highest world, and father threw him out into the city. I've never seen him since. Wonder what happened to him.'

'Actually, I think I can guess what happened to him. As far as I know, that guy was only interested in growing more powerful, like nearly everyone else. This meant that he probably directly left the city in search of a good place to cultivate.'

'Pretty sure he didn't use the Transfer Array since he would need to earn money first, which would force him to stay longer in the city. He probably just left the city gates without knowing where he even was.'

'Then, he probably immediately got annihilated by some random God Beast living near the city that turned over in its sleep or something.'

'Dude's probably long been annihilated before I even left father's house.'

### [Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

#### **Chapter 750: Culture Shock**

Gravis stopped thinking about Morus rather quickly. The guy had only been a short time with him, and Gravis also wasn't the biggest fan of him. It didn't really concern him if Morus was alive or dead. So, Gravis concentrated on learning about Weapon Cultivation from Surem.

Gravis and Surem found a free spot for themselves, which wasn't really hard considering that this desert went on for over a thousand kilometers. After that, they sat down, and Surem took out some wine.

Surem offered some to Gravis, but he declined. If wine had some kind of effect on Gravis, he might decide to try it, but he knew that his Spirit was vastly different from ordinary Cultivators. This meant that wine was nothing else but just a random drink for Gravis, and he preferred the taste of coffee and tea more.

Surem shrugged and chugged a whole bottle in an instant, letting out a refreshed breath.

"You're missing out, Senior Brother," he said with a smirk.

"I'm not," Gravis answered with a smirk of his own.

Surem only shrugged. "Your loss."

Surem put the wine away again as he readied himself for a lesson.

"Alright, so, Weapon Cultivation," Surem said. "You know absolutely nothing about it, right?"

Gravis nodded.

"Alright, then I'll just treat you like one of our lowest disciples, no offense," he said.

Gravis waved dismissively, showing that he didn't mind.

"Weapon Cultivation is everything," Surem started, his voice transforming into a solemn one. The casual atmosphere had immediately vanished with these powerful opening words.

"Weapon Cultivation is not only a tool for us. Weapon Cultivation is our entire cultivation path. It is who we are and who we will be. Without our weapon, we are not complete. Our weapon is part of us, and we are part of our weapon. We become one."

"Without our weapon, we can't grow. Without our weapon, we are helpless. Without our weapon, we don't have a future. Without our weapon, we are not complete," Surem said.

"Therefore, we worship our weapon. After all, our weapon represents our cultivation and our future. When we worship our weapon, we are worshipping our power and reaffirm our path forward. We put all our trust and being into our weapon."

"When you put all you are into your weapon, you will feel that your weapon is you. Your Spirit and being enters the weapon and becomes it. Therefore, your weapon also becomes you."

Gravis nodded. All of this sounded rather vague and profound, but he let Surem continue.

"The closer you are to your weapon, the greater its potential becomes. Your very essence supports the weapon, allowing it to unleash more power than it can produce on its own. Your weapon becomes harder, sharper, more flexible, more durable. Overall, it becomes far more powerful."

"You already felt this when you fought the captain of the Burial Ground Set," Surem said.

Gravis nodded as he remembered the Early Major Circulation Immortal that he had killed.

Surem nodded too. "The captain has used a spear made out of the Higher Hard Material Law, and it had been created for someone at the Late Minor Circulation Immortal Realm."

Gravis realized that the Higher Hard Material Law Surem referred to was the High-Tier Hard Pure Material Law. Yet, something else made Gravis furrow his brows.

"You said that it has been created for someone at the Late Minor Circulation Realm?" Gravis asked.

Surem nodded.

Gravis looked at the ground as he recalled the fight. Gravis was powerful enough to forge equipment for the Early Major Circulation Immortal Realm, and all of his equipment had been on that level. Yet, when he had clashed with the captain, Gravis had felt like his equipment was of lower quality. Gravis even had to use several Laws to stop his saber from breaking apart.

But now, Surem said that the equipment of his opponent was actually inferior? Yet, Gravis had been the one that had to protect his weapon from breaking?

Usually, this wouldn't make any sense to Gravis, but after Surem's explanation, it made sense. This was the power of the connection between a Weapon Cultivator and their weapon.

This realization also showed Gravis that he had misjudged the power of the Core Disciple of the Punishment Cleaver Sect. This Core Disciple probably had appropriate equipment for his level, which meant that any single strike would probably have completely destroyed Gravis' weapon.

In short, Gravis had underestimated the Core Disciple.

"I understand," Gravis said.

Surem nodded and continued. "Us Weapon Cultivators dedicate a lot of our time to our weapon. Each time we worship them, our connection improves. Depending on your faithfulness to your weapon, you can decide how much time you want to spend with your weapon."

"Yet, remember that your weapon always takes priority over everything," Surem said solemnly. "No matter what happens, your weapon demands its attention, and if you skip the dedicated time for any reason, you will feel a sharp drop in your connection with it."

Gravis nodded. "What's the usual amount?" he asked.

"Most beginners dedicate three hours per day to their weapon," Surem said.

Gravis immediately frowned. Three hours per day? Then how was he supposed to comprehend Laws?

"Luckily," Surem continued, "you are already an Immortal. These three hours per day are for Cultivators that don't yet concentrate on comprehending Laws. As soon as they come into contact with some Laws, their schedule would need to be adjusted."

"This means that they either need to reach the next level of Intent or lose a lot of their progress. You can directly start with a fitting schedule. A good example would be dedicating ten years to your weapon after 100 years of something else."

Surem had already noticed that Gravis had a question and also knew what this question was.

"Intent is what we call our Weapon Law," Surem said. "A Low-Tier Weapon Intent has the power of an Initial Law. A Mid-Tier Weapon Intent has the power of a Low-Tier Law. A High-Tier Weapon intent has the power of a Mid-Tier Law."

'So, Weapon Intent has three levels that correspond to the levels of Laws. A High-Tier Weapon Intent would therefore correspond to a level three Law,' Gravis thought.

"Raising your Weapon Intent is like comprehending a Law," Surem explained. "Yet, in the end, it's all up to you. There have been cases of people directly understanding the Weapon Heart from nothing. Comprehending Weapon Intent depends on your faithfulness and trust that you place in your weapon."

"Heart?" Gravis asked.

"That is what comes after Intent," Surem explained.

'A level four Law then,' Gravis thought.

"I can't explain to you what you will understand with each level of Weapon Intent," Surem said. "This is something that you have to learn on your own, and no one can help you with that."

Gravis nodded. "And how can I go about creating a connection with my weapon?" he asked.

"You sit down, shut everything else out, forget everything else, and only concentrate on your weapon," Surem explained. "Your entire being must focus on your weapon, and your focus must not waver. Otherwise, you will have disappointed your own path, and everything that you have built will start to collapse."

"Remember, there is nothing more important than your weapon," Surem said with severity.

Gravis looked with skepticism at Surem. "Don't take this the wrong way, but it feels rather farfetched and a bit wishy-washy."

"Farfetched? Wishy-Washy!?" Surem shouted in shock. "What are you talking about!? This is the same as understanding Laws!"

Gravis blinked a couple of times in confusion. "It isn't?" he said in confusion. "I simply look at Laws and find out how they tick and what makes them do the things they do. According to your explanation, Weapon Cultivation sounds like some mystic, spiritual journey with profound concepts or something."

Now, Surem was the confused one. "What? Look at Laws and look at what makes them do stuff?" he asked in confusion. "No, that's not it! I concentrate on the Law and feel its being, its soul, its personality. Then, when I feel a close connection to it, it allows me to wield its power!"

Gravis looked with skepticism at Surem again. "You're not serious, are you?"

"That's what I should ask you!" Surem shouted as he slammed the sand in front of him.

"Hey, hey, hey, what's going on?" the voice of a third person appeared. It was a young girl, a Mid Major Circulation Immortal.

"He said he comprehends Laws by looking at them and seeing what they do," Surem said.

The young woman grimaced as she looked at Gravis with a confused and skeptical expression. "What? How would that even work? What, you think just because you know how a Law works that you can wield it? That makes no sense. Knowing something doesn't mean being able to use something. The Law must give you its permission to be used. You think just by knowing how it works, it magically does whatever you want?"

'Is this even real?' Gravis thought. 'Is this actually happening? Do these guys honestly believe that the Laws must first give their permission to be wielded? What, is understanding during tempering some kind of test to see if you are worthy?'

'These are Immortals! What the fuck is going on with this superstitious, mysterious, profound, borrowing-the-powers-of-nature shit?' Gravis thought.

Then, his Spirit Sense went around the training area to look at the other Cultivators more closely.

'They are actually praying!' Gravis thought in shock. Earlier, he had seen some Cultivators looking at a river made out of Frost, the level three Law equivalent of water. Gravis thought that these disciples were concentrating on it, but on closer inspection, it was like they were opening up their Spirits to it, trying to build a connection.

'Wait! Does this mean that this entire world comprehends Laws by building an emotional connection with them, or is it only this Sect? I mean, it's a valid method. After all, this is a Sect that has several Immortal Kings. If this didn't work, there wouldn't be any Immortal Kings in this Sect.'

'Holy shit, this is so weird!'

"Hey, Surem," Gravis suddenly said as he looked back at him.

"Yes?" Surem asked. He wasn't really mad at Gravis. He was just bewildered.

"I need to think about all of this over the next couple of days or so. Let's resume after that, okay?" Gravis said.

Surem was a bit taken aback but nodded. "Sure. See you later, Senior Brother."

Gravis also said his goodbyes.

Meanwhile, the girl from earlier shook her head in disappointment at Surem. "Surem, you need to stop being this gullible. This Junior Brother obviously was only messing with you."

"You sure?" Surem asked.

"I'm sure," the girl said with a nod. "You know how Laws work. Everyone knows how Laws work."

Then, Surem started laughing.

"I didn't know that Senior Brother was such a prankster!" Surem said with a laugh.

"But I'll let him keep his days of 'thinking'. He got me, and he got me good. Might as well give him this small satisfaction," Surem said with a smile.

Meanwhile, Gravis teleported a couple of times until he was far from the Sect.

'Fuck this! I ain't learning shit about Weapon Cultivation from these nutcases!' Gravis thought.

SHING!

Gravis took out an Emblem and looked at it.

'No wonder the guy told me that I might receive wrong information or something. He probably knew how these people thought. I'll just get over there, get my question answered, return, and then just cultivate my own way in the Unrestrained Sect. I did join it, after all.'

'Also, the Unrestrained Sect has some enemies now. This might just be the perfect opportunity to find some tempering.'

Gravis' eyes shone as he looked at the Emblem.

'Anyway, let's go meet this teacher character and get an actual explanation about Weapon Cultivation.'

CRACK! SHING!

And Gravis was gone.