

## 101 Modeling [2]

"Lucas, I want you to meet Senior Tiang. He will be your manager for the runway, so please cooperate with him." 1

Just in front of Lucas was an average-height man wearing formal attire with robes as the outer layer of his outfit.

He is a Warrior Stage cultivator with short hair that reaches half of his brow. Also, the sides of his hairstyle were faded, which gave him a cool look as if he was not a man in his 30's.

There were minimal wrinkles on his face and a slightly fair skin complexion.

"I am Kian Tiang. Nice meeting you, Junior Brother Lucas."

Lucas responded with a slight bow and responded to his greeting. After that, in a waiting room with sliding doors, Ruby left them.

Lucas then felt emptiness after it, and just shrugged his shoulders as he faced Senior Tiang.

"By the way, Senior Tiang, can you explain to me more about this runway? I don't just get what Lady Ruby said about modeling."

Senior Tiang's eyes widened in disbelief at what he had just heard. Deep inside, he thought that

Lucas already knew all about it as he seemed to be close with Ruby. But after all, he was still unaware.

"Junior Brother Lucas, are you sure you don't know what it is?"

Lucas was just silent as he sat down on the chair by the side of the room. He shoved it nearer to him and asked.

"What about it, Senior Tiang?"

Senior Tiang snickered, then answered him. Well, Lucas was making a curious expression that made him answer him without being obliged.

"All of the audience was from the Wealthiest of Ten Grand Families. They are the most notable families when it comes to wealth and connections."

"Wealthiest of the Grand 10 Families? What were they? Were they that strong?" Lucas asked.

"I don't think they are that strong, but when it comes to money, they are powerful."

"I see... But this fashion show, what's the whole background behind it? Lady Ruby didn't leave me with a proper description of it."

"This fashion show happens every year, but this time, it was delayed as Lady Ruby announced

that there were some happenings that couldn't be ignored that he had to manage."

When Lucas heard it, he had a small idea about it.

'Perhaps Lady Ruby was waiting for my reply.'

Then, he continued asking.

"So, if this fashion show occurs, what mostly happens? Why are the Grand 10 Families attending?"

"Well, just think of this as an auction where useful items are sold, but in the form of attire. And also, this fashion show was a secret from the mass, and also, the Five Great families didn't know about it. So, the wealthiest flock to it as it would be useful for them."

"I see... it will be hard to identify if an item is useful in its attire. And also, it is something you wear that people can't think of being useful with other purposes."

Senior Tiang nodded after Lucas's words as if it was meeting with his explanations.

And as Lucas was starting to be called, Senior Tiang said to him to prepare.

Lucas wore a robe that was before him. He then put on the first layer of the attire and wore the second layer of his clothes, wrapping it around

his body.

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Lucas was just behind the stage, watching the models walk with poised faces.

"Do I really need to do this? I only have a good face, but no skills in modeling." It was an honest word that came from him that some of the models heard him.

One young man asked, "Hey, are you sure about what you are talking about? You are wearing grand attire, which for sure will be the top-class of all of the categories of garments here."

Lucas instinctively faced the young man who called him. He then responded, "I don't know, I was just dragged here. But, I don't want to mess up with this."

The young man smiled at him and gave him an assurance tap on his shoulder.

"Don't worry, I will help you at this last minute. Supposed to be, you must be in the rehearsal, but if the owner entrusted you with that role, you have for sure something inside of you."

"Are you not worried about the competition?" Lucas asked.

The young man scoffed at him, looking like Lucas was worried about what he had just said.

"There is no competition here."

"I... I see." Lucas awkwardly said.

Then, in the last minute before his time, Lucas attentively listened to the young man's tips.

He was taught where to stop and where to go upon waking on the stage. In addition, how to stand confidently on stage.

Just like that, Lucas followed the tips that were given to him. Sensing that the young man wasn't lying to him, he followed these tips and got a great result.

They applauded as soon as he entered the line of sight of the crowd.

Lucas continued doing what he was tasked with. After one garment, he wore another one and presented it. This continued until the last garment he had to wear, and finally, the fashion show was done.

However, some unwanted instances occurred that put Lucas in a tight situation.

Unintentionally, he gathered the eyes of those lustful individuals that kept an eye on his handsomeness. They were ladies, hungry for the vigor of a man who had decided to flock on him.

"I came here first! I will be the first one attended to!"

"No, I am the richest, so I will be the one who will be shown with affection."

And so they continued, making Lucas wear his uninterested, resting facial expression.

His eyes grew cold as he looked at the ladies who were blocking his exit from the backstage area. And also, he was frustrated by the fact that he didn't know about this.

"Do I look like a prostitute to you?" Lucas asked, being offended by their mere actions.

The ladies stopped fighting and then faced him with an underestimating smile as if mocking him.

Their eyes were filled with disdain as they eyed Lucas from top to bottom.

"Without your pretty face, you are nothing but a mortal. So, you have no choice but to follow our commands."

At that, Lucas grumbled, then faced some of the models that were frightened of the event, standing in the corners of the room.

His eyes lit up slightly and inspected their bodies, noticing that they had no cultivation, or even a slight of mana in their body.

'So, all of the models are mortals. And since I am higher than them, with such a huge disparity

between us, they can't recognize my power and think of me as a mortal as well?"

"What the fuck is Lady Ruby doing anyway?"

Using his teleportation magic, Lucas mumbled and disappeared in front of everyone. He then appeared inside his waiting room.

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In the Sacred Land lies a hidden underground, facilitated by Yuna Xiao, that was intended to hold criminals from different places.

Yuna had the demeanor of a dour lady, walking in the dimly lit hallway where the walls were made of bricks.

There were also cells where she walked, and then stooped at the last cell in the same hallway.

This cell was the prison for the commander that they caught. Using different treasures to suppress his dantian and unable to gain energy, Yuna confidently walked inside of the cell with the intention of torturing the person in question.

"Those cultivators call you, "Commander Xiaorong." Was it real?"

Yuna stands before a man chained to walls, with his hands being pulled up and his knees on the ground.

And as Yuna stood before him, her left foot was

just below his jaws, pushing it up to forcefully face her.

The man in question, Commander Xiaorong, didn't make any sounds and just made a grin.

Shortening Yuna's patient, she kicked his head, making a loud thud sound that echoed in the cell.

"I want to know about your plans, Xiaorong... Why the hell now? What came into your foolish mind to attack us off of three other continents?" Yuna gritted her teeth as she asked him.

But even with how intimidating she was, Commander Xiaorong didn't let it affect him, keeping his grin on his face as if he wasn't afraid of death.

"I guess I could say that this was all planned by your puppet emperor, right? The one that you can't defeat? If I can recall it clearly? Or should I say, the hands where your father died?"

Immediately, as she uttered those words, Commander Xiaorong's head turned towards her, facing her with gritted teeth and an irritated face.

"How did you know it?!" he shouted.

Yuna only snickered viciously and lowered her body in front of him.

"What are you afraid of, Xiaorong? That

emperor? I know he killed your father, so why are you not betraying him?"

"How did you know it?!" he exclaimed once more, but Yuna ignored him.

"I'll tell you, in exchange, you'll tell me what happened on the northern continent that made you think that we were pushovers."

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*Creation is hard, cheer me up!  
Your gift is the motivation for my  
creation. Give me more motivation!*

—  
yohananwillhead

Creator's Thoughts

