

## 109 Attackers [3]

The commander of the attackers groaned as he was lying at the center of a crater destroyed solely for him. Surrounding him were debris from the fight, as well as corpses from both sides. As he slowly lifted his body, irritation filled his system when he recalled why he had been put in this state. He gritted his teeth as he raised his head and exclaimed like there was no tomorrow. 1

"Who dares to sneak attack on Polandor Cai the Great Commander of the Senses Battalion?! Name yourself, I will kill you."

Nerves were popping all over his body as he felt his frustration rushing through his veins. The annoyance couldn't be measured, as he also realized that he was out for a moment. But as he said that he had a great sense, he realized that there was no fight occurring in the skies. 'Don't tell me-!'

"I was the one who did that sneak attack. What are you going to do, mister commander." Lucas said in a provoking manner, as he grinned, facing Polandor.

"You!"

He was about to jump on Lucas, but when he

recalled something, it made him more irritated.

"You were one of the hostages! How dare you..." slowly, his eyes lay on the corpses that were behind him.

Just behind him was also a female cultivator, but it didn't get his attention. What got his attention was the headless corpses laying on the ground. Just when he concluded something about it, his eyes twitched.

"The hostages are dead?! You must be the Matriarch of the First Family of the Five Great Families!" He pointed to Yuna, who he felt was the matriarch since she was a female and also had a profound aura around her.

Yuna smirked and swayed her hair to the back as she laid her eyes on Polandor with disdain. She also sneered at him, making him more annoyed.

"So what of it? An ant dares to point out a supreme being? You must be seeking death after you lost your senses."

Polandor clenched his fist and shouted, "Hah! So now that you are here, I could just kill you and receive the reward from the emperor."

He gathered energy in his fist. It was covered with crimson light, and there were also some dark-colored particles embedded in it. When he performed his stance, he felt confident.

"This is an imitation of the Death Blade of the Great Master of Swords, Sir Xiaorong. You might not know this, but he is about to kill you, Yuna Xiao. But too bad for him, I will be the one who'll take your life."

Yuna and Lucas scoffed as they heard what Polandor said. It was full of ridiculousness and it appeared that their side still didn't know what happened, which could mean that their intel wasn't that strong after all.

"Xiaorong? And that Death Blade you were imitating, putting on your fist, is nothing to us. After all, we have already caught him." Lucas said.

Polandor widened his eyes as he heard it. He didn't believe it because Xiaorong was a strong commander on their continent's list of battalions. Just how it sounded to him was just a bluff.

"Talk all you want, but I will take your life here, Yuna Xiao! Death Pu-!"

Lucas couldn't stomach it anymore. It felt like he was meeting another species of the three siblings who had extreme delusions. And so, he sighed, then appeared behind Polandor with a hilt created from creation magic.

"Shut up."

He gathered Magique Qi and coated the hilt with it, hitting his nape with it, instantly taking out his consciousness. Just when he felt it, Polandor's eyes turned upside down and wiggled his body way down on the floor.

"I am not planning on killing him as I know that information is more valuable than gold," Lucas remarked and looked at Yuna.

Yuna lowered her head as a gesture and thanked Lucas for it.

"You've already helped me too much, Brother Lucas. I don't want to include you more in this mess since I know that you didn't wish for it."

Lucas nodded. "No problem."

"But may I ask? Why are you here, Brother Lucas? Did you have any business at the runway show? And also, what you were wearing seems to be one of the products here." Yuna asked, as her eyes noticed the flamboyant robe he was wearing.

Lucas's eyes visited his robes, making him scratch his nape in an awkward manner. "I don't know what to say but..." when Lucas was about to continue what he was saying, a female voice interrupted their conversation.

"I was the one who brought Brother Lucas here. If you don't mind, Lady Yuna." Yuna's eyes

widened when she saw who was talking, but Lucas didn't notice it. When she was about to call her real name, Ruby hushed her.

"I am Ruby Sun, My Lady. If you don't mind, shall we have a small talk there?" Then she swayed her hands, pointing someplace with her open palm.

Yuna only nodded as she squinted her eyes at her. Ruby only shrugged her shoulders as they left Lucas at his place.

Just when Lucas was left alone, he approached the body of Polandor and sighed.

"If only I could activate the passive abilities for the Mind Magic to be used. But, I still can't fully unseal every passive ability."

Lucas then created a handcuff with creation magic and locked Polandor's hands.

"This is made of Mythril alloy, which makes it stronger than normal metals. It needs plenty of dragon's strength just to break it."

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"What are you doing here, Lia? Didn't I tell you that it is dangerous to leave your room? Especially now that there is no array formation to protect you."

"What could possibly hurt me who is in the

Immortal Cultivation Realm? Do you think I am so stupidly weak that your grand array formations could protect me? Don't be a fool, Yuna." Yuna only grumbled as she started to argue with Lia.

"Even still, you are breaking our promise and are messing with my plan!"

"Plan? Yuna, can you really hear what you are saying? How can you claim credit in this situation? I am the one who planned this. I intend to take information from them." Yuna slowly became silent as her eyes twitched, looking at Lia. She was confused, but even with it, she successfully asked her with no stuttering in her words.

"What do you mean, Lia? Was this your plan?"

"Good that you asked for it. This is my plan, and now that it has come to this, I am willing to tell you that I have a spy in the northern continent."

"Spy? And by the looks of it, you seem to be confident about it."

Lia nodded as she breathed out with confidence and a bragging attitude.

"I have a spy and he told me that they were planning on luring the wealthiest people to their side to weaken your strength, Yuna. It was years ago, and since they planned for it long ago, I put

on a show where the wealthiest of the central region would attend to. And so, there we are, using my cultivation as the bait."

"Then, the products, did you create them?" Yuna asked.

Lia nodded as she slowly approached Yuna with a smile. "You don't have to burden yourself, Yuna. And I am also here for you, and the legacy that your ancestors left for you will be easy since I am willing to help you."

"But, this is my legacy. How could you help me if you were the master of the legacy?" Yuna spoke in a shaky tone.

Listening to it, Lia could only snicker.

"You are such a crybaby, Yuna. Don't worry about it. And also, Lucas will be part of it. I will make sure of it." Lia confidently said.

"Lucas...? You are going to involve Lucas here? But how can you do it? It is not like he is connected with the legacy I am part of."

Lia pondered for a moment before beaming a smile.

"I am still making the plan!" 1

Yuna just awkwardly smiled, "Okay...?"

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Then, Lucas created a barrier shaped like a cube and put Polandor inside. And as he released his aura, keeping himself from suppressing it, he felt a familiar presence. It was Lukros, and it seemed like he was just near him, possibly a few kilometers away.

'This mana signature comes from Lukros. Did he perhaps have a fight?' He pondered as he scratched his nape from the stress he was feeling.

He laid his eyes on the corpses, but when he felt nothing to be obliged to do with them, he ignored them and started flying.

"Lukros needs my assistance. He must be doing stupid things now."

Lucas started flying in the skies and inspected the area. His eyes lit up in yellow as he saw through the dense trees that were firmly covering his sight. And as he zoomed them in, he noticed a city.

"There, Lukros," Lucas mumbled and decided to descend.

