



## 114 Returning to the Sect

"Such a long journey..." Lucas mumbled as he was on the way back to the Profound Symbol. 1

He has been away from the sect for approximately three months. But it wasn't an absurd journey since he had already acquired what he was longing for.

The sacred blood, even though he didn't know that it didn't really come from a Taulo, was the most important thing in his research. He could now finish the array formation he was creating, and if it turned out to be a success, he could start creating a sect.

He could just set aside the magical runes and array formation combination for the meantime. He still has plenty of time and he wasn't hysterical about it.

Lucas was just realizing his way back to the Profound Sect, and as he was getting near, he cast an invisible spell on himself and landed before the gates of the sect.

He was wearing his true disciple robes when he deactivated the spell. He was about to take a walk to the sect's gate.

When he arrived at the gate, he was immediately greeted by the guards. Even though he wasn't,



Lucas was like a young master from a prestigious family. It was because of his garments that the guards, being also profound in array formation, noticed the signature in them.

The signature of the sect master that everyone knows about.

"Welcome back, Sir True Disciple." The guards bowed at Lucas, gesturing some respect.

Lucas just nodded and walked straight to the outer court. He wasn't in a hasty job for him to decide to walk his way to the innermost sect.

In fact, he was just chilling the time he had as if he was a scholar in his prime, finally finishing research that had been studied for a few years.

The relaxing breeze of the wind reaches his nose, feeling the brushes of the strands of his hair.

Lucas noticed that his hair was slightly growing for a few inches. It wasn't that bad for him as he was used to growing his hair long since he had been seclusive in his days in his previous world.

But as for how nostalgic it was, the symbol this hair showed was too pleasing to him. The growth of hair just shows how much time he had used, and knowing that it wasn't wasted was delightful.



When Lucas was still starting as a mage, every piece of research he conducted that he finished gave him satisfaction. The satisfaction that only he could achieve in his generation.

Truth be told, Lucas was an 8th generation descendant of the first mage, and he came from the Genius bloodline who focuses on research. He wasn't actually a mage best for fighting; in fact, his core in all bloodlines was the lowest.

There are four bloodlines in the Descendants of the first Mage. First was the Conjuror Bloodline, which had the highest rate of controlling mana. They are the most talented in the magic field, and they can easily control them.

The second was the Outer Bloodline, which had magic all throughout their outer bodies. They had the most regardable strength in the whole world. Even though they cannot do majestic spells, they have the highest tolerance.

The third and second to the least was the Shapeshifters' Bloodline. They have the most talent in phenomenal but still, have the second lowest talent in mana. Even though they are laughable compared to the other two, they are still above average mages as they were descendants of the first mage.

Also, the last, the Genius Bloodline, as mentioned, they have the lowest talent in mana,



but they have the most genius minds in the magic field. Even if they cannot fight with majestic spells, they cannot be underestimated as they have unique abilities to decipher.

Deciphering can negate magic. If a Genius Bloodline Mage deciphers the code of the spell, they can deactivate it with just a little use of their mana.

Most commonly known as "interference ability,"

Lucas, on the other hand, was only good at research, so he spent his time creating and improving spells for the benefit of humanity.

When the 8th generation era started, there was a fight between humankind and demi-humans. Even though they have a small disparity, they are divided by huge dividers because of the stereotypes on each side.

However, Lucas doesn't care about it; he just wants to help, win or lose. It was his lifetime purpose, but not until he met his first love, who made him mature and change his ways.

Until he then learned how to be a man, he started meeting different people, was influenced by them, and used his Genius Bloodline for his family.

But there, temptation wasn't escapable for him. He was easily influenced by his first love, but he



was also easily influenced by others. And there, he was tempted by one female named Purple.

Purple had the most seductive body he ever met, and even his first son, Luis White, always noticed that Lucas was getting attracted to those body.

But Luis was mature, despite his young age.

Lucas's family then started to be independent and live happily, with slight internal problems within Lucas because of Purple. And then he confronted her to stop what she was doing; Purple showed her true intentions.

Because he had no time, Lucas rushed to his house, ignoring Purple. He knew what Purple's companions were looking for; it was his last research, the ability to copy other abilities.

That research was supposed to be a key to breaking through the invisible obstacles in every mage's life. Mages couldn't be omnipotent, and so, even though they were still being defeated by dragons, the highest of all monsters, those people wanted to break through it.

Of course, Lucas knew how dangerous the research was, which is why he didn't pursue it. But just why? He didn't expect this...

Lucas moved his way quickly to his house, and just when he arrived there, his family... was



already dead.

His eyes willingly formed water in each corner, and accompanied by his heavy heart, his legs were slowly approaching his house.

The house was burning as the body of his family was laid in front of his house with their head deattached from their bodies.

Lucas could only grumble inwardly as his knees surrendered even before he reached his house. The feeling rushed to his heart. The devastation, the unwanted hatred that he had for himself emerged. He wanted to kill himself for the mistake he had made.

But even so, even if the research was destroyed, his family could be used for that information to be produced from his memory. Everything was planned, planned, and leaked by someone he only told.

"Hah... I didn't expect that my cousin would do this to me... My love, my son, don't worry, I won't forget this death to the very deepest of my soul. I will avenge you."

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"Junior Brother Lucas? You are already back?" Wilford asked him as soon as he presented himself in front of Wilford's chair.



Lucas showed his respect to Wilford by slightly lowering his head.

"I came back with successful results, Sect Master."

Wilford, on the other hand, was just dumbfounded. He simply dismissed it as a legend and ignored Lucas's request to search for the Sacred Blood of Taulo.

Even so, Wilford knew that Taulo existed, but not to the point that Lucas could easily get it. The legend was the location of the Taulo. No one actually had it and the territory lines were just faked for the array masters to pursue true knowledge.

But just with this, seeing Lucas confident, Wilford could only shake his head at himself. If it was Lucas, it could be possible, isn't it?

"Well done, Junior Brother Lucas. With that, you will continue, right? But let me remind you, we still have the competition." Wilford reminded Lucas.

Lucas snickered and nodded as he replied: "Don't you worry, Sect Master. I will pay my debts and I will do fair trade since you were honest with me. With the help you brought to me, I will surely help you with this competition."

Wilford smiled at Lucas after hearing the good



news.

"But Brotehr Lucas, it seems like the journey was too short. How come you returned too fast? Did you find the Taulo that fast?"

"I luckily encountered the Taulo while on my search for it. That is how I got it, and of course, I didn't pursue the greediness of an array master, I didn't kill the Taulo."

Wilford let out a sigh of relief as soon as he heard it. It was news to be heard and celebrated, as killing Taulo had greater karma to receive. Of course, Lucas doesn't know it. Karma is the cosmic merit or demerit accumulated throughout one's life based on one's deeds.

But Lucas doesn't know it as this concept wasn't present in his world. He knew consequences, but consequences in this world return a greatfold. So, in the absence of the concept of karma, everyone would kill everyone in order to rule the lands.

And so, there were legacies. In legacies, karma is exempted and not required as a part of the actual process since killing in legacies is inevitable.

"By the way, I heard that some hostage-taking happened in the central region. Did you hear any of it?"



"Their network is too wide...! Lucas thought to himself and smirked inwardly. He then shook his head to answer Wilford's question.

"I see... I thought that you might... nevermind. You can be excused." Wilford said.

"Thank you, Sect Master."

(A/N: The center region will now be referred to as the central region.)

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

—

**yohananmichael**

Creator's Thoughts

