

129 Lucas's Capabilities [1]

"It has been 6 months since Senior Brother Wei showed himself. Do you think he backed out of the competition? It will be held this coming week." A sect elder mentioned it in the meeting hall. **1**

Sect elders are higher than normal disciples, but for someone who is under the teaching of the Sect Leader, Lucas would be higher than the normal sect elders.

Also, Lucas's real identity was hidden from others. Only the Wong faction and the other higher officials of the sect knew Lucas's real identity. But even so, he was respected among the sect elders because of the aura he emitted and the privilege he had of being a disciple of the Sect Leader.

(A/N: Sect Master has been renamed Sect Leader.)

"It is impossible. The Sect Leader doesn't take disciples as a joke or even be bribed to be his. After all, he is the most knowledgeable person next to the Ancestors."

These sect elders were talking silently among the rest of the people in the meeting hall. At the end of the long rectangle table, there was the



Sect Leader of the Profound Symbol, Wilford Guangchang.

His eyes were closed as he calmly listened to every word the sect elders spoke. Nothing was bothering him, even though they were talking shit about Lucas. As he believes in him, he also had Lucas's progress since he could see him in his personal field.

"Quiet. This meeting will have the agenda of planning for the InterSect competition. Nothing will be about my disciple since he will be the special competitor of our sect."

Everyone looked at Wilford with mixed expressions. They were stunned, perplexed, and envious of what he had just said. There was some scorn, but even so, they still had respect for their sect leader.

"With all due respect, Patriarch Guangchang, but isn't it unfair for your direct disciple, who wasn't present at the meeting of the participants, to be the special competitor? Special competitors are those who go straight to the quarter-finals. Isn't it unfair for those who truly showed their efforts?" One asked.

"That is right, Patriarch Guangchang. He didn't show himself and didn't prove himself worthy to the other participants. Even if he is your direct disciple, we won't be complacent since we don't

know his nature."

"I hope you understand us, Sect Leader. We are just worried since this matter isn't actually known to the other disciples. If this matter reaches them that we used the fights between factions as the platform for the picking of the participants, they won't be happy about it."

"The population of the disciples was from our reputation all throughout the Southern region. If the matter of factions came to light, everyone would be distracted and would come to protest since Lucas Wei didn't show himself to them."

"Sect Leader, the sect isn't yours. I would apologize if this offends you, but I am truly worried about this matter."

Those barrage of sentences reached Wilford's ears. But none of them bothered him as he calmly took a sip of his tea. He listened to each of them, and at the end, he smiled.

Looking at how sincere they were, he could not only feel delighted but also grateful since the batch of the sect elders was this worthy of their positions.

And so, in reply to them, Wilford raised his head and looked at each of them with a beaming face and smiling eyes.

"I am grateful that every one of you thinks highly



of our sect. You did not let my position trample on your decisions, even risking that you might offend me. Truly great sect elders. But if I may, it seems you don't trust my assessments."

Everyone was frozen as Wilford said those words. He stood up from his seat and paced before them, which did not just make them nervous, but also doubtful of themselves.

They thought that their trust in Wilford was top-notch and could not be explained by words. But still, it wasn't covered by their worry about the sect's reputation.

"We apologize for the unworthy expression we showed, Patriarch Guangchang."

Wilford scoffed at them as he turned his back on them.

"You don't have to worry about any of it. You are only being sincere, and it isn't questionable since Lucas only showed himself a countable number of times. You don't even know his real identity, and only know that he is from the Wei family."

Someone among the sect elders stood up and said, "With all due respect, Patriarch Guangchang, we had reached the Wei family, and they didn't know any person named Lucas Wei. That is also the reason why we are worried since

he is not present in their family register."

Then, Wilford responded, "So you worry that he might be a fraud?"

Instantly, a fierce atmosphere suddenly rose that pressured their breathing. Wilford faced them with his slightly spiritless eyes. He breathed out, then spoke.

"You all truly deserve your positions. And you even resorted to doubting my disciple's identity. And so, I believe that you all are truly worth it." Wilford pressed with the fierce aura around him.

"Please forgive us, Patriarch Guangchang. We are only worried that you might be scammed by Lucas Wei."

Wilford was silent and, afterward, let out a soft chuckle.

"Why are you apologizing? It was okay and acceptable. Have you thought that I might be only testing you if you will do everything for the sect?" Wilford asked a question that instantly raised the eyes of the sect elders.

Different thoughts emerged in their minds as they saw Wilford with his noble aura. They thought that it was also possible that Wilford might be really only testing them if they resorted to any methods to help the sect.

"Right. It might be possible that Patriarch Guangchang was only testing us if we checked Senior Brother Lucas's capabilities."

"Even his potential was already proven by his aura, which might be coming from the array formations. Array formations can also emit auras if not suppressed, so he could fake his aura from us."

"That is laughable, but it is not like the Sect Leader would be fooled by array formations' aura."

"Let's just hope that this is only a test."

Suddenly, Wilford laughed for no particular reason. He then slammed his hand on the table with a grin on his face, insisting that he was not delighted with their reactions.

"It seems like my authority is being questioned here," Wilford mumbled.

Everyone heard it, and that made them feel pressured by his aura. They were as if they were made as statues, their expressions, and their positions being glued to their seats.

"Hah... I am really worried about you... Some of you were worried, but you haven't thought about my authority well. Well then, if you truly prayed for Lucas to prove himself, wait until he comes out." Then without any further words, Wilford



left the meeting hall.

Some tried to explain themselves, but Wilford was so certain that he wouldn't listen to any of their words. After all, they were only worried about the sect, but their trust in Wilford was getting blurry from their sincerity.

A few days later, the door of Wilford's personal field opened. Some smoke appeared as this wide door opened, with a human figure also appearing in sight. The sect elder on watch flinched and was so flustered that he almost fell on the ground.

The sect elders stood straight and waited for the human figure to get out. He speculated that it was Lucas, so he put a happy face on to greet him instantly. But after a few seconds, as the smoke disappeared, so did the human figure.

This made the sect elder ponder. He wasn't aware of what was happening, and there wasn't even an aura coming out of the personal field.

As he waited, he almost scoffed at the assessment that Lucas might really be a joke.

"That kid was just a laughingstock. How could he be this weak that I didn't feel any aura from him? It is not accountable that he has a higher level of cultivation than me. He is just a kid, and the age

description of the competition is at least 30 years below."

At the other end of the door, a human figure appeared again. And as this human figure walked out of the room, there were small tremors created.

The sect elder immediately moved backward and took his words back as there was pure pressure pushing him backward that was coming out of the personal field. He then immediately lowered his head and upper body to prepare to greet this person, despite its identity.

As the human figure was brought to light, it was Lucas. Lucas had some kind of aura around him, but it wasn't any normal aura. His eyes were so deep that it was as if he had just faced death. His lips were so tight that it was as if he was glued to not speaking.

Furthermore, Lucas' height appeared to have grown a few centimeters. How could that happen? He only cultivated and practiced array formations, so it would be questionable whether his event happened.

Also, Lucas's hair grew longer than ever, reaching his waist. In a half a year's time, how could his hair grow this long?

As Lucas took a step forward, the ground



collapsed, leaving a few cracks.

"Ah... I almost forgot to control myself." A cold voice came out of his mouth that instantly froze the sect elder who heard it.

"What kind of voice was that? Was it the God of Death?" The sect elder thought in an unstable manner.

Lucas still had the average-built body, but even so, his aura wasn't joking. Even though it was pure, the pressure was real, as if there were invisible pressure waves of water.

"W-Welcome back, S-Senior Brother Lucas." The sect elder pronounced.

Lucas's cold and deep brown eyes fell on the sect elder. He didn't speak for a few seconds, then spoke four words.

"Thank you for waiting."