

151 Another Different Encounter [1]

As soon as the first round of the group category finished, the audience sent their assessments to each other. Their sentiments were varied. However, what stood out the most was the Profound Symbol Sect. 1

"Hey, I think it is over now. In terms of combat abilities, the Profound Symbols were doing great. Their individual power almost exceeds that of those lower sects. I mean, look at their strategy? It is the most confident I have ever seen in my life."

"Yeah, dude. I also agree with you. Also, their captain? What was his name? Lucas Wei? He was super dope! I can feel his divinity just by watching him fly over the screen. I want to worship him!"

"Enough with the jokes. Why aren't you cheering for your sect? You've got some nerves to cheer for other sects."

"What should I expect from my sect? They aren't even doing great. Look at their score. It was only 2 scores. Even a middle sect could do better."

Everyone became silent when someone said those words, which was surprising since he



came from the Southern Edge Sect.

They all shut their mouths in case they offended him in some way. But for this person, he was even jumping on the bandwagon. His expression was so calm that he was even laughing with the others.

"I didn't notice that there was a disciple from the Southern Edge in the lower seats. Thank goodness I didn't talk much."

They were all tense. However, for this person, he was just laughing at it.

"Hey, don't worry about it. It was all true. What you said was true since I think, in individual powers, the Profound Symbol rivals us."

This person has long hair that reaches his shoulders, and they weren't even tied. He has a beard and mustache, just a minimal appearance of it, but it gives him an untidy appearance.

Also, the reason why they didn't notice he was from the Southern Edge was that his blue robe didn't look like blue, it was more like grey for others.

He was untidy to look at and using it, he blended in with the lower seats to watch with the normal people and those from the lower and middle sects.



And as his presence and identity were revealed, everyone around him was tense, except for one courageous person who also had the same features as him. His hair was long, and his pinkish robe was dirty as well.

"I agree with you, Brother."

Everyone looked at the person who talked and was surprised as he had the same facial features as the cultivator from the Southern Edge. And apparently, he was from the Plum Blossom Sect.

"H-Hey, aren't they the [Reflective Twins]?" One from the lower seats said that made everyone gasp.

Apparently, the Reflective Twins were cultivators, they have identical faces but different sects that they entered. One was from the Southern Edge and the other one was from the Plum Blossom.

"Hmmm... Brother, you were here as well?" The one from the Southern Edge said.

The one from the Plum Blossom smirked and said, "Don't act like you didn't notice me, Little Mamba."

"Ah... Sorry, Miamba." Mamba said, and stood up from his seat, slowly pacing towards Miamba.

"Let's go. We were getting much more attention



than needed." Mamba said while looking down at Miamba, who was still sitting in his seat.

Miamba raised his left leg and put it on top of his right knee, then gave Mamba an eye. He raised his eyebrow and then sneered.

"Why would I go with you? It's not like we are close, brother." Miamba said, then disconnected his look at Mamba.

Mamba just made an awkward smile. His eyes were narrowing and, as it looked like he was annoyed with what Miamba said, he put his stiff right hand on Miamba's left shoulder.

"I think it is better if you don't put that play here," Mamba said that everyone had heard. At that point, they became nervous about what could happen.

"Oh my goodness. There is a rumor about them as well. Apparently, they don't get to agree on one idea. That is also the reason why they were in different sects." Just as everyone heard it, they immediately retreated away from them, just in case they might actually fight.

However, they were calm, and as Miamba returned an eye to Mamba, he let out a sigh.

"If you seem eager for it, then I should leave right away with you," Miamba said and then followed Mamba, leaving the lower seats to the



private rooms.

As soon as they arrived at an establishment, Mamba faced Miamba and removed his robes, revealing a black plain different robe.

Miamba just raised his eyebrow and then pondered, "Why are you removing your robes?"

"The mission is done. We should go back now to our homeland." Mamba said, dumbfounding Miamba.

"What do you mean? The spy mission is done? I haven't received any notification." Miamba retorted.

On the other hand, Mamba just rolled his eyes and then said, "Did you forget what the captain said? If we find a promising power in the Southern Region, we should return to our homeland, in the Western Continent, our real home."

Miamba made a facepalm as he almost forgot that in his head. He then returned a hysterical gaze to Mamba and inquired about it.

"You found one? Who?"

"That Lucas Wei. He is a threat, so we must report it now or never." Mamba said.

Miamba became silent and contemplated it.



"We've been here for almost a hundred years and still, we haven't seen one who has cultivated until the General Spirit Realm at such a young age. Also, didn't you hear that there was someone from a lone participant sect that had reached the King Spirit Realm at the age of 20?"

"It was just a rumor. I would know it and feel it if ever. But that Lucas has such a strong aura and I can't ignore it. Our specialty is seeing energy, and just looking at him, even over the monitor, his aura is still strong." Mamba said.

Miamba nodded and then removed his dirty pink robes. "I will follow you. I understand, brother. Let's go back to our homeland."

"Yeah."

Just after the round finished, Lucas looked at the initial ranking that had been set in the leaderboards. Apparently, they were the ones at the top who had accumulated 10 scores. It was surprising and also promising in the end.

He could not feel proud of the Profound Symbol Sect's disciples, only of himself, because they would be defeated without his assistance.

"Such fools. They didn't even notice that someone had tried to rig the round. They had their stamina depleted without their knowledge.



What a funny disciple Wilford has." Lucas mumbled as he left the stage, where the portal from the field was.

And as he thought of what to do before the second round, which would happen in the next hour, he remembered something that he wanted to do.

"Bad thorns must be removed." He muttered to himself before looking for Wilford. However, before he could do it, two people blocked his path.

"Master!"

"Oh." Lucas nonchalantly uttered and faced his two familiars. They have their original appearance, and as he had thought, they only have those faces before their disguise.

"Master, congratulations," Ureff said with a calm face.

Ellisa, on the other hand, was excited. "Master, we just realized that you were the special competitor of the Profound Symbol Sect?"

Lucas hung up and then nodded. "What of it?"

"Ah... we kind of visited your sect and tried to talk with their special competitor, but we were blocked by a force field. Learning that it was you, then it isn't surprising that we had our limitations." Ellisa said.



"Hmmm..." Lucas recollected his memories of his stay in his room. Then, he remembered that there was something he felt that was trying to hijack the force field he had created.

"So, it was you who was trying to destroy it? I didn't mind it as I thought it was my teammates, but to learn it was you, I was surprised."

Ellisa smiled, and Ureff was pleased as well, trying to hide it in an obvious manner. Meanwhile, Lucas realized they were still in the path, so he invited them to a restaurant for a conversation.

As they arrived, Lucas ordered some dishes and then attended to his familiars.

"So, why did you really follow me? I am not mad, but I am just irritated at some point." Lucas calmly said.

Ellisa let out a sigh as she inspected Lucas's face, but it seemed like Lucas wasn't infuriated by it. She was relieved.

"We missed you, Master. Half of us wanted to follow you after you chose to kill yourself. Almost the entire older generation wanted to follow you. The youngest was left in our world." Ellisa said in a slightly saddened tone.

"So, you had thought of killing yourselves just to follow me," Lucas uttered, not trying to even ask



about it as he already knew it.

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