

## 226 Quanzhi Province [2]

Ji An was a Word Technique practitioner. Its description, however, was not a simple provocation. It appeared to be like that outside. However, deep within, every word he spoke was imbued with a unique spiritual energy. <sup>1</sup>

As a result, it might be stated that the Word Users, another title for this type of cultivator, had special cultivation that allowed them to produce clouds of Qi in their spoken words, corrupting the target's mind, which eventually appeared to be provoked.

Lucas stood by Ji An, silently analyzing the situation with his spiritless deep eyes. He could only glance at Ji An, who was wide-eyed and trying to shred what was concealing him.

"You really are a good puppet, Lucas." Ji An said with a vicious smile behind his words, and then tapped Lucas's hands to lower them.

"We are done here. Just let go of him and let's go. We are going back to our home!"

"Home?" Lucas asked in a monotonous voice, questioning Ji An's excited words.

"Yes, home. The place for a genius Word User like me." Ji An confidently stated, making everyone who was in the commotion have wide



eyes and gasp in surprise.

"Word User..." For them, it sounded familiar. However, it was hazy at times because they couldn't pinpoint where they heard those remarks. But then, when someone reminded him of it, he unintentionally blurted it out.

"Word User, the mysterious group of unique cultivation?!"

Ji An smiled when he learned that someone knew about his practice. He then approached the individual who had said it and smiled at him, who was terrified after realizing his error. He just drew the attention of a formidable and cunning guy.

"You know my cultivation...? That is surprising since we thought that we had already erased some of our past." Ji An stated in a slightly perplexed tone. But then, after his attention was dragged to it, he eventually lost his interest. "Ah, never mind."

Ji An turned his attention to Lucas, who was stiffly standing behind him. "Let's go. I've lost my interest."

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Lucas' eyes were blank for some reason as he strolled alongside Ji An along a trail surrounded by trees. But Ji An was simply relaxed, holding

Lucas's hands as if he were a child bringing a friend to their home.

"Ah... I've missed my house. The nostalgia of lying on the wide grass field. Do you know that I've faced plenty of trials while lying on that grass field? Hahaha. I forgot I don't talk about this things to anyone. But, for some reason, I can see that you are trustworthy, Lucas."

Ji An faced Lucas with an elated expression, but as his eyes fell onto Lucas's, he realized how deep they were. Slowly, the realization of reality hit him.

"Ah... It's no use. You can't feel my emotions, can you? Or, I am the one who can't feel yours." Ji An's eyes turned gloomy as he let go of Lucas's hands. He then smiled bitterly, "Never mind. Just come with me, you are my protection."

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[Flashback... A Month ago]

[Ji An's Point of View]

'Ah... This is annoying. I can't see anyone who is stronger than me in this slum.'

I grumbled in dismay as I walked down a path in this slum. I was looking for a person who could defeat me, but for some reason, I had no choice but to look here in the slums.



'Well, I am not that strong anyway. That is why I am searching for a potential guard here in the slums. I cannot overpower someone who could easily defeat my word technique.'

But it was not real. My expectations didn't betray me. I found someone who could be my bodyguard, and that was Lucas.

I found him in the slums, and he was unbelievably strong. He seemed to be well-versed in hand-to-hand combat techniques, and I saw it when he defeated a disturbing scenario where hunters tried to kill someone in the slums for joy.

Slums were a common place for useless people who couldn't work for the continent. They were thrown here, away from society and neglected by the people who were supposed to help the people. But just then, I met Lucas...

He was eccentric. I couldn't discern his purpose for protecting those useless beggars. But, as hypocritical as I was, I searched for a bodyguard in the slums since I was holding the phrase my grandfather had left for me.

"You cannot say things are waste when people tell you they are waste. You judge things, and that is important. Things have potential."

It was only a simple notion that my grandfather

left me. It was indeed an idea that could be easily forgotten, but I recognized my grandfather as a significant person that molded my identity. He was also the only one in the clan that accepted me.

But then, he died. Hence, I had no choice but to leave the clan and the sect until I had proven myself to them. And there, Lucas came along. Now that I had found a rare person like him, an outcast that was lost in the slums and also had a problematic personality, I had controlled one person.

He was an example of a perfect subject under the influence of my word technique. Even though the reason for his identity was unknown, at least I could finally bring him with me.

Nevertheless, it was not enough for me. I should continue practicing my technique, and Lucas was just the start.

But as time passed, it seemed like I was already ready for the technique to showcase. Lucas proved that I could control someone with my word technique, and I could provoke others as well. Even with the stupidest words coming out of my mouth, I could make them angry at me.

It was a funny thing to see on other people's faces, and also priceless. I could say that I did great in my training. And now, it was time for me



to return to my home.

[Present Time]

I looked at Lucas as we arrived at the main gate of the clan and the sect that our clan managed. The whole premises of the sect were just covered with bamboo, which was both beautiful and practical.

However, as I entered the premises, everyone looked at me with silent eyes. They looked surprised, and they didn't even greet me.

I was already used to it. Even with my position in the clan as a child of the Great Elder, I was not recognized as promising and also respectable. They deemed me a laughingstock and were even bold enough to provoke and hurt me.

'I don't really care about it, but, still, this place was the only place where I could recollect my memories with my grandfather.'

As if a wind had passed, they didn't greet me after a month of being away from the clan. They were also away from me, and I was a total outcast indeed.

"So, Lucas, we are already here. What do you think about the clan."

Lucas looked at me and then around at me as well. He was silent for a second and seemed to



just stare at every corner. And after a few seconds, he answered me.

"It is beautiful." He briefly answered.

I smiled. At least someone had matched my thoughts. Anyone would not see the clan as beautiful, but could I blame him for being thoughtless? I was controlling him, so it was obvious that his thoughts were only to please me. Even though I knew that it was like that, I could say that it was pleasing at some point.

I let out a sigh and then nodded. I led him the way to my garden. Well, that was the first thing that came to my mind. I wanted to see the garden since I had longed for that place.

Even though it smelled like the earth, I remembered the perfume of the grass, and the jasmine scent that was left on the ground was still in my nostrils. It was still ringing in my ears because I desired it the most.

Smiling, I looked for the path, ignoring the people that seemed to be off with me.

"Hoo... Have you already come back? I thought that you were not coming back."

But then I was interrupted. The thing I wished to ignore and forget appeared to appear in front of me by itself. I could only smile cruelly when I remembered whose voice it was.

This person, the one I was trying to avoid, just approached me.

"Right, I nearly forgot about your existence. I am back. Are you happy?" As I faced him, I sarcastically said it to him.

A bald person with a scar across his left eye and a tall physique. This person is my half-brother, and also the one who was responsible for why I needed to leave the premises.

"Oh... You are going to go with words? I see, you are quite bold."

"At least I am not bald like you, who could not even grow your hair."

"Tsk. Do you think I would be provoked by your measly words? Even if you have to use your worthless word technique, that won't affect me." This bald person retorted.

"Ro Xian, that is the funny thing I heard from you, measly words? And my word technique? Even though I didn't learn to be a Word User in the past, it still seemed that my mere existence provoked you."