

228 Great Clan of Word Users [2]

"Fuck, where did that bastard get that monster? I couldn't find any holes in his defense!" Ro Xian clinched his hand and slammed it on the table inside his study room. Despite the fact that the environment in his chamber was scholar-like, his aggressive essence was spilling out. ¹

When Ji An left Ro Xian's field of view, he decided to follow them later. As much as he wanted to know about Lucas, he also wanted to learn how Ji An was able to have him under his control. 'Ji An doesn't deserve to have an underling. And I will get him away from him.'

He stared at Lucas, who was standing next to Ji An and bit his thumb with his teeth in a rage. He appeared to be aware of his surroundings, and when Ro Xian discovered this, he understood Lucas was not normal. Lucas also stared at Ji An while he spoke and told him stories. Ro Xian paid no attention to Ji An's story; instead, he was preoccupied with Lucas.

'I see... It was questionable that Ji An was able to get one strong word servant with his measly abilities. But now I know how he seemed to be able to get one because that bastard was not loyal or controlled by Ji An. He is a spy!'



It was not already proven, but his speculation was already fixated in his mind. Hence, he was already sure that this one could be shared with others, and that would continue to destroy his reputation. And as a smile appeared on his face, he turned his back and left the place.

Meanwhile, Lucas's eyes gazed to the side where Ro Xian previously was. And after that, his cold eyes disconnected from this direction and went back to Ji An.

For the whole day, Ji An enjoyed talking stories to Lucas, and Lucas seemed to not mind it. And just as the sky turned orange, Lucas gazed at Ji An, who was now resting under a tree with his eyes closed.

Lucas was still silent, and observing and guarding Ji An was on his mind. However, while he was looking at Ji An, someone was looking at him again, but it was not Ro Xian, someone more dangerous than him.

"Hooo... So you are quite sharp." The orange sky cast a shadow, and a voice loomed out of it. When the owner of this voice unveiled himself, he was a strong 40-year-old man dressed in decent white and grey robes that touched the ground. His hands were clasped behind his back, and his feet were strolling gracefully.

The man's demeanor was mysterious, and his



face was calm, with the slight appearance of facial hair. And when this man continued to walk toward Lucas, Lucas could only stay still without doing anything.

"You are really sharp, but I am curious about your background. Who are you? And why are you loyal to my son?" The man stated, but then, his face turned different they were now serious. "I asked, who are you?"

The man kept on pressing on Lucas, even leaking some of his killing intent, but, Lucas just stood still without budging.

"Hahahaha!" All of a sudden, the man laughed loudly, which made Ji An wake up from his nap and flinch. When his eyes completely opened, he was surprised to see a familiar face in front of him.

"Oh Great Elder Dalin Xian, let me send you my greetings." Ji An lowered his head with his hands clasped. However, Dalin Xian, the Great Elder, only shook his hands to finish Ji An's greeting.

"Are you really going to greet your father in that manner?"

Ji An froze when he heard those words. They were unexpected, but then, keeping his composure intact, he replied smoothly. "I apologize for that, father. But, in front of other



people, I could not dare address you as my father. I still haven't proven myself."

Dalin Xian just looked at Ji An and didn't reply for a second. With this silence, he couldn't help but feel chills running down his spine, and later on, he realized that it was a mistake to reply to him with those words.

"At least you know what you are lacking." Dalin turned his back, but before he left, he left another word to comment on Ji An's progress. "But, I commend you for having a formidable servant, at least, your mother's gene was not useless on you."

Dalin totally disappeared, as if he faded in the wind, but, as Dalin was already away, Ji An only had his fist formed into a fist with his force clenching it. Even with the words his father left him, with slight praise, he was not happy about it.

Lucas was silently watching as Ji An expressed his anger through his hands. And as he was already getting confused and curious about his emotions, he then expressed his confusion.

"Are you angry, Master?"

Ji An flinched and looked back at Lucas. He immediately erased his bothered expression and shook his head. "Of course not." But deep down, Ji



An was resentful of what he had just learned from his father. It surprised him since he knew the Great Elder merely used his mother to produce a good descendent and make good use of her Genetic material.

'Just you wait... I will become the Great Elder and I will kill you, making you feel what you did when your mother died. You did nothing!'

At that point, Lucas already realized that something was wrong with Ji An, but he didn't budge. Instead, he approached him and ruffled his hair, even though it was stiff in the end.

"You don't have to worry about it, Master."

Ji An had a tear in his eyes formed after Lucas said it. And a broad smile appeared on his face. "Yes... Thank you."

The story of Ji An's reappearance had circulated across the cult. People began chattering about Ji An again because it was already known that he didn't have a good reputation, which had been damaged by his laziness in honing his specialty in word tactics.

"Just when the sect became more peaceful, that lazy son of the Great Elder returned. How could he even return to this prestigious sect when he doesn't have the qualifications to call himself a



Word User."

"Hmmm... I think that is contrary to what is the latest. The second young master had brought his first word servant, and looking at it, that person seemed to be deeply connected with him since he was too loyal to him."

"Right! It was epic earlier. I saw how the first young master tried to punch the second young master, but his servant blocked it. I don't know what happened next, but it looked like the first young master wasn't the winning one."

"Shhh... Be careful with what you say. It was not already official. We don't even know if he was really a word servant, probably just someone the first young master had paid to act like his word servant. Let us observe him, for sure, he would boast that achievement to everyone."

"Hah! You are already late, brother. Just in case you didn't know, that lazy son had already said it to everyone. He was even proud that he was able to bring someone as strong as him. And guess what? He was too bold to challenge the first young master in a word duel. Who would have thought that? It is funny!"

"Really? When that second young master challenged the first young master, when he was the leading in the third generation, that is stupidity."



"I know, right. Maybe being humiliated a month ago was not enough for him. I can't even forget how he made himself a fool when he shouted that his mother was not a fake Word User. Well, I guess Word Users that just forced themselves to become one do really exist."

"Shhh... You are slandering the late second wife of the Great Elder. Be careful with your words."

"I know... Let's go!"

Someone who was listening not only far away got out and revealed himself to the light just as little discussion within a group came to a halt, eventually leaving one aisle in between two buildings. It was an elderly man with white hair and wrinkles on his face. He was dressed in white robes and had a calm expression on his face.

He smiled and then mumbled an intrigued expression. "So he had returned." At those brief words, small sound waves appeared that almost caused a crack in the wall near him. His eyes widened in surprise and he shook his head.

"My excitement took over me. Hahaha... My grandson has returned, and I can't wait to see him again. Just... when... will I be able to get back my energy to have a physical form." The old man continued to mumble.

Meanwhile, Ji An was walking down a path, ignoring people's gazes as he looked for someone in the sect.

"Just where is grandfather?" He muttered.

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