



261 White Lead Minions [2]

Although not having much purpose in life, Lucas was still a person who had some kind of greediness within. Every human had different desires. Hence, Lucas was just like any other person. **1**

"My family... sob... sob... they disappeared because of me."

'Oh... he is still not done...?' Lucas asked in his mind and tried to get away with the scenario.

However, before he could even leave, the man held his robe, stopping him. Lucas held himself still, not reacting aggressively, as he didn't want to stand out or even be the center of attraction in the pub. And still wanting it, he smiled and asked the man gently to remove his hands.

"No can do. You still didn't listen to my cry. You should at least listen to me, brother."

"For goodness sake, you are drunk." He sighed and sat back on the chair. "I should just wait longer. They can have their time."

"Brother, can I ask? What do you think about what I did?" The man asked, sobbing at some point and panting.

Lucas, feeling the stress, just grumbled and



smiled again. "I don't know what you did. So can you at least tell me to have some clue as to what to tell you?"

"Yes... I am just a warrior." The man started sharing, which made Lucas grateful as he started to see how to get along with the conversation. "And also a killer. But, that is the field of my job. Because I don't want my family to be poor, I tried to get more warrior jobs... But, when I returned home from the long job, my family disappeared."

'Wait... I can see some hints in what he is saying... Don't tell me he just...'

"My family left me. Now, tell me, brother, am I wrong for thinking that being poor is wrong? Tell me if wanting an easy life for my family is wrong?"

'As I expected. I thought that his family died because of his greediness. It turned out to be different. But, even though it is like that, I still wonder how he could give his family an easy life if everyone on the continent should contribute to the emperor. Hence, paying a hefty tax to the emperor is a problem. So at least to give them an easy life, taking into consideration that he is just a warrior, should he just have a military position?'

'I think that he is strong. His cultivation is not a joke. Even though I cannot see it, I can say that it



is at least acceptable. And from his story, it at least took months on his job before he could return home. So... isn't it practical to join the military?'

"My wife told me to work in the military. But, I cannot accept working in the military because they are hurting innocent people. At least for me, who grew up as a killer, my targets are not innocent people."

Lucas then had the answer to his confusion.

'So, the reason why he can't join the military is because of his morals. At least he is a righteous one to consider.'

"Brother... are you listening to me?"

"Ah, yes. I am listening to you. What do you need?"

"Nothing... I just want someone to listen to my story."

"I am already listening to you."

Lucas started to forget about grumbling about this man's stories. He was useful to him at some point since he started to see things from a warrior's perspective about the government. And thinking that not all warriors were arrogant, Lucas started to reform his plan, even with just a slight touch.

He let out a sigh and tried to inspect the man's cultivation, but along the way, he was blocked by someone. It was another man wearing the same robes as the man, and this man put his hands on Lucas's forearm.

"What are you doing? Are you checking on him without asking for his permission?" The man glared at him.

The two of them had at least an average face, yet an eye-catching aura around them. And seeing that it was his fault, Lucas immediately apologized and lowered his head.

"Please forgive me. I was just curious why a person like him is easily affected by alcohol." Lucas reasoned.

"I see. But is it necessary for you to pry into his cultivation matters?" The man asked in a strong tone.

Lucas awkwardly smiled and shook his head. "I was wrong. Please forgive me." Without waiting for a response, Lucas left the pub and took a breather outside.

"Well, it was my wrong."

'Why the hell are they late? It is almost past nighttime!'



Lucas could only grumble in his place as he had been waiting for the White Lead members to return. They were late, and Lucas couldn't be patient anymore. The time he gave them was enough. And since they had the ability to discern fellow members, it should not have taken them long. But, it seemed that there was something wrong, and he could feel it.

Shaking his head in dismay, Lucas started activating the tracking spell he left on Kalus. It was a light affinity ability, but as it didn't do much for his offensive potential, Lucas was not a master of tracking techniques. He could only use its minimum potential of it. However, it was enough for him to look where the members were.

And just as his eyes lit up in white and in his field of view, light marks appeared, a smile could only curl upon his face. He then decided to follow them, slightly irritated because of this matter.

'I should not have waited for them.' Feeling dejected and disappointed, Lucas rushed in the direction the tracks were guiding him. And in his walk, he was guided to an abandoned building made of bamboo.

The creaking sound as the wind slammed into the walls could be heard from Lucas's position. But, the atmosphere around the building was not



important at this moment; it was the life essence present inside.

Lucas could see the tracks continuing inside. However, he couldn't discern what happened inside. And what was in his mind was only one thing: they might be captured.

Betrayal is unacceptable in any brotherhood or organization. It was the reason why Lucas could feel that if something happened to the members, it would be only about their betrayal.

Lucas took a breather before going further inside the building. He knew that the presence inside was above the number of people he sent to find other White Lead members. And as he was sure that they were captured, he stayed vigilant for possible attacks.

"The amount of Qi in every presence was above the average of the White Lead members I controlled. At least three times their strength was on the people who had captured my minions. This is making me frustrated. I want to finish this immediately as I had already finished my plan for Brian."

As Lucas was thinking while observing the interior of the building, a small, yet audible voice reached his ears, calling for him.

"M-Master..."

Lucas instinctively looked in the direction where the members were and were surprised to see them covered in their own blood. They were tortured. But, despite the darkness covering the building, Lucas was able to look at the members.

He then clicked his finger and light on his fingers appeared along with the people being revealed by the light. Lucas's eyes fell on the people that were silently observing him in the corners. Looking at them, chills spread through his spine.

"What a creep," Lucas mumbled, then stopped in his position. "Who are you? What have you done to them?"

There were seven people in total, and all of them were at least in the Master Spirit Realm, which was pretty strong to be considered among the population of cultivators he met along the way. And his speculation was proven that the people who captured his minions were stronger than they were.

"I-I am... s-sorry... Master... I didn't recognize... that... they were squad leaders..." Faint words come from the damaged throat of Kalus. He was on the wall, tied and injured, with his blood covering his whole face.

"Master...? Our only master is the Big Boss, Banglang Wubao. As I expected, all of you are traitors."



Lucas grinned and glared at the people who were in front of him, standing at the sides of his minions.

"So, you are from the White Lead as well? Squad leaders? Where does that fall in the confusing hierarchy of the group? Slightly above the lowest?" Lucas ridiculed them as he slowly registered their faces in his mind.

'All of you could be useful in my plans...'

One person scoffed. He had black long hair, and an average face, but a tall physique. A belt around his waist held the scabbard of his sword by his side. And with further inspection, all of the White Lead members confronting him were swordsmen.

'This will make my task easy!' Then, Lucas started to move.

"I assume that we are not here to talk. So, let's save our saliva and talk later. I can just extract the information from you later..."

"Tsk. I don't like talking either. You are a threat to our family. Death is the only punishment you deserve. And as for the traitors, you should wait for your punishment."

As the aura around him started to rise, Lucas cleared his throat. The pressure coming from them as they boosted their bodies with their Qi

reached Lucas, but not enough to make him budge. Furthermore, they were intending to put Lucas down.

'These seven will be useful to me in the future... I should catch them and put them under my command.'

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

—
yohananmichael

Creator's Thoughts

