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Arrogance? Is Lucas arrogant? He might be, but there was no reason for him not to be arrogant. Creating a character in their minds and playing their psychological state was what Lucas was doing. ¹

"Do you think that I am going to die? That won't happen. I know myself very well, and I won't die."

Del stared at Lucas and watched as his eyes remained unwavering. It was as if the darkness of an abyss hid within Lucas's eyes. The more he looked at it, the more he became hopeless about what he had just said.

"You are arrogant and overconfident. From the rest, you are the only one who is an Emperor Spirit Realm cultivator. The rest, they were immeasurable, but I think they are just at the Master Stage or near the General Stage."

"That is your presumption and there are no other means for you to prove it. However, what is obvious here is that you are inside my prison. Nothing to do against me and my legion. All of you are weak, even those General Spirit Realm cultivators who have fought plenty of wars and know when to be afraid. Right, sir, officials?"

Lucas then went to gaze at the officials. They



didn't know if they should be offended, but they knew very well that it would take ten General Spirit Realm cultivators to fight against one who was already at the Emperor Stage.

"Kneel before me..." Lucas jokingly said, with a grin that came after his words. "Just kidding. You can't even do anything against me, so, technically, you will just kneel before me in the future once you get to realize that the Wu region is already mine when I step my feet in the capital of the region."

Then, Lucas disappeared from their sight and appeared next to his disciples. Everyone inside became silent. They were already in despair, but on their faces, they were still showing that they were holding on to some hope.

On the other hand, Del just faced humiliation. His knees weakened as he came to realize that the fear he was feeling earlier was real.

When Lucas came up close to him, his chest tightened. That was already an indication that the aura surrounding Lucas was real and deadly.

Meanwhile, Brian just stared at Jake, who was following Lucas silently. Others still didn't know that Jake was Lucas's minion, but as Brian had been close to him, even from a distance, he knew it was Jake.



Brian was also confused about why Lucas decided to take possession of the region. But, seeing how he was showing favor to the slaves, who were once just normal citizens of the region, he couldn't help but remain neutral. He couldn't dare suspect Lucas's goals.

'Even he showed some sides of atrocities to us... Confined us and dragged our hopes out, he was still the Lucas I knew. Despite the soothing aura surrounding him being gone, it was replaced with a friendly one, not an enemy to me.'

Brian could only wonder about his purpose. He didn't have anything to do; therefore, he could only just wait until things came to light.

"Are you worried, my dear brother?"

Suddenly, Alfred asked, which made Brian shift his attention to him. He showed a bitter smile and shook his head.

"No..."

"Even our people died?"

"They deserve to die, and they will even die in the future. It's just that it arrived sooner than expected."

Alfred paused and had to point out what he noticed from Brian.

"You know that you changed when you returned,

right?"

Brian sighed. He had just heard it before, and now he was hearing it again. He knew very well that he didn't show everyone what he was, but at least he knew himself that he didn't change. In the beginning, the inner self he had was already like this.

"I didn't change. You just didn't know me very well."

And again, Alfred paused. He sat down next to him and looked outside the Shadow Prison. He released a sigh and shared his thoughts.

"What do you think that person's purpose? He confined us when he could just kill us. If he was going for our land, he would be killing those who would fight against him. But he let us live. Was it because of arrogance that he thinks that we won't be able to do anything against him?"

"You are missing something, Brother," Brian said.

"What? He is being friendly with slaves? I know that well, but he might just be using them, just like White Lead."

Brian snickered. "You are really against the atrocities of White Lead, huh?"

"Yeah... I am really against it, Brother. But do you think that he would do the same as the White

Lead did? It is obvious that the land would be for him to handle now since he won the challenge against our family's governance. Father is away because of the matter in the Quanzhi Province, which this person utilized very well to his benefit. He knew that he could have an easy success if Father was not here."

Brian didn't talk and just listened. He could see that Alfred was sharing what was inside him. Even though they were captured, he couldn't worry about it, but what was on his mind was the future. And knowing him very well, Alfred was thinking about the average person.

"The people didn't do anything, but here, they fought for their lives and with the lead of that person. I am just worried about his personality and identity. He might have just fooled them, and I can't entrust them to him."

"You can just ask him about that, Brother Alfred. He wasn't hostile against us, but he was showing his cultivation base. What does that mean? He wants us to be aware of his power, but should he just show hostility towards us? In that way, he could inject fear into us properly."

"You are thinking about it differently, Brother Brian."

"So you do, Brother. Let us see what will happen in the future. Even with how much you think of



it, if it is fate's will, we can't do anything against it."

Alfred sighed as he came to realize Brian's fault. He knew well that he was not stupid, just like how he had acted in the past. He knew that he had strategies in his head, and even though sometimes he could be a weak-spirited person, deep down, he was tough.

He could only smile as he appreciated Brian. After all, he was his brother, and they knew each other.

"Was Brother Amon sent on an expedition as well? Where is he? I haven't seen him." Brian asked after a few minutes.

Alfred, hearing that question, piqued his curiosity about their first brother's whereabouts. Now that he thought of it, he hadn't seen him in a while.

"He was sent on an expedition a month ago, and from what I heard, that person took all the people who were sent on an expedition, but where is he?" Alfred asked.

Brian also continued to look for him, and seeing that he was not there, he sighed.

"It's a good thing that he wasn't caught. But I am just worried about the things he might do. He might just jump to his death if he knew this."



Brian remarked.

Alfred paused. He knew Amon's personality, and he was obsessed with White Lead's safety. After giving it a thought, worries about Amon jumping into a war against Lucas as soon as he returns came to his mind. He suddenly felt concerned about Amon's sometimes foolishness.

"Oh boy... I just hope that he won't kill himself. At least, after Father returns, we will decide things." Alfred muttered.

After a few seconds, just after their talk, someone inside the Shadow Prison mentioned Amon's name. And hearing it, their ears instinctively moved.

"What? You saw Brother Amon?" Alfred jumped up and asked a servant.

"Yes, Second Young Master."

"Where is he?"

Slowly, the servant lifted his hand and pointed in the direction of the Prison Shadow. And as he followed it, it went to point at the front gate of the capital city, where a person was floating above the walls.

"No way..."

What Alfred was afraid might happen. Amon just appeared, and on his face was a kind of



expression that was static and unwavering. He had no emotion or feeling about what might happen, but chills ran down his spine.

"Brother Amon is angry."

He knew that expression very well. It was a kind of expression that would say, "I have enough. You are dead."

Even though there was no specific expression, he could interpret that face as dissatisfied with what had just occurred.

"First Young Master is here! He is going to save us! Please, Young Master, save us!"

"Young Master, please save us!"

Lucas's attention and his disciples were directed to where their prisoners were watching. His brow furrowed in puzzlement, and he simply stared at him, who was creating a silhouette against the moon.

And slowly, behind him, people appeared who started flying as well.

"Reinforcements!!!" The prisoners shouted, and smiles painted their faces.

