

301 Interrogation [1]

As he saw how confident the squad leader was, Lucas sarcastically answered, "Yes, I understand." He was as if thinking that he could make him answer, but deep in Lucas's mind, he was scoffing at every emotion this squad leader was showing. He was a fool for Lucas. 1

'It makes no difference how many taunts you perform in front of me. However, this is not a simple act that I must do; I need to find the opportunity to plot my plans.' Lucas then clenched his fist as his eyes flashed with determination.

"What happened?" Again with the question, it was making Lucas scratch his eardrums. It was an unending cycle of repetitive questions, which he wasn't willing to answer.

There was a reason why Lucas let himself be here, and answering their questions wasn't one. He was simply looking for answers that he could see deep in their eyes. He was here because he knew that this interrogation, as a judgment ceremony to him, would gather those with influence's interest and duty.

"As I said, I don't know." At that answer, the squad leader held a whip that suddenly appeared. Because of him facing his back to the

door, Lucas didn't see that the person who entered had a whip with him.

He looked at the expression of the jury, and they were delighted, which made his eyebrow rise. Were they happy to see the torture? If they hurt him while questioning him, this would turn into torture.

"What is that? That's a whip, right? What are you going to do with it?" Lucas asked with a worried facial expression. 'Scratch me? Hahahaha...'

The squad leader smirked, having a smug face at the moment he saw Lucas's wavering eyes. "Of course, to punish you. What else?"

He raised the whip, then a crack of the whip was uttered as it hit Lucas's lap. There were a few cracks, then a few groans from Lucas. The skin started to redden, then slowly, scratch, and a wound appeared. This instance made the jury overjoyed. Their eyes flickered with lust for blood as they saw it start flowing out of Lucas's wound on his lap. The squad leaders, on the other hand, clenched their teeth; happiness couldn't be described at this moment as they wanted to see him cry in despair.

"Was it enough for you to talk?"

A raspy voice came out of Lucas's mouth. "Why are you insisting on me talking? I am just saying

what I know, and it turned out that I knew nothing. You can force me to talk about what I didn't know."

"You are still stubborn."

The whip started to kiss Lucas's lap again, and the wound became bigger. Everyone was again in their ecstatic moment as they watched the floor polished with Lucas's blood. And for every groan from Lucas, there was a chuckle from them. He panted, then started to glare one by one, and the squad leader saw it. He then hit Lucas's face, making him close his eyes.

"Hide your deadly glare. That doesn't fit you. I want to see your sarcastic and arrogant eyes again." The squad leader shouted.

The Order Leaders looked at Lucas without any certain expression. Deep inside, they knew that Lucas wasn't even hurt. His heart rate was still the same as earlier, which indicated that he was just acting.

In order to make himself ridiculous... First, he must make a fool of himself first. By acting arrogant, he could take out their deepest desire to hit him for good, seeing him change those bumptious eyes to ones that were near despair. Thus, the second play would have a place. He will now use that act to deceive them.

However, the Order Leaders still didn't know Lucas's purpose, and the one who was extremely curious was Perpas.

'He succeeded in fooling them, but to what extent? I can't see any reason for him to act like that. He is just a nobody despite his talent and power.'

"Enough with that, Squad Leader Ghong." A loud and deep authoritative voice came from Perpas, which abruptly changed the hall's atmosphere. They became silent, then looked at him with the eyes of surprise.

"I will handle this. This interrogation doesn't make any sense. I will handle him, so put him under my custody."

Although they were caught off guard, their faces started to return from being happy. They almost questioned his decision, as he wanted the squad leader to stop. However, they saw his objective and why he stopped him. Perpas wanted to handle Lucas, which was good news for them.

Despite his scholarly appearance, Perpas was known as someone who was cruel. He wouldn't stop making others suffer until he was satisfied, and just as they heard him wanting to handle Lucas, then, one thing only meant. Perpas wanted to make Lucas suffer, and that would also turn out to be something they wanted.

Although they wouldn't be able to see his despair more, with Perpas, a nightmare would definitely be stamped on Lucas's mind.

'As expected of Order Leader Shin, he wouldn't let someone like this trash continue his arrogance! This nobody will start talking now!'

"What is your goal, Lucas?"

In a place that every person would think of as the least place to live or work, and an environment that could add to the tension, Lucas was sitting at the table while Perpas was standing before him. The room was just small, created from bricks, and had thin air. It was as if it was built underground. Furthermore, it was lacking light, and at the moment, the only source of light was the lamp at the center of the table.

He could hear his breathing as well as Perpas, and he knew that this place just fit with what he wanted. He could see Lucas's bothered expression, and he couldn't help but be thrilled because of it. Even though he was calm outside, deep inside, he was smiling.

On the other hand, Lucas was also calm, but he had the face of a person concerned about what could happen to him.

'One-on-one interrogation. It is something I



thought I would never experience again, but here I am, held as a captive in an underground place.'

"Nothing..." Lucas answered.

"Do you know how interesting your performance is? You acted like a fool in front of those people, and for what purpose? Did you perhaps do it so that you could have time with me? Did you do that with the thought that I would be irritated and I would handle you myself?" Perpas scoffed, thinking of Lucas's possible intentions.

"I don't know." Lucas simply responded.

"You are stubborn. But, that is not a bad thing. How about we take it slow? Just like a river blocked by a huge boulder, creating a small stream at the side of the river? Shall we?"

Perpas started to walk slowly as he treated Lucas as if he were a criminal in despair. His words were smooth and sounded alluring, as he whispered every word to Lucas, who was currently tied to his seat. The tie also had a different purpose, and it was to suppress his cultivation. Perpas would do this in every interrogation he conducted in order to make the target despair.

On the other hand, Lucas thought of Perpas as a fool.

'Just like me, he had a cunning yet calm nature. He is an actor, just like me. A pathetic one, on the other hand. He was thinking that it was enough to force me to speak, but it wasn't. Intimidating me won't work. Acting as a maniacal torturer won't work. And does he believe in my acting?'

"Are you being poetic? May I say that it doesn't suit you?" Lucas's expression completely changed. After that joke from him, Perpas smirked, then started to laugh.

'As expected, he was just acting scared.' Perpas thought.

"Do you know why you are being interrogated like this?" After that question, Perpas was back again in front of Lucas. Lucas squinted his eyes. "It is because you are part of them, the insignificant ones. The expedition team was created to check what lies there. Everything that the expedition team did was a path for us. It was our way of making sure that those important people wouldn't lose their lives. And as for how insignificant the expedition team was, you could say that in a sense, their influence is weak."

"..." As Lucas continued to squint his eyes, he became silent, which at the same time made Perpas agitated.

A person's being silent had different reasons.



They could be in a situation where they were feeling angry, frustrated, or just overwhelmed. But, there was a small problem if he had to think that it was the only reason why Lucas was silent. There could be more. He might be assessing him or even hiding something while he was being silent. To make sure that he wouldn't be made out as a fool again, he slammed his hands on the table.

There is no way that his acting is getting more convincing, right?

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