

304 Red Sky [2]

"Is it possible to see him? I just have a few questions since I am hoping to be enlightened by him. You know, from what I heard of him, I am becoming open-minded about his knowledge." 1

"That would be impossible. The Scholar doesn't like visitors, and we don't want an unknown person to see him. You look suspicious to us, honestly, since you went around asking different questions." The leader pressed, looking at Lucas with serious eyes, suspecting every inch of him.

Lucas could only smirk as he didn't see the leader look at him in this way. Earlier, she was much more accommodating to him, but now she was suspecting him, which wasn't wrong. Everything that the leader was doing was in favor of the Scholar, so if Lucas was a threat to her, then it could be possible that he would be a threat to the Scholar.

"All right, no biggie." Lucas smiled, then stood up.

"This lady... she seems to be loyal to that person. I am more invested in him if he was really somewhat important in my cause. Since he seemed to really know something about the red sky, I should see him and extract the reason why he couldn't just explain it well. Furthermore, if this person truly knows everything, he could be

the exempted divine beast in the Southern Continent.'

"I will just try again if I get lucky. But, if you could just relay a message to him from me, please tell him that I know how to make the Southern Continent ready for the war. It is safe and more effective." Then he left the room, returned to the crowd in the streets, and went to his next destination.

'It has arrived... the information I needed.'

Taps from Lucas's footsteps could be heard in a tight and tense space, with old gray bricks making the walls in place. A darkened hallway of unending horrors painted in every section of this underground prison shouted, for Lucas, he had just to ignore it. He went straight to the last prison cell and sat at the table with a chair made out of wood.

His breath could be heard, as he patiently waited for a person connected with his Parasitic Shadow.

On the other hand, Perpas was on his way, walking silently with a static face. And just before he could arrive where Lucas was, Lucas cast a spell.

As a result, a shadow thread was formed from

the tips of his fingers and flew to Perpas's location. And as it successfully reached him, and directly went straight to his head, memories rushed to play for him, making him close his eyes and concentrate on the scenes that were playing before him.

In the memory, which was from earlier, Perpas was standing inside a luxurious room, and near the window was an old man. Standing with an aura surrounding him made him virtuous as his face was stiff yet blood-curdling.

The old man faced Perpas, who was currently Lucas, as Lucas was watching everything from Perpas's perspective. It turned out that the person before him was the First Elder, having the honorable features of a cultivator and wearing robes made of silk.

"First Elder, I have someone to introduce to you. He claims that he can help us with the war, and he wished to speak to you alone before the other elders. If you may grant it, I will relay the message."

As soon as Perpas said it, the First Elder's face lit up, showing interest in the matter Perpas was sharing. Not only that, he and the other elders were already at the edge of the cliff looking for answers to how they could possibly prepare for the war. Furthermore, the red sky was threatening their confidence to fight.

However, for Lucas, the reason why he picked the First Elder was simply that picking didn't matter to him. Lucas offered freedom and help with the war, which was an advantage to them. Moreover, Lucas didn't know anything about their personalities, and as Perpas was the person that had the highest chance of having him relay his message to one Elder, he chose the First Elder. And it turned out that he wasn't wrong in being careless about this matter. As fortunate as he was, the First Elder would go straight to the point.

"Claiming that he can help us with the war? Who is he? Wait... That claim is suspicious. No one in the Southern Continent can be confident about helping us with the war. He could be from outside the continent."

The First Elder's expression lightened more. He had already figured it out even with just one paragraph coming from Perpas, and as he wanted to help the continent survive the predicament, he stood up from his seat and was interested in checking it. Before he showed it to everyone, he should have checked its credibility first and verified who wanted to talk to him.

"You can bring him to me." The First Elder slammed his table as he brought himself closer to Perpas. "I will check if he really has something that can help us in the war. If it turns out to be

helpful, this will be the end of our predicament."

The memory ended, and Perpas had already arrived. Lucas just stood up from his seat with a smile on his face. He tapped Perpas's shoulders and nodded.

"Let's go meet the First Elder."

"H-How did you know, Master?"

"Ah... Don't call me Master. Anyway, let's not waste more time."

"Are you sure that he knows something about the war and how to help us prepare for it?"

"He claims that he knows something, but I don't believe him, sir. He is suspicious, and nothing good will come out of him if we get acquainted with him. I can see through his deception. He will just use this situation just like those filthy superior clan leaders and merchants. Even though the 11 Elders were able to perfect the order, it didn't mean that the people were organized... The only matters that were in order were the material things on this continent."

"It is too soon to say that there is nothing to get from him. He might really know something."

Having a father-like aura but a wise man to consider, a short old man sat in a crossed-leg

position before the leader of the activist group. He was reading some scrolls earlier when the leader, Frey, relayed a message to him from Lucas.

"He is not trustworthy."

The Scholar smiled as he looked silly at Frey, who was currently serious about her notion. She had been sharing thoughts about Lucas and the day he noticed him asking different people about the protest, and to be honest, she was suspecting that Lucas might be up to something.

Frey always thought that a true believer didn't need different questions just to have some faith in something, which was what Lucas did. Lucas asked different people, which from her perspective, questioning the belief and faith was unacceptable. However, the Scholar would always make her remember that what they were doing wasn't a belief, but instead, a movement for everyone to take action in their own way. It was the Scholar's purpose, but Frey was strongly facing it from a different angle.

"If he is not trustworthy, then what's the point of relaying his message to me? You could have just not told me anything about it."

As soon as Frey heard it, she was immediately put to silence, which gave her mind peace to think meticulously. And as she had an idea, she

smiled and then shared her thoughts with the Scholar.

"It is not about him, it is about me. I don't want to lie or hide something from you. Even though I think that he does not deserve your presence, it is not a matter for me to decide. You know how much I believe in you, sir. If you think that you'll give him a chance, then I will believe that decision of yours, sir."

The Scholar looked deeply at Frey, and there was something that was blocking him from thinking properly. He was bothered, not because of what she said, but of the foundation, she had that led her to think that way. Everything about Frey's mindset was flawed to the Scholar, which he couldn't handle anymore as he was not a leader of some cult that needed loyalty.

He sighed, then shook his head as he again gave her another lecture.

"Frey, I already told you that you should not rely on my thoughts. You are your own person, and we all have our own ways of making decisions. It was good that you still respected me by not hiding anything, but the latter was wrong. Everything should not be my decision, especially if it is about your life or someone else's. Don't put your loyalty on this, it is not what I wanted." The Scholar said with concern, showing his troubled expression that made Frey sigh as well.

"I am sorry, sir. I will try."

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