

305 Red Sky [3]

"Anyway, did he leave something about himself? Did he introduce himself to you?" 1

"Don't tell me... you are really interested in his gibberish." Frey immediately shook her head after what she said and continued. "Yes, he introduced himself as Lucas, and he is currently staying at the inn near the bulletin square."

"I see..."

Frey moved closer to him, troubled that he had reached the Scholar's understanding as well.

"Sir, will you really believe everything he says?"

The Scholar paused and just stared at her, blinking slowly and smiling afterward.

"Frey, you are overthinking. This is merely a talk. Everything he says will determine what my action will be depending on. So, just take a rest and I got this."

Frey nodded, then stood up from her seat and left the room where the Scholar was staying. As the opened window let the moonlight enter with the red still visible in the sky, the Scholar shifted his gaze to the moon as he peeked out with his thoughts, deeply thinking about everything that the Southern Continent had.

As new information and issues began to emerge, he became both concerned and complacent. He wanted everything to end, but he still didn't know if everything he knew would really be true.

He sighed and mumbled, "If it turns out that what this person named Lucas says is true, then I think it is time for the Feathered Serpent to wake up. The Southern Continent needs its help again. But, I just hope that it has already healed its wounds from the previous Great World War."

Then, he looked at the red sky and closed his eyes, praying for everything to turn out well.

'Seems like this will come to its end. I can see that the 11 Elders were not that hard to handle; they were already desperate.' Lucas muttered by himself as he followed Perpas and walked into a long hallway full of artisan products.

The shining, cleaned floor reflected his footsteps, creating a silence but only the taps of their feet could be heard. The cold in the surroundings built up. For some reason, the aura became tense as Lucas became closer to their destination. And as Perpas stopped, Lucas focused on his surroundings and saw a huge twin door, supposedly the doors to the hall of the 11 Elders.

Perpas led the way, opened the doors, and a huge hall greeted them. There were pillars made of marble standing to support the height of this room, and a carpet was scattered around the floor. Eleven luxurious yet traditional chairs formed a circle in the center of the room, with a round white table in the center.

Everyone's eyes moved in their direction, anticipated, then had some serious gaze as it ended on Lucas.

'Was I supposed to only meet the First Elder? Why did the whole council wait for me?'

The First Elder then clenched his fist and thought, 'He is Lucas? Just looking at him, I can feel his enormous aura as if he were swallowing the inferiority within me. How could someone like this exist on the Southern Continent without our knowing about it? It is certain that we do not always know the types of cultivators who once lived on our land. But for what purpose did he cultivate if he didn't create a name for himself? Power? It is possible, but just power, without any affiliation or other matter connected to it. That is impossible.'

Lucas stepped slightly to the side, behind Perpas, and lowered his head after Perpas.

"I greet the 11 Elders. Behind me is Lucas Wei, and he has some important matters to talk about

with the 11 Elders."

"I greet the 11 Elders. I am Lucas Wei, and I have something important to talk about with the whole council. Furthermore, I wanted to jump into the topic without beating the bush, if you may."

Straight to the point, without going sideways, Lucas made an impression on the 11 Elders. They looked at him with serious eyes, staring him down to the depths of his soul. He then made the 11 Elders look at him without breaking any connection, as the matter that the First Elder mentioned to the whole council was crucial.

"Do you know that what you said to the whole council was crucial? If you waste our time here, we will kill you." The Third Elder spoke with his veins popping on his forehead, clenching his teeth at the same time.

Lucas simply lowered his head again.

"I am not joking here as this is not a simple matter about the war. This matter is about the whole Mortal Heaven's condition. Hence, I am not here to waste time, since the Northern Continent at this time might have already planned to invade the Southern Continent."

Just after Lucas said it, three elders appeared in front of him. The Third, Second, and Ninth

Elders stood before him, with their swords pointed at him with hostile intent. Lucas, on the other hand, raised his hands and mysteriously smiled while looking back at the remaining elders that had reacted to what he said.

"You are crossing the line."

"There is no line if I presume."

"What do you mean about it?" Different from the other elders, the First Elder viewed the cause differently. He was serious about getting any help from Lucas if there was any since the matter was as crucial as the lives of the whole people of the continent.

The other elders looked at the First Elder with surprised eyes, in disbelief of what he had just mentioned.

"There is no way that you will listen to the gibberish things that this brat says." The Third Elder roared.

"Brat?" Lucas asked. He began to sway his hands, scattering the blades of their swords, only leaving their hilts.

They did not see what he did, and because of that, they were in silence as they slowly went back to gaze at Lucas, who was now emitting a mysterious aura. It was as if he was angry but at the same time calm, like the sea reflecting the

moonlight.

"What did you do?"

"You are calling me a brat, which I didn't like. For a person who has lived just about a hundred years, an immortal, a brat? How dare you?!"

They all gasped. They were skeptical of what Lucas said, but couldn't help but be bothered by what he revealed. Immortal? It was the second realm that a cultivator could reach. After being a cultivator, their longevity had already increased, putting them above mortals who didn't have any means to prolong their lives. However, for immortals, after the Spirit Realm, the lowest of all realms, they were already to be said as undying humans, even if you stabbed them with a sharp sword.

"Immortal? There is a limit to your gibberish, brat. Without beating the bush? It was already wrong that we let you have our audience when you just slandered the continent!" The Second Elder roared.

Lucas smiled while being coldly silent.

"What do you mean by slander? That is already given; the Northern Continent has invaded the Western, and now they are proceeding to your continent."

"What? They already invaded the Western

Continent?"

Lucas was speechless after that. They didn't mean what they said to be accurate, right? How could they be ignorant of what was happening, and then proceed with 'preparing' for the war? Even with just this small detail, they were clueless. How could they stand by their motive of protecting the continent?

"There is no way that their intelligence is this weak. For them to survive until now, it is impossible to believe that their intelligence is weak.... Wait...! A realization hit Lucas as he read the faces of the elders. They were extremely clueless and even started talking about it with their brains presented on the table.

"They are really weak. If that is the case, then the Northern Continent will surely succeed in invading them. Hiding, surrounding their whole continent with swamps, made them complacent, huh. This caused their capabilities to degrade, making it reasonable why the 11 Elders were just at the General Spirit Realm, and more surprisingly, at the mediocre level of it."

Lucas sighed in frustration. He then raised his hand and formed a fist as he slammed the floor with his force compressed with Magique Qi. This surprised them for the second time, shocked as their jaws were about to fall.

"This is a disappointment. All of you are disappointments. How could you still rule this continent when all you did was weaken it?"

Now, Lucas understood why the activists were so into making them know about the threats of the war instead of relying on the walls that the swamp had created for them.

"The time has already changed after the Great World War. Do you think that the power standard you have is still reflected in the whole Mortal Heaven? What a trash! The entire Mortal Heaven had changed, exceeding the powers that the previous Mortal Heaven showcased. If you are like this, how could you hope to prepare for the war and use your people as disposal with the self-centered privileged people?!" Lucas roared, deliberately silencing the 11 Elders as they stared at him with different expressions.

