



306 Eleven Elders [1]

Just as Lucas expressed how angry he was, thinking of the absurdity of their thoughts, everyone became silent and budge. They assessed the things Lucas said as well as the aura he emitted. However, they were nothing to them, as if they were deaf to what Lucas had just mentioned. **1**

"The Great World War? Why is this a matter here?" The Second Elder thought.

The First Elder closed his eyes as he recalled what the previous Southern Continent was. Although he was the oldest member of the council, he still didn't live in the age after the Great World War, when the power of the continent was still known in the whole Mortal Heaven. However, despite that, he still had some idea of what the Southern Continent was called in the past.

Hiding Assassins... The Southern Continent was good at being stealthy and silent killers. Although some families in other continents had a specialty in stealth techniques, the Southern Continent's ability to kill people silently couldn't be compared to the mediocre capabilities those families had. If the Eastern Continent was known for mystical arts in the era before and after the



Great World War, the Southern Continent was known for movement techniques. But, they were more known for their stealth techniques.

The First Elder then recalled the other things that other continents were known for. The Northern Continent was known for its military strength and versatile specialties, whereas the Western Continent was known for its spying techniques, which included wiretapping techniques as well. Those known things of the continents, however, had only remained in the past, and the era that the First Elder could remember living on.

Other elders knew about how great the Southern Continent was but were not as detailed as the First Elder.

"The Southern Continent was good at being stealthy, but now we have downgraded as defenders. However, it is not a thing to be bothered with. Other continents were also downgraded as the effects of the Great World War destroyed the foundations of all continents."

"If not for the legacy, everyone would live harmonically."

Lucas gritted his teeth as he still couldn't fathom how ignorant they were. Obviously, the legacy still continued, but yet, here they were, didn't have any motivation to win the legacy. They

simply wanted to live, which wasn't wrong, but not to the point where they had the might to stop the miseries of their people. That was just what they were feeling now.

"Heh... You still can't weigh the effects of the Great World War on the Southern Continent. Why did your predecessors give the responsibilities to you when you can't even act on them? Listen well. I am here for the legacy, but unlike the Northern Continent, I will not kill people to have your land. Since you don't have any intention of winning the legacy and have the power to end this misery, then stand behind me. I will end it."

This was what Lucas noticed in them. Although they had egos, they weren't coming from a thirst for power. Their egos came from the thought of being in order, which meant that whatever was for that place shouldn't be moved anymore.

And as Lucas spoke those words without regard for what he might slander, the elders stood up for the Southern Continent once more, pointing their swords at him as their killing intent swarmed at him. He just simply shrugged his shoulders as he watched them kill him in their minds.

"We might not know how you shattered our blades, but your craftiness has limitations. You

dare to speak as if you know everything when you are just a brat. You are a hundred years early in speaking before us when it comes to things like this. And stop with your gibberish. This is your final warning." The Ninth Elder roared.

Lucas scoffed. "Here you are again with the word brat. Is your ego threatened that you can't understand the word immortal? Or you just didn't want to comprehend it? I already said that I am part of the legacy and you just have to give me the governance of the Southern Continent since you are not motivated to fight for the legacy. I am tired of this and I don't want to proceed with taking you all by using fear to follow me. I am already tired of it, so can you please listen to me without your egos being harmed?"

"Hmph. Why would we even pay attention to your words when they are just meaningless? Immortal? You don't emit the aura of an immortal. I can even see that you are just in the Master Spirit Realm."

Lucas paused as realization hit him. Under his breath, he uttered, "Ah... I forgot that I still compressed my Qi and that shows that my cultivation base is still at the Master Stage. Since you mentioned it, I will fix it for you."

Boom!

It was as if an explosion had suddenly been released by his real cultivation base. It had almost been left uncontrolled, swarming to the very depths of their souls and almost drowning them from the strength of his cultivation Qi. As going on, Lucas's cultivation had reached their cultivation bases, threatening them as well, forcefully making beads of sweat on their foreheads.

"What? Above the General Spirit Realm? Y-You are excellent with your craftiness." The Ninth Elder smirked.

The Eleventh Elder then stood up from his seat, couldn't endure the rage anymore, and exploded with it.

"Such a play! You are good at it, brat! I commend you! But there is an end to it! Ninth Elder, how about you punish him?"

Although some elders were skeptical of it, they didn't stop what the Eleventh Elder suggested as they wanted to see what would happen as well. Furthermore, Lucas had been scratching their curiosity, even though a fellow elder could be threatened, they didn't care. What they simply wanted to see was Lucas's real identity. Even though he had mentioned him participating in the legacy, it wasn't still the time for them to ask what it really meant. They didn't want to make it

look like they were seriously taking Lucas's words.

In the first place, Lucas's presence didn't give any authority or credibility, which made the elders look at Lucas as if he was a joke. And as they thought that he was wasting their time, they didn't want to give a hint that they wanted to listen to him. For some reason, Lucas had insulted their land, which they couldn't take as well, and it resulted in them getting eaten by their strong egos.

"Your egos are much stronger than your capabilities..." Lucas mumbled as he sighed.

"Why is it that their egos were too thick? They couldn't even swallow the pill to listen to another person's suggestion that was not part of the council. This just makes why they didn't listen to the protesters reasonable. Their egos were the reason for it, and they didn't want their beliefs to be questioned by whom they called 'insignificant ones.'"

Lucas raised his hand as he proceeded to provoke them again.

"End of my craftiness? I will let you, it is really a product of my craftiness. But, if it is not, you will face the consequence."

Lucas stepped forward, making the three elders



in front of him budge and move backward. He then stared at the Ninth Elder, who grabbed another elder's sword and pointed it at Lucas.

"Hmph! Do you think I am afraid?"

"I don't think so. Your confidence is coming from your ego, which is difficult to discern if you are really confident about your capabilities. However, I will accept your challenge, but how will it go?"

Provocation might have been Lucas's real specialty. Apart from magic, in the past, Lucas was known for provoking people and making them act differently than they normally do. In that way, Lucas could humiliate people who were under the control of their arrogance.

Even though it was him showing arrogance, he didn't care if it could be hypocritical of him. He had the means and the responsibility at some point, which justified his arrogance. Moreover, at that time, Lucas didn't act for his own satisfaction; it was for everyone's good when he attempted to stop his cousin from using Body Abilities for atrocities.

"Easy. You just have to block this attack."

The Ninth Elder gripped tightly to the hilt of his sword as he gathered his Qi to the tips of his fingers. A second later, the sword lit up with a



violet color, which was an indication for him to point the tip of the blade at Lucas. And just as he was done with his preparation, he smirked, then had a smug face for the last time.

A violent beam of light was launched from the Ninth Elder's sword that could threaten Lucas. And just as everyone anticipated it with smiles on their faces, Lucas snapped it out of existence with the simple flicker of his finger.

'Now that I can fully use my power, there is no reason for me not to use it and prove that I am really an immortal.'

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