



331 Crossing [3]

"Great, then to start with, I will introduce myself properly. I am Lucas White, the Ambassador of the Mortal Heaven." Lucas stated with a wide grin, and as the Emperor looked at him, he couldn't help but snicker. 1

"Please, don't speak as if you are sure."

"Oh, well, I am sure."

In his eyes, the Emperor was staring at Lucas with some intent. He had longed to fight someone stronger than him, but he didn't want to have an easy one. Although he used plenty of tricks in the past, now that he had become an emperor for a longer time, he discovered honor.

[Founder's Aura]

A long and wide light-blue light appeared out of the Emperor's body. As he was already surrounded by Lucas's summoned giant humanoid shadows, the Emperor erased them with some unknown type of technique.

Lucas breathed in briefly, a smirk peeking out of his lips as he hovered back, floating. A dark barrier appeared in front of him, and he was already in defense formation, so he knew he needed to protect himself.



'I can't underestimate him.' Lucas thought as three enormous white swords appeared out of thin air.

Each of them flew at great speed, shattering through the dark barrier, and as Lucas gritted to strengthen it, another number of them appeared and reinforced the attack on the dark barrier.

"You won't destroy this one!" Lucas shouted as he created another layer of dark barrier, but to his surprise, the swords didn't fight back; instead, they went to the sides, ignoring the barrier. After all, it was just a one-sided barrier, so going through the sides would be less hard.

'Homing...' Lucas thought, which was what he called an attack that could follow their enemy.

[Holy Light Shield]

Clanking, deafening sounds reverberated as the shield of light protected Lucas's blind spots. Just before they could even touch him, he swayed his hands in a circle form, moving the surrounding shields to protect him from all sides.

[Origin Art: Stallion of Formless Art]

Creating weird movements, white waving lights appeared and flew, ignoring the swords that the Emperor cast. Within each of those movements were heavy forces that crumbled the ground below. Furthermore, the waving lights became



red as Lucas cast another spell.

[Red Curse]

It should cause corrosion and physical damage. Each pillar that it passed through grumbled down and vanished. They appeared to be metals that were gradually corroding. The pillar became grounded sand.

The Emperor hissed, then protected himself.

[Founder's Protection]

A sphere formed around the Emperor, ignoring the effects of Lucas's attacks.

"You..." the Emperor muttered before he went to move for another attack, but before he could do so, Lucas didn't rest for a second to let him attack. A huge portal appeared below him, pulling him for some reason.

He fought to fly and resisted the force that was pulling him down. But, above him, another portal appeared, but it had a different purpose for him. They were dark, and as the next second passed, black arrows started flying.

The Emperor pulled his sword and attempted to parry them, but he ended up in perplexity as one arrow just passed through his sword, ignoring it and hitting him directly in the thighs. The urge to dodge them while resisting the pull from



below circled his mind. His eyes went for action in this dire situation. He watched the black shadows and dodged them, but another number went to rain, making it hard for him to dodge.

He could only shout, but the pull started to be stronger, and later on, he was sucked into it with the black arrows thrust into his limbs.

[Word Technique: Physical Manner]

[Word Technique: 1000 kilograms pull]

In a short amount of time, before the portal could close, another blinding light emerged. It expanded the portal, destroying it, and at the same time, black arrows dispersed.

A white human figure covered with bright light floated level with Lucas.

[Founder's Power]

"That won't be enough to defeat me... I, who have faced different challenges before and have faced multiple deaths, will not let myself be killed by mere technique. My pride won't let me!" The Emperor shouted as the intensity of the light rose.

On the other hand, Lucas covered his eyes with his hands as he didn't know what would happen next after this blinding light. He couldn't see his surroundings, and his barriers were hard to cast.



He had no choice but to expect to be attacked in every direction.

"This kind of power... It is impossible that you are just a cultivator in the Emperor Stage." Lucas stated.

"I am still in the Emperor Stage, but more powerful than what you would expect. Prepare to die!"

[Founder's Memory]

One slash, two slashes, three slashes, four slashes, five... It progressed to multiple slashes coming from different directions. It was white, unable to be perceived in the blinding light, but the Emperor could see it well as if another vision for him was intact in his eyes. And as the slashes started to fill every gap, they flew at Lucas one by one.

"This is the technique I used to defeat the previous Great Swordsman of Death Attribute... This was the power I used to control his son and his family. This will also defeat him!" The Emperor thought as Lucas's body started accepting each slash from him.

Blood started to be seen as Lucas got damaged in every direction, but as if his body was created from some strong metal that was hard to destroy. They were still intact, but the Emperor

had nothing to worry about, as losing blood would surely kill Lucas. The unending launch of the slashes would put him in a grave situation as well. Confidence had him, and he was sure that there wasn't really anything to be worried about.

A technique would be created for a great amount of time, studying and practicing the effects and methods of activating it. Organizing was also not easy, but the worth was all that was important. It could be worth the same as one person because techniques were developed to protect and kill enemies in the most convenient way possible.

Although some were created for performance, they didn't survive on the battlefield, which gradually became forgotten as time passed. The Great World War was also the reason for it. Preparing each family for greater efforts and recognition drove them to pursue power. Hence, techniques were created.

However, as the light covering the Emperor disappeared, his pupils could only be dilated as Lucas's body was still flying, as if strength was still there that made him float in thin air. This couldn't make him calm, as he was sure that he had pushed his limits; everything was bet on that attack exceeding the power of the technique.

'My Ancestral Techniques should be flawless...
But how can't I see his body falling?'



Thumps hit his chest as if a group of rushing stallions was rampaging inside it. Cold sweats started to appear, his body being eaten by worries as every second passed. He couldn't be more worried; he was now bathing in his own sweat.

He wasn't afraid of death; he was more afraid of disappointing himself.

"What the hell happened...? That should have killed him!"

"You... have pushed everything on that, huh?" Lucas's hoarse voice reached the Emperor's ears. **"You didn't expect me to survive that, right?"**

The light totally disappeared from his body, and only the light from the moon gave him the vision to see Lucas's status.

His body was still intact, but it didn't seem to be normal that it could be even healed back to its previous state, as a disturbing number of wounds showed the bones. To the Emperor, Lucas was just alive because of his Magique Qi, but, to the Emperor, it wasn't a thing to be happy about. He was still alive, and that fact was more concerning to him.

Lucas's face seemed to be rotting. There was no blood to drop or clot his wounds, and as Lucas



was breathing and talking in front of him, the Emperor couldn't think rationally. Everything that had been causing him to be composed had betrayed him.

"Oh... you haven't seen this, huh. I guess that makes me immortal since no normal attacks could kill me, which means that your attacks were normal." Lucas stated as slowly, his body started to get back its flesh and the bones were gradually covered with the flesh that appeared. "They were nothing to my body, but I still protected myself as I am not immune to pain. Your attack lacked divinity, which means it won't be able to kill me, but it could be painful to let them."

"W-what... You are an immortal?"

"Hmm... Yeah..."

Lucas's body completely returned to its previous state, without wounds and everything, as if he had healed.

"Ah... maybe you have got to have the wrong idea. Having my body back is not part of the immortality that I have. This is just an effect of a Healing Spell from my light affinity, which was different from the one that this world has."

