



342 Preparation for Everything

"Pirate Lands...?" **1**

"Yes, but before that, there is something I want to warn you about. I already announced you as my successor in training, and the whole Four Heavens already knows about that. Hence, people will try to kill you from different Heavens to at least have you in control, or kill you for me to have another successor."

It was messed up. As Lucas continued to listen to Xiulong, he couldn't ignore the fact that the Four Heavens were divided, and no one could easily travel through Heavens without proper reason or even permission from the Ambassador of each Heaven. And if someone could just make their way through the Ambassador, what's their purpose anyway?

Lucas was troubled, and the more he connected things, the more he got confused, making him express his worries.

"How could that be possible? For what reason are they going to kill me?"

"You might be thinking that Ambassadors are that powerful. No, Ambassadors are just representatives of the Divine Emperor. As long as he lets them pass through Ambassadors, they



can just pass through Ambassadors.

Furthermore, Ambassadors are already deities, allowed to go to the Celestial Heaven and Divine Overlord Heaven, but it doesn't mean they will personally descend to kill you."

"Wait... wait... wait... What do you mean, Xiulong?"

"Deities will try to get control of the lower heavens through their disciples. From different branches of families to the lower Heavens, Family Head Deities can send messages to the lower branches of their families, and most possibly, an immortal from the Immortal Heaven will try to kill you on the mission given to them by their Main Family Head. The number of deities that will attempt, I don't know."

"Xiulong. Explain to me first, why would they target me?"

"You are weak... incompetent, and through you, they will have control of the Mortal Heaven. If only they could replace you. I have no power to stop that, Lucas. Please forgive me. They could always challenge my decision, on the pretext of choosing the best successor. And I have to follow that since it is the law of the Divine Emperor."

Lucas was speechless. His face was blank as he thought about it more. And thinking about Xiulong's power, he couldn't help but belittle it



slightly as he thought that he could at least help him. But, realizing that he had already prepared for this by fighting different people to become the Divine Emperor, then, this wouldn't be a problem for him if he just trained to become strong, in contrast to what he called "weak."

"So, the question is, why did you announce it?"

As soon as Lucas asked that question, Xiulong lowered his eyes.

"It is to divert attention. I must do something, so I hope you hang around a little bit before I return."

"What do you mean? Are you limited in words, Xiulong?"

Xiulong sighed. "I will investigate something, so in the meantime, I hope you play with them first and get their attention while I leave the Mortal Heaven."

Lucas noticed how serious Xiulong's eyes were, and for sure, they weren't simple.

'So, he wants to use me as someone who'll entertain these deities' disciples...? What a messed-up legacy, but it should not be a burden to me. However, if what he says is really important, then I should not be worried about it. Xiulong gave me his essence, if I meant to die, he should know that the legacy he gave me failed,



which meant that his essence was just put to waste.'

"Okay... Then, explain to me what I needed to do. Where they'll appear, and what could you do to help me?"

Lucas moved to sit on a bench near where Pearl was standing. She was gathering her Qi into her palm, and Lucas was observing the movements of her hands and the details that were added to the extension she created.

'At first, I was thinking of making a horrible extension to make it more menacing. But, where's the fun? If it is menacing, enemies will already be vigilant about it, which is less than being afraid. So, to make it an advantage for her, it should be sweet, not scary.' Lucas thought as he watched the paws that were starting to form on Pearl's hand.

Instead of making it a simple extension, Lucas wanted to teach Pearl to change her hands into paws. And as he still wasn't done with his creation of martial techniques for her paws, he was still thinking of her control over the paws.

"Are these really just materialized? Why can I feel that they were originally part of my limbs?" Pearl uttered.





"That is what is good in [Transformation]. It was hard to create such a technique since I had to take it from illusion, but after some calculations of the particles of your Qi, I was able to create a small portion of the technique, even if it was just for your limbs."

"Lucas... I can feel my Qi easily flowing in my new hands, I mean paws."

Lucas snickered, then looked carefully at her paws. From a distance, he discerned how the Qi flowed in her paws. And as he could see them, a smile appeared on his face, as slowly, the more Qi flowed, the more it became realistic.

The white paws, with short nails just like a cat, pink pads making it more adorable, and soft and smooth fur that felt like a brushing sweet breeze.

"Hmm... I think you are still not ready." Lucas said which shocked Pearl. It had already been a month since they were training, and for him to say that she was still not ready meant that all of her efforts were in vain.

To Pearl's surprise, she changed her paws back to hands and approached Lucas with a terrified expression.

"Why? Why am I not ready?"

Seeing how funny Pearl's expression had



become, Lucas chuckled, but despite it, he could still see her fairy-like features.

"Transformation is a godly technique that could kill anyone without any worries. You could add your size, but you couldn't make yourself smaller, as your control over your blessed constitution is still not at its best. I know that you have been practicing this for a whole month, but I could still see small flaws in the details, and it could cause your concentration to fall."

"What does that mean, Lucas?"

Lucas shook his head. "It didn't mean anything. You, of all people, should know that your concentration on making your paws real was still weak. I even adjusted your meridians to make your illusion better at materializing and had some of your passages adapt to what you changed. But, for a small paw, I still think that you are still not ready."

Pearl listened to him carefully, and after some thoughts, realizing what he said, she sighed in disappointment at herself.

"You don't have to push yourself too much. You are still young, you still have time to master it."

"Look who's talking as if you are not young yourself. By the way, I haven't asked you this. How could you be so smart to create things such



as this? I mean, you have been guiding all of us with that smart brain of yours. Who is your master, Lucas?"

Lucas snickered and leaped from his seat. He went to Pearl and ruffled her hair, which had been his habit when he was with her. And as he ruffled them, Pearl pouted in dislike of what Lucas was doing.

"That is obvious, it is because I am smart. Isn't that a simple question, Pearl? I don't need a master, since I am a master myself."

"Whatever."

For most of the rest of the month, Lucas was just visiting those he was training for some reason. Pearl, Wilford, Manigi, Gabriel, Jake, and others had been under Lucas's training. They started to feel changes in their training and techniques, which was the result of his concentration.

Since the war was over, Lucas was able to focus more on their meridians, which helped him understand more about what they needed to improve. It wasn't just helpful for him but also to them.

But out of all of this training, he was conducting to specific people, there was one person who was envious of them, feeling little of herself as



she wasn't part of Lucas's disciples.

Yuna watched Pearl and Lucas again, happy and productive in their training. She had thought of it, "What if Lucas trains me as well? Will it help us connect more, and eventually get him to approve of being my husband? But, what could a husband and wife do when they weren't even talking or communicating?"

It was an answer to Yuna's question. Lucas's lack of attention to her meant that he wasn't interested in her. And the more she thought of it, the more it became painful to her.

She could only replay her memories with Lucas when he was still personally training her, cultivating a new type of cultivation that could give her aptitude for Spatial Mystical Arts.

"How envious is it to see them happy like that? Are they already in love with each other?" Yuna asked herself the most questions that she was afraid to have an answer to.