



93 Lukros [2]

"These people, why are they still not afraid of me? They appeared to be drowning in disbelief. What's wrong with them? Were they unable to think properly? Uhm... I think I should check more things about them." 1

Lukros's eyes only ventured around the whole wide land that had been exposed as soon as he destroyed an artifact (treasure) wall. And as it was destroyed, the space behind became an extremely wide plain, just in between two great rock forms.

Lukros only scoffed at how weak the artifact was. Or rather, he might perhaps note to call it a treasure, just what the term in this world is, but for the sake of noting it to himself, he should not focus more on it.

Going back to his observation, these people were hiding from something or someone. And realizing that their souls were tainted, he couldn't help but resist the temptation to absorb all of them.

But when he remembered his master's words, "not mindlessly absorbing tainted souls," he



sighed in frustration as he only watched them attack him.

Lukros dissipated the crimson ball of light, called Forsaken Spirit, the cultivators below him sighed in relief.

"He must have drained his Qi! Attack him all at once." Commander Xiaorong commanded.

Lukros just pouted and widened his eyes.

"Huh? My energy was not drained though," he mumbled to himself.

Lukros faced tens of cultivators with different pointed weapons covered in different colors. Those colors were the aura that had been covering their weapons, and as Lukros noticed that their weapons also had life, he pondered.

"This is why it felt like there was a settlement here. Those presences of souls must be coming from those weapons which I have pressed since the beginning."

Lukros sighed and then faced them. As they flew just to reach him, Lukros suddenly descended then created a fire just in his grasp.

Commander Xiaorong and the rest noticed it. But even with how surprised they were, they



couldn't ignore the fact that Lukros is an enemy they should kill.

They were exposed, and if it's too late, even if he is the only one attacking their base, it would still put them at a disadvantage since they could be tracked at this point.

Commander Xiaorong and his company were planning to ambush Yuna Xiao. Just after their spy learned her schedule, they planned to wait for her to let her guard down and then attack.

Yuna was one of the strongest cultivators on the Eastern continent. Aside from others that were stronger than her, Yuna was important for them to kill since she held much political power over the land.

Commander Xiaorong only sighed as he noticed that the fire on both hands of Lukros started being thrown.

"Just where can they get mystical arts these days? I thought the emperor had already taken all of it from the previous war." Commander Xiaorong mumbled to himself.

And as Commander Xiaorong realized he had been thinking much, he shook his head.



"Really? Why am I even considering that they were just hiding their real faces..."

Lukros, on the other hand, was enjoying the fight. There were plenty of martial techniques been used just to take him down. But before they could even really touch him, his fire was burning them into ashes.

"At least, this way you'll have a chance to reincarnate or be forgiven," Lukros uttered as he continued killing each of them that tries to attack him.

Lucas's words were all about the souls to Lukros. As he knew that the souls being absorbed would lessen their chance to go to the afterlife, even taking it, he warned Lukros not to mindlessly absorb tainted souls, as they still deserve a chance.

Of course, Lucas wasn't being benevolent or reverent here. He only understood them since ever since he became immortal, his only wish was to go to the afterlife and have a rest.

And erasing their souls by absorbing them won't put them at peace.

Lukros noted Lucas's words as he continued burning the cultivators that approached him.



And as the number of dead cultivators reached 100, they were starting to be wary of him.

"What's with this bastard?! Is he a leader from this continent? A king? Or a patriarch of a known family? What's with this absurd supply of energy?!"

They were being hysterical as they panicked over the fact that they still hadn't scratched Lukros. And as they were starting to get tired of him and even be wary of him, Lukros only smiled.

"So you all are starting to be afraid of me? Is this truly pitiful? Who are you anyway?"

"I"

They were all shocked as Lukros said those mindless words. And as they realized that Lukros might be just spouting nonsense, one cultivator asked.

"What do you mean by that? You didn't know that we are from the Northern Continent? How stupid. You killed our comrades!"

Lukros pondered after receiving an answer from them. And just as he sunk them into his mind, he smirked.



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Lukros scoffed, then covered his mouth with his left hand. He then laid his eyes on them with disdain.

"Calling my alchemy a mystical art? What a truly annoying insect you are."

Lukros suddenly covered his hands in flame and cast it on them from above. And as they anticipated the flames touching them, Commander Xiaorong appeared, protecting them with his sword, cutting the flames in two.

Lukros noticed that the flames were covering a part of the plains. It was as if he was connected with the fire that he felt the flames of the fire being cut in two. And after it, the fire slowly dissipated, exposing an elder in a Tang suit.

"You are a problematic foe. May I have the honor of knowing your name?" Commander Xiaorong said to Lukros, who was now on the same level as him after flying to cut through the flames.

"Uhm. that won't work. Because I am thinking of killing you, just in case you don't know." Lukros said, which made Commander Xiaorong surprised.

Commander Xiaorong became silent for a few seconds, then suddenly, he burst into laughter as



he pointed at Lukros while laughing like there's no tomorrow.

Looking at it, Lukros only pondered how it was funny even though it wasn't even a joke. He could only shake his head as he also pointed his fingers at Commander Xiaorong.

"Are you getting tired of your life? Perhaps you need a rest, dumbass." Commander Xiaorong said, mocking him which made his subordinates laugh.

Lukros only sighed.

"Was that a trash talk? It felt like I was meeting an unreasonable kid in a playground." Then a memory flashed in Lukros's mind as he recalled his past from what he had just said.

Commander Xiaorong was surprised by it, not because he knew what it means, but how confusing it was.

"What kind of shit have these people on the eastern continent been eating?" he muttered.

Lukros eyes were laid on Commander Xiaorong as he snickered as well at that point.

"What's your name?" Lukros asked.



Snickering, Commander Xiaorong retorted. "No can do. You are supposed to die as well."

Then, in an instant, Commander Xiaorong well-gripped his sword as a profound light covered his beautifully made double-edged sword.

Lukros snickered as in the next seconds, he knew that Commander Xiaorong appeared before him, holding the sword and ready to slash him with it. But before an injury could result, Lukros immediately covered his body with solid-like flames, making it as if his protection.

A clanging sound, as if metal hit another metal, resounded. Even though it was only a flame, Lukros put a metal particle in his costumed fire, which also made Commander Xiaorong surprised.

"How could a fire make such a sound? Y-You! What are you?"

It can't be a mystical art, right? Things appear to be too perplexing as it is. Just before Lukros could answer him, another attack was launched, being encouraged by Commander Xiaorong's subordinates.

Lukros dodged the attack at this time. Even with



how fast the next series of attacks were, he dodged them perfectly, making Commander Xiaorong irritated.

"How strong are you, dumbass?"

Lukros smirked. "Does that even make you confident? Such weak words for a weak character."

Then, Lukros went down, suddenly printing an alchemy circle in a fragment of seconds. And after that, a formed-metal as a sword was now in his grasp, smirking as well as he gazed at Commander Xiaorong's irritated face.