

# **Sage's Cultivation: Mage in Cultivation World**

## **Chapter 1 - Mage in Cultivation World [1]**

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"No way, I'm still alive."

As the young man stood alone in the middle of a mysterious, paved road, surrounded by towering trees, he gasped for breath and checked his body. To his astonishment, he found himself not only alive but in pristine condition, despite the chaos he remembered causing moments before. With a robe that gleamed as though untouched, and a hood that had been both attached and removed unscathed, the bewildered teenager couldn't fathom what had just transpired.

He gently touched his temple, struggling to piece together the events leading to his current location. In the air, he sensed an unfamiliar energy, one that seemed to embrace his spirit. As he painstakingly reconstructed his fragmented memories, he couldn't help but mutter in disbelief, "I'm still alive after all."

Lucas was a rogue but renowned mage in his prime. Standing above the hall of mages, he acquired the title of "Sage" from his achievement of being all-knowing in the field of magic. After years of studies, he finally defied mortality.

But just after that, he regretted living a long life, knowing that nothing could kill him anymore in his world.

Because of it, he acquired a shackle, the shackle of immortality, which made him not die from natural causes. This also meant he couldn't be killed in a normal way.

Thus, after living a thousand years, observing the generation flow to different eras, he appeared to be lonely in that world despite some companies with him, knowing that he couldn't take a rest, called death.

He knew that he couldn't be killed by anyone since he had become the strongest human alive, so he secluded himself from civilization to search for an answer.

Therefore, he searched for the legendary sword that was said to be in the legends, the only artifact that could harm a perfect being - the God Slayer.

After searching for it for years, a smile emerged on his face. He was delighted that he could finally take a rest.

So, he stabbed himself with it... only to discover that he was still alive, albeit in a younger body.

It appeared that the legendary sword was a scam.

"Why can't I die?" A tear welled in his eyes as his face contorted with pain and he slammed his fist into the ground.

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Living in despair away from mortality, he felt that nothing in the world could fill his empty heart since he already knew everything about magic – or what he thought was the peak of magic.

Sometime later, after soothing himself from his despair, he breathed calmly. He realized that after he stabbed himself, he didn't only regain his youthful appearance, but he could also feel a strange energy in the air. Though, there was more that had changed inside of him that he still didn't notice.

Almost forgetting about his remorse, he was dazed, trying to control the energy in the air.

"This place is surrounded by some abundant strange energy. Don't tell me... am I in the afterlife?"

He thought that he had finally died. Seeing that it wasn't the same as his world, the feeling wasn't the same as being alive, he cheered himself up by shouting all by himself and jumping in delight.

"I finally died. This must be the afterlife!"

Excited about his impending death, he peered around him. He saw abundant trees, greenery, and clean air.

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However, if this was the afterlife, how could he still feel his passive abilities present?

He had dazed once again, pondering what had happened.

"I still have a connection with the wind. It has to be my affinity with the wind. But, should be afterlife another life?"

But just before he could cry once again, he heard the stomping footsteps of horses. He heard a carriage coming in his direction.

He looked for the carriage, only to be confused by its bizarre appearance. The coachman was also wearing a strange fashioned robe. 'Does the afterlife have a different fashion?' He asked himself while still wondering about their appearance.

From afar, the coachman saw a young man in bizarre clothes. He was wearing a robe in a different style. To be precise, he didn't close his robe, making it look like a cape, and left it wide open, revealing his undergarments.

But the coachman wasn't surprised. He just pondered, as he saw that the undergarments (undershirt & shorts) of the young man were also expensive-looking thick cloth. His robe also had a hood that differed from the climate they have. Although all over bizarre, he saw people like him in the past.

Without bothering about it, they just passed through the young man.

However, Lucas seeing another human was filled with hope to know what happened to him.

"Wait!" He called out.

The coachman took a halt to his driving. He asked his master inside if they should pay attention to the young man.

The master inside just peeked outside, seeing a handsome young man in a strange fashion outfit.

"Don't mind him. He must be another crazy fashion designer that is hoping to have a breakthrough in his career. And doing it at the middle of nowhere, there's nothing to gain from him." He said before the coachman continued.

Lucas was feeling frustrated and angry after being subjected to mean behavior from others. He was questioning whether he was in the afterlife or in a different world. He mumbled to himself, expressing his confusion and disbelief at the meanness of the people around him. He then tried to shake off these negative thoughts by shaking his head, indicating a desire to forget about the situation.

He moved on. He just went to activate a flight spell as he wanted to inspect the area and built some theories of where he should be.

When he successfully used a spell, he finally realized that something was wrong. It's not that he was dead, but he wasn't really in the afterlife.

Lucas skimmed the area and seeing that there was nothing much difference to his world except the strange abundant energy, he had an idea of what could have happened that brought him here. And after a few minutes of consideration, he realized something.

"Don't tell me that that sword wasn't a God Slayer. But a... transporter to another world. To think that I discovered such a treasure."

Finally regaining his composure, Lucas felt a sudden shift in his emotions as the despondency that had gripped his heart suddenly dissipated. Instead, he was overtaken by a sense of hope and optimism, as if a new chapter was about to unfold in his life. The thought of being able to escape the monotony and repetition of his current existence filled him with a renewed sense of purpose, and he felt a stirring of excitement at the prospect of starting anew and forging a different path for himself. Despite the uncertainty of what lay ahead, Lucas was determined to seize this opportunity to live a more fulfilling life, one that would not be defined by his past mistakes or regrets.

"This must be a hidden gift," he grinned, soaring further into the sky.

After building his thoughts, he decided to land in a group of people fighting some sort of monster.

"Time to test my power in another world." He said this after determining the source of the strange energy that surrounded him.

The young warriors were completely absorbed in their intense battle against a formidable monster. They were locked in a fierce contest for control of the monster with another group that was also present in the field. Lucas had quietly descended nearby, unnoticed by the preoccupied combatants, who were too focused on defeating the monstrous creature. The monster itself was massive and imposing, with razor-sharp claws and teeth, and a powerful physique that made it a formidable opponent. The two groups of young warriors were equally matched, but their determination and courage were unwavering, and they continued to fight fiercely, determined to claim ownership of the monster. The battle was intense and chaotic, with the sound of clashing weapons and the roars of the monster filling the air. Despite their youth, the fighters displayed skill and bravery that belied their years, and the outcome of the battle was uncertain.

"Listen up, we've been tracking this prey for hours, it's ours and we won't share."

"Ha! You call yourselves strong cultivators? We're the best in the land, and we won't let some inexperienced amateurs steal our prize."

"You don't understand, this prey is crucial for our group's survival, we won't let anyone else have it."

"Oh please, survival? This is about the thrill of the hunt and the prestige of being the first to bring down such a magnificent creature."

"You're all talk and no action, move aside or face the consequences."

"Try us, we've been in tougher battles and come out on top, this hunt is ours."

Lucas stood at the edge of the clearing, observing the two groups as they fiercely battled for the ownership of the living monster. He shook his head in disbelief as he watched their foolish behavior. He couldn't help but laugh at their naivety, thinking how easy it would be to deceive them.

The thrill of a challenge surged through his veins, as he considered the possibility of toying with the young, inexperienced individuals. He relished the thought of playing with their minds, manipulating their emotions, and watching them squirm under his control.

Lucas was once a master of deceit, a master of manipulation. He enjoyed the thrill of outwitting others, and this situation presented the perfect opportunity to showcase his skills. He could already imagine the expressions on their faces as he played with their emotions and shattered their confidence.

The thought of making the youngsters feel vulnerable, exposing their weaknesses, and revealing their secrets was exhilarating to Lucas. He licked his lips in anticipation, eager to unleash his teasing on the unsuspecting individuals.

Lucas's eyes gleamed with a mischievous glint as he plotted his next move, eager to test his abilities and see how far he could push the young, inexperienced individuals. However, such thoughts of entertaining himself had to place right now. He still had to test his power in this world, as well as learn one or two about it.

Lucas focused all of his energy on his index finger, directing it toward the fearsome monster they were battling. His eyes glimmered with determination as he raised his hand, ready to unleash a powerful beam of energy that he had been building up within himself. With a relaxed face, he let loose a burst of raw energy that arced toward the monster, striking it with a bright flash of light. The beast let out a fierce roar as the energy coursed through its body, causing it to convulse and shake. Despite its size and strength, the monster was no match for the raw power that Lucas had unleashed upon it.

Everyone was stunned when they saw the slain creature, quickly looking around for the one responsible.

The group that didn't catch the creature was irate, pointing accusingly at another group. "Did you steal our prey?" they demanded.

However, they didn't answer. Instead, they pointed to Lucas, who was gleaming on his own after he released a spell.

The leader couldn't believe his eyes. He had never seen anyone take down a creature with just one hit.

Lucas couldn't help but smile when he saw their surprise, relieved that he could still use an offensive spell in this strange world.

He waved at them before speaking. "How are you doing? Can't you just distribute it? It's my property anyway, so I'm giving it to you." He nonchalantly said, making others annoyed at his arrogance.

Despite their best efforts, they couldn't hide their agitation at Lucas's show of power.

The group was taken aback by Lucas's strength, wondering what could bring someone of his caliber to this novice forest.

"Uhm. Thank you, but it is yours. We can't just take it." One of them said.

However, being in a bizarre situation, Lucas replied in excitement. "I don't have any use for it. Instead, I have a question. Can you answer it for me?"

With a little skeptical feeling inside them, they looked at each other, trying to calmly manage the situation their group was in.

"Okay. We will answer it. But can we ask first which sect you are from? Or at least, who is this young master we are talking to? "

They tried to sweeten their words so as not to offend Lucas. Not just to know his background, but to also learn why he wore a different type of robe.

Even though it shouted wealth, they couldn't just ignore the bizarre design of Lucas's robe.

"I really can't answer that. So can you at least answer these questions of mine?" Lucas asked.

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The whole novel will be a bit confusing as I establish the novel. Some points, you might think that magic is a bit superior to cultivation. Well, it is not, and never will be. As there were different ways to use cultivation, in a higher realm or upper heaven, magic was possible for cultivators, well, immortals exactly. However, because Lucas was a foreign entity in the lower heavens, the disparity between cultivation and magic was too great. It has a huge gap, but I just want to remind you that the current realm, or the starting realm Lucas was transported to, was the lowest heaven of them all. It will be explained in chapters 10 and above, but it won't be that widely explained as Lucas ventures and experiences the whole cultivation world.

At some point, the novel will give you an idea that magic is not something to be compared to cultivation. Well, this might be bad, but I discourage that idea. In the novel,

magic was just part of the feats that cultivators could do. However, as Lucas was an immortal mage from his previous world, he was already introduced to magic.

This will be really confusing, but instead of spoiling things to explain why it might put a bad taste in your mouth, I request that you read and understand it before jumping to a conclusion. If you can't have any patience, I am sorry that I can't entertain you.

Expect unique cultivations. That's what I'll drop as an explanation for the confusing parts.