

Sage's Cultivation: Mage in Cultivation World

Chapter 13 - The Young Lady with Silver Hair [1]

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Lucas ventured into the forest, eager to hunt down some monsters. He was confident in his physical abilities, honed with years worth of spiritual energy, and was ready to face any challenge that came his way. Although he didn't have a weapon, he was determined to rely on his pure force and spiritual energy-covered arms.

As he walked deeper into the forest, a massive green frog appeared before him. It was an abnormality in size, but Lucas was unaware that these kinds of monsters were common in this world. A look of disgust crossed his face as he prepared for battle.

The monster locked eyes with Lucas and launched its long, poisonous tongue in his direction. But Lucas was quick, dodging the attack with ease. He then shot pressure from his pointed arms, hoping to cause some damage. Although it was only shallow, Lucas was still impressed with himself.

"You managed to protect yourself, but how long can you survive a direct hit?" Lucas growled.

With a deep breath, he charged at the monster, plunging his pointed arms into its neck. The monster died instantly, and a foul odor filled the air. Lucas was repulsed by the sight and smell of the green fluid gushing from the monster's body.

"I've hated frogs since I was a kid. They're just so disgusting," he grumbled as he searched the monster's body for a monster core. He found it easily, tucked away in its forehead, and quickly grabbed it before any of the blood could touch his skin.

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Despite his efforts, Lucas was only able to find three more cores, all from monsters at the 8th level of the Apprentice Spirit Realm. Disappointed, he continued his search, but the chances of finding a materialized core were low.

"What a waste of time," Lucas muttered. "I have no idea how much a martial technique is worth, but I doubt it's much. I could probably sell one of these monster cores for 50 gold coins, but that's not enough to make a significant difference."

Despite his discouragement, Lucas pressed on, determined to make the most of his journey. He soon felt a powerful source of energy that he couldn't ignore. He followed it, prepared to face any formidable monster that might be guarding it.

As he got closer to the source, he finally saw what it was. A woman with silver hair was lying on a bed of clover leaves, covered in wounds. Without thinking, Lucas rushed to her side and cradled her head in his lap.

The silver-haired lady lay crumpled on the forest floor, her body wracked with pain. Her once-beautiful skin was now marred by deep wounds that seemed to have been inflicted by claws. She trembled, her teeth gritted in anger and disappointment.

Her mind raced with the memory of being betrayed by her closest friend, a wound that went far deeper than the physical ones covering her body. How could this have happened to her? Everyone in her social circle was aware of it, but she had been blissfully ignorant.

Jealousy and envy were the root cause of her suffering. Her peers were envious of her beauty and resented her for it, smiling to her face while secretly speaking ill of her behind her back.

She had thought that she and her friends would continue to grow and ascend to the Upper Heaven together. But after the betrayal, she was cast down to the Mortal Heaven, her wounds slow to heal due to the weaker spiritual energy. She had exhausted her own spiritual energy in an attempt to save herself, only to find herself surrounded by women who coveted her death.

Despite her efforts to escape, she was now powerless, her wounds open and exposed to the elements. The wound that appeared to have come from a monster was actually inflicted by the jealousy of her friends.

With a weak and ragged breath, she cried out, "Why did I even escape?..." She wondered why she had been foolish enough to believe that she could escape death. If only she had accepted it, she could have found peace and rest.

But she couldn't bear the thought of her friends rejoicing at her death, their eerie grins a constant reminder of their treachery.

She let out a pained gasp, tears streaming down her face and stinging her wounds. She groaned in agony with every movement, her body a testament to the cruelty and betrayal she had suffered.

"Help me... Please end my suffering," she whispered, her voice barely audible through her sobs. The wounds covering her body seemed to have taken her last ounce of

energy, leaving her weak and desperate. But just as she was ready to give up, a glimmer of hope appeared.

A young man approached, his strong arms cradling her delicate form. Tears streamed down her face as she pleaded for death, but the young man asked, "Why do you wish for death? Is there no other way?"

"The pain is too much to bear," she whispered, her voice trembling with exhaustion. "I've been abandoned by everyone, and no one in this mortal world can heal me."

"But what if I can help?" The young man's voice was soft and kind, full of compassion. "What if I can ease your suffering and heal your wounds?"

She looked up at him with a flicker of hope in her eyes, then slowly shook her head. "I don't want to be healed," she said, her voice filled with anger. "I want them to pay for what they've done to me."

The young man's smile never wavered. He carefully laid her down on a bed of soft clovers and began to chant. A warm light emanated from his hands, enveloping her in its soothing embrace. Bit by bit, her wounds started to close and her body became lighter as the pain subsided.

The young man's strength wavered as he worked tirelessly to heal her, but he refused to stop until she was completely cured. When he was done, she looked up at him with gratitude in her eyes. The once pale and broken young lady was now radiant and full of life, the memory of her suffering slowly fading away.

She groaned softly as she struggled to sit up. She looked over at the young man who had just saved her, taking in his appearance. He was handsome, with a strong jawline and bright eyes, but she couldn't help but wonder how someone with such a low cultivation base could have saved her.

"Thank you for saving me," she said, her voice filled with gratitude. "If you don't mind, can I ask how I can repay you?"

The young man smiled, but it quickly faded as he swayed unsteadily on his feet. "Don't worry about it," he said, trying to brush her off.

She was having none of it. "Please," she said, rising to her feet and steadying him before he could fall. "Tell me how I can repay you."

The young man was quiet for a moment, his eyes distant. "I really don't know," he finally admitted.

The two of them stood in silence, the young lady lost in thought. She couldn't believe how much effort it must have taken to heal her, especially with such a low cultivation

base. She decided that she had nothing to lose by offering him a favor. After all, this realm was not the right place for her anyway.

"How about this," she said, her voice filled with determination. "I'll help you ascend to the Upper Heaven."