

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

## **Chapter 2 - Mage in Cultivation World [2]**

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With tension thick in the air, everyone exchanged wary glances. They had reluctantly agreed to Lucas's enigmatic proposal, unsure of his true intentions.

"Alright," he began, his voice a mere whisper of intrigue, "let's start with the simplest question: What do you do for a living?"

The disciples, adorned in the distinctive garb of their respective sects, exchanged perplexed glances. They were seasoned practitioners of their arts, dedicated to their paths.

"We hail from the Night Light Sect," one ventured to explain.

"And we are disciples of the Lotus Seeker Sect," another chimed in.

Lucas furrowed his brow, disbelief etching lines on his face. "Hold on a moment. You're disciples?" His words hung in the air, leaving a palpable sense of mystery. Who was this enigmatic stranger, unaware of the significance of their roles?

One of them stepped forward, clearing their throat before speaking. "In the cultivation world, we join sects to learn from powerful individuals and practice cultivation. The disciples are divided into three groups: the outer court, the inner court, and the core disciples. We, outer court disciples, are considered to have average talent, while the inner court disciples have more talent and live semi-luxurious life. The core disciples are the cultivation geniuses."

Lucas listened intently, still not quite comprehending everything. "And what's cultivation?"

The disciples rolled their eyes, used to having to explain the basics to newcomers. "Cultivation is the practice of martial and mystical arts to become powerful and increase longevity. We absorb Qi to cultivate and practice cultivation."

Lucas's eyes lit up with understanding. "I see, so this world doesn't practice magic as I do."

"Magic?" the disciples echoed, looking at him in confusion.

"Yes, in my world I was a mage, practicing spells to improve my energy or mana," Lucas explained. "But I'm excited at the prospect of starting a new path and becoming a cultivator."

'To start on it, I need to be a disciple of a sect.'

"Which one of you would let me join their sect?"

Everyone just smiled awkwardly, hesitating to decline his request.

"I-I don't think you can join our sect."

"Yes! Ours too!"

"Can I ask why?" Lucas asked.

Though they seemed to be reluctant, they were terrified of him, as his expression had been nonchalant since the beginning. He might be a practitioner of some evil act, so they couldn't bother recommending him despite his talent.

"It's because we are already full!"

"Full? There's – ah! Right! We are also full! We don't accept disciples anymore."

Even though they couldn't decide for themselves, they just declined Lucas face-to-face, even though they had to die since they couldn't endanger their sect from him.

Lucas just nodded simultaneously before speaking. "I understand. I guess I have to study this place first before I decide what to do."

Forget about dying! He could still live a different life since there were people who lived long lives. And with the effect of cultivation on people's longevity, he couldn't just imagine life as a cultivator.

'I must see it for myself! But these youngsters... I know they're intimidated by me. They're just ants in the cultivation world since they wouldn't dare to be rude to me.'

Lucas thought to himself.

"I understand. I'll be on my way," he said before activating a spell to fly.

Everyone who saw him was surprised and gasped in awe. Had they just been speaking equally with an expert? His powerful attack was understandable since he was indeed an expert!

"An expert who talks calmly with us?"

"What an odd expert. Why wouldn't he prove himself to join our sect?"

"Forget about it. Maybe he was just messing with us since we're weaklings in his eyes."

"Right! That person is probably bored with life near the peak of cultivation."

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The group was silent for a moment. They had forgotten about their argument over the monster.

"Let's divide it in half and pretend we never met," one of them said.

"I'll swallow my pride and take some material since neither of us killed it," another agreed.

Thankfully, there was no monster core. If there was, they would've continued to fight over it.

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While flying, Lucas considered his next steps in this new world.

"Do I have to stop being a mage just to become a cultivator? Starting a new life path is exciting, but being a mage is part of who I am," he mumbled to himself.

Although he didn't feel attached to his previous world, he couldn't abandon his life as a mage.

"I can't ignore my mage abilities. Although I don't have a thirst for power, having a purpose is still exciting. I'll refrain from using magic until I'm well-versed in cultivation. First, I need to study this world's culture," he added, checking the wind for the nearest city or town.

After flying for over half an hour, he spotted a city in the distance. According to the wind, the city had at least 5,000 inhabitants, enough for him to gather valuable information.

Lucas landed in the city and was taken aback by the reaction of the people.

When the guards saw a figure of a person flying, they ordered the citizens to evacuate the area for the expert.

Experts are extremely talented and powerful cultivators who shouldn't be offended by normal situations, so the area was cleared for them to descend.

As soon as Lucas landed, the guards all bowed to him in admiration.

"Welcome to our humble city, Senior!" they greeted.

Lucas was stunned by the scene. Why would they bow to a stranger?

In his previous world, people who had an aptitude for the wind could fly, so this kind of thing wasn't normal for him.

"I guess this world views flying people as seniors," he thought.

"Um, okay," he answered, unsurely, as the guards lifted their heads.

"What can we help you with, Senior?" one of the guards asked.

Lucas didn't show his shock and remained cool and confident.

Even though he was dressed oddly, the guards didn't pay attention to it. There were people who loved trying new things, and they couldn't waste the opportunity to interact with an expert.

"I'm looking for information. Where can I ask for it?" Lucas asked.

"The landlord can answer any questions you have. If you don't mind, we can take you to see him." One of them bluntly requested as if the other didn't expect it. He bumped his co-worker to halt his bluntness.

However, Lucas was so intrigued by it that he just let one of the guards continue.

"Speak. I am all ears." Lucas said.

The guard nodded before continuing. "The landlord is seeking help from experts for his daughter. If you don't mind, Senior, we can take you to the landlord to help you with your problem. If you don't mind." The guard said, explaining almost everything he needed to know.

But Lucas thought of it as an opportunity. If this landlord turned out to be a wealthy person or at least influential, he could borrow some books to read about the world.

"Okay. I get it. Bring me to your lord." Lucas answered, finally speaking his decision.

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a/n: I'm working on this new novel called 'Returner Creates the First Mecha System.' It's got cultivation, magic, mecha, gadgets, artifacts, and system elements. The story's about Jaxon, the MC, who wants to save the world. But get this—he gets thrown ten years back in time and suddenly gains this mysterious power that gives an artifact an ego, now helping him. There's a lot happening in the story, fighting giant monsters and

dragons with his mecha, but trust me, it's gonna be exciting because I've mixed in all these loved elements. And don't worry, I've made sure everything feels smooth with harmony.