

Sage's Cultivation: Mage in Cultivation World

Chapter 21 - Instead, it will hasten it

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Outside the city, a multitude of cultivators observed from a distance, their numbers forming a ring around the elevated terrain. Excitement and delight painted their faces with eerie grins, betraying an ulterior motive in their watchful eyes.

Within their ranks, a mysterious figure with a commanding aura addressed his subordinates. He wasn't only the leader of the group, but the commander who orchestrated this whole event.

As the leader of a force likened to two brigades, he declared, "This is the time we will rule the eastern region."

Cheers erupted, subdued to avoid detection. They weren't the typical bandits that would recklessly attack a city. Aware of warning talisman available to call immediate reinforcements, they wouldn't jump to the scenario knowing the case. Meticulous application of plan was applied.

Thus, the only applicable strategy was to attack at nightfall when everyone was unprepared. Furthermore, camps of different battalions had been dispatched at different entry and exit points, equipped with the instruments necessary for this invasion.

They were now at the first phase of their plan, to capture the city, and hostage the citizens. Only they wouldn't have insurance, but also secure people under their authority.

"Leader, what about after this? Can we indulge in the company of any woman we desire?" A lecherous figure with an unpleasant expression asked.

The commander, with a snort, replied tersely, "Do whatever you want."

Permission granted, the cultivators cheered, some mimicking lewd actions in their excitement.

Their excitement was painted at each of their faces, yet, unprepared for what would happen next in a few seconds.

However, the city began to empty. Initially crowded, the cultivators observing were unperturbed until panic set in as the city became devoid of people. Alarmed, they reported to their commander.

"Leader, the citizens have evacuated! The city is empty!" exclaimed one, gasping for breath.

"What?! Impossible! They weren't supposed to know we were here early!" The commander roared, rushing to a cliff for a better view.

His fury intensified when he saw no signs of life. Confusion gripped him, realizing the invasion was scheduled for the following week. This unforeseen early move left him seething with frustration.

"They can't have evacuated! They didn't pay for what we needed. Where are the cultivators from the other side? Why haven't they noticed their evacuation early? Don't tell me they are slacking off!"

Aware of how the leader would react, the hesitant messenger stammered, "The problem... we haven't been in contact with them for half an hour!"

Veins popped on the commander's forehead. "What?"

In a yelling tone, the messenger reported, "No contact for half an hour!"

The commander's nerves twitched. "This isn't what I planned!"

Before the commander could vent his anger again, another guy arrived, swimming through the crowd of cultivators that were flocking the whole forest.

It was a messenger from another battalion.

"Leader! Our battalion has been attacked. We need reinforcement!"

The commander realized his flawless plan had flaws. Regret filled him for warning the city, thinking they could rip them off out of fear before invasion. The situation unfolded differently from his expectations. However, he knew they couldn't even evacuate as they had already surrounded every route.

This wasn't what was supposed to happen.

"AHHH!!!"

"GWAKH!!!"

"HELP!!!"

The commander's focus snapped toward the origin of the desperate cry—a plea from his subordinates. What calamity had befallen them?

Driven by agitation, he vaulted onto the branch of a tree, leaping from one to the next. His subordinates trailed below, their pace unable to match his urgency.

After covering a kilometer in these frenzied bounds, he confronted the grim reality at the source—the lifeless forms of his subordinates, nearly 500 in number. Another 500 wailed in despair nearby.

In a reflexive turn, his attention honed in on the anguished screams. Two ominous auras mercilessly slaughtered his subordinates. Human figures, wielding supernatural power, effortlessly extinguished lives.

Overwhelmed by the intensity of the situation, he stood gaping, blood oozing from his mouth. Unanswered questions flooded his mind—what force possessed such destructive might, and who were these mysterious assailants? Little did he know that his destiny had taken a catastrophic turn when he plotted the assault on a city where Lucas and Felicity rested.

A heavy silence settled in the room.

Upon Felicity's revelation of the overwhelming number of bandits encircling the city, a collective shudder ran through the assembly. Knees trembled, hearts raced—the impending doom cast its shadow over them.

The challenges they faced were far from simple; the city stood on the brink of destruction.

Arthur, the city's landlord, gazed at Lucas with palpable anxiety, grappling with the words to convey his plea. The weight of unspoken requests hung in the air, and Arthur's uneasy expression caught Lucas's attention.

"Do you know something, Arthur?" Lucas inquired, prompting a slow nod from the troubled landlord.

"What's the context?" Lucas probed further.

Arthur revealed the Red Moon Castle's invasion announcement and their demand for payment. Hiring cultivators and seeking reinforcements from other cities were their attempts to safeguard the city, but the unexpected scale of the threat—ten thousand bandits—left them in dire straits.

Lucas, with a serious demeanor, listened as Arthur implored, "Lucas, I'm not asking you to sacrifice your life, but I know that you're powerful. At least let my people be protected until they evacuate."

Felicity's immediate reaction was disdainful. "Shameless. You dare to ask even though this isn't our problem," she roared.

"Felicity, you don't need to act that way," Lucas responded, his expression unwavering.

"I know I can't pay for your help, but please, I am asking this as... your friend."

Arthur mustered the courage to seek Lucas's assistance, aware of the potential offense but driven by the need to secure the citizens' escape.

Pearl, observing her father's distress, could only pity the man who had been jovial moments before.

Felicity's glare at Arthur revealed the transformation in her personality since the betrayal. A month of realization and change fueled her frustration, finding the friend's request infuriating.

"Don't listen to them, Lucas. They would just hinder your progress. The rule of this world is for the strong to swallow the weak. So their weakness is not your problem," Felicity asserted.

Lucas, deep in thought, paid no heed to her words, contemplating a proper solution to the unfolding crisis.

"Tell me, Felicity. What's the highest cultivation these bandits have?"

Felicity, momentarily speechless, questioned Lucas's intentions.

With a dismissive snort, she responded, "Whatever. General Spirit Realm."

The revelation left father and daughter bewildered—such power seemed insurmountable. Additionally, the sheer number of ten thousand cultivators raised questions about their origin.

"I see... Don't worry, Felicity. This won't hinder my progress; instead, it will hasten it."

A skeptical expression crossed Felicity's face. "What do you mean?"

Lucas smiled before unveiling his plan. "I will absorb their energies, akin to creating a philosopher's stone in alchemy. This number is enough to propel me to the General Spirit Realm."

'And also, I can reach the peak of the General stage in my third energy. This will be an unlimited source.'

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Lucas began outlining his strategy.

Firstly, they would eliminate everyone stationed at the escape route, ensuring a safe passage for the citizens. Subsequently, they'd address the remaining threats. Lucas mentioned a contingency plan: if the bandits became alert, an instant, inconspicuous elimination would be implemented to prevent any warning.

With the plan crystallized in his mind, Lucas took the lead in its execution. Meanwhile, Felicity remained in the dark about Lucas's enigmatic reference to "absorbing."

'Lucas must still harbor numerous secrets. Let's continue observing the extent of his talents.' Felicity pondered as she followed Lucas out of the mansion.

Addressing Arthur, Lucas instructed, "Inform the cultivators you've hired that they'll be guarding the citizens' escape. Be cautious of potential spies among the extra guards, and instruct reinforcements without revealing that I'll handle matters. Spies could be on either side."

His instructions continued, "Don't fret if there are spies from both sides. I'll cast a curse—uh, formation—along the entire escape route. If anyone attempts harm with lethal intent, their breath will be immediately taken away."

Arthur remained perturbed by the unfolding events. Uncertain about the extent of Lucas's power, he refrained from expressing surprise, recognizing his inability to gauge Lucas's capabilities.

Inquiring about Lucas's commitment to such lengths, Arthur asked if Lucas was genuinely certain about going to such extremes to aid them.

"Don't worry about it. It's a personal interest of mine, so don't let it trouble you," Lucas reassured before departing the mansion, leading the way to the escape route with Felicity.

Upon reaching the location, they discreetly surveyed the individuals gathered on the forest's edge. This side of the forest, devoid of lurking monsters, had been designated as the safest escape route for the city.

"The citizens will arrive in 10 minutes, so I'll conclude this swiftly," Lucas muttered, while Felicity silently followed his directives.

Lucas activated his eyes' ability to see through, comparable to Felicity's, but constrained by a time limit due to insufficient energy for a 1 km range.

Lucas, realizing Felicity's ability to assist as an extra set of eyes, shrugged and turned to her. "Felicity, how many people are on this side?" he inquired.

"Two thousand," Felicity promptly answered.

"Good enough. The cultivation base?" Lucas sought more details.

"Apprentice to Warrior stage. There are only a few at the Master stage, but they barely reached the first level," Felicity explained.

Lucas nodded, contemplating his array of abilities. With an abundance of skills at his disposal, he chose to seal those that could strain his core, aiming to limit the passive absorption of his absorption body.

Though designed to absorb mana, not spiritual energy, his body inexplicably absorbed the latter during cultivation. The absorption body functioned autonomously, distinct from other abilities requiring manual activation, such as his diverse eye techniques.

Concerned about potential chaos if these abilities inadvertently led to his demise due to an overwhelming influx of spiritual energy, Lucas decided to create a reservoir for his third energy.

Furthermore, he resolved to seal additional abilities, recognizing that the absorption body remained beyond his control. Sealing the others seemed a logical strategy to slow down the absorption process, enabling him to concentrate on cultivation.

The rationale for sealing his core might seem convoluted, but it held paramount importance for his aspiration to coexist with other immortals. Survival without succumbing to an explosive demise became a pressing concern.

"Thank you," Lucas expressed before taking flight.

Activating a spell rendering him invisible, Lucas left Felicity in awe of yet another mystical feat in his repertoire.

"He became invisible," Felicity murmured.

Hovering in the air, Lucas initiated another offensive spell, channeling it with his third energy. He integrated a command that dictated absorption of a portion of energy if the attack collided with individuals emitting the same energy particles.

The feasibility of this endeavor remained uncertain, contingent upon whether he could manage it without fully unsealing his core. Such attempts could only occur if the core was entirely unsealed.

Nevertheless, Lucas remained mindful of the delicate equilibrium among his three energies. If a moment arrived when they attained equality, he contemplated attempting a harmonizing act.

He couldn't afford the risk of allowing his core to spiral out of control by absorbing spiritual energy. Although his core accepted spiritual energy and spawned the third energy, uncertainties lingered, especially considering the phenomenon occurred when his core was partially sealed.

Attempting to unseal his core required a precise moment, one where his three energies reached a harmonious equilibrium, ensuring tranquility.

A few moments later, he completed his spell, conjuring a small ball of light, merely the size of the tip of an index finger.

Felicity, still utilizing her Celestial Senses to survey the area, marveled at the radiant light. However, her awe was short-lived as the light revealed its purpose.

Bandits within the forest gazed at the lights that appeared before them, sensing no immediate danger.

"What's this light?"

"Hey! Who's playing with a treasure?! Can you at least not bother me with this light?!"

"Why is this so beautiful?"

Moments later, after their pondering, the light swiftly traversed through their foreheads.

Unbeknownst to everyone, their imminent demise awaited. Some attempted to dodge or shield themselves from the light, unaware that it effortlessly penetrated any material, sealing their fate.

On Felicity's side, her wide-eyed gaze reflected her astonishment at the outcome of the luminous spheres.

"That's cruel," she muttered, taken aback by the merciless display.

Meanwhile, Lucas hovered above, still in flight.

"Absorbing light balls is a spell that I can fully activate with the help of my other abilities, fueling my absorption body. However, since I didn't unseal those abilities, I can at least use 5% of its capabilities," he explained, exhaling in resignation.

Approaching spiritual energies began to surround him. Although in small increments, their steady influx provided enough solace to overshadow the dismay he felt.

Initiating a meditation stance, Lucas guided the spiritual energies. Initially absorbing half into his core, he then directed it to his third energy pool. Simultaneously, the remaining half coursed straight into his dantian.

He experienced a multitude of breakthroughs, a pace nearly incomparable to the progression in his second cultivation session.

The absorption of energies from the two thousand cultivators propelled him to the 1st level of the Master Spirit Realm in his cultivation base. Simultaneously, his third energy pool ascended to the 2nd level of the Master Spirit Realm.

"This is enough," he muttered after descending to the piles of bandit corpses he effortlessly vanquished in an instant.

CREATORS' THOUGHTS



yohananmikhael

Please read my friend's work, "I Have a God in My Body."

Creation is hard, cheer me up!

Your gift is the motivation for my creation. Give me more motivation!

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Chapter 23: Mass Massacre [1]

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Upon Lucas's descent, Felicity greeted him with a still-surprised expression. The astonishing phenomenon of the light ball he created had swiftly annihilated all the ambushers.

"Lucas, how powerful are you really? How could you negate the limits of your cultivation base? Where does all of the spiritual energy that you use come from?" Felicity bombarded him with questions.

Lucas merely chuckled in response. "Now you have time to be rude. Forget about it. If you don't want to answer my question, I will just eventually learn it if you trust me enough to spill your secrets," Felicity said in a dispirited tone.

Pity filled Lucas's eyes as he contemplated Felicity's discovery of his real personality and identity. Despite his lingering concerns, he couldn't ignore the fact that she had promised to assist him in the Upper Heavens. 'Now that guilts me,' he thought.

After the brief conversation, Lucas initiated the area spell he had mentioned earlier. This spell aimed to capture spies within its confines for the safety of the citizens. A cursed type of magic, it could be placed in an area temporarily. If anyone harbored malicious intent toward one of the citizens, they would be apprehended.

However, worries lingered. If the spies decided to venture outside the cursed area, they could escape.

Flying for 10 minutes straight down the entire escape route, Lucas activated the spell. He then returned to Felicity's side, and shortly afterward, the citizens and the guarding cultivators arrived.

Both of them concealed themselves and left the area to deal with the remaining bandits.

"Now, our only problem is the alarmed observers outside the escape route."

Finally, having dealt with the ambushers, Lucas and Felicity ventured to other parts of the forest. Utilizing Felicity's Celestial Senses, they located every bandit in the area. From the northern side of the city, Lucas activated his absorbing light balls again, swiftly ending everyone's lives without feeling any pain or remorse.

It was a cruel scene for ordinary people. Even with the cause of saving the city, how could a human kill without hesitation? It was a mass massacre.

Yet, Lucas, having lived a long time and gained plenty of experience, harbored no hatred towards bandits or criminals. Instead, he assessed their actions against the backdrop of the world and passed judgment.

Since Lucas believed that bandits lacked a meaningful purpose in this world, he saw no qualms in eliminating them to restore peace in his vicinity. Unlike his previous world, where he faced constraints on actions that could disrupt the balance, in this realm governed by the rule of "strong eat the weak," Lucas could live without being burdened by those he killed or obligated to save anyone he deemed unnecessary.

He didn't harbor cruelty; rather, he approached matters with practicality, incorporating the rules of this world into his foundational principles. If he intended to coexist with immortals, he had to navigate this world as an immortal. However, adhering to the rules didn't mean adopting the same personality.

After a few moments, Lucas absorbed all the energy coming to him, leaving no part untouched. Felicity observed him with confusion, wondering if he was cultivating at that

moment. Was he implying that he would reach at least the General Spirit Realm by absorbing their energies? How was such a feat possible?

When Lucas finished cultivating, he took a breath and stretched his limbs, then inquired about the whereabouts of the remaining 3,000.

"On the western side. And in the southern part, I can see the General Spirit Realm cultivator," Felicity reported.

A creepy smile appeared on Lucas's lips. Felicity shrugged it off and continued following him, pondering how she could ever repay him in this scenario.

Lucas, satisfied with his progress, had reached the 3rd level of the Master Spirit Realm in his cultivation base, and his third energy had ascended to the 4th level of the same stage.

As he spent some time cultivating, Lucas grew a bit bored with the routine. Despite Felicity not actively participating, he felt an inexplicable sense of boredom.

"Why don't we spice up the fun?" Lucas suddenly suggested, catching Felicity off guard.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Let's kill them with our hands, of course. Don't you want to do it?" Lucas proposed.

"No, thanks. I'm disgusted with blood," Felicity declined.

Lucas then made another suggestion, assuring her that it wouldn't involve splattering blood throughout the area.

"Killing them with light balls is boring, so let's kill them with pressure," Lucas muttered, eliciting a frown from Felicity.

"Are you being sadistic? Why are you so eager to kill?"

"Well, nothing worthy to mention. Let's just finish this, shall we?"

"Sighs... Okay, let's go."

They then proceeded to the western side, where almost 750 bandits were panicking due to the sudden disconnection from their comrades.

On the western side, everyone was agitated, fearing they might have triggered some expert. If not, why did a battalion disappear? Contacting them was impossible, and there was no sign of life at their positions. Where could they be? Did they die?

"This isn't good. Go report to the leader and ask for reinforcement. I can feel a strong pressure coming here."

"I understood. Please stay well, platoon leader."

"Don't worry, I am now at the Master stage, so I can put up a fight with that pressure."

"Yes."

Felicity, listening from a distance, raised her eyebrows, pondering why these bandits used military units.

Lucas observed the agitated crowd in front of him. They appeared distressed and uneasy in their location.

"Well, they must be really alarmed. Then, let's start the fun," Lucas mumbled after releasing the pressure from his body.

Felicity followed suit, her body emitting the pressure from her cultivation base as well.

Thick air, corresponding to the pressure, permeated the area. The bandits standing couldn't help but shout from the intense pressure imposed by both of them. They couldn't see the individuals applying the pressure; it was just too strong for their senses to handle.

With every step, a group of bandits succumbed to the pressure. Losing count of their kills, Lucas couldn't help but release a smirk.

This was the relief he had sought for in the past few years. However, shackled by immortality, he couldn't execute it until now.

But right now, where immortals also live, he couldn't find the words to describe the feeling of freedom he was experiencing.

After a few minutes of their rampage, a formidable cultivator arrived.

Felicity noticed the incoming cultivator and promptly reported it to Lucas at her side, bringing a sense of satisfaction to him.

"Then, the last piece for my breakthrough. The one who will let me reach the General stage," Lucas mumbled, sensing that his visit to Duster City had become a jackpot for his cultivation journey.

Creation is hard, cheer me up!

Your gift is the motivation for my creation. Give me more motivation!

Sage's Cultivation: Mage in Cultivation World Chapter 24 - Mass Massacre [2]

Chapter 24: Mass Massacre [2]

The malevolent aura persisted, terrorizing the bandits who suffered the consequences of their damaged cultivation and perished as a result. Even those who managed to contain themselves couldn't endure for more than 3 seconds before meeting their demise.

Their deaths served as sustenance for Lucas. The energy he extracted from the destruction of their bodies proved beneficial, even if in modest quantities. All that was known about him was that he emerged from the city, shrouded in mystery.

"Why... is a formidable... monster emerging from... that city...?"

"This contradicts... what our leader claimed..."

"Please... leader... eradicate this monster..."

Each of the Warrior and Master stage cultivators coughed blood and met an instantaneous end. Amidst their agony, constructing three sentences proved an impossible feat.

The pressure relentlessly claimed the lives of the weaker cultivators. It emanated not only from the cultivation base of both individuals but also from the two cultivation base pools of Lucas.

Having two cultivation pools that needed nurturing, Lucas's pressure nearly equaled that of Felicity, who stood at the Emperor stage. While the pressures should not have stacked due to the different bases, Lucas, possessing both energy pools within him, managed to amalgamate and even rival the Emperor stage pressure of Felicity.

'How can he endure this pressure?! Not only did he swiftly elevate his cultivation base to the Master stage, but he also made it appear more formidable!' Felicity exclaimed while grappling with Lucas' pressure.

However, she refused to concede defeat in this display of power. Thus, she augmented the pressure she exerted, a mere breath of pressure from her.

The additional pressure from Felicity drew Lucas's attention. He merely smirked, observing Felicity engaging in this unspoken contest. To him, it seemed like Felicity was relishing the activity.

'Well... look who was hesitant earlier.'

Continuing the pressure onslaught, the leaves from nearby trees vanished, brushed away by the escalating force. Trees turned barren the moment Felicity intensified her pressure.

Finally, Lucas acknowledged the powerful cultivator that had arrived. With a smirk on his face, he approached slowly, causing the cultivator to cough up blood.

The bandit commander found himself incredulous at the unfolding spectacle.

Why was a General Spirit Realm like him succumbing to pressure emanating from a Master stage? It defied reason.

With chest puffed out, the commander gritted his teeth and withstood the imposing pressure. To worsen matters, he discerned an Emperor Spirit Realm cultivator standing behind the young man emitting the Master stage pressure.

"This is not right!" he hissed, grappling with thoughts on how to respond.

Fear gripped him, a sensation he hadn't experienced in his lengthy existence. Escape seemed impossible; if it were attainable, then all efforts were futile.

"I won't endure this humiliation! The Red Moon Castle won't meet its demise today!" he declared before attempting to retreat.

Yet, before he could take a single step, Lucas materialized in front of him like a phantom. The commander could only lament inwardly at the impossibility of it.

This was unjust! How could a Master stage cultivator move with such agility?!

Gathering all his energy, the commander thrust his fist towards Lucas. But it proved futile, as Lucas effortlessly caught it, treating it as if it were not a fist but a mere rock tossed his way.

Lucas smirked before raising his palm. "You can be my source of energy. I rarely employ this method to enhance my energy, so consider yourself honored." Lucas remarked before directing his palm toward the commander's face.

A resounding slap echoed, separating the commander's head from his body. The head soared a few meters before settling, while the body collapsed to the ground instantly.

In the subsequent moments, dense spiritual energy emanated from the body, converging toward Lucas as he absorbed it.

Finally, after cultivating for a few minutes to regulate his body, Lucas continued to hover in the air near the branch where the commander had been. He had reached the

pinnacle of the Master stage, with both cultivation base pools reaching their zenith, rendering his initial theory of attaining the General stage moot.

"So, it was like this, huh? I guess I was wrong. Let's put an end to this now that their leader is finally dead," he mumbled.

From a distance, Felicity remained speechless, her confusion deepening as she questioned every preconceived notion she had about Lucas.

Had Lucas always been this ruthless? Strangely, she didn't find it disagreeable. In fact, she appreciated this aspect, as it revealed the true attitude of a cultivator.

"The strong will eat the weak," Felicity muttered to herself, echoing the prevalent law of the world, as she trailed behind Lucas towards the southern side, where a gathering of others had congregated.

On the southern side, everyone remained clueless about what had happened to their commander. The strong pressure emanating from the west side fueled their speculation of a fierce battle, and their eyes filled with admiration, assuming it was their leader showcasing his strength.

"Good Lord! The leader was really the strongest cultivator in the eastern region! But, why would he need to use that pressure to kill weaklings?"

"Maybe a cultivator that could rival him managed to reinforce this city?"

"That's impossible! They don't know that we were here earlier!"

The conflicting opinions echoed through the forest, creating a cacophony that grated on Lucas's ears.

"Can you at least stop with your mouth? It's too noisy, you know."

Lucas's voice rang out, startling everyone as they struggled to pinpoint his location. The realization dawned as they saw the figure with a cultivation base that rivaled their commander's, reaching the peak of the Master Spirit Realm.

"W-Who are you?!"

"Nothing important for you to know. Let's finish this in an instance, shall we?"

Balls of light materialized, causing confusion among the bandits about their purpose. However, their concern shifted to the absence of their commander's pressure.

"Oh... that pressure? It wasn't coming from him. It was coming from me. So... the reason why you can't also feel his presence since he's already dead," Lucas revealed nonchalantly.

Before the bandits could react, Lucas unleashed the light balls, swiftly eliminating everyone in the forest. Corpses littered the ground, blood stained the earth, and the trees bore witness to the horror, their faces etched with the fear of death.

Lucas smirked at the sight of the aftermath. Cleaning up this mess was not his concern.

"Ah... I'll just let Arthur clean it. Forget about it," he casually remarked before returning to Felicity's side.

"Are you done?" she asked.

"Yep. Now we can just leave everything to Arthur," he replied.

Sage's Cultivation: Mage in Cultivation World Chapter 25 - Mass Massacre [3]

Chapter 25: Mass Massacre [3]

The escape route was engulfed in an eerie silence. Horror gripped the citizens as their eyes fell upon the mound of lifeless bodies scattered on the ground.

The spies from the Red Moon Castle, tasked with holding the citizens hostage, stood frozen, their initial plans unraveling before their eyes.

'This isn't good. Who killed them?'

'What should we do now that we are down to a small number?'

'Only 400 of us, and we're just in the middle of the Warrior Spirit Realm!'

The spies exchanged glances, silently communicating and deciding on their next course of action.

Their primary objective remained unchanged – to take the citizens as hostages. Even if a formidable cultivator had eliminated the ambushers to rescue the people, the dynamic wouldn't shift. Holding everyone hostage would still be a potent strategy.

The spies discarded their disguises, revealing their true uniforms. The bystanders, unaware of the unfolding events, were left baffled and immobilized by shock.

"If we can't take everyone as our hostage, then we can at least take a few of them!" one of the spies proclaimed, seizing a child.

The child's mother, trembling with terror, burst into tears at the sight of her endangered offspring.

Emboldened by the lead spy, others followed suit, each holding a citizen as a human shield. The forest echoed with gasps, and even the guards found themselves paralyzed, fearing that any wrong move could lead to the death of those they were sworn to protect.

"If you are listening! I know you are, even if you try to hide your presence. I will kill this girl if you don't step out and surrender yourself!" the lead spy threatened.

Anticipation hung thick in the air. The mother, holding her breath, prayed for the mysterious savior to reveal themselves and rescue her child.

But no one emerged, shrouding the mother in despair, and she wept openly.

"Oh... so you don't want to? Then let's set an example."

The spy raised his weapon, targeting the quivering child's neck. Before he could carry out his sinister plan, however, he abruptly lost consciousness, collapsing before the frightened child.

Onlookers observed the demise of the spy, their assurance growing as they noticed the lifeless, white-eyed stare of the fallen infiltrator.

"H-He's dead?" one of the remaining spies stammered.

The mother clutched her daughter tightly, relief washing over her as the spies found themselves speechless.

Irritation festered among the spies, recognizing that the tide had turned against them as they encircled the citizens. In an attempt to regain control, they decided to escalate the situation.

"So, you decided to save the kid. But let's see if you can do it if we kill all of them at the same time."

However, before they could inflict harm on their hostages, a swift and mysterious force intervened. All of the spies met an untimely demise, collapsing without awareness of their impending fate. Their eyes turned white, as if choked to death within seconds.

The citizens, who were moments away from harm, could only feel a mix of agitation and wonder. How could someone possess such power, capable of eliminating threats without physical contact? In this realm, such abilities seemed unattainable.

Questions raced through their minds. Who saved them? Despite their hopefulness, why did this savior choose not to reveal themselves, putting the hostages' lives at risk?

Nonetheless, a sense of gratitude washed over the crowd, and they expressed their thanks.

"Thank you for saving us, our savior."

Yet, no one stepped forward. The wind whispered through the surroundings, leaving them with an eerie silence.

The mysterious figure remained concealed, a enigmatic and perhaps mystical presence. Despite the lack of a visible savior, the citizens couldn't help but admire and offer prayers to this unknown benefactor, as if placing their trust in a divine entity.

Finally safe, the grateful crowd continued their escape, leaving behind the mysterious aura that had shielded them from harm.

Lucas returned to the mansion where Arthur anxiously paced back and forth. Spotting Lucas, he hurried over, concern etched across his face.

"Don't worry, Arthur. The city is finally safe. You can call them back since I killed everyone who planned to cause harm to your city," Lucas reassured with a confident smile.

"Is it true? Thank you very much, Lucas. Without you, our city would be at the mercy of the Red Moon Castle," Arthur expressed his gratitude, kowtowing to Lucas.

"Stand up. I have a question. Who are these people? Why are they that huge?" Lucas inquired.

Arthur rose to his feet, reluctantly divulging what he knew about the formidable bandits. "Well, they are the biggest bandits in the eastern region, and their hideout can't be pinpointed. As for why their size was huge, like an army, I don't know. Their leader was even more mysterious at this moment," Arthur explained.

Lucas nodded understandingly. "I see... but you don't need to worry anymore. All of them are dead. The only issue is that the forest is covered with corpses. If you can, burn their bodies before they rot."

"I understand. Thank you, really, Lucas."

"Don't mind it. It was really my personal interest."

"But still, that was a reckless decision you made."

"Hahaha. Maybe. I am here to tell you that I'll be continuing my venture, so I will leave the city in minutes."

Despite his disappointment, Arthur couldn't argue. Lucas had not only helped his daughter but also saved the city. For the sake of his own safety, he couldn't detain Lucas any longer.

"Then, if you will leave, please at least take this." Arthur presented a medallion to Lucas.

"What's this?" Lucas inquired.

"That's a special pass. It may not grant you the very best priority to enter a city of experts, but it might still help you. I know you're more powerful than what you showed us, but I hope that I can assist you in small ways," Arthur explained.

'City of experts, huh. Perhaps in the future, I can go there, but not this time since I want to enjoy it a little,' Lucas pondered.

Lucas smiled at Arthur. "Thanks for this. I won't be humble and will make use of the privilege I can get from this."

Relieved, Arthur sighed, then handed a pouch filled with gold coins to Lucas.

Lucas raised an eyebrow in confusion.

"This was supposed to be the payment for the cultivators who would help us defend the city. But since they were useless and maybe spies, I hope you can have it instead," Arthur explained.

Lucas snickered. "I won't be humble then." He received the pouch and discreetly stored it in his storage magic.

"I will be going now. Stay safe, Arthur," Lucas said before leaving the mansion with a wave of his hand.

"Thank you, Lucas. You too."

A few moments later, Lucas and Felicity's figures disappeared, soaring into the air.

Arthur sighed, turning back towards his room. However, he collided with Pearl, who seemed to be in a hurry. Intrigued, he inquired about the problem.

"Is Lucas still there?" she asked.

Arthur sighed again and shook his head.

"Sorry, Pearl. Even if I wanted him to be your partner, the disparity between our worlds was too vast for him. I'm sorry," he explained, causing Pearl to feel as if she had been struck by lightning.

"You know?" she asked in disbelief.

"Of course. You are my daughter. Just give up," Arthur consoled her, embracing his daughter, who started bursting into tears at his words.