

Sage's Cultivation: Mage in Cultivation World Chapter 26 - Changing Appearance

What happened in Duster City caused a commotion throughout the entire Eastern region.

A mysterious cultivator had single-handedly saved the city from a staggering number of 10,000 bandits associated with the Red Moon Castle, completely wiping out the notorious group. The news even spread to various alliances within the banditry industry.

Powerful individuals flocked to the city, hoping to gather information or establish a connection with the enigmatic cultivator. However, the city's landlord, Arthur Lim, remained tight-lipped, refusing to disclose the identity of the savior. Attempts to extract the information, some resorting to violence, were thwarted by the fear that the cultivator might discover their actions and retaliate with deadly consequences.

Arthur maintained his silence, guarding Lucas's identity fiercely. Even the city's servants were kept in the dark, warned of severe consequences if they were to leak any information.

The entire month proved to be tumultuous for Duster City as it dealt with the influx of curious and ambitious individuals seeking the mysterious hero's identity.

Lucas and Felicity bid farewell to Duster City without a specific motive. The decision wasn't prompted by any particular cause; Lucas simply harbored a sense of restlessness and the anticipation of boredom in the city. Foreseeing the mundane task of cleaning up after the bandit attack, Lucas opted to depart before monotony set in.

With the altered plan in mind, Lucas turned his inquisitive gaze toward Felicity and initiated a discussion about their next steps. It wasn't necessarily contingent on her input, but he sought her perspective since she had initially devised the plan to aid his ascension to the Upper Heavens.

"Felicity, where do you think we should head now? Having attained the peak of the Master Spirit Realm, does our destination remain the same as initially planned?" Lucas inquired.

Felicity contemplated the question, the recent unexpected breakthrough by Lucas prompting her to reassess their course.

"Hm... Before we decide, let me inquire about the scope of your ability. Does your capacity to absorb people's spiritual energy extend to other creatures?" Felicity asked.

"Well, not exactly. I can only absorb the energy released by those who have died, and it's not an all-encompassing ability. Currently, I can only absorb about 5% of the total energy," Lucas explained, offering clarity to Felicity's inquiry.

"And you might be wondering if I can absorb monster cores by killing them. I should clarify that it's impossible since they can materialize their core, unlike humans. Consequently, their energy cannot be absorbed through killing, as they possess their own physical storage," Lucas added.

Continuing his explanation, he admitted, "It might be confusing, but trust me, I am also perplexed. My ability wasn't designed for this purpose; it was merely a hypothesis that happened to work out."

Felicity took a moment of silence to process the explanation, eventually arriving at an understanding. Even though the origin and nature of Lucas's ability remained questionable from the outset, she chose not to dwell on it.

"Given that what you said was unexpected, perhaps we should deviate from our primary plan. Originally, we intended to stay in an area where Warrior stage monsters abound. Instead, let's head to Morning Sun City, where trading is abundant," Felicity suggested in a nonchalant tone.

"I see... But how much do you think 12 monster cores cost?" Lucas inquired, lacking knowledge about the world's currency.

Felicity pondered for a moment. Currency values might have changed over the years, but she could only recall information from a long time ago.

"I don't know. We'll find out once we get there. Morning Sun City is just ahead in the northern part of the Eastern region. Let's change our direction," Felicity replied.

With no geographical knowledge, Lucas followed Felicity in silence. After hours of travel, they finally arrived at the city, with evening approaching as the sun began to set.

Suddenly, Lucas remembered a potential issue regarding Felicity's appearance.

"Felicity, do you know how to change your appearance?" he asked.

"Huh? Why do you ask?" Felicity questioned, her eyebrows raised in confusion.

"Well, it's kind of a problem," Lucas began, but before he could elaborate, Felicity reacted with curiosity.

"P-Problem?! How dare you call a delicate face a problem?!" Felicity exclaimed.

Lucas could only slap his forehead, realizing he had phrased it poorly. He smiled awkwardly, with a hint of a snicker behind it.

"I don't mean it that way. You are too beautiful, and people will react the same way as in Duster City. Since we don't have better clothes that will suit our faces, can you at least change yours?" Lucas calmly rectified the misunderstanding.

Felicity, left speechless in embarrassment, had reacted incorrectly, thinking her dignity had been trampled. Accustomed to being called beautiful, she hadn't expected Lucas's compliment to impact her so significantly. There was an unexplainable throb in her heart when she heard those words.

"S-Sure... I can change my appearance. So... sorry for reacting in a bad way," she reluctantly said, revealing her embarrassment.

Lucas shook his head. "Don't worry. It wasn't really a big deal. Can you change it right now?" he asked.

However, Felicity didn't reply immediately. When he noticed her hesitation, he instinctively inquired, "What's the problem? You can change your appearance, right?"

Felicity lowered her head in dismay. "I can, but not right now. Changing one's appearance requires a huge amount of spiritual energy. If I do it, I can't protect you since I would be focused on maintaining my appearance," she explained.

Lucas sighed. "Don't worry about protecting me. I'm already at the Peak of the Master stage, so worry not," he said with an assuring smile.

"Well, it might look like that. But I can't tell when you will need my help, and I can't easily assist you since I lack spiritual energy."

"I get it. But as I already said, don't worry. It won't even be necessary to protect me, so just maintain a different appearance. And if I am in a tough situation, I have tricks up my sleeve, so it's okay. I'm honored that you think of my safety, but don't underestimate me."

Felicity sighed in defeat and altered her appearance without making a sound.

A few seconds later, her body started reforming, and her pale skin became less white. Her silver hair also turned dark, now similar to what the average population had.

Then, her face became less beautiful, assuming only the average appearance of a female.

"Is this okay?" she asked, feeling a little embarrassed as she wasn't quite sure how to adjust her appearance appropriately.

"It's okay," Lucas reassured.

Then, they finally descended from a distance, ensuring they were far enough away from the gate to avoid creating a ruckus.

Sage's Cultivation: Mage in Cultivation World Chapter 27 - Tailor Shop [1]

Chapter 27: Tailor Shop [1]

As they approached the gate, every female cast lingering glances at Lucas, curious about the handsome young man clad in ordinary robes.

Felicity sensed the unwarranted attention directed at them. Surveying the surroundings, she noticed that while females admired Lucas, males bore envious looks.

Upon realizing the focus on Lucas, Felicity broached the subject as they made their way into the city.

"Lucas, are you not considering a change in your appearance?" Felicity inquired.

Lucas arched his eyebrows, bemused. "Why would I? I doubt there are female cultivators willing to resort to violence just to win the favor of a handsome man," he jested.

Felicity nodded, finding his response reasonable. The matter slipped from her mind, and soon they reached the gate, where vigilant guards questioned them.

"Young man, are you a rogue cultivator?" the guard asked, sensing a formidable cultivation base but unable to discern its specifics.

"Yes," Lucas calmly replied.

Though they could detect a strong cultivation presence, the guards remained oblivious to any substantial disparities. For instance, while a Warrior stage cultivator might sense a Master stage cultivator, profound gaps in strength remained undetectable, leaving them akin to mortal encounters.

The ability to discern a cultivator's prowess often rested on the individual cultivator. If one chose to flaunt their cultivation base without concealing any effort, even in the presence of a significant gap, their elevated cultivation would be apparent.

Conversely, cultivators who opted to cloak their abilities commonly took offense at being underestimated.

The guard, in an unconventional manner that leaned more towards a demand than mere information, suggested, "If you don't mind, can you visit the Raging Temple Sect? They are actively seeking talented cultivators. Perhaps you'd be interested."

Lucas, intrigued, raised his eyebrows. From the moment he arrived in this world, he had heard about sects, something he harbored a desire to explore in the future. With the changes in his cultivation and the significant increase in power, he considered the possibility of indulging in some leisure, especially since it would be a decade before he ascended with Felicity. Moreover, Felicity held the belief that she could propel Lucas to the Emperor Spirit Realm within the next ten years.

"Hm... Let me consider it. After all, I am a rogue cultivator for a reason," Lucas replied, causing the guard to twitch his eyebrows, sensing a potential rejection.

"You..." The guard regarded him with disdain. However, when he felt the intense gaze from the lady behind Lucas, he sighed and extended his palm.

"Never mind. Just pay the toll; it's one gold coin."

Lucas retrieved a gold coin from his pouch and handed it to the guard, who, after receiving it, waved them through. As Lucas and Felicity vanished from his sight, the guard breathed a sigh of relief.

Puzzled, he muttered to himself, "What was that? Why did I feel like the young lady behind him was devouring me with her gaze? Are rogue cultivators usually this audacious?" He shook his head, returning to his duties.

Upon entering the city, Lucas and Felicity were met with a plethora of business establishments. Numerous towering structures and small business stalls dotted the cityscape, confirming Felicity's assertion that Morning Sun City was renowned for trade.

"Morning Sun City, huh..." Lucas murmured, noting its similarity to trading cities in his previous world. Such cities, he reflected, were integral to the world's economy, providing opportunities and a bustling hub for commerce.

Nevertheless, Lucas hadn't embarked on this journey solely to explore the city. Their primary goal was to sell what others deemed as 'trash' and acquire valuable methods or techniques to enhance his cultivation.

First on the agenda was procuring new clothes for safety reasons. Lucas observed the prevailing discrimination against those donning average attire. The lack of affluence meant a lack of privileges, and entering establishments with his current wardrobe would undoubtedly invite disrespect.

For Lucas, blending into society was a prudent choice to avoid unnecessary trouble.

"Let's go find a tailor shop. We should change our clothes first," Lucas suggested to Felicity.

She nodded and followed Lucas in their search for a tailor shop.

Upon locating one, Lucas promptly entered the above-average establishment. The interior, while not adorned for extravagance, featured an array of clothes and robes neatly arranged on hangers.

Lucas, puzzled by the apparent absence of the shopkeeper, mumbled, "Where's the shopkeeper?" Eventually, he spotted a man dozing off during his nap.

"Excuse me. I'm here to buy some garments," Lucas announced, rapping on the desk to awaken the shopkeeper.

The shopkeeper groaned softly before slowly opening his eyes. He lifted his head and glanced at the person who had disturbed his nap. Upon seeing the handsome young man, the shopkeeper raised his eyebrows, eyes flickering with interest. He then examined Lucas's current attire and grinned.

"Young boy! How do you feel about being my model?" the shopkeeper asked, adopting a playful tone.

Observing the shopkeeper's swaying movements, Lucas immediately deduced, 'He isn't straightforward.'

"I'm sorry, but I don't have time for modeling," Lucas promptly declined.

"Oh... don't be like that~ How about I offer a special payment?" the shopkeeper suggested, maintaining his playful tone.

"Special payment?" Lucas raised an eyebrow.

"Yes, just a regular modeling gig. No ulterior motive, I assure you. I simply admire your beauty," the shopkeeper explained.

Hearing the shopkeeper's words, Felicity visibly raised her eyebrow. The shopkeeper's choice of words and tone seemed to unsettle her, and a quick glance at Lucas revealed his disinterest in the offered proposition.

Contrary to Felicity's expectations, Lucas showed an unexpected interest in the offer.

"I will have you take three of my special products," the shopkeeper declared.

"Hm?" Lucas paused momentarily, casting his eyes around to assess the surroundings.

"Not to be offensive, but what can your average shop offer in terms of special products? I don't see any," he remarked.

The shopkeeper scoffed before abandoning the desk, parting the curtains behind him.

"You see, I'm not just a shopkeeper; I'm the owner. And this shop? Believe it or not, it's not an average shop. Below the surface, wealth is raging," he declared in a mysterious tone, smiling before inviting Lucas to follow him.

"Come inside. I will let you witness the special products I mentioned."

Sage's Cultivation: Mage in Cultivation World Chapter 28 - Tailor Shop [2]

Chapter 28: Tailor Shop [2]

Upon parting the curtain, the darkness within offered no immediate visibility. Yet, the shopkeeper sported a smile, unfazed by the obscure surroundings.

"Why don't we introduce ourselves first?" the shopkeeper suggested.

"Well, I'm not against it. But it depends on what you're talking about. You know, my identity is quite important," Lucas responded in a relaxed tone.

The shopkeeper, curious, raised his eyebrow. Lucas seemed to emphasize the significance of his identity, aware of its weight.

In the realm of cultivation, judgments based on outer appearances were unreliable. It was the inner essence that held the true measure of an individual.

"Peak of the Master Spirit Realm? Yet you call yourself important?" the shopkeeper's tone shifted to a more serious one.

Attempting to delve into a serious conversation, the shopkeeper's approach left Felicity observing with skepticism. Something felt off about this seemingly ordinary tailor shop – it was starting to sound more like the clandestine hideout of an organization.

Moreover, the ease with which the shopkeeper assessed Lucas's cultivation hinted at a potentially higher or comparable cultivation level.

"You... peeked at my cultivation base? You're no simple individual, shopkeeper. But... I've lost interest in your modeling offer. I'll find another shop," Lucas declared in a slightly irritated tone, turning away.

The shopkeeper paused, quickly realizing he had crossed a line.

"Wait! I'm sorry, young boy... Okay, I won't tease you again. Here," the shopkeeper pressed a button, illuminating the room and revealing an array of different styled robes. While not strikingly different in appearance, the opulence of these garments shouted wealth.

Lucas, initially speechless, noted that the robes weren't merely about outer appearance. The real wealth lay in the intricate formations woven into the fabric, indicating these were indeed special products, as the shopkeeper claimed.

"What do you think of these products? Seeing a talented and handsome guy like you is rare in Morning Sun because of the habits of businessmen to focus on their wealth," the shopkeeper remarked, his demeanor taking a different turn.

As the shopkeeper's appearance transformed into a more feminine figure with pronounced features, including two mountains on the chest, Lucas muttered in disbelief, "You're not he but she?"

Felicity, dumbfounded by the sudden revelation, realized her failure to see through the shopkeeper's facade. This implied that the shopkeeper's abilities might rival her own prowess.

Instinctively, Felicity covered Lucas, reverting her appearance to its normal state, revealing her unparalleled beauty.

Surprised by Felicity's reaction, Lucas understood her wariness towards the shopkeeper. Despite being in potential danger, he couldn't blame her, considering his own reservations about the shopkeeper. Perhaps the allure of the words 'special' or 'free' had led him to follow the shopkeeper, knowing that purchasing cultivation methods could be an expensive endeavor.

However, dwelling on this was not a priority at the moment.

"Felicity?" Lucas questioned.

Felicity glanced at him, explaining, "Forgive me, Lucas. But this shopkeeper isn't a normal being."

Lucas fell silent for a moment, then redirected his attention to the shopkeeper, now appearing in a different form.

"I see," he mumbled, understanding the situation. "Don't worry, Felicity. She is not dangerous," he reassured.

Felicity objected, "What did you say? Since she changed her appearance, it could mean that she also has the same cultivation base as me. And her... err, her purpose is a mystery."

The shopkeeper, in response to Felicity's concerns, raised her left eyebrow and chuckled softly. "You are such a worried brat. I clearly said that I offered him modeling. Since I am just leisurely living my life, I want to recruit him to endorse my products. And you surprised me with your potential."

For a moment, the shopkeeper pulled another curtain, revealing three different robes inside a display glass, comparable to those worn by royals. The robes exhibited vibrant primary colors—red, blue, and yellow.

"These robes... They are exceptional enough to be sold. Why would you need a model?" Lucas inquired.

"At first, I thought of selling this, but I can't. So, these three garments will be my reward for you after I sell the special products," the shopkeeper explained.

Lucas remained silent, captivated by the intricate details of the robes within the glass display. The execution skills, linings, and weaving techniques showcased a majestic craftsmanship that left him in awe.

The robes in the display commanded Lucas's attention, particularly the aura they emitted. In comparison to the special products, these robes seemed to harbor more intricate formations, making them even more extraordinary for those who understood their purpose.

"Do you mean what you said?" Lucas inquired, unable to ignore the significance of the robes before him.

"I mean all of it. So, what's your answer?" the shopkeeper asked.

"I accept your offer."

Lucas's acceptance surprised Felicity, who widened her eyes in disbelief. Despite the evident suspicions surrounding this person, Lucas had agreed to her offer.

The anomalies weren't just limited to the shopkeeper's ability to change appearance but extended to the peculiar nature of her shop. Why hide these remarkable products and showcase the ordinary ones? It seemed counterintuitive.

"Why are you doing this? You are suspicious, you know that? If you don't answer my question, I will destroy this shop," Felicity threatened.

The shopkeeper laughed, dismissing Felicity's threat. "Hahaha. Don't be too reckless, little missy. I am just here to offer him modeling. What's wrong with it?"

"That bullshit again?"

"Bullshit? Don't worry, I will tell you everything after the deal. What Lucas needs to do is wear one of the special clothes and assist me in selling it. If they see his handsome face and the beautiful robes I have, the job is done," the shopkeeper explained.

Lucas remained silent, contemplating the situation.

'This is quite tempting. I already agreed, and the offer was amazing. Right now, I don't have to worry about my defensive wardrobe. I can just save my money for techniques,' he thought.

Sighing, Lucas felt a sense of powerlessness in that moment. However, he recalled his desire to enjoy life in this world.

"Then it's a deal," Lucas declared, surprising Felicity, who stood frozen in disbelief.

"Good. I am Ruby Sun. Nice to meet you."

"Lucas. Nice to meet you."

While Felicity refrained from speaking, she shook her head in disbelief at Lucas's calm acceptance of this messy and shady encounter.

Sage's Cultivation: Mage in Cultivation World Chapter 29 - Origin Martial Technique [1]

Chapter 29: Origin Martial Technique [1]

Felicity refrained from arguing with Lucas, acknowledging his knowledge and sense of responsibility. She silently gazed at him, her expression filled with contemplation, struggling to comprehend his decisions.

However, unbeknownst to Felicity, she was subtly influenced by Lucas's personality. The once trusting and carefree demeanor she possessed before being betrayed had transformed into one marked by fierceness, doubt, and heightened sensitivity.

While on the way to another shop, Felicity voiced her concerns to Lucas. "You don't suspect her of something?"

"I suspect her. And it clearly proves that she is a mysterious individual," Lucas responded.

"Then why did you accept her offer?" Felicity inquired, genuinely curious about Lucas's thought process.

Lucas smirked, attempting to reassure her. "Because of the three robes. The knowledge I can acquire there is crucial."

"But I can teach you. I know things too!"

"You are not from this realm. Do you think all of your knowledge can be applied here?" Lucas questioned, adopting a skeptical tone akin to a father questioning his daughter's actions.

Felicity's head lowered in realization, acknowledging the loophole in her idea. While she possessed different knowledge, it couldn't be assumed that all of it was applicable in this realm. The disparity in Qi between the Mortal Realm and Celestial Heaven served as a tangible reminder.

This realization extended to the need for money to purchase techniques. Practicing various cultivation techniques herself, Felicity was unaware of other methods beneficial to Lucas.

The decision to visit Morning Sun City also stemmed from this idea, initially rooted in her subconscious.

Felicity sighed in defeat. She recognized that she couldn't effectively argue with Lucas. His maturity and wisdom surpassed her own, leading her to question her decision to assist him in ascending.

Eventually, they arrived at a shop to procure resources and techniques for Lucas's cultivation.

"Golden Pavilion?" Lucas muttered, raising his eyebrows.

Without hesitation, Lucas entered the building.

"Welcome, esteemed customer, to the Golden Pavilion," greeted a staff member.

Lucas, intrigued, questioned the similarity in names between this shop and Saber City's Golden Pavilion.

"Why does this shop have the same name as Saber City's Golden Pavilion?" he inquired.

"It is because Golden Pavilion has different branches," the staff explained with a slight bow.

"I see..." Lucas acknowledged and continued into the building.

The setting resembled Saber City, albeit with a slightly wider space and higher ceilings.

"Is this shop familiar to you, Lucas?" Felicity inquired, currently in her disguised appearance to avoid drawing attention.

Lucas, casting a sidelong glance at her, nodded. "Yes, this is familiar to me. I visited another branch of this shop, where I bought my cultivation technique."

Felicity awaited his answer with anticipation. "Is your cultivation technique somewhat special or high-grade?"

"Nope," he promptly replied. "It was just an advanced basic cultivation technique. What was it?... Spiritual Gathering Technique?"

Felicity was taken aback. How did such a plain technique contribute to his rapid cultivation? Did he possess a unique or special cultivation technique, or did it result from something inherent in his body? She assumed it was the latter, perhaps a unique ability or special cultivation technique.

Different cultivation techniques could enhance a cultivator's aptitude, while some could uncover special abilities within the cultivator's body.

"If it wasn't the case, do you have a Blessed Constitutional Body?" she questioned.

"What's that?" Lucas asked, his eyes reflecting curiosity.

"It's an innate ability that people are born with, like Abnormal Strong Mentality, making a person resistant to illusions or mental attacks," Felicity explained.

This revelation illuminated another aspect of the differences between magic and cultivation for Lucas. Some concepts were still aligned.

"So, having a blessed passive ability is a constitutional body here," he mused, his right hand under his jaw.

"You can say that I have one," Lucas replied with a mysterious smile.

They then proceeded to the martial technique section, where Lucas sought a "bland" martial art—an average type of technique that wouldn't attract much attention.

Approaching a female staff member, Lucas inquired, "Is there an average technique here? I'm looking for something generic, like a type of martial technique," leaving the staff perplexed.

She scrutinized Lucas from head to toe and then offered a friendly smile. "There is, young sir, but it is not recommended for you. I believe it's better for you to learn a martial technique, either Earth-grade or Heaven-grade. Ideally, Celestial-grade," she cheerfully suggested.

Felicity observed the interaction with hidden disdain.

'Is she trying to impress him with her suggestions? What a...!' Felicity unconsciously cursed, catching herself mid-thought.

Meanwhile, Lucas smiled awkwardly. "Well, it might be good, but I am looking for something flexible. My companion here only knows the best type of technique, but I think it wouldn't be suitable for me since I don't cultivate unique techniques."

Surprised by the unexpected sincerity, the staff widened her eyes. "Is it true? Then... I will recommend you something average but still special. If you are practicing an average cultivation technique, then you must have pure talent," she said, leading them to a particular shelf and handing Lucas a book with thin pages.

"What's this?" Lucas instinctively asked, then, after reading the description, his eyes widened in surprise.

"This is..."

"Hm...?" Felicity took an interest in what Lucas was holding.

"That is an average bare-hands martial technique. It is said to be so bland that no one can even use what the description claims, and it's deemed as fake. It's still in the shop since the master of the shop wants to keep it."

Felicity, however, reacted differently. She unconsciously grabbed the technique from Lucas, her face shocked and hands trembling.

"How could this technique exist in the lower heaven?" she mumbled.

"What's wrong?" Lucas inquired.

Felicity, with flickering eyes, looked at him and urged, "Buy this. This is only a bland technique, but it is powerful enough to be flexible for any weapon practitioner!"

"Is that special? Why do you know it?" Lucas asked.

"It's because this is an origin martial technique! Buy this, and I will explain it to you!" she hissed while holding her excitement.

"Okay. Okay, I get it," he said before turning back to the staff.

"Thank you. I will buy this." They left the area.

The staff sighed, thinking, 'Although he is already taken, I hope I can get a chance to talk to him. He is so friendly! Unlike those arrogant young masters.'

Sage's Cultivation: Mage in Cultivation World Chapter 30 - Origin Martial Technique [2]

Chapter 30: Origin Martial Technique [2]

A few minutes prior.

"I'll reach out to you once I have the endorsement schedule. And take this," Ruby declared, handing over a medallion, marking the third addition to Lucas's growing collection.

'Medallion collector in the making,' he joked silently, accepting the emblem.

"What's this for?" Lucas inquired.

"It's an embedded communication medallion. Besides granting access to restricted shops in Morning City, it serves as a means for me to contact you," she explained.

Lucas grasped the concept and nodded.

"Thank you. So, I'll be on my way. Also, thanks for the robes. They add a touch of decency," he remarked.

Ruby chuckled softly, seemingly amused by the situation.

"You're quite considerate, young boy~."

"Please, just stop. I let you call me that earlier, thinking you were a 'he.' Now it feels odd with that alluring appearance," he retorted.

"Apologies...~ I understand. I'll change it, young bo-! Lucas! Hehe," she replied, feigning a scratch on her temple.

"Alright then. It's fine. I won't downplay your generosity since you claim to have given these to us," Lucas acknowledged, referring to their new garments.

Lucas wore a light blue robe with white linings, while Felicity sported a slightly pink robe with black trimmings.

After a brief moment, Lucas decided to leave the shop. He glanced at Ruby once more and bid his farewell.

"Thank you, Ruby, for the chance to learn something new," he expressed, leaving Ruby with a quizzical expression.

"What do you mean?" she inquired, intrigued.

"Nothing. Forget it. We'll be on our way," he stated, with Felicity following him out of the shop.

"Alright," Ruby nodded before their last step outside revealed the shop transformed into an empty building, surprising both Lucas and Felicity.

Felicity quivered her lips, eyebrows twitching in confusion as she struggled to find the right words. What had just occurred? It seemed like something not easily achievable in Mortal Heaven. Or was it merely her lack of expectation?

Nonetheless, Lucas regained his composure and proceeded to distance himself from the building.

"Even though these occurrences are routine for me, I found myself taken aback. Mystical arts are generally considered an accomplishment for cultivators," he muttered, having visited the cultivators' shop district in search of a martial technique for his cultivation.

Lucas accepted the technique and turned to Felicity, seeking guidance on what he should purchase, as he clearly lacked knowledge about the essentials for a cultivator.

Pondering the question, Felicity scrutinized Lucas, her eyes glowing in purple. When he noticed, he eventually inquired about it.

"This...? It's an aptitude or affinity inspection. I haven't done this with you before, so this might be an opportunity," she explained as they strolled through a line of shelves in an unfamiliar section.

"You can use your eyes for different things?" Lucas asked, surprised by the revelation that, aside from the passive abilities of the body, there was a way to utilize the eyes differently, much like his own eye abilities.

Although he could employ his eyes in various ways, he refrained from activating them as they interfered with his natural senses. For instance, an ability to see through mana circuits allowed him to observe the energy flow, but not the individual.

'Really... What a similarity! My previous world could use magic in martial arts, but they didn't emphasize it. Instead, they used mana to surpass human capabilities,' he reflected while admiring the world he now stood in.

'If only I could share my story with Felicity. However, she would probably stay calm even after hearing it. What a dilemma! I can't fully unseal my foreseeing ability, and worse, it's unstable and useless,' he added.

"Lucas?"

Finally snapping back to reality, Lucas realized he had been lost in thought for a few moments. He offered an awkward smile.

"Did you hear my explanation?" Felicity inquired in a slightly irritated tone.

Feeling uneasy, Lucas admitted he hadn't truly listened. Had she even explained it? He clearly missed that part.

"What were you talking about again?" he asked reluctantly, hands nervously scratching his nape.

Felicity sighed, confirming her earlier suspicion that Lucas hadn't been paying attention.

"I see... then I'll just have to explain it one more time," she muttered, continuing with furrowed eyebrows and a glare aimed at Lucas.

"You lack aptitude for any weapons. However, you do possess an aptitude for generic martial techniques, and the origin martial technique is one of them. It's fortunate to come across such a treasure in this realm," Felicity explained before letting out a sigh.

"Generic martial technique?" Lucas unconsciously muttered.

"Generic martial techniques are commonplace. For instance, a punch is generic, and anyone with arms can execute it. However, not everyone can punch accurately. That's where martial techniques come in—to enhance the capability of a generic attack."

"Obviously, this means you don't have any specific talents for weapons, so you can't wield them effectively. Therefore, a normal martial technique is what suits you best. Even if you use a sword, with this technique, you can adapt it into a sword technique since you lack knowledge of any specific sword techniques. Do you understand?"

Lucas didn't immediately respond as Felicity's explanation seemed contradictory.

She claimed he had no aptitude for any weapons, implying no talent for them. Yet, she also said he had an aptitude for generic martial techniques, suggesting that by using such techniques, he could adapt them to any weapon. Did it even make sense?

Unable to grasp Felicity's explanation, Lucas sought clarification, urging her to provide a briefer and clearer explanation.

Felicity sighed, realizing the difficulty Lucas was having.

"You lack talent for swords; thus, even if you practice sword techniques, you still won't be able to use them properly. However, in rare instances, someone unable to use a sword proficiently can perform impressively using a specific technique. To others, it may seem like a remarkable display of swordsmanship, but in reality, they are merely following the martial technique without possessing an inherent talent for it."

1

Lucas remained silent, slowly comprehending the explanation.

So, it essentially meant that individuals with an aptitude for generic martial techniques must lack talent with any specific weapons. Moreover, while they could mimic weapon usage with techniques, they were essentially copying what the technique dictated.

A question formed in Lucas's mind, prompting him to ask Felicity.

"If a sword practitioner practices generic martial techniques, what would happen?" he inquired, but before Felicity could respond, he immediately provided his own answer.

"It's impossible for them because they have a talent for swords. This means they can't embed the technique into their foundation."

From this explanation, Lucas grasped that techniques had compatibility. Moreover, it wasn't just about learning techniques; they had to be embedded in one's foundation, specifically in the dantian.